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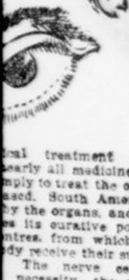

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"IT IS AN EARTHQUAKE."

A SUNKEN CITY OVER WHOSE SPIRES WAR SHIPS FLOAT.

For Two Centuries Port Royal Has Slumbered Beneath the Blue Caribbean, Yet Even Now in Calm Weather Her Submerged Buildings May Be Seen in the Crystal Depth.

There is little of poetry in war. The gentle muses wing their flight before the deafening roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The newspaper correspondents in Southern waters are too busy with the stern realities which confront them to pay much heed to beauties which under other circumstances might inspire them to dainty bits of descriptive writing.

To illustrate my point we shall quote from a despatch dated from Kingston, Jamaica. "For two days," writes this correspondent, "our despatch boat has been lying here in the beautiful harbor of Kingston. Under the clear blue water a few fathoms beneath her keel sleeps the sunken city of Port Royal. Not a stone's throw from our boat a red buoy swings and rocks in the moonlight. It marks the spot where the old city's cathedral sank and where the spire still reaches up nearly to the surface."

That was all. That was the only reference to a subject rich in historical lore and the possibilities of unwritten romance. How little is known of the mysterious city beneath the waves of Kingston harbor, a city which at once suggests the hidden wonders of fabled Atlantis, which Jules Verne has described with such a wealth of imagery in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." But Atlantis was probably a myth, while Port Royal is not.

The traveller who visits the capital of Jamaica should pray for clear weather, without wind. When the water of the harbor is ruffled by breezes the hidden city is obscured from view. But on a cloudless, still day, when the surface of the sea is perfectly smooth, the ruins of

THE PHANTOM CITY

may be plainly seen in the depths of the transparent water.

The spire of the old cathedral is the most prominent object. In the clear water you can see the fishes, lazily swimming in and out among the ruined turrets, more suggestive of owls and bats than of the finny inhabitants of the sea. Occasionally glimpses can be had of the ruins of other buildings—buildings which for more than two centuries have kept their ghastly secrets and will keep them until the end of time.

Down there, in that peaceful depth, lie the bones of three thousand men, women and children, carried down into the sea with their homes on that awful June day in 1692. An earthquake, suddenly and without warning, smote the profligate city of Port Royal, which slid into the sea. The waters opened and swallowed it up, and there beneath the silent waves was hidden the wickedness and debauchery of a community described by historians as being almost without parallel.

The survivors said it was the vengeance of God, and likened it to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. And in very truth the history of the city seems to show the unceasing wrath of divine power. From the richest city of its time it has dwindled into insignificance, until now it is a most wretched place, used only as a naval station. Disaster after disaster has overtaken it.

After the earthquake the town was rebuilt, only to be completely destroyed by fire in 1703. On August 22, 1722, it was swept into the sea by a hurricane. It was once more reconstructed, but again, in 1815, it was reduced to ashes, and as recently as 1880 it was visited by another hurricane. Every disaster was attended by

GREAT LOSS OF LIFE.

The city of Port Royal was originally built upon a narrow strip of land extending out into the sea, which accounts for its strange disappearance at the time of the earthquake. Like the house of the foolish man of Biblical lore which was builded upon the sand, it literally slid into the water when the earthquake shock came.

Previous to that fateful seventh day of June, 1692, Port Royal had been known as "the finest town in the world." It was, as it now is, a British colony, but there was little either in its government or its customs of British morality. We are told that it was a place of luxurious debauchery; that in their excesses the colonists rivalled the profligates of ancient Rome.

Buccaneering and piracy were recognized industries. The treasure ships of Spain were legitimate prey. The riches of Mexico and Peru were levied upon and the people of Jamaica were literally rolling in wealth and splendor. Vice and debauchery held sway. Bacchanalian revels which might put to Roden's, whither I was invited, whose of nightly occurrence. There was no virtue.

And like the crack of doom came the earthquake. The thunder of the elements sounded in the ears of the heedless revellers. The earth opened in great fissures, and closed again like the jaws of a mighty trap. And in closing it gripped many of its victims in the middle, leaving their hands above ground. Then came the awful sliding, grinding noise, as the city, built upon its foundation of sand, sank into the caressing embrace of the sea, which forever closed upon its wickedness and will forever keep its dread secrets.

