

TWO TOILERS.

With weary brain and aching heart, I greet another day; A hasty bite, and I must start Upon my weary way...

The suns play above my head and soft, sweet winds may blow, But what are fair, blue skies to me? To labor where no sunshine falls, Shut in by cheerless, dingy walls, Estranged from all but woe...

The Kris With the Plain Handle. By Frederic Coleman.

Upon my return to Manila in the spring of 1900 from a four months' sojourn in the Southern Philippines I was reminded by my friend Feldman that I had promised, before starting for the south, to purchase for him a fine kris, a weapon much in evidence among the savage tribes of the islands of Mindanao and Jolo.

with the naked weapon he supposed that the participant, or possibly the survivor, of some Moro altercation was coming to him, either in search of justice at Baqui's hands or else protection from his enemies.

I accordingly asked my friend to drop into my quarters and select a weapon to his liking from my store of 200 or more kris. Feldman lost no time in calling on me, and after some hesitation, owing to his inability to decide between a beautiful "snake-kris" from the Lake Lanao country, which had a fine ivory handle, and a Jolo weapon, the handle of which was covered with leaf-gold, hammered from Spanish coins, he selected the former, as Lake Lanao kris are extremely rare.

If such was the supposition that the Datto placed upon the case he was soon proved woefully in error. The Moro had been engaged in altercation, true enough, but, as we subsequently learned, he had little thought of seeking for justice or protection. The events which had transpired a few months before were of such a nature that the Moro knew his part in them deserved little else than death.

It was early January in Parang-Parang, a town on the south coast of Mindanao, and the day of an event of the greatest interest to the inhabitants. The company of American soldiers which had been detailed to garrison Parang-Parang had arrived in the morning, and the vertical rays of the fierce tropical sun at noon were beating down as if bent on showing the newcomers how hot they could make a day along the seventh parallel of latitude.

Swinging his kris over his head he cut his second victim from the shoulder-blade to the waist, leaving her in her death-agonies where he had struck her down. By this time half-a-dozen people were at the foot of the stairway, but the murderer jumped down the steps and ran by them so swiftly that they had no opportunity of learning the extent of his crime before he had passed around the corner of the house and was at some distance from it.

Parang-Parang bears rather a bad reputation. As a post of the soldiers of Spain it caused the Dons nearly as much trouble as all the rest of the great, unruled, unexplored island of Mindanao put together. Nearly 300 Spanish soldiers were killed in and about Parang-Parang during the scant eight years that Spain maintained a garrison there.

It might seem peculiar that the renegade should make for the centre of the town; but that was his shortest route to the shore of the bay, where he could obtain a boat and soon place himself in the hands of a rival Datto on the opposite shore a few miles distant. This was no doubt his intention.

When the cool of the evening began to replace the heat of the day the entire population of Parang-Parang turned out to see the "Americano." The Datto Utanamao Baqui, the chief among the Moros, who lived in the vicinity of the town, was standing in the main street, not far from the church where the Americans were quartered, surrounded by a large group of his retainers and followers.

By a clever duck of his head he escaped what seemed for a moment to be certain death. The weapon fell, but his razor-edge missed the Datto, cut well into the neck of the servant following closely behind him, and added a third to the list of his victims. Another stroke of the cruel kris ended the life of one of the Datto's henchmen who stood in the path of the murderous Moro's escape.

THE TROOPS IN CHINA

WHAT THEY EAT AND HOW THEY ARE LOOKED AFTER. The Camp Arrangements of the Different Nations Were All Dissimilar - Our Troops Paid Small Attention to Dress - Russians Had the Best Cooking.

The blow that robbed the old man of his life, however, proved the indirect means of the assassin's death. Before the maddened Moro had time again to raise the dripping blade the campilans and krisers of the avengers had struck deep into his head, neck, side and back, and the spark of life left his mangled body before he could emit a single groan.

That is the story of the kris with the wooden handle which now forms the gem of my friend Feldman's collection. -The World Wide Magazine.

A FUNSTON STORY.

The Gallant Kansan's Exciting Experiences With a Cowboy. This is the season for the Funston story. Some of the anecdotes told in reference to the captor of Aguinaldo are more or less apocryphal, but until the gallant general comes back from the Philippines to deny them they will probably pass unchallenged, which has been the case with a yarn that originated somewhere in the West.

