

Jubilee Market, Kingston, Jamaica



Here the natives of the city gather daily to do their marketing. The women bring their vegetables in baskets on their heads and spread them out on the ground for the benefit of prospective purchasers. Considerable damage was wrought in this section by the earthquake and fire.

ROSES CAST IN BRONZE

NATURE IS NOW MIMICKED BY METAL ART PROCESS.

Process Found by Brussels Chemists After Long Search and Experiments—Their Methods Are Kept Secret.

Washington.—Consulting reports from Brussels announce the discovery there of a new art process by which objects of the most delicate character, such as a rose in full bloom and filmy lace, can be reproduced in bronze by subjecting them to a copper solution.

The first attempt at metallizing objects was known to the industrial world as long ago as 1861-1866, when unsuccessful efforts were made to metallize flowers.

The object of this establishment is to place handsomely finished metallized objects on the market, in every particular equal to, but at one-eighth the cost of cast bronze, and to imitate the incomparable forms nature gives to her products, such as flowers, leaves, fruits, and insects.

Without disclosing secret methods of metallizing, no hesitancy was observed concerning the length of time that objects were retained in what is known as the bath. The time varies from 24 to 72 hours. The objects are well known works of famous artists, objects for decorative purposes, and artistic objects, such as cards and ash-trays.

RED SNOW FRIGHTENS LO.

Wonderful Phenomenon in the Rocky Mountains Appalls Savages.

Winnipeg, Man.—The Canadian Pacific railroad agent at Glacier, in the Rocky mountains, reports that crimson snow fell in that region of the city ranges. This is not the first time such an occurrence has been observed in the Rockies, but the manifestation is apparently early.

The snow covering the mountains with the pronounced red hue over their mantle of white has an extraordinarily weird effect. The Indians and half-breeds and others susceptible to superstitious forebodings are regarding the visitation of a portent of dire calamity and are applying themselves to unusual fervor to devotions.

Among the explanations put forward to account for the visitation is the theory that it is caused by red volcanic dust from the mountains, having been caught up by the high winds and held in suspension until brought down by the snow.

HORSE BECOMES POLICEMAN.

Returns to Livery Stable With Young Man Asleep in the Buggy.

St. Louis.—A seven-year-old gray horse belonging to the George C. Kern Livery company became a policeman, and after being stolen, arrested a suspect.

The horse attached to a buggy was standing in front of a theater, when some person having no right to do so jumped into the buggy and drove off. Kern notified the police of the theft.

At four a. m. the horse, tired out, covered with perspiration, and dragging the mud-spattered buggy, pulled up at the front door of the livery barn. Hostlers ran out and took the horse in and were greatly surprised to discover a young man asleep in the buggy.

When questioned as to how he came to be in the buggy he declared he found it at Jefferson avenue and Pine street, and, after driving up and down looking for an owner, had stopped at a corner to wait for a policeman, and had fallen asleep.

FINDS A \$30,000 PEARL.

Poor Moro Fisherman Now One of the Richest Men in Archipelago.

Manila, P. I.—A single pearl worth \$30,000 has been taken from the Sula sea by a poor Moro fisherman. So far as is known it is the biggest ever found there. It is as big as a common marble, of beautiful color and without a flaw.

Governor Steever forced the sultan to disgorge, had the Jolo Trading company sell the pearl in Singapore and gave the fisherman the proceeds, less ten per cent commission the company charged for selling. The fisherman is now one of the richest men in the Sulu archipelago.

ICELANDERS USE BOTTLE POST.

Adopt Unique Means of Communication With Norway.

Christiania, Norway.—On the northernmost coast a bottle has been washed ashore containing letters and a packet of tobacco. The letters, which were written in Icelandic, showed that this messenger from the sea came from the Vestmanna islands, which are situated off the southern coast of Iceland.

There walks one of the successful men of New York," said an old resident to a stranger, nodding to a well-groomed man of happy demeanor striding along Broadway.

