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CHAPTER XIII.

Like many another man's that summer and autumn of '98, Mr. Gerard Stuyvesant's one overwhelming ambition had been to get on to Manila.

He had every assurance that Marion Ray's illness was not of an alarming nature, and that, soon as the fever had run its course, her convalescence would be rapid.

Military duty for the staff was not exacting about Manila in the autumn days. It was the intermission. The Spanish war was over; the Filipino yet to come.

Parquhar of the cavalry, scion of a Philadelphia family well known to the Stuyvesants of Gotham and trotting in the same class, had come over from department headquarters, where he had a billet as engineer officer, to call on Stuyvesant and to cheer him up and contribute to his convalescence.

Then just as Miss Ray was reported sitting up and soon to be able to see her friends—with what smiling significance did Mrs. Brent so assure him—what should Stuyvesant's general do but the same day himself go on a voyage of discovery to Iloilo and beyond.

He had found the lad easily enough, but not so the man with the fit, whom, for reasons of his own and from what he had seen and heard, Stuyvesant was most anxious to overtake.

Inquiry among convalescent patients and soldiers along the road without resulted at last in his finding one of the party that carried the stricken man from the field.

beared. The carriages were nearly all departed. The lights were twinkling here and there all over the placid bay.

"I'm all out of breath, and so he set up rumin' after you I can't talk, but I was just bound to see you, an' I've been to your house so often the soldiers laugh at me.

"I saw you driving, and I told my cabman to catch you if he had to fog the hide off his horse. Come, aren't you—don't you want to sit down? I do, anyhow!

"A key!" she shouted. "A key, cocher! No quere name hoy, Ma'nana! Ocho! Sabe, cocher? Ocho! Now don'tchevbe—what's late in their lingo, anyhow? 'Tisn't tardy, I know; that's afternoon. Tardeco? Thank you. Now—well, just sit down, first, lieutenant. You see we know how to address officers by their titles, if the Red Cross don't. I'd teach 'em to Mister me if I was an officer. Now, what I want to see you about first is this: Your general has put me off one way or another every time I've called this last two weeks.

enough, and you do it and you won't regret it. I only want him to listen to me three minutes, and that's little enough for anybody to ask. You do it, and I can do a good deal more for you than you think for, an' I will do it, too, if certain people don't treat me better. It's something you'll thank me for mightily later on, if you don't now. I've had my eyes open, lieutenant, an' I see things an' I hear things an' I know things you might little suspect."

"Pardon me, Miss Perkins," interrupted Stuyvesant at this juncture, his nerves fairly twitching under the strain. "Let us get at the matters on which you wish to speak to me. Ma-late, cocher!" he called to the pygmy Filipino on the box. "I am grateful, my pony team flying like shuttles the instant the little scamps were headed homeward."

"Well, what I want mostly is to see the general. He's got influence wiza them. Dayton and I know it, and these Red Cross people have poisoned me his ears. Everybody's ears seem to be just now against me and I can get no hearing whatever. Everything was all right at first. Everything was promised me and then, first one and then another, they all backed out, and I want to know why—I'm bound to know why, and they'd better come to me and make their peace now than wait until the papers and the P. D. A.'s get after 'em, as they will do just as soon as my letters reach the states. You're all right enough. I've told them how you helped with those poor boys of mine aboard the train. Bad way they'd been in if we hadn't been there, you and I. Why, I just canvassed that train till I got clothes and shoes for every one of those poor burned-out fellows, but there wouldn't anybody else have done it. And nursing?—you ought to have seen those boys when I thank me the day I went out to the Presidio, an' most cried—some of them did—said their own mothers couldn't have done more, and they'd do anything for me now. But when I went out to their camp at Paco their major just as much as ordered me away, and that little whippersnapper, Lieut. Ray, that I could take on my knee and spank?—He—Lieut. Ray—a friend of yours? Well, you may think he is, or you may be a friend of his, but I can tell you right here and now he's no friend, and you'll see he isn't. What's more, I hate to see an honest, high-toned

young gentleman just throwing himself away on people that can't appreciate him. I could tell you—

"Stop, driver!" shouted Stuyvesant, unable longer to control himself. "Miss Perkins," he added, as the little coachman manfully struggled to bring his rushing team to a halt at the curb, "I have a call to make and am late. Tell my coachman when to take you and send him back to this corner. Good night, madam," and, gritting his teeth, out he sprang to the sidewalk.

