CRATER LAKE, OF THE PHILIPPINES

INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE TAAL VOLCANO AND MANY WONDERS HIDDEN AWAY IN JUNGLES

SAN FRANCISCO DE MALABON, P. I., June 18.—(Special Correspondence.)—Now that the long-deferred tranquillity appears to have come to our American Orient, a geological survey of these islands is likely to be made within a few years. This will bring to light many natural wonders hidden away in the jungles and mountain fastnesses. The location of some of these is already known to many Army officers and enlisted men, who have stumbled upon them in the course of active military operations.

It is not necessary that one should go far from Manila to find scenes and objects which will delight the scientist or pleasure-seeker who may be willing to rough it for a few days, assured that he will be amply repaid for the expenditure of time and a few Mexican pesos.

Start for Volcano of Taal.

It was my good fortune to be permitted to join a scouting party bound for Batangas Province, organized at Indan last February. The detachment was commanded by Captain J. J. O'Connell, Twenty-eighth Infantry. We were joined by Captains Hill and Gilson, of the United States Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Brown, of the Fourth Infantry. Besides the enlisted men, about 20 in number, we had several native guides. Our objective point was incidentally, if practicable, the active volcano of Taal, situated near the center of a large lake of the same name. If we failed to go sightseeing, it would doubtless be for the reason that we had found more insurrectos than we were hunting for on this particular trip. Outward bound we saw only one band of armed natives, who fled as we approached. On our return over the same trail we had a lively brush with Malvar's men—an exciting diversion, while it lasted, after a hard climb toward the top of the palisades from the lake. Our route had been marked out by the commanding officer. We were to go first to Silan, making a detour en route to explore the Cave of the Bats.

We crossed several ravines, in whose warm, damp depths rank tropical verdure afforded conservatory conditions favorable to the growth of orchids and giant begonias. Birds of brilliant plumage flitted here and there, and with all the glee of childhood we watched the really professional gymnastics of a colony of wild monkeys.

No Song Birds in Islands.

Why are there no song birds in the Philippines? A few whistle a note or two, many chirp, some chatter, but of real songsters I have heard none.

Our guide indicated a blind trail to the left after we had ridden about six miles, and into the jungle we plunged. We emerged into the open presently, halted and dismounted on the verge of a heavily timbered ravine. As a precautionary measure, guards were posted, and taking a squad of rifles, we broke our way through vines and bushes until we stood at the dark entrance of the cave into which poured a mountain torrent. The shade was too dense to secure a view even with a time exposure; in fact, most of our attempts at kodakery failed.

Cave of the Bats.

The Cave of the Bats is a tunnel through the base of a hill made wholly by erosion. The flattened arch, resembling artificial work, springs from walls 40 feet apart. From floor to key the distance is about 30 feet. Through its entire extent of nearly 300 feet these proportions hold good. The tunnel is run on the lines of a compound curve. This conformation renders the darkness profound for much of the distance. The strong draught put out our lights and matches as fast as struck. We had no sooner entered the cave and begun the descent, while clinging to the dripping walls, than we were greeted by the squeaky cries of ten thousand bats. The air space was alive with them. The number here set down is not exact—I did not count the beasts.

We could hear the water roaring at our feet over the uneven bottom, but of the depth of the silent pools we had no means of judging. As we approached the exit the light was so blinding that we could not see where we were stepping any more clearly than in the darkness. From the threshold of the terminal portal during the wet season an imposing waterfall tumbles into the gorge below. I should gladly have returned to our horses by some other route, but we were in a boxed canyon and the only way out was by retracing our steps. We found the return a much less difficult task than the descent had been.

Long at Insurrecto's Retreat.

The Cave of the Bats was an insurrecto retreat and stronghold for years, and it is a commentary on Spanish exploration that no Spaniard ever saw this strange place until 1896.

The trail from Silan to Mount Gonzales is uninteresting and runs through a rolling country covered with high, coarse grass with occasional cornfields; but once on the Talisay ridge and a scene, such as nature has not often duplicated on this planet, bursts upon you. Taking one's position near the base of the mountain named, facing the west, by southwest, and imagining oneself on a pivot there is laid out before the beholder along an arc of more than 180 degrees, a view which is the ideal illustration of physical geography; it is a veritable cyclorama which to be fully appreciated, Gonzales should be scaled to the summit. We were content with what we saw on that charming spot, without seeking to sweep the entire circle in the range of vision, possible at a greater elevation.

