he Donaldsonville Chief

Published Weekly.

DONALDSONVILLE, LOUISIANA.

THE LONG-AGO.

the beautiful, beautiful past,
With its memories all aglow;
hey are gleaming to-night, with a reflidance bright,
From the shadowy long-ago.

he mountains, rock-ribbed and rough,
Where our feet grew weary and worn,
re brought to view and are clothed anew
With a beauty of heaven born.

he storm in the valley sighed,
With its sometimes sweet refrains,
ut our souls are at rest on its heaving breast,
For the music alone remains.

The sunset of life draws near
In the sweet and blessed calm;
its tender ray gilds the sombre day,
And mellows its tears to balm.

And we list at eventide
For the distant bells, which, lo!
In the waning light, ring a sweet good-night
To the chimes of the long-ago.
—Marion Boal, in United Presbyterian.

The Hollow in the Red Rocks.

By A. W. Whitehouse.

SUDDEN and unlooked-for things happen in the mountains. For all that we are civilized, and the bad man is no longer very bad, evil deeds are done among the lonely peaks, and sometimes two men go on a journey, and very long afterwards one skeleton is found.

I am now able to give some sort of an explanation of the motives which brought about the strange disappearance of my partner last October, though many of the facts remain to be cleared up.

To tell a connected story, I have to go back to a time when I was only a small ranchman, holding the nucleus of the present splendid property, and the Black Hills Land & Cattle company did not exist. In a matter of business I had made the acquaintance of old Matthew Sparks, the great dressed beef man at the Chicago stock yards, and the business acquaintance had developed into a personal friendship, during the course of which Mr. Sparks had been very kind to me indeed.

It was in the spring of '97 that I received the letter from Mr. Sparks which made so great a change in my prospects. It was very long, and went rather fully into business details, but one extract from it is necessary for the proper understanding of later events.

"I am sorry to say," he wrote, "that Archie (his only son) has signalized his entrance into business life by a very disreputable social scandal. There was an entanglement with a girl, followed by her suicide. I need hardly say that had I known of it in time, Archie should have done his duty at any cost to the family, but, as it is, Chicago is too hot to hold him, and it will be better for him to keep away for several years. Archie is devoted to outdoor pursuits, and will very probably take quite kindly to ranching, though he is no good at all in the office."

Then followed an offer which made me sit up. Briefly, I was to acquire on his behalf enough neighboring property to support 40,000 head of cattle, and my own interest in the concern was to be so large as to make me a fairly wealthy man in the course of a very few years. The only pill was Archie. I had met that youth, and did not like him. He was to be appointed a subordinate officer in the company, and was to enjoy the income of a large block of its stock, provided that he made his regular home at the ranch and never slept away from it for more than 14 consecutive nights.

Apart from my obligations to Mr. Sparks, the offer was too good to be refused. There is a sweet certainty about cattle when you are enfolded in the kindly arms of the beef trust that no cowman could resist; and so it was not very long before Archibald Sparks came to take up his residence at the ranch.

It is well to say nothing but good of the dead, but as there is not yet any legal proof that Archie has crossed the great divide I must haste to describe him while I can do so with a clear conscience.

He belonged to a not uncommon type that is repulsive to men, though by no means unattractive to women, a type which I can only define as the unpleasantly physical. His body was robust and he had glorified the care of his person into a kind of religion. He was an extremely well-built boy, with one of those yearning, intense faces, that you see among a small class of poets and actors and a large class of brutes. Of brains, morals and application he was destitute.

During the first few months of the expansion of the property the work was chiefly of a clerical nature—securing options, besieging land offices, interviewing surveyors and the like. In this I did not look for any help from my new partner and none was volunteered; but when the great herds of cattle began to pour in from the west and south, I certainly expected to be able to rely on him. And for several weeks, before the novelty wore off, he did save me a great deal of trouble. By July, however, the hot, dry season had begun in earnest, and you could hardly see the stock you were driving for the dust they raised. This was too much for Archie. He was not going to injure his precious eyes for any mere business consideration. After that I saw very little of him. His time was divided between shooting, fishing and other pursuits of a less reputable nature, and his appearances at the ranch were just sufficiently frequent to fulfill the conditions which held his interest in the property.

