IN OLD SANTA BARBARA.

But Few Mementoes of Romantic Days Are Left.

The Famous Mission Which Everybody Visits Is Something of a Fake—History of Some Ancient Houses.

[Special Los Angeles (Cal.) Letter.]

"Picturesque" or old Santa Barbara, of the days of romance, is fast disappearing. In fact, it has disappeared, all excepting a few crumbling adobe houses, and a few of the immediate descendants of the earliest settlers. These are all that bind the rushing and hurrying present with the idyllic past. Even the picturesque scenery has been removed when possible, and the works of nature "touched up" by art. Where nature lavished her beauties the hand of man has attempted improvements. But amidst this iconoclasm there yet remain a few of the historic adobe casas and some of the prettiest little groves that ever grew under the guiding hand of nature and of nature's God. The descendants of the ancient hidalgos have ever refused to sell the houses in which their fathers lived, and these few adobes are about all that new Santa Barbara has to show to the inquisitive tourist—except town lots; and, of course, the mission church, which is not the original building. But this the tourists do not know, and are permitted to depart in ignorance. The earthquake of 1812, which shook up, or down, nearly all of the mission buildings on the coast, partly destroyed this one, and it was rebuilt partly. Since it has been almost entirely rebuilt, and scarcely a vestige of the original building remains, and it is constructed on entirely different lines also.

But tourists swarm to the "old mission" in droves. This is the first thing in order after registering. So great has become the fad that the priest has regulated the hours, and when a specified number arrives he escorts the party through the long corridors, the shaded

THE CASTRO CASA, SANTA BARBARA.

court, the chapel, the graveyard, and the belfry, where a commanding view is had—the mountains to the left sloping to the ocean, and in front a broad plain, spreading out like a lady's fan when opened. Descending, visitors are politely bowed out. No charge is made, but each tourist gives the padre all the way from nothing to a dollar. More revenue is received from this source, it is believed, than from the local congregation, and the tourist trade within the past decade has added materially to the upbuilding of the church building. In the church yard, the priest stated, about 4,000 are buried—mostly Indian neophytes. They are buried one above the other—the first one being planted very deep. Yet in those days land was plentiful, and could be had "without money and without price" for burial purposes. Over the entrance leading from the graveyard to the church is a skull and cross-bones cemented in the wall. A talkative tourist asked the priest if these were "sure enough bones." The priest shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Oh, yes, of some

ADOBE HOME, SANTA BARBARA.

Indian, no doubt. They have been there many years; they are remindful of what all of us shall be some time." Close by the wall are several large stone vaults in which are buried the families of some of the Spanish aristocracy of early California—the Bordinis, De la Guerras, Carillos and Castros. When the last member of the family died, the family-vault was closed and cemented. Their book of life was ended.

It is but natural that the descendants of the early Californians should wish to remain in the homes and near the graves of their ancestors, where cluster the sweetest, yet saddest, recollections of the human mind. Their fathers found here a climate genial and balmy, and, shut out from the cares and strife of a busy world, they were happy in their isolation and social solitude. Those of to-day live in the past. Their manner of living and social customs are the same as those observed by their remote ancestors. In some of these adobe casas a delightful and pretty picture of domestic Spanish life is seen—by those who are so fortunate as to be admitted into this strictly exclusive family circle. In the cool courtyard, beyond the closed doors, are beautiful roses and vines, reclining chairs under miniature arbors of orange trees, with the golden fruit hanging temptingly overhead, and in the middle of the court is the ever-gushing fountain, its crystal sprays cooling the atmosphere. The young ladies are in a group gossiping, and their mothers are repeating the stories of the past—of those "good old days that come no more." They are seeming-ly waiting for the end of all. For them history ended when the "Americanos" came. In the evening they meet in the gran sala, and some of the brightest senoritas sing and play. The airs are as sweet as the maidens who sing them, and are generally pathetic, soft and full of melody, remindful of the past. The surroundings are antique, and, under the inspiration of these ancient melodies, one may easily imagine himself in some casa or castle in Spain, for here are the dreamy eyes, rich Moorish hair and gracefully poised heads one sees in ancient Castile. But the picture is dispelled when you bid good-night to the senoritas and step out of the ancient adobe casa into new Santa Barbara.

