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Finest Cuisine and Service No Transfer Between Jacksonville and New York The Fleet is composed of the following handsome New Steel Steamers:

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Steamers are appointed to sail according to the tide.

From JACKSONVILLE, FLA., (calling at Charleston) Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.

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For hour of sailing, see "Clyde Line" Schedule, or Jacksonville and Charleston daily papers.

SOUTH-BOUND.

Steamers are appointed to sail from Pier 20, East River, New York, at 3 p. m., as follows:

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Clyde New England and Southern Lines--Freight Only

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STEAMERS APPOINTED TO SAIL AS FOLLOWS:

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OF THE

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From Jacksonville 8:30 a. m., Sundays, Tuesdays and Fridays.

From Crescent City at 7:30 a. m., Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

R. J. ADAMS, Agent.

Wharf foot of Lemon Street.

Florida East Coast Ry.

TIME TABLE NO. 15, IN EFFECT MAY 16, 1898.

SOUTH BOUND (Read Down).

NORTH BOUND (Read Up).

Table with columns for No. 85, No. 82, Stations, and times for South and North bound trains.

BETWEEN NEW SMYRNA AND ORANGE CITY JUNCTION.

Table with columns for No. 8 No. 1, Stations, and times for trains between New Smyrna and Orange City Junction.

KEY WEST AND HAVANA.

The steamship City of Key West of the Florida East Coast Steamship Company leaves Key West on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays after arrival of train from Jacksonville, making connection at Key West with steamer for Havana. Leave Key West 10:30 a. m. (standard time) on Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays, arriving Miami next morning to connect with north bound train.

These Time Tables show the times at which trains may be expected to arrive and depart from the several stations and ports, but their arrival or departure at the times stated is not guaranteed, nor does the Company hold itself responsible for any delay or any consequences arising therefrom.

For copy of local time card call at 25 West Bay Street, Jacksonville, or address J. P. SHEWYER, Traffic Manager, St. Augustine.

FIRST FIGHT IN CUBA.

How Our Marines Routed the Spanish at Guantanamo.

STEPHEN CRANE'S GRAPHIC STORY.

Defeat of the Enemy's Guerrillas at Guantanamo by Captain Elliott's Men—Attempts to Drill Cuban Soldiers Like Marines—A Halt For Cuban Scouts—Sergeant of Marines Wigwagging Under Fire—Magill's Force Shot at by the Dolphin.

It has become known that Captain Elliott's recent expedition against the guerrillas at Guantanamo bay, Cuba, was more successful than any one could imagine at the time. The enemy was badly routed, but we expected him to recover in a few days perhaps and come back to renew his night attacks. But the firing of a shot near the camp has been a wonderfully rare thing since our advance and attack. Inasmuch as this affair was the first serious engagement of our troops on Cuban soil a few details of it may be of interest. It was known that this large guerrilla band had its headquarters some five miles back from our camp, at a point near the seacoast, where was located the only well, according to the Cubans, within four or five leagues of our position.

Captain Elliott asked permission to take 200 marines and some Cubans to drive the enemy from the well and destroy it. Colonel Huntington granted this request and it was my good fortune to get leave to accompany it. After breakfast one morning the companies of Captain Elliott and Captain Spicer were formed on the sandy path below the fortified camp, while the Cubans, 50 in number, were bustling noisily into some kind of shape. Most of the latter were dressed in the white duck clothes of the American jack tar, which had been dealt out to them from the stores of the fleet. Some had shoes on their feet and some had shoes slung around their necks with a string, all according to taste. They were, in short, peasants—hardy, tireless, uncomplaining peasants—and they viewed in utter calm these early morning preparations for battle.

And also they viewed with the same calm the attempts of their ambitious officers to make them bear some resemblance to soldiers at "order arms." The officers had an idea that their men must drill the same as marines, and they howled over it a good deal. The men had to be adjusted one by one at the expense of considerable physical effort but when once in place they viewed their new position with unalterable stolidity. Order arms? Oh, very well. What does it matter? Farther on the two companies of marines were going through a short, sharp inspection.

Meanwhile the officers were thinking of business. Their voices rang out. The sailor clad Cubans moved slowly off on a narrow path through the bushes, and presently the long brown line of marines followed them. After the ascent of a chalky cliff the camp on the hill, the ships in the harbor, were all hidden by the bush we entered, a thick, tangled mass, penetrated by a winding path hardly wide enough for the men. No word was spoken. One could only hear the dull tample of the men, mingling with the near and far droning of insects raising their tiny voices under the blazing sky.

