

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 27, 1899.

AND THAT IS LIFE.

A crust of bread and a corner to sleep in, A minute to smile and an hour to weep in, A pint of joy to a peck of trouble, And never a laugh but the moans come double;

And that is life! A crust and a corner that love makes precious, With a smile to warm and the tears to refresh us; And the joys seem sweeter when care comes after, And the moans are the finest of foils for laughter!

So grief must be bordered with gladness; And the light of a smile More than once in a while, Helps a tear to unobscure its sadness." —Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

The Suburbs of Havana.

Cuba's Erstwhile Fashionable Resorts as they Look To-Day. Baths Cut in the Coral Reef. Bad Traveling on Time-Worn Roads—American Soldiers Encamped on a Ball-Grand. A Luxurious Resort of Freebooters.

In her present transition state, between Spanish and American control, but governed by neither, Cuba is as unlike the fair island of former days and what we hope she may soon become as the tadpole shedding its superfluous tail is unlike the finished frog. Before the war the Vedado was the most fashionable resort in Cuba—the Cape May, Dieppe or Scarborough of the island, to which wealthy planters and their families came every summer for the bathing. Only three miles from the city, and reached by steam-car, many of the Havanaes have villas there, as well as business men, who go in and out mornings and evenings. So far as nature can make it, no more charming resort exists in the world than the little seaside place which now looks so forlorn and deserted; and in another year or two, under civilized management, it will doubtless become the winter Mecca of Americans. The drive thereto is delightful after the dirty purlieus of the city are passed. There are two routes—the San Lazaro way, which lies mostly along the sea, and the Jesus del Monte road, leading past the territory where our Maine boys lie; and it is well to go by one route and return the other. First along the Prado, thronged with soldiers and civilians, beggars and Hidalgoes of high degree; past the Parque de Isabel, where bands are always playing—the Tacón Theatre, the Ingletarra, the Spanish Casino, the lepers' hospital—until the northern edge of the island is reached and the Atlantic lies sparkling before you.

ROADS THAT NEED IMPROVEMENTS. The road is about as bad as roads can be, deep mud-holes between its broken stones alternating with dusty stretches. Under Gen. Green's energetic treatment it will presently be somewhat improved; but though paved and drained and cleaned to perfection, he cannot make the old town fit to drive in, without tearing down half its houses. All the streets, except two or three handsome avenues that lead through parks, are literally "too narrow to swing a cat in." From twelve to eighteen feet is the rule, the walks on either side included. In the principal business thoroughfares two carriages can barely pass by tight squeezing, at the risk of locked wheels and entangled harness. In many of the streets wheel traffic is regulated by laws, carts and carriages being forbidden to enter during the hours when most frequented by pedestrians. At other times certain of the streets are used for vehicles going north and others for those going south. It frequently happens in driving about the city that your carriage cannot proceed until some obliging policeman has cleared the street of people on foot; or maybe there is a regular Broadway blockade, caused by a mulecart ahead, or half a dozen donkeys hitched in line, the nose of one donkey just touching the tail of the next. The sidewalks—if the scanty strips of flagging which face the houses front can be so called—match the proportions of the streets, twenty inches being a generous average. Two persons cannot possibly walk side by side upon them, and in passing one must step into the gutter.

OUTSIDE THE ANCIENT WALLS. It sounds like an Irishman's remark, but is nevertheless true, that the best part of the city is outside of it—that is beyond the limits of the ancient walls, where the buildings, being of later date, look more in keeping with the times. Portions of the old walls are yet extant, crumbling and decayed, but eminently picturesque. Increased population and business long since extended their structures far out into what was once suburbs, leaving the walls and their ditches in the heart of the modern city. Much of the space they once occupied is now filled with Havana's handsomest residences. Building room in that section is very scarce and correspondingly expensive—say \$40,000 for a "lot," to be entirely inclosed by the house walls, with no yard except the central patio.