One of the oldest, most commodious and best preserved adobe houses in California is the celebrated De la Guerra casa. This was a wealthy and aristocratic Spanish family. He was one of the leaders of civil and social life, and his home was one of unbounded hospitality. His three daughters were the prettiest ladies in California, and a Spanish beauty is considered by many artists as the better of all types. When one of his daughters married Capt. De la Guerra sent couriers throughout the territory inviting everybody. It is believed that nearly all of them did come. The festivities lasted two weeks. There were horse racing, bull fighting, etc., in the afternoon and dancing at night. There was a plaza in front of his house, and here long tables were loaded with victuals and wine, all day and far into the night. Everyone ate and drank at any and all times. Several scores of Mexican and Indian servants were kept busy waiting on the guests, who perhaps numbered three thousand. The captain owned leagues of land and cattle and horses too numerous to count. All was lost when the "Americanos" came. The historic house remains in the possession of his descendants, and the plaza in front, equally historic for its brilliant scenes, is still called De la Guerra plaza. A few of the old Spanish names remain on the streets, and from these the stranger gets an idea of the historic characters of ancient Santa Barbara. It is unfortunate that so many of the street names have been changed. The Spaniards named them for historic persons, flowers or events. With them a name was historical or descriptive. One of the streets is heavily charged with a name, and, strangely, it has not been changed—Calle de la canon perdido—street of the lost canno.

When the Americanos come, the Barbarenos surrendered without firing a gun. But the general placed a cannon at the head of this street and threatened to blow everybody to pieces on general principles. That night some of the young blades threw a lariat around the gun, dragged it to the beach and buried it in the sand at low tide. After much fuss and feathers the general levied an assessment of $500 on the town, and as the property owners knew nothing of the lost cannon they paid the money. Finally the young men went down to the beach one dark, stormy night at low tide, dug up the cannon, filled it full of sand, and returned it to its position. The story leaked out, and the chagrined general returned the $500 to the Mexican alcalde. As guardian of the city he undertook to double the sum at monte, in order to carry out certain public improvements. But, unfortunately, the alcalde was unlucky and his loss was also the city's.

Another historic adobe is the Castro casa. It suffered in consequence of being occupied as headquarters of the conqueror of Santa Barbara. It is noted also as the only adobe in the city or state that has a modernized window. The Spanish window is of grated iron bars, lengthwise. This modern window was put in the original building, and created great excitement at the time. It is one of the prettiest and most picturesque ruins of the historic buildings now passing away. Additions have been made to the De la Guerra casa, and modern windows put in the newer part, but the original building has not been changed—it stands as one of the prettiest landmarks of picturesque Spanish California.

J. M. SCANLAND.

Time Needed.

"What do you think about Si Perkins' plan to go to the Alaskan mines?" asked Farmer Corntossel.

"I don't think there's any sense in tryin' to form an opinion fur at least six months," replied his wife. "Then the neighborhood'll know whether to refer to Si as a man of 'extraordinary foresight' or 'another deluded victim,'" —Washington Star.

CLEAR LAKES.

Crystal Beauties in the Rocky Mountains.

A mountain country without lakes would be an earth that was all water and no continent. Picturesque Switzerland would be as monotonous as an alkali desert if it were not for the lakes of Geneva and Lucerne and Zurich, and the cluster of waters that lie near the Jungfrau.

Colorado, so rich in mountain beauties, is also rich in lakes. Out among mountains themselves are almost as many of these beautiful reservoirs of nature as there are mountain sides and small streams to feed them.

Nature could not have tossed up the rough surface that lies between the Kansas and the Utah lines without leaving hundreds of concave sinking where the water could accumulate and grow proud of its extent and its crystal beauty. Therefore, every line of railroad that crosses the state whistles its greeting to a dozen or more lakes as it winds in and out over the crest of the continent.

There is Palmer lake, only two hours away from Denver. Every tourist passes it, every citizen manages to visit it at some time or other during the year. Four lines of railroads find themselves unable to get beyond it without stopping a few minutes for luncheon or for sight seeing.

Then away up on Pike's peak trail is the lake of an old woman, and on the shoulder of the peak are seven small nature's reservoirs in a group, called the Seven lakes. They all reflect the mountains as clearly as the famous Mirror lake of Yosemite valley.

But the pride of the state is the group known as Twin lakes, situated far up in the 10,000-foot altitude, and thus surpassing in uniqueness the Swiss lakes, few, if any, of which can boast of such lofty permanent residences. These Twin lakes lie within short range of the great carbonate mining camp of Leadville, and thus illustrate a common feature of Colorado landscape—namely, that every mining camp has its lake near at hand for summer recreation and sport.—Denver Times.

UNNECESSARY HEROISM.

A Connecticut Man's Experience with a Substitute Bathtub.

One of those ridiculous situations which at the time bring the cold sweat out on a man's brow, and ever after remains with him as a source of mirth, occurred to a Shelton merchant a few days ago. He thought he would take a bath, and as his flat is minus one of the chief requisites for the job—a bath tub—he extemporarized one out of a small washtub and enjoyed a cooling ablution.

He had just concluded and stepped from the tub for the towel when suddenly the top hoop of the tub burst with a sharp report, and the man saw to his horror that the whole contents of the tub would soon be flooding the floor. At the same moment he thought of the store beneath and the amount of damage the water would do if it ran down through the ceiling. He is a man of quick thought and in a moment he did the only thing possible, threw himself down beside the tub and, clasping his arms around it, held the already fast-swelling staves together. He was successful in keeping the water in—but what a situation. He dared not yell, for he was hardly in a condition to receive callers, especially as he knew that all in the block at the time were of the gentler sex, and he realized at once that the only thing left for him was to stay in that position until the return of his wife, who was out on a shopping expedition.

Like the boy who saved Holland, he manfully remained in his most uncomfortable position until relief in the shape of his wife appeared. Then to cap the climax, when he asked her to get a rope or any old thing to tie about the tub, she, after a long fit of uncontrollable laughter, asked him why he didn't carry the tub and contents out to the sink room and pour out the water. With a look that froze the smile on her face he did as she said, and without a word donned his clothing and wandered out into the cold, unfeeling world, a crushed and humiliated man.—Ansonia Sentinel.

Ruins Under Constantinople.

Very little is known of the mysterious ruins underneath the city of Constantinople. A Turkish superstition says, however, that a strange cistern shows an expanse of inky water, in which stands an array of columns, the limits of which have never been reached. A Christian once started to row a boat to its farthest limit, and he has not got back yet.

Pineapples.

Pineapples will, it is said, keep much better if the green crown at the top is twisted off. The vegetation of the crown takes from the goddess of the fruit. The crown may be temporarily restored if desired, as an ornament in serving the pine whole.

—Greater Glasgow, with a population of 853,000, has only 494 medical men, or one doctor to every 1,726 of the population. It must be a healthy place.

Children Play When They Don't

have the chills. When they do have the chills they don't feel like play—father don't feel like work—mother don't feel like work—nobody feels like work when they have to care for chilly children. It's a worry—a big worry, to say nothing of the danger.

Dr. Bell's Peppermint Chill Tonic

Cures the Chills. A bottle to-day will keep the chill off to-morrow. It removes the danger—the worry—the chills are forgotten and the children are at play. Father's work becomes a pasttime and mother's cares are a pleasure. The children have lost that languid look, their cheeks are rosy—they are the picture of health and happiness o'erspreads the entire household. All dealers guarantee it. 50 doses 50 cents. It contains no poison and TASTES LIKE MINT CANDY.

THE E. E. SUTHERLAND MED. CO. PADUCAH, KY.

A wasp can kill 5,000 flies a day, but this has not been the wasp's busy season.

Vanceburg is to have a G. A. R post.

All The News

WORTH READING.

Local State and National,

WILL BE FOUND IN THE

KENTUCKIAN

—AND THE—

Cincinnati weekly Enquirer.

We have arranged a Clubbing Rate by which we can give

Both Papers One Year for $2.25.
Regular Price for Both is $3.00.

We save you generous part of this sum.

Send or bring your cash with order to the

KENTUCKIAN,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

SEND

50c

For a trial month's subscription to the

LOUISVILLE TIMES,

The brightest and best afternoon paper in the south.

Latest market quotations
Latest state news
All the local news
Complete press reports.

Largest Circulation in the South.

37,000 AND OVER DAILY.

50 CENTS A MONTH,

OR, $5.00 A YEAR BY MAIL.

JNO. A. HALDEMAN, Bus. M'g'r.
604 FOURTH AVENUE.

Louisville, Kentucky.

THE JOURNAL OF SOCIETY
TOWN TOPICS
NEW YORK THURSDAY

is universally recognized as the most complete society newspaper in the world. It has more readers, and better and better—than any other. It is an excellent society Journal of America, and unique, inasmuch as all its matter is original. The Sunbeam discusses weekly the doings of society in New York and other large cities in North America and Europe. A special feature of TOWN TOPICS is its short stories. They are by the best writers of Europe and America, always strong, clever, pretty and clean. The Financial Department is read by all prominent bankers and capitalists, and on questions of finance TOWN TOPICS is considered an authority. Leading books of the day are reviewed by The Onlooker. The lover of sport finds great interest in "Afield and Afloat: Sports on Land and Water," and The Veteran keeps you informed on Horse-racing. The Fashion article is of great interest to the ladies. The miscellaneous matter of TOWN TOPICS consists of poems—clever and bright, comic and tragic—by the best poets; burlesques, jokes, witticisms, etc., by the cleverest humorists of the day. Price, 10 cts.

Tales From Town Topics

Plus, 256 pages, a Quarterly Magazine of Fiction, now in its sixth year. Issued first day of March, June, September and December.

A complete novel by some well-known author leads each number; the remainder of the volume consists of stories, burlesques, poems, witticisms, etc., from TOWN TOPICS, so far back as to make republication fresh reading. Price, 50 cents; $2.00 per year.

Special Subscription Offer.

Good to March 1, 1897.

For $1.00, TOWN TOPICS for three months and two back volumes of TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS FREE—a BONUS.

For $4.00, TOWN TOPICS for one year and four back volumes of TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS FREE—a BONUS.

For $5.00, regular club subscription price for TOWN TOPICS and TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS, both publications for one year, and ten back volumes of TALES FROM TOWN TOPICS FREE—a BONUS.

Remit by P. O. Money Order or New York Exchange to TOWN TOPICS, 208 5th Avenue, New York.

SAY!

DO YOU WANT TO BUY SOME LUMBER

WE HAVE PLENTY TO SELL.

J. H. Dagg & Co.

1897 THE GREAT SUMMER RESORT 1897

DAWSON SPRINGS

ARCADIA HOUSE,

DAWSON, Hopkins County, KENTUCKY.

These celebrated chalybeate and salts springs are situated immediately upon the Chesapeake, Ohio & Southwestern R. R., 168 miles west of Louisville, Ky., and 58 miles east of Paducah, Ky.

THE ARCADIA HOUSE is new and neatly furnished with capacity of entertaining 300 persons. The owners of the hotel are also owners of the Springs, and the guests of the Arcadia House have free access to the Springs without extra charge. Invalids should remember that the months of June and July offer many advantages to persons visiting the Springs. The dry and liquid salts are manufactured at these springs. For pamphlets, etc., apply to

S. M. COLEMAN & CO., Proprietors.

SEE OUR

"Peninsular" and "Steel Anchor" Ranges,

COOK AND HEATING STOVES.

Excelled by none and as low in price as any goods of equal value.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves and Ranges to suit small or large families. Best Oil and Gasoline always at lowest market quotation.

COMPLETE STOCK OF

Lamps, Glass and China Ware, Tin, Wooden and Stone Ware, Churns, Washing Machines, Pumps. Make or repair and repaint metal roofs all sorts, Galvanized Iron, Cornices, Caps, Guttering, etc.

GEO. W. YOUNG,

Opp. Hotel Latham. HOPKINSVILLE, KY.

M. D. SULLIVAN,

Nashville, Tenn.,

PRACTICAL

PLUMBING, GAS & STEAM FITTING.

Estimates Solicited and Orders Promptly Attended To.

Telephone 1566. No. 183 North College Street.

CHAMPION MOWERS,

Steel Plows, Chilled Plows, Improved Chilled Plows, Avery Plows, Chattanooga Plows, Kentucky Plows

Also all kinds of plow repairs.

Disc Harrows, Champion Mowers, Disc Cultivators, Corn Drills, Hay Rakes and all kinds of Farm Machinery

SOLD AT LOWEST PRICES.

GUS YOUNG.

Opp. Hotel Latham. HOPKINSVILLE, KY

F. P. Renshaw,

Furniture and Undertaker.

THOMPSON'S OLD STAND.

New Stock, Best Goods, and LOWEST PRICES.

New and Elegant Funeral Car for the Undertaking Department Dick Everett, a Practical Undertaker of 20 years experience, has charge of this branch of our business.

Give us a call. No. 8 Main Street, HOPKINSVILLE, KY.