

## Two Singers.

Two singers there were and one was like  
To a queen in her royal gown—  
With a stately step, and pride agleam  
In the deep of her eyes of brown;  
And one's was a face with a gentler  
grace,  
And eyes that a heart shone  
through—  
Eyes that borrowed the schoolday  
tint  
Of a little sunbonnet of blue.

One was a singer of great renown.  
Now stirring the blood with a note,  
Now charming the ear with the cultured  
tones  
That came from her shapely throat;  
And one was a singer of songs of love,  
And she knew not the ways of art;  
But she sang right on past the ear  
and poured  
Rich melodies 'round the heart.

Two tributes of song—and one was  
lost  
In the deafening volley of cheers;  
And one throbbled on when the singer  
was gone,  
And the answer was silence and  
tears.

Ah, many the day that has passed  
since then,  
And the singers that sang are not;  
But memory holds to a little song,  
And the other—forgot! forgot!

## HIS FIRST NIGHT IN MANILA.

**A VOLUNTEER'S ADVENTURE.**  
An injury, received at Cavite, a few days after our troops entered Manila, incapacitated me for further service. I was furloughed and might have come home on the transport to San Francisco, but I wanted to see a little more of life in the Philippines.

Two American friends of mine, with an eye to future business, had bought a number of houses of departing Spanish residents on a street leading off the Escolta, and at their request, I hired a native servant and went to live in one of these houses, to look after the property and "hold down the claim" for them, as they say in Nebraska, till they could take possession themselves. The casa, or house, where I became thus domiciled was a typical Spanish structure of Manila, built around an enclosed open patio, or inner courtyard, with strong walls and grated windows. The roof over the wider front portion of it was of corrugated iron, as is common here on account of earthquakes; but the lower portions at the wings and rear were provided with roofs of red earthen tiles.

Having the whole house to choose from, I selected two rooms on the second floor, fronting the street. The Spanish family who had lived here had left much of the old furniture, curtains, bamboo chairs, bedsteads, colchons and other articles not worth moving away. Even the braziers for cooking still stood on the gallery outside the door. I had but to fetch in my personal belongings and begin my bachelor housekeeping.

You get a mozo, or native male servant, for four dollars a month here, and this "boy" does everything for you, even to laying out your clothes and fetching in your meals. For an indolent life at moderate cost, Manila is the ideal city, in time of peace. The mozo does all the small buying, and it is often necessary to trust him with several of the big silver dollars which constitute the medium of exchange here.

Although I found the old casa shut up, it was far from being wholly unoccupied and empty. A Chinese "chow" dog, with a black tongue, curly hair, and a tail that was still trying hard to keep in its peculiar curl, was in the patio when I unlocked the outer door and entered. The forlorn creature seemed uncertain whether to bark at me for an intruder or whine for food, and she watched my face with sad, longing eyes, perhaps pleading for her three little puppies.

A dirty, lean, white cat, with a broken tail was also peering out from under a rank banana stalk. The whole patio was now overrun with neglected flower plants, shrubs, pepper-vines and a "fire-tree." Mosquitoes had bred in the little, half dry pool of the fountain, and a lizard three or four feet long was squatting on the rim of it. There were five more of these long lizards about the court and late that afternoon they began to "sing." I thought that half a dozen locksmiths had entered and were flung keys below, till my new mozo told me the noises were made by the lizards.

The first night after taking possession I spent down at Cavite with some friends; but the mozo remained and availed himself of my absence to smuggle into the patio two tough-looking game cocks of his own; for all these native "boys" are incorrigible cock fighters.

He also kept a yeeping turkey there, for what purpose I never knew, and raised "hongos"—mushrooms—in a dark back room of the ground floor. Still, he was a very good mozo, as Manila mozos go, and was usually on hand when he was wanted.

The old house had still other denizens which I did not learn about till the second night, which was the first that I actually passed there. Any one living in Manila—even a newcomer of a few weeks' experience of the city and its inhabitants—would have understood matters better than I did. At Cavite I had lived either in barracks or at a hospital.

A very diminutive kerosene lamp furnished what light I was to have in the old casa. After a stroll up and down the street outside, I went in,

locked the great door, ascended to my new quarters, and sat down to read an old copy of Waverly which had found its way to the Philippines on a war-ship.

Something about the queer, musty old place gave me a singular sensation—loneliness, perhaps. I forgot it in the narrative of "Callum Beg," for a time. Then I heard Florencio, my mozo, coming up the stairs from the patio. He brought in drinking water, opened my bed, and laid a pair of slippers beside it. As yet the mozo and I had much difficulty in understanding each other. He spoke Tagalog and a little Spanish; I still less Spanish and no Tagalog. I thought that he appeared uneasy, and scarcely wondered at it, the house was so silent and deserted. I asked him if he were afraid.

"Ah, no, señor," he replied, with a doubtful look around, but added something about picaros, and then explained, in many long sentences, none of which I more than comprehended, that native black burglars often crept in, naked, having their bodies smeared with fat so that they could not be seized or held.

I had a Krag-Jorgensen carbine; but Florencio brought in two old rusted lances which he had found below, such as had sometimes been used by Spanish cavalry. He stood up one of these doughty weapons beside my bed, with an odd smile, intimating that he should keep the other near his own colchon in the back room which he occupied on the ground floor. I laughed at him; yet in the disturbed condition of the city at that time precautions were not entirely out of place.

After he had said buenas noches, and I had listened to his shuffling feet descending the stairs, I read again for a while, and then went to a window to look down into the street, which was very quiet and dimly lighted. Presently I heard the tramp of a patrol squad, and a sergeant with five soldiers passed. From the window I could see three natives peeping after them from the entrance of an alley. "Such is Manila in 1899," I thought, and went to bed.

The night was not uncomfortably hot. I blew out the feeble lamp and fell asleep at once. A scraping sound soon waked me: a rat was dragging one of my shoes across the tiled floor. When I struck a match, the big gray fellow dropped the shoe and scurried into a corner, where I could see his small eyes reflecting the light.

I put my shoes and socks on my bed, and again fell asleep; but not for long. Frightful squealing broke out. A battalion of charging Filipinos could hardly have made a sharper uproar—and it was overhead! "Something larger than rats this time," I thought, starting up, and once more lighted my lamp.

The ceilings of these old Spanish houses usually show the beams and boards. A heavy object was rolling and tumbling in the loft above the ceiling of my room, and I could hear an occasional clang against the iron roof above it. Then a strange, grating, sliding noise succeeded, followed immediately by another frightful outburst of screams; then bump-thump-plump all over the loft!

Considerably excited, I jumped up, and seizing the old lance, struck and prodded the ceiling-boards vigorously. These proved not to be nailed or fastened in any way; they turned over easily. Dirt, dust and a shower of rubbish fell. But my demonstration had the effect of quieting the noise for the time being.

From the sounds I was sure that a man or some large animal, as well as rats, must be in the loft—a greased picaro, perhaps. Mounting a chair, with the lance in one hand, I held up the lamp. As I raised the light there was a sudden commotion above, a clatter of the overturned boards, and there slid down, not a yard from my face, fully a fathom's length of the ugliest scaly serpent that I ever set my eyes on.

I yelled outright, purely from terror, and jumped down from the chair. The monster appeared to be coming down tail first. The lamp chimney fell to the floor and broke, by no means improving the feeble light. The snake—more of it—was still sliding down. Apparently there were yards of it behind.

Its tail now nearly touched the floor. Putting down the flaring lamp, I snatched my carbine and literally blew a hole through the reptile's body. It fell, bleeding and thrashing, on the tiles.

But the noise in the loft had increased. Glancing up, I saw the tail of another python whipping down as he ran over the beams. A second shot sent it executing even wilder gyrations.

At length, catching sight of its body gliding across one of the wide cracks I had made by overturning the boards, I fired and brought it down through the hole.

Both snakes, the smaller of which was not less than nine feet long, were now tumbling spasmodically about the room, and I leaped upon the bed, for my feet were bare, and I was otherwise in scanty raiment.

At that moment there came a hasty knocking at the door, with Florencio crying in alarmed accents, "Señor! Señor! Que hay?"

He had naturally concluded that a battle with robbers was raging. It is good evidence of his fidelity that he had seized his lance and come to my assistance.