Crater Lake of the Philippines.

Beginning at the extreme left the eyes traverse quickly the tropical plain of Lipa until the same is broken square off by the sheer walls which rise from the eastern shores of Lake Taal. The lake stretches away to the south while out of the center juts the island whose smoking cones tell of unquenchable subterranean fires. This is the Crater Lake of the Philippines, viewed from an altitude of 1500 feet. This whole lake bed was once a sea of fire and molten lava.

A narrow jungle plain separates it from the China Sea on the southwestern side. The islands of Mindanao and Lubang are descried in the distance.

Turning slowly to the right, the Loc Mountains crown a peninsula which terminates in a natural rampart at the south entrance to Manila Bay. Heavy guns are soon to be mounted there. Corregidor, Pulo Caballo and Traile Rocks loom in the mirage out of reflecting waters. Beyond the bay the Mariveles Mountains with their great forests rise and fall away in billows northward. Manila with her fleets and Cavite with her arsenals and shipyards are in sight. There is the isthmus which divides the Laguna de Bay from the bay proper, and there is the Pasig flowing from the one to the other. We see in this picture the plain, the river, lake, cape, promontory, peninsula, headland, sea, island, bay, mountain, isthmus and an active volcano. Little remains to complete a lesson in physical geography.

A descent of four miles brought us to the miserable village of Talisay, where the lake gunboat Lexington awaited our arrival. She is a tidy launch, bristling with guns, and her men full of fight. We were aboard of her in due time the next morning, and in the early forenoon were ashore on the island and at work climbing toward the crater.

The Crater.

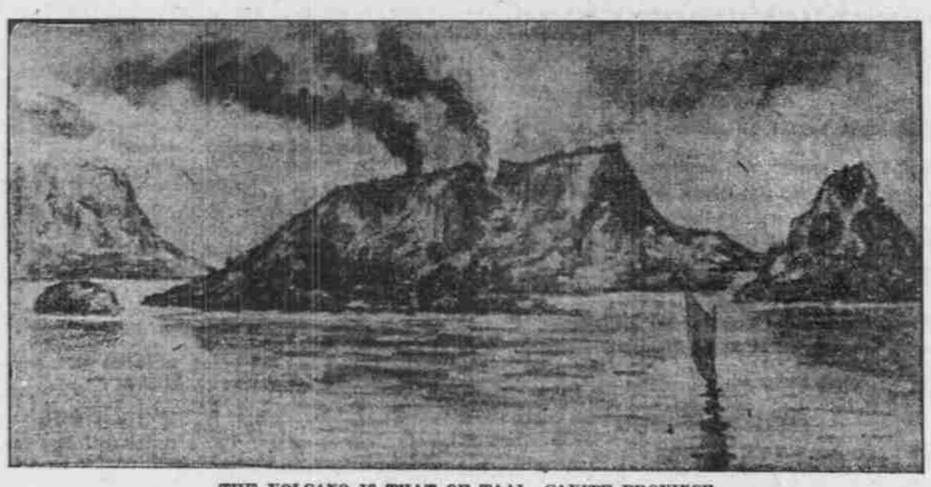
The grand crater is a full mile across a bowl in the summit with a thin, ragged edge of lava and volcanic ashes running all around. It is 500 feet to the bottom of the basin. The floor is wrinkled by a series of concentric ridges at the bases of which lie extensive deposits of green, yellow and white sulphur. These ridges culminate in two vents very near each other, though not directly in the center of the amphitheater. Clouds of smoke and stifling vapors ascend from the funnels.

A majority of our party decided to descend to the very edge of the "blowholes"; I asked to be "counted out." I remained with the guard who were posted along the main ridge to prevent a surprise from any band of insurrectos which might be lurking in the vicinity. The venturesome would rather trust to a volcano than to the tender mercies of the warlike Filipino. Of the wisdom of this choice of two evils I am not quite sure. The exploring party were plainly visible at every step of their progress below. We saw officers and men approach the edge of the black and smoking shafts. A moment later an earthquake shook the mountains. A rumbling sound was distinctly heard, and a tremendous explosion followed. A great cloud of smoke hid officers and men from our view. We caught a glimpse of them a few seconds later. They had begun the return at "double-quick." Some were nearly overcome with the poisonous gases. All were much exhausted when they got out. They had not felt the earthquake, but the noise of the explosion was deafening. Captain Gilson said with mock gravity: "I can never again doubt the existence of hell since I have been there; I shall never go there again, if I can help it."

