UNCLE SAM'S MOHAMMEDANS

Moros, of Mindanao, Caused Spaniards More Trouble Than Any Other of the Philippine Races—Savage Traits.

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ZAMBOANGA, March 26, 1900.—"So you are going to make some explorations around Zamboanga! Well, all I have to say is that if you want to be sure of your head you had better tie it on with a string!"

These words were uttered by Colonel James F. Pettit, the Military Governor, the man who has charge of our troops in Mindanao and in the Sulu Islands further off to the south of us. He has more than 1000 soldiers scattered at different stations about the southern and eastern coast of this great island, and other troops occupy the leading ports of the north.

Zamboanga has for several hundred years been the chief garrison town of this part of the world. The Spaniards made it the headquarters of their army and navy of the south, and it occupies the same position today with the Americans. It is situated on the extreme southwestern end of Mindanao, on the wide but deep Basilan, through which the vessels move going from Japan to Australia. It has a fairly good harbor, but the ships have to anchor far out from the shore, and passengers and freight are brought to the town in small boats. One of the transports was 15 days landing 700 tons of cargo. The mule transport upon which I came had to send its wagons ashore in dugouts, and the mules were made to swim. Two steam boilers for an ice plant, having been hermetically sealed and plugged up well, floated ashore, and, altogether, days were taken in landing stuff which should have consumed hours.

Zamboanga cannot be called a Mohammedan town, for it is occupied only by the troops, the Chinese and some Filipino Christians. It is, however, the capital of our Mohammedan zone, and from it are controlled the two or three hundred thousand Moros, who now pay allegiance to Uncle Sam. There is a Moro village which has more people than Zamboanga itself, on the shore just above it, and Moros by the hundreds, dressed in gay clothes and wearing turbans, walk to and fro through its streets.

Like a Botanical Garden.

Every surrounding of the place, in fact, is picturesque. It looks more like a botanical garden with the accompaniment of a midway plaisance than an everyday American garrison. Its houses are shaded with cocoanut trees. Tall bananas rustle their leaves as you walk through the streets, and all about it is the most luxuriant of tropical vegetation. There are miles and miles of cocoanut groves above and below it and when you ride out into the country toward the mountains which hang over it you are shaded by cocoanut trees, some of which are a hundred feet high. You see fields of bananas and hemp, and here and there the varnished green leaves of the coffee bush.

The town itself is a gem. It is composed of two streets running parallel to the sea. The one nearest the water is the main street. Its sides are lined with great trees, the branches of which almost meet overhead, and under them, in the center of the street, flows a canal whose waters are as clear as crystal. The canal is crossed here and there with rustic bridges made of mahogany, teak and other hard woods. It is fed by a little river at the lower end of the town, and there is a bridge over this which leads you into the market and homes of the Moros.

Upon the main street are the offices of the collector of the port, an Omaha man, Captain Swobe, and also the general headquarters of the Department of Mindanao. The headquarters building is a large structure with oyster-shell windows and a great balcony looking out over the sea. In it you find the Colonel of the Thirty-first Regiment and his staff, who have the management of all things here, both civil and military. The merchants, for instance, are all Chinese, but Colonel Pettit regulates their licenses and they have to pay so much a month for the right to sell goods. He fixes the prices of things in the market and tells just how many eggs shall be sold for 10 cents. He makes liquor laws by the stroke of a pen, and recently announced that no whisky should be sold in Zamboanga. This last was very disgusting to a little Irish ex-soldier, who wanted to open a saloon to sell whisky. To him the Colonel said: "You know there are only two classes of people in this region. There are the Moros and the Christians. The Moros, according to their religion, are not permitted to drink, and the only Christians here who have money to spend are the soldiers. What you are asking is that I give you the permission to sell bad whisky to my soldiers. Well, sir, you can't have it!" The Irishman went away sorrowful.

Uncle Sam's Big Farm.