Leaving the Calle San Lazaro, the Vedado road winds close along the curling surf, with low bluffs on the left. On one of those hills sits the Castillo del Principe, the chief fortification of the city, and others are crowned with the newer forts, intended for the annihilation of the Americans, and which the Dons had no opportunity to use. Anon you are bounced over huge boulders, partially hidden in the earth, and you wonder what the road-makers of Cuba have been about during 350 years. These coral rocks are the foundation of the island, built up from the bottom of the sea, and in many places yet scantily covered with soil. Some of the rocks are overgrown with the stunted grape trees of the region; but there is no shade, no grass, no vegetation worth mentioning, except here and there a stately palm tossing its plume against the azure sky. After a time you come to houses, set close together in rows, and by that token you know the Vedado is reached.

WHERE OUR SOLDIERS ARE ENCAMPTED. American soldiers are now encamped on the common that used to be a ball ground; the principal hotel has been converted into a military hospital, and a near-by glorieta serves as temporary barracks. A glorieta, by the way, is an institution peculiar to rural Cuba. It is little more than a large, square platform, with open sides and roof of tiles, thatch or canvas, but wonderfully bedecked with flags, streamers and garlands of paper flowers. In it people of the lower and middle classes amuse themselves on Sundays and other holidays with music and daylight dancing. In this hot climate, strange to say, there is as much outdoor amusement, and even violent exercise not in the line of work, as in colder countries. Racing, bull-fighting, dancing and riding

are the customary diversions of Sundays and saints' days, and the latter comprise nearly every day of the 365. The pink, blue and canary-colored villas of the Vedado are nearly all set back from the street, with verandas in front, and surrounded by gardens, in agreeable contrast to the city houses, flush with the sidewalks, their windows bulging in the way of pedestrians. Every garden has its dwarf oranges, low trees, covered with scarlet blossoms, and oleanders performing the air.

BATHS CUT IN THE CORAL. The celebrated baths, at present quite deserted, are the queerest I have ever seen, unless it be the Mexican cenotes. A long, high coral reef has been cut and hollowed into a dozen separate wells, just where the surf comes tumbling against the shore. These cavities are from 12 to 14 feet square and six to eight feet deep. In each of them is a hole, opening to the sea, somewhat larger than the porthole of a ship. Through this opening the water finds entrance, and stands, perhaps, four feet above the floor. A wooden roof stretches above these pits, and each is partitioned off by itself above the water, thus converting it into an excellent private bath room, open to the broad Atlantic. At the entrance is a wooden door and a flight of steps cut into the rock, by which you descend into the wells. The sea flows in and out incessantly; the bottom is rough to the feet, the sides rugged. Crabs come crawling into the huge tub; sea-weeds float in at the window, and you are troubled by the fear that a shark may desire to pay you a visit. Yet the whole effect is unique and delightful. You have an unobstructed view of the ocean, blue as the sky, that leads to meet it at the horizon's rim. Trade winds blow in soft and cool, and the water itself, though stimulating and exhilarating, leaves none of that stinging sensation upon the skin that salt water often produces. The roof is fifteen feet above high tide, but in a stormy weather the breakers often surge over it, and many times the wooden structure had been swept away. To rise at 5 o'clock in the morning and spend half an hour in one of these odd crannies of the coral reef is the best possible preparation for a Cuban summer day. Parties of gay young creoles used to come out from the city on ponies, horses and riders caparisoned as if for the circus, bells jingling and whips crackling. There is another glorieta down near the baths, and several places where an excellent breakfast or dinner may be obtained.

A FASHIONABLE HOTEL OF OTHER DAYS. The fashionable hotel of other days was kept by an American, from Louisiana. It was a long, one-storyed casa, at the junction of two unpaved roads. A wide piazza runs around it, into which the great windows open from floor to ceiling. You enter the establishment through a brick-paved court, in which a carriage is always standing. But that is no indication of a horse on the premises! It is the fashion in Cuba to keep your carriage in the entrance hall, whether you possess a horse or not; and those who do not own a carriage frequently hire one for this purpose. At little tables in the coach-house the guests of this hotel take their meals. Another Vedado hostelry is called the Lay House, in honor of its builder, Colonel Lay, of the Confederate Louisiana Zouaves. The newest hotel is managed by a Frenchman—and very well managed, indeed. It is a one-storyed wooden structure, with a flight of stairs leading to the surrounding veranda. The cool, brick-paved space beneath the house, which we should call a cellar, serves for dining room and office. Here I had an excellent midday breakfast—of several courses, with claret and cafe noir, and such salad as only a Frenchman can make, and dessert of pine apple soft enough to eat with a spoon (one never sees a decent pineapple in the United States)—all for a lot of Spanish coin which in our money would amount to about fifty cents.

