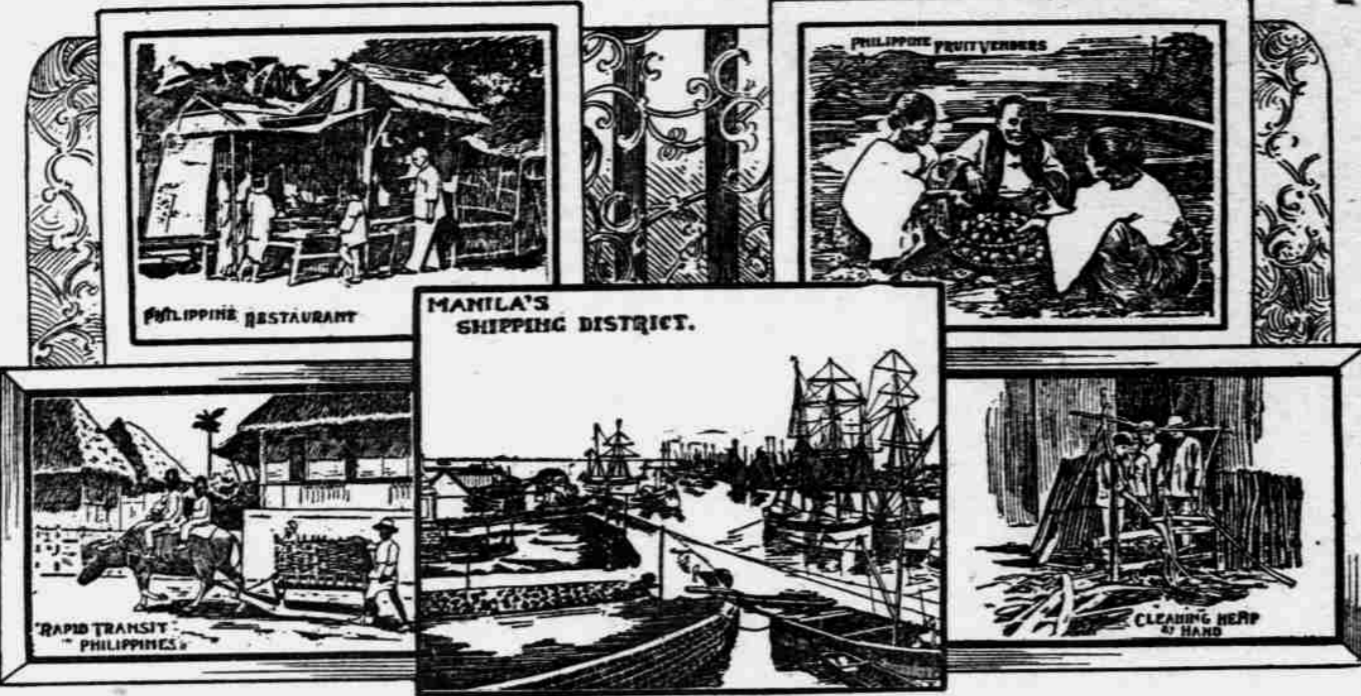


SLEEPY MANILA

Little Improvement Since the Invasion by American Forces.



MORE than four years have elapsed since the invasion of the Philippines by the American forces. One would imagine, writes a correspondent, that in that time the natives would have picked up and clung to many of the manners, customs and habits of their white-faced brethren from over the seas. But such is not the case. The American has infused no fresher blood into the ways of business. He tried it for a while and then sat down under the shade of a tree and rested just as the Filipino does. It is true that sanitary conditions have been improved somewhat; that mercantile establishments display their goods more attractively than before; that American money is commoner than Spanish coin; that some of the women who travel the streets peddling fruits, tortillas and tamales have been induced to wear shoes; that Kentucky whiskies and spirits made in cellars of Chicago and Denver saloons have, in a measure, substituted the native drink, but otherwise Manila is the same old sleepy, indolent, care-free town that it was ten years ago and will be twenty years hence.

Perhaps when peace is permanently established with all the islands Americans will be more conspicuous, but as a matter of fact little American capital is being invested. There have been prospectors and men with money to land here looking for places to put in some cash. But in nearly every instance they have returned home with all they had when they left, except, of course, that which they spent for passage and food. The price of all foodstuffs has risen correspondingly with the reported advances in America. No one in ordinary circumstances can afford to patronize the better class of restaurants, and as for beefsteak such as one could get in the cheaper restaurants in Chicago they are not here at all. Pork chops are almost unknown, stuff that is called veal tastes like boiled shoestrings, and as for lamb and mutton the meat smells like a dog pound and has a favor that is a cross between dogwood blossoms and a bunch of jimson weeds.

