

HAVANA.

Gay and Picturesque Cuban Capital Has a Famous History.

HAVANA, the capital of Cuba, is a world-city, known wherever the fame of cities has reached, and deserving of its fame, too, for like all great cities of industry and art, it is unique. Cuba's capital is coeval with the Mediterranean conquest of the Western hemisphere. The name of the city is characteristic of the religious Latin races, for when Diego de Velasquez laid its foundations, in 1515, he christened it San Cristobal de la Habana—St. Christopher of the haven or harbor—in honor of Columbus, the discoverer of the island. This name, bestowed upon the city by the conqueror of the island, has remained unchanged, and it is still officially so called. But its popular name has been shortened to Habana in Spanish and Havana in other tongues. The city has a population of about 200,000.

Havana is sited on the west side of the bay of its own name—one of the most beautiful bodies of water of its kind found anywhere. The city stands on a sort of peninsula that is formed on one side by the waters of the bay, and on the other by those of the gulf. In olden times it was one of the strongest of the places of the civilized world. When ships of war were of wood and carried a few guns whose bullets were repelled by granite masonry, Havana was impregnable. But the "oak levitans" and the "rock-built cities" of Lord Byron are now historical. On the one hand the recent destruction of the Maine indicates the cause why granite walls are no longer needed, and on the other it is seen how the submarine mine and torpedo have developed gun powder, which enables a ship to stand miles without a harbor and land shells in a city's heart.

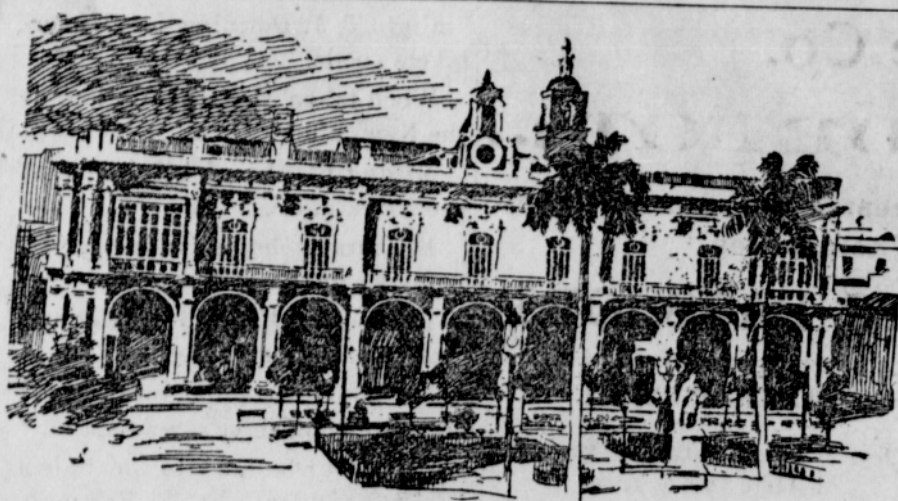
Yet if it were not for Spanish poverty and decline, Havana to-day might have been as relatively strong as when, in 1585, it drove the fierce Sir Francis Drake away from its coasts. The fact is that the Spaniards have not kept step with the march of progress. The insanity of attempting to defend Havana with the same implements and methods

owner most; why an unearthly clangor of bells drives sleep from the city at daybreak; why no one ever keeps an appointment (and never apologizes for the offense), are questions that Havana and Cubans do not explain or attempt to explain.

The almost equatorial sun beats down upon the streets with terrific heat during the day, and none but business people and "low people" are seen during the early and middle day. When the

The houses of the lower class look no different from without, but are awful within, and there the cause of Havana's scourges of yellow fever is at once apparent. The city is badly drained. The bay, with no free course of water, and comparatively little tide, is a reservoir, uncleaned, of the city's offal. It breeds disease, and in squalor where personal uncleanness is added to the perils incurred by municipal neglect, the houses of the poor have become the incubators of pestilence. Havana has many beautiful parks, squares and public places. The squares are all ornamented with royal palms and here and there an orange or banana tree, and here and there an Indian laurel.