"How's that?" the visitor asked. "Because he has always been successful, and doesn't know the meaning of adversity. He who always prospers sees the world but on one side."

"Yes, young Westpoint expected to get a commission in a cavalry regiment, but they put him in the marine corps."

THEN THEY PASSED ON.

Lurid Pun Marked End of Conversation Between Poets.

"My son," asked the aged Virgil, "as they paused to rest in a sunshiny spot in order to avoid meeting so many shades, 'my son, looking back over what you have beheld since coming to this place, which do you consider is the worst Canto you have seen?'"

"Number nine and a half, series D. Dat's de sausage," answered Dante without hesitation.

"The sausage?" inquired Virgil. "I mean de wurst," hastily corrected the poet.

"And why, my son?" further nosed his guide.

"Well, dat's where de ghost of Bill de barkeep wouldn't stand me off fer a couple o' drinks. He said me face was dead, an' I can't owe dat house anytin'!"

"That," explained Virgil, "is called the three L's resort."

"De wot?" gasped Dante in short meter.

"The three L's; it stands for the Lurid Liars' Lair. All liars are put to work here for a season," said Virg.

"Wot dey doin'?"

"Forging lies," answered Virgil, and then after wondering whether poetic license would be likely to be found at the three L's, they passed the raise.—Toledo Blade.

JUDGE KNEW THE VOICE.

Political Speaker Neatly Turned Laugh on Interrupter.

The last big rally of May state Republicans is generally held in Lynn, Mass., the day before the election.

The Lynn theater was packed to overflowing, and when the witty judge got up to introduce the speaker, he was cheered to the echo.

But the gathering was not without some Democratic enthusiasts, who had come there to make their preference known, and in the middle of one of the judge's most eloquent periods one of them called for three cheers for the Democrats.

The judge looked inquiringly in the direction of the interrupter, and in the attitude of a man who suddenly recalls something said:

"I have heard that voice before, but I didn't know his time was up."

The spontaneous roar and applause of the vast audience was evidence enough of appreciation of the joke, and the voice of the interrupter was hushed.

Didn't Like His Tombstone.

W. W. Maves of near Thompson, who is in his eighty-eighth year, has sued his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Givens, for \$37.50, which he claims he loaned her, to be returned when he requested it, says the Columbia Herald.

Mrs. Givens acknowledged that the money was paid to her to purchase a tombstone and to meet her father's funeral expenses at his death. The money was given to Mrs. Givens years ago, and it was in gold. Recently Mrs. Givens bought a monument for her father for use when he should die, paying \$60 for it, and her father saw it and approved of the bargain.

But, lately he changed his mind about the matter, and the action was recently taken into court. The jury awarded plaintiff judgment in the amount of \$50, defendant to pay the costs.

Logical Education.

The old man hobbled into the office of a life insurance agent.

"I want to get my life insured," he said.

"Sorry, sir," replied the agent, "but I can't insure you."

"What's the reason you can't?" demanded the applicant.

"Because of your age," explained the other. "By the way, how old are you?"

"Ninety-three."

"Nothing doing at that age."

"But you insure men of 50."

"Oh, yes; but that's quite different."

BIRTH OF A "GASSER."

Noise Made by a Blowing Well Drowned All Other Sounds.

In the Broadway Magazine is a story by Rupert Hughes concerning the oil wells of Texas. He tells of the birth of a "gasser."

"It screamed like the death cry of a thousand panthers." He says: "The long steel cable has been sent flying like a twine string; a great length of pipe has been hurled against a tree and wrapped around it. The derrick was almost hidden in a white haze; a geyser of fine sand was streaming upward and eating away the lofty crown-block."

"Seth knew what it was. He found Tom, and they gesticulated at each other; they made faces, but no audible sound. Their voices were vain as candles in the full sunlight. Each was trying to yell the same thing."

