

# A BLOW IN JAMAICA

## Things That Happen When a Big Storm Breaks Loose There.

### A WEST INDIAN HURRICANE.

It Will Leap Out of a Clear Sky and Level Almost Everything in Its Path—Then Comes a Torrential Downpour That Ends in a Flood.

"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 hurricanes were traveling, the damage was not great. Even my crazy office building withstood it. But the tail 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 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.

### SPECULATING ON MARGIN.

American and English Ways of Doing It Are Very Different.

In America a speculator's capital (with an exception to be noted below) is necessarily at least the size of his margin in his broker's hands, though it is to be feared that in only too many instances it is just this and nothing more.

On the London Stock Exchange another method prevails which, says Moody's Magazine, is probably done more in the long ago past to give stock speculation its bad name than all the episodes of an unsavory nature which have ever occurred on American exchanges. In London after the inevitable introduction to a broker the new customer gives his order, but makes no deposit at all.

The broker is supposed to learn something of his new client's means and how far he should be allowed to commit himself. Twice a month the English have what they call their settlement days. A customer long of a stock whose commitment has gone somewhat against him is then required to pay the differences, as they are called, between his purchase price and the current quotation.

He must also pay a charge called a contango for holding the settlement over into the next fortnightly period if he does not wish to close the commitment. As a consequence of this way of doing business a speculator may be trading on a few points margin in reality or, in fact, on no margin at all. He may be utterly penniless without the broker knowing it.

That this method works out with fewer losses in England than it would do here is due to the fact that the social and economic strata to which an Englishman belongs are much easier to determine than the corresponding facts among us, and also that an introduction means more there than here, as the introducer is regarded as to a certain extent responsible morally for the business department of his friend.

It is worth while observing (and this is the exception referred to above) that in certain instances the methods pursued in American stock exchange houses are the same as those obtaining in London. Little as the fact is known, it is not an infrequent custom for very wealthy speculators to have no fixed margin or even no margin at all with their brokers.

If a man of this sort loses on a commitment he sends his broker a check for the loss. If he wins his brokers remit to him for his gains. The broker dislikes to offend a very powerful client by troubling him for funds, and hence takes risks with his account which he would not dream of taking with the account of smaller men. Instances of this sort sometimes become public in cases where the broker is forced into bankruptcy, whether owing to this cause or not.

**Could Do For Herself.**  
She was a very delightful but a very aged lady—over ninety—and her friends and relatives and even chance acquaintances, drawn by her exquisite personality, all did her homage and, as the saying is, "waited on her hand and foot."

She accepted it all very graciously, but with some inward rebellion, for to a very old and close mouthed friend she once said, with a quaint pucker of lips and brows:

"I am reminded sometimes of the old lines:  
"Two were blowin' at her nose,  
And three were buckin' at her shoon."  
—Youth's Companion.

**A Word For the Tightwad.**  
In France they have an expressive phrase, "liquid money." It means that part of the family income which is used for the necessities and luxuries of life. It is quite apart from and kept apart from the more serious, substantial part of the income, which is the saved part. In America the entire income is "liquid," and the man who attempts to make part of it solid is called a "tightwad." A "tightwad" is really a man who creates a principal—a capital, in other words—and he is the living example of what every private business must be and of how the country's resources should be handled.—Argonaut.

**Voting in Spain.**  
Voting in Spain is held to be a duty to the community, not merely a privilege of the individual, and neglect of civic obligations carries its own penalty. Male adults of legal age and under seventy, with the exception of priests, notaries and judges, are required to vote in municipal elections. Failure to cast a ballot is punishable by having one's name published as a censure for neglect, by having taxes increased 2 per cent, by suffering a deduction of 1 per cent in salary if employed in the public service and for the second offense the loss of right to hold elective or appointive office.

**His Landscapes.**  
A nouveau riche recently attended a picture sale. A friend who had noticed him at the sale asked afterward, "Did you pick up anything at that picture sale, Jorkins?" and the other responded: "Oh, yes; a couple of landscapes. One of 'em was a basket of fruit and the other a storm at sea."

