

B R BAYLEY

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is a sample. At one point a post at the roadside bears aloft a board informing passers by that R. J. Smith is "Blacksmith in all the branches." A hand points across a pasture toward the woods, but no building is in sight. On market days one meets an almost continuous stream of people going into town with provisions of some sort, or coming out with purchased goods. Most of these people are women, and all carry their burdens on their heads. Here and there one meets a laden donkey, its driver bearing basket, jug or bundle on his own head. Pails of water, trays of dishes, bottles—everything in fact is carried in this way; and despite gesticulations and headshakings seldom does anything fall. Probably every bunch of bananas that reaches a northern port has been carried on a negro's head from the plantation to the wharf. While a fruit steamer is being laden the wharf is lined with negroes each with his head load of fruit. They deserve credit too for the clean and orderly manner in which the fruit is put on board. It is not fumigated with tobacco, and the floors are dry and clean when the work is finished—a striking contrast to the wharf and decks after the American wharf hands have unloaded a cargo of fruit at a northern port.

Although the Jamaica of to-day is practically a new country just being opened for settlement, at every turn one meets evidences of its former prosperity. Many thousands of acres now a tangle of shrubs and trees were once planted with sugar cane; and on every plantation may be found the crumbling walls of sugar works and planters' homes. In some instances these are repaired and made to serve as foundations for new buildings. The rest, assisted by the prying roots of fig trees, vines and other plants, are slowly crumbling back

to the earth, from whence they came. It costs some trouble to break one's way through the tangles to one of these old ruins, but repays the exertion. First at the sugar works we come upon a large circular bridge of stonework with a pit in the centre, around which the oxen once tramped, turning huge rollers, through which the cane was crushed and the sweet juice squeezed out. Near by we find the remains of a stone furnace, with parts of steel boilers shelling with rust—the latter indicating an advance from the use of cattle to steam power. Scattered about are fragments of old wheels, iron rollers, immense kettles, and various other relics of the prosperous days of West India sugar and Jamaica rum. But cattle and steam were not the only powers utilized. Here on the bank of an old river bed, from which the water has turned to another channel, is a large water wheel idle, decayed, moss-grown and bound with creeping vines. In other places large windmill towers make picturesque ruins, and give their testimony to the intelligence and enterprise of palmy days long past. Not less interesting are the ruins of the "great house," on a well chosen site not far from the sugar works. Here the owner or estate manager enjoyed the wealth and luxury earned by slave labor. In the lower walls of the house are portholes, where guns commanded the approach of the famous dreaded buccaneers; for Jamaica has a history more thrilling than that of many a larger and better known country.

Since the emancipation of slaves the sugar industry has grown less profitable, and the manufacture of beet sugar in Europe has now so reduced the price of cane sugar that the majority of Jamaica sugar estates have been abandoned. American enterprise, however, is beginning to develop the wonderful capabilities of Jamaica in the line of fruit culture. Where so many tropical fruits are so admirably grown without cultivation, scientific fruit and vegetable culture has a promising field. All