

LETTER FROM HAVANA.

Continued from last week.

days of Spanish misrule on this part of the world. Morro loomed up high and frowning above us, floating the Spanish flag to the breeze. Sentinels paced the high walls, looking more like precipices than anything else, guarding vigilantly the still possessions of the conquered country. Opposite Morro was another fort wickered in appearance and capable of doing much damage to the enemy. This fort seemed to be occupied by our own boys in blue. The channel here is very narrow indeed and less than a stone's throw across from land to land. A very short distance from the mouth of the harbor still another very large fortress frowned above us—this was Cubanass. An old ancient pile of masonry as antique as anything I had ever seen but capable of doing much damage. Now we were in the harbor and all about it was the shipping, the city lying on every side. Passing on our course to our anchoring place we had the wreck of the poor unfortunate Maine on our port side close at hand. It looked exactly as pictured in the daily Northern papers, but the actual sight of this dastardly work brought a spirit of revenge in your heart. We were not far distant from the Brooklyn, Cincinnati and another American man of war when we threw out our anchor, and had passed one after another Spanish transport making ready to put out to sea with Spanish soldiery. It was like a funeral procession going into the harbor. Not a single sign of welcome was given us except occasionally by a group of American soldiers lining the quays. These were the Provost guards of Havana. People all along the shore looked upon our arrival with indifference, or perhaps with a worse feeling, but dared not express it.

According to the arrangements we were obliged to spend another night on board the Panama with Havana right at hand. Permission to go on shore was refused by the Commanding General so we passed the evening walking around the deck taking in the city lights, passing boats, ferries, etc. Music and singing would occasionally float out over the water to our ears, giving us to understand that what has been said of Havana is true, that she is a gay, bad town. Some fear was felt by us that we might be anchored in proximity to one of those infernal machines that blew up the Maine, but it made no difference in our sleeping just the same. The great heat, however, caused some restlessness. We had truly come to a hot country as all will verify that night.

After breakfast Friday morning we were towed by an American tug to the Depot Quartermaster's Dock and there we discharged our cargo. It was a relief to once more set a foot on terra firma, even in this pest hole of a city. Naturally those who had never seen Havana were restless to take an excursion "up town," and a party of us struck out on this expedition. Well, I don't know who were the most curious, our crowd or the inhabitants. It was a plain case of gap, gap, gap on both sides. It was little wonder on our side as we had never seen anything to compare with the streets of Havana in our lives, and it baffles my description to say what I did see. We readily accustomed ourselves to our surroundings, however, and went ahead as business like as anybody, barring our ability to walk on the narrow strips they call pavements. Most of the streets encountered this trip are barely wide enough to allow two vehicles to pass and the sidewalks—well, they were from six inches in some places to two feet wide. The people put down two feet sidewalks. I imagine felt a little higher up in the walks of life than the others. We walked duck fashion, single file, had to do it or take the street for it. We gave the senator the right of way in every instance. Coming to the "Salon de Barberia" we undertook to get a shave and shoe shine. We made out all right too, although they use the dullest razors I ever had on my face. This proved beyond a doubt that the Spanish will torture you every chance they get. I am sorry I didn't get the whiskers singed off, it would have been less painful I am sure. They shave a little different from their American brothers. Instead of washing the lather off your face after through shaving, they take a sprinkling can, or something on that order and turn the hose on you, then dry it up with powder. The prices are the same as ours. Every house in Havana that I have seen

resembles a jail. Instead of windows they have bars of iron beginning at the roof and running right down to the pavement, some of these are quite fantastical and spaces large enough between to poke out your head. There are no buildings, except possibly an occasional hotel or Government building, over one story high. The tiling used on the roofs as a rule are for the most part similar to those used by the Chinese. Very funny looking indeed. Nearly every house is painted light blue and white, a sort of light brown and brick red or a dirty yellow. These colors prevail throughout the city and brick and frame houses are to be seen nowhere. The streets are cobble stones and Belgian blocks, good enough for the 16th Century carts used on them. Imagine carts with wheels about ten feet in diameter and half as wide again as ours, great big massive things drawn by a diminutive mule with enough harness, etc. on him to almost cover the animal up so that you have to guess at his identity. Guady trimmings cover the poor beast together with a large assortment of sleigh bells attached to a yoke arranged around his neck. Here you have the means of locomotion chiefly used in Havana for hauling purposes. Two of these can just pass each other in these narrow streets and no more. Every store is a curiosity shop to me. Chas. Dicken's Curiosity shop is not in it with these. Everything is so un-American that you can't help feeling that you have certainly entered a world 1000 years behind the times.