One of the most curious duties that Colonel Pettit has is the acting as manager to the biggest farm which the United States owns. It is situated about 15 miles from here and is so large that a fast walker could not get around it in a day. It contains between 30,000 and 40,000 acres, and netted the Spaniards, it is said, about $5,000 a year. Within the past few months one of the Chinese capitalists here has offered to pay $20,000 a year rental for it if the Government will hand it over to him on lease, but as yet his proposition has not been accepted. The farm contains large hemp plantations, and it is said that there are $30,000 worth of hemp now stacked up on it ready for shipment. It has tens of thousands of cocoanut trees, and includes some valuable timber. There is a saw mill upon it, but the machinery of this is out of order. The farm was operated by the Spaniards as a penal settlement, and inasmuch as it belonged to the government it naturally becomes the property of the United States. The Spaniards worked several hundred convicts upon it, and the most of the revenues of it probably went into the pockets of the officials.

Uncle Sam has two other farms just outside of Zamboanga, which came to him in the same way. They embrace some fine rice lands and a large banana plantation. They are right on the edge of the town, and it was in company with the Presidente, or Mayor, and Quartermaster Sharpley that I drove out to see it.

There were perhaps 50 men and women at work in the rice fields, harvesting the crop, and, strange to say, they were working away under umbrellas. They had put up white cotton upon a rude framework, and this was attached to a pole, which was stuck upright in the ground, so that they could work away under it and be in the shade. They were cutting the rice stalk by stalk, as is the custom here, leaving only about eight inches of straw on each stalk, and tying the stalks up into sheaves from six to eight inches in diameter.

Here and there over the farm were threshing-floors, each erected on a framework of bamboo, so that it was almost as high up in the air as an American windmill. The rice is drawn up from the ground to the floor and trodden out by the feet, the wind carrying away the chaff, while the grains of paddy fall to the ground.

Chance for Our Scientists.

These farms offer splendid opportunity to our Agricultural Department to establish an experiment station down here on the edge of the equator. There is no richer soil in the world than that about Zamboanga, and the method of handling it should be tested at once. It will produce excellent coffee, and, in all probability, cotton, tobacco and sugar. It is not far from the tea zone of India and Ceylon, and it may be that the hills of this great Island of Mindanao will be some day covered with plantations of coffee and tea. The climate is very similar to that of Java and Ceylon, and the soil fully as rich.

All kinds of tropical fruits can be grown. In the market today I picked up some green leaves, and, wondering what they might be, began to chew them. They burnt my lips, and I found that they were from the cinnamon tree, which grows wild in the forests. The bananas here have a flavor such as you will not find in those of Cuba or Porto Rico. There are many varieties, especially of white, yellow and green. The green banana has a yellow flesh, and its flavor is delicious. Then there is the durian, a fruit which smells like Limburger cheese, but which is so delicious that you eat it, disregarding the odor. The mangostin is another delicious fruit, and in addition there are oranges and lemons, the breadfruits and the papaya, nearly all of which grow wild.

On these farms Uncle Sam should make some experiments in cattle-raising. This is one of the chief stock regions of the Philippines, but the animals are small and no attention has been paid to breeding. The cattle look somewhat like Jerseys, but here and there you see a trace of a hump on the back. They are said to be a cross between the Indian and the Australian cattle. They seldom dress more than 250 pounds, but they are so scarce that cows bring more than $15 or $20 gold apiece, and bullocks more. The cattle are chiefly owned by the Moros, who ask all kinds of prices, and usually take much less than they ask. The animals are all grass fed, and the meat is excellent. The cattle are raised chiefly for beef all over the Philippines, although in some islands, such as Panay, they are employed as carriage and draft animals. The natives, as a rule, use no butter, and outside of the towns but little milk. The result is that there are but few good milch cows, although it is believed that such could be bred.

Time for Exploration.

Not only the agricultural department, but also the geological survey and the Smithsonian Institution, should send parties to the Philippines in the near future. The islands, as I have said, have not been explored, and a scientific investigation should be made of them at the earliest moment. The scientists should be here at the present time, when there are plenty of soldiers to protect them, and when they can easily get a guard to accompany them to any place they wish to go. This will make them safe from the savages of the mountains, and will enable them to undertake journeys which, in the times of an ordinary force, might be dangerous, to say the least.

I am living with the soldiers here at Zamboanga, and I suppose the average man will pity me as he reads this. He can save his pity for himself. With a good mosquito netting to protect one at night you can get along as comfortably here as at any other army post that the United States owns. The regimental headquarters building, where I am staying, was built by Spanish officials. It is a big, two-story house, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre, with balconies 10 feet wide running around it, all shielded from the rays of the sun by oyster-shell windows. The house is floored with mahogany boards, some of which are two feet wide and 20 feet long. Its ceilings are from 15 to 20 feet high. It is right on the beach, and a stiff sea breeze blows through it all day and all night.