It happened to be directly in front of one of those native resorts where, day and night, by dozens the swartly little brown men gather about a billiard table with its center ornament of boxwood pins, betting on a game resembling the Yankee "pin pool" in everything but the possibility of fair play.

A ladder of bamboo is the means of reaching these shelters from the rain and wind, for the Negritas use their houses for no other purpose. Their lives are spent in the open, fishing and hunting.

Three or four men in civilian dress, that somehow smacked of the sea, as did their muttered, low-toned talk, huddled together at the corner post, furtively eying the laughing soldiers and occasionally peering up and down the place. Stuyvesant would have chosen to leave his carriage, but it was a case of any port in a storm—anything to escape that awful woman. With one quick spring he was out of the vehicle and into the midst of the group on the narrow sidewalk before he noticed them at all, but not before they saw him. Even as Miss Perkins threw forward a would-be grasping and detaining hand and called him by name, one of the group in civilian dress gave a start, started, sprang round the corner, but, tripping on some obstacle, sprawled full length on the hard stone pavement. Despite the violence of the fall, which wrung from him a fierce curse, the man was up in a second, away and out of sight in a twinkling.

"Go on!" shouted Stuyvesant, impatiently, imperiously, to his coachman, as, never caring what street he took, he too darted around the same corner, and his tall, white form vanished on the track of the civilian.

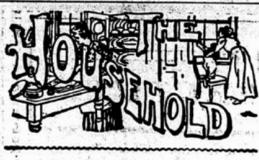
But the sound of the heavy fall, the muttered curse, and the sudden question in the nearest group: "What's wrong with Sackett?" had reached Miss Perkins' ears, for while once more the little team was speeding swiftly away, the strident voice of the lone passenger was uplifted in excited hail to the coachman to stop. And here the Filipino demonstrated to the uttermost that the amenities of civilization were yet undreamed of in his dark intellect—as he between the orders of the man and the demands of the woman he obeyed the former. Deaf, even to that awful voice, he drove furiously on until brought up standing by the bayonets of the patrol in front of the English club, and in a fury of denunciation and quiver of mingled wrath and excitement, Miss Perkins tumbled out into the arms of an amazed and disgusted sergeant, and demanded that he come to at once to arrest a vile thief and deserter.

AN INDIAN COURTSHIP. In the Lady Love Did the Kissing, and It Was a Warm Performance.

"We'd been there an hour, I reckon," says the "Frontiersman's Story," in Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, "when Big Eye she got up an' come over to where I was settin', beside the chief, an' she stood there, right in front of me, goin' up an' down, lookin' at me an' lookin' down to the ground. I didn't know what she wanted, till Little Bear he signed to me I was to dance with her. I w'n't minded to do mean, not after the way they'd treated me. It looked easy enough, too; so I got up an' commenced hoppin'. You oughter heard them squawk cackle! I reckon I did look some funny, 'count o' not havin' got the hang o' it; an', besides, I hadn't took more'n a dozen jumps till my mind gave out. 'Twas a dummed sight harder'n it looked. I felt like I'd run a mile over a big hill; but I w'n't a goin' to knuckle down. No, sir-ee! I kep' on, best I could, an' was just wishin' I hadn't eat such a terrible big supper, when Big Eye she unbuttoned the robe she was wearin' an' lifted it up in her arms 'twards me. We didn't stop jigin', but she give it a whirl, comin' up close to me, an' then she slung it right over our heads, an' before I knowed what she was doin' she'd ketch'd me round the neck with her arms an' drew my head down an' kissed me, smack! Indians are awful funny kissers, too. She took her time to it, an' when I got to thinkin' I'd over after-wards, I didn't know what she was doin' 'till I'd tasted tolerable strong o' buffalotaller an' wood-smoke. When she got done, she sneaked out from under the robe, quick, leavin' it hangin' over me, an' I was that hot and rattled I thought I never would get it pawed off o' me."

