

MINDANAO'S LAKE REGION.

Interesting Things in the Interior of One of the Largest Philippine Islands.

Col. Edwin A. Godwin, who is detailed in St. Louis as commandant of the World's Fair Jefferson guards, relates a story of the Philippines, which has not before found its way into print, and which, for romantic interest, rivals the tales of Haggard, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Yet Col. Godwin relates only what has come under his own observation. He gives an account of two sunken gunboats in the interior of the big island of Mindanao, where the surroundings are so nearly inaccessible that their equal is scarcely to be found throughout the length and breadth of the Philippines. The men of war were made in China, taken in small sections to the far southern island in the China sea; carried to the interior through almost impenetrable jungles, mountain passes and ravines, and put together for the patrol of the lake region, which is no mean rival of the chain known as the great lakes between the United States and Canada. Here, when the Spaniards were defeated, they were sunk, to save them from the hands of the Moros.

"The time will come," said Col. Godwin, by way of beginning, "when the interest of the people of the United States will be awakened to that strange land known as the island of Mindanao. It is of immense magnitude, second only to Luzon, and possibly as large as that island. Haggard has never imagined a more wildly picturesque land than this. The ships that touch at its coast towns find evidence that there is something like a continent beyond the mountains that come down nearly to the water's edge, but little is known of the fact that, many miles in the interior, there is a Mohammedan stronghold, where no less than 250,000 Moros dwell in what is called the lake region. Scores of the native towns are built about the lakes, so that if a map of that region should be drawn it would have the appearance of a centipede—the names of the towns supplying the legs.

"The Spaniards, after many years' control of the coast, moved little by little into the midst of this wilderness, building forts at intervals, and remaining in these strongholds for a few years before pushing further into the interior. The way led through such jungles as only the tropics afford. Gloomy mountains, responding in an eternal shade cast by the blackwood forests, were among the obstacles. A large river, which runs from the interior to the sea, might have been regarded as a means of getting nearer the interior, but this stream, at one point, has a fall of 1,000 feet, and at other places is stormy and impassable. Yet, in the course of a century, the goal has been reached by the most daring of the Spanish forces, and a monument to their bravery and persistence remains to-day in the form of forts, which have passed into the possession of the Moros. The recent storming of one of these forts by American forces has awakened wonder in some quarters as to the ability of the Mohammedans to build so formidable. As a matter of fact, they would never have gained possession of these positions but for the fact that when the Spaniards surrendered to the Americans there were none of the latter forces that could be spared to go to the far-off wilds of Mindanao, and the Spaniards left the forts as an inheritance to their enemies of old.

"Some years before the fall of the Spanish power in the Philippines the idea of bringing two men-of-war to the region of the lakes was hit upon by the Spanish commander. The natives were wonderfully strong in number in this region, and nothing but strategic methods could enable the Spaniards to hold their own. It was believed that gunboats on the lake, with which the surrounding towns could be bombarded, when the natives went on the war-path, would prove a stronger check than the whole of the Spanish army centered in this region, where the natives, by reason of the topography of the country, had things practically their own way. So, with infinite trouble, two modern gunboats were purchased from the shipbuilders of Hong Kong and brought in small sections to the interior of Mindanao.

"With these the Spaniards did good work until word was brought to them, several months after their government had surrendered to the United States, that they were no longer masters of the archipelago. They could not realize the changed condition for a time. When they did they prepared the boats so that as little damage as possible would be done, and sunk them in the deepest part of the lake. This information I have from Lieut. Antonio Valdez, of the Spanish engineer corps, who had taken a prominent part in taking the boats to the lakes. The natives were known to make efforts to raise them, but, marvelous divers though they be, the task was too much for them. I have no doubt the United States will raise the boats sooner or later, and use them, to some extent, as they were used by the Spaniards."

When He Wanted. "Your honor," said the prisoner, who had been brought in for a preliminary hearing after six weeks in the county jail, "I want a change of menu." "You mean," said the judge, kindly, "that you want a change of venue. Now, the proper course is—"

DREDGED UP OLD COINS.

Major Result of the Custom of Tossing Money to Divers in Honolulu Harbor.