He was ashen with terror. But as his eyes took in the situation, the dying serpents and the damaged ceiling, his face regained its wonted expression. Nay, he even smiled!

Then, marking my excitement, he began a reassuring discourse, of which I understood scarcely a word. Quite fearlessly, as it seemed to me, he seized the snakes by the tail, and hauling them out on the gallery, threw them down into the patio. Then he began to tidy up the room, all the while repeating something about culebras de casa (house snakes), and that el señor (myself) no conoço (did not know).

It was not until the next day that I came fairly to understand that I had foolishly killed two harmless boas which had filled the necessary office of rat-catchers in the old house for years, and whose place would have to be filled by others of their species if we expected to live there.

I then learned that most old houses and bungalows at Manila have their majas, or house serpents—a species of boa, from eight to twelve feet long, which live in the lofts and attics above the ceilings, rarely or never giving the people any trouble. These snakes, in fact, are sold by native peddlers on the street.

Not many days later, itinerant vendors, acting from some hint of Florencio's probably, came to the house door, each bearing a bamboo pole over his shoulder, with a boa coiled around it. The reptile's neck was tied fast to the pole aloft, to prevent them from escaping. It cost me two of the cart wheel dollars of the country to make good the witless slaughter which my inexperience had occasioned.—Youth's Companion.

## AUTOMOBILE TIRES.

**An Important Question That Has Not Yet Been Settled.**

The tire question is one for which the manufacturers of automobiles have not yet found a satisfactory answer. The most vulnerable part of the vehicle is the rim of the wheels, and in order to insure comfort, safety and beauty experiments have been made by nearly all manufacturers which involved much more expense than is known to the people outside of the business. The monster pneumatic tires are unsightly, and give the vehicles a ponderous and unwieldy appearance, besides being expensive. In order to overcome these objections tires of various sizes, shapes and designs have been made and are being used for the purpose of determining which is the most practicable.

Among the recent patterns is a square tire with corrugated surface, which is a great improvement on the old balloon in looks, although its manufacturers have not tested it sufficiently to give an opinion on its lasting properties. Some of the newest pleasure vehicles have a narrow wheel and a tire correspondingly small, and the life of these tires is also being watched closely.

"Only careful investigation," said a manufacturer, "will solve the problem. We have nothing except the bicycle tire to go by, and must get our knowledge through expensive experiments." The cost of rubber tires justifies a large outlay for the purpose of discovering which is the most durable pattern and design. Tires cost from \$25 to \$50 each, and some of the special patterns are still more expensive. The experiments with the various tires are being watched with much attention by the people who are interested in the horseless trucks, because the heavy vehicles will require tires of great strength. The solid rubber tire has been used with some success in heavy vehicles, and is having its share of attention in the tests which are now being made.—New York Tribune.

## Georgia Pine Days Are Limited.

At a recent meeting of the prominent sawmill men of Georgia, a compilation of statistics was made, showing the aggregate amount of standing timber in Georgia, with the following results:

One million five hundred thousand acres, averaging 3,800 feet of merchantable timber to the acre.  
Total in feet, 4,500,000,000.  
Daily cut of mills, 2,600,000.

At this rate, six years will completely exhaust all the timber in Georgia. With this condition confronting the lumbermen of Georgia, we submit that the situation requires most careful and considerate treatment.

Nothing which will put off the evil day should be neglected. Furthermore, where this timber is gone, it is gone. It cannot be reproduced during the life of any one operating in Georgia to-day. Therefore, if it has got to go, make those who take it pay for it. Every mill man in the State of Georgia, and in other yellow pine States as well, should combine or do something to advance the price of yellow pine, so as they get the full benefits of the only crop they will ever harvest.—Lumber Trade Journal.

## Children Should Use the Left Hand.

Mrs. Jennie Connell, of New York City has a large clientele among babies. Mrs. Connell is a physical culture teacher, and she instructs the little ones in the proper way to breathe, to stand upon their feet, and the right poise of the body. In order to build up the little ones she gives them a course in calisthenics, being careful to observe that their strength is not overtaxed. As they grow older she instructs them in fencing and the like, and she teaches them to use the left hand as much as the right, for, she argues, because this is not more generally used there is an unequal development of the body.