In the morning and evening we go out and take a bath in the sea, and I assure you that at this time of the year the weather is quite as pleasant as that of any of our Middle States in June and July. We have an excellent mess, presided over by Major McMahon, one of the features of the breakfast being a glass of cocoanut milk fresh from the trees in the yard. There are other good quarters in different parts of the city, but so far some of the lower officers have not been able to get houses, and they have put up sheds of bamboo and canvas on the parade ground not far from headquarters. These huts have floors and walls of bamboo, but their roofs are made of tents. They are elevated about three feet from the ground, and are by no means comfortable. I find the soldiers well satisfied with their lot. They are excellent men, coming chiefly from Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky, with a few from Pennsylvania and Tennessee.

Under Martial Law.

Zamboanga, like most of the Philippine towns, is under martial law. The Moros are not allowed to bring their knives into the city, and no one can be on the streets after dark without giving an account of himself. There are sentinels posted on every block, and all night long these sentinels call out the hours. They awakened me with every call during my first night or so here. The man under the regimental headquarters had a voice like the traditional bull of Bashan. He was number 4, and I could hear his heavy tones ringing out upon the night air.

"Number 4! One o'clock! All is well." This sound would hardly die away before number 5 would break out in a shrill treble: "Number 5! One o'clock! All is well," and then number 6 would go it on another key, and so on until number 12, and even the unlucky number 13. One night I heard the successive hours from 10 until 5 called, with numerous commands to halt between time, and warnings to the passerby to stand up and be recognized. This calling of the hours is done at all of the posts of this part of the world, and the utmost vigilance is kept to guard against surprise.

The soldiers do well to keep their eyes open, for although these people are now at peace with us, and we call them brothers, they are of such a nature that the least indiscretion might make them break out into war. They caused the Spaniards more trouble than any other of the Philippine races. They are different from the others in their manners, customs and religion, and the handling of them is one of the most delicate problems Uncle Sam has to solve. It is, I believe, a more difficult one than that of the Indian or the negro. It will not be a question of making the Moros American citizens so much as keeping them from bringing about a state of anarchy and bloodshed. The questions of religious fanaticism are here added to those of barbarism, for the Moros, although they are Mohammedans, are little better than savages.

Their houses are thatched huts, and their only manufactures are weapons of war, in the shape of lances, spears and most terrible swords. They carry knives called barongs, which are a sort of a cross between a sword and a meat ax, but which are so sharp that I am able to shave the hairs from the back of my hand with any one of them. They have krises or short swords, the blades of which wind in and out like a snake; these they use for disemboweling their enemies. They have also campilans, the wide blades of which come to your waist when the points rest on the ground, and which are chiefly used for beheading.

Favorite Pastimes.

There are Moros who are said to be able to cleave a man from crown to waist at one stroke. A favorite cut is through the shoulder, taking off the head, neck and one-half the chest, including the arm. They sometimes hamstring their victims before killing them, and in the case of executions a common method is to tie the man's hands behind him and then behead him with one blow of the knife. After a person is killed he is often chopped to mincemeat by the men and boys who wish to try their knives on human flesh. This is the case not only with the lower classes, but with the best. One of the dattos or princes of Basilan, just the other day, ordered six men to be killed. After the execution he came to the place and chopped into one of the dead bodies with his barong, saying as he did so to some of our soldiers who were standing by: "I do it merely to try my knife."

1. Col. Pettit and Correspondent Carpenter in front of military headquarters, Zamboanga.
2. Group of Moro maidens, photographed by Frank G. Carpenter.

The Spaniards have never really conquered the Moros. They have subdued them again and again, only to find themselves with another war on their hands. The Moros were here at the time the Spaniards first came. They are not the aborigines, but are supposed to be the descendants of the Dyak sof Borneo, who invaded this part of the world centuries ago. The Spaniards did not attempt to conquer them until about 100 years after Columbus discovered America. At that time a Portuguese, who had made a fortune in the Philippines, proposed to the King of Spain to make an expedition to Mindanao to subdue the Moros. He was allowed to do so, and the result was that his head was cloven in two by one of those terrible knives.

