

A BLOW IN JAMAICA.

"Have you ever been through a West Indian hurricane?" said a man who has lived in the tropics on and off for a number of years. "Do you want to know what the experience is like?"

"A hurricane will leap out of a clear sky, swoop down on a city, blow everything in its path flat and pass on. Then follows the tail of the hurricane, a steady breeze blowing in the same direction, but at a much lower velocity. This is likely to continue for many hours, sometimes for many days, and is always accompanied by a torrential downpour of rain.

"I was in Kingston, Jamaica, at the time of the hurricane of 1903. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I was in my office on the top floor of a rickety wooden building. As suddenly as a clap of thunder the room went dark.

"I had a pretty good idea of what was about to happen and, going to the window, looked out across the roofs. A black cloud had whirled up out of the southwest, obscuring the sun, but the mountains back of the city were still golden with light.

"In less than a quarter of an hour the wind reached us. The first structure that went was a wooden watch-tower about 200 feet high that had been used in the old days to locate ships approaching the harbor. It had weathered all previous hurricanes, but this time it went down like a house of cards. Spars of lumber from that tower were carried as far as twenty blocks before they came to the ground.

"Then the spire of the church went, the roofs of a good many residences were torn off, and some fine palm trees in the public gardens snapped off about halfway from the ground. Buildings in Kingston, however, are calculated to stand a pretty severe blow. They are built only a few stories high, and the roofs present a broad and comparatively flat surface to the wind. Considering the velocity at which that hurricane was traveling, the damage was not great. Even my crazy office building withstood it. But the fall of the thing followed, with a heavier rain than I have ever seen before or since. To say that it came down in bucketfuls would be mild. It was as if the clerk of the weather had taken the plug out of some huge vat suspended above our heads and allowed the water to plump straight down on us.

"In three hours the macadam on the streets had been washed into the harbor. The street outside my window was a rushing river as much as four feet deep in places. I saw a cart try to cross it, but with the water above the axle of the wheel and the horse's legs being washed away from under it it was an impossible task, and the driver turned back. Big casks and packing cases were dancing on the surface like corks.

"As you can imagine, I did not get home to supper that evening. It was 8 o'clock before the rain stopped and the water in the streets had drained into the harbor. Even then traffic had not begun to reorganize itself.

"The trolley car tracks had been washed out, and no cars were running. Cabs, however, were doing a roaring business, and eventually I got a cabman to drive me home for three times his customary charge.

"The damage to property in Kingston amounted up to hundreds of thousands of dollars, but the real destruction was wrought in the country districts. Floods wiped out many a negro village and sent the flimsy houses floating down the rivers. The railroads were tied up for nearly a week. Every banana tree in the path of the hurricane was uprooted. Oh, yes, a West Indian hurricane can do a lot of damage when it gets busy.

"Loss of life, did you say? Of course there was. Nearly 200 people were killed throughout the island on that occasion, but we grow accustomed to that in the West Indies. We expect a hurricane every once in awhile, and we know that it will take its toll of human life when it comes. If you had been telling the story you would probably have mentioned that first of all, but sudden death is so common below the tropic of Cancer that we get callous, I suppose."—New York Sun.

Albion and Columbia.

"Albion, the Gem of the Ocean," was written and composed by Jesse Hammond, an English government dock official, about 1820 and was heard above all others in the theaters, music halls and on London streets. It is apparent that "gem of the ocean" fits an island more aptly than our large tract of continent, and "borne by the red and the blue" (the red of the British army and the blue of the navy) is more logical than the meaningless line "borne by the red, white and blue." The lines of the English songs are almost word for word identical with our version, "The Red, White and Blue."—Exchange.

A Manly Woman.

"Why do you say she is a manly woman?" asked Jinks. "She always gets off a car properly," said Minks.—Buffalo Express.

Tomorrow is not elastic enough in which to press the neglected duties of today.

The Explanation.

Mrs. Youngbride—Mrs. Smith says there is lots of cream on her milk bottles every morning. Why is there never any on yours? The Milkman—I'm too honest, lady, that's why. I fill my bottles so full that there ain't never no room left for cream.—Woman's Home Companion.

Bloodhounds to Halt an Uprising.

Storm swept Jamaica was in 1738 the scene of a rising of the negro plantation slaves. At first there were brushes between the soldiers of the island garrison and the insurgents, and lives were lost on both sides. Then the commander, General Walpole, be thought him of having 100 dogs trained to track slaves brought from Cuba. These powerful and savage brutes, misnamed bloodhounds, were really of the mastiff tribe, says the London Chronicle. After being muzzled they were led to the position taken up by the malcontents. General Walpole sent a message to the slaves threaten ing to unuzzle and unleash the animals if they did not surrender. The negroes, who had shown themselves to be by no means afraid of the bullets of the military, were now mad with terror. They threw down their arms and gave in. Remarks a contemporary historian of Jamaica. "It is pleasing to observe that not a drop of blood was spilled after the dogs arrived in the island."

