

SLEEPY MANILA

Little Improvement Since
the Invasion by Amer-
ican 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. 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 unsentimental British judge. He orders him "twelve months' hard" and a sound flogging. Frequently the obedi-ent man appeals against the 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 procured freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened.

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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 full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hullo, old man!" you say; "working obeah—eh?" He'll come and see you dogged 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 does his punishment.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

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 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's called real tastes like boiled shoestrings, and as for lamb and mutton the most unlovely 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 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.

But when the Cent and Nickel want out upon their way. Also, 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 you really are."

—The Outlook.

DEMON DANDY

DURING his visit to the Huntingdons he had fallen hopelessly in love with the beautiful and imprudent 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. Bellairs, 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 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. Bellairs. 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 Bellairs, 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 airy flash in her eyes.

Then out of his love and fear for her Bellairs 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 Bellairs, desperately.

"Indeed!" replied Diana, with an almost imperceptible lift of her eyebrows.

"To shoot—" exclaimed Bellairs. 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 Bellairs, "and to ride him, too."



"I AM GOING TO BUY THAT HORSE."

Burminger beauty might have been the blackened optics of a thorough amazon, so small their attractions to the stony-hearted Bellairs. Wherefore, in the evening, Mr. Bellairs 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 when he was safely out of sight, would indulge in the feminine luxury of tears.

Bellairs, 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 noting 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.

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

Demon Dandy, however, did not rise to the challenge by rearing wildly, then falling backwards with a heavy crash on to his master.

Bellairs 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.

Bellairs 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 Bellairs, fervently.—Chicago Tribune.

Burminger mamma, with marvellous daughters, were of opinion that a woman later had absolutely no right to own such a horse as Bellairs did, and that a heavy tax should be instituted to discourage such flagrant examples of cast-iron bachelorhood.

He was decoyed away into discreet woods, where dove-like eyes were flashed upon him; where tiny well-gloved hands grasped his with tender appeals for help at the slightest obstacle in the shape of a stile or gurgling brook.

But all in vain. Only one person sat on the stile, and the brook gurgled, mocking the aspirations of matchmaking humanity. The dove-like eyes of

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 Calf."

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 places; and a second belief in what is known as the British islands 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 obeah-man:

"There is something so indescribably sinister about an obeah-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 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 unsentimental British judge. He orders him "twelve months' hard" and a sound flogging. Frequently the obedi-ent man appeals against the 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 procured freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened."

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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 Burgos 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 it 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 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.

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.

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.

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, the features of the sky and the clouds, the features 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 signifies the expenditure of tremendous forces, 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 almost 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 "whirr," 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 new cracks of the weather prophet monotonously 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.

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. This leads to 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 higher 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? Rub 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.

The two kinds of electricity, positive

and negative, always try to unite. The ascending portions of the air and the clouds generally are charged with negative electricity, while the surface of the earth over which they swirl are charged with positive electricity. Each seeks to unite with the other. The majority of the particles are not strong enough in electricity to span the space of air lying between, and can do so only under high tension. As the friction increases, electricity accumulates on the brims of the clouds and the projections of the earth's surface, trees, houses and mountains. The currents of air become sturdier. They bend the boughs of the trees, scourge the waves, lash the ships. The last feeble sun rays break through the massy clouds, casting an unusual, threatening, and uncanny light over the scene. The clouds gather more and more thickly, transforming themselves from the light cumulus clouds to rain clouds. The struggle of the negative and positive poles of electricity become more savage. If a metal ball is charged with electricity only the surface becomes magnetic. The interior is not electrified, similarly the microscopic drops of water forming the clouds are electrical only on their surface. Through the ever greater condensation they come nearer and nearer, and finally many together form one large raindrop. This larger raindrop contains all the electricity of the many smaller drops, but as its surface is more limited than their combined surfaces its electricity is of greater power.

Storm in All Its Fury.

The raindrops, too large and heavy to hover in the air, fall to earth. As the clouds merge, raindrops form more and more rapidly and the rain falls more violently and copiously. The storm is now fully developed, and unburdened with fury. Brilliant flashes of light produced by powerful electric sparks illuminate the darkness, and the thunder growls in the sky. The tension between the surface of the earth and that of the clouds has become stronger. The tracts of air which at first were too vast to be traversed by electricity are now the pathway of lightning, not only between earth and clouds, but also between cloud and cloud, negative and positive poles meeting whenever strong enough to cross the necessary space. The lightning comes in three forms. Zigzag lightning with its crooked, branch-like forks, is produced when electricity amassed in small proportional points opposite each other wishes to meet. The electricity seeks to spring across by the shortest route in a straight line, but is hindered by the resisting masses of air and clouds. Hence it goes as best it can, leaping to those spots charged with electricity, whereby it assumes its characteristic aspect.

Lightning Flashes 17,000 Years.

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 of light when it is known that 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.

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 the "stiffen coats" and knew that they were 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, 6,000 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 howls 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. ("Mabon"), 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.

In Chicago, in one large steel works, the men, after being paid on Sundays, stepped into their gigs, which were there by the score, and drove home.

Could they imagine Rhonda colliers driving home in their working clothes in their own gigs on pay days?—London Mail.

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.

An 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.



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.

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