Shortly after this the Moros became famous as pirates. They organized fleets, and for more than 200 years were the terror of the seas of this part of the world. They attacked every peopled island, sacked the villages and churches and killed the people. During the present century their war junks came into the harbor of Manila, and there are white persons yet living in the Philippines who have been Moro slaves. This did not stop until 1890, when 18 steam gunboats were sent out from Spain, and this port of Zamboanga made the center of operations. Since then have been wars, but piracy has, to a large extent, stopped, although there is a chief now in the upper part of the eastern end of the island who goes about in his barge levying contributions from the towns on the short at the mouth of his cannon.

Posts on Mindanao.

Within the past month or so troops have been stationed at all the ports of Mindanao. The Thirty-first Infantry was the first to arrive, and it is scattered along the south and east coast. The Fortieth has garrisoned the ports of the north, but still more soldiers are needed. The Spaniards had to keep a large force on the island and they have erected barracks and forts in many places.

The fort here covers about an acre of ground. It has walls 20 feet high and quarters enough to accommodate a large number of men. In one of its walls an image of the Virgin has been carved, and below this is a lamp, which it is said has been burning for more than 200 years. It is known as the Virgin of the Fort, and the Visayan or Christian inhabitants of Zamboanga go out regularly and kneel on the ground before it to pray. There is a story told of how a ghostly sheeted woman appeared one night to one of the soldiers on guard and announced herself as the Virgin, saying she would watch over her people and how the next morning this figure was found miraculously carved upon the wall.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

New Yorkers Read Newspapers.

New York is the greatest newspaper reading city in the world. A flutter of newspapers is continually seen in every part of the metropolis. A man really becomes conspicuous if he is on a ferryboat or in a car without a paper. Observations made on 37 different occasions by the New York Herald showed that only one man out of 54 in public conveyances was not reading or conspicuously armed for reading. The rule, quite well verified, is, the larger the city, the larger the number of newspaper readers in proportion to the population, if the city is an English-speaking one.

The records show that 68 per cent of all newspapers published in the world are in the English language. Of the more than 50,000 newspapers published the United States and Canada issue 21,000; Great Britain, 8000; Germany, 6000; France, 4200; Japan, 2000; Italy, 1500; Austria-Hungary, 1200; Spain, 1000; Austria, 800; Russia, 500; Greece, 600; Switzerland, 450; Holland, 300; Belgium, 200, and other countries about 2000.

LIFE AS IT IS IN MANILA

THE MYSTERIES OF THE MUCHACHS.

Domestic Economy of the American Domiciled at the Capital of Our New Responsibility.

MANILA, March 19.—Our mess is made up of good fellows. Every one belonging to it is of that category, and the waiters are good fellows, though I feel in good conscience bound to modify that statement by saying, with one exception. Mariano cannot with perfect truth be called a good fellow, in the personal sense, or as being a good waiter.

Mariano is a Tagal, a youthful Tagal, whom I strongly suspect of being a secret admirer of Aguinaldo, and who, if a little older, would assume red trousers and unite himself to the insurrectos. Mariano is a good-natured youth, with one of the most capacious smiles that illuminates the Filipino countenance of the present day. He fairly beams in broad smiles, and serves with very commendable alacrity, when the meal is fairly under way, but he is a careless boy, and as an all-around "muchacho" cannot be recommended, being very likely to leave the mosquito netting not properly tucked in about the bed, and the shoes unblackened, or unchalked, or unbrowned, until they bring discredit on the wearer. If he be, like myself, one that will carelessly continue to wear them until such time as the shiftless Mariano thinks proper to dress them in their appropriate color.

Pablo is a gem. Little Pablo would make the paragon of servants, were he taken to the States and trained to the profession. The Colonel says he would take Pablo home with him and keep the boy in his family, did he not fear that in the United States he would pine with homesickness, which would in all probability be the case were the boy long detained in that far-distant land of snow and ice, among the frosty Americanos. Pablo is not an insurrecto; he told us so the other day; so none of the mess sleep with a revolver under the pillow for fear of Pablo. He united his fortunes with those of the mess some months since. He appeared among the other boys, somewhat after the manner of a stray kitten. At first it was understood that he was an orphan, who sought a home in the kitchen with the boys. He was a scraggly looking little fellow, almost destitute of clothes, and from appearances had been pretty well accustomed to going without food. The latter is, however, not a correct statement as applied to a Filipino, for here the poorest need not starve or go hungry, while the bay and inflowing waters abound in fish, and fruit is generally to be had by any and all. But we can state that Pablo had not indulged in high living. He has thrived wonderfully since. His old garments have been discarded, growing from bad to better, and better to best, until this morning he walked on the table at breakfast attired like the blossom of the fire tree. Perhaps his new raiment was donned in honor of the fiesta which occurs today.