"You did right to fire him," said the superintendent, "but what did you chase him for?" "Because I was mad," replied the cowboy. "You would be mad, too, if anybody flung a rock through your window."

LABORERS ON QUEEN VICTORIA.

"I had the honor of being one of her Majesty's dislikes. I do not suppose that it was due to my having opposed so many Royal grants, but probably had its origin in my having jeered at the Battenbergs or some other of her likes. And yet I have no doubt that I had a more sincere admiration for her than most of the funkies who bowed and scraped before her."

MUSTARD TOO SLOW.

In Skipping Rope the Highest Speed is Called Tabasco. They were two handsome old ladies sitting at the window with their work in their laps, one the hostess and the other the visitor. They were children together and still talked of their former playmates as the "girls."

"Out in the back yard with some little friends skipping the rope. My favorite granddaughter, you know." "Rather delicate, I'm afraid. I declare I don't know what the race is coming to, judging from the girls now growing up. They don't seem to endure anything. Do you remember how we used to skip the rope, Sue?"

Then the old ladies fled back, looked sheepishly at each other, and went to talking about how much better looking girls used to be than they are now. -Detroit Free Press.

HAWK AND BUZZARD FIGHT.

The Observer saw a fierce aerial battle recently between a buzzard and a hawk. The hawk had a nest in a giant sycamore along the Olenyanga and the buzzard in flying over the tree had evidently gone too close to the nest of the hawk. The female bird left her home and gave battle to the sailing buzzard. The hawk would soar up above the buzzard and then come down with the rapidity of a stroke of lightning.

SNAKES IN THE PHILIPPINES.

That our men in the Philippines are not campaigning in Ireland is brought home every now and then in a startling manner, as was the case with First Sergeant Ducklett, of Company A, Forty-ninth Volunteer Infantry, stationed at Cordon, Isabela Province, Northern Luzon.

WHY THE CHINAMAN IS DIFFERENT.

He shakes his own hand instead of yours. He keeps out of step when walking with you. He puts his hat on in salutation. He whitens his boots instead of blackening them.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For June 16. Subject: Jesus Appears to John, Rev. 1, 9-20. -Golden Text, Heb. xiii, 8-Memory Verse, 17, 18-Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

"I, John." John, the author of this book was St. John, the apostle, the son of Zebedee, the beloved disciple, and the author of the four other books of the New Testament that bear his name. "You brother." A member of the family of God, a Christian, "Companion," "Partner," (R. V.) "In tribulation." A word derived from the arching of the eye. It took hard blows of sorrow and persecution to separate the chaff from the wheat.

"Behind me, etc." This was his first intimation of the presence of Christ. These are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. This is a figurative expression, used to show that Christ was the source and the consummation of all things that come from eternity to eternity. "What thou seest." The prophetic vision that was revealed to him on that Lord's day.

RAMS' HORN BLASTS

Only he who can worship can attain. Religion is not a rouse for rogues. A moderate drinker is simply a moderate drunkard. There is no dog tag in the Christian life.

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Some sort of creed precedes every deed. Christ gave no law till he had tried it in life. The devil is the president of the sin combine. It is the grip on a better world that enables us to rise above this one.

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Religion without conviction is like a lean-to shed, without foundation. The man who is most conscious of coming from God will be most likely to return to Him. If we are not humble toward God, we are not forgiving toward our brethren.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.

June 16 - Reverence for Sacred Things - Exod. iii, 1-6. Scripture Verses - Psa. lxxxix, 7; xli, 10; Heb. xii, 28; Lev. xix, 30; Psa. lxxxvi, 11; xcv, 1-10; John iv, 24.

It is probably true that the universal sin of our time is irreverence. The most sacred things are referred to in a manner that we are commanded not to profane, is used in the most ordinary conversation, as though it had no significance beyond any ordinary name. Objects which, by their long association with religion, devout people have learned to revere, are used with meaning to the average person. God's day as well as God's house are ignored.

Objects of Our Reverence.-Next to those things which best interpret God. To one person it will be one thing; to another, another. To many, by reason of their early training and habit of thought, it will be the Church, with its symbols of worship. To others the Bible will be invested with a sacred awe. Whatever the object is which seems to us to represent God or is the means by which we draw near to God, it should be handled reverently, or spoken of in a reverent manner. Let us beware how we spoil for ourselves our early habits of reverence by any thoughtlessness.

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