Clubberly—Just because I haven't paid my bill for a year, my tailor won't make me another suit of clothes. Castleton—What will you do? "I shall threaten to take my trade elsewhere."—Detroit Free Press.

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NEGRTAS OF LUZON.

Among These New Fellow-Citizens of Ours Love-Making is Conducted on a Peculiar Plan.

This savage tribe once dominated the entire island of Luzon, but are now only found scattered here and there among the mountains. Their "villas," or villages, are built of bamboo and palm leaves, and built high on the ground, reminding one of bird cases hung among the low branches of the trees.



MADE MAN AND WIFE.

lives are spent in the open, fishing and hunting. In spite of flat noses, thick lips and tightly curling hair these savages are a handsome race, with physiques almost faultless, bronze coloring, statuesque proportions and graceful movements.

When the bridegroom approaches, though he may be the girl's own choice, she must immediately take flight, and, untrammelled by clothing, swift of foot, she often gives him, in long chase, ere he overtakes her. If unusually reluctant she may escape him by taking refuge in a "real," but she is generally captured and led back to the parents, who are interested spectators.

The bride party then descend to the ground and the marriage dance begins. Native maidens, under the spell of terpsichore, whirl, spin and leap into the air, or sway like the graceful, wind-stirred palm trees, beneath which their lives are passed.

Then follows a feast of fruit and rice, after which the bridegroom takes his bride to his father's "real," where she continues her life of fishing, hunting roots for food and cooking the mountain rice, which is grown in the most primitive manner, without even clearing the ground where it is sown.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

MAKING A ROSE JAR. Two Recipes Which Have Been Used for Some Time and Are Highly Recommended.

The rind of two lemons cut thin, one pound bay salt, one ounce orris root, powdered; one ounce gum benzoin, one ounce cinnamon, half ounce cloves, one ounce nutmegs, one grain musk finely ground, 12 bay leaves, a few sage leaves, rosemary and lavender, one small, one ounce each of each of the small, and add sweet flowers in their natural state, as they come into blossom; stir it frequently, at least once a day. It must be put in a covered stone pot, with a wooden spoon to stir it with. At the end of two or three months you will have a sweet-scented mass ready to fill a number of the pretty Japanese rose-jars. Roses may be the best, but any will do.

Another recipe, said to be one of the very best, is the following: Prepare two dry pecks of rose leaves and buds, one handful each of orange flowers, violets and jessamine, one ounce each sliced orris root and cinnamon, one-quarter ounce musk (if desired), one-quarter pound sliced angelica root, one-quarter pound red part of cloves, two handfuls of lavender flowers, heliotrope and mignonette; one-half handful each of rosemary flowers, bay and laurel leaves, three sweet oranges stuck full of cloves and dried in the oven, then powdered in a mortar; one-half handful of marjoram, two handfuls of balm of gilead, dried; one handful each of bergamot, balm, pineapple and goose-mint leaves. Mix well together and put in layers in a large china jar; sprinkle salt between the layers. Add a small bottle of extract of new-mown hay and moisten with brandy. Stir occasionally.—Success With Flowers.

Worse Yet. Mother—If you marry him in haste you will repent at leisure. Daughter—Well, I can't bear to think of any other girl repenting at leisure with him.—Puck.

How It Looked. Beggar—Sir, I am starving and haven't a penny in my name! Citizen—Hill! You're one of those guys that's been givin' away his money before death, I suppose?—Puck.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

How Fidelity to a Trust Got Mrs. Broadway a Wetting, as Explained by Herself.