The shock came close on to midday. The air was hot and sultry. The sky was without a cloud. A great stillness seemed to hover over the city, and then, without warning,

THE EARTH TREMBLED.

Men and women left their houses and ran into the streets, only to meet death in the bowels of the earth or in the hidden recesses of the sea.

In his "Annals of Jamaica," published in 1828, Rev. George Wilson Bridges quotes from a letter written by one of the survivors—a rector—two or three days after the disaster, which is, in part, as follows:—

"After I had been at church reading, which I did every day since I was rector of this place, to keep up some show of religion, and was gone to a place hard by the church where the merchants meet and where the President of the Council was, who came into my company and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine as a whet before dinner, he being my very good friend, I stayed with him, upon which he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long in taking, and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this determined me from going to dinner to one Captain Roden's, whither I was invited, whose house, upon the first concussion, sunk into the earth and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some that were come to dine with him. Had I been there I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco; before that was out I found the ground rolling and moving under my feet, upon which I said unto him, "Lord, sir, what is that?' He replied, being a very grave man, 'It is an earthquake. Be not afraid; it will soon be over.'"

Despite the President's assurance, he disappeared, and was never heard of again. Continuing, the rector wrote: "I made toward Morgan's Fort, because I thought to be there securest from falling houses, but as I was going I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting in upon them over the fortifications. Moreover, the large and famous burying ground was destroyed, and the sea washed away the carcases. The harbor was covered with dead bodies, floating up and down."

THE QUEER WAYS OF SHARKS.

Impudent in General, but Can't Stand a Commotion in the Water.

"One horror of sea fighting I believe the United States sailors will be spared in this war," said a veteran sailor, "and that is the large chances of being killed by sharks. The whole of the Caribbean Sea about Cuba swarms with those infernal things, and, as a rule, when a man drops overboard, the chances are that in another minute nothing will be left of him on the surface but some red stains in the water, unless he keeps his presence of mind and knows just what to do.

"There is a way of helping yourself when you get into that fix. That's just why I say that in these modern battles the danger from sharks is not likely to be anything like what it was in old times. Perhaps you are not aware that a shark is the most timid and nervous fish of prey that lives, but it is so. When you find yourself floating about in those waters and think a shark is anywhere near you just you kick and splash for all you are worth. If you don't think there are any sharks about kick and splash on general principles— that is, if you want to see your home and your family again. A shark that is making straight for his prey will turn tail and sheer off as soon as the splashing begins. Now I believe that in a general engagement between these modern ships, what with the tremendous concussion of the heavy guns and the churning of the water with propellers on all sides and an occasional torpedo raising a disturbance every now and then in the water, the whole neighborhood will be cleared of sharks.

"In the old days, although the broadsides made a good deal of noise, no doubt, a ship went down much more quietly than now. Just think of the commotion in the water when the big fires and the boilers go under. No shark will stay within a mile of such an upheaval.

"I am not talking mere theory when I say that a shark can be frightened off by splashing. I have seen it done, or, to be quite exact, I saw the man who did it just after he had scrambled out of the water. He had been in bathing in one of those sea baths they have in Kingston harbor, where they fence in a good piece of water with piles driven into the bottom close together. One of the piles had got broken somehow, and a big basking shark had squeezed through and gone to sleep in the bath. When the man plunged in the shark woke up and commenced to charge around. By that time the man was some yards away from the steps. He immediately turned on his back and kicked as hard as he could, the shark, instead of charging at him, went into a lively panic and bumped his nose against all the piles looking for the hole he had got in by.

"I know it sounds like a fable to say a shark is timid, because they will do things that you would hardly expect a timid fish to do. I myself have seen a shark leap out of the water close enough to a rowboat to tumble on the oar blades, but that was my own dingey, and my boys knew how to row, and didn't make a splash with the blades or try any of this landlubberly 'feathering' business. Then there is a place at Port Royal where a little flight of wooden steps goes down into the water, and they say that a British artillery officer who was sitting on those steps—or some other steps that were in the same place—one morning, smoking a cigar, had both his legs torn off by a shark that swam close in shore and rose at him as a trout rises at a fly. But all that only shows that a shark is a queer, inconsistent kind of a fish, and in spite of all his impudence, you may depend upon it, he can't stand anything that makes a disturbance in the water.

