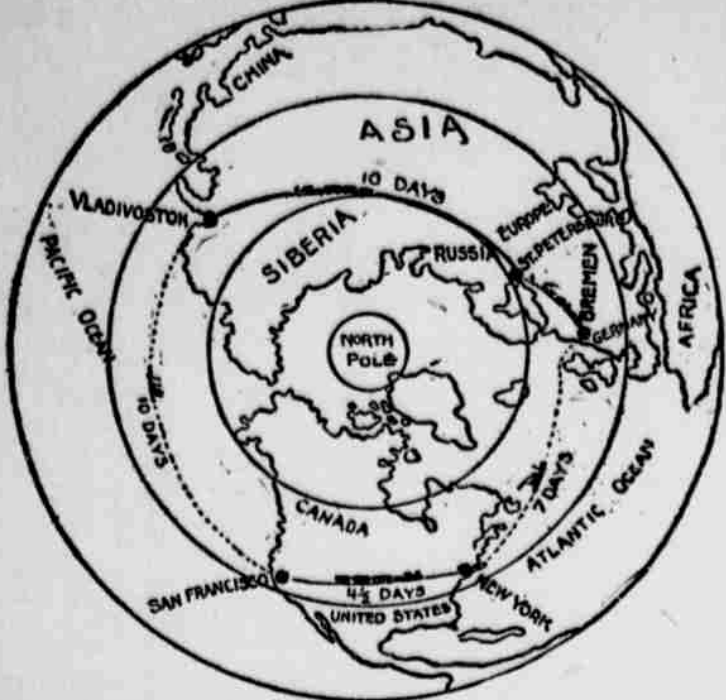


AROUND THE WORLD IN THIRTY-THREE DAYS



The world's record for swift travel around the world will soon be cut in twain. Prince Hilkoft, Russian Minister of Communication, stated at the recent meeting of the European railway managers that when the new Siberian railway is completed it will be possible to travel around the world in thirty-three days. At present the best possible record is sixty-six days.

Prince Hilkoft arranges his thirty-three-day itinerary. In calculating this run Prince Hilkoft estimates speed on the Siberian railway at the very modest rate of but forty-eight kilometers, or thirty miles, per hour. Faster communication both by sea and land will doubtless soon reduce the minimum time to thirty days.

PRINCE HILKOFF'S TIME TABLE.		PRESENT TIME TABLE.	
Days.	Days.	Days.	Days.
Bremen, by rail to St. Petersburg..... 13	New York to Southampton..... 5	Southampton to Brindisi..... 3	Brindisi to Yokohama by Suez Canal..... 42
St. Petersburg to Vladivostok..... 10	Yokohama to San Francisco..... 10	Yokohama to San Francisco..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10
Vladivostok to San Francisco..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10
San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10
New York to Bremen..... 7	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10	San Francisco to New York..... 10
Total..... 66	Total..... 66	Total..... 66	Total..... 66

PHILIPPINE TRIBES COMPLETELY CLASSIFIED.

An Ethnographic Map.

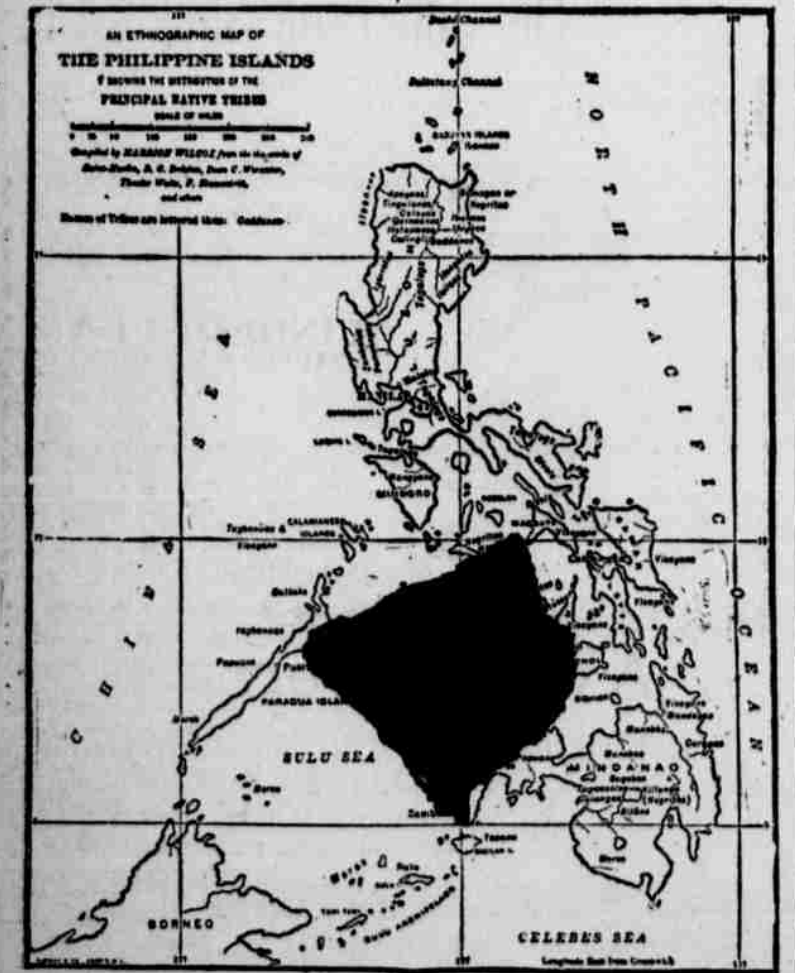
A simple classification of the Philippine Archipelago's population may be made with the assistance of the accompanying ethnographic map taken from Harper's Weekly:

1. The Moros, or Sulus (Mohammedan Malays) occupy the small southern islands, the southern and western coasts of Mindanao, and the southern extremity of Palawan. Their capital is Salu. As for their number, the estimate in the Nouveau Dictionnaire de Geographie Universelle, by M. Vivien de Saint-Martin, is 200,000 to 300,000.
2. The islands of the central group are inhabited chiefly by Visayans (Roman Catholic Malays). Of the Visayans proper there are about 2,500,000; but if we include the cognate tribes scattered from Northeastern Mindanao to Mindoro and the Calamianes Islands, the total number is probably much greater.
3. The Tagals, Tagalogs, or Tagalos (Roman Catholic Malays), from whom Aguinaldo has drawn the larger part

as Saxon displaced Celt in the British Isles. That famous band of the Igorotes who trusted to charms and bows and arrows in the battle of February 5 were of this class. The accompanying map shows the names of a dozen different tribes in Northern Luzon alone, with others in Central Mindanao, Northern Panay, and Negros, etc. Little reliance can be placed upon the estimates of the total number of "Indonesians" who have never consented to stand and be counted. As an approximation, some of the authorities have suggested 300,000 or 400,000.

6. Of the aborigines called Negritos (little Blacks), or Aetas, only 10,000 or 20,000 remain. They are "as near an approach to primitive man as can anywhere be found," says Professor Brinton; and they are so far inferior in physique and intelligence to the civilized or semi-civilized Malay or "Indonesian" that they seem destined to disappear altogether before long.
7. At or near the principal ports are about 100,000 Chinese, and perhaps 15,000 whites—not including General Otis's army.

The present distribution of the native tribes has evidently been occasioned by successive waves of invasion. The aboriginal Aetas (Negritos) as a less vigorous branch of the human family, were unable to resist attacks



of his forces, inhabit central Luzon. Their number is uncertain, though for the present we may accept Saint-Martin's estimate—1,200,000.

4. Tribes of Malays, which are numerically of less importance, are not always clearly distinguished from Tagalogs and Visayans—e. g., the Ilocanos, Pampangos, and Zambales of Northern and Western Luzon, the Biacols (or Biacols) in the extreme southeast of Luzon and in adjacent islands, the Sabanos of Southern Cebu, etc.
5. Non-Malayan savages, remnants of an earlier population which was displaced by the Malays, are widely scattered, and the common name "Indonesians" is given to these tribes by the writers, who regard them as representatives of a race which the Malays drove into the mountains, somewhat

from restless and progressive neighbors. The first people from the mainland to appear as conquerors on a large scale may have been the so-called Indonesians; but these in turn were displaced, in the more desirable portions of the archipelago, by hordes of Asiatics coming from the Malay Peninsula by way of Borneo—the first incursion being led by Tagals, and the second by Visayans. The third and last wave of Malay invasion culminated about the middle of the sixteenth century, not far from the time when the Spaniards arrived upon the scene and established themselves in the Visayas and Luzon.