The volcano of Taal has a written history of more than 200 years. On several occasions it has been destructive to life and property. The original cities of Lipa and Taal were utterly destroyed by an eruption which continued for seven months during the 18th century. Ashes fell in great quantities over wide areas. The natives rightly connect the numerous earthquakes which shake up surrounding provinces with this volcano.

Mr. Foreman, the historian par excellence of the Philippines, devotes pages of his work to an account of the most notable eruptions within authentic time. This forge of Vulcan is 34 miles from Manila as the crow flies. KRAG.

CRATER LAKE OF THE PHILIPPINES.



THE VOLCANO IS THAT OF TAAL, CAVITE PROVINCE.

PENNIES IN HONOLULU.

Advent of the Copper Coin in Hawaii.

Honolulu Star.

The insidious penny has made a landing on these shores. At present its actions are pretty well confined to the Postoffice and its circulation limited to the different departments of that edifice, but pocketbooks that a year ago were never shamed by carrying any meaner metal than gold and silver, often contain nowadays a stray penny, the "copper cent of commerce," little known and less valued this side of the Rockies, but dear to the heart of every New England housewife.

"Penny wise and pound foolish" has never been an Hawaiian motto. It has been "look out for the nickels," not the cents. Copper coinage is not unknown. There have been several editions of pennies of various sizes used for trade and advertising purposes, and sailors have brought the bulkier copper coinage of Europe into port. They have all been regarded as more or less of a curiosity, however, and never seriously entertained as money.

When the Kalaknua coinage was adopted, the "nimble dime," the "collection-box coin," as some wit has dubbed it, was the lowest value considered. As in the days of Leadville and Deadwood, when nothing less than a quarter was passed in currency or so recognized, nickels were introduced here from the outside world. In the western half of the United States the nickel has been usually recognized by the traveler as the equivalent in purchasing power of the English penny or the French 10-centime piece. Street toys, cheap drinks and slot machines were operated or purchased with the nickel in one country, the penny in the other.

The thrifty Englishman split his penny into 4 farthings and marked his goods at 1 shilling and 11-pence 3 farthings a yard, or pound, as the case might be, knowing well that it sounded and looked far less than 2 shillings, and soon the equally thrifty merchant and citizen of the Eastern States took up the same procedure. Two dollars and ninety-nine cents attracted two customers to one at $2. "Marked down" to $11 49 seemed much cheaper than $11 50.

The superfluous pennies were first given to the children for their banks, then saved for the family purse. Cheap car fares helped along the circulation with 3-cent fares. The West stolidly refused to lose its reputation for openhanded liberality and general breadth, and the only compromise effected was to sell certain minor articles at two or three for a nickel. Even today San Francisco is but little affected by the penny except in the Postoffice.

In the earlier days, before Uncle Sam played letter-carrier for the Hawaiian Islands, two 2-cent stamps accompanied by a nickel would bring back a 1-cent stamp from the window in change. Now the law demands that monetary change be given, and the scantiness of the local supply caused a requisition to be issued to Washington. This has gradually scattered, and another requisition is now on the way in the shape of a sack of pennies.

These are issued principally from the window of the money-order and registry department, and after a short circuit come back to the stamp window again. Occasionally a few pennies are passed over the counter of local stores by customers and are placed in the stamp drawer to be later taken to the Postoffice again. Some of them get lost, and others relieve the strain on the parent, uncle and sister's beau who can respond to the appeal of "give me a nickel" with greater alacrity if a lower coinage is deftly introduced. Still others rattle with the assurance of silver into the collection-boxes and are only shamed by an open plate.

None of the stores has at present commenced introducing pennies. Where there is a fraction the customer or the store gets the advantage, according to the percentage, or the usual package of needles and pins fills the deficiency. The still prevalent custom and manuahi forbids any suspicion of stinginess on the part of the dealers. On the other islands there are sufficient of the coins to meet the postal demands, but despite the requisitions of the department, there is little fear of the "marked down to $1 99" becoming a prevalent local practice for some time to come.