"She's a gasser, blowing her head off."

"Men gathered from everywhere, and acted like crazy folk, working their jaws and delivering no message. They were soaked, drowned, obliterated in a sea of intolerable noise."

"A mile away at the railroad station the passengers were equally dumb by the uproar. If a man wanted a ticket, he had to write out the name of the station. An engine rolled in with a bell that rocked without sound and a whistle emitting puffs of white steam that no one heard."

"The animals of the region were greatly disturbed. There was much breaking of harness on the part of horses, and one or two galloped about under empty saddles, their riders were doubtless stuck in the mud somewhere head first."

"A few pigs, wandering here and there, had sniffed at the noise and returned to their luxurious wallows in the oily muck."

TRUE TO CODE OF HONOR.

Havana Schoolboys Preferred Death to Betrayal of Comrades.

In the Colon cemetery, near Havana, there stands a beautiful and costly marble shaft known as the Students' monument. Gov. Maxon and other American officials attended a memorial service, annually held at the foot of this shaft, in honor of a group of young men who would not "squeal" on their companions.

The Bishop of Havana officiated. The incident thus commemorated occurred 37 years ago, but the large attendance, year after year, at the memorial service shows that it is still held in lively remembrance.

In a foolish, boyish prank a group of students from the University of Havana vented their hatred and their indignation at a Spanish official by desecrating his tomb in Espada cemetery. The unworthiness of the act is, of course, beyond denial. The authorities sought the offenders with a view to their punishment, but the school stood together in refusing information.

Defiant in his attempts to discover the actual culprits, the governor general issued a decree that every tenth boy in the school should suffer death.

On November 27, 1869, these boys were lined up in front of a building which then stood between the presidio and the little fortress at the foot of the Prado, and were executed by a detachment of Spanish soldiers.

For 37 years the Cubans have remembered, and have honored that little group of boys who would not "squeal," but who chose an ignominious death rather than violate a standard of honor which is as clearly recognized at Eton and Rugby, at West Point and Annapolis, as it was in the University of Havana.

Estimating the Damage.

That spirit of thrift popularly supposed to pervade New England is amusingly illustrated by the observation of a Connecticut farmer.

The good man had been seriously ill in midsummer, but by reason of his strong constitution he quickly rallied. On being asked in the autumn how he was feeling he replied in a cheerful tone:

"Pretty fair, now, thanks. Anyway, it don't make much difference, seen't that the farm's fixed up. If I did in hay'n or harvestin' time, I calculate it'd been \$50 damage to me."

Then, after a pause, he added: "Come to think of it, that's too low a figure—\$65 would be nearer!"

Few Words Revealed Much.

Hilary K. Adair, the detective, replied to the toast "Detection" at a dinner in Omaha.

"Speeches pregnant with meaning often help the detective in his delicate work," said Mr. Adair. "Often a speech of eight or ten words will reveal volumes."

"Thus I once knew how things stood in a Milwaukee house when I heard a Milwaukee woman say to her husband: 'Jim, do you know you talk in your sleep?' and the man replied: 'Well, do you begrudge me those few words?'"

Incompatible.

Towne—Well, well, the idea of his marrying Miss Goldie. Why, he's a dyspeptic.

Browne—What has that to do with it? She's got plenty of money and so—

Towne—That's just it. She'll never agree with him; she's too rich.

Ill-Managed Applause.

"The applause in this theater doesn't seem to be as loud and spontaneous as it used to," said the theatrical star. "Is the audience cold?"

"No," answered the manager. "We have had to employ some new and inexperienced ushers."

NO OVERCOATS IN ALASKA.

Army Officer Says It Is Not Safe to Wear Them There.

"You do not find anyone wearing overcoats in Alaska, even in the winter," said Maj. F. M. M. Beall, recently returned from that territory.

"The principal thing to be careful about is keeping the head, hands and feet warm. In that part of Alaska where I have been the only land transportation is by dog sleds and to follow them one has to drop into a dog trot beside the sled."

