

A DASH OF JAMAICA GINGER

Significance of American Naval Maneuvers in Caribbean Waters.

PANAMA CANAL A FACTOR IN THE PLAN

Inhabitants of the Island Classed as Prize Ditch Diggers Because Immune to Deadly Fevers of the Tropics.

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The decision of the Navy department to hold the winter maneuvers of the Atlantic and European fleets in Caribbean waters, with Kingston as a possible coaling base, cannot but have a decided effect upon the relations between Jamaica and the United States. The beautiful tropical fruit garden with its peculiar inhabitants will play an important part in the events of the near future, and a naval demonstration of a friendly nature will surely leave a favorable impression upon the native mind.

The harbor of Kingston is naturally one of the strongest in existence from the strategic point of view. The water is good and it is protected from the heavy "southerlies," making a safe and comfortable anchorage for a fleet. Its formation enables it to be fortified easily, and its position will at once mark it as the key to the Caribbean sea. But it is English, and therefore not available for landing troops or fortifying for the war game.

Our own coaling station, which it has been decided upon by the Navy department to develop, is situated off the eastern end of Puerto Rico, upon the little island of Culebra. Here, of course, the greater part of the steam fighting and searching for enemies will take place.

The successful culmination of the canal negotiations will mean a great deal to the native Jamaican. Being of West African extraction and having been exposed to peculiar vicissitudes of tropical climate, he is a native islander, who is, of course, black, has developed into a tropical immune. That is, he is about as impervious to climatic diseases as a human being can be, and it is for this reason principally that he will be the power employed to dig the great trench. It has been already decided to employ as many native Jamaicans and Cogan islanders as can be induced to leave their fruit growing and accept the sound money of Uncle Sam. The state of feeling in Jamaica politics has lately been strongly American. Among the over-taxed planters, whose fortunes have been in the light, the feeling for freedom has burst out occasionally, and there has been some strong pro-American politics developed.

The Jamaican, A Lover of Ships. It is out of the question for a revolution to grow, even among the most dissatisfied of the heavily taxed fruit planters, for the island is one of the best protected and policed in the world. In the event of the Panama route being chosen, complications might arise from an exodus of the fruit growing negro.

Being a free man, like his brother in the states, the Jamaican may work where he pleases. There is no law to bind him to the plantations in the case of the white ships of the American squadrons to gather in force at the seashore. If the fruit company's ships attract hundreds, men-of-war will attract thousands, and it would take very little persuasion at this period to get the entire population to emigrate in a body.

There will be probably very little feeling shown by outward signs, for the Jamaican is a dignified person, especially in the presence of strangers. He has a dignified regard, also, for a uniform. All along the hot, white streets of the island villages the white helmets and blouses of the guards have created a feeling of respect for order such as is not seen anywhere in the states. Big black men, standing as straight as fire-barrels, patrol the streets at all hours, and although they are courteous and affable at all times, they permit no boisterous behavior. All this seems strange to the foreigner, who, knowing the negro disposition, looks for an enthusiastic outburst. Behind it is the strict discipline of the Jamaica regiment officered by Englishmen.

Famous Bartlett Deep. Being an English port of entry, Kingston can serve only for a coaling station, but there are no shores to be dredged along the shore, and some of the feet maneuvers may be held within plain sight from the hillsides, except such formations as require many miles of sea room.

To the westward of the island is the deepest part of the waters of the northern hemisphere, the famous Bartlett Deep, where it is thousands of feet to the bottom. Along the northern coast a battleship may run close enough to the shore for the men aboard to hold intercourse with the natives. The rocky slopes fall quickly from a plateau or shivering beach to the many hundred fathoms. So steep is the coast line that ships which have been run ashore upon the rocks have slid off within a few days and disappeared completely, leaving but a trace of their whereabouts in the blue depths. And all along between the island and Cuba is a

Pilsener Beer advertisement with logo and text: 'A great success. You will like it if you try it.'

STRANGEST EL DORADO OF ALL

Boomers Boosting Death Valley as a Region of Unbounded Wealth.