PRECIOUS PORCELAIN.

Sevres Plates That Are Worth $750 Each.

London Standard.

The administration of the famous porcelain factory at Sevres, weary of watching the prosperity of fraudulent imitators, while its own business, from the commercial point of view, at all events, languishes, has decided to place itself in direct relations with the public. Hitherto the purchase of modern work from the most renowned of all the European kilns has been a matter of some difficulty, with the result that the annual "turnover" has fallen to something less than 100,000 francs.

The Paris exhibition of 1900, however, gave such a fillip to the trade that orders equivalent to the output of five or six ordinary years were received, and it has at last been realized that those who have something to sell, even when it takes the form of Sevres china, should try to deal directly with the purchaser. A retail shop is therefore to be opened in Paris, into which the wealthy amateur may walk and make his selection, without the trouble of a journey to headquarters. This concession to the ways of the modern world should be assured of success. Enormous quantities of imitation Sevres, well executed, beautifully decorated and furnished with the proper marks are sold every year at prices which are probably little, if at all, smaller than the state manufactory itself would charge for the genuine article.

The collector of china speedily finds—usually by experience as painful to the feelings as it is injurious to the pocket—that to "beware of imitations" is the first lesson he has to learn. Every great style, every esteemed "mark," has been copied by men who are such consummate artists in forgery that even the elect are often in doubt, and are sometimes actually taken in. Dresden and Sevres have both suffered grievous things at the hands of the counterfeiters, but the French national establishment has been particularly unfortunate in this respect. Its unique distinction and the enormous prices commanded by the products of its best period have made it well worth while to copy its designs, to forge its marks and to imitate its beautiful coloring.

To reproduce exactly the exquisite tints obtained by the old pate tendre is a practical impossibility, since even the factory itself has forgotten how to do that; but the more modern and durable, if less artistic, pate dure is more readily dealt with. The amateur collector, however, constantly finds it extremely difficult to distinguish between them, and fraud is thus simplified. Avowed copies of "soft paste" Sevres have been made in the past by English firms of the highest reputation for their own original work, and without any thought of deceit, yet these efforts are today much more easily confounded with the genuine article than the modern French china, excellent as it is, which is deliberately intended to mislead.

The porcelain produced at Sevres is still beautiful and charmingly decorated, as well as being of high technical quality, but the secret of the old "soft paste" which allowed of such exquisite effects of color is no longer available. To make this paste—which is a mixture of fine clay and silex and other materials, while "hard paste" is an amalgamation of china clay and felspar—is not enough. It must be a pure white. The modern imitation has a grayish hue, whereas the white of old Sevres was dazzling. Upon this fragile semi-transparent porcelain the deliciously artificial groups and figures and landscapes of Boucher, Watteau, Lancret and Vanloo were painted, and the perfection of the soft paste at its best, which corresponds roughly to the reign of Mme. de Pompadour, enabled these pictures to blend with the "body" in a manner which no other European porcelain has ever rivaled. It is to this circumstance and to the pure beauty of its delicate colors that Sevres owes its fame.

To look upon the bleu de roi or rose du Barri is an abiding delight, while the modern chemist has never discovered any tint more delicately translucent than Helbot's bleu turquois. The Sevres factory traces its origin back to 1740, but by 1769 its most glorious period was over, and the more utilitarian hard paste ware took the place of the delicate eggshell porcelain, with its tender blues and soft reds, its dainty figures, artificial landscapes and classical scenes, which is now worth a King's ransom. The collection at Windsor has been valued at £100,000, and a single plate of the service, in 744 pieces, which was made for Catherine II of Russia, commands about £150 in the auction-room. The finest examples, however, never come into the market. They are national possessions, locked up in museums and palaces, where even revolutions are powerless to touch them.

What Our Schoolboys Read.

Harper's Weekly.