It was towards the end of July that Clark Fenton arrived in the town in which we got our supplies. Evidently belonging to the better class of working men, he was short, extremely powerful and spoke pronouncedly through his nose. His conversation was chiefly remarkable from its contrast to the vigorous and high-flavored language used by the natives. He never swore.

Apparently he had plenty of money, and at first when questioned as to his intentions, replied that he had earned enough for a holiday, and was going to look around a bit before settling on a line of work. He was jack of many trades, he said, and could make a good living as soon as he decided. He picked up a number of acquaintances, displayed a great interest in the resources and prospects of the surrounding country and early in August announced that he had determined to try his luck for a season as a professional hunter and trapper.

In this capacity he met with success from the start. He was a brilliant shot, and though the country was new to him, he seemed to have a natural instinct as to the whereabouts of game. Several short trips were arranged by the local magnates, with Fenton as a pilot, and in each case they returned spoil-laden.

Naturally, Archie fell in with him, and naturally they had much enthusiastic talk in common, but their several engagements prevented them from arranging an expedition together till the middle of October.

About this time there were large and destructive forest fires in the Rockies, and the smoke hung a heavy pall over all the land. The sun rose and set blood-red, and men could hardly quench their thirst. Much game was driven out, and, crossing the intervening 40 miles of plain, deer and elk took up their abode on our range in the south part of the Black Hills. Other visitors arrived, not so welcome. A mountain lion was seen by one of our cowboys feasting on a calf, and the next night, ten miles away, he robbed the henroost of a fence-rider.

To harbor the beast meant a certain loss of a thousand dollars a year, and I turned his pursuit and destruction over to Archie, who took to the idea with great eagerness. He at once engaged Clark Fenton to accompany him, and on the 17th of October the pair started with a team and spring wagon belonging to the ranch, loaded with guns, rifles and all the paraphernalia required for a two-weeks' camp in the hills.

From that day to this, no man, so far as is known, has ever set eyes on either of them.

A fortnight went by, but as Archie was supposed to be hunting within our fence (an enclosure, by the way, of about three-quarters of a million acres) and was at work for the benefit of the ranch, I made no report of his absence to his father. But during the third week the weather became very bitter and stormy—too rough, I should have supposed, for my partner—and when, on the 7th of November, I found that none of the cowboys had seen their camp at all, I became alarmed, and telegraphed to Mr. Sparks.

Promptly came back the reply:

"Spend up to fifty thousand in inquiries. Draw on me."

The number of riders we put out to cover the ground, and the number of detectives we employed would hardly be believed, if I gave them; but up to June, '98, the only things we recovered were the wagon and horses. A Mexican in Arizona was working old Blue, and a missionary on the Crow reservation in Montana had Buck and the wagon, but they had passed through so many hands that it was impossible to trace them back to any one resembling either Clark Fenton or Archie Sparks.

Poor Mr. Sparks took the disappearance of his son very deeply to heart, and his efforts in the search were redoubled, but were entirely fruitless.

In June, '98, I had occasion to ride over a part of the range about ten miles distant from the home ranch. The nature of the country was rather curious. The soil was a heavy, orange-colored sand, growing a fairly good stand of pasture grass, and spangled at this season with wild flowers of every hue. At frequent intervals there rose red sandstone rocks, some of great size, and carved by weather into the most fantastic shapes. Here would be a table, many hundred tons in weight, set on three slender legs; there a thin slab, serving edgeways for a sun dial. Fancy could picture George Washington, the Sphinx and other celebrities, when the strange masses were looked at from the proper point.

These crags were the home of wildcats, and my bull-terriers (who generally succeeded in following me when I meant to leave them at home) were soon bustling one from rock to rock. The cat finally took refuge in a mass of red sandstone about an acre in extent, the terriers following, and while I waited for them to come out again I amused myself by examining the curious formation. On three sides the walls were sheer, or perhaps a little overhanging, to the height of 40 feet. At the top the weather had done strange work. Crowning the walls were great mushroom-like shapes, on high, thick stems, each different and yet all alike. The intervals were almost regular, giving the appearance of a battlemented tower, or, better, of some vast fantastic crown. To the east there was a cleft, where willows and underbrush grew thickly on a steep slope; and amid them issued a tiny spring.

I could hear barking and spitting from somewhere in the rock, and determined to clamber up and see how my dogs were faring. I struggled up through the tangled undergrowth, then, with knees and fingernails up a slippery slope of sandstone, and checked myself at the top just in time to avoid a breakneck fall.