**Rather the Other.**  
"Don't you know that tune? I forget the name of it, but it goes like this." And he whistled it.  
After he had finished his friend turned to him with a sigh. "I wish to goodness you had remembered the name and not the tune," he said.—Lippincott's.

Exactness in little duties is a wonderful source of cheerfulness.—Faber.

### CARAVAN BREADMAKING.

Afghans Use Cobblestones, While Turcomans Like Sand.

The bread of the Afghan caravan was cooked by heating small round cobblestones in the fire and then poking them out and wrapping dough an inch thick about them. The balls thus formed were again thrown into the fire, to be poked out again when cooked. The bread tasted well there in the desert, although in civilized communities the grit and ashes would have seemed unendurable.

After good fellowship had been established the Afghans actually sold us some flour, says a writer in the National Geographical Magazine. The camp where we used it a little later happened to be beside the sandy bed of a trickling salt stream, which was drinkable in winter, but absolutely unpalatable in summer, when evaporation is at its height and the salt is concentrated.

"See," said one of our Turcomans as we dismounted; "here is some sand. Tonight we can have some good bread."

When some dry twigs had been gathered he proceeded to smooth off a bit of the cleanest sand and built upon it a hot fire. When the sand was thoroughly hot he raked off most of the coals and smoothed the sand very neatly. Meanwhile one of the other men had made two large sheets of dough about three-quarters of an inch thick and eighteen inches in diameter. Between these he placed a layer of lumps of sheep's tail fat, making a huge round sandwich. This was now spread on the hot sand, coals mixed with sand were placed completely over it, and it was left to bake. Now and then an edge was uncovered, and a Turcoman smelled it appreciatively and rapped on it to see if it was yet cooked.

When the top was thoroughly baked the bread was turned over and covered up again. It tasted even better than the Afghan bread after it was cooled a little and the sand and ashes had been whisked off with a girdle. The Turcomans are so accustomed to life in the sandy desert that they think it impossible to make the best kind of bread without sand, while the Afghans, who live in the stony mountains, think that cobblestones are a requisite.

**THE ZANZIBARIS.**  
Dense Stupidity and Amusing Blunders of the Natives.

In the "Autobiography of Sir Henry M. Stanley" the author says of the colored natives of central Africa:

"Good as the majority of Zanzibaris were, some of them were indescribably and for me most unfortunately dense. One man who from his personal appearance might have been judged to be among the most intelligent was after thirty months' experience with his musket unable to understand how it was to be loaded. He never could remember whether he ought to drop the powder or the bullet into the musket first. Another time he was sent with a man to transport a company of men over a river to camp. After waiting an hour I strode to the bank of the river and found them paddling in opposite directions, each blaming the other for his stupidity and, being in a passion of excitement, unable to bear the advice of men across the river, who were lawing out to them how to manage their canoe.

"Another man was so ludicrously stupid that he generally was saved from punishment because his mistakes were so absurd. We were one day floating down the Congo, and, it being near camping time, I bade him, as he happened to be bowman on the occasion, to stand by and seize the grass on the bank to arrest the boat when I should call out. In a little while we came to a flat place, and I cried, 'Hold hard, Kikango!' 'Please God, master,' he replied and forthwith sprang on the shore and seized the grass with both hands, while we, of course, were rapidly swept down river, leaving him alone and solitary on the bank. The boat's crew roared at the ridiculous sight, but nevertheless, his stupidity cost the tired men a hard pull to ascend again, for not every place was available for a camp.

"He it was also who on an occasion when we required the branch of a species of arbutus which overhung the river to be cut away to allow the canoe to be brought nearer to the bank for safety actually went astride of the branch and chopped away until he fell into the water with the branch and lost our ax. He had sented himself on the outer end of the branch."