The editor of the Dictionnaire de Geographie Universelle estimates the total population of the archipelago at about 9,000,000, but fails to give con-

vincing reasons for this opinion. In view of the statements which have been repeated day after day for the last ten months, that the Philippines support a population of 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 persons, it may not seem that our question is too pointed if we ask, How is this information derived? A little scrutiny of figures given in the foregoing paragraphs will show that perhaps 5,000,000 or 6,000,000 have been accounted for. Within a limited area, conditions which allow half a million of people to live by hunting are not usually such as to allow 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 more to live by agriculture and commerce. Why, then, does it seem probable that the population of the Philippines is so dense? How has it been possible to



GENERAL MASCARDO. (He is the Philippine insurgent leader who has most influence with the savage tribes of the island.)

secure trustworthy information on this head?—Marrison Wilcox, in Harper's Weekly.

An American Girl's Romance.

The news that the Viscountess Deerhurst has just given birth to a son and heir recalls her strange but romantic history. As is known, the young Viscountess occupies an enviable position in English society. She has been twice received by Queen Victoria, and she has won many friends by her charming personality. She was first known to English society as Miss Virginia Bonyng, the daughter of C. W. Bonyng, a California millionaire. Virginia Bonyng became the intimate friend of Princess Christian, and was patronized by all of the royal social leaders. Shortly after her presentation she became engaged to an English nobleman, and after all the arrangements had been made for the wedding it became known that she was not the daughter of Mr. Bonyng, but the daughter of a California miner who committed murder, by name William Daniel. William Daniel was an English gardener who married a housemaid and emigrated to America. The Daniels journeyed from the East to Illinois, where they began farming on a quarter section of land, and it was during their sojourn in this State that Virginia was born. When a mere babe her parents started for the Rockies. While in a mining camp on the Pacific slope Daniel quarreled with a number of reckless men and killed his man. He was tried and convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Soon after Bonyng, also a miner, met Mrs. Daniel and persuaded her to get a divorce from Daniel, which she did, and married him. Thereafter Virginia became known as Virginia Bonyng. The Bonyngs prospered and became rich, and eventually went to London to live. When the facts of Miss Bonyng's antecedents were made known to the prospective bridegroom the engagement was broken off by the scion of the noble British house. The Princess Christian, however, remained the fair heiress's friend, and she challenged her right of entre into



VISCOUNTESS DEERHURST.

the most aristocratic British society. The chances are that Virginia Bonyng cared little for her first noble love, for she soon forgot him and married the Viscount Deerhurst, who loved her in spite of the fact that she was the daughter of a miner and a convict.

Bridgeport, Ohio, has issued bonds for \$70,000, with which to pave every street in town.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

A Queer Hole.
I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—For such boys are not found nowadays, you know—Whose friends were as troubled as they could be Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day, And the boy said "Yes" and hurried away; But he met a man with a musical top, And his mother's words through that hole did drop.

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me! For a boy with a hole in his memory! When he rose to recite he was all in a doubt, Every word of that lesson had fallen out!

And at last, at last! oh, terrible! He spoke not two words, "I forgot." Would it not be sad, indeed, to be A boy with a hole in his memory?
—Advocate and Guardian.

Making the Best of It.

Bruno was a large Newfoundland dog. His owner was a busy housewife in a village of England. Mrs. Bradley sent him regularly to the bakery, with a basket, for bread and cakes. One day, on his way home, he was attacked on all sides by four or five smaller dogs, bent on robbing him. Bruno was at a loss how to defend himself from his enemies, and at the same time save the bread and cakes; for while he was punishing one dog, the rest began to eat from the basket. "I know the food ought not to be eaten," thought he. "But, if it must be eaten, I had better eat some than let those worthless fellows have it all." So old Bruno chose the lesser of two evils. He began eating, and ate as fast as he could with the other dogs scrambling about him. As soon as the bread and cakes had disappeared, the robber dogs dispersed, and Bruno went home with the empty basket. When Mrs. Bradley saw this, she didn't understand, and felt for a time that Bruno had been unfaithful; but, when the truth was known, she liked her dog better than ever.—Christian Register.

Johnny's Marble.

Seven little marbles lay huddled together in Johnny's pocket. They rattled merrily against one another, and when Johnny went hop, skip and jump, they went hop, skip and jump, too, for they were so glad that marble time had come again. Only the big green marble that Johnny called a "real" did not stir at all, and was not glad a bit.