Finding His Bride

In one part of the canton of Ticino, in Switzerland, a very quaint marriage ceremony prevails. The bridegroom dresses in his "Sunday best" and, accompanied by as many friends and relatives as he can muster for the fete, goes to claim his bride. Finding the door locked, he demands admittance. The inmates ask him his business, and in reply he scuttles the hand of his chosen maiden. If his answer be deemed satisfactory he is successively introduced to a number of maids and others old and ugly. Then he is presented to some large dolls, all of which he rejects with scorn, amid general merriment. The bewildered bridegroom, whose impetuosity and temper are now sorely tried, is then informed that his ladylove is absent and invited in to see for himself. He rushes into the house and searches from room to room until he finds her in her bridal dress ready to go to church. Then are his troubles over and his state as a benedict assured.

He Was Relieved.

The other day a person dropped down in an apoplectic fit immediately in front of a police station and was carried inside. A moment after a woman forced her way in through the crowd gathered around the door, exclaiming:

"My husband! My poor husband! Clear the way and let in the plug!"

"She then busied herself by taking off the man's cravat and performing other little offices until a surgeon arrived, when the patient gradually recovered his senses. On this the sergeant in charge observed that it was a happy relief for his distressed wife as well as for himself.

"My wife," exclaimed the man. "Why, I am a bachelor!"

On seeking for the woman it was found that she had disappeared and with her the watch and purse of the patient, which she had adroitly abstracted under the very eyes of the police.—London Tit-Bits.

A Touch of Nature.

He was the worst boy in school; she was the teacher. She was angered by his stubbornness; he was defiant. She took him to the hall for punishment. Angrily she administered the penalty, and—then somehow a great wave of pity for the boy swept over her. She looked at the worn coat of the little fellow. She thought of the frail body deprived of nourishing food. She thought of the hard and loveless home and of the starved soul of the poor kid.

Tears sprang to the teacher's eyes as the boy waited for further punishment. Then he saw the tears. His own eyes grew moist and overflowed. Thinking of how the poor boy had no chance, in an impulse of love she put her arms around the boy, and they cried together.

That is religion.

She and the boy both found it.—Mor-rill (Kan.) News.

To Make a Glass Cutter.

A glass cutter can easily be made with an ordinary mapping pen and a small piece of carborundum or car-bide of silicon. Cut off a part of the nib to form a small tube. Fit a crystal or part of one of carborundum into the tube, take it out again and dip one end in cement and replace it. Next wind a piece of fine wire tightly around the tube and part of the handle and fix it in a notch cut in the latter. Put it aside for a day to allow the ce-ment to harden. A glass cutter made thus will do its work as well as the expensive diamond and a great deal better than the ordinary wheel cutter.

Why He Is Disappointed.

"I am disappointed," said the doctor. "If I don't make a hundred dollars a day."

"Oh, come off!" they cried. "What are you giving us? You know you never make a hundred dollars a day."

"I know it," he assented plaintively, "and so I'm always disappointed."—New York Press.

Queer Custom.

Comanche Pete—Yeh, pard, I knowed 'im. He died with his boots on. Foreign Tourist—Death me! How very singular! Is that one of your—aw-fads out here?—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted Her to Have the Best.

Nell—Rather conceited, isn't he? Belle—I should say. He said the best was none too good for me, and then he proposed.—Philadelphia Record.

It's a pity when a man speaks without thinking that he says what he thinks.—Philadelphia Record.

Daniel Webster Was Not Long in Discovering Its Source.

Once years ago, when Daniel Webster was secretary of state, there was an important foreign matter up for discussion before the cabinet, and the utmost secrecy was of course maintained, but the whole thing was blazoned about in a few hours after the cabinet meeting. So the president hastily sent for his cabinet to talk over this leak. Each man had a different idea of it.

Finally Mr. Webster arose, saying, "You, gentlemen, go on with your discussion, and I'll be back in a minute." In a few minutes he returned and repeated every word that had been spoken in the room in his absence. He explained that if by standing close to the door outside the cabinet room you held your ear to it you could not distinguish one intelligible word, but if moving back from the door and a little to one side upon a certain spot in the carpet you kept an attentive ear every word could be plainly heard as though whispered. Some enterprising eavesdropper had been experimenting with the floor and had found that upon that exact spot there was some acoustic property of the door or room that conveyed the sound in perfect entirety.

"Going-Going"

The auctioneer had auctioneered for the last time, for he was very ill and lay now almost at death's door.

Beside his bed stood the doctor and the auctioneer's wife, anxiously watching each symptom, each movement, each respiration.

"Doctor," hoarsely whispered the hammer wielder's wife, "what is his pulse now?"

The doctor raised the patient's wrist. "His pulse," he answered, "is now going at 104."

The auctioneer sat up excitedly in bed.

"Going at 104!" he cried feebly. "Going at 104! Who'll make it 105? Do I hear 105 for a pulse that has been running steadily for forty-seven years and never once stopped? Will you bid 105? Who'll make it 105?"

But no one made it 105. And a minute later the auctioneer was going—going—gone!—Exchange.

How Eskimo Women Die.

On her first entrance to her new hut of snow an Eskimo woman is buoyed by hope of welcoming a son. What of her last incoming to those narrow confines? She knows that the medicine man has decided that her sickness is mortal when she is laid upon her bed of snow. She gazes upon the feebly burning lamp beside her, upon food and drink set close at her hand. She sees her loved ones pass out of the doorway that needs no tunnel entrance to keep chill airs away, for presently the door is sealed with snow. The chill of death pierces through her enveloping furs. Her tomb insures that no long tarrying will be hers. The

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