"Oh, yes, when the battle is over he will follow the ship that has any wounded men on board—follow it for —miles. I don't know how he knows there is a wounded man or a sick man on board a ship, any more than I can tell how Mother Carey's chickens can read the barometer, but he does know. You see, a seafaring man has to be satisfied to know a good many things that he can't explain."

LIGHTNING RODS.

A lightning specialist maintains that rods are no protection, and that most precautions taken by people to keep out of the path of a possible electrical discharge are useless. The recent wonderful discoveries in relation to the nature of electrical force prove the worthlessness of the lightning rod, but offer nothing toward disarming the thunderbolt.

Locusts swarm in South Africa. They have been so numerous during the past two months that railroad trains have been stopped by them.

HAIR JEWELRY.

The times are modern, and the days of our grandmothers are in no wise returning yet one of the most popular fashions of long ago is coming back. Hair jewelry is in vogue again, and in no half-hearted way, for very many of the younger generation are taking a keen interest in it, and if all signs are true there will be any amount of hair jewelry seen a month or so from now.

The popular shades of hair for these ornaments are golden brown and red, but it really matters little what your hair may be in the way of color and tint. The main thing is that you should have some stray vagrant strands of it made into some bit of jewelry. Just what sort of jewelry fashion does not attempt to decide definitely. It allows belle and beau a wide latitude in point of view of taste and design.

Crystal lockets are, however, the ornaments in the way of hair jewelry that are the most popular at the moment. Through the crystal the hair of the adored one is seen in a true lover's knot. Also very fashionable are crystal rings, with the girl's hair braided in curious and artistic designs—hearts, four-leaf clovers, etc. Some of these rings have crests and coats of arms in them, all ingeniously worked in hair. There are, too, hair bracelets, hair watch charms and hair scarf pins, each of artistic working and handling that is remarkable when the difficulty of handling such an intangible substance as a strand of hair is considered

What has been done already, though the returning fashion is very young yet, shows that the olden art has not been lost in any way as yet. Even more difficult designs than those already mentioned have been and constantly are attempted. Tiny pictures are embroidered in hair, just as they are embroidered in silk. No design "stumps" the operator, even landscapes that are really complicated forming under her skilful fingers. Such pictures in hair are much in demand, the more especially if they are done on an exceedingly small scale.

A BLACKSMITH'S STORY.

He Became So Run Down That Work Was Almost Impossible—His Whole Body Racked With Pain.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known blacksmith living at Baker Settlement a hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater, N.S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the locality in which he lives. He is another of the legion whose restoration to health adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of illness and renewed health to a reporter of the Enterprise, as follows:—"During the last winter, owing, I suppose, to overwork and impure blood, I became very much reduced in flesh, and had severe pains in the muscles all over my body. I felt tired all the time, had no appetite, and often felt so low spirited that I wished myself in another world. Some of the time, necessity compelled me to undertake a little work in my blacksmith shop, but I was not fit for it, and after doing the job, would have to lie down; indeed I often felt like fainting. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief. The pains began to abate, and I felt again as though life was not all dreariness. By the time I had used six boxes I was as well as ever, and able to do a hard day's work at the forge without fatigue and those who know anything about a blacksmith's work, will know what this means. Those who are not well, will make no mistake in looking for health through the medium of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

AN EVIDENT SCARCITY.

Jinks—Has there been any scarcity of money in Europe since the war with Spain began?

Winks—There was with me. I had to come back in the steerage.

The Krag-Jorgensen rifle, now the arm equipment of the United States infantry, has a range of three miles. At this distance an expert can easily pick off a man, while a soldier unaccustomed to it's use could not hit a barn.

It is customary, on the birth of a Japanese baby, to plant a tree. This is carefully tended until the child is grown, and about to be married. When it is cut down, and made into furniture for the home of the young couple.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

The oldest house in the United States is at Saint Augustine, Florida. It was built in the year 1564, as a monastery, and is now occupied as the winter abode of a Northern millionaire. The walls are formed of seashells mixed with mortar.