For the great rock was hollow. Just as the sheer walls rose on the outside, so they fell within, enclosing a great pit, perhaps 30 yards in length and 15 broad. In one corner were the bull pups, actively assailing the cat. How had they come there? Examining the pit more carefully, I saw that on one side there was a difficult entrance, where the rock sloped down, and the sheer drop was only about seven feet, though there was no unaided exit for man or beast. I fetched a lariat from my horse, made a dangerous scramble among the mushroom-headed rocks, and, securing my rope round the stem of one of them, let myself down just in time to assist at the obsequies of the cat.

The field of battle had centered near a small hole in the rocky wall, which a pack rat had partly filled with brush and various rubbish. This had been disturbed by the cat and dog encounter, and further in the hole I saw what looked like brown leather. Brown leather it proved to be—a check book of the kind that folds over, and serves for holding other documents.

The checks had been used, and the counterfoils were scribbled over in pencil. The pencil writing was hard to decipher, but a very short inspection satisfied me that it was a diary kept by Archie Sparks.

This is what he wrote:

October 18—Pain in my foot is awful, but I must write, as I do not expect to get out of here alive. Why did he do it? But you do not know yet what he did, so I will tell. Yesterday we came here and camped at the little spring. Started to explore the rocks about sunset. Found the way into the hollow, and I let myself down by a rope. Left both rifles at the top, and Clark Fenton was to follow me down. Instead of doing so, he pulled up the rope, saying: "This place will do as well as any," and shot me through the right foot. Shock must have made me faint, as I heard him saying things I didn't understand. Finally wished me a pleasant evening; said I should see him tomorrow, and went away. Fenton must be mad, to attack me like this, and I doubt if help arrives in time.

October 19—Fenton is worse than mad—he is Minnie's brother. Minnie was my Chicago girl, you know. Was mining in Oregon then, and I never saw him. Now he tells me he is going to watch me starve to death, and hopes I will enjoy it. Pain in foot worse, and leg swollen. He let me down water in a tin bucket; says he wants me to have plenty of time. I see no hope.

October 20—Screamed all day, but Fenton, or Johnson, as his real name is, told me to go ahead and scream. Pain in foot less, but awful cramps in stomach. He eats his meals in full view of me. I ate gooseberry leaves.

October 21—Minnie came to see me to-day with a baby in her arms; opened a way for me out of the rock; I started to follow, but fell down, down, down.

October 22—Poor Minnie.

After this there were only a few feeble scrawls.

We have turned over all the loose sand in the hollow, and have had large gangs of men examine the ground in all directions, but have come on no other evidence that would support the idea that poor Archie was buried in the neighborhood.

Up to date there has been no news of Johnson, alias Fenton.

He is thickset, speaks with a nasal accent and never swears.

Not a Promising Client.

An old lawyer tells a good story about a case he had, but which he didn't keep.

An Irish woman sent for him in great haste one day. She wanted him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said:

"Mr. B—, Oi want ye to get a remand for me b'y Jimmie."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure, ye can just tell the coort that Oi want a remand till Oi can get a better lawyer to spake for the b'y."

After telling the woman that she would have to get another lawyer to take up the case, he hurried back to his office a very angry man.—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

A Masculine Trait.

"Men, as a class, are not certainly in the habit of boasting of their good looks," said Miss Zaida ben Jusuf, the distinguished photographer. "At the same time, though, every man is sure, and rightly sure, that there is in his face some unique and admirable quality, and on account of this quality he would not change faces with any one.

"There is on Arabian story," Miss ben Jusuf resumed, "which brings out well men's liking for their own faces and their distaste of the faces of their fellows.

"Two camel drivers, according to the story, met in the market place and the first said:

"'I met a man to-day who declared that I resembled you.'"

"'Tell me who it was,' said the other, 'that I may knock him down.'"

"'Oh, you need not trouble,' said the first camel driver, 'I did that at once.'" Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Would Not Do.

A Boston mother with the true Boston woman's born-and-bred horror of anything "vulgah" had to engage a nurserymaid to take the place of one who had married. An advertisement calling for the service of another maid was inserted in the papers, and an applicant appeared in the person of a demure looking young woman, to whom the mother of the four young hopefuls said: "I am very particulah regawding the language used by my nurserymaids. I am especially particulah regawding the use of slang. I nevah allow my children to use any form of slang, and I hope you would not mind if I corrected any grammatical errors I might discover in your conversation."

"Well, I dunno," said the applicant, after a few moments' reflection. "I guess, lady, that I'd hardly come up to the scratch, so I might as well git a move on me an' look somewheres else fer a sit. So long, lady."—Woman's Home Companion.

His only Refuge.

It was a well dressed young man, with a sad, faraway look in his eyes, that stood on the steps as the lady opened the door.

"Excuse me, madam," he said, as he lifted his hat, "but could you direct me to the Home of the Friendless?"

"Do you mean to say that you are seeking it as a refuge?" she asked in surprise.

"I am, madam," he replied. "I am a baseball umpire."—Chicago Daily News.

RAMON CARROL.

The vice president of Mexico, and who has been designated by President Diaz as "president in reserve." He has been secretary of the interior in the Mexican cabinet for a number of years.

FIRST BOOKS TO BE MADE

Every Civilized Nation from Its Earliest History Knew the Art of Writing.

The oldest books in existence are, doubtless, those of the Babylonians; but the great permanency of these is explained by the material of which they are composed, and it does not necessarily follow that they were the first books to be made, says Harper's Magazine. We know that the Egyptians employed a papyrus roll from the earliest historical periods, and that the Hindoos made their palm-leaf books at a very early day. In short, every civilized nation is discovered at the very dawn of its history in full possession of a system of bookmaking.

It is impossible to decide the question as to whether one nation borrowed from another in developing the idea of bookmaking.

Limiting our view strictly to the historic period, we find, as has been said, the five types of books in general use. We have now to consider briefly the distinguishing characteristics of each of these types before going on to note the steps of development through which the modern book was evolved.

First let us give attention to the papyrus roll of the Egyptians. As has been said, this type of book was employed in Egypt from the earliest day of the historical period. As is well known, papyrus is a species of primitive paper—the word "paper" being, indeed, a derivative of "papyrus"—which was made of strips of the papyrus plant placed together to form two thin layers, the fibers of one crossing those of the other, and the whole made into a thin, firm sheet with the aid of glue and mechanical pressure. The strips of papyrus were usually from 8 to 14 inches in width, and from a few feet to several yards in length.

This scroll was not used, as might perhaps have been expected, for the insertion of a single continuous column of writing. A moment's consideration will make it clear that such a method would have created difficulties both for the scribe and for the reader; therefore the much more convenient method was adopted of writing lines a few inches in length, so placed as to form transverse columns, which followed one another in regular sequence from the beginning to the end of the scroll.

AN OLD SMOKER'S DREAMS

He Had to Give Up His Pipe and Cigar, But Still Enjoyed Them.

"It has been 18 years since I was told to break loose from tobacco, as over-indulgence in smoking was about to knock me out," said S. J. Mason, of Chicago, reports a local exchange. "From that day, though so dear a lover of the weed, I haven't put a cigar or pipe between my lips, and yet, strange as it may sound, on numerous occasions I find myself puffing out huge clouds of smoke drawn from the most fragrant Havanas that ever were given to solace mankind.

"These smokes, let it be understood, come in my dreams, but the enjoyment they confer is as solid and substantial as in the old days when the indulgence was a reality. Curiously enough, too, the visions always present a group of friends. I can see them puffing away vigorously. I catch the aroma they blow forth; I hear their conversation as in the old days, and the whole atmosphere is of tobacco. Yet, despite these vivid pictures, awakening brings no desire to resume the ancient habit, and so I expect to continue dreaming of smoking to the end of the chapter without ever putting it in practice."

Tobacco Ash Wasted.

It has been calculated that 8,000 tons of tobacco ash is annually wasted in England. It would make an invaluable fertilizer for poor soil, considering that 75 per cent. consists of calcium and potassium salts, and 15 per cent. of magnesium and sodium salts, including nearly five per cent. of the essential constituent to all plants—phosphoric acid.

Cotton in Italy.

The cotton industry of Italy increases in importance, and is distributed among 730 factories, employing more than 135,000 hands. More than half the factories are operated by steam, the remainder by electricity and hydraulic power. Out of 80,000 looms employed 60,000 are mechanical.