Tourists who have found pleasure in tossing nickels, dimes and even coins of larger denominations into the harbor waters at Honolulu from the docks of incoming passenger steamers for the enjoyment of watching half-naked Hawaiian boys dive for them, may be surprised to learn that not a tithe of them were caught by the deft little water dogs and that after many years they formed a part of the new-made lands near the railway wharf. The harbor has yielded up much of the money that has been sent to the bottom in this manner, through the medium of the big suction dredger which has been at work near Naval Row, opposite the Oceanic dock, says a Honolulu paper. The mud and silt on the harbor bottom is sucked up through pipes into the dredger, and is again forced through a long chain of pipes to the tidewater lands near the railway wharves, where it is spread out over a large area. Natives discovered some time ago that this pipe is depositing more than ordinary harbor silt. Coins of all metals, except gold, have poured out of the mouth of the pipe line and many Hawaiians have profited by their long vigil there.

Capt. Barker, who was on the dredger, states that for some time past his men have known of the treasure thus being brought up from the harbor, and efforts were made to stop the silver flow upon the dredger and before it had a chance to get into the outflow pipe. A box was constructed, and into this the majority of coins sucked up have dropped and are easily gotten out. It is seldom that an opening of the box has not yielded up a handful of nickels, dimes and dollars of several nations. Some coins are comparatively new, while others are more than 200 years old. A Spanish coin, dated 1685, was found. Another, picked up recently by Capt. Barker, bears the inscription: "Libra por la Constitucion, Bolivia Republica Boliviana, 1827." Walter Dillingham, who happened to be on the dredger during the afternoon when the box was opened, was rewarded with a double handful of coins of many denominations and nationalities. A gentleman who has known of this silver mine stated the other day that it is probable the deposit of coins began during the whaling days, when no doubt many of the old-time coins were dropped overboard by sailors merely for the enjoyment of watching natives dive after them. The large quantity of nickels being scooped up is accounted for as those having been thrown over the rail by passengers. Falling into the harbor mud they remained about as they first fell, until a steamer's propeller stirred up mud, coins and all and sent them into another part. Repeated shufflings of the mud at length landed a quantity of the nickels in the section where the dredger is now working, and the suction pump has done the rest. It is estimated by some aboard the dredger that the findings have already amounted to a couple of hundred dollars. It is not a strange sight to see several dollar pieces at a time in the box.

HAWAIIAN DIVORCES ILLEGAL.

Recent Judicial Ruling Has Serious Significance for Many Families in the Island.

Every divorce granted in Hawaii since the republic became a territory is void under a ruling made by Judge Humphreys in a proceeding for separation recently, says a Honolulu report. Every marriage solemnized since the passage of the organic act two years ago of divorced parties is in consequence illegal and transfers made by divorced parties of property are also of no legal effect. Altogether the discovery of a clause in the organic act by Philip J. Farley, of Boston, which makes necessary a legal residence in the territory of two years as a condition for divorce will make almost as much trouble as has the long drawn out fight over the "constitution and flag" theory, which is now in the United States supreme court.

The divorce laws of Hawaii always have been notoriously lax, made so no doubt by the Hawaiian habit of dispensing with the formality of a marriage or divorce ceremony. There is no provision in the local laws making necessary a legal residence in the island, as a condition for divorce and in consequence many people came here from abroad to take advantage of the law, which is even more easy of fulfillment than that of Oklahoma or the Dakotas, which required at least a three months' residence. Altogether since Hawaii became a territory 115 divorces have been granted in the first circuit alone and there are four circuits on the islands. Some of these people may have lived here two years, but it is doubtful if that fact was set out in the petition for divorce as required by law and this would invalidate all divorces no matter what the length of residence on the islands.

In a large number of cases the divorces have been married again, that having been the object for which a separation was obtained, and all these second marriages are consequently illegal.

Porto Rico Coffee. Most of the coffee grown in Porto Rico is sent to Europe. It is a better grade of coffee than is grown in South America and would find a ready market in the United States at fancy prices if it were introduced here.

Diplomacy. To err is human; to forgive is often akin to diplomacy.—Chicago Daily News.

HUMAN LIFE THE PAYMENT.

The Concept of Advancing Civilization Have Striven the Earth with the Bones of Men.