Mrs. Broadway's dress was bedraggled and her feet were wet. Moreover, she was cross, which, says the New York Sun, was but a natural consequence of her waterlogged condition.

"How did you happen to get so wet?" asked Mr. Broadway. "I was playing keeper to another person's conscience," was the gloomy response. "A man rode uptown in our car the other night that deserves a niche in history. It was on his account that I have ruined my dress and my best pair of shoes. He got on the car at Thirty-seventh street and sat down on the front-seat, facing me. It was raining hard, and the conductor did not come around right away to take up his fare."

"The man wanted to change to a cross-town car at Forty-second street, and he began to beckon to the conductor to come up and get his nickel, but that public servant was huddled up comfortably on the rear platform and never budged. When we reached Forty-second street he had still failed to materialize and the man with a conscience was beside himself with anxiety.

"He couldn't make up his mind what to do. He didn't like the idea of being carried past his corner, but he liked still less to leave the car without paying his fare. Finally he hit upon a happy expedient of which I was the central figure. "Pardon me," he said, "will you take this nickel and when the conductor comes around give it to him, please."

"With that he dropped the money into my hand and was off the car and streaking along down Forty-second street like a mad goat."

"What a chump!" put in Mr. Broadway, "ought to have a monument erected to his memory. There isn't another man in New York that would have done that."

"That's what the men all said," continued Mrs. Broadway. "And he certainly is one of a kind. His actions were so unusual that they made me feel awfully foolish, and the remarks of the other occupants of those two seats did anything rather than restore my equanimity. I wonder how long he dropped down?" said one, and, "It looks like a shame to pass up a good beer that way," said another. And then they all laughed.

"As for me, I sat there and blushed. I didn't know what to do with the nickel, for, try as I might, I couldn't



HE WAS OFF THE CAR.

induce the conductor to come up to the front of the car, and as I was nearing my own destination, I was scared half to death for fear I wouldn't have a chance to cash it before we reached my corner. And sure enough I didn't. It quit raining, too, just as we got to our street, and I could have run home between drops had it not been for the fact that I hadn't been burdened with that awful nickel and its owner's conscience."

"But why didn't you give it to somebody else that was going farther on and let him turn it in?" asked Mr. Broadway. Mrs. Broadway looked at her husband sternly. "How could I do that?" she demanded. "I had my own conscience to look after, as well as his. That man had entrusted his money to me, and it was my duty to deliver it to the proper person, even if I had to ride to Jericho and back. I had been carried seven blocks past this street when the conductor finally paid our end of the car a visit, and I then had to get off in the pouring rain, but I had preserved the honor of that man's conscience and my own, so I suppose I ought not worry about a little thing like a soiled gown and soaking shoes."

Mr. Broadway looked at his wife admiringly. "By Jove, Kate," he said, "you are a trump. But you didn't walk back, did you? You took a car, of course?" "Certainly," said Mrs. Broadway. "And that cost you another nickel, too," he observed. Mrs. Broadway flushed slightly. "No, it didn't," she said. "The conductor didn't pay much attention to me when I boarded the car and when he went past he merely called out: 'Fare, fare,' in a vague, impersonal way, so I just sat there and never offered to pay him."

Oh," said Mr. Broadway. Science of Measurement. The level measure is the rule. Measure flour after the first sifting, and butter, lard and cheese packed solid. Level with a knife, not a spoon. Use the glass measuring-cup, which is not harmed by acids, and the triplespoon, which measures one-fourth, one-half and one whole teaspoonful. A saltspoonful is one-fourth of a teaspoonful; four teaspoonfuls (liquid) make one table-spoonful; eight table-spoonfuls one-half cupful, and two cupfuls one pint. Thirty drops make one-half teaspoonful.



FOREST FIRE LANES.

Their Construction Very Materially Reduces the Danger of Great and General Conflagrations.