**A Bunch of Kicks.**  
"I'm in hard luck!" sighed the steel rail.  
"Look at me! I get nothing from morning till night but hot air," groaned the pumping engine.  
"I'm always in hot water," sighed the boiler.  
"Consider my plight," cried the macadam road, "invariably walked over and trodden under foot."  
"I've used to it, for I'm always up against it," philosophically remarked the wall paper.  
"You're none of you as badly off as I am," said the furnace, "for, no matter where I go, I'm generally fired."—Baltimore American.

**The Editor Won.**  
A London paper described a children's excursion as a "long white scream of joy" and was called to account by a correspondent, who said that a scream could be long, but not white, whereupon the editor justified himself by urging that "a hue is often associated with a cry."

Every heart contains perfection's germ.—Shelley.

### GUN COTTON.

A Peculiar Characteristic of This Terrible Explosive.

Many and odd are the materials entering into the manufacture of modern explosives, but perhaps the most interesting as well as the simplest is gun cotton. The gun cotton manufacturing industry is large, as enormous quantities are used in the charging of torpedoes and for similar purposes.

The base of gun cotton is pure raw cotton or even cotton waste, such as is used to clean machinery. This is steeped in a solution of one part of nitric and three parts of sulphuric acid. It is the former ingredient that renders the mass explosive, the sulphuric acid being used merely to absorb all moisture, thus permitting the nitric acid to combine more readily with the cellulose of the cotton.

After being soaked for several hours, in the solution described the cotton is passed between rollers to expel all nonabsorbed acid, a process carried to completion by washing the cotton in clear water. This washing process is a long one, requiring machinery which reduces the cotton to a mass resembling paper pulp. Should any nonabsorbed acid be allowed to remain it would decompose the cotton.

If the explosive is to be used after the manner of powder it is still further pulverized and then thoroughly dried, but if intended for torpedoes it is pressed into cakes of various shapes and sizes—disk shaped, cylindrical, flat squares and cubes. When not compressed gun cotton is very light, as light as ordinary batting.

A peculiar characteristic of this terrible explosive is that a brick of it when wet may be placed on a bed of hot coals, and as the moisture dries out the cotton will flake and burn quietly. If dry originally, however, the gun cotton will explode with terrible force at about 320 degrees of heat.

In general it is the custom to explode gun cotton by detonation or an intense shock instead of by heat. In a torpedo the explosive charge is wet, this wet cotton being exploded by means of dry cotton in a tube, this having been fired by a cap of fulminate of mercury, the cap itself having been fired by the impact of the torpedo against the target.—Harper's Weekly.

**UNDER THE OCEAN.**  
Things That Happen at the Bottom of the Sea.

Naturalists dispute as to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea. Animals from below 700 fathoms either have no eyes or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding.

Another strange thing is that if the creatures in the lower depths have any color it is orange or red or reddish orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs have this brilliant color. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines toward purple. Not a green or blue fish is found.

The orange red is the fish's protection, for the bluish green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or the red fish appear of a neutral tint and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others neutral in color. Some fish are provided with boring tails, so that they can burrow in the mud.

The surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells, like an ordinary seabeach, showing that it is the feasting place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals.

A codfish takes a whole oyster into its mouth, cracks the shell, digests the meat and ejects the shell. Crabs crack the shells and suck out the meat. This accounts for whole mounds of shells that are often found.

Not a fishbone is ever found that is not honeycombed by the boring shellfish and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths.

If a ship sinks at sea with all on board it will be eaten by fish, with the exception of the metal, and that will corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body will remain after a few days.—Philadelphia North American.

**Had to Do It.**  
Champ Clark was showing a constituent about the capitol one day when he invited attention to a solemn faced individual just entering a committee room.

"See that chap?" asked Clark. "He reads every one of the speeches delivered in the house."  
"What?" gasped the constituent.  
"Fact," said Clark. "Reads every word of 'em too!"  
"Who is he?" queried the visitor, regarding the phenomenon closely.  
"A proofreader at the government printing office," explained Champ.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

**An Easy Numismatist.**  
Mrs. Goodart—you seem to have some education. Perhaps you were once a professional man. Howard Hasher—Lady, I'm a numismatist by profession. Mrs. Goodart—A numismatist? Howard Hasher—Yes, lady; a collector of rare coins. Any old coin is rare to me.—Philadelphia Press.