## A SAMOAN TEST OF FEALTY.

**What Was Required of a Lover Who Courted a Maid of Another Faction.**

The following gruesome though true story shows what a powerful lever family approval and tribal influence exerts upon the Samoan character. The story is vouched for in every detail:

A certain young Samoan, the son of a chief, who had reached that age when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," became deeply enamored of the taupo or belle belonging to a neighboring village, between whose "talking man," father of the taupo, and the suitor's family, there existed a bitter feud. The attachment was reciprocated, but, as is customary in such important matters as matrimony, the question of eligibility was duly submitted to the aiga (a-e-na) or family council, which promptly returned a verdict of "impossible." Instead, however, of accepting the decree of his family and renouncing his inamorata the young man rebelled and declared he would wed his dusky sweetheart in spite of all the code of Faa Samoa and the trammels of family and tribal disapproval that could be imposed. The young girl also asserted her independence and scorn for the obstacles which were put in their way, and with the help of a few girl friends began preparing her trousseau of fine mats and gaudy tapa, which brides in Samoa affect.

The wedding day approached. The feeling between the rival villages ran high, and before the arrival of the date fixed for the ceremony culminated in open hostilities. Overwhelming pressure was brought to bear upon the poor lover, who was reviled and taunted with being a traitor, and all the curses of endless generations of ancestors heaped upon his devoted head; family influence combined to exert its every wile to break the engagement but still he stood resolute. He was driven from house and village an outcast on the world and his property confiscated and divided.

The day came and the bride sat alone, deserted by her family, waiting for her faithful bridegroom. The hours passed; he did not come. Suddenly a step was heard outside the hut, where she anxiously waited. She rose expectant. A curtain was thrust aside; something was thrown into the room and rolled to the feet of the horrified girl. She stooped and picked it up, and then screaming and laughing she fell upon the ground—a maniac.

It was the severed head of her father and before her stood her affianced husband, stern, relentless and cold as if turned to stone, in his hand the terrible life-of (head knife) freshly dripping. Family persuasion had triumphed at last and the ordeal which had been given him of proving his fidelity to tribe and family in order to be forgiven was the task he had just performed—taking the head of the bride's own father and throwing it at her feet.

The shock was too great for the poor girl, whose reason, mercifully, gave way. She may yet be seen about Apta, homeless and wandering, a sadly pathetic figure, decked Ophelia-like in bridal wreaths, with a chaplet of vines twined around her head, singing her family song of victory or crooning a love ditty. The young warrior upon whose fealty so terrible a test had been imposed sought and found in war that oblivion which his poor afflicted bride-elf yet hopelessly awaits.

## Hiding in an Ice Wagon.

If you had happened to be near one of the largest apartment houses in the northwest quarter of the town about 4 o'clock the other afternoon you might have seen a strange sight for a gayly painted ice wagon lumbered up to the door and the ice man handed out, not a cake of ice, but a real, live woman, and a pretty woman at that. Great was the astonishment of everybody who saw, but the woman herself wasn't in the slightest degree embarrassed. She had been hurrying all over the town since morning, making ready to go away for the summer, and when at last she stepped into a small shop in a side street to attend to the very last errand on her list, she was beginning to be dizzy, and her head ached with the terrific heat till she was on the very verge of collapse. The shopkeeper suggested calling a carriage, but she was afraid to wait. Just at that moment an ice wagon drew up to the curb, and the woman—well, a moment later she was sitting on a borrowed stool between two blocks of ice in that wagon. She simply had herself delivered at her own door, and she firmly believes that if she had waited for a carriage she'd have succumbed to the heat. The ice wagon, she says—and she doesn't forget to add, her own common sense—saved her life.—Washington Post.

## Fooled the Soldier Boy.

One of the soldier boys swung along in Tuesday's parade with a heart far heavier than his gun, and as he passed a balcony on the avenue and saw a pretty girl and a repulsively well-dressed man there, he scowled fiercely. Last fall it was far otherwise. He smiled whenever he saw the girl, and the repulsively well-dressed man hadn't dawned yet. Last spring the soldier sacrificed two buttons from his blouse and had them made into hatpins for that girl. Two weeks ago he sat near her at the theatre, and when she removed her hat he saw that it had been pinned on with a turquoise fleur-de-lis and an enameled violet. The girl had promised to wear them forever and ever.