HARD AND HOT ROAD TO TRAVEL

Sketch of the Valley of the Shadow Fanned by Government Survey. Foes—An Excellent Locality to Keep Away From.

The mysterious impulse which induces men to undergo great physical hardship and tempt the gods in the hunt for gold is spreading over California like a plague. None and the Klondike have been punctured and their highways as usual marked by wrecked hopes and human bones. The magnet in California, if reports are to be believed, is Death Valley, a sinister hell of a region, a land of fire, does not need the services of a fool killer to fatten adjacent cemeteries. It works no assistance, as record proves. It needs for its name every hour of the twenty-four and every day and night of the year. If not kindly disposed to those who enter, Death valley is generous to the heirs of its victims. Funeral expenses are unnecessary. What is mortal dries up and blows away.

It is well known that the valley of the shadow contains much mineral wealth. Most of the borax now in use came from it. So also do stories of fabulous riches in lead, silver, lead and copper, and these stories are so framed as to excite cupidity and promote a stampede. Now a stampede to that sinister locality would be a godsend to outfitters and hotels and the remnants of mushroom towns reared by the boomers in 1872.

What the Country Looks Like. Boom descriptions of Death valley are of a glowing character, well calculated to tempt the greedy hope of the locality. Just what fortune hunters go against there is accurately detailed by government surveyors who explored the region. What these surveyors observed and experienced contrasts sharply with boom stories and is here given in substance.

The popular idea of a desert is that it is a perfectly level stretch of sand, totally devoid of vegetation of any kind, but this would by no means be a description of the country through which we were now traveling, though it is as much a desert as the Sahara or Atacama. A succession of valleys from five to fifteen miles in width are separated by ranges of jagged and extremely broken hills or mountains, from a few hundred to several thousand feet in height. A person accustomed to the mountains of the Appalachian system, and those of the West generally, can have but a faint conception of what our party did witness. The "upness and downness" of these desert chains, and of the difficulties to be surmounted in crossing them. Some of these, notably the Panamint, Timber, Inyo and Grapevine ranges, reach tremendous heights and are impassable, except by pack train.

The characteristic feature of all the mountains of this region, however, is their brilliant and varied coloring. They may be steep, rugged, barren and generally unlovely, but they are new and motionless. Within a few miles of each other can be seen mountains of half a dozen different shades of color. One peak will be composed of black volcanic rock and the one next to it may be a gaudy yellow. The lower part of a cliff may be blood red and the upper part of brown, while in many cases the strata form large and well defined bands of strikingly different colors. The most notable example of this display is to be seen in the northern part of the Funeral range and gives these otherwise respectable mountains a very cheap chromo appearance.

Hard Road to Travel. Everywhere and in the most unexpected places are the canyons, deep and gloomy, with, in most cases, absolutely perpendicular sides. As the only way to cross one of these mountain ranges is to ascend a canyon to its head and go over the "backbone" to the head of another canyon on the other side, following down to the valley, it can be seen that these gorges are one of the most important considerations for a person who would go from one valley to another without making a detour of maybe 100 miles.

On entering one of these valleys from the side one crosses first a considerable stretch of tableland sloping gently toward the lowest part. This is composed of smooth, rounded rocks, packed tightly together as if cemented. Here and there are deep gullies torn out by the torrents of water that sweep down from the mountain canyons after the cloudbursts common to all desert regions. Leaving this rocky mesa, one crosses a comparatively narrow strip of loose, deep sand mixed with gravel and small stones, and beyond this, a formation of a red, sandy soil, which is a soft, doughy mixture of salt, sand and soil, or in some cases pure salt. These alkaline marshes forming the beds of the valley are snow white and in the bright glare of the sunlight have the appearance of water, making a most deceptive mirage.

After crossing Granite range the descent to the valley began and the route lay for miles through a magnificent grove of yuccas. Valley after valley and many ranges of hills were left behind. The fact that we could carry only a very limited supply of water made it absolutely necessary to reach a spring within that time, so that several hours of each night were consumed in travel. When the darkness became so thick that further progress was impossible the party was obliged to bivouac in the doleful, but their pitiful allowance of water, grain and baked hay, while the men, hungry enough to eat anything, regaled themselves on bacon, hardtack and coffee, and, rolling up in their blankets, lay down on the sand to sleep until daybreak. In the morning, when the sun was up, the water was so hot that it was almost impossible to see, everything was dark. Horses were fed and hitched to the wagons and the food again distributed his collection of indigestible bric-a-brac.

Each day was like his predecessor, except that as we progressed the grades became steeper and the horses were more easily fatigued. In the evening we reached Granite spring, the first water seen in three days, and it was well that we did, as all the barrels and casks were by this time empty, and another day of work without water would have proved a most severe trial for the horses.

This spring was found to contain about two barrels of excellent water in a hole ten feet deep, which had been dug by the borax freighters years before. Here the horses drank their fill, and the men were allowed to wash their hands and faces. One long day's march now lay between us and the rendezvous at Lone Willow spring, and this was accomplished next day.

Brown's peak rose about 5,000 feet above our camp, and though very steep, can be climbed without serious difficulty. The view from its summit is one long to be remembered. More than a hundred miles to the west, rising above all the desert mountains, is the snow-white main chain of the Sierra Nevada—Whitney. To the north rises the huge, broken mass of the Panamint range surrounded by Telescope peak, lifting its great square cap more than two miles above the surrounding valleys. Between the Panamint and Argus ranges is to be seen the entire length of Panamint valley, a strip of snow-

Distasteful View of the Valley.

But the sight that interested us most was far to the northeast. Lying lower than any of the other valleys, nestling down between precipitous red and brown mountains, half hidden in dim gray haze, was the shining white of the alkali marshes and the yellow sand dunes of the bottom of the Valley of Death.

The horses and mules were driven in, the wagons reloaded and the barrels refilled with water for the last long pull before reaching the valley. The first two days were spent in surmounting the low divide above the "wash of the Amargosa," and then began the steep descent into Death valley, down a long and tortuous stretch of treacherous, doughy, "salt-rising" mud.

At the bottom of the valley, the horses and mules were driven into camp at Bennett's well, in the bottom of Death valley, below the level of the sea. It was a weird, unaccustomed sort of place, a stretch of level, white, sandy, flat, flat, flat, with the stories of inflated wagon tires and the lost prospectors. Immediately west of our camp was the Panamint range, forming the western wall of the valley, and extending its entire length north and south.

Telescope peak, as seen from this point, is only a few miles distant, the view rising more than 11,000 feet above the beholder, a tremendous mass of black, red and brown, unobscured by intervening foot hills or mountains. Looking east across the valley, the view lies over the alkali marshes and sand dunes, broken along the edges, but broken into hummocks in the middle. On the further side, rising almost perpendicularly, is the rugged mass of the Funeral range.

Death Valley proper, that part of the depression extending from Mesquit valley to the north to the "wash of the Amargosa" on the south, is about forty-five miles long and fifteen broad. Mesquit valley is nothing more than an extension of Death valley and has all the characteristics of the latter place, from which it is separated by only a low range of sand hills. It is oval in form, about thirty by fifteen miles in extent and has a slightly higher altitude than Death valley.

In both valleys there are considerable clumps of mesquit (Prosopis juliflora), several kinds of grassweed and, as a matter of fact, the most abundant of sand hills; but, besides these, there is little vegetation. Animal life is not abundant. Mice, moles, horned toads, lizards, a few insects and fewer birds constitute about all the living creatures.

The Stillness of Death. There is little or no wind and over the whole region hangs an awful and most impressive silence. Day after day and night after night a fierce, hot wind blows from a cloudless sky, making these valleys veritable furnaces of dry heat. The atmosphere is apparently totally devoid of moisture, and this, in addition to the intense heat of the summer season, is the cause of a constant longing for water, which is satisfied by drinking a reasonable amount. Every member of our party carried a gallon canteen on the horn of his saddle, and no one ventured any distance from camp without taking with him this supply of water.