Does the schoolboy of today know anything of Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, James Russel Lowell and Fitz-Greene Halleck, whose poems his father, or even his elder brother, can recite? He is such a superior young person that we hesitate to question him as to what he really knows and what he has put behind him as belonging to a past age. One often wonders whether he has abandoned the habit of reading everything except the current periodicals and popular novels. If the worthies just mentioned and others of their day have been laid on the shelf, so far as educational purposes are concerned, who are their successors? The modern school education is unquestionably a great advancement over that of even 20 years ago, yet is it not possible that in some ways its attitude is a trifle too iconoclastic? Conservatism and clinging to traditions are in their way excellent habits for a commercial people, and we should be sorry to see the boy of today grow up entirely ignorant of all those things which make fragrant the memories of our own school days.

Miss Margaret Donnelly, of New York, has the unique distinction of being the only elevator girl in the world.

DR. C. K. ADAMS DEAD

EX-COLLEGE PRESIDENT PASSES AWAY IN CALIFORNIA.

End of the Well-Known Eastern Man Was Peaceful—His Widow Is Prostrated.

REDLANDS, Cal., July 26.—Dr. Charles Kendall Adams, ex-president of the University of Wisconsin, died here today of Bright's disease, after a lingering illness, aged 68 years.

(Charles Kendall Adams was born at Derby, Vt., January 24, 1835. He was graduated from the University of Michigan, and later pursued studies in Germany, France and Italy. He was assistant professor in history and Latin at the University of Wisconsin, 1836-7, and professor of history at the same institution, 1867-85. He was president of Cornell University from 1885-1892, in which year he became president of the University of Wisconsin, a position he recently resigned. He was the author of several notable books.)

Mrs. Adams Is Prostrated.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 26.—Mrs. Adams, who was exhausted by her month's care of her husband, is prostrated by his death. Dr. Adams had been ailing for several years. While president of the University of Wisconsin, he was granted a long leave of absence, and went to Europe, where he seemed to recuperate. Shortly after returning to his work at the University of Wisconsin about a year ago, the ailment which affected him soon told upon his system, and at the end of a few months he resigned and went to California. The end was painless, and was the result of a relapse similar to many which had occurred during the past week, each one of which took away a little more strength than it was possible for the pain-racked body to restore. For the greater part of several days before his death Dr. Adams was in a semi-conscious condition.

An Old Resident of Weiser.

WEISER, Idaho, July 26.—(Special.)—A telegram was received here today from John Cobb, from Portland, stating that his sister, Lizzie Cobb, an old resident of Weiser, had died in that city Friday evening of rheumatism of the heart. Miss Cobb had gone to Portland to receive treatment for the disease, but it was unavailing. The remains will arrive in the morning and be interred in Weiser cemetery under the auspices of the Odd Fellows, of which order Mr. Cobb is a member. Miss Cobb was a member of one of the most prominent families in the city.

A. S. Patterson, of Eugene.

EUGENE, Or., July 26.—A. S. Patterson, ex-Treasurer of Lane County, ex-Postmaster of Eugene, an early-day business man, and an Oregon pioneer of 1853, died at his home in this city this morning. He was aged 78 years. He was married May 7, 1863, to Sarah E. Christian, of this city, who, with three sons, Alonzo, Percy and John, were present at the time of his death. He was one of the oldest members of Eugene Lodge, No. 11, A. F. & A. M., under whose auspices the funeral services will be held tomorrow at 2:30 P. M.

Pioneer Prineville Merchant.

PRINEVILLE, July 26.—(Special.)—The funeral of C. L. Salomon took place Thursday. Last Sunday Mr. Salomon was the victim of a runaway accident at John Haight's place, about 40 miles north of here, in which three of his horses were killed and the wagons badly broken up. He was brought home, but only lived a few hours after arriving here. He was one of the pioneer merchants of the town, having been in business here for the past 15 years. He formerly lived in Salem. He left a wife and four children.

Funeral of Mrs. I. W. Ward.

PRINEVILLE, July 26.—(Special.)—The funeral of Mrs. I. W. Ward, prominent in social circles here for years and a member of one of the oldest pioneer families in the county, occurred yesterday, and the news of her sudden death in The Dalles Tuesday morning cast a pall of sadness over the entire community.

SAENGERFEST AT SEATTLE.

Well-Known Portland Singers Take Prominent Parts.