A halt was made to give the Cuban scouts more time. The Cuban colonel, revolver in one hand, machete in the other, waited their report before advancing. Finally the word was given. The men arose from the grass and moved on around the foot of the ridges. Out at sea the Dolphin was steaming along slowly. Presently the word was passed that the enemy were over the next ridge. Lieutenant Lucas had meantime been sent with the first platoon of Company C to keep the hills as the main body moved around them, and we could now see his force and some Cubans crawling slowly up the last ridge. The main body was moving over a lower part of this ridge when the firing broke out.

It needs little practice to tell the difference in sound between the Lee and the Mauser. The Lee says, "Prat!" It is a fine note, not very metallic. The Mauser says, "Pop!"—plainly and frankly pop. Like a soda water bottle being opened close to the ear. We could hear both sounds now in great plenty. Prat—prat—pr-r-rat—pr-rat! Pop—pop—poppetty—pop!

It was very evident that our men had come upon the enemy and were slugging away for all they were worth, while the Spaniards were pegging away to the limit. To the tune of this furious shooting Captain Elliott, with Lieutenant Bannon's platoon of C company scrambled nuddly up the hill, tearing themselves on the cactus and fighting their way through the mesquite. To the left we could see that Captain Spicer's men had rapidly closed up and were racing us.

It took only three minutes to reach

the scene of activity, and, incidentally, the activity was considerable and fierce. Then along the top of our particular hill, mingled with the cactus and chaparral, was a long, irregular line of men fighting the first part of the first action of the Spanish war. Tolling, sweating marines; shrill, jumping Cubans; officers shouting out the ranges, 200 Lee rifles crashing—these were the essentials. The razor backed hill seemed to reel with it all.

And—mark you—a spruce young sergeant of marines, erect, his back to the showering bullets, solemnly and intently wigwagging to the distant Dolphin! It was necessary that this man should stand at the very top of the ridge in order that his flag might appear in relief against the sky, and the Spaniards must have concentrated a fire of at least 20 rifles upon him. His society was at that moment sought by none. We gave him a wide berth. Presently into the din came the boom of the Dolphin's guns.

The whole thing was an infernal din. One wanted to clap one's hands to one's ears and cry out in God's name for the noise to cease; it was past bearing. And—look—there fell a Cuban, a great hulking negro, shot just beneath the heart, the blood staining his soiled shirt. He seemed in no pain; it seemed as if he were senseless before he fell. He made no outcry; he simply toppled over, while a comrade made a semi-futile grab at him. Instantly one Cuban loaded the body upon the back of another and then took up the dying man's feet. The procession that moved off resembled a grotesque wheelbarrow. No one heeded it much. A marine remarked, "Well, there goes one of the Cubans."

Under a bush lay a D company private shot through the ankle. Two comrades were ministering to him. He, too, did not seem then in pain. His expression was of a man weary, weary, weary. Marines, drunk from the heat and the fumes of the powder, swung heavily with blazing faces out of the firing line and dropped panting two or three paces to the rear. And still crashed the Lees and the Mausers, punctuated by the roar of the Dolphin's guns. Along our line the rifle locks were clicking incessantly, as if some giant loom was running wildly, and on the ground among the stones and weeds came dropping, dropping a rain of rolling brass shells.

This terrific exchange of fire lasted a year, or probably it was 20 minutes. Then a strange thing happened. Lieutenant Magill had been sent out with 40 men from camp to re-enforce us. He had come up on our left flank and taken a position there, covering us. The Dolphin swung a little farther on and then suddenly turned loose with a fire that went clean over the Spaniards and straight as a die for Magill's position. Magill was immensely anxious to move out and intercept a possible Spanish retreat, but the Dolphin's guns not only held him in check, but made his men hunt cover with great celerity. It was no extraordinary blunder on the part of the Dolphin. It was improbable that the ship's commander should know of the presence of Magill's force, and he did know from our line of fire that the enemy was in the valley. But at any rate in the heat and rage of this tight little fight there was a good deal of strong language used on the hill.

Suddenly some one shouted: "There they go! See 'em! See 'em!" Forty rifles rang out. A number of figures had been seen to break from the other side of the thicket. The Spaniards were running.

The Cubans, who cannot hit even the wide, wide world, lapsed into temporary peace, and a line of a score of marines was formed into a firing squad. Sometimes we could see a whole covey vanishing miraculously after the volley. It was impossible to tell whether they were all hit or whether all or part had plunged headlong for cover. Everybody on our side stood up. It was vastly exciting. "There they go! See 'em! See 'em!"

Dr. Gibbs, Sergeant Major Goode, shot at night by a hidden enemy; Lamphy and McCollan, the two lads unburied and riddled with bullets at ten yards; Sergeant Smith, whose body had to be left temporarily with the enemy—all these men were being terrifically avenged. The marines, raw men who had been harassed and harassed day after night since the first foot struck Cuba—the marines had come out in broad day, met a superior force and in 20 minutes had them panic stricken and on the run. The Spanish commander had had plenty of time to take any position he pleased him, for as we marched on we had heard his scouts hurrying out to warn him with their wood dove cooing from hilltop to hilltop. He had had a chance to take. In 20 minutes the tactics was too hot for his men.