Basto is the Nestor of the boys. There is nothing of the frivolous about Basto. With solemn mien he passes among the lesser ones, maintaining his grand, gloomy and peculiar dignity, especially when engaged in the active prosecution of his duties. Basto is not a Tagal. He has no use for that tribe. On a previous occasion he threatened to leave for the reason that Tagal boys had been retained in the kitchen. He is as faithful as he looks, and it is an impossibility for any one, Malay, Mongolian or Caucasian, to look faithful in a greater degree than Basto. Neither is Modesto a Tagal. They both belong to a small tribe in the northern part of Luzon, and don't like the Tagals. Modesto is also entitled to be enrolled among the worthy servants, faithful and efficient. Not so good as Basto and Modesto, but more interesting, is the unknown. The unknown goes by the Americano name of Jim. Jim is a disreputable-appearing fellow, and I have very grave suspicions of his antecedents. If research divulged the fact that Jim formerly took up his abode in Bilibid, I would not be in the least surprised. Like the proverbial singed cat, Jim is better than he looks. He is a willing boy, and it seems from his conduct that the young fellow has a desire to redeem himself. A mess is not the most promising place for a renegade to reform and make a new start in life, as a general rule, but Jim could not have done better in this particular instance than to have come directly where he is, and go on and do his best, as he has thrown in his lot with a set of men who appreciate his efforts and make it manifest to the well-doer.

The servants in a Manila household are many. Somehow they become more and more numerous, until, with the careless, or too-indulgent householder, a small community has gathered about him and living at his expense. The parents, brothers and sisters, uncles, aunts and all the relatives, make a home in the lower part of the house, and enjoy themselves hugely until the unfeeling Americano, whose attention has been attracted to his unbidden guests, summarily dismisses them. The work for a mess as ours is done by boys (muchachos), who, as far as my observation extends, are the common house servants. Their way of housekeeping differs very essentially from the method in vogue in the United States. In cleaning the floor, for instance, there is no such thing as soap and water and scrubbing brush. I presume that a Philippine boy would not know the use of a scrubbing brush. They keep the floor in condition by skating over it with a cloth under each foot. In this way the floor is gone over every day. I don't know what else they put on the cloth, but a small quantity of kerosene oil is used, in order to discharge the ants, which are very numerous in this country, and sometimes find their way into the houses, and, if not suppressed, upon the table and elsewhere where not welcome. The use of kerosene seems to be a safe antidote, which is very easily applied in the way mentioned.

It costs a good deal to live in Manila. Everything has advanced greatly in price since the coming of the Americans. Some articles are necessarily higher in price, owing to the insurrection, as fruit, chickens, vegetables, etc. Other articles, however, and perhaps in a measure all, have advanced unnecessarily, owing to the lavish American manner of spending money. The people here respond heartily, readily raising the price as the strangers pay more money, until it seems as though the Manila vendor, from the street seller of canes to the richest jewelry stores on the Escolta, really don't know how to place a maximum limit to the asking price of their wares.

Our mess is fortunate in having the privilege of the commissary, which is appreciated to be no trifle, when a can of tomatoes costs at a grocery store 70 cents Mexican, a pound of cheese 80 cents Mexican. At the commissary can be obtained almost everything that enters into ordinary consumption, at about wholesale prices in the States. This materially decreases the price of living, and affords what might be difficult to get in this land of Spaniards and Spanish cooking. Many of the common vegetables of the United States are grown here, such as tomatoes, which makes it unnecessary to purchase the canned article certain portions of the year; and I presume the fresh vegetable could be had here the year round. Turkeys and chickens are raised here, the latter in great abundance. Whether it be in the manner of cooking, or the fact that they are used too soon after killing, or that they are inferior, I know not, but neither fowl is equal to the home bird, more especially the former, which we tried only on Thanksgiving day, investing $7 in a lanky fowl, the most insipid of its kind that I ever sampled. In the southern islands chickens were bought at the rate of 50 cents a dozen, and I suppose eggs in somewhat the same proportion. Eggs ought to be cheaper here than in the States, as they are smaller. Everything in the islands is on a small scale, men, women, eggs, chickens and horses. I must except the majestic hardwood trees, which may constitute the future wealth of the islands, or one chief element of it.