Nations have been baptized in human blood, and each foundation stone of progress has crushed the life out of some mortal. We daily read the story of deaths that come through disease, deaths that we call natural, and then we read the startling accounts of deaths that come suddenly and unexpectedly, to the well, strong, vigorous and active mortals who are busily engaged in the work of the world, says the St. Louis Republic.

These latter emphasize the terrible fact that every human advance, every evidence of progress, every improvement that means a higher civilization, every wonderful machine, every great engineering feat, every towering building and every work that has a form stands as a monument to some life that has gone out that it might exist.

Digging and delving among the dry bones of statistics has resurrected figures full of interest in showing the value of a human life, not spared to disease and old age, but taken in the accomplishment of some work of human progress.

These figures show that through fierce war each square mile of territory gained or maintained by nations of the earth has cost a human life. Some have cost more, some less; but taking the world over, since history began, the records show a charge of one untimely death against each 640 acres.

Each pair of church spires that point toward the clouds stand for a monument to a grave somewhere. Since records of deaths by accident have been kept they show that the life of one mortal has gone out with each two churches reared. All buildings have taken part in the same work. A poorly constructed scaffold, an insecure fastener, a parting rope, a swinging timber, a loose board and scores of other things that tell of human fallibility have contributed to make this record.

Men have burrowed in the ground and dug their own graves—their first temporary resting places, where they were to lie in death—where a moment before they were in active life. Every five miles of tunnel blasted from the rocks and dug from the earth requires the life of one man.

We gather heat, light and power from the sun-made coal that was stored for us centuries ago, and each million and a half tons of it costs one miner's life before it passes from its ancient bed to the surface of the ground.

Since man has delighted in what is bright and lasting, he has sought for gold and made from it the great lever that moves the world; but it has had its price. Each \$2,000,000 of gold has asked for a human sacrifice and received it.

Since before the dawn of history, ships have spread their winglike sails and carried man from shore to shore, and recently harnessed steam has passed them in the race; but from the time when shipwrecks were first recorded until to-day the ships have demanded human toll, and at the end of each 50,000 miles that each one sails it drops a living soul into a never-resurrecting sea, or casts it dead into the arms of the shore.

Where boats would not do man has suspended his bridges, and each one of these that spans navigable water marks the spot where a man was brought to his death through an accident.

So on the steel highways, where, through the energy of steam, we rush with the speed of the wind, the law says that one life must be given for each 500,000 travelers, and the law is obeyed.

Look where you will, these accidents confront you. Life with its requirements pays its way with life.

BABIES FROM CABBAGES.

Little Italian Boy Gives a New Version of the Old Stork Legend.

There are almost as many versions of the stork legend as there are of the original creation, but one that combines the familiar features of that pretty fiction with cabbages is certainly unusual. Such a version was recently told to an East side kindergarten teacher by one of her Italian pupils, says the Morning Xerkis Tribune. Just before the morning exercises began she was sitting at her desk and the children were standing in groups about the room animatedly discussing their various important affairs, when suddenly the teacher caught the following scrap of their conversation:

"But they are born in cabbages; I tell you, I know they are."

The speaker was a bright-eyed little Italian boy, who had for his audience a little Sicilian girl, whose soft, dreamy eyes belie a very practical nature.

"You don't believe that, do you, teacher?" she queried, turning round.

"Believe what, Carrie?" was the inquiry.

"Alberto, he say that babies are born in cabbages."

"Why, teacher, of course you believe it, don't you?" inquired Alberto, excitedly. The teacher was rather puzzled. To say "no" was to shake the child's faith in his mother's pretty fable, so she temporized.

"I don't really think I ever heard of their being," said she.

His Financial Encumbrance. "Yes," explained the lawyer, "you go through bankruptcy, and it will relieve you of all financial burdens." "So?" said the man who was in trouble. "What becomes of her?" "Her! What do you mean?" "My wife, of course."—Chicago Post.

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Everyone on the Watch for an Opportunity to Gain Without Work or Effort.

Magic phrase to interest the sons of men! Is there another in the English language which will set the pulse of all humanity to beating quicker? From the yokel who "bites" eagerly at the alluring advertisement promising anything from a diamond pin to a horse and lot for a two-cent stamp, to the hard-headed business man who is ever on the alert to get the best end of a deal and so secure "something" for nothing, everyone is on the lookout for a chance to win without effort, to gain without work, says the American Inventor.

