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told me that the department had taken three hundred and fifty bodies out to sea and thrown them overboard. At last the authorities were driven to cremation, right in the deserted streets of the ruined city.

I was informed by the Hospital authorities that over twelve-hundred injured were under treatment, and it was feared that they would lose at least four hundred. Forty to fifty amputations a day was the rule.

The entire main part of the city, over a mile square, was entirely evacuated by order of the governor, and all entrances to it were guarded by soldiers, for several days, while the work of excavation and rescue of those imprisoned in the fallen buildings and debris was going on. I was passed, specially, the second day, in a carriage, but was soon stopped by the thickly spread bricks, mortar, timbers, fallen electric poles, and other incumbrances. Even passage on foot was generally difficult and hazardous, and often impracticable.

The old race course and camp, enclosing some fifty acres, on the edge of the city, was densely populated by refugees in tents, shanties, vehicles, under the shade of trees, and more frequently in the open air. Many thousands were living there; old and young, of both sexes, aged and infants. The city was a city of the dead, and of those engaged in their extrication.

I drove to Constant Spring, about six miles north, the main suburb of Kingston, and since the trolley was laid, considerably developed, largely by the wealthier business and well-to-do families of Kingston, as well as by the visitors and officials from abroad. The better residences were of brick, and every one of these was made untenable; the majority of them ruined; many completely thrown down.

A private family from the United States, dear friends, who had leased a fine brick residence and pen (farm) adjoining, and who entertained us over Christmas, were dispossessed, the shock bringing down all interior walls and partitions of brick and mortar, leaving the exterior walls a shattered shell. The invalid mother was literally dug out of the debris, not without injury. So far as I could find, about every well-to-do family was living in servants' quarters, and in coach houses—long, low buildings of wood, or of the old Spanish construction.

The modern buildings stood fairly well, much the best of any. The large private residence of brick which I had expected to enter in three days as a guest was thrown down from roof to ground. The little cheap rattled bamboo constructions, owned by the poor blacks, almost universally escaped.

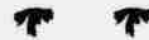
HOTEL GUESTS ON LAWN.

The Constant Spring Hotel was thoroughly shaken up and abandoned. I saw over 100 guests living out on the open lawn, in tents, under shade, and often under the open sky. Many of them were invalids, and were exposed to slight showers which added nothing to the water supply, and only increased the illness. Before I left, all had gone. The mountain regions of the west and east, while noting the shock, were not substantially damaged.

As to the future of Jamaica, it is not easy to predict; so many of the leading spirits have been taken away, the destruction of property is so great, the terror of it all is so depressing. The soil is still wonderfully fertile; the climate for the tropics is unusually healthful, and, probably, the island is safer than before for many years. Earthquakes are not gotten up to order over night. The conditions generating them are slow; decades, centuries even, being required for their development.

My own apprehensions were for general severe sickness—I will not use the word pestilence—owing to the severe drought, the great penury of so many, the after-results of so much shock, injury, and illness. It is the severest loss of life that has ever befallen Jamaica, and an immense loss of property. And yet it is encouraging to reflect that such catastrophes are under laws; that those laws are servants, not masters; obeying His will, which, though to mortal vision shrouded in clouds and darkness, is not only the strongest, but the wisest and best; that "righteousness and judgment are still the habitations of His throne."

FRANK J. MATHER.



BACK FROM PINEHURST.

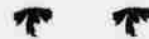
Mr. and Mrs. John Bowler Return
From Midwinter Vacation.

John Bowler has returned from a midwinter vacation passed at Pinehurst, N. C., with enthusiastic ideas regarding what the playing of golf or the shooting of quail will profit anyone there, if there is a wish for diversion from work.

He describes Pinehurst as the most lovely spot in the sand belt of the Carolinas; a colony owing its existence to James W. Tufts of Boston, whose purchase for the family estate involves the control of 35,000 acres.

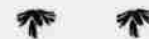
Pinehurst, Mr. Bowler says, is not a town, nor even a village, in the usual acceptance of those terms. It is a private property of the Tufts family, with 50 cottages and four hotels.

Mr. Bowler said he and Mrs. Bowler left Pinehurst after a stay of nearly a fortnight, with regret—*Worcester Telegram*.



The Chaffee Pictures.

Everybody is glad to welcome the coming of Mr. Albert H. Chaffee whose annual Exhibitions of his work in Water Colors and beautiful Sepias being special pleasure to patrons of art. To those who have travelled abroad, there are pleasant reminders of beautiful spots and of Grand Masterpieces. The Exhibition began at The Holly Inn yesterday and will continue through today closing at The Carolina Monday.



Sporting Notes.

Comiskey has received an offer for his houseboat the White Sox and has decided to sacrifice it for \$50,000. As Joe Cantillon would say, that sounds more like a home run than a sacrifice.

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