

JOHN W. DEESON, DRUGGIST.

From New Jersey.

BELLEVILLE, N. J., Sept. 2, 1898.

EDITOR BLADE:—

I was thinking this morning that perhaps my many friends at Sorento and vicinity would be anxious to know that I am still among the the living yet many miles from Illinois, therefore I will endeavor to inform them through the columns of THE BLADE.

On Aug. 3d I boarded the St. Louis, Peoria & Northern train at Thomasville, Ill., arriving in Chicago next morning via the Illinois Central. I remained there until 3 P. M. when I boarded the Erie, arriving in this city at 8 P. M. on the 5th, for a visit with my father's people, and owing to the fact that I had never seen any of them before, I am somewhat of a stranger. After getting of the train I made inquiries of the station agent, but he was unable to give any information, therefore I went to a hotel; the proprietor of course sized me up as from somewhere. After supper I concluded that I would be his guest for the night, but as the rates were too rich for my blood, I didn't accept, but informed him that all "snickers" didn't bite, and with grip in hand started, I knew not where, but succeeded in finding my relatives without much trouble.

I was sick a few days the first week, caused I presume from change of water. On the 14th, in company with two of my cousins, we took a pleasure trip to Elizabeth by trolley cars, then crossing the river by ferry we again took the trolley cars for Staten Island and South Beach, passing by the Soldiers' Home and Fort Wadsworth; at the former place there were lots of soldiers, both of the late and civil wars; it is a very beautiful place, situated south of New York Bay. Fort Wadsworth is almost hidden by a large grove on the south therefore I could not tell much about it, only that the boys in camp there were evidently having a grand time. After leaving South Beach we crossed New York Bay by ferry, but as our time was limited we did not go up into the city.

On the 20th I witnessed the grand naval parade of Admirals Sampson and Schley's victorious fleet, consisting of the New York, Brooklyn, Massachusetts

Iowa, Indiana, Oregon and Texas. For about three hours steam whistles of all sizes, small guns and cannons shrieked and boomed in honor to the welcome of the Santiago heroes.

The following night, in company with two of my cousins, I went out on the river to catch eels; we caught about two dozen all told, and many mosquito bites. The latter are quite numerous here and evidently as brave as the boys at Santiago, for every evening about dark they begin a bombardment and continue until dawn, occasionally they tackle a fellow in daylight.

On the 27th, in company with a cousin, we went fishing on the great Atlantic, 40 miles from New York City, and, for a wonder, I didn't get sea sick at all. We passed under the Brooklyn Suspension Bridge, across New York Bay to Tompkinsville, where the following war vessels were anchored: New York, Indiana, Brooklyn, Massachusetts, Texas, St. Louis, Grand Duchess, Leona, Harvard, Yale, Mortara, and last but not least, the Vesuvius, the dynamite gunboat. We also met a torpedo boat coming from Cuban waters, but could not designate the name. We also passed by two quarantine stations, also Fort Wadsworth; there were guns of all sizes to be seen. I was told the fort was built on the same plan as Moro Castle, Santiago. It is indeed a beautiful place, but "dangerous to be safe," as the saying goes. We reached our destination about 11 o'clock; our fishing lines were about 200 feet long, with 3,000 hooks to the line. One would think a person could not tell when the fish were biting so deep under water, but quite different; we fished from the boat, there were about 400 on board, and all enjoyed themselves hugely. We arrived home about dusk very tired.

The 28th we went to Newark, thence to Orange, thence to Eagle Rock, better known as the Essex County Park. It is a beautiful place for scenery; on the east one can look for miles. Jersey is quite a mountainous country, therefore the towns are all built in the vallays, and in looking from the mountains and not knowing the difference one would think the towns all in one. A few days ago I was up to see the Patterson Falls, it is also a beautiful place.

Last Monday I went to Orange in the forenoon, thence to New York, thence to Coney Island, the latter being a summer resort. The people were so thick that they remind one of sardines in a box, and every thing imaginable to catch the nickels. The prettiest sight I saw was the Searchlight at Fort Wadsworth like those used on the warships. We were about a mile away when it was turned onto our boat, and one could have seen

to pick up a pin on the water.

Belleville has a population of 5,000 and is ten miles from New York. With this I will close.

J. L. SIGLEY.