Japan has a breed of mice which are a puzzle to naturalists. At different periods of the day they whirl round and round for hours at a time. If a person should lift a mouse when it is whirling the animal will resume the whirling the moment it is set down.

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer cheerfully and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a withered plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet the patient is soon in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe in it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.
Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A Few Paragraphs Which May Prove Worth Reading.

One of the hospitals in Moscow is large enough to accommodate 7,000 patients.

All fresh-water snakes in India are harmless, and all salt water snakes are poisonous.

Robert Taylor, the Postmaster at Scarva, County Down, Ireland, is said to be 134 years of age.

Customs change. Among the Phoenicians, in ancient days, the wearing of earrings was a badge of servitude.

Warm meals are supplied to all the pupils in the public schools of Paris. The cost of a meal is about two cents.

In Sweden there are floating canneries. They are small vessels, which follow fishing fleets, and men on them can the fish while they are fresh.

A passenger car on a steam railroad costs from $4,000 to $5,000; a baggage car, from $2,000 to $2,500; a sleeping car from $10,000 to $20,000.

A female monkey in the Zoological Gardens of Vienna is a trick bicycle rider. She performs wonderful antics, and her imitations of the human riders are irresistibly droll.

The title "admiral" originally came from the Arabic phrase "amir-al-bahr," meaning "ruler of the sea." When the last word was dropped and a "d" was added, it became "admiral."

It is said that herrings are so prolific that if a pair of them could be left to breed and multiply undisturbed for a period of twenty years, they would yield an amount of fish equal in bulk to the entire earth.

Attached to the army of Norway is a corps of skaters armed with rifles. They can be manoeuvred on the ice or over the snowfields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry.

An old lady at Teplitz, Hungary, who had just passed the 99th anniversary of her birth, had a fear of living to be 100 years of age. To prevent this undesirable condition, she deliberately held her head in a tub of water until she drowned.

A Good Corn Sheller for 25c.

A marvel of cheapness, of efficacy, and of promptitude is contained in a bottle of that famous remedy, Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It goes right to the root of the trouble, there acts quickly but so painlessly that nothing is known of its operation until the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes offered for Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor—safe, sure and painless. Sold at druggists.

A witness in a London police court described the defendant as a gentleman. "What is your idea of a gentleman?" asked the judge. "He seems to be a gentleman," replied the witness, "because he walks about all day doing nothing, going from public house to public house."

Judge C. Panet Angers, Quebec, writes:—"'Quickcure has always given relief to my child."

An instrument for seeing objects under water has been invented by a hydrographic engineer of Russia. By its aid the bottom of rivers, to a depth of from forty-five to sixty feet, can be distinctly viewed. In the examination of wrecks this submarine telescope will be of great service.

The new "shelter cloak tent" is made in two pieces, and is intended to be carried, when the army is on the march, by the two soldiers who occupy the tent. The halves are so arranged that when the tents are taken apart each half can be used by a solier as a water-proof cloak.

A plaster made with "Quickcure" spread on canton flannel, linen or cotton, will give more prompt relief from croup, than camphorated oil, or mustard.

The eldest of five married daughters was married at a farm-house in Erie, Pa. A plain-spoken guest, desiring to say something cheering to the groom, remarked aloud, "Well, Jim, you have got the pick of the batch." The other four daughters stared at him with stony visages.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they do are ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

TALENTED GREAT LADIES.

The Princess of Wales is an artist in water colours whose works are very interesting, apart from the fact that she is who she is, writes a correspondent. I saw two of them last week at the amateur art exhibition, held in Mr. Reuben Sasson's house in Belgrave square. Both looked as if they might have been done on the coast of Norfolk. They were exquisitely fresh in colour, bold in treatment, and yet well finished, and with none of the uncertainty that so often mars the work of an amateur. I am sure if the Princess of Wales wanted to earn her living she would only have to set up a studio as a water-colour artist. Other great ladies who could easily make a good income, are Lady Granby, who is fond of taking portraits of her friends in pencil—and very delicate and beautiful ones they are too—and Lady Cottenham, who does exquisitely fine work like ancient missal painting for the covers of books.

"Quickcure" cures toothache, and all pain."

HAD A GOOD REASON.

What's your friend Mrs. Lord's maiden name? She never uses it in writing her signature.

No, it wouldn't do at all. Her maiden name was Goode.

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