The Filipino fruits do not compare on the whole with those of the United States. There are, however, a few varieties of superior character, the mango being perhaps the finest of all that the country produces. Oranges grow plentifully, but are of an inferior quality, small, mild and insipid. The markets are scattered through the city. They are interesting places to who cares to observe the habits and ways of the people, and also present a view of the products of the country. There may be seen all the fruits of the season, fish, living and dead vegetables, and, in addition to the fruit raised in the islands, certain species from China, there being intimate communication between Manila and Hong Kong.

When the insurrection is ended and guerrilla warfare suppressed, and perfect freedom and safety guaranteed the farmer, so that the land may be fully cultivated, the markets of Manila will, it is to be hoped and expected, afford a much more abundant supply of fish, flesh and fowl. With American cultivation, the native fruits may be vastly improved, and others introduced. It is presumable that no fruit known to the tropics but can be produced in the Archipelago, as well, as before stated, many of the staple vegetables of the temperate zone, so that under skillful cultivation the future householder of the Philippines may have his New England kitchen garden and in the same inclosure an infinite variety of tropical fruits.

W. F. N.

DEATH USUALLY PAINLESS.

Before Heart Ceases to Work, All Consciousness Ceases.

Death, says the Spectator, is nearly always painless. Man dies generally from the cessation of the heart's functioning, whatever the more remote cause may have been. The nerve cells may have ceased to act, the muscles may have been worn out, or the heart may have been directly attacked by acute or chronic disease. But in any case want of oxygen is the determining factor, except in the case of poisoning with prussic aid, in which case the whole body is dead before the heart ceases to beat. In every other case the cessation of the heart's action comes first, the general death of the body afterward.

Before the heart ceases to function consciousness ceases. Even in the most awful death known, death by burning, mortality is rendered painless at an early stage by suffocation. It is the first moment of experence of the heat that is so terrible; we think, in imagination, that we could never endure it, and wonder how martyrs faced it with such calm. But, apart from their state of spiritual ecstasy, their sufferings were soon mercifully ended by Nature herself, which appears to set very real limits to physical torture. Thus, Livingstone, when seized by a lion, tells us that he felt little pain or apprehension, while Dr. Alfred Russell Wallace asserts that the seeming tragedies of animate nature, such as the killing of birds by beasts of prey, are not at all so awful as they appear in our imagination.

We see with painful vividness the outward fact, but we do not see the merciful anodyne furnished by Nature. So is it at a death bed. The observers see the clammy brow, the gasping for breath, the rigor mortis, sometimes the contorted features—all painful to behold. But, with perhaps the exception of the difficult respiration, the dying man knows nothing of this, and before he has actually expired Nature has given him a relief which the dearest friend or most skilful physician could not have imparted. There are also forms of death in which, long before death arrives, the "will to live" has ceased, the patient resigns himself, and life gradually sinks to a vanishing point. Thus death is physically and psychologically painless.

Swordblade Inscriptions.

Rough as the fighters of old were, the inscriptions which they put on their swords often showed not only considerable poetic instinct, but sentimentality. "Faithful in adversity" is such a sentence engraved on an old sword of the 17th century.

In a collection of blades of the 16th century are these inscriptions: "I quarrel." "God give me speed, that my foe be beat indeed." "With this defense and God's will all my enemies I shall still." "In battle I will let myself be used." "When I my sword uplift in strife, God give the sinner eternal life." "Trust in God, bravely war, therein your fame and honor are." "Your alm alone be God's great name. Who dares deny, strike thou him lame." "Every soldier fine, look on this sign, and use his hand for God and the land." On blades from the 18th century are these inscriptions: "Nothing better in the world thou hast than to hold love and friendship fast." "I serve." "A good blade I—who would deny—let him meet me and I will hold—it will cost him blood or gold."

Too Much.

He picked up the Easter statement and read: To one Easter dress, $40; to one Easter hat, $12; to Easter shoes and gloves, $9. And, as slowly and thoughtfully, he drew his check for the amount, he muttered: "And Jenny expects me to go to church and sing 'Old Hundred' with a thankful heart!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Steamer Elmore, for Dayton and way points, leaves Portland Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 7 A. M. Returning, leaves Dayton for Portland and way points Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 6 A. M.

SNAKE RIVER ROUTE.

RIPARIA, WASH., AND LEWISTON, IDAHO.

Steamer Spokane or Steamer Lewiston leaves Riparia daily at 5 A. M., arriving at Lewiston at 3 P. M. Returning, the Spokane or Lewiston leaves Lewiston daily at 9 A. M., arriving at Riparia same evening.

W. H. HURLBURT, General Passenger Agent.

V. A. SCHILLING, City Ticket Agent. Telephone Main 712

New Steamship Line to the Orient

CHINA AND JAPAN, FROM PORTLAND. In connection with THE OREGON RAILROAD & NAVIGATION CO. Schedule, 1900 (subject to change):

Steamer.	Due to Leave Portland.
"BRAEMAR"	May 2
"ARGYLL"	May 23
"MONMOUTHSHIRE"	June 27

For rates, accommodations, etc., apply to DODWELL & COMPANY, Limited, General Agents, Portland, Or. To principal points in Japan and China.

THE FASTEST AND MOST DIRECT LINE TO THE EAST AND SOUTHEAST IS THE UNION PACIFIC THE OVERLAND ROUTE WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

The Direct Line to Denver, Omaha, Kansas City, St. Louis Chicago and Other Eastern Points

TWO DAILY SOLID VESTIBULED TRAINS.

Portland to Chicago Less Than Three Days.

Only Four Days to New York and Boston.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Buffet Library Cars (Barber Shop) Dining Cars, (Meals a la carte) Free Reclining Chair Cars.

Through tickets, baggage checks, and sleeping car accommodations can be arranged at

CITY TICKET OFFICE

135 Third Street. Portland, Oregon

J. H. LOTHROP, Gen'l Agent. GEORGE LANG, City Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

FOR CAPE NOME

The Magnificent Trans-Pacific Passenger Steamship

TACOMA

Registered tonnage, 2311 tons; capacity, 4000 tons; passenger accommodations, 100 first class, 900 second class. This steamship has just been released from the government service as a troopship, and has every modern comfort and convenience and is the largest steamship in the Cape Nome trade.

Will sail from Tacoma and Seattle on or about the 25th of May.

For rates and full information apply to DODWELL & CO., LTD. Telephone, Main, 96. 252 Oak Street.

Astoria & Columbia River Railroad Co.

LEAVES UNION DEPOT.	For Maygers, Rainier, Clatskanie, Westport, Clifton, Astoria, Warrenton, Flavel, Hammond, Fort Stevens, Gearhart Park, Seaside.	ARRIVES UNION DEPOT.
8:00 A. M.	Astoria and Seashore Express, Daily.	11:15 A. M.
6:35 P. M.	Astoria Express, Daily.	9:40 P. M.

Ticket office, 255 Morrison st. and Union depot. J. C. MAYO, Gen. Pass. Agt., Astoria, Or.

WHITE COLLAR LINE

COLUMBIA RIVER & PUGET SOUND NAVIGATION CO.

PORTLAND AND ASTORIA.

BAILEY GATZERT (Alder-street dock)

Leaves Portland daily every morning at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Returning, leaves Astoria every night at 7 o'clock, except Sunday. Oregon 'phone Main 251. Columbia 'phone 251. U. B. SCOTT, President.

SKAGWAY AND DAWSON

Alaska Steamship Company

NEXT SAILING, ROSALIE, MAY 16.

The only company having through traffic arrangements to Atlin and the Klondike. Weekly sailings from Tacoma. For full information apply to J. L. HARTMAN, Agent, Portland, Or., Chamber of Commerce.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE.

EAST VIA SOUTH — SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY — SUNSET OGDEN & SHASTA ROUTES

Leave	Depot Fifth and I Streets	Arrive
	OVERLAND EXPRESS for Salem, Roseburg, Ashland, Sacramento, Ogden, San Francisco, Mojave, Los Angeles, El Paso, New Orleans and the East	
*8:30 P. M.		*7:45 A.M.
*8:30 A. M.	At Woodburn (daily except Sunday), morning train connects with train for Mt. Angel, Silverton, Brownsville, Springfield and Natron, and evening train for Mt. Angel and Silverton.	*6:30 P. M.
*4:00 P. M.	Albany passenger	*10:10A.M.
17:30 A. M.	Corvallis passenger	15:50 P. M.
14:50 P. M.	Sheridan passenger	19:25 A. M.