"An ordinary suit is plenty thick enough to keep you warm and an overcoat is dangerous in that temperature. Trotting alongside a sled wearing an overcoat would make you perspire and the bitter cold would freeze the perspiration."

"The men there wear a fur cap that covers every part of the head and face except the eyes and there is only a little peep-hole for them. Wool-lined mitts are worn on the hands and moccasins with woolen stockings on the feet."

Maj. Beall has been three years in Alaska, commanding Fort Gibbon, the garrison consisting of two companies of the Third United States Infantry. He is now on leave of absence.

"Fort Gibbon is 900 miles up the Yukon river and 75 miles south of the arctic circle," he said, "and the river is frozen up most of the year. In that time dog sleds are used, but when the river opens steamers come up frequently. Sometimes the rough characters traveling around the country take possession of a river steamer and its part of our work to restore order and recapture the steamer."

"The chief work of the soldiers at Fort Gibbon is to keep the telegraph lines going."

NO EVIDENCE OF AUTHORITY.

Officer's Voice Lacked Quality That Imposed Obedience.

The late General Shafter was accustomed to tell of a neat retort made by a volunteer soldier to an officer during the Cuban campaign.

Near Siboney, one night after a march, it chanced a few of the "boys" of a Tennessee company had pitched their tents in close proximity to the tent of an officer of another company. The "boys" were somewhat noisy, as taps had not been sounded.

"Shut up, out there!" shouted the officer, angrily.

"Who are you?" asked one of the "boys."

"I'll soon show you if I come out there!" was the response.

The "boys," however, continued their racket to such an extent that the irritated officer soon appeared upon the scene and read them a terrible lecture, winding up with the threat to report the men to their colonel. "Don't you men know enough to obey a superior officer?" demanded he, testily.

"Yes, sir," respectfully answered one of the men. "We should have obeyed you at once if you'd had shoulder straps on your voice."

Spices and Indigestion.

Although the use of spices for the purpose of heightening the flavor of food is almost universal, it is generally recognized that their influence on digestion is detrimental. Some experiments recently carried out tend to prove that while spices stimulate the motor functions of the stomach, they progressively impair the secretory functions, and in the long run inhibit the production of hydrochloric acid.

On the whole, therefore, the luxuriance of spices hinders rather than accelerates digestion, though an exception may be made in respect of persons in whom slowness of digestion is due to a deficiency of muscular activity on the part of the stomach, and also possibly of the victims of hyperacidity.

Deacon Paid the Bill.

A story is told of two old-timers of Barner, Vt., one, Sol Stevens, the village seeder and harness maker, the other Dea James Gilbraith, a Scotchman who lived on a farm back among the hills.

The deacon had brought his saddle to Sol to have it repaired, and upon going to get it found that the charges for putting it in shape amounted to four dollars. The deacon was surprised at the amount, and after considering the matter a few minutes he said:

"Well, Sol, ye may keep the saddle for two dollars, and I'll gae hame and bring ye two bushel o' wheat for the other two."

Pulsations of a Watch.

The lifetime of a good watch is 50 years. In its daily duties the balance vibrates 18,000 times every hour, 432,000 times in a day, or 157,680,000 times a year, says Amateur Work.

The hairspring makes a similar number of vibrations, and an equal number of ticks from the escapement. If it is a really good watch multiply 157,680,000 by 50, which gives 7,884,000,000 pulsations for 50 years. The chances are that the watch may even then be in serviceable condition.

Running Upstairs.

English women have taken up as pastime running up and down stairs—the object being principally to see who can get up the most rapidly and make the most noise. In view of the fact that running upstairs has hitherto been considered as bad for the heart, it is rather a revolution to society, although, no doubt, the violent exercise is good for the liver.

The question is: What next? Will sliding down the banister be advocated as a new method of utilizing the parallel bars?