Needs Stirring Up.

The czar deplores the dearth of patriotism among his people. We might lend him a few strains of "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." They do the business over here.

RUN BUSINESS IN MEXICO.

Women Merchants and Capitalists Who Have Been Immensely Successful.

In far southern Mexico, in the real tropics, there are women who are looked up to by traders and merchants and whose will is law. Down on the lower gulf coast in an important port town lives "la viuda de Perez," a huge bulk of a woman, weighing perhaps 350 pounds, seated always in a vast armchair, apparently indolent, attended ever by her maids. She inherited a fortune from her husband, long dead, and has trebled her wealth, and it is related of her that, at one time, she lent a great revolutionary chieftain $500,000 in good silver dollars, and, in time, got it back with substantial interest.

She is a great reader of charcter, and, aided by her woman's intuition, never makes any mistake in the men she deals with. Every business man in town regards her as the arbiter of his destiny, for on the river running up into the interior all the plantations are hers, and all managed by men she has selected and governs with an iron hand, though a liberal one. The commerce of the river is largely under her control, and no traveler can land on her estates save by her permission. If you should attempt it armed men would drive you away, but show a written permit signed by the Widow Perez and you are made royally free of everything, and will be treated like a prince.

This great, indolent body of a woman, forever in repose, has a most active brain. She is a mercantile registry of the whole region, knows to a dollar what every man is worth, has inventoried his mental abilities and his physical energy, settles his domestic disputes, makes matches for the girls, is loyal and kindly, but inflexibly just. No empress ever reigned more despotically than this Mexican woman who sits always in her house in the little hot port town, arbiter and regulator of all things. Her mental activity is enormous. Her fortune is great, and she is possessed of more ready money than anyone in that whole region. Her brains have made her very rich, and her brains hold and steadily augment her fortune.

Another Mexican queen reigns in a district of the remote state of Chiapas, down on the Guatemala border. She owns a great plantation, and her kingdom is extensive. All the men look to this great-brained and executive woman for orders and counsel. There is no American trust magnate more absolute in his business. She is jolly, fun-loving, warm-hearted, but her brain is that of a man in its precision, logic and creativeness. If you travel in that region, you must be approved by the lady regent, and woe to you if you are forgetful of her powers. Her word makes all the men, for leagues around, your humble servitors or else your enemies.

Further north, in the Tehauntepec country, is a woman of the indigenous race, a character Balzac would have found to his mind—a woman, rich, acquisitive, dominating and known to every white man in that district. It is with her that contractors must deal to get a supply of labor, for the Indian men regard her as their ruler, whose word is on no account to be disputed. The Zapotecans, a virile race, are under the rule of Dona Juana, who belongs to another tribe, whose men are lazy, home-keeping, and allow their women to do all the outside work of their ranches while they remain in the house, mind the babies and do the cooking!

Lights and Winks.

A Russian ophthalmologist affirms that contrary to generally received opinion the electric light is less prejudicial to the sight than the other varities of artificial light. He bases this affirmation on the fact that diseases and affections of the eye are directly proportional to the frequency of winking. Now he has shown that winking occurs with candlelight 6.8 times a minute; with gaslight, 2.8 times; with sunlight, 2.2 times, and only 1.3 times with the electric light.

Russian Embalming.

To preserve the features of the dead it is proposed by a Russian to embalm corpses by casting around them a solid mass of glass. The inventor of this process hopes that some day we will have a large museum filled with the perfectly preserved bodies of the great men of their time for future generations to gaze upon.

No Synonym.

When the czar heard of the Yalu defeat he was "dumfounded." He was worse than that, if you say it in Russian.

PORTO RICANS LOVE MUSIC

Even the Children Sing Snatches of Italian Operatic Pieces in Their Play.

The Americanization of Porto Rico is a thing of years. There is much to be done before the majority of the people here, uneducated and simple as they are, can be made successful American citizens. But there is no doubt that these particular descendants of the Latins and Indians have some peculiar attributes which we in our zeal to reform should neither make over nor endeavor to better, says a San Juan correspondence.

One of these is the inherent love and talent for music which one finds in every man, woman and child on the island, no matter what their station or advantages.

This is just as purely a general trait as are many others perhaps less laudable. The music of Italian opera is as familiar to these people as it is to the graduate of a musical conservatory in the states, and more so in a great sense. The first lullaby a child hears is likely to be a stirring solo from "Trovatore," or snatches from a difficult Italian sextet. This is the class of music that the small boys whistle and the girls sing to their dolls. The mass of the people are unfamiliar with the music of the Anglo-Saxon nations, but know to a greater or less extent the lighter music and more recent operas from Spain and Italy.

At intervals Italian opera companies, usually direct from South America, have come to the cities of San Juan and Ponce and played for one or two weeks in both places. The last company which came comprised some 50 members. They played all the more familiar Italian operas, and what they lacked in costumes and stage settings they made good in enthusiastic and appreciated interpretations and really excellent voices. The barytone in this company took the city of San Juan quite by storm, and Americans and Porto Ricans alike joined in his praises. The theater here was filled to overflowing every night—that, too, at prices to equal those of a similar occasion in the states. The gallery was filled with peons and people of the lower classes, many of whom had very likely had nothing more to eat that day than a piece of sugar cane and a bread crust.

IN PHILIPPINE JUNGLES.

Army Experience That Brings Out the Stuff That American Soldiers Are Made Of.

The column was toiling along in the sun up a hillside. The grass was over the head of a man on horseback, and it was very hot down near the ground, where no breeze could come, says the New York Sun. Here and there a sick man was hanging back under his load.

It was the sort of a trail where you are quite worn out and you make bets with yourself as to whether you will keep on going to the top of the hill, knowing very well that you cannot help it.

Suddenly the boom of a mountain gun ahead came down through the stifling air. The crash of a rifle volley followed, and then more guns, swiftly, steadily.

A shiver of life ran down the column. "Hit 'em," said the old sergeant.

Heads lifted. The column closed. The walk changed into a half trot. There was only one thought—to go forward to get at 'em.

"Don't you think you'd better stay awhile longer?" a hospital attendant asked a private who had just fallen out under the sun and was resting in the shade of a bush.

"H—ll! don't you hear them guns?" was the unanswerable answer. "Gimme my rifle."

EGGS HATCHED BY THUNDER

So Says Tradition of Swan's Eggs, But There Is a Doubt About It.

A beautiful white swan sat patiently on her nest in a zoo, relates the Washington Post.

"She's a-settin'," her keeper said. "There's seven eggs under her, and they'll all be ready to hatch out by the time the next thunderstorm comes up."

Thunderstorm?" said the visitor. "What has a thunderstorm got to do with it?"

"It'll hatch out the eggs," the keeper explained. "Swans' eggs are so bloomin' hard that nothin' short of a good clap o' thunder will burst 'em. It's a well understood fact among naturalists that young swans are never hatched except durin' thounderstorms. Did you never examined a swan's egg? Why, hang it, it's as hard as a rock."

Considerably impressed, the visitor sought out the superintendent of the zoo.

"Your birdkeeper," he said, "tells me that swan's eggs are so hard that it takes a thunderclap to hatch them. Is this true?"

"It is a tradition," the superintendent said gently. "Many persons think it true. You and I, however, would just call it a tradition—an odd, pleasant, interesting tradition."

Mound Corn Grows.

Several years ago in exploring an Indian mound in the southwest part of Missouri, a quantity of corn was found. Some of this corn was planted, and, to the surprise of all, it germinated and matured. How long it had lain in the mound, on which large trees were growing, no one can conjecture—probably several hundred years. Last fall the Gazette editor secured a handful of this corn and now has a dozen hills of it growing in his garden. The grains are about the usual size of field corn, but are of a deep brown, mottled with yellow.

Police Picture Books.

In the Paris police stations are picture books for the benefit of travelers. It often occurs that travelers lose articles which they are unable to describe because of their unfamiliarity with the French language. The books contain representations of various articles, and the travelers have only to point out the article which most resembles their lost property.—N. Y. Herald.

Japan's Y. M. B. A.

Japan has a Young Men's Buddhist association, modeled on the Young Men's Christian association.

WINNING THE FILIPINOS.

More Speedily Accomplished by Meeting Them with Amiability Than in Any Other Way.

