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JOLO, island of Sulu, June 4.—The United States uses as much coffee as all the rest of the world put together. We import more than \$60,000,000 worth every year, and annually consume more than 11 pounds to every man, woman and child in our country. We are increasing our consumption every year, and the Brazilians and other coffee-producing peoples of the world are fattening themselves on our appetite. There is a bare probability, however, that the days of their fatness will cease. I saw excellent coffee grown in all parts of Porto Rico and Cuba, and there are evidences here which lead to the belief that the Philippines might supply a great share of the world's product. I saw an experimental plantation today which surpasses in its luxuriant growth any coffee plantation of Brazil. I found excellent coffee trees about Zamboanga and in other parts of Mindanao, and there are scattering plants as far north as the upper end of Luzon.

The Philippines lie in one of the great coffee belts of the world. Those who have paid most attention to the cultivation of this crop have decided that the best coffee grows within 15 deg. of the equator, although in some places an excellent article is produced as far from it as 25 or 30 deg. In America, for instance, Mexico to Paraguay and Southern Brazil. The bulk of the Brazilian product is grown in Santos and Rio Janeiro, fully as far from the equator as Northern Luzon, and the plants thrive best at an altitude of from 1000 to 4000 feet above the sea. In Java, just below here, and between this and the equator, some of the best coffee known to the world is found, so that the whole of the Philippines may be said to be in the coffee-producing zone.

The lands here are of a nature adapted to the product. They are rolling and mountainous, so that almost any desired altitude can be secured. The plantation which I visited here in Sulu is only 200 feet above the sea level, but there is no doubt that the berries will ripen in this climate as high as 5000 feet. The fact that the mountainous regions are the best places for coffee culture is a very important one to the United States, for as yet little more than the lowlands of the Philippine Islands have been taken up by the people, and almost all of the mountain lands belong to our Government.

Birthplace of Coffee Industry.
It is in this part of the world that the coffee industry, as one of the great world products, was born. We usually think of coffee as originating in Arabia, but the Arabian trees came from Abyssinia, and their product was so small that coffee was not generally used until the plantations of Java were started. They were just about 20 years ago. At that time an old Governor-General of the Dutch East Indies got some Arabian coffee seeds from a sailor and planted them in his garden at Batavia. They sprouted, and within four years were each producing from two to three pounds per year. From their seeds other trees were set out, and Java became the coffee country of the world. From its plantations seeds were taken to the West Indies, Mexico, Venezuela and Brazil, so that Java is really the mother of the great coffee industry of today. Since then the child has so far outstripped its parent that today Java produces only about one-eighth of the coffee consumed by mankind. Her annual product is now much more than 10,000,000 pounds, whereas last

short time drive out the blight parasite and free the plantation of them. The new parasitic does not injure the trees. Experiments with it are now being made in the Hawaiian Islands, and it is said, successfully. On the ship which brought me to Manila from Hong Kong, was a man from Hawaii who showed to me in coffee lands here, because he can buy them at a low price on account of the blight, and by introducing this parasite can redeem them.

Paid Twenty-Five Per Cent.
In the past coffee-raising has paid very well, the planters and shippers making about 25 per cent out of their investments. Good coffee lands, with the trees in bearing, were until lately worth about \$20 gold per acre. At present their value is only nominal, and some of the planters have been pulling up the coffee trees and putting in sugar cane.

Up to the time of the appearance of the blight the most of the coffee was grown in the provinces below and about Manila. The harvest came from Batangas, quite a lot was raised about Laguna de Bay, and also in Cavite. Many of the plantations were large, containing numerous trees. The trees were shaded, they were grown on one acre, and it may have been this close planting that caused the low yield per tree. The amount produced averaged not more than 10 ounces, or 100 pounds per acre. This, at a rate of a pound, a low rate in the past for this variety of coffee, gave an income of \$120 per acre per year. In Brazil many of the trees yield two and three pounds each. The harvest of the crop in the past has been usually done on shares, women and children picking the berries and hulling the seeds for half the profits. Practically no modern machinery has been used. Much of the pulp has been allowed to rot on the berries and then pounded off with mortar and pestle. After this the chaff was removed by winnowing the seeds in the wind. Some of the planters hired their work done, but nearly all were more or less in debt, so that there has not yet been a practical test of coffee-raising in this part of the world with modern machinery and plenty of capital.

The coffee conditions in the Sulu Islands are far different, however, from those of Luzon. Here there is only one plantation, but it covers 20 acres, and it now has \$5000 in it. It is owned by two Germans, who have married Moros. They have a large tract of land and are testing coffee-raising as an experiment. Their trees are now only three years old and they are so loaded with berries that the limbs are breaking down with the weight. They will get one pound per tree this year, and they tell me that they have been already offered 25 cents silver or 15 cents gold per pound for their crop. Within two years from now they think their trees will be producing at least three and a half pounds each, and it looks as though they had a fortune in sight.

The Plantation.
I spent some time in going over the plantation. It lies about three miles back of Jolo on the foot hills of the mountains, and is reached by a bridge path through the fields. The lands surrounding it are like a natural park filled with tall forest trees and overgrown with a tall growth of luxuriant grass. The grass in many places was taller than my head as I sat on my pony. The earth of the path where the grass was worn off was as black as that of the valley of the Nile, until we came to the plantation itself, where it assumed the reddish tinge so common to good coffee lands. Nearer the plantation the scenery grew wilder. We crossed several streams and wound our way in and out through the jungle until at last, mounting a low hill, the whole 20 acres of coffee bushes rising and falling with the land, its wide graceful lines of burled green lay before us.

I cannot describe the luxuriance of the growth and the healthy look of the trees. They were as big around as a man's wrist at the ground with the stems coming out on all sides, loaded with green and red berries and blossoms. The berries were in all stages of growth, some as big as the end of your little finger and others the size and color of a large red cherry. Unlike the coffee of the northern part of the Philippines the berries here ripen all the year round, so that you see blossoms and berries on the same stem at the same time. The blossoms are white, much like the jasmine flower, emitting a perfume which is almost sickening in its sweetness. Here and there among the coffee plants I could see the trunks of great trees which had been cut down in the clearing of the land and left to rot. There were but few signs of cultivation. The grass had evidently been chopped off with bolos. I was told that the ground was mowed every month, but that no

with the old Sultan that the latter deeded him about 100 acres of the best land of the island, of which this coffee plantation is a part.

The story of how Mr. Schuck came to get the plantation was told me by his son. The old Sultan owned practically the whole of North Borneo, comprising the harbor of Sandakan and the vast tract now leased to the North Borneo Company. Being in a friendly mood one day, he made a deed of all this land to Mr. Schuck, telling him he would sell what he chose of it to the Germans. There was an understanding, I suppose, that Mr. Schuck was to give him a share of the profits. At any rate, the gift was accepted and Schuck wrote to Prince Bismarck, offering the land to him for a German colony. At that time Germany had not the greed for Asiatic possessions she now has.

Bismarck replied that Germany was not yet ready to enter upon a colonial policy and that he could not accept the proposition. Mr. Schuck reported the result of his correspondence to the Sultan, and the Sultan in reply made a remittance which Schuck did not like. It may be that it was an insulting reference to Prince Bismarck. At any rate, it made Schuck so angry that he took the deed from him. North Borneo tore it in two and threw it at the feet of his majesty, telling him he could keep his old land and that neither the Germans nor himself wanted it.

The Sultan, in order to appease him, gave him a deed to this land just outside of Jolo. He kept the Borneo property and in a few years later he sent it out to an English syndicate known as the North Borneo Company for the annual payment of \$5000. This sum the present Sultan is still receiving from the company. The lands have been developed and quite a town has grown up about the harbor of Sandakan and several lines of steamers make it a regular port of call to bring goods and take away the crops.

Starting the Plantation.
During our chat Mr. Schuck told me how he happened to start his coffee plantation. Said he: "My father had planted a few trees. They were not well cared for, but they grew very fast, and are now 20 feet high, with trunks ranging in size from the thickness of your thumb to that of your waist. They are all in full bearing, but it is almost impossible to pick the coffee on account of the height. When my father died, a few years ago, my brothers and myself found that we had this land, but that it was in such a condition that it produced no income. We left the Sulu Islands for a time and went to Borneo, Singapore and elsewhere to earn enough to develop the property. In Borneo we became interested in coffee planting, and, knowing what father had done with the old plantation, we thought that a new one could be started at a profit. My brothers then clubbed together and sent me back to Sulu to set out the trees."

"The first thing I did was to lay out the plantation. I cut down the jungle and burned it and later on set out the plants in the regular order you see them. We got the seeds from Borneo, choosing Arabian coffee, in order that it might better resist the blight. The seeds were first sown in seed beds, and when the plants were eight inches high we set them out. Each plant was grown in a tube of bamboo, and so transplanted without disturbing the roots. After a short time the bamboo tubes rotted and the roots came through on all sides. We set the sprouts out without shade, and they grew from the start. We had no particular time for planting, putting them out from day to day throughout several months.

"Our labor was made up of natives, some of whom were slaves. At first I lived with the workmen, often sleeping with 50 of them in the same house. I use such men and women on the estate today. They are Moros. I find they work very well, although I pay even my slaves for their labor, doing so, as far as possible, by the piece. I have many women who each earn from 25 to 40 cents in silver a day, and men who do even better than this. I have made it a point to be friends with the Moros. I employ any of them who will work, and so far I have had no trouble in getting good labor.

"At first I kept the plantation very clean, hoeing the trees and pulling out the weeds, but when the Americans came they so disarranged things that I had to let much of my work go. I have now a little disease among some of the trees, but I think it chiefly comes from the foul condition of the land."

Palping Coffee With Teeth.
Later on I went to Mr. Schuck's house and watched the pulping of the coffee, or the getting the seeds out of the berries. It was a curious sight. The plantation house is a building covering perhaps half an acre, with a heavy thatched roof. It is high up from the ground upon posts, so that you can easily walk under the first floor without touching it with your

head. Upon the ground below the house there were about two dozen women, each with a basket of coffee berries and a dirty pan or a worn-out kerchief can before her. They were all brown-skinned, all half naked, and all had teeth as black as the blackest of ink. Some of the women were wrinkled, and there was hardly one that was not disgusting. All were busy.

They were working their jaws, making a crunch, crunch, crunch, as they bit into the berries, rolling their tongues around the seeds, chewed off the pulp into the pan. They worked wonderfully fast, making a stream of this spittle flow from their mouths to the pans and grinding away at about six movements of the jaw to the second. I was told that they received about 12 1/2 cents of our money for a gallon of the chewed mixture. This was the result of one day of working, from morning until night, and it seemed to me that they well earned the money.

picked up one of the berries and went through the process. The shell was quite hard, but the pulp and seeds tasted sweet, and the operation tried only once was not particularly unpleasant.

It is in this way that all of the pulping is done, although I am told that the process is so expensive that machines have been ordered.

After this the mush of pulp and seeds is placed for some days in the sun to ferment. It is next taken to the creek and washed, and the beans are then laid out upon mats in the yard. They remain for five or six days in the sun and are then ready to be hulled. Every coffee bean has still two skins upon it, which must be taken off before it is ready for sale. There is an outer skin as thick as your finger nail, and an inner one as thin as fine tissue paper. In order to remove these the beans are put into a mortar made by gouging out a hole in the upright end of a log, and a native pounds upon them with a pestle-like wooden club, breaking the skins. The coffee and shells and skins are then winnowed by throwing them up in the air. Just as our pioneer fathers winnowed their wheat, and the coffee beans which

PLANS FOR CAMPAIGN

PROSPERITY OF COUNTRY WILL HELP THE REPUBLICANS.

Roosevelt's Itinerary Outlined—He Will Make Complete Canvass of Pacific Coast—Political Gossip.

WASHINGTON, July 21.—Based upon reports which are constantly being received at Republican headquarters in this city, party leaders now venture to assert that the Republicans will sweep the country west of the Missouri River in the Fall campaign and carry every state in that section. This not only includes the states of the Pacific Coast, but states that have heretofore been reckoned as doubtful, or even Democratic. It has been generally conceded that Colorado at least would go Democratic, but late Republican advices

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MORO COFFEE SLAVE AND CHILD, COFFEE TREES IN BACKGROUND.

remain are ready for the market. They are bagged and carried to the sea coast on the back of a water buffalo and then shipped to Manila for sale. Such is coffee raising as it is carried on in Jolo, and such coffee can be produced in this way, I am told, at a profit. If this is true, it certainly should pay after modern methods and with modern machinery. In the meantime, it must be remembered that all of the land here in Sulu belongs to the Sultan, and that as yet none is for sale.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Poetry of the Campaign.
The campaign poets are beginning to be heard in the land, despite the fact that McKinley, Roosevelt, Bryan and Stevenson are all hard names to use for rhyming purposes. John Lattimore, of Fox Lake, Ill., has favored us with these lines, which, as the critics would say, seem to strike a new chord in American poetry:

Flags are flyin'
High for Bryan
And Adlai Stevenson, too;
But Mr. McK.
And Theodore they
Are feeling pretty blue.
This is from the New York Sun:
To shout for Bill and Teddy
And Adlai Stevenson, too;
But not for Bill and Adlai,
Although they need it badly.
These lines are furnished by the Perryville (Miss.) Standard:
O the babies all are cryin'
For the other Billy
Not for the other Billy,
Because they ain't so silly.
The Ballister (Mich.) Democrat's poet says:
They've taken Bryan
The name of Towns
And put up that of Adlai,
And you'll see
It seems to me,
They might have done more badly.
The Montville (O.) Free Press sums up the situation in this way:
The Bills are running at the head,
And after them come the boys in red
White Debs and Baker in the rear
With Woolley and the rest appear.
This gem is sent to us by Lulu R. Mitchell, of La Falls, Ill.:
I'll shout for Bill McKinley
Until my lungs are raw
For he's bound to be the winner
At all the world must know!
Let Bryan do his boasting
Before election day,
Because he'll be a loser
Again, next Fall, to stay.

As a reply to the foregoing we might present these lines from Henry W. Cranford, of Fort Wayne, Ind.:
The Lily of Nebraska—
Is the candidate for us,
There never was a champion
More chivalrous than he!
McKinley's reign is over and
His star is growing dim,
How can we be so stupid
As to vote for him?
—Chicago Times-Herald.

Japanese Police.
Japan has a police force modeled something after the French system. In various places throughout Tokio there are small hahanchos, which are something like the British sentinal boxes, but larger. There are men stationed to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door and the third patrols a beat and returns at regular intervals to the box. Sentinals are changed every eight hours. After 24 hours' work the three policemen are given the same length of time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box.

Long-Range Photography.
Captain Gentili, an Italian officer who has been experimenting in long-distance photography, has discovered a means of taking photographs at a distance of many miles. It has been possible for him to photograph fortresses from a distance of 11 miles, and masses of troops at a distance of 15 miles. Captain Gentili's invention is likely to become of considerable importance from the military point of view.

The Beer question is being injected in this section in the hope of turning the Germans to the support of Bryan, but Republican leaders are preparing to meet whatever advances may be made by the Democratic campaigners along those lines, and do not feel uneasy as to the result. The results in the East are pretty well determined, and the campaign there will not arouse so much interest. Silver has long been dead in that section, and what anti-expansion sentiment remains is so weak as to be harmless. The East is practically solid for expansion and the gold standard, and the workmen in Eastern mills are not slow to appreciate the better wages and better hours that they are receiving today, compared to poor wages or in many instances no work at all, which prevailed four years ago. Thrifty manufacturing in the East is a strong vote-maker for the Republican party, and will prove so this Fall. The South, as usual, will go Democratic, but if the negro question could once be eliminated in that section, there would be many surprises coming from the now solid South.

Roosevelt's Campaign.

It is the present hope of party leaders that Roosevelt will be able and willing to stump the entire West in support of the ticket, the country where he is so well known, and where he is in such close touch with the people, and in view of the fact that he has been willing to use his best efforts in the campaign, it is likely that he will make this extensive tour. While definite plans have not yet been formulated, in a general way it is expected that he will start in with two or three other speakers, stumping Kansas first, and then going over into Colorado, where he would likely be assisted by Senator Wolcott, and speak at Denver and other large cities. The route will then lie across the uncovered portion of Idaho, into Montana and Wyoming, before the Dakotas are reached. With those states covered, the Roosevelt tour would probably terminate in Nebraska, Bryan's home, unless conditions in Minnesota and Iowa should be such that additional Republican speechmaking was deemed necessary, in which event he would probably extend his tour into those states. At any rate, the Pacific Coast will be stumped by Roosevelt, accompanied by strong spellbinders, and probably Tim Fitch will be among the party when it reaches that section. It is the intention to put up a thorough, strong and convincing campaign over the entire West, with a view of carrying every state for the Republicans in the November election, and strengthening the various state tickets.

The Senatorial Outlook.

Just about this time there are a number of United States Senators who are on the uneasy seat, and who are speculating as to whether the 3d of next March will see the end of their Senatorial career, or whether they will be returned to the Senate for another six years. There are a number of those whose terms expire at that time who are sure of reelection, among them being Frye of Maine, Hoar of Massachusetts, McMillan of Michigan, Martin of Virginia, Morgan of Alabama, Nelson of Minnesota, Tillman of South Carolina, Bacon of Georgia, and very probably Elkins of West Virginia, although Elkins will have a stronger fight on his hands than any of the others named. A great deal of interest is being centered in the fight which Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is making for his return, and, if he succeeds, he will receive double credit, for his opposition is immensely strong. Carter of Montana is similarly placed. At one time it looked as if we were to see no more of Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, but his chances are brightening, and it would not be surprising now to see his festive countenance once more adorning the Senate chamber. Shoup of Idaho will have a hard fight, with chances in his favor, and Warren of Wyoming is in a still better position, with his return almost assured. Wolcott of Colorado, should he go down in the silver storm in his state, would be succeeded by Governor Thomas, who has his eye on the Senate. Chilton of Texas, of course, makes way for young Bailey, Caffery, of Louisiana, is to give way to a man more in touch with the Democratic party and its platform, and Lindsay, of Kentucky, is to step aside to make a place for Joe Blackburn. Delaware is also always an uncertain state, and will have to fight the seat now occupied by Kenney. Factional differences in that state make the result doubtful. There is also a vacancy in that state to be

filled. The successor of the late Senator Geary is yet to be named. Wetmore of Rhode Island is likely to return, as is Turley of Tennessee. The others remaining in doubt are: Baker of Kansas, Butler of North Carolina, who is making a strong play for return, McBride of Oregon, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Sewell of New Jersey, and Sullivan of Mississippi. Thurston of Nebraska will not run again.

The Prospect for the House.

Political leaders have come to realize that the House of Representatives is always in danger of being captured by the opposition party, and some little apprehension is now felt that the Democrats shall gain control in that body as a result of the next election. It is the great mass of fickle voters, ready on the slightest provocation to reverse the vote of the previous election, who make this uncertainty so great, and they are not more to be counted on now than in

JOKELETS ABOUT KIDLETS.

Ingenuous Whimsicalities of Busy Paraphrastic Scribers.

Ethel (to her younger brother, who had been whipped)—Don't mind, brother. Brother (between sobs)—That's just what I was licked for.—Ohio State Journal.

Mamma—Paul, darling, you must run to bed. See, the birds are already in their nests. Paul (at 5 o'clock next morning)—Mamma, mamma, waks up! All the birds are up!—New York World.

Willie was sent to the board to write the plural possessive of sheep. After many attempts he asked discouragingly, "Wouldn't lambs do just as well?"—Judge.

"Well, Jimmie, do you like to go to school?" "Yes sir—e; yista-day teacher tied my feet together, on t' day she tied my mouth up."—Indianapolis Journal.

Teacher—Now, boys, express in other words this sentence: "What is the use of complaining?" "Mickey O'Brien—Wot's yuse complainin' of?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Sunday School teacher—Robert, tell me why it was the children of Israel built a golden calf. "Robert—I don't know, unless 'twas that they didn't have gold enough to make a cow."—Life.

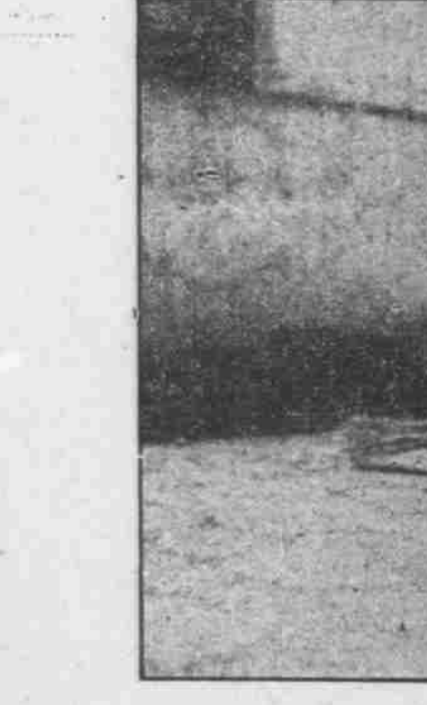
"What is chagrin, ma?" "Chagrin! Well, Tommy, it is the feeling you had yesterday when you brought those three kittens home from the Joneses and I made you take them back."—Indianapolis Journal.

Freddie—Ma, didn't the minister say that the hairs of our heads are numbered? Ma—He did, Freddie. Freddie (after an interval of reflection)—I suppose that's done so if one falls out we'll know just where to put it back in the right place.—Richmond Dispatch.

A little boy, writing a composition on the zebra, was requested to describe the animal and to mention what it is used for. After deep reflection, he wrote: "The zebra is like a horse, only striped. He is chiefly used to illustrate the letter 'Z.'"—Harper's Bazar.

"That boy is going to make his mark in the world," said Mrs. Corntassel, proudly. "What makes you think so, Mandy?" asked her husband. "I've been readin' some biographies of famous men. An' a whole lot of 'em didn't show any particular smartness at school."—Washington Star.

Tommy (whispering)—Say, Chummy, why don't yer show de teacher yer mumps, so she will let you go home? Chummy (hoarsely)—Sh! yer kiddy. I wants ter have de whole school lynch de



SWEEPING UP COFFEE GRAINS, CANAL DOCK, MANILA.

year the world's production amounted to about 2,000,000,000 pounds. The Java coffee trees have been seriously affected during recent years by the blight, so that today there are not more than half as many plantations as there were some years ago. The blight has also afflicted the Hawaiian Islands, and it has practically ruined the coffee industry of the Northern Philippines. In 1883 15,000,000 pounds of coffee were shipped away from Manila, and now the shipments do not exceed 250,000 pounds. Java is trying to avoid the blight by planting a species of Arabian coffee, which is said to resist it, and this is the character of the coffee here at Jolo. I met a coffee-planter in Honolulu who told me they had recently discovered an antidote for the blight. I think it was of a parasitical nature—a little worm or bug which attacks the parasite which causes the blight, and which multiplies so rapidly that it will in a

hoing or weeding had been done during the past year. I went over the plantation with one of the owners, Mr. Charles Schuck, and later with the son of the same name and his family. Both he and his brother, Mr. Edward Schuck, have Moro wives and a number of half-breed children. Their wives are the daughters of some of the Moro chiefs, and their relations with the people are so friendly that they have been of considerable assistance to the Americans in arranging our peaceful occupation of the islands. During our visit to the Sultan, Charles Schuck was the interpreter, and his sister, Mrs. Exer, and his brother's wife, a Moro Princess, accompanied the party.

Deeded Him 1000 Acres.
The Schuck family have lived in Sulu for many years. Charles Schuck's father came here as a trader a quarter of a century ago and established such relations

with the old Sultan that the latter deeded him about 100 acres of the best land of the island, of which this coffee plantation is a part. The story of how Mr. Schuck came to get the plantation was told me by his son. The old Sultan owned practically the whole of North Borneo, comprising the harbor of Sandakan and the vast tract now leased to the North Borneo Company. Being in a friendly mood one day, he made a deed of all this land to Mr. Schuck, telling him he would sell what he chose of it to the Germans. There was an understanding, I suppose, that Mr. Schuck was to give him a share of the profits. At any rate, the gift was accepted and Schuck wrote to Prince Bismarck, offering the land to him for a German colony. At that time Germany had not the greed for Asiatic possessions she now has. Bismarck replied that Germany was not yet ready to enter upon a colonial policy and that he could not accept the proposition. 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I have many women who each earn from 25 to 40 cents in silver a day, and men who do even better than this. I have made it a point to be friends with the Moros. I employ any of them who will work, and so far I have had no trouble in getting good labor. At first I kept the plantation very clean, hoeing the trees and pulling out the weeds, but when the Americans came they so disarranged things that I had to let much of my work go. I have now a little disease among some of the trees, but I think it chiefly comes from the foul condition of the land." Later on I went to Mr. Schuck's house and watched the pulping of the coffee, or the getting the seeds out of the berries. It was a curious sight. The plantation house is a building covering perhaps half an acre, with a heavy thatched roof. It is high up from the ground upon posts, so that you can easily walk under the first floor without touching it with your head. Upon the ground below the house there were about two dozen women, each with a basket of coffee berries and a dirty pan or a worn-out kerchief can before her. They were all brown-skinned, all half naked, and all had teeth as black as the blackest of ink. Some of the women were wrinkled, and there was hardly one that was not disgusting. All were busy. They were working their jaws, making a crunch, crunch, crunch, as they bit into the berries, rolling their tongues around the seeds, chewed off the pulp into the pan. They worked wonderfully fast, making a stream of this spittle flow from their mouths to the pans and grinding away at about six movements of the jaw to the second. I was told that they received about 12 1/2 cents of our money for a gallon of the chewed mixture. This was the result of one day of working, from morning until night, and it seemed to me that they well earned the money.

United States. Prosperity more than anything else appeals to the masses, and with prosperity they are ready to support expansion, sound money and other issues which go to make up the Republican platform. The Great Battle-Ground. The hardest fight of the campaign will be in the Middle West, in Indiana, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio and Illinois, with the chances in favor of the Republicans in each of these states. Prosperity does not appeal to the voters of these states as forcibly as it does to the men of the great West, and the sensational element is working these states for all they are worth. Undoubtedly expansion is the popular issue among the more intelligent classes, as a whole, and sound money appeals to the better judgment of the business classes, but strenuous efforts are being made to create an anti-Republican sentiment among the working classes, and particularly the Germans.

filled. The successor of the late Senator Geary is yet to be named. Wetmore of Rhode Island is likely to return, as is Turley of Tennessee. The others remaining in doubt are: Baker of Kansas, Butler of North Carolina, who is making a strong play for return, McBride of Oregon, Pettigrew of South Dakota, Sewell of New Jersey, and Sullivan of Mississippi. Thurston of Nebraska will not run again. Political leaders have come to realize that the House of Representatives is always in danger of being captured by the opposition party, and some little apprehension is now felt that the Democrats shall gain control in that body as a result of the next election. It is the great mass of fickle voters, ready on the slightest provocation to reverse the vote of the previous election, who make this uncertainty so great, and they are not more to be counted on now than in

disease, so as I kin have some of de fellers ter play wid.—Judge. Papa—Aha! You have disobeyed me. Willie—Hoo-hoo! I tried not to. I ain't my fault. Papa—Not your fault, eh? Willie—No sir, you said: "Don't let me catch you at that again," an' I done my best not to let you.—Philadelphia Press. "What's the matter? Aren't they all right?" "Yes, they're ever so nice; but won't you please put in a few mistakes so that teacher will think I worked them?"—Old State Journal.

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MORO SLAVE GIRLS HULLING COFFEE.