**Advice and a Mule.**  
"Givin' some men advice," said Uncle Eben. "Reminds me of tryin' to discipline my mule wif a fence rail. It tires out de giver and hurts de receiver, but don't make no real difference."—Washington Star.

**The Other Half.**  
Scott—Half the people in the world don't know what the other half are doing. Mutt—No. That is because the other half are doing them.—Boston Transcript.

### The Fate of the Onaida.

One of the most extraordinary catastrophes that have befallen vessels of the United States destroyed the sloop of war Onaida in 1898. She was bound homeward, with a jolly ship's company, eager to see wives and sweethearts and native land once more, when not far out of port she was struck by the British steamer Bombay coming in. The stem of the Onaida cut off the stern of the Onaida. The ship was sinking rapidly, and crews of distress were immediately fired, but the Bombay stemmed on her way and left the vessel to her doom. She went down, and all but one or two of her crew were drowned. The captain of the Bombay gave no other reason for his conduct than that he had Lady Eyre, the wife of a distinguished British satrap, on board and did not wish to disturb her nerves with scenes of shipwreck. He was mobbed when he reached Yokohama, dismissed from the service, socially tabooed from that time on and died in disgrace a year or two later.

**Where Hypnotism Failed.**  
When Dansey Mayme Appleton returned recently from a party where the influence of several minds over one had been the evening's entertainment and told her mother how six girls, with their minds bent on one thought, had made a man stand on his head, another man at their silent command had tried on a woman's hat and another man had tried to eat water with a fork, it put a suggestion into Mrs. Lysander John Appleton's brain. That evening when Lysander John came home his wife and four daughters sat in a circle with their hands covering their faces and their heads bowed. To all his inquiries they said nothing, and at last, fearing they had gone mad, he sent for the doctor. "We concentrated our minds on the thought that Lysander John must give us \$5 each, and instead of that we have a doctor bill to pay," sobbed Mrs. Appleton, "and they said it would be particularly easy to work if the man's mind was a blank."—Arlington Globe.

**To Get His Money's Worth.**  
In a village near Edinburgh there lived an old baker and his son. Their trade was in a flourishing condition, but unfortunately in the midst of their prosperity the old man, who had once been a great drinker, turned insane. The son, who was renowned for his love of money, was forced to put him in a lunatic asylum and, according to the terms of the establishment, to pay a fee for three months in advance, amounting to £30. The old man was scarcely in a fortnight, however, when he died. The son, thinking to raise an action against the establishment for the recovery of the fee, as he termed it, unused money, inquired of an old lawyer who was a bit of a wag whether he thought it would be prudent to try to recover the money or not. The chip of the law, putting on a grave face, replied seriously, "D'ye no think it wud be best to gang and put in the rest o' the time yersef?"

**He Saw a Great Light.**  
Wrecks on the coast of Cornwall, England, were once a source of revenue to the natives. A writer says that in the local dialect "the folks on the coast teach their children to say in their prayers night times, 'God bless father an' mother an' send a ship in shore vore mermin'." The Cornish folk were great smugglers too. The Rev. R. S. Hawker had in his service as man of all work old Tristram Pentire, the last of the smugglers. One day he made to the vicar this notable confession: "Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back and to consider what lives we used to live—drunk all night and idle abed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying and always prepared to shoot the gauger—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!"

**A Disraeli Anecdote.**  
Sitting next Disraeli at dinner, Mrs. Jenne said that Lord Sherbrooke must be allowed one virtue—namely, his patient and affectionate behavior toward his wife. "Do you think," said Disraeli in his deep tone, "that he has ever seen her?"—"Memoirs of Lady St. Heller."

**Scientific.**  
"Why did you get a divorce?"  
"My wife poisoned my whole life."  
"But you hastened to marry again?"  
"Well, I had an antidote coming to me, didn't I?"—Cleveland Leader.

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