SEATTLE, Wash., July 26.—The saengerfest now in progress is the best attended of any similar gathering ever held in the Northwest. Singers are here from Portland, Tacoma, Spokane, Walla Walla and Whatcom. The concert given tonight at the Seattle Theater was an unqualified success. The singing of a grand male chorus of 200 voices was the feature. The solo work of Mme. D'Auria, of Seattle, and Paul Wessinger, of Portland, was especially fine, and the piano solo by Mrs. Beatrice Barlow Dierke, of Portland, was of high class. A grand concert will be given at Madison Park, on Lake Washington, tomorrow afternoon, at which the societies of the different cities will sing. The business meeting will be held tomorrow morning. Spokane will likely be chosen as the next place of meeting.

Bather's Close Call From Drowning.

WEISER, Idaho, July 26.—(Special.)—Harry Williams, day operator at the Oregon Short Line depot in this city, had a narrow escape from drowning last evening while bathing in the Weiser River. Williams, who cannot swim, got beyond his depth, and had sunk for the third time before being noticed by his companions. They immediately went to his rescue and pulled him ashore, where, after a great deal of labor, he was restored to consciousness.

Dr. Richardson, of Stanford.

BALTIMORE, July 26.—Dr. George Mann Richardson, a member of the faculty of Leland Stanford University, of California, died today at the Union Protestant Infirmary. The cause of death was blood-poisoning. The patient had been very low for a week or more, and his life was given up by the physicians. His condition, however, remained unchanged day after day until yesterday, when he began to sink. His wife and mother were continually with him during his last illness. Dr. Richardson has been an inmate of the infirmary since the latter part of May. He suffered from tuberculosis and underwent three operations. The disease at last became general, and Dr. Richardson became afflicted with general tubercular poisoning. He was 38 years of age.

Delegates to Mining Congress.

OLYMPIA, Wash., July 26.—Governor McBride has appointed L. A. Woodward, of Clarkston; John E. Slater, of Colville; W. A. Gray, of Winlock, and L. E. Armstrong, of Spokane, as delegates to the International Mining Congress, to convene at Butte, Mont., September 1. In all there will be 30 delegates appointed by the Governor, and mining men in the state who are interested and desire to attend the congress at Butte can have their names considered by addressing the Governor.

Tacoma Man Charged With Forgery.

VALLEJO, Cal., July 26.—Roy S. Garlick, formerly of Tacoma, Wash., was arrested today on the charge of forging a check for $100. Garlick is steward at the Mare Island Hospital.

Fire at Aberdeen.

ABERDEEN, Wash., July 26.—(Special.)—At 1 P. M. fire, supposed to have come from West's pit, ignited McWhinney's shipyards, and the whole plant is now consumed. Fortunately the last schooner built by them had been launched a few days ago. The damage is about $10,000.

Regulars Back From Encampment.

VANCOUVER, Wash., July 26.—(Special.)—The Twenty-sixth Battery, Light Artillery, returned today from a week's practice march to Albany, Or., where it took part in the encampment of the Oregon National Guard. The boys were tired and dusty from their trip, but were in good spirits and reported a good time.

REST FROM THE WORLD

Women of Fashion Who Seek Religious Retreats.

New York Tribune.

At first sight there is something incongruous between the strenuous and often worldly life of the average woman of leisure and the religious retreat, yet the number of women who each year escape to the cloister for rest and spiritual refreshment prove that the retreat meets a need that clubs and society and even family life do not altogether satisfy.

Under the name of "quiet days," retreats of a day are held in several New York High Episcopal churches. These quiet days are given at the churches of St. Mary the Virgin and the Church of the Holy Communion, to mention only two; also at St. John Baptist House, the mother house of the Sisterhood of St. John the Baptist, in East Seventeenth street, and at the convent school of the Sisters of St. Mary, in East Forty-sixth street. Devotions begin at an early hour and continue till the late afternoon, broken only by a period for luncheon, which is generally served in the refectory of the convent of the clergy house.

At St. John Baptist House and St. Mary's School there are, in addition to the quiet days, annual retreats at Advent and Lent, lasting three or four days. St. Gabriel's Convent, at Peekskill, on the Hudson, belonging to the Sisterhood of St. Mary, is a favorite place with New Yorkers for retreats, and here an annual retreat of four days is held in June, Lent coming too early in the year to make a retreat in the country at that time practicable.

The Anglican Church.

The institution of retreats is coeval with monasticism, but in the Anglican Church it seems to have originated about 1872, in which year the evangelist fathers of Cowley held 21 retreats in various parts of England. The formation of numerous religious communities has tended to increase the scope and popularity of the retreat as a spiritual exercise and a means of deepening the religious life.