It is a business axiom that "something for nothing" is an impossibility, and if the expenditure of brains is counted, the verity of the axiom cannot be doubted. But apart from thought and invention, something can be obtained for nothing, sometimes, and never more quickly than by the attempt to turn to some useful purpose the by-product of some process of manufacture.

Not many years ago the entire purpose of a hog in a packing house was meat. To-day a hog resolves himself into food, into glue, into paint, into medicine, into musical instrument strings, into fertilizer, and several other things too numerous to mention. The manufacture of coal gas furnishes ammonia and coke. Many chemical processes furnish brilliant dyes from refuse, and the consumption of tar, once a paving material only, is now far greater for its thousand and one by-products, among which are sugar and wine, than for any other purpose.

Paper, once rarest of substances, now is made from wood, and is shortly to be made from the waste hulls of cottonseed. Fine furniture is made to-day from a rank weed which until this utilized made the land upon which it grew of no value. Garbage until recently demanded good prices for its removal; now it is bought from cities by contractors who make from it fertilizer, and, so it is whispered, stock for canned soups.

And so it goes. Little of value is wasted to-day, but that little, in proportion to the whole, is a vast field, into which the chemical experimenter may go, with the ultimate goal of riches, and the certainty, if only the right course is taken, of finding that will-o'-the-wisp "something for nothing," after which men have striven, are striving, and will strive until the world itself becomes a by-product of the universe and breaks into star dust for the possible gratification of the astronomers of some other planet.

DOGWOOD TREE SIGNAL.

When It Puts Forth Its Buds the Fishermen and the Blackfish Begin to Stir About.

Every lover of good salt-water fishing keeps his eye on the dogwood tree. So does every blackfish from his secluded abiding place among submarine reefs. When the dogwood begins to put out little whitish green buds the blackfish fisherman, who is quite distinct from any other species of fisherman, gets out his tackle, fixes up his lines, pulls out his old clothes, and makes arrangement for boat and bait. Simultaneously the blackfish pokes his nose out from between the rocks, takes a long breath of green water, and begins to feel that the spring has come and that he is developing an appetite. But he knows that the most fast until the dogwood signals, says the New York Times.

One fine morning the fisherman awakes to find a mantle of white glory over all the dogwood thickets, and he drops business engagements, duties, meetings, and everything of lesser importance, and, loaded with tackle and luncheon, makes for salt water just in time to connect with the blackfish, who are capering and darting to and fro in the open water, fairly crazy with impatience for some one to drop some bait in their direction. For the blackfish has seen the dogwood's white flag, too, and from Cape Cod to Sandy Hook has obeyed the signal and come forth with open mouth to spend the summer in stealing bait or getting caught, according as his luck may be. Just what connection there is between the dogwood tree and the blackfish fisherman has not been explained yet, but they say fish understand it; but, anyway, the tree understands it; but, anyway, no blackfish angler would dare imperil his luck for the season by going blackfishing before the dogwood flaunts his flag.

The Cigar of Peace.

"Every attention is being paid to the Boer leaders, whose comfort in the matter of lodging has been well looked after." Thus the report from Pretoria, and in the interests of peace it is to be hoped that the comforts include some reasonably choice cigars, the reduction of which to ashes forms the best basis for an agreement between men who differ and smoke. By much tobacco Bismarck reduced Thiers to acceptance of the German terms, and the Spanish-American peace commission after the war of 1898 proceeded but lamely until the delegates kindled the pipe of peace. At the fifth meeting, little progress having been made, Senor Rioa, on behalf of his colleagues, proposed an escape from the formal atmosphere. "I have observed," he said, "that the American commissioners are accustomed to commissioners who suggest that we join smoking. May I suggest that we join together in our bond of sympathy and light our cigars and cigarettes?" This being done, the negotiations speeded happily, thereby proving that a smoke in time saves much firing.—London Chronicle.

SHIRT WAIST LINENS.

Light and Serviceable Materials That Are in Favor for the Present Season.

Nothing in dress is much more defensible than the shirt waist in sheer linens and batistes and fine, thin silks so prettily embroidered and hemstitched. Shirt waists of some sort have become one of the necessities of dress, and now they have grown into shirt-waist suits, making a distinctive costume quite apart from any other style of dress. These are blossoming out in some different material from time to time, and you see them in foulard, chambrays, madras, dimities, taffeta silks, mercerized chevrets, and more than all in linens, says a fashion authority.

This is a most useful costume, answering many purposes—for traveling, outdoor sports and general morning wear—and apparently it has some significance beyond usefulness, inasmuch as it shows the tendency toward entire waist, which is entirely different in material from the skirt.

However, it is simply another way of trying to oust the separate waist. Many plans have been tried before, but with no results, except to cause women to put a higher value upon its advantages. In place of the flannel waist worn in cool mornings, there are some pretty dotted velveteen blouses. The material is very light weight and has a sort of pressed finish which gives it a gloss.

These waists must be made by men if you would have them smart, yet women are not to be ignored in this class of work, as the men waist makers are not infallible, by any means. Women with plenty of money to spend on clothes have a fad for collecting odd waists, and buy anything and everything which strikes their fancy just to gratify their desire for pretty things. And this is no small item of expense, since the waists may cost anywhere from five dollars to \$75 for the dainty hand-embroidered eubeything things brought over from Paris. Much of the embroidery is done here, however, but that does not lessen the price much, if any at all.

The fad of last season for embroidered monograms on the left side of the bust is revived again, and a very popular one it is among those who care to have something individual about their waists. Colored dyes are used on the white waists, and young women sometimes have their monograms embroidered in black. For some unaccountable reason they affect black and white very much this season in the costumes and hats as well. Perhaps it is the only way they can achieve any youthful distinction in dress, as the older women have appropriated all the colors to their use. But whatever may be the motive, it is a fact that black and white is conspicuous in the young girls' summer outfits.

A WAY TO KILL MOTHS.

By Which Blankets, Furs and Woollens May Be Preserved for the Summer.

Moth protection is much more than half accomplished when a garment is brushed free from dust, stains, spots and any soil removed, and every fold and seam scanned closely for a deposit of moth eggs. If a can be made sure that none of the latter are in the garment, it is easy and cheap to keep them out. Immediately on finishing the cleaning and inspecting treatment, slip the garment into a bag made of calico or muslin, that will hold it easily, and that has not the smallest break or tear, says the New York Post. Close the opening by running the ends together in the sewing machine and lay away on a shelf or in a trunk, as preferred. A housekeeper who has kept blankets, furs and clothing year in and year out in this way, here in moth-infested New York, gives this as her advice, after her long and successful experience. "Sometimes," she says, "I dip a cloth in turpentine and drop it in the bag with my blankets, and I always go over the closet shelves, or the trunk, or the bureau drawer in which I pack away this bagged clothing, etc., with a brush dipped in turpentine. Moths won't eat cotton or linen, and if you are very careful to keep them out of the garment till it is into the bag, they are out for the summer. Don't use cheesecloth for the bags; it is too heavy. Use any clean firm cotton or linen material. Old pillow cases that are not broken or worn through anywhere are useful for the purpose. Many things accumulate in the house that may be used, light silesia dress linings, faded chambray, percale, or linen dress articles, and the like. I have such articles ripped and washed, and made into straight bags of various sizes. These accumulate in my linen closet ready for the spring packing away."

Rattled Bridegroom's Mistake.

A young couple were married in Pewee Falls the other day, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train.

When they got comfortably seated in the car the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving.

It Happened That the Boot Belonged to a Toronto Commercial Traveler

who had removed it to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.—Toronto Globe.

Rat!

Harry—What a crazy style this is the girls have of wearing their hair in a pompadour!

Lulu—I don't see anything crazy about it.

"Why every one of them has a rat in her garret."—Judge.

A CURIOSITY OF HEREDITY.

Children of Elderly Parents Develop Into the Most Intelligent Men and Women.

It is one of the curiosities of heredity that while the children of young parents are usually brighter than the children of old parents, the children of old parents develop into the most intelligent men and women. A good illustration of this is to compare the savage races, which marry at a very early age, with the white race, which is the latest in marrying of all races.

Teachers among the negroes of the south, in the Philippines, in Polynesia, and in Australia tell us that the dark-skinned children in their schools are brighter than the white children, yet we never look for great men among these races, and we would not find them if we did look, says the Chicago Evening Post.

All of the great men of the world, like Aristotle, Bacon, Cuvier and Franklin, have been sons of very old men. When eminent men like King David, the Catos of Rome, the elder William Pitt, and certain branches of the Dana, Lee, and Livingston families of America have sons late in life, the eminence is continued to the next generation, but when eminent men like Arkwright, Bulwer-Lytton, Coleridge, Cromwell, Peter the Great, and Robinson have sons in early life, the eminence immediately disappears.

Another good illustration may be found in the British gobbily. Each noble family begins with an eminent man, and the noble branch continued down through the eldest-son. It has been a frequently observed fact that the eminence is very rarely continued to the third generation, and usually disappears in the second. It is true that eminent men have been produced in these noble families, but during the 800 years in which the law of primogeniture has been in force every such case has come about through some accident which has eliminated the eldest of the eldest and has brought in some younger branch to inherit the title.

The conclusion to be drawn from this is that young men should not marry before they are 25. Neither should they remain old bachelors beyond 30. Unmarried people do not live as long as married people, and no creature is so miserable as an old bachelor with relatives.

CROWNING OF EDWARD VII.

Principal Features of the Formal Ceremony of Making Him England's King.

After the coronation sermon by the bishop of London, the second and more extraordinary part of the service will begin. The king will kneel at the altar with his hands laid upon an open Bible, and take the coronation oath, which will be administered by the archbishop of Canterbury. The archbishop will consecrate the oil in a small vessel, the ampulla, shaped like an eagle with wings outstretched. A few drops will be poured through the bird's beak into a golden spoon that is said to have been used at every coronation for 700 years. With this holy oil, the archbishop will proceed to anoint the king. Queen Victoria abridged this part of the ceremony considerably, for the ancient custom called for anointment not only upon the crown of the head, but also on the shoulders, over the heart, and even on the soles of the feet. Queen Victoria decided that it would be sufficient for all practical purposes, if she were anointed only on the head and the palms of the hands. King Edward wishes no detail omitted, writes Curtis Brown, in Success.

After the sword of state has been placed in the king's right hand and then laid on the altar, the dean of Westminster will invest Edward VII. with the Dalmatic Robe, of cloth of gold. The robe—a six-inch sphere of gold surmounted with a cross of magnificent diamonds, pearls, sapphires, and emeralds, resting on an amethyst an inch and a half high—will be placed in the king's right hand, and on the fourth finger of that hand will be set a historic ruby ring that is fitted with a snap like that of a bracelet. The scepter will be placed in his left hand, and then will come the great moment for which all the ceremonial is intended to be only an introduction. The crown, while resting on the altar, will be blessed by the archbishop, and then placed upon the king's head. The great assembly will then shout: "God save the king!" princess and peers will put on their coronets, and the bishops will put on their caps; trumpets will sound and drums beat, while cannon will boom forth the news of the city.

Rattled Bridegroom's Mistake.

A young couple were married in Pewee Falls the other day, and a number of their friends and relatives assembled at the railway station to see them off on their honeymoon. Old slippers and rice were showered on the happy pair as they boarded the train.

When they got comfortably seated in the car the groom noticed a boot in the aisle, and, thinking it was one that had been thrown into the car by some of his jovial friends, threw the boot out of the window as the train was moving.

It Happened That the Boot Belonged to a Toronto Commercial Traveler

who had removed it to ease his weary feet. On the arrival of the train at Lindsay the bridegroom was compelled to purchase a new pair of boots for the drummer.—Toronto Globe.

Rat! Harry—What a crazy style this is the girls have of wearing their hair in a pompadour! Lulu—I don't see anything crazy about it. "Why every one of them has a rat in her garret."—Judge.

L'ABEILLE DE LA NOUVELLE-ORLEANS

Ret les annonces en Louisiana et dans tous les Etats du Su Sa publicité offre dans au commerce des avantages particuliers. Prix de l'abonnement, pour l'année Battler une-dix-neuf, \$12.00

Publication hebdomadaire \$3.00