"Oh, dear, I wish it was winter again!" said the big marble. "Then I could sleep all day in Johnny's playroom, instead of rolling about on the pavement."

"I think that is fun," said the little brown marble.

"What fun is there in bumping together and knocking each other about?" asked the big marble. "And as soon as one game is done, another begins. It is so tiresome!"

In fact, he began to feel so cross that he made up his mind to run away. So the next time that Johnny sent him flying against a row of the other marbles, he contrived to slip down under the fence; the green grass covered him over, and as it was just the same color as the "real," Johnny's sharp eyes failed to find him.

At first the lazy marble thought it was fun to lie still and do nothing, but soon he was tired of that. He could hear the boys on the sidewalk shouting their funny jargon, while his brother marbles rolled to and fro, and had such jolly games! How he wished that he was with them!

One day Johnny was digging a flower-bed by the fence, when his spade struck something hard. "Why, here is my 'real'!" he cried. "What made you run away, you naughty fellow?"

Then Johnny took his other marbles from his pocket, and they had a fun play all together again; and the big, lazy marble was now as lively and jolly as the others, and clicked merrily against his neighbors as if he quite enjoyed the game.—Youth's Companion.

A Treasure Island Near Porto Rico.

At the centre of the sea of the Antilles, in the middle of the passage which separates St. Domingo from Porto Rico, there rises itself above the waves a steep rock to which the ancient Spanish navigators gave the name of "La Mona," or "Nonito," the little monkey. Among the sailors of the Antilles, La Mona is always called the Island of Pirates, and is thought to conceal mysterious treasures.

It is an immense chalky block, seven kilometres long and four or five wide, rearing its summit, flat as a table, to thirty or forty metres above the sea. The waves, always agitated in these coasts, have shaped this block into a pedestal of pointed cliffs, and, except on two or three points, where narrow stretches of shore advance, the island is almost inaccessible. Ships are kept at a distance, as much by the violence of the waves as by a chain of rocks which surround it and where alone open a few passages for small vessels.

At the southern point of the island an enormous rock seems miraculously suspended from the crest of a cliff. The sailors have named it "Caiffo o no caiffo," which means "Shall I fall or shall I not fall." In spite of its perilous position, the rock in equilibrium has resisted for many ages the attacks of storms and waves.

But one of the most curious particulars of this island, so strange from many points of view, is that its chalky mass is throughout pierced by immense caves, innumerable grottoes, inhabited by bands of sea birds, were but lately, in part, obstructed by guano, which has been nearly all taken away.

The adventurer intrepid enough to engage himself in this formidable struggle soon finds himself arrested by two very unexpected obstacles; in effect, among the tangle of plants are hidden swarms of immense wasps, which at the least rustling, precipitate themselves on the intruder, and can by their dangerous stings put his life in danger; again, if he escapes from these guardians of the jungle, he has to brave the darts of opuntias, a kind of dwarf cactus, which in many places stud the earth, and the pricks of which, without being as dangerous as those of the wasp, are very painful and cause a high fever.

One can understand that this rocky isle, so well defended by the forces of nature, may have offered a refuge to the daring filibusters who have been, during many centuries, the terror of the Antilles. After having passed by secret passages in the belt of rocks, they sheltered their vessels in some intricacy of the cliff and established themselves in those grottoes which formed impregnable natural fortresses.

There no one could reach them, and supposing that a daring assailant had succeeded in forcing an entrance to their haunt, the bandits would fly through the detours of the inextricable labyrinth and would gain the impenetrable thicket of the upper plateau, where it would be impossible to track them.

Some of these caverns, in the vicinity of Cape Caigo, present still the undoubted traces of pirates. One of them called Cueva Negra—Black Cave—from the thick coat of soot which covers the vault, is a vast chamber, around which spreads a network of other chambers and passages. The walls of this chamber are still graven with sinister designs, representing galleys supporting rows of bodies and above which are inscribed the names of the victims, names where are found represented all the nations among which these rascals recruited their band and which are doubtless those of traitors or rebels executed by their companions, unless they were the unfortunate captives sacrificed by these wretches. Some cannon balls, still encrusting in the walls of the cliff, near the entrance, also prove that the place was besieged, without doubt by some war vessel sent in pursuit of the pirates.

These grottoes did not serve as places of refuge merely; the pirates used them as storehouses and kept in them the products of their captures. So, when at the close of the last century, France and England had succeeded in destroