

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications for this paper should be accompanied by the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as an evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

A WAYSIDE CABIN.

Alone it stands, in the weedy lap of a hollow, dusk and dim; Above its sagging ridge-pole peeps the chimney's ragged rim.

A mellow bank to the westward of violet fleeces flings wide; The low sun stains, as a rose-leaf might a purple vase's side.

The door swings slack, and the moss and mold its under edge befringe; Wild potato and buckwheat vines have tangled its one lone hinge.

Here is the trail of a ruined fence, a field's forsaken sweep; Its edges girt with mullein spikes, its half-lost furrows deep.

But who was he who tilled the field when the furrowed lines were new; And down through the dewey green arches the singing corn-leaves blew?

The forest-fragrant breezes sigh through the cabin bare and lone; But tell no tale of the sojourners its shaggy walls have known.

Clammy and cold the dew and mist brush over my face like spray; As out of the hollow's damp and gloom I seek my homeward way.

A splinter of moonlight falls across the rough old cabin floor; And heavy seems of night blow in through the idly gaping door.

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CHAPTER X.

SEYMOUR THE SLEUTH.

No word had been received from Mr. Bernard Seymour since his departure from St. Louis, at which time he requested that \$500 be forwarded to him at New Orleans.

No answer came from Mr. Seymour. When the staff of reporters arrived in New Orleans, they learned that Mr. Seymour had registered at the St. Charles Hotel.

When Bernard Seymour arrived in New Orleans, he was, as he expressed it, "much the worse for wear."

Seymour arrived in New Orleans the following evening. He decided that the "West End"—the breathing place of the Southern metropolis—would be the most congenial place to begin operations.

A heavy set man, with his face marked by a cavernous grin, pushed his way through a crowd and slapped Mr. Bernard Seymour on the shoulder.

"Well, you little ferret, what are you doing in New Orleans?"

"Sir!"

"That's what I said—sir! Will you have a drink, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Now I understand you," said Mr. Seymour. "Well, you old Indian, I did not know you were down here. What are you doing? Who are you doing?"

"Nothing and nobody," said Mr. Dick Bender. Mr. Bender was a newspaper man, whose natural ability was obscured by habits more congenial than regular.

"I surely am up against it good and hard."

Dick Bender tossed off a big drink, and grinned as if his hard luck were something to be contemplated with joy.

"You don't drink enough, Dick," said Seymour. "You are a social recluse. Your abstinence has become a matter of common gossip."

"Never mind my failings. Answer me some questions," said Mr. Bender, resting his foot on the rail, and swinging his arm in an easy position across the mahogany.

"None of your business."

"True, but not to the point. I know what you are doing. You are on the kidnapped millionaire case."

"Some one must have told you. The witness refuses to commit himself. Will you have another drink?"

They had several. Under their influence Seymour told Dick Bender his mission, but was too discreet to reveal any information which had been received from New York.

When Mr. Seymour awoke the following afternoon he was in a narrow bunk, which seemed to rise and fall as to the heave of a ship.

"We are kidnapped, I tell you!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Wake up, and prepare to die like a man!"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Bender, and he again closed his eyes. But Seymour was persistent, and finally succeeded in arousing the drowsy Bender.

"We are kidnapped, I tell you!" he said in a hoarse whisper. "Wake up, and prepare to die like a man!"

"Forget it!" said Mr. Bender, and he again closed his eyes. But Seymour was persistent, and finally succeeded in arousing the drowsy Bender.

"Guess you gents is a bit mixed," he said. "Forgotten me, hev ye? I'm first mate of the schooner 'Sam Walker.' You know me last night all right."

"You have slipped my memory since," said Seymour. "Where are we, and where are we supposed to be going?"

"Come on deck," said the first mate. "It is hot below. Come on deck and meet Captain Parker. Prob'ly you know him better, and the sailor opened the door and went away."

"Well, what do you think of this?" said Seymour as he sat down on the edge of the bunk to collect his thoughts. "Do you know anything about it, Bender?"

"Not a thing," said that gentleman. "I remember meeting some sailor men somewhere. That's all."

They stumbled through a passage-way and up a narrow flight of stairs. A draught of fresh night air struck their faces and was delightfully cool and refreshing.

"Haouw de ye dew, Mr. Seymour!" he said, extending a large, freckled hand, which Mr. Seymour grasped rather cautiously.

"I should say we did," said Seymour, reassured by the cordiality of the greeting and by the honest face of the Yankee skipper.

"Hello, Seymour."

"I reckon you boys war a bit slewed up last night, or rather this mornin'," said Captain Parker. "Ain't ye hungry? I reckon so. Ther cook has somethin' ready for ye. Come on and eat it while it's good and hot, and I will tell ye all about it."

"That's what I said—sir! Will you have a drink, sir?"

"Yes, sir. Now I understand you," said Mr. Seymour. "Well, you old Indian, I did not know you were down here. What are you doing? Who are you doing?"

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"Up against it, eh?" asked Seymour.

"He used ter be," said Capt. Parker. "He has moved ter Havana. This here load of lumber is fer him. He's buildin' a new hotel in Havana."

"Suppose so," said the captain. "Guess he'll be down ter the dock ter see us come in. He's in er mighty big burry erabout this 'ere bunch of lumber. Bin' telegraphin' and raisin' blazes erabout it."

or the best fellow in the world, and would not listen to his departure.