It is generally recognized throughout Europe that the construction of suitable fire lanes throughout the forest conduces more to the prevention of great conflagrations than any other institution. These serve as vantage points in the fighting of fire and often in themselves are sufficient to prevent its spread. By means of fire lanes the country is cut into parcels and the danger of great conflagrations very materially reduced. These fire lanes, in order to be efficient, must be wide, clean and well cared for; otherwise they are of little use.

Fire lanes may be constructed at slight expense. After the wood is cut it is necessary to plow three or four furrows along the edges and then to burn over the lane at times when there is no danger of setting fire to the neighboring woods. A lane 50 feet in width would be quite efficient.

The scheme which I have to suggest is that these fire lanes be constructed and kept in order in a way similar to the construction of state roads, which have been so popular of late. In this way no terrible burden of expense rests upon anybody. The individual



FIRE LANE IN A FOREST.

benefited thereby pays part, the county another part and the state pays the remainder. New Jersey was the first state to take any radical step toward the improvement of her public highways. The state aid law provides that, on petition of the owners of two-thirds of the lands bordering any public road, not less than a mile in length, asking that the road be improved and agreeing to pay ten per cent. of the cost, the county officials shall improve the road, one-third of the expenses to be borne by the state, if the road is brought to the standard fixed by the state commissioner of public roads, and the balance—66.2-3 per cent.—by the county. The state's expenditures for such improvements in any one year are limited to \$150,000, while the county is limited to one-fourth of one per cent. of its assessed valuation. Since 1895 the applications for new roads have been far in excess of the limit prescribed by law.

It seems to me that it would be a simple process to extend this system to the construction of fire lanes. It is foolish to talk of forest culture until fires are reduced in number. For this purpose fire lanes are essential, and this is the only scheme I know of which seems practical, if possible. Once instituted a perfect system of fire lanes under combined state and local control, and the number and severity of fires will be reduced to such an extent that the evil will, I am certain, gradually fade away, and modern systems of silviculture will gradually creep in as the value of wood and land increases, said Dr. John Gifford before the New Jersey Horticultural society.

DIVIDING THE BURDEN. The Good Roads Subject Involves the Problem of Just and Equitable Taxation.

Although the rapid growth of railways in the United States has rendered unnecessary, to some extent, the construction of hard roads, advocates of good roads hold that we have reached a stage in our history when better country highways are necessary to our commercial and agricultural progress. Farmers, as a class, are not enthusiasts over the good roads movement. They feel that the expense to them would be greater than the gains. In the prairie states of the west, where there is little or no gravel, the cost of the improvement is greater than in the east, and it has not been safe there for any rural legislator to proclaim himself an advocate of good roads. If the cost of the improvement, however, were distributed according to the benefit received, as is supposed to be the theory upon which city pavements are laid, the farmer might see the question in a different light. It is claimed that the largest benefit from good country roads would inure to the owners of city property. The change would mean more visits of the farmer to town and more business to the merchant.

In order to win the farmer's cooperation in the movement, therefore, it is held that he should be made to understand that he will be asked to pay for good roads only in the measure that they benefit him and that city owners, including the holders of railroad and other franchises, will be required to bear their full share of the expenses. The good roads subject involves, as most others do, the one of equitable taxation.—Buffalo Courier.

Result of Spraying Tests. At the Vermont experiment station, spraying potatoes during ten years, of which an account was kept, showed a yield of 296 bushels per acre for the sprayed potatoes against 173 bushels unsprayed. Spraying potatoes should be directed against both diseases and insects. The remedies may and for economy in applying should be combined. When Paris green or London purple is used separate from bordeaux mixture a little fresh lime added will prevent injury to tender plants.

True Economy in Hay. There is only one sure way to save hay, and that is to make something else take the place of it. The man who saves it by feeding scarcely his not really saving anything; but the man who makes cornfodder; that he usually wastes serve as hay is saving hay and making money on the transaction. If cornfodder is to take the place of hay it must be good fodder. It must be cut at the right time, cured in the right way and kept good until it is fed.—National Stockman.

NUTRITION IN FOODS.