*Daily. ‡Daily except Sunday.

Rebate tickets on sale between Portland, Sacramento and San Francisco. Net rates $17 first class and $11 second class, including sleeper.

Rates and tickets to Eastern points and Europe. Also JAPAN, CHINA, HONOLULU and AUSTRALIA. Can be obtained from J. H. KIRKLAND, Ticket Agent, 140 Third st.

YAMHILL DIVISION.

Passenger Depot, foot of Jefferson Street.

Leave for Oswego daily at 7:20, *9:40 A. M.; 12:30, 1:55, 3:25, 4:40, 6:25, 8:30, 11:50 P. M.; and 9:00 A. M. on Sundays only. Arrive at Portland daily at *6:35, 8:30, *10:50 A. M.; 1:25, 3:10, 4:30, 6:15, 7:40, 10:00 P. M., 12:40 A. M. daily, except Monday, 8:30 and 10:05 A. M. on Sundays only.

Leave for Dallas daily, except Sunday, at 5:05 P. M. Arrive at Portland at 9:30 A. M.

Passenger train leaves Dallas for Airlie Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45 P. M. Returns Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

*Except Sunday.

R. KOEHLER, Manager. C. H. MARKHAM, Gen. Frt. & Pass. Agt.

Burlington Route

Parcels.

All Burlington Route day coaches and reclining-chair cars are equipped with parcel racks extending the full length of the car, and providing plenty of room for one's valise, hat, overcoat, and umbrella.

Only those unfortunates who have experienced the annoyance of trying to keep their belongings in a 2x4 pocket, such as you find in nine cars out of ten, can fully realize the superiority of the Burlington arrangement.

Omaha, Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City—ALL points East and South. Three routes East—via Billings, Denver and St. Paul.

Ticket Office,

100 3rd St., cor. Stark, Portland, Oregon.

R. W. FOSTER, Ticket Agent.

GEO. S. TAYLOR, City Passenger Agent.

GO EAST VIA

OREGON SHORT LINE RAILROAD

ON THE FAMOUS

"Portland-Chicago Special"

OR THE

"OVERLAND LIMITED"

The only trains running through solid from Portland and Chicago. Every car illuminated with Pintsch gas. Two trains daily.

Dining Cars. Service a la Carte. Library-Buffet Smoking Cars. Palace and Ordinary Sleeping Cars. Free Reclining Chair Cars.

Leaves.		Arrives.
9:15 A.M....	PORTLAND	...4:00 P. M.
6:20 P.M....		...8:00 A.M.

CITY TICKET OFFICE

124 Third St. Phone Main 589

W. E. COMAN, General Agent. J. R. NAGEL, City Ticket Agt.

THE GREAT NORTHERN

Ticket Office: 122 Third St. 'Phone 680

LEAVE.	The Flyer, daily to and from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth, Chicago and all points East.	ARRIVE.
No. 4 6:20 P.M.		No. 3 8:00 A. M.

Through Palace and Tourist Sleepers, Dining and Buffet Smoking-Library Cars.

JAPAN - AMERICAN LINE

STEAMSHIP TOSA MARU

For Japan, China and all Asiatic points will leave Seattle

About May 21st.

EMPIRE LINE

SEATTLE

CAPE NOME

Yukon River Points

S. S. "OHIO," 3500 tons, after two years' service as U. S. transport, has been released, and will sail from Seattle for Cape Nome about May 24. Rates—First class, $100 and $125; second class, $75. For berths, etc., apply to any railroad agent, or agent of the International Navigation Co., or to

EMPIRE TRANSPORTATION CO., 607 First avenue, Seattle, Wash.

WASHINGTON & ALASKA STEAMSHIP CO.

Steamship "CITY OF SEATTLE" will leave Seattle at 8 P. M. on Tuesday, April 3, and every 30 days thereafter, for Vancouver, Ketchikan, Juneau and Skagway, making trip from Seattle to Skagway in 72 hours.

For freight and passage inquire of DODWELL & CO., LIMITED, AGENTS.