The soldier boy went home and

wrote her the witheringest note you can imagine. He told her that she no longer cared for him and could no longer value the button hatpins, and that he'd like them back again. Of course, he put in a number of other remarks, some of them general, referring to the sex, and others specific and referring to her and to her conduct. She's a nice girl and an amiable girl, but that note was too much for her to endure. She sent a man servant with her answer:

"My Dear Mr. Skaggs: I would be very glad to return the hatpins you ask for, but I cannot tell which ones they are. They are all so alike that I am not at all sure which ones you gave me, but I send you what I have, and you can pick out yours. Very sincerely,  
FRANCES."

And that's why the soldier boy scowled. Being a mere man, he didn't even dream that six of the hatpins were borrowed.—Washington Post.

## Passing the Goat Along.

"Will you oblige me by holding this ram while I open this gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I find that I must climb over."

Such was the remark of a man standing at a gate in a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other object visible on the long straight road was a large ram, whose massive, crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate.

"Why, sartingly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns.

"I thank you," the first holder said when he got to the other side. "You will, no doubt, be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram until today. The vicious brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling together ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns firmly, he can't hurt you. Goodby, I hope you will be as lucky getting away from him as I have been."

The sailor's answer has not yet been recorded.

## Having Fun With Temper.

In Paris there lives an eminent painter who is economical and sententious. The other day one of the students broke a pane of glass in the studio window, and replaced it temporarily by pasting a sheet of paper over the aperture.

When the painter came down the next morning he thrust his cane through the makeshift, with the remark, "He that breaks, pays." None of the class, however, took the hint, and next morning another sheet of paper was pasted across the window. It met with the same fate. And so on the next day, and so on the fourth.

On the fifth day when the artist came down there was the paper as before. Fire flashed from his eyes, and roaring, "He that breaks, pays!" he drove his cane through the paper—and through the pane of glass behind it that had been put in by the students and then carefully pasted over with a sheet of paper.

## Wanted Her Money or Her Teeth.

A great crowd collected at St. Lazare Station, Paris, one day lately to see a furious dispute between a young girl and elderly man, during which the girl kept uttering the cabalistic words, "My money or my three teeth!"

At length the police marched them off to the nearest police station, and the girl told her story.

She met a man in Montmartre who so admired her teeth that he offered her sixty francs (\$12 for three of them). The girl had them pulled, but the treacherous monster did not pay. The man of St. Lazare Station was, however, not the culprit in question. It was a case of mistaken identity. The police are now looking for the tooth thief.

## Keep Your Temper.

Be good-tempered. It pays, in every way; it pays, if you are an employer; it pays, if you are an employee; it is profitable, in every walk of life. And this is taking the most selfish view. You owe it to others to be good-tempered; you owe it to your own manhood, to your own self respect. In making others comfortable, you are making things agreeable for yourself; you are gaining and keeping good-will, which may be of value and help to you hereafter; you are accumulating a capital of popularity and good report, which may be used to advantage, perhaps, at a critical time. Good temper is a great factor in success.—Business.

## His Comrade Killed.

Ike Van Meter, in a letter to his folks in Parsons, Kan., says: "We ran a quarter of a mile under fire to get to our places, Dicks and I. As I jumped out of the ditch a native took a shot at me, but as I was using football tactics (keeping my head down) the bullet missed me and entered the temple of poor Dicks, and at the same moment his gun fell forward and hit me in the back, and I called out, 'Boys, I am shot!' I turned around to see where Dicks was and he lay dead at my feet. I realized my mistake then, and called the hospital boys to take charge of his body. I think when we charged again I avenged poor Dicks' death."—Kansas City (Mo.) Journal.

## First Envelopes Ever Made.

One of the odd exhibits in the British Museum, London, is the first envelope ever made. It is a crude, handmade affair, but constructed on lines similar to those in use to-day. Up to the middle of the present century modern envelopes were unknown. Correspondents folded their sheets into little squares, sealed the flap with wax and writing the superscription on the blank back.