At last it was over. The dripping sun had faded with a deeper and more lurid redness. The wounded were carried down to the trench in the rick of their comrades. The heaven from behind set many a gasp of water upon a Spanish messenger, the Spanish messenger had been shot down by the very man he was carrying. The man was the sum of a new volley. The Cubans to the number of 100 engaged on for a while after the Spaniards' party went out to round the Spanish dead. The daylight began to show. The low murmur of the sea was

peace fell upon all the brown wilderness of hills.

Possible stragglers were called in. As the dusk deepened the men closed for the homeward march. The Cubans appeared with prisoners, and a cheer went up. Then the brown lines began to wind slowly homeward. The tired men grew silent. Not a sound was heard except where, ahead, to the rear, on the flank, could be heard the low trample of many careful feet. As to execution done, none was certain. Some said 60; some said 160; some laughingly said 6. It turns out to be a certain 58—dead—which is many. As we neared camp we saw somebody in the darkness, a watchful figure, eager and anxious, perhaps uncertain of the serpentine thing swishing softly through the bushes. "Hello!" said a marine. "Who are you?" A low voice came in reply, "Sergeant of the guard." Sergeant of the guard! Shinty man! Protector of the weary! Coffee! Hard tack! Beans! Rest! Sleep! Peace! —Stephen Crane in New York World.

TEN CENT TAX ON TEA.

New York Importers See Little Profit For Themselves In It—Think the Retailer's Gains Would Be Less—The Consumer Would Get Off Lightly.

New York tea importers say that if the government needs \$10,000,000 to help carry on the war the money can be raised in no more simple way than by putting a duty of 10 cents a pound on tea, as is proposed by Senator Tillman's amendment to the war revenue bill. South Carolina, by the way, grows tea—the output is one-fifty-thousandth of the country's consumption—but no one accuses the Carolina senator of a desire to protect this infant industry at the expense of millions of Americans who have never heard of Carolina tea and probably never will.

The importers estimate that we will import this year about 100,000,000 pounds of tea, Japan sending us 48,000,000; China, 27,000,000; Formosa, 18,000,000, and India and Ceylon, 12,000,000. Last year the import was 113,000,000 pounds, an increase of nearly 20,000,000 over the 1896 import, despite the fact that a new law had gone into effect, shutting out of the country millions of pounds of tea below a fixed standard. The average cost abroad of the tea imported here last year was 18 cents a pound. The import of coffee was 788,000,000 pounds, the average value being a trifle more than 11 cents a pound.

The Japanese minister at Washington makes this argument in his formal protest against the levying of a duty on tea. The importers, he says, have "discounted the duty" and will have such a large amount of tea on hand before July 1, the day when the war revenue bill will become a law, that little will be imported during the year, and the government will not receive the expected revenues. If this were possible, Japan would not be affected by the duty, and all the minister's arguments against the duty would be uncalled for, but the market conditions are the reverse.

The amount of last year's tea crop left over in the United States was unusually small, and the total import of the new crop will not reach 15,000,000 pounds before the end of June. A duty on tea would affect nearly the entire import of the year. The tea season opens in April, and the shipments begin in May. The import is about the same month by month. Already, in anticipation of the proposed duty, the cost of tea in the foreign market has gone down, and here, in the wholesale market, it has gone up. The retail trade is not affected. Many importers and jobbers believe the duty would have little effect on the price to the consumer.

"The tea merchants are making 100 per cent profit now," said a New York importer recently, and his statement was backed up by a number of the leading importers. "Raising the wholesale price of tea would make the retailer's profit less and perhaps deter him from giving away a set of dishes with a half pound of tea. I do not think tea which now retails at 40 or 50 cents a pound would sell for any more. The very cheap grades would probably go up a few cents a pound, a thing which would naturally cause a better demand for higher grades of tea. Japan has some reason for objecting to the duty, because it leaves coffee on the free list. The tea importers would like to see a duty put on both articles. A 10 cent duty on coffee would bring an enormous revenue, over \$50,000,000, allowing for a big falling off in the import. It may be true that tea is more of a luxury than coffee and ought to be taxed less. I do not anticipate that the duty would increase the consumption of coffee at the expense of tea, although some men in the trade do not agree with me. Speculation is little heard of. There is not enough tea in the country to furnish a basis for speculation. What few importers and jobbers have tea on hand will of course be able to make a little money, but the whole amount will not be very large. The tea trader doesn't ask for a duty on tea, but if the government needs the money I guess we can stand it."—New York Sun.