Some one in the party suggested that we buy hats more suitable to the climate than the campaign hats of the army which we had been wearing, so a search for a "Somblercio" (the Spanish name for a hat store), which we shortly found. Panama and Macinaw straw seemed to be in greater demand than other styles, and as their width of rim and light weight made them the proper thing for camp life, we supplied our wants in this fashion. Unlike other hat stores I have been in hats are sold in the rough, as it were, without inside band, lining, etc. However, each store has boys employed to do this work and do the work in a surprisingly short time. As our time was limited sight-seeing had to be cut short and we retraced our way back to the dock to prepare for our ride to camp. Some idea of the poverty of the lower classes of Cubans was given us as we wended our way through the narrow, filthy streets near the quays. There was one instance of this trip that I shall never forget although it is doubtless a common occurrence in this City. Lying prone upon the sidewalk, ragged and filthy, the glaring sun full upon him, infested with flies and starvation, his only companion was a man. Some charitable person (?) had been kind enough to place a cobble stone under his head for a pillow. He died there as we afterwards learned, homeless and alone, perhaps from starvation—a reconcentrado without a doubt. Thus did Spain care for her subjects, for Spain was even yet in control of Cuba. Everywhere children were to be seen almost nude, lying in doorsteps, on the narrow pavements, any place that afforded them shelter from the intense rays of the sun. It is said that labor is about the scarcest thing to be found in Havana because the war killed off the greater number of the poorer classes and those who still live are too weak to stand hard work. I overheard a Spanish dealer in Wood and Lumber tell a Quartermaster of the Army who was trying to contract for some hauling to be done that he was afraid he would be unable to secure sufficient laborers to consummate the work, yet one would think in passing through the city that one-half the population was idle. It may be, however, that the feeling is so strong between Cuban and Spaniard that one refuses to employ the other, and would sooner sacrifice business interests on this account. Well, we are again at the dock and find our Dougherty awaiting us with seven miles, all up-hill and for the greater part of the way through the heart of the City of Havana before us. We start and as there is still two hours of day-light ahead of us, enabling us to see more of the City and the suburbs by moon-light. Preparations for the coming historical events (it is historical now) were being made on every side. It seemed that every house floated the Stars and Stripes together with the Cuban flag and coat of arms. Old Glory

Continued on Inside Pages.

COUNTY GULLINGS.

Breezy Items Picked up Here and There about the County and Noted for Your Enlightenment.

If you want the best paper in the county, subscribe for the Post.

Mrs. M. L. Kreeger, who went to Michigan to visit her mother, is ill with pneumonia, but is not in a dangerous condition at present.

John S. Rine has purchased the McKees Half Falls Hotel and farm which was in the possession of Col. Philip Hilbish, for the past twenty-five years.

The individual members of the Snyder county Bar, together with the principal court officers, signed a petition to Governor Stone, endorsing the candidacy of Judge R. W. Archibald, of the Lackawanna district, for the vacancy of the Supreme Court Bench, caused by the death of Justice Williams.

The Farm Journal is 22 years old, prints 40 tons of paper a month and is out of debt; it is cut to fit every progressive farmer and villager. Don't you want this fine little paper? Very well, pay all arrears and a year ahead for the Post and we will have the Farm Journal sent to your address for five years—and it will get to you, if you are alive, anywhere on this planet.

We had a pleasant call from John D. Bogar of Port Trevorton, on Saturday. John says that the sticking point just now with the Herndon Manufacturing company is, that the prices asked for building lots, for himself and partners, are too high. They desire to purchase and build. Hope this can be arranged satisfactorily. In leaving Herndon, Mr. Bogar and his partners will be sacrificing from five to seven thousand dollars, and they should be given every advantage here that is possible to do.—Tribune.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain O aids digestion and strengthens the nerves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1 as much as coffee.

NOTICE is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of Pennsylvania, on Friday, March 24, 1899, by Herbert D. Bennett, William F. Burdell, A. M. Schoyer, R. O. Ramsey and J. H. Butler, under the General Corporation Act of 1874 and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called The American District Telegraph Company of Pennsylvania, which is formed for the purpose of constructing, maintaining and leasing lines of telegraph for the private use of individuals, firms, corporations, municipal and other bodies, for general business, and for police, fire alarm, or in connection with business, and for the transaction in connection therewith of a general messenger and delivery service, in the counties of Adams, Allegheny, Armstrong, Beaver, Bedford, Berks, Blair, Bradford, Bucks, Butler, Cambria, Cameron, Carbon, Centre, Chester, Clarion, Clearfield, Clinton, Columbia, Crowsfoot, Cumberland, Dauphin, Delaware, Elk, Erie, Fayette, Forest, Franklin, Fulton, Green, Huntingdon, Indiana, Jefferson, Juniata, Lackawanna, Lancaster, Lawrence, Lebanon, Lehigh, Luzerne, Lycoming, McKean, Mercer, Mifflin, Monroe, Montgomery, Moutour, Northampton, Northumberland, Perry, Philadelphia, Pike, Potter, Schuylkill, Snyder, Somerset, Sullivan, Susquehanna, Tioga, Union, Venango, Warren, Washington, Wayne, Westmoreland, Wyoming, and York, and for these purposes, to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

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- Antique Oak Suits, worth \$20, reduced to \$15.75.

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Engaged Her Ninetieth Year.

Mrs. Catherine Dates, widow of the late John Datesman, entered upon the ninetieth year of her age last Tuesday, at her home in West Milton. Four generations gathered together to greet the old lady upon the occasion. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Adam Weidenhamer of Watsontown, J. B. Reed and wife of Sunbury, Mrs. Pilgert, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Schuyler and son of Milton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Datesman of West Milton, Charles Hartman and wife, Luther Culler and wife of Williamsport.

For La Grippe.

Thomas Waitfield & Co., 240 Wash Ave., cor. Jackson st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommend Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also counteracts any tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by all Druggists.

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