A LUXURIOUS RESORT OF FREEBOOTERS. Marianoa is seven miles from Havana in the other direction, and reached by railway from the Jesus del Monte Station. It is a conservative English road, with a conservative Scotch manager, and takes forty-seven minutes to make that seven miles. The line passes through some beautiful suburbs and skirts the famous Poleso sugar plantation, whose old-time Spanish proprietor owned countless slaves and died a tragic death alone amid the wealth he had created. Marianoa lies on the hills, and its low stone villas give the stranger a correct idea of the best country houses in the tropics. Before the war families lived here whose wealth might be counted by millions; but most of them were Cubans, and by Weyler's order their residences were destroyed. Though so close to the capital, Marianoa has had its long chapter of brigandage. A gang of gentlemanly freebooters resided here who were wont to disappear from time to time and then bobbed up serenely and lived in luxurious idleness. Now it is said that the town is about to have a big American hotel, to be built somewhere on the hills that overlook the sea. The New York capitalists who wish to invest a million and a half in a Cuban hotel sent their agent to select the site in Haban; and he, after looking the ground over, decided that it was best to locate the hotel in Marianoa. The same American capitalists are going to construct the electric railway from Havana to the Vedado. It is three miles from the village of Marianoa to the Playa, or beach, and it is hardly worth going out, as there is little to see but swamps and marshes. The pier which the United States has lately built at this point is not an extensive piece of military engineering. It runs a few hundred feet out into the bay to within a stone's throw of the old Confederate blockade runner whose hull has lain here thirty-four years.

CUBAN TROOPS IN POSSESSION. When the Spanish troops evacuated the Playa, a few days ago, they were kind enough to send word to the insurgents, and the latter took possession immediately afterward, though their camp remains back in the interior. General Menocal, who commands the corps in the Provinces of Havana and Matanzas, has taken the yacht club for his headquarters. A big silk flag, bearing the lone star of Cuba libre, floats above the club house—a change, indeed, from a few months ago, when it was suspected of possessing a Cuban flag, even locked away in one's trunk, would have been to invite imprisonment or death. General Menocal is under 40 years of age, a civil engineer by profession, who was educated in the United States, and graduated from Cornell.

The American soldiers are camped at Vento, several miles across the bay, and very glad to see them were the people of Marianoa. Some of the refugee citizens who had villas along the beach are going to occupy them again; but until the swamps are drained there is too much malaria hereabouts to make it a safe abiding place for Northern people.

Fort Matabele, which was not quite finished when the war began, and was afterward occupied as a Spanish garrison,

has lately been burned to the ground, for fear of its yellow fever germs. It commanded the entrance to the fishing village of La Playa, but, though uncompleted, had become a tottering ruin of rotting wood and crumbling masonry. The old round tower of coral rock, from which for 200 years a sharp lookout was kept for pirates and buccaners, still remains, a lonely relic of days that, thank Heaven, will never return. FANNIE B. WARD.

Elkin. The echo of Governor Stone's inaugural declaration disapproving of carrying upon the pay rolls of the Legislature employees not authorized by law, and declaring his purpose to withhold his approval from bills appropriating money to pay the same was hardly stillled before he had nominated padded pay roll Elkin for Attorney General. Mr. Elkin had been thrust out of office as Deputy Attorney General for approving the thing which Governor Stone condemns, and yet he has been selected as the Executive's legal adviser despite his family record. This may be Governor Stone's idea of the proper way to redeem his promise to "try to make a good Governor," but it gives a wrench to the ordinary understanding of official propriety when he selects a law breaker for law adviser.—Record.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by F. Potts Green.

Subsorbite for the WATCHMAN. Business Notice.

Castoria. Bears the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER. In use for more than thirty years. The Kind You Have Always Bought

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee—15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tourists. A Lamplight Companion. Between now and Spring time there will be many opportunities of an evening to read up on the different portions of the Great Northwest.