## LOVE OF PERFUMES.

**People in Power Have Always Used Them Lavishly.**

The too free use of perfumes about the person has been avoided for many years, and held inadmissible in good society, the merest hint of a faint odor being all that was possibly allowed. Recently this edict of good taste has not been so strictly regarded, and such perfumes as violet and sandal-wood, both of them expensive ones when pure, together with heliotrope, are somewhat in favor again. It is quite likely that the very general wearing of large blue violets has led the way to this.

It is not easy to eradicate the love of perfumes anyway, for the nerves made to appreciate them will always demand satisfaction; and since the race, civilized or uncivilized, has existed, the love of perfumes has existed too. Even animals are sensitive to perfumes, and it used to be said that one of the helps of the great horse-tamer Ramey was a bunch of violets.

Emperors, and priests, and people in power, have always been lavish in their use of perfumes. Saladin washed down the walls of the Mosque of Omar with rose water, to make the Mohammedan heaven more attractive. Some of the hours were declared to have bodies of pure musk. The Turk has always been more fond of musk than the Occidental is.

At a later period than that of Richard's great foe one of the French monarchs—Louis Quinze, we think—used a different perfume for every day in the year, although some of the shades of variance must have been infinitesimal. It was a poetical custom of the court at about that period for two lovers to use the same perfume.

Our grandmothers, and theirs before them, sometimes scented their hair-dressings by means of an apple stuck full of cloves and spices, kept a long time in the pomade, which was perhaps as simple an aroma as could have been invented. They loved, too, the odor of patchouli, with which everything coming from India or China in those rich old days of the India trade was loaded—somehow too powerfully for modern taste; but perhaps they loved the scent more for its association with the wonderful shawls and scarfs and stuff which it accompanied than for itself.—Harper's Bazar.

## A Joke on the Kaiser.

It must be said to the German Kaiser's credit that that well-abused man—in Parisian circles, at any rate—never lets an opportunity pass of being royally kin and courteous to French artists and courtiers in Berlin. But, perceiving as ever, everybody in Paris just now is gloating over a blunder made, with the best intentions, by the German Emperor in complimenting a Parisian writer of operas, M. Ferdinand Le Borne. During the entrance of the first representation of one of this gentleman's works at Berlin, the Kaiser, sent for him to the imperial box, shook his hand with the quite English heartiness he knows how to display when thoroughly pleased, and congratulated him in the most cordial fashion. In particular he dwelt on the pleasure it had given him to witness the triumph at Berlin of these advances were so pronounced that society in Berlin, patient with the Emperor as it usually is, was rendered very sore. But the Emperor was stubborn in his good nature, and wished to carry it a step further. Talking to M. de Noailles, the French ambassador, the other day, he said:

"By the way, M. l'Ambassadeur, I trust you have informed your government of the welcome I gave M. le Borne."

"But, sire, what government?"

The Emperor looked bewildered and rather annoyed.

"Without doubt, sire," continued the French Ambassador, "M. le Borne lives in Paris, and is thinking, I am told, of becoming naturalized as a Frenchman. But by birth, and until further orders, he is a Belgian, and, indeed, I was thinking of asking your majesty if I should write to Brussels."

The Emperor, it is said, bit his lip with annoyance. But the perverse Parisians say that he was annoyed because he felt he had played to the gallery—the gallery of little French gods—for nothing.—Mainly About People.

## A Portable House.

Portable houses have long been made, as they are nowadays, in a great variety of styles and for many purposes, and they are made in many sizes, and so made that sections can be added to them. So the portable house is a familiar thing, and yet it seemed curious to see one set up as this one was, in a city store, as a sample. It was, however, appropriate. Placed for the store in which it was seen was a fishing tackle establishment, and this was a portable lobster-cabin. Here one finds rods and lines and hooks and nets and every possible requisite to the sport of angling, and as he turns he sees in place and ready for use, he can buy a house here, too, if he wants one, and carry it with him, to set up where he will, a comfortable resting place and refuge after the sport of the day.—New York Sun.

## Passengers May Use Brakes.

In the new automobile cars in Paris, France, there is an arrangement in the interior of the vehicle which enables the passengers to check the speed or even bring the vehicle to a standstill independently of the action of the motor.

This is due to the reckless speeds with which these vehicles are being driven. There is another novelty in the form of a register which is placed at each cab stand, in which the patrons may enter any remarks or suggestions.