Here one engaged in business usually reaches his office about 8 o'clock; at noon he has lunch, after which he takes a "nap," lasting for two or three hours.

All traffic is practically suspended between 12 and 4 o'clock p. m. Later comes dinner parties, that is among the rich. The hour is 8 o'clock. Calls are seldom if ever made except among the closest friends after that time, but are confined to the earlier hours of the evening, when chocolate is served by the lady of the house.

THE CONCEITED COINS.

"I'm just as good as silver!"
The Nickel proudly cried:
"The head of Madam Liberty
Is stamped upon my side,
I am as white and shining
As any dime can be—
He needn't put on any airs,
I'm twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!"
The Penny blustered loud;
"That tiny, thin, gold dollar—
He needn't feel so proud,
For all his airs and graces
I do not give a fig,
I'm burlier just as bright as he,
And half again as big!"

But when the Cent and Nickel
Went out upon their way,
Alas, the world still held them cheap,
Whatever they might say.
The Double Eagle smiled, "You'll find,
He said, 'that par is par;
It doesn't matter how you boast,
But what you really are."
—The Outlook.

DEMON DANDY

DURING his visit to the Huntingtons he had fallen hopelessly in love with the beautiful and imperious sister of his host. It was the night before the sale that the subject of the Offington horse sale was broached by Huntingdon.

"I see they are going to put up that brute Demon Dandy," he began innocently.

"Why brute?" queried Diana.

Bellaire, for her benefit, recounted the history of Demon Dandy's exploits.

When he had finished the harrowing recital with a thrilling account of how Demon had besieged a stableman in the loft for a space of twelve hours, and how he had kicked two loose boxes into matchwood in the same space of time, Diana Huntingdon lifted her glorious dark eyes to his.

"I think I should like to buy that horse," she said.

"My dear Diana," expostulated her brother.

"Don't think of it," said Mr. Bellaire. Diana had a will of her own. This slight but ill-timed opposition called it into life.

"I'm sure I should like to buy that horse," she reiterated, with a rising color.

More opposition followed from the men.

Her brother grew angry at the idea, while Bellaire, who would himself mount and ride anything between a buck-jumper and a zebra, grew alarmed and almost angry with her, whom he worshipped in private as almost a divinity.

"I am going to buy that horse," said Diana Huntingdon at last, with an angry flash in her eyes.

Then out of his love and fear for her Bellaire forgot his manners, which, as a general rule, were perfect. Worse still, he also forgot diplomacy.

"I don't think you will succeed," he said, coolly.

Then a hot flush came up from his boots, till he blushed in agony to the crown of his head.

"Indeed?" replied the girl, with a note of scornful interrogation in her voice that caused his heart to sink within him.

"I am thinking of buying him myself," said Bellaire, desperately.

"Indeed?" replied Diana, with an almost imperceptible lift of her eye brows.

"To shoot—" exclaimed Bellaire. "An angry flush crept across her face as she swept from the room, gazing angrily before her."

"You're quite right, Jack," said Huntingdon, sympathetically, as his friend returned disconsolately to the table. "But I'm afraid you've upset Di; she's a bit short-tempered, you know. Do you really mean to buy the brute?"

"I do," replied Bellaire, "and to ride him, too."

And he did.
Diana did not appear at the sale the next day, neither did she put in an appearance at the dinner table. Wherefore, in the evening, Mr. Bellaire ordered the dogcart, bade his friend farewell, and returned to his home with a sorrowful heart.

A year elapsed and found him still sorrowful.

All his male friends declared him to have become a misogynist, while all his acquaintances of the softer sex, who might have been his friends but for this painful peculiarity, declared that he was a heartless brute.

The peculiarity was made all the more unbearable to the eligible damsels of Burghminster society by the fact that Jack was considered a good "catch."

Burghminster beauty might have been the blackened optics of a borough amazon, so small their attractions to the stony-hearted Bellaire.

He now took long objectless rides alone on Demon Dandy, whose natural depravity of character had almost disappeared under the influence of a long course of these rides. Sometimes, in the course of these rides, he would pass him with a cold and distant bow, and who, when he was safely out of sight, would indulge in the feminine luxury of tears.

Bellaire, having no tears, would, by touching Demon Dandy with the spur, incite him to rebellion.

The fights that followed were of benefit both to man and horse.

Nevertheless, every time he met Diana Huntingdon she could not help noticing that he was growing thinner and paler.

He, too, thought the same of her, till, one occasion, the thought proved too much for him.

She had just disappeared round a bend in the leafy lane, walking slowly and with drooping head.

Bellaire, overcome by his feelings, clapped both spurs into Demon Dandy, a direct challenge for an equine struggle of the most violent character.

Demon Dandy answered the challenge by rearing wildly, then falling backwards with a heavy crash on to his master.

Bellaire was conscious of a glimpse of Demon Dandy's nose against the sky. Then a flash passed before his eyes and he knew no more.

When he came to himself he found his lost divinity bending over him.

He had a vague idea that she was calling him "Jack" and her "boy."

A half hour elapsed.

Bellaire said little. He just lay there happily, explaining matters and recovering his breath.

"It is just as well that I did not let you buy Demon Dandy," he said at last.

"Just as well, dearest, since you are not killed," said Diana. "But you will not ride him again?"

"I won't," ejaculated Bellaire, fervently.—Chicago Tribune.

An "Essential Oil."
Ernest Ingersoll is as quick at repartee as he is keen in his observation of nature. It happened some time ago that his daughter asked him a question concerning the difference between essential and fixed oils. He explained at some length.

"Well," said she, "to which class does skunk's oil belong?"

"To both," was the prompt rejoinder. "It's essential to the skunk and fixed on the man."—New York Times.

Opportunity is said to knock at every man's door, but it is the usual experience that he throws a poster over the gate and runs by.

STRANGE.



Old Hen (seeing her brood go in water for first time)—Well, that's queer. I am sure we never did anything like that when I was young.—Chicago American.

WEST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Belief in the Vampire and in the "Rolling Calif."

The French islands have two superstitions which are not found in some others of the West Indies. These are a belief in a sort of werewolf or vampire, which lives on the blood of wayfarers, upon whom it leaps when they are abroad in the nighttime, or of sleepers whom it finds in lonely huts; and a second belief in what is known as the British Islands as the "rolling calif," a monster with blazing eyes, which prowls at night, clanking a chain which hangs about its neck, and at whose touch men die. The following description is given of the typical obeh-man:

"There is something so indescribably sinister about an obeh-man's appearance that he can always be picked out by anybody who has had much to do with negroes. Dirty, ragged, unkempt, diseased, deformed, there is yet about him an air of cunning authority. His small, cruel, piercing eyes peer viciously at the witnesses arrayed against him in court, for all the world like those of a cornered rat. Black men may be seen to turn as gray as ash under the terror of his terrible gaze, and often it is only with the greatest difficulty that incriminating evidence can be dragged out of them. The wizard's awesome presence, however, does not appal an unimpaired British judge. He orders him "twelve months' hard" and a sound flogging. Frequently the obeh-man appeals against his sentence to the higher court, and in Jamaica it is not at all unusual for him to get off on some technical point, owing to the defective drafting of the law. Of course, he procures freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened."

British law punishes obeh with flogging and imprisonment. Nevertheless, obeh is practiced by the white planters almost as a matter of necessity in order to frighten the negroes and prevent them from stealing the produce of the plantations.

You may walk through your friend's "coco-plant" or banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on the top of a stick, a small bottle of dead o'clock roaches on a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hullo, old man!" you say; "working obeh—eh? I'll come and see you flogged at the jail." He tries to laugh it off shamefacedly, saying there is really no other way to make "those wretched niggers" keep their thieving hands off the crops. That is true. It is needless, however, to go to the trouble of placing these things about the plantation. If some night prowler has stolen your best yams or bananas, all you need do is to say next morning in the hearing of the negroes, "It's all right; I don't care. I've got the foot-print." You will see them whisper among themselves in an awestricken way, and presently one will come up to you, nearly weeping with terror, and confess himself the thief.

The superstition is that if you dig out the earth upon which the robber has impressed his foot and throw it into the fire he will waste away and die unless he gives himself up and asks his punishment.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Golden Fleece.
The King of Spain has conferred the order of the Golden Fleece on the Prince of Wales. The boy King is the factor one of the grand masters of the order which was instituted at Bruges, by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, who was styled "the Good," as far back as February 10, 1429. The other grand master of the order is, of course, the Emperor of Austria. The Fleece went to the Hapsburgs "by arrangement," after the death of Charles of Burgundy, the "fighting Temeraire," in 1477, by the marriage of Mary of Burgundy towards Emperor Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Germany. So it got to Spain. When the line of the Spanish Hapsburgs became extinct, Austria claimed the sole grand mastership, and diplomacy had to intervene. In the result, the grand mastership became a dual affair. To wear the Golden Fleece of Austria you must be a sovereign, a prince of a reigning house, or a most illustrious noble. Presumably, you must also profess the old religion. On the latter point Spain is less exacting.

Ripening of Cheese.
A hitherto unknown element in milk, a new ferment, has been discovered, called galactose, which is proving of value in the ripening of cheese. The properties of this ferment are similar to the secretion of the pancreatic organ in the human body. Old cheese is a pre-digested food, and the digestion wrought by the galactose. It was found that the galactose would go on working at very low temperatures, temperatures at which bacteria were practically inert. Cheese was put into refrigerators and kept frozen for months. Other cheese was kept just above the freezing point. It was found that the finest cheese is cured at from 40 to 50 degrees Fahrenheit. Practical cheese manufacturers had maintained that 50 degrees was the lowest temperature at which cheese could be worked without becoming bitter and worthless. The new discovery will, it is believed, revolutionize cheese manufacture, doing away with all curing-rooms, the cheese being sent directly to the refrigerator.—Scribner's.

Substitute for Sleep.
A London paper says that the health of a people in fashionable society is being dangerously threatened by a new drug which is popularly regarded as a substitute for sleep. Very discreetly it declines to name this dangerous substance. When tea was first introduced into Europe it was commended for the same virtue, and it was believed that it would no longer be necessary to waste seven or eight hours in sleep. But extended experience has shown the disastrous results of cutting short the period of natural rest and keeping awake by the help of tea, and there is no reason to suppose that chemists will ever be able to devise any substitute for sleep which will not in the long run bring nervous breakdown.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

Ham smells better when it is frying than it tastes when brought to the table.

HOW TO FORETELL THE THUNDERSTORM

THE weather man does not keep all his wisdom a secret, nor all the tricks of his maps. They are yours and all the world's for the reading. The "weather man" has pointed out the atmospheric conditions, and the features of the sky and the clouds, and the time of day which must be taken into consideration when attempting to forecast the approach of a storm, and which, if rightly interpreted, are certain signs. The leading conditions to be considered are the aspect of the western horizon, the presence or absence of the cirrus and cirrus stratus clouds, the temperature, with sultriness and humidity, and the distance from the turning point in the day's temperature. If these different conditions are correctly understood there should be no difficulty, he says, in foretelling a thunderstorm.

There is one feature of an uncertainty, however, about the actual appearance of a storm correctly predicted, and this is due to the fact that all thunderstorms are distinctly local features, having to do with extremely limited areas, and all of short duration. This renders it possible for one to see a storm coming and really on its way, but to be disappointed of its arrival in one's own locality. Its energy has been spent before it has had time to come sufficiently far. Thunderstorms rarely cover more than thirty to forty miles in a stretch, generally no more than eight miles, while some are much shorter. A hailstorm, which always signifies the expenditure of tremendous force, seldom covers more than one-eighth of a mile. Less severe storms are sometimes no longer. In looking for a storm the western sky is the only sky point of value. This is because storms always have been known to travel from west to east. If you see a storm due north or due south, it is more than probable that it will not reach your locality, but if it is due west or west of north, or perhaps west of south, you may look for its arrival unless it should happen to expend its energies on the way before reaching you.

Look Out for Mares' Tails.

The clouds which foretell a storm are the cirrus clouds, "mares' tails" the country folk call them—hair-like shreds threaded across the heavens, later gathering into the cirrus stratus, white and gray cloud sheets, which are the true rain clouds. The atmosphere is always heated with a sultry humidity. It is warm and moist, thick, heavy, muggy. It sometimes feels wet. People often then speak of "feeling" the rain in the air. There is rarely any wind preceding a storm for any length of time; the air is exceptionally still. As the tempest approaches nearer, however, a soft, thick, "wet" sort of "whirl" characteristic as a harbinger of the rainstorm at its heels, is felt stirring abroad. This is most familiar to all those who have made a study of weather conditions and as easy of recognition as the awful crackles of the weather prophet monstrosities on feet. The time of day when a rain is most likely to fall is about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or again between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. These are the two turning points in the day's temperature. At 3 o'clock the maximum heat usually has been reached for afternoon, while at night the coolness has thoroughly set in. In case of a succession of thunderstorms they usually occur about twenty-four hours apart, that being apparently the time necessary for them to accumulate sufficient moisture to break. So, if a storm series begins in the afternoon, the remainder of the series will likely take place in the afternoon, while if it begins at night the storms are likely to continue to be at night.

It is considerably easier to foretell accurately the arrival of a thunderstorm than to explain it after it has come. Wiser than any man now known would be he who could follow understandingly the magical metamorphosis of the charming summer landscape, with its lake like glass and air as motionless as marble, from the time the first misty sultriness arises as the threatening breezes begin to stir; as the sky darkens frowningly the winds break boisterously from their fetters, and the clouds stream pour out in cataracts, and the fires of heaven illuminate the tempestuous night with their terrible play. And finally, as the elements again calm themselves, the sun breaks out and revived nature becomes doubly lovely.

First Sign of Storm.

The first clue to the mystery of a storm comes from water. If a glass of water is stood on a window sill on a hot day it gradually evaporates. The hot, dry air sucks it up. Similarly the hot, dry air above a large body of water sucks up its water, transforming it into a fine vapor, which imparts a mistiness to the atmosphere. The distant atmosphere now gradually screens itself in a veil of vapor, which becomes thicker and thicker, and thus the next phenomenon in a thunder storm. Every one knows that when steam comes in contact with cold objects it condenses, finally forming tiny drops and resuming its original form of water. In the same way on a warm summer afternoon the upper layers of the atmosphere are cooler than those immediately above the earth. Hence the lighter vapors rising as they come in contact with the cool air condense, thickening into the form of clouds, which are nothing else than condensed steam. The particles of water forming the clouds are so minute and light that they float in the air. The movements of the vapor as it rises and the action of the cooler upper strata of air upon it generates currents of air, the wind. This at first is just strong enough to ripple the surface of the water and stir the foliage of the trees. In the meantime, another element is at work. Every one presupposes an accumulation of electricity at a thunder storm. Electricity is present in the atmosphere all the time, but, as has been observed, it is always more powerful when any strong perpendicular currents of air are in action, such as cyclones, tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, waterspouts, thunder storms. Electrical manifestations are always accompanied by the downpour of water. This means that the condensation of vapor is closely connected with electricity. Why is it not an instance of electricity generated by friction? But two pieces of paper vigorously against each other and electricity is generated. Open the safety valve of a steam engine giving out vapor and electricity is produced by the friction of the steam and valve. In a thunder storm electricity may thus be generated by the friction of individual particles of water which have been driven about by the wind.

Lightning Flashes 17,000 Yards.

Flashes a thousand yards long are not rare, while those 10,000 and 17,000 yards in length have been seen. The vast force of these long flashes may be guessed at when it is known that a streak a yard and a half long is the largest that our stoutest apparatus permits our eyes to inspect. Besides the familiar destruction of the bolt in houses, trees, breast, and man, it has been known to charge iron fences with magnetism. A single flash, as a scientific man has calculated, if utilized with customary illuminating apparatus, would yield enough power to light a city for a month.

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TWAIN WANTED TO BE A PILOT.

Sad Ending to Cherished Ambition of the Noted Humorist.
An interesting yarn recently spun by an old St. Louis riverman seems to be a solution to the long-mooted question as to why Mark Twain never followed out his cherished ambition of becoming a Mississippi river pilot.

According to the old man Mark Twain never became a pilot watch alone. In other words, while he had a pilot's license, his mastery of the great river craft upon which he rode was always limited by the understanding that an older and more experienced head was within easy call. This was no discredit to the young pilot. On the occasion in question, it matters not what the year of boat, the steamer to which young Clemens was attached as cut pilot was bound up stream with a heavy cargo of cotton.

At the officers' table the first day out from Natchez, Miss., the talk turned upon what to do in sudden emergencies, and especially in case of fire on a steamer loaded with cotton. The matter was discussed in all its bearings, each of those present giving his ideas upon the subject. Mark Twain, like most of the others, held to the notion that it was the pilot's duty in such an emergency to emulate the now famous Jim Bludso and "hold her nose to the bank till the last galoot's ashore."

Immediately after dinner Clemens went to the pilot house to stand his watch.

Among those at the table was the assistant engineer, a young man whose experience of life had taught him to doubt the ability of human nature to carry out the projects of its more boastful moments. He went below at the same time that Mark Twain went aloft, but the two continued to think of the conversation just closed. The more the engineer thought about it the less certain he was disposed to give to the cut pilot's scheme, however nice it might appear in poetry or the newspapers.

As everyone knows the pilot house and engine room of a steamboat are connected, not only with bells for signaling, but with a speaking tube, through which the important functionaries who operate above and below can discuss the weather and politics in their spare moment. The mouth of the tube at the upper end is but little larger than the human mouth, but in the engine room it has shape of a funnel as big as a half-bushel measure. While the assistant engineer was pondering the emergency question he was also wiping off a portion of the machinery with a bunch of cotton waste, and as he reached the mouth of the speaking tube it was the work of but a moment to touch a match to the inflammable material in his hand and thrust it far into the tube.

No one saw the act, but everybody on board heard from it in about a minute. Mark Twain, alone in the pilot house and still pondering the dire things he had heard of burning steamboats, especially when they happened to be loaded with cotton, was horrified to see smoke pouring from his end of the speaking tube.

There was but one thought in his mind. The boat was on fire. Dropping the wheel, which spun around and around as it left his hand, he grasped the rope by which the big bell was



MARK TWAIN.

sounded and began pulling like a sexton, at the same time raising his voice in a cry of "Fire! Fire! The boat's a-fire!" Here the officers of the boat and the passengers are said to have found him, after hurriedly ascertaining that the alarm was false, still valorously determined to "save the ship." The boat, relieved of the rudder's guidance, had in the meanwhile swung around in the current and dashed full speed on a sand bar, from which it required half a day to drag her. And Mark Twain, having lost his nerve, left the river.

WOMAN'S BIG GOAT RANCH.

Her Flocks of Angoras Bring in \$25,000 a Year.
Mrs. Armour, in Sierra County, N. M., owns a herd of more than 25,000 Angora goats, from which she is making \$25,000 profit a year. Her "Columbia Pascha" is the most valuable Angora in America, and worth \$1,500.

In 1899 she was left a widow penniless and with nine small children dependent on her for support. The ranchmen and miners took compassion on the destitute family and contributed a small sum for their immediate relief. Then she pluckily cast about for some

means of earning a living, so that she might not be a burden on the generosity of her friends. By chance there drifted into camp a ranchman with a herd of ninety Angora goats for sale. Nobody cared to buy them for it was thought there was more money in cattle raising. With genuine intuition Mrs. Armour looked at their staked coats and knew that they would be valuable.

But she hadn't any money and didn't want to borrow. So she made a proposition to take a small flock of the goats, tend them and care for them and breed them, and at the end of the year divide the profits with the owner. The proposition was accepted. She took her goats and her children and went up on the mountain side, 8,000 feet above the sea level, where the scrub oaks grow in profusion. Thus she secured the necessary fodder, and as for shelter the goats needed none. She located a claim, built herself a ranch, and settled down to work. At the end of a year her success was such that she had money enough to buy a flock of her own and start out independently.

Since that time each year has added to her prosperity. She now employs twenty goatherds to care for her flocks. The greatest precaution is required to protect the goats from the Inroads of the mountain lions, or cougars, which are so numerous that the ranchmen have to organize hunts to get rid of them.

Through her industry and perseverance and pluck, Mrs. Armour has made herself wealthy. She has sent her eldest son to college, where he is now studying law, and her four other children attend school in Kingston.

Chicago Iron Workers Keep Gigs.

W. Abraham, M. P. ("Mation"), in a speech on his American experiences, says that on rubbish heaps of the United States there are thousands of tons of machinery that in England and Wales would have been used for ten or even twenty years longer.

Farmers in Alabama.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers and 94,083 by colored farmers.

Old Bachelor, when he feels blue and discouraged, always regrets that he has no wife to whine to.

A man is usually doing the very best he can, or else the very worst he can.