Fast Mail Trains. The new fast mail train established on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad for the purpose of shortening the mail time between New York and San Francisco, made its initial run out of Chicago on January 2nd. The average schedule speed of this train is 56 miles an hour, excluding stops, and frequently 70 miles an hour is made. The 200 miles between Chicago and Council Bluffs will be covered every day in ten and a half hours. The fast mail service on this line was inaugurated in 1884, and the Burlington has held the government contract ever since. Hereafter two Burlington trains will leave Chicago daily, devoted exclusively to United States mail, the increased service being necessary on account of our new interests in the Pacific.

McAlmont & Co. BELLEFONTE, PA. Sell, for the least money, THE BEST FERTILIZERS.

McAlmont & Co. BELLEFONTE, PA. THE EVIDENCE OF OUR SENSES—WHAT BELLEFONTE PEOPLE SAY IS PRET.

McAlmont & Co. BELLEFONTE, PA. Buggies, Wagons, Etc. YOU CAN BELIEVE IT. McQUISTION SAYS ITS SO.

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Medical. AFTER EFFECTS OF THE GRIP. Grip is a treacherous disease. You think it is cured and the slightest cold brings on a relapse. Its victims are always left in a weakened condition—blood impure and impoverished; nerves shattered. Pneumonia, heart disease and nervous prostration are often the result. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People will drive every trace of the poisonous germs from the system, build up and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. A trial will prove this. Read the evidence:

When the grip last visited this section Herman A. Eyer, of 817 W. Main St., Jefferson, Mo., a well-known contractor and builder, was one of the victims, and he has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. A year ago his health began to fail, and he was obliged to discontinue work. That he lives to day is almost a miracle. He says: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. "I tried one doctor after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation decided to give them a trial. "After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them. "After taking four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health. I feel like a new man, and having the will and energy of my former days returned, I am capable of transacting my business with increased animation. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and any one suffering from the after-effects of the grip will find that these pills are the specific. H. H. EYER, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.—From Cole Co. Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes \$2.50.

Roofing. A LEAKING ROOF IS A PESKY NUISANCE.

W. H. Miller, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa., puts on new or repairs old slate roofs at the lowest prices. Estimates on new work gladly furnished.

Prospectus. PATENTS. TRADE MARKS, DESIGNS, COPYRIGHTS, Etc. 50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

NEWS AND OPINIONS. NATIONAL IMPORTANCE. THE SUNDAY SUN ALONE CONTAINS BOTH.

Spouting. SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING! SPOUTING! W. H. MILLER, Allegheny St., BELLEFONTE, PA.

Travelers Guide. ALTOONA & PHILIPSBURG CONNECTING RAILROAD. Condensed Time Table in effect November 27th, 1898.

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Travelers Guide. PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD AND BRANCHES. Schedule in effect Nov. 20th, 1898.

VIA TYRONE—WESTWARD. Leave Bellefonte, 9:53 a. m., arrive at Tyrone 11:10 a. m., at Altoona, 1:00 p. m., at Pittsburg, 5:50 p. m. Leave Bellefonte 1:05 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 2:15 p. m., at Altoona, 3:10 p. m., at Pittsburg, 6:55 p. m. Leave Bellefonte, 4:44 p. m., arrive at Tyrone, 6:00, at Altoona, 7:15, at Pittsburg at 11:30.

TYRONE AND CLEARFIELD, R. R. NORTHWARD. SOUTHWARD. EXPRESS. MAIL. EXPRESS. MAIL. Nov. 20th, 1898.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY BRANCH. WESTWARD. EASTWARD. EXPRESS. MAIL. EXPRESS. MAIL. Nov. 20th, 1898.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. WESTWARD. EXPRESS. MAIL. EXPRESS. MAIL. Nov. 20th, 1898.

LEWISBURG & TYRONE RAILROAD. EASTWARD. UPPER END. WESTWARD. EXPRESS. MAIL. EXPRESS. MAIL. Nov. 20th, 1898.

BELLEFONTE CENTRAL RAILROAD. Schedule to take effect Monday, Apr. 18th, 1898. BELLEFONTE & SNOW SHOE BRANCH. Time Table in effect on and after May 30th, 1898.