In such conditions of heat and dryness the rate of evaporation is rapid. The body of a horse or man will not decompose, but becomes dried up or desiccated, and finally crumbles to dust. It is the above fact that has been the foundation for a lot of arrant nonsense about the mummified remains of human beings scattered about in the bed of the valley. A corpse does become, in a certain sense, mummified, but not for all time. Several years ago, in the month of June, an employe of the borax company perished from thirst in the southern part of the valley, and his body, which had not decomposed until the following September, was at that time in a good state of preservation. This man's grave is the first one south of Bennett's well.

A Freak River. After a stay of a few days at this place the party was again divided, one-half going to Furnace Creek, in the northern part of the valley, and the other to a water hole, actually called "Spring," in the lower Amargosa. Furnace Creek lies on the east side of the valley, about ten miles from its northern extremity. It is not a creek at all, as one would surmise from its name, but a small ditch of warm water fed by a powerful hot spring in the Funeral range, which has the same name. The former operations of the borax company and this ditch, nearly a mile long, was dug to conduct the water to its property.

This so-called river, the Amargosa, is one of the freaks of nature so common in this region. It is a narrow, shallow stream, in the southwestern portion of Nevada a number of inland hot springs unite to form a little stream, which sneaks off toward the south, winding and twisting about among salt marshes and sand dunes, crossing the line between California and Nevada in half the distance. Here and there, disappearing from sight only to reappear a little larger a few miles further on, until more than eighty miles from its source it makes a bold sweep around the southern end of the Funeral range, and is lost for the last time among the sand dunes of the Valley of Death.

It is so strange and most unaccountable of rivers, the Amargosa. Its waters are inconceivably vile, holding in solution large quantities of salt and soda, and are worse than useless, being rank, deadly very dirty soap suds.

In a few places along the Amargosa are fresh water springs and considerable quantities of salt grass, the most notable being Rosing Spring and Ash Meadows. Foreign Financial. LONDON, Nov. 27.—Money was in strong demand today and discounts were firmer. Business on the Stock exchange chiefly consisted of the sale of discount, which was small. The market was depressed at first, but the feeling grew more cheerful on the announcement that there was no change in the Bank of England's rate of discount for the month. Consols weakened, but subsequently recovered. Home shares were in demand. At the close, the market was somewhat quiet. Bar gold, 75 1/2. American gold premiums were quoted as follows: Buenos Ayres, 27 1/2; Madrid, 36 1/2; Lisbon, 33. The Bank of England's rate of discount was unchanged today at 4 per cent.

Wool Market. LONDON, Nov. 27.—Wool.—The offerings at the wool auction sales today numbered 1,225 bales, some of which were large. There was a good selection and the competition was spirited. Scoureds had a hard-selling tendency, merinos were quiet. There was a good selection and the competition was spirited. Scoureds had a hard-selling tendency, merinos were quiet. There was a good selection and the competition was spirited. Scoureds had a hard-selling tendency, merinos were quiet.

London, Nov. 27.—Closing quotations: Consols for money, 92 1/2; New York Central, 117 1/2; Anaconda, 43 1/2; Do. & Western, 7 1/2; American, 43 1/2; Do. & Western, 25 1/2; Baltimore & Ohio, 106 1/2; Rand Mines, 10 1/2; Canadian Pacific, 24 1/2; Do. 1st pd., 24 1/2; Do. 2nd pd., 24 1/2; Chicago & N. W., 24 1/2; Southern, 24 1/2; Denver & R. G., 24 1/2; Do. 1st pd., 24 1/2; Erie, 24 1/2; Do. 1st pd., 24 1/2; Do. 2nd pd., 24 1/2; Illinois Central, 24 1/2; Union Pacific, 24 1/2; Do. 1st pd., 24 1/2; Do. 2nd pd., 24 1/2; Missouri & N. T., 24 1/2; Do. 1st pd., 24 1/2; Do. 2nd pd., 24 1/2; BAR SILVER—Weak at 21 1/2-16 per cent.

Cotton Market. LIVERPOOL, Nov. 27.—COTTON—Spot, quiet; prices, 4 1/2-1/2. American middling, 5 1/4-1/2. The sales of the day were 8,000 bales, of which 4,000 were for speculation and 4,000 for export. Included 4,000 American, 4,000 Egyptian, 2,000 Java, all American. Futures opened steady and closed dull. American middling 5 o. c. December, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. January, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. February, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. March, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. April, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. May, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. June, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. July, 4 1/2; American middling 5 o. c. August, 4 1/2.