A retreat should be a time of perfect solitude. During it the visitors are expected to lay aside all worldly thoughts and cares and lead the life of the community. There must be no receiving or writing of letters; if books are read, these must be solely upon religious topics; companionship and unnecessary talking must be shunned; all wandering thoughts of work and the world, of pleasure and ambition, must be rigidly checked.

For the rich woman who goes on a retreat—and poor women can seldom spare the time—all this is in sharp contrast to her usual life. Instead of rising at 11 or 12 o'clock, and spending an hour in the hands of her maid before facing the duties of the new day, she is expected to be up and dressed by 7 o'clock, and ready for an instruction in the chapel, followed by the holy communion. Early as it is, the life of the community around her will have begun to stir a good two hours earlier, for the Sisters and novices have probably arisen at 5 o'clock to sing Lauds and Prime as initial links in the long chain of devotions that is to encircle the day. From these earliest offices, however, the visitors are excused.

Meals and Meditation.

By the time breakfast is served in the convent refectory, at 8 or 8:30 o'clock, my lady will be pretty hungry. Then, fortified by a plain meal, she will return to the chapel for Matins at 9 o'clock; Tierce, with an address, at 10 o'clock, followed by an hour's meditation; at 12 o'clock, Sext, followed by a short instruction. Dinner and recreation will occupy the time from 1 till 4 o'clock, then back to the chapel for Nones, with an address and hour for meditation, and then Evensong at 6. At 7 o'clock tea, or supper, is served.

Two more services remain to complete the day—Vespers, which come about 7:30 o'clock, and are accompanied with an address and followed by an hour's meditation, and then, finally, Compline, which is sung at 9:30 o'clock, and is the benediction of the day. And so to bed, in the small, cell-like chamber, bare of frivolities and luxuries, but containing invariably a prie-dieu and crucifix and one or more pictures of a devotional character, to arrest and instruct the worldly mind. Silence is an integral factor of the retreat. This in itself imposes no light penance on the average woman. At meals a book is passed in some convents from one to another to be read aloud in turn; and the visitors are warned beforehand not to become so absorbed in their food that they cannot follow the reading intelligently.

Upon entering a retreat, a profession of purpose is often required to be signed by each visitor, in which, "kneeling in the presence of God," she defines the ends to be sought and her own relation to God, the church and the world. This profession of purpose is a very solemn and impressive formula. A resolution in writing is also expected from each visitor, and in this she is to state a definite sin or fault to which she is prone—such as selfishness, or bad temper, over-indulgence in things to eat or drink—and register the resolution to conquer it, "kneeling in the presence of God." As the purpose of the retreat is not to teach new truths but to give a new vein of life, ample provision is made for self-examination, meditation and contemplation, and many opportunities are offered and must be embraced for personal counsel and instruction from the priest who preaches at the retreat.

No Commercialism.

To the average churchwoman the terms Lauds, Prime and the others will be new, but in reality they are old, dating back to mediaeval church. They are intended to symbolize the seven and chief events in the Passion of Our Lord, thus bringing to pass the saying of the Psalmist, "Seven times in the day will I praise thee, O Lord." Lauds, which rightfully should be sung at midnight, and Prime, symbolize the going forth to bear the cross; Tierce, the hour of the cock's crowing in the hall and the denial of the Master by Peter; Sext, the hour when he was nailed to the cross; Nones, the hour when he died; Vespers, the removal from the cross; Compline, the hour when he was laid in the grave.

One conspicuous thing about retreats is the total absence of commercialism in them. The sisters exact no payment for their hospitality, nor the priest for his ministrations. Whoever cares to join a retreat in the right spirit of reverence and earnestness may do so. Those who can afford it make an offering before returning into the world, according to their means, but this is looked upon as a gift rather than the payment of a debt.

A Cornish Dustfall.

London Telegraph.