WANT FUNERALS PUT THROUGH.

Instructions That Sometimes Surprize a City Undertaker.

"Life and death both are strenuous in New York," said an undertaker of that city. "We get orders sometimes that shock us."

"Not long ago we had a call from a family who asked us to make a hurry up job for the reason that they had arranged to sail for Europe two days later and they didn't want to postpone the voyage."

"What would you think of a woman who asked to have her husband buried as quickly as possible on the ground that a few days before his death they had agreed to a separation and that she would like to put away the deceased before the newspapers heard of the marital troubles? That is exactly what happened."

"Only yesterday a man came into our office and said that his mother-in-law had just died and that he would like to send her body south as soon as possible because his wife wanted to attend some sort of function three days later."

"In the good old days in some parts of the country it used to be the custom for friends of the family in which a death occurred, to sit up with the corpse. In a case given to us a few months ago we were asked to send a couple of genteel appearing employes to the house to keep the vigil. We did it, but I confess to you it seemed to me rather heartless."

SEA FISH IN FRESH WATER.

Experiment Tried in Germany Proves a Marked Success.

An interesting experiment that may have far-reaching results has just been brought to a successful termination in Germany. It has been proved beyond question that deep sea fish can be acclimated and will live and breed in fresh water.

A number of different kinds of fish were taken from the sea, including whiting, herring, sole and flounders, and placed in a pool of salt water. The percentage of salt was then gradually lessened by the addition of fresh water until finally no salt remained.

Practically no material difference took place in the fish, which were as lively as when they were taken out of the sea.

So encouraging has been the result after a test extending over several months that deep sea fish are now being introduced into rivers and fresh water lakes in various parts of Germany. What changes may take place in the nature and habits of the fish remain as yet to be seen, as does also the question of their market value.

The complete success of this experiment will completely change the fishing industry and will prove an especial boon to communities far removed from the seacoast. An American who has lived for any length of time in the middle West, where he is equally remote from both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, will greatly desire to see fish acclimated as a part of one's diet.

Had Laugh on Doctor.

An anecdote of Leo XIII is recalled in a Turin journal by Count Chiappini, apropos of the death of Dr. Lappont, who was the pope's private physician. One day it was imperative for Leo to give a long audience, but he had a bad cold, and to mitigate the doctor gave him a box of tablets with the request to take one every now and then. After a while Lappont, who remained in a distant corner of the hall, noticed that the pope did not follow his directions, so to call his attention to them, he began to hem and cough.

Presently the pope said to an attendant: "Tell the doctor to come to me." These words caused some anxiety, but when Lappont hastened to his side, the pope took the medicine from his pocket and handing the box to him, said: "Doctor, I noticed you were hoarse; won't you take some of those tablets?"

Definitions in Bohemia.

"Be careful, here comes a grafter," said one as they saw him enter the cafe and glance around over the crowd as if in search of somebody he knew.

"He's not a grafter," said another. "He's a piker."

"What's the difference?" asked the first.

"A grafter is a man who borrows money," was the answer, "and never pays it back, but a piker is a rascal lower on the ladder. He has given up all hope of getting more money, but he'll wait around till you buy him a drink, or he'll take your box of cigarettes when you are not looking and empty half of them into his pocket."

Checks to Filtration.

"When I went abroad to Baden Baden last summer," said the little invalid, "my husband gave me an Elk pin to wear and my father a Masonic one. They said if there were any Masons or Elks on board ship they would look after me."

"Every blessed man on board was either a Mason or an Elk, and not a one of them would flirt with me on account of those pins."

"You can bet when I sailed for home I put those blooming pins in the trunk and kept them there."

Motive Not Quite Clear.

"So he gave you a dog?"

"Yes," answered the man who can be sarcastic at times.

"He must like you."

"Well, I'm not sure whether he likes me or whether he doesn't like the dog."—Stras Stories.