

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 set down under the shade of a tree and rested just as the Filipinos do.

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 are in vogue in Manila 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 breakfast such as one could get in the cheaper restaurants in Chicago they are not here at all. Park chaps are almost unknown, stuff that is called real tastes like boiled sausages, and as for lamb and mutton the meat smells like a dog pound and has a flavor 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 a blam 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 needs't pot on any airs, 'Tis twice as thick as he!"

"I'm every bit as good as gold!" The Penny blustered loud.
"That tin, thin, gold dollar, He needs't feel so proud, For all his airs and graces I do not give a fig; I'm burnished 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, 'twice par is paid, It doesn't matter how you boast, But what you really are." —The Outlook.

DEMON DANDY

THINKING his visit to the Huntingdon 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 beset a stableman in the loft for a space of twelve hours, and how he had kicked two loose boxes into a meadow 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 rebel, grew alarmed and almost angry with her, whom he expostulated in private as almost a deity.

"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 flash came up from his boots, till he blushed in agony to the crown of his head.



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

He now took long objectless rides alone on Demon Dandy, whose ruder depravity of character had almost disappeared under the influence of a long spell of hard work.

Sometimes, in the course of these rides, he would pass Miss Huntington, who would greet 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 rights that followed were of benefit both to man and horse.

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

He, too, thought the same of her, till one occasion, the thought pored 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 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.

WEST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Belief in the Vampire and in 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 night, or of sleepers whom it finds in lonely huts; and a second belief in what is known as the "rolling calf," 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 osh-unn:

"There is something so indescribably sinister about an osh-unn'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 ashes under the terror of that baleful 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 unsuperstitious British judge. He orders him 'twelve months' hard' and a sound flogging. Frequently the osh-unn 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 tells the ignorant negroes that he proctored freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened."

British law punishes osh-unn with flogging and imprisonment. Nevertheless, osh-unn 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 "coconut" or banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on the top of a stick, a small bottle full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hullo, old man!" you say; "working osh-unn?" "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 to 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 awe-stricken 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 takes 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 de facto one of the grand masters of an 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 with the Archduke Maximilian, afterwards Emperor of Germany. So he got to Spain. When the line of the Spanish Hapsburgs had become 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 is wrought by the galactose. It was found that the galactose would go on working at very low temperatures, temperatures 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 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.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878. NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Roseburg, Oregon, May 21, 1892. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An Act for the Sale of Timber Lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1891.

Henry Level, of Hoquiam, county of Chehalis, State of Washington, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 237, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4 of Section 14, Township No. 21 south, Range 5 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Michael Evans, of Hoquiam, Washington; George W. Woolley, of Drain, Oregon; G. W. Shaw, of Hoquiam, Washington; Frank Gillett, of Hoquiam, Washington.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before the said 21st day of August, 1892.

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James Van Rhee, of Milaca, county of Miller, State of Minnesota, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 237, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4 of Section 24, Township 21 south, Range 5 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Miss Louise E. Becker, of Hibbing, Minnesota; G. F. Warren, of Milaca, Minnesota; Mrs. A. B. Clark, of Milaca, Minnesota; C. E. Trumble, of Drain, Oregon.

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De Witt C. Davis, of Drain, county of Douglas, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 237, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4 of Section 24, Township 21 south, Range 5 west, and will offer proof to show that the land is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: G. W. Van Wormer, of Princeton, Minnesota; C. E. Trumble, of Drain, Oregon; J. Van Rhee, of Milaca, Minnesota; Mrs. A. B. Clark, of Milaca, Minnesota.

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Anna J. Cheney, of Cottage Grove, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office her sworn statement No. 236, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4, sec. 10, and lot 4 of Section No. 3, Township 21 south, Range 1 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

She names as witnesses: Frank Henderson, Frank LeRoy, of Cottage Grove, Lane County, Ore.; Joe Burnett, of Wood, Lane County, Ore.; Alfred D. LeRoy, of Cottage Grove, Lane County, Oregon.

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Henry A. Brewer, of Albany, county of Linn, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 236, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4, sec. 10, and lot 4 of Section No. 3, Township 21 south, Range 1 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: Charles Wittke, of Albany, Oregon; G. A. Betts, of Albany, Oregon.