Oil Market. LONDON, Nov. 27.—OIL—Lined, 2s 10 1/2. Boston Transcript: Mrs. Brown—I hate to make complaint of my neighbors' children, Mrs. Green, but your boy has been behaving disgracefully. He has been throwing stones at my front door and ringing the bell.

Chicago Tribune: "What's the trouble, Henry?" asked his wife. "Wasn't the majority as large as you expected?" "I'm not thinking about the election, Jess," gloomily replied the statesman who was admiring constituents had returned him to congress for another term. "You remember there is a brand of 5-cent cigars named for me? Well, they're selling them two for 5 cents now."

To Investigate Murder. TELLURIDE, Colo., Nov. 27.—Judge Theron Stevens has issued an order requiring the sheriff to subpoena a grand jury to investigate the murder of Arthur I. Collins, general manager of the Smuggler-Union Mining company. Publish your legal notices in The Weekly Bee. Telephone 222.

MAHIA WHOLESALE MARKETS.

Condition of Trade and Quotations on Staple and Fancy Productions. EGGS—Candied stock, 2s. LIVE POULTRY—Hens, 7c; old roosters, 6c; turkeys, 15c; ducks, 8c; geese, 8c; spring chickens, per lb, 8c; DRESSED POULTRY—Hens, 10c; young chickens, 11c; turkeys, 15c; ducks and geese, 10c; BUTTER—Packing stock, 16c; choice dairy, in tubs, 20c; separator, 20c; FRESH CALFED PIRH—Trot, 8c; heifer, 8c; chicken, 8c; pig, 8c; lamb, 8c; buffalo, dressed, 7c; sunfish, 8c; bluefish, 8c; salmon, 10c; haddock, 10c; codfish, 12c; red snapper, 10c; lobsters, 10c; per lb, 20c; lobsters, green, per lb, 2c; crabs, 10c; catfish, 10c; black bass, 2c; halibut, 1c.

CORN—4c; new corn, 4c. WHEAT—No. 2 hard, 66c. RYE—No. 2, 2c. HAY—No. 1, 12c. HAY—No. 2, 12c. HAY—No. 3, 12c. HAY—No. 4, 12c. HAY—No. 5, 12c. HAY—No. 6, 12c. HAY—No. 7, 12c. HAY—No. 8, 12c. HAY—No. 9, 12c. HAY—No. 10, 12c. HAY—No. 11, 12c. HAY—No. 12, 12c. HAY—No. 13, 12c. HAY—No. 14, 12c. HAY—No. 15, 12c. HAY—No. 16, 12c. HAY—No. 17, 12c. HAY—No. 18, 12c. HAY—No. 19, 12c. HAY—No. 20, 12c. HAY—No. 21, 12c. HAY—No. 22, 12c. HAY—No. 23, 12c. HAY—No. 24, 12c. HAY—No. 25, 12c. HAY—No. 26, 12c. HAY—No. 27, 12c. HAY—No. 28, 12c. HAY—No. 29, 12c. HAY—No. 30, 12c. HAY—No. 31, 12c. HAY—No. 32, 12c. HAY—No. 33, 12c. HAY—No. 34, 12c. HAY—No. 35, 12c. HAY—No. 36, 12c. HAY—No. 37, 12c. HAY—No. 38, 12c. HAY—No. 39, 12c. HAY—No. 40, 12c. HAY—No. 41, 12c. HAY—No. 42, 12c. HAY—No. 43, 12c. HAY—No. 44, 12c. HAY—No. 45, 12c. HAY—No. 46, 12c. HAY—No. 47, 12c. HAY—No. 48, 12c. HAY—No. 49, 12c. HAY—No. 50, 12c. HAY—No. 51, 12c. HAY—No. 52, 12c. HAY—No. 53, 12c. HAY—No. 54, 12c. HAY—No. 55, 12c. 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