In the course of a paper on "The Cornish Dustfall of January, 1902," read before the Royal Meteorological Society at 70 Victoria street yesterday, Mr. H. R. Mill said that since the Krakatoa eruption in 1883, when the volcanic dust thrown into the air made itself apparent for many months all over the world in a long series of brilliant sunsets, the most remarkable instance of far-traveled dust was that which occurred in March, 1901. In Italy the rain fell so thickly charged with red sand that the peasants took it for blood and became panic-stricken. For three days the dust cloud traveled northward over central Europe, substantial traces falling as far north as the Danish Islands, and instances in which it reached parts of England and Scotland had been recorded. A large quantity of similar dust fell about January 21 last in Cornwall over an area of 2000 square miles, and the conclusion seemed to be that about this time the atmosphere over the extreme west of Europe consisted of air which had come from the African deserts, carrying with it a quantity of fine dust, of which a mere vestige—some 100,000 tons or so—had been caught in its tail and carried to the shores of the channel. There seemed to be little doubt that the farmers of the west of England had this spring plowed many tons of the sand of Sahara into their furrows.

He Could Be Worked but Once.

Washington Post.

Representative Williams, of Mississippi, gave a practical illustration, the other afternoon of the truth of an old story.

It is a legend in theatrical circles that once upon a time a super in a Roman mob fell fainting from hunger just as Virginius stabbed his daughter to save her honor. Angry that the scene had been spoiled by the unexpected collapse of the super, the tragedian called the man to him and demanded an explanation. "I was so overcome by your magnificent acting," said the super, unwilling to confess his hunger, "that I fainted." Thereupon the happy and appreciative tragedian gave him $10. The next night, when Virginius raised his dagger, all the supers immediately fell to the floor.

So much for the dramatic tradition. Now, the other night, while Representative Williams was eating his dinner in a restaurant, there entered a newsboy who had a plaintive tale of inability to sell his papers. One man at the table give him a car ticket, another gave him a dime, but Mr. Williams, who was feeling good over his Philippine speech in the House, gave the boy a dollar and told him to go home. The boy hurried off, but presently the restaurant filled with newsboys. They seemed to spring up out of the earth, and they all had some sorrowful story to pour into Mr. Williams' ear.

Williams looked over the assembled throng. "Boys," he said, "I am sorry for all of you, but you don't get a cent unless you can get that other boy to divide."

Royal Pedigrees.

London Truth.

Some years ago I had a little passage-at-arms with a gentleman who was prepared to prove the royal descent of almost any man in the street for a payment of £10 down. When I hinted some doubt of his bona fides he called upon me and showed by a fairly plausible argument that almost everybody has royal blood in his veins if he only knew it. When you remember, on the one hand, that you had two grandfathers and two grandmothers, eight ancestors in the previous generation, 16 in the generation before that, and so on, and, on the other, that as you go back the population of the country decreases—at the time of the Conquest it was probably not a tenth of what it is now—you can easily see that the present inhabitants of these islands could not all be supplied with ancestors unless the same people were used over and over again. Each ancestor must, in fact, do duty for so many descendants that the probability is that we all of us have a great many of them in common. That is why the majority of people have royal progenitors somewhere in the dim vista of the past.

Gout in the United States.

Medical Record.

A paper read before the American Medical Association by Dr. Thomas B. Futcher, of Baltimore, is summarized as follows: Gout in the United States is undoubtedly more common than is generally supposed. Out of 13,400 medical cases admitted to Dr. Osler's medical wards in the Johns Hopkins Hospital during a period of 13 years, there were 35 gout cases, or 0.24 per cent of the total number of cases. For the same number of years at St. Bartholomew's Hospital there were 116 gout cases out of a total of 31,100 medical admissions, or 0.37 per cent of the cases. Thus, among hospital patients gout is only about one-third more frequent in London than in Baltimore. All the 35 cases were in white males. The largest number of cases occurred in the fifth decade. Twenty-seven of the patients were native-born Americans. The majority of cases appeared to have earned rather than have acquired their gout. Alcohol and lead seemed to be the most potent predisposing etiological factor.

Republican State Conventions.

New York Commercial Advertiser.

These conventions have pronounced, not for a beet-sugar interpretation of Republican policy, but for that policy as championed by Theodore Roosevelt. We have no doubt as to the attitude of the conventions yet to assemble. The future delegates in various states have had the advantage of more extended observation of the "insurgents" at Washington than some previous conventions had. They now see clearly that the President is engaged in trying to accomplish Republican policy in the face of opposition from some members of his own political party, and they will loyally support him in that purpose.

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