Some Popular Theories Explored by Investigation of the Agricultural Department.

Recent experiments of the department of agriculture show that fruits in general contain remarkably little stuff that is convertible, when eaten, into muscle and blood. Bananas and grapes have about two per cent. while apples, cherries, strawberries, blackberries, cranberries, lemons and oranges are able to lay claim to only one per cent.—this, too, when skin and seeds are put aside. On this account, such articles of diet are obviously ill adapted to sustain human life, though they possess great medicinal value, and contribute much to health.

Fruits are, however, relatively rich in sugar and starch, and hence are useful as fuel to keep the body machine going. Bananas have 27 per cent. of these materials, grapes 21 per cent., apples 16 per cent., cherries and cranberries 11 per cent., oranges nine per cent., lemons eight per cent. and strawberries seven per cent. In this case, as before, only the edible portions are considered. Blackberries and grapes have two per cent. of fat and the other fruits mentioned contain one per cent. Watermelon pulp is 92 per cent. water.

Among vegetables Lima beans have the highest food value, containing 32 per cent. of nutrients. Sweet potatoes come next with 29 per cent., green peas next with 22 per cent., white potatoes next with 21 per cent., and string beans next with 13 per cent. Green sweet corn has 19 per cent. of nutrients, beets 12 per cent., turnips 11 per cent., cabbage, cauliflower and spinach eight per cent., eggplants and lettuce seven per cent., tomatoes and asparagus six per cent., and cucumbers four per cent. Dry beans or rice are about the most economical of foods one can buy, containing as they do 88 per cent. of solid nutriment.

Fish has very high food value, in fact, is very nearly as nutritious as chicken or turkey. A pound of eggs, on the other hand, yields only half as much nourishment as a pound of lean beef, notwithstanding a well-known popular theory.

FEEDING AND BREEDING.

The Two Go Hand in Hand in Improving the Value and Individuality of Cows.

To what extent does feed affect the individuality of a cow? This is a question that has yet to be answered, so far as conclusive experiments are concerned. It is doubtless true that feed is constantly changing the characteristics of animals, but we do not know how rapidly the changes take place, nor do we know just the effect each food has. To a certain extent we are feeding in the dark. The Maryland experiment station has been feeding a herd of common cows for several years and noting the effect of proper feeding on individuality. C. F. Doane, who reports on the results, says: "No very material results could be noticed the first year from the extra feed and care the herd received, but through subsequent years there seems to be a steady improvement. Judging from the records of these cows, it is a question if the quality of a dairy cow does not depend almost as much on the feedings as on the breeding. It is also a question if cows that have a more or less pronounced beef tendency, or, at least, would not be called good material from which to build up a dairy herd, cannot, with proper management, be developed into profitable dairy cows." This is a view of the matter that will not strike some of our investigators very favorably. It has generally been accepted truth that we have never so many good dairy cows that it will hardly pay to spend time, feed and effort in an attempt to reverse a tendency already strongly developed in a direction opposite to that of milk production.—Farmers' Review.

FODDER FEED RACK.

It Can Be Filled at the Patch and Wheeled to the Pasture or the Barnyard.

The rack shown herewith can be filled at the fodder patch and wheeled to the pasture or barnyard. There it can be hung up against the fence by the hooks at the back. Make the rack of three-inch strips of board and cut the wheel from a piece of hardwood board.—Orange Judd Farmer.



GREEN FODDER FEED RACK.

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The Cow Which Pays Best.

During the five years of careful investigation in regard to the cost of production of butter between cows spare and angular in form and cows carrying considerable superfluous tissue, our records show that in every instance the cow that carried the least flesh charged the least for butter, and just in so many cow was a little smoother and plumper than the other would her butter product cost more than the other. It should be borne in mind that the results are from accumulated testimony, showing not only that every day, every week, every month, but during her entire lifetime, the spare cow is better. That she should be so much better is almost incredible, strong and uniform as the evidence is.—Prof. Haeceler, in Farmers' Review.

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