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Alfred D. LeRoy, of Cottage Grove, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 236, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4, sec. 10, and lot 4 of Section No. 3, Township 21 south, Range 1 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

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George W. McQueen, of Cottage Grove, county of Lane, State of Oregon, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement No. 236, for the purchase of the n.w. 1/4, sec. 10, and lot 4 of Section No. 3, Township 21 south, Range 1 west, and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes, and to establish his claim to said land before the Register and Receiver of this office at Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 21st day of August, 1892.

He names as witnesses: C. A. Costa, James A. Costa, James Ostrander, H. T. Dow, all of Cottage Grove, Oregon.

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AN INDEPENDENT GOVERNOR.

Mr. Jones Checked the Important Contractor for Convict Labor.

When Thomas G. Jones, whom President Roosevelt has appointed district judge in Alabama, was Governor of the State, the bad practice prevailed of farming out convicts in labor camps. Under the law they were let out by contract to the highest bidder, and were liable to neglect and maltreatment. The Governor had to administer the laws as he found them, but to this law, says a writer in Harper's Weekly, he was stoutly opposed.

One day a negro was sentenced to ten years imprisonment. The law required the Governor's signature to a paper before the man could be sent to the convict camp. The Governor did not act as promptly as those who contracted for the labor of the convicts thought desirable, so they sent a representative to him to find out what the matter was.

"I have delayed acting in this man's case," said the Governor, "because I have heard that measles, in a very malignant form, have broken out in your camp, and that many of the convicts are dying. Is it true?"

"Yes," said the agent, "but what difference does that make? Send him along. He may not catch the measles, anyway, and if he does, and dies, why, it's only one nigger the less."

"That is all I wanted to know," replied Governor Jones. "I send no more persons, black or white, to your camp till the disease is under control."

The agent reddened.

"See here, Governor," he snapped out, angrily, "you don't own the State of Alabama! We have still some courts open. If you refuse to send that man to camp, we shall go into court and get out a mandamus, and then you will have to do it!"

It was now the Governor's turn to flush. He wheeled upon his visitor with a gesture toward the door.

"You go into the nearest court and try your best to force me to do what I do not believe is right!" he thundered. "Try it! It will teach you a lesson. The same laws which give me power to sign that paper give me authority to pardon a convict. Now I serve you with fair warning that the instant I see your emissary enter that door with your mandamus in his hand, I sign a pardon for the convict! Now go!"

An Author's Idea of Plenty.

The god of money is to get things you want. This is the creed of Harry Stillwell Edwards, the Georgia novelist.

Mr. Edwards decided to write a story in competition for a \$10,000 prize offered by a newspaper for the best American story of mystery. Mr. Edwards was a writer of Southern verse, and of dialect stories of that picturesque people of the South known as Georgia Crackers. He surprised his friends by saying that his wife had furnished a splendid plot for the tale of mystery that he was to offer.

The couple went to work enthusiastically on the story, entitled it "Sons and Fathers," and it won the first prize.

To the question, "What will you do with the money?" the Edwardses said not a word. Weeks passed and the curiosity of the townspeople was still on edge. Then, one day, an express wagon delivered twenty crated bicycles before the Edwardses piazza.

"Every single relative of mine," said Mr. Edwards, "has wanted a bicycle, and not one of them would have a poor wheel. There are twenty of us, all told, in the two families, and so when I got a check for \$10,000 I just sent \$2,000 to the best bicycle firm in the country, and got twenty \$100 bicycles. And what's more for if it isn't to get what you want?"—Philadelphia Post.

A Pastoral Paradise.

New Zealand is the paradise of the farmer and of the dairyman. What may be called the natural industries of the soil yield three-fourths of the export list. And the true source whence comes the wealth of New Zealand is its rich grasses. The rich meadow grasses of New Zealand are not so much the gift of Nature as the creation of human industry. New Zealand has more than ten million acres sown with artificial grasses; New South Wales has scarcely three hundred and fifty thousand acres of sown grasses; Victoria has only one hundred and fifty acres; Queensland has less than thirteen thousand acres! In New Zealand, in a word, the acreage of land under sown grasses is more than thirteen times as great as in the whole of Australia and Tasmania. Of course the rich rains of New Zealand make possible its rich lush pastures, and make its grass lands nine times as productive as that of Australian meadows.