

A JAMAICA MORNING.

SCENES NOTED BY A TRAVELER WHILE IN KINGSTON.

Some Odd Characters About the Hotel. Victoria Market—Prices of Establishments. Beef, Mutton and Vegetables—The Danger of Night Air.

Early every morning there were curious scenes around Park lodge. In Jamaica the negroes have to some extent the unpleasant habit, common to the colored inhabitants of all the West India Islands, of standing immovable by the quarter hour staring at anything that attracts their attention.

It was no uncommon thing to see four or five colored ladies and gentlemen, with loaded trays balanced on their heads, standing in front of the Park lodge gates as once fairly drinking in the Oriental magnificence. The great sight consisted principally of the fountain in the middle of the yard and a few strangers sitting under the archway leading to the hotel office; but this was enough to interest the sable tramps, who had already trudged over miles of dusty roads to bring their goods to market, and still had a long walk before them.

One of the earliest arrivals every morning was the man who sold photographs. This fellow I give him, "the man who sold photographs" partly out of courtesy and partly because I do not know what else to call him.

THE VICTORIA MARKET. Park lodge is perhaps a trifle over a mile from the end of the street car line, and the market is one short block from the terminus. This is the Victoria market, the principal one in Kingston.

Clam Shells \$60 a Pair. Col. Silas Moore, of Southington, sold a pair of clam shells last week for \$60. The pair were two feet and ten inches in length and about one foot and ten inches wide, and weighed 304 pounds.

Feeding Cows in Finland. To any one who could be satisfied with an unvarying diet of fish and black bread, accompanied by the best cream and butter that can be found anywhere, it would be easy to satisfy his wants in any part of the country.

San Francisco policemen say they have never seen a drunken Chinaman.

BABY LOUISE.

Baby Louise, is it really you? Grown to womanhood, tall and comely, Your eyes are still that wonderful blue, Yet they do not seem like the eyes of old; Surely, it is but a year or so Since the time I drew you upon my knee, On winter night by the back log's glow, And told you stories of land and sea.

You had always a kiss for me In those days, if my memory serves me well; Then your kisses you lavished free For a fower, perhaps a caramel; You had been nursed in a worldly school, My lady mamma had taught you well, That a girl or woman was half a fool Who didn't know charms were made to sell.

A Richly Merited Rebuke. The literary wife of a western senator went to hear Riley one night; the price for the author's readings were too high for her purse, and she gladly availed herself of a reduced rate to hear the star of the combination. She was much in earnest. It chanced that her seat lay among a lot of frivolous women to whom the going was a "fad." They did not care for Riley nor his reading, and they talked small talk all the evening.

Bagging at the Knees. A great many inquiries are made as to how to prevent pantaloons from bagging at the knees. There is only one answer to these, it can't be done. Your trousers will bag, and you can't help it. The bagging can be lessened by frequent pressings and taking good care of them, but as long as men bend their knees in walking their pants will bag.

"Loud Dress" of Actors. It seems to the ordinary observer that as soon as a person adopts the stage as a profession the forehead adopter must instantly put himself or herself on the outside of the fashioniest, loudest and broadest clothing and dress that man can conceive or woman weave.

The Prairie Lark's Love Song. As the full springtime comes on the number of these short chants is greatly increased, while their pronouncements and variations are without number, and soon it becomes evident to the most casual observer that the love fires are kindling and that each musician is striving to the utmost of his powers to surpass all rivals and win the lady lark of his choice.

The Science of Electricity. The last twenty years have seen more advance in the science of electricity than all the 6,000 historic years preceding. More is discovered in one day now than in a thousand years of the middle ages, so that, literally, "a day is a thousand years."

Why Money Doesn't Count. There are abundant reasons why money should count for less in society here than it does abroad. Rich men are numerous among us. Wealth is accumulated with ease, and dissipated with rapidity. Millionaires are almost as plentiful as English sparrows.

STUFFING THE MEMORY.

That Faculty Cultivated in Our Schools at the Expense of Other Powers. We have seen a certain class of educational "experts" who attached more importance concerning the knowledge of the authorship of some rusty, dusty, long forgotten book than did to giving a child any amount of practical knowledge.

The Colonel's Monopoly Broken. "It may be a fact," says an Arizona exchange, "that the Western Union Telegraph company is a giant and grasping monopoly as charged in some quarters, but it nevertheless remains that the building of a line of this company to Bob Cat City has broken up one of the worst monopolies that ever infested our city."

Outwitting the Political Police. It is said that during the last presidential crisis in France a newspaper correspondent at Rennes wrote regularly to his newspaper. Every time the "political police" opened his letters, he would find the plan of outwitting the police.

Chains for Russian Prisoners. A point on which false information has been spread relates to the manner prisoners wear their chains, which some, like the author of "Called Back," would have us believe is under their trousers. But this is purely a hoax.

Parisian Lack of Comfort. Each day that I live here, certain things strike me more forcibly in this great city, and just now I am trying to solve the problem of why the French people have not the many comforts about them that we Americans have in our so much younger country.

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When broiling steak throw a little salt on the coals and the blast from dripping fat will not annoy.

EYES FOR THE BLIND.

Not wholly sad, dear youth, thy hapless lot, Love circles near with gently fluttering wings, Sweet music whispers from the echoing strings, "Bliss in her smile be all thy loss forgot." Her soft hand leads through dell and mossy grove, She draws from grief and woe their waking slings, Prints for thy inner sight the soul of things, And finds joy's semblance where itself is not.

The Locusts of the East. Locusts are now a regular part of the day's provisions with us, and are really an excellent article of diet. After trying them in several ways we have come to the conclusion that they are best plain boiled.

Odd Fact About Gun Cotton. When gun cotton or other high explosives are freely exposed upon an iron nail and detonated, the explosive leaves a deep and permanent impression upon the surface of the metal with which it was in contact.

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DAILY AND WEEKLY EDITIONS.

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of this year and would keep pace with the times should

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Now while we have the subject before the people we will venture to speak of our

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