No city in the world is furnished with such an abundance and variety of foods as is Havana, with the possible exception of San Francisco. The earth and



BLANCO'S PALACE.

sun sinks, however, the lazy inhabitants turn out, and the life of the night is the lively life of Havana. The city has not been very businesslike under Spanish rule. Most of the men are worthless and dissipated. They lounge in cafes and look only to pleasure such as the Spaniard delights in—gambling, cock fighting, bull baiting. No thought of the morrow is taken, and the result is that a more improvident population can be found nowhere. Sunday is Havana's holiday.

As for the churches, thousands of women religiously attend. In Cuba the church and her children are a woman's life. She soon loses her husband as her companion in the home. She does not read. She never heard of a new woman. She has her little circle of friends

the sea give to its people all the best of their fruits. The great market of Havana is without an equal, surpassing, as it does, the famed French market of New Orleans. This market covers an area equal to that of an American block, and it is all under a single roof. There are numberless booths in which are exposed for sale all the fruits of the tropics, sea fish, fresh water fish, meats, game, leather goods, jewelry and such curios as only a seaport visited by the commerce of the world can pick up. There are seen men, women and children of every nationality upon the earth. The wonder is how so small a town can gather to itself such a wide range of humanity.

The population of Havana is mixed and its morale is very low. The condi-



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HAVANA.

like herself, and some day dies. But she has been faithful to the church, and the most striking thing about a service in the great cathedral is the presence of the women of Havana and the absence of the men. It is said here that most men go to church but three times in their life—when baptized, when about to be married and when dead—and the church is as rigid in its requirement of the first two visits as the departed is to be received there at last.

The cathedral is really one of the finest edifices in Havana. It is built to last for ages. In it are the remains of Christopher Columbus—that is, the tomb is there, beside the altar and the inscription. It is also duly authenticated that the remains are there, too, but even Spaniards nod doubtfully when asked, "Is it true?"

The lottery is the curse of Havana. One of the first cries heard on the street in the morning is the shrill voice of a Cuban yelling that he has lottery tickets for sale. It is often the last sound heard at night. It would seem that all Cuba must gamble to support so formidable a company of fakery.

All the storekeepers are courteous and unobtrusive. A visitor experiences great difficulty in purchasing anything characteristically Cuban in the stores, but that is because Cuba produces only two things, sugar and tobacco, and buys everything she uses—even buys back her sugar refined.

The easiest thing to buy is cigars, and they cost astonishingly less than in the States. There is an experience in buying them, because the great cigar factories of Havana, producing brands that are known to smokers all over the world, are interesting institutions. They occupy buildings so nearly resembling the ordinary dwelling house that they would be mistaken for them by a stranger except for the odor.

Quaint Cuban Houses. The Cuban house of the better class is of the ordinary, typical construction. It is enormously heavy, built of adobe or soft stone, to withstand earthquakes and to resist heat. The rooms are enormous, with ceiling from fifteen to twenty or twenty-five feet high, all floors, even in the bedrooms, being of stone, and the windows covered with great iron bars.

admits that the picture is indescribable. Cuba and Havana have ways and wards that are all their own.

Slaves to Precedent.

Havana is a mystery to the European and the American. The question, "Why do you this and do you that?" is always answered with, "We have always done so; what else would you have us do?" Why the farmers use a crooked stick to plow with, why ladies sit in their carriages while the dry goods clerks bring out rolls of cloth for them to inspect; why dark women and even black women powder their faces until they look as if they had been daubed with flour; why houses are built to a line within two feet of the curbing, so that pedestrians cannot walk two abreast; why the houses are all painted in whatever vivid color pleases the

tion of the women remind a widely traveled man of the women of the Orient. They are close-kept and live in tropical idleness. Miscegenation is common, and it is no rare matter to find a Cuban family of very good social position and of considerable wealth composed of persons that would be classed as quadroons in America. Havana is a city of grand surprises for the foreign visitor. A political mite as it is in comparison with London, there are slums in Havana that cannot be matched in the metropolis of the world.