"You and Bill here in sight about six o'clock this mornin'," said Capt. Parker, as he passed the steak to Seymour for the third time.

"Suppose so," said the captain. "Guess he'll be down ter the dock ter see us come in. He's in er mighty big burry erabout this 'ere bunch of lumber. Bin' telegraphin' and raisin' blazes erabout it."

Seymour changed the subject. He was so elated that he felt like climbing the shrouds, and yelling like a Comanche Indian.

"From early childhood I have longed to go to Havana," said Mr. Seymour. "Why I should select this special time is not readily apparent, but it is well. Cheer up, Bender! Once again an aqueous toast to Capt. Parker and his gallant crew."

Having done ample justice to the food before them, the voyagers followed Capt. Parker to the deck of the vessel. The "Sam Walker" was a large, three-masted schooner.

"Yo ho, my lads, the wind blows free; A pleasant gale is on the sea— And here we rumte de te tum. Ra is gada, te dum, dum, dum, And 'ere we part from England's shore to-night."

"Hev a seegar," said Capt. Parker, passing a box to Mr. Seymour. "I kin afford to be generous, seein' as how you bought 'em. You gave me twenty dollars and told me to buy the best thar was; and I reckon you'll find them all right."

"You must know some contractors," said Seymour. Though his field of detective endeavor was limited to the area of a "lumber hooker," on the broad expanse of the Gulf of Mexico, the newspaper instinct was strong within him.

"Reckon I know erabout all ther contractors in an' 'round New Orleans," said Capt. Parker. Like all New England Yankees who live in southern states, his dialect was a mixture of northern and southern idioms.

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"LET'S SEE; WHAT IN THUNDER WAS HIS NAME?"

"He is not a contractor," explained Seymour. "He is a New York millionaire, whom I know very well. He built a house on some island in the West Indies a year or so ago."

"What sort of a man wuz he?" asked Capt. Parker. "What did he dew?"

"He did newspaper work for fun," said Seymour. "He had lots of money, and went all over the world looking for good stories."

"Did he own a yacht—a steam yacht?"

"Yes," answered Seymour, leaning forward in his excitement. "Say, Bill!"

The first mate was talking with the Swede wheelman. He stepped over and joined the group when Capt. Parker called him.

"What wuz ther name of that dude who owned the 'Shark'?" he asked. "You know who I mean. The one that Col. McIntyre built that air house for."

"Seymour dropped his cigar. The temptation to yell almost overwhelmed him.

"Let's see; what in thunder was his name?" said the big sailor, removing his cap and running his hand through a mass of red hair.

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Our American Fellow Citizens in Mindanao

Something About the Island and the People Which Captain Pershing Recently Defeated.



CAPT. PERSHING'S recent victories over some of the Moro tribes of Mindanao call especial attention to a part of the Philippines which many Americans are little acquainted with.

Mindanao, second island in point of size in the Philippine archipelago, has escaped much of the public attention which has been directed towards Luzon, the seat of our military occupation. Yet it is the more interesting of the two islands.

The Jesuit missionaries, the only persons who have made any considerable explorations into the interior, assert that the island contains 24 distinct tribes of people. These may, however, be divided into three general classes. The most dreaded and warlike class comprises the Mohammedan Moros or "Moors," who live along the coast and near the large bodies of water in the southwestern portion of the island.

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[To Be Continued.]

The Dove and the Cat.

Maj. Shattuck of the signal corps tells an amusing story of an old-time "religious revival" meeting at a negro church near Savannah. In order that the revival spirit might be quickened it was arranged that the preacher should give a signal when he thought the excitement was highest, and from the attic, through a hole cut in the ceiling directly over the pulpit, the sexton was to shove down a pure white dove, whose flight around the church and over the heads of the audience was expected to have an inspiring effect, and as far as emotional excitement was concerned, to cap the climax.

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HOMES OF THE TREE DWELLERS OF MINDANAO.

island. The latter, the Negritos, are the aboriginal tribes of the Philippines. An unusual mixing of races has taken place in Mindanao and intermarriage has left, comparatively few pure-blooded Negritos.

The genuine Negrito is very small of stature. He measures about four feet six inches. His features resemble the negro. His people are timid, quiet and affectionate, and by nature given to wandering about from place to place. Where they have come in contact with the Malay tribes, however, they have adopted the habits and customs of these sturdier and more warlike races.

It would be almost impossible to conceive of an union more curious than that of a pure blood Negrito and a typical Moro. For hundreds of years the Moro has inhabited the islands of the Sulu archipelago, including northern Borneo and southern Mindanao.

Another polygamous tribe of southern Mindanao almost as much to be feared as the Moros are the Bagabas. They are not Mohammedans, but Nature worshippers. They sacrifice slaves to the volcano Mount Apo with most revolting ceremonies.

Like many other tribes in the Philippines they live in houses built in trees or on posts and ascend to them by means of bamboo ladders. This practice of elevating houses is quite general even among the semi-civilized tribes.

The Visayans, who are called Christians and who constitute the ruling class of Mindanao often build themselves homes of this kind. The Visayans are not unlike the Tagalogs of Manila and vicinity. And it is this large class of natives that will best respond to educational influences.

It is said that they are fairly intelligent and often anxious to get education. Although many of them are ignorant they are not stupid, and their training along educational lines will do much toward bringing about the development of the natural resources.

The forests of Mindanao are of great extent and rich in commercial value. There are several mountain chains, some of which are rich in minerals.

MILTON MARKS.