Following up what we were saying the other day as to the probable consequences of the education of the laboring classes upon the agricultural interests and other industries of the islands, it should be borne in mind, writes William E. Curtis, in a special correspondence of the Chicago Record-Herald, that conditions here are very different from those existing in the Malay peninsula, India, Java, Sumatra, Borneo and other East India colonies, from which our knowledge of the habits and proclivities of the Malay race is drawn. As I told you the other day, Dr. Barrows, superintendent of education, who has made the ethnology of the Filipinos a subject of special study, and was at the head of the ethnological bureau before his promotion to his present position, declares that the Filipino has more of the characteristics of the Japanese than of the Hindus or Malays, but during my brief observation I have not been able to recognize many of them.

He undoubtedly has the same love of music and fighting, the same powers of imitation and love of country, but he certainly lacks the energy, endurance, industry and sturdy perseverance of the Japanese. You seldom see a loafer in Japan; the people of that remarkable country are always busy. You never see Japanese sleeping on a doorstep or in a carriage, and the Filipinos are always asleep or leaning up against something. The Japanese love work; they love to accomplish things, and with the limited area and resources of their empire have a hard struggle to acquire wealth or even to sustain life; while the Filipino has never done anything to develop the marvelous industries of these islands, and is perfectly willing to live from hand to mouth and subsist upon the bananas that ripen over the roof of his cottage.

Dr. Barrows is something of an idealist and is pleased at the sympathetic response which the educational plans of the government have met with. Dr. Washburn, chairman of the civil service commission, is equally sanguine as to the future of the Filipino and the effect of education upon him, because, like Dr. Barrows, he has had gratifying experience with the eagerness of the native to acquire education enough to qualify himself for an office. But it certainly must be admitted that the broad and generous plans of the government for an educational system here would not have been successful or even practicable had they not been demanded by the common people themselves.

The Filipino, as Dr. Barrows says, is essentially a radical. He is one of the least conservative types of the human race, and in that he resembles the Japanese. Thoroughly American and advanced as the school system here is, it is not too much so to suit the progressive desires of the Filipino. He demands free secular schools, open on equal terms to all of the inhabitants of the islands, and wants to abandon the Spanish for the English language. His experience with the Spaniards convinced him that they are governed in thought and action by medieval ideas and prejudices that are no longer useful in the world, and his sympathies are entirely with progress. But it seems to me that here, as everywhere else, the consequence of education must depend very largely upon the personal qualities and character of the student, and quite as much upon the personal qualities and character of the teachers. As Dr. Barrows said in the interview I sent you the other day, the Filipino is phenomenally keen in his perceptions and powers of imitation. He is ready to adopt new ideas, loves novelties, and the influence and example of his teacher will go very far with him.

Fortunately the great majority of the teachers who have come over here from the United States are men and women of principle and sterling character, and the government is to be congratulated upon the record they have made under difficult and sometimes embarrassing circumstances. They came among a distrustful and suspicious people, who looked upon the government of the United States as an invader of their rights and privileges, too strong for them to resist. Their homes had been destroyed; their communities had been demoralized by years of war, their fields were untilled, their cattle had been killed or stolen, and their material condition was at a very low stage. It was not a favorable time for introducing new ideas, but the American teacher succeeded in overcoming the distrust of the people, in gaining their confidence and instilling courage and ambition among them. How successfully this was done is shown by the demands that come in every mail from every part of the archipelago for schools and American teachers.

"English" in Porto Rico.

Early in my work as a teacher in Porto Rico, writes Ida Byres in the Boston Transcript, I was startled in reading a translation handed me by one of my women teachers. I did not then appreciate how universal in Spanish conversation and literature are such expressions as that in the closing sentence of the following:

"Played some boys on the shore of a small lake. On it they threw paper boats. One of they saw a frog and threw it a stone. All more boys began to do the same, and in a short time fell the stones as a rain over all extension of the water.

"A great frog appeared to the contrary shore, said them:

"'Don't throw, by ——, more stones; for it which for you is a diversion, is death for us.'"

Handkerchief Case.

A new style handkerchief case is made from a square of fine, silvery blue linen, pasted on a square of white drawing paper the same size, or about nine inches square. Delft scenes in water color are painted on the corners of the square, which are then folded over, forming a case for the handkerchiefs. Bows of baby ribbon, white and delft blue, are attached to these corners. The pasting must be done very exact. Sometimes a blue flower is painted on each corner, instead of a delft scene, or else a spray of pussy willows.—Brooklyn Eagle.