As Place of Residence.

Havana has infinite charms as a place of residence. Its climate, its vegetation, the cheap rate at which one can buy all the delicacies of the table, the romance in the very air, the ease with which a little labor will yield a



HOTEL INGlaterra, RESORT OF FOREIGNERS.

large return, the proximity of the sea, its middle distance between the invigorating north and the tropical countries of the southern continent, the profusion of its fruits and flowers—all these things make it a most desirable place to live, and there is no doubt that thousands of Americans had been there long ago were it not for the blighting and repressing rule of Spain—a rule that tends to ruin commerce and enterprise wherever it has sway.

In 1550 the seat of Spanish officialdom in Cuba was transferred from Santiago de Cuba to Havana, an early recognition of the city's importance. One year later pirates under the leadership of the notorious Jacob Sores attacked the town, sacked its church and the dwellings of the wealthy and compelled

the commander of the fortress to surrender. Sores soon grew tired of the place and withdrew. But his example was frequently followed, and numerous attempts were made by buccaneers to capture the city and loot it. Notable among these efforts was that of the English buccaneer, Sir Francis Drake, who assaulted Havana in 1585, but was compelled to retire. The first scourge of yellow fever appeared in the shipping during the summer of 1761. In 1762 Admiral Pocock, with an English squadron, attacked Havana and forced it to capitulate. For two months the city put up a brave defense. In 1763 Havana was restored to the Spanish by the treaty of Paris.

The first newspaper published in Havana was La Gaceta de la Habana, which appeared in 1782. In 1789 the Jesuits were expelled from the city, and their church was converted into the cathedral of the diocese. This is the church in which it is said the ashes of Columbus were deposited in the year 1806. In 1818 Havana was opened to the commerce of the world.

GOAT HUNTING IN ALASKA.

Novel Way to Bring Wild Goats Into Rifle Range.

"They have a queer way of hunting mountain goats up in the mountains back of Skaguay," said D. J. McKinney, the "Mayor of Skaguay," at the Hotel Northern. "The boys at one of my camps told me one day that they had seen some goats up in the hills and they asked me if I wanted to go along to hunt them. Of course I did, and we were soon climbing high up on the mountains, away above the altitude that I thought any living creature would live. Still up and up we went. The boys were trying to get above a place where they had seen the goats a few days before. When they had located the proper point, they selected a huge boulder and got me to help them tip it over. It took the combined strength of three of us to get the rock started. When it did get going the havoc it caused on its way down to the valley was something fearful. Then the boys told me to get ready for a surprise. We all got our rifles ready and waited. It was only a short time until we saw emerging from the scrubby growth below us three fine goats. They came toward us, bounding from crag to crag and apparently heedless of the danger they were running into. They came to within sixty yards of us and we brought down all three.

"I learned then that the goat always tries to get above rolling rocks, and that that is a favorite way of hunting them."—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Too Quick.

When a man is peculiarly quick to see a possible advantage, and uses his clear-sightedness solely for his own benefit, other men are apt to be afraid of him. That was how it was with Ralph Bernal, a print connoisseur. He was so quick to see a valuable thing, and appropriate it before anybody else realized its worth, that dealers got frightened when he entered their shops.

"What do you want for that?" he one day asked, as his eye fell on a certain sheet in a portfolio of odd prints. It was a good copy of Hogarth's "Midnight Modern Conversation." "Three guineas," was the reply. "I'll take it," said the connoisseur. "Shall I send it to you, Mr. Bernal?" "No," replied his customer, quickly. "I will carry it home myself." And he was not quite at ease until it was in his hand. At the first glance he had seen that modern was spelled modern. The addition of that "d" made all the difference in the value. It proved that he had fallen upon the rarest of the Hogarth impressions, and for this proof the British Museum had to pay \$81.

It was no wonder that dealers felt uneasy when he appeared. But on one occasion he proved himself too sharp. He entered the shop of a well-known print-seller, and found the shopkeeper's wife in charge. As he came in he noticed that she hastily put something away in a drawer. The instincts of the collector were instantly awakened.

"What have you got there, Mrs. Town?" he asked. "Let me see it." "Oh, no, sir. It is nothing you would care about," she replied.

"Come, come," said Bernal, "I know it is something good."

Whereupon the blushing lady displayed to the eager eyes of the virtuoso a pair of her husband's old socks, which she had been industriously darning when her inquisitive customer entered the shop.

Loyal Dental.

The literal person is sure to furnish amusement so long as he inhabits this "terrestrial ball;" and that, it is safe to say, will be while the human race exists.

Mr. W. M. Shoemaker says, in his account of a voyage in southern seas, that one night, after leaving a harbor, one of the passengers, an Englishman, remarked on the fact that the vessel had listed materially to the port side.

"Oh," said a mischievous American, "that's because we have got rid of all those heavy English newspapers."

The loyal subject of the crown protested.

"Oh, I say, now," he cried, "they don't weigh any more than the New York Herald, don't you know?"

ONE STAGE TRICK.

How the Blindfolded Juggler Performs Seemingly Marvelous Tricks.

The next time you see a blindfolded juggler tossing knives and razors with unerring skill and keeping half a dozen eggs unbroken in the air at once, do not let your wonder and admiration overpower you. You have seen his assistant blindfold him with a handkerchief. Then you have seen a bag of heavy burlaps adjusted over his head and shoulders to exclude even the light. And yet not one egg ever falls. Not one knife ever escapes him.

As a matter of fact, the coarse burlap bag has threads drawn out in that part which comes before his face, and in the adjusting of it the assistant simply slides the handkerchief up or down a little. In taking the bag off again he returns the handkerchief to its place. The next time the blindfolded juggler



IT LOOKS SIMPLY MARVELOUS.

offers to perform for you assure him that a blindfolding with a handkerchief is quite enough, and that you could not think of having him smothered by a bag. Then you can have heaps of fun listening to him lie about the trick.

WOMEN IN STOCKS.

How the Chinese Deal with Women Who Need Correction.

Punishment by the "stocks" is mostly confined to the women placed in the prisons of the Celestial empire. Some idea of how the women appear who are treated in this manner will be gained from the illustration, which is taken from a photograph. The stocks are fastened from behind; and although there is just room to move the head it is absolutely impossible for



CHINESE WOMEN IN STOCKS.

any person to get out of the stocks without assistance. After a time the punishment is terrible, for the head being forced to occupy one position—as if it were in a vice—makes the women prostrate in most cases. This is a great deal worse when three or four are yoked together.

The men, while in "durance vile," are treated a great deal better than the women, although they are tried and dealt with in a much more summary manner. A Chinese prisoner is put to death for the slightest offense, and there is no doubt that if he could save his life by so doing he would gladly bear the punishment meted out to the ladies of the Flowery Land who come under the ban of the law.

Art of Hog Driving.

The difficulty of driving a single hog was well illustrated at the foot of 9th street the other afternoon at about train time. Some men were driving a herd of swine to Amherst, and as they approached the bridge one of the animals became obstreperous and bolted toward the city, becoming thereby separated from the rest of the drove.

The three or four men, assisted by volunteers, placed themselves between the city and the rebellious hog in a semi-circle, while one of their number advanced cautiously and began to tickle the hog's nose with a pine brush. This would make the animal turn round, and each time he did so he would move a few steps toward the bridge and the rest of the drove. The maneuvers were watched with a great deal of interest by a large crowd of spectators, and when finally the wayward one returned to the bosom of the drove a very audible murmur of admiration went up from the crowd.—Lynchburg News.

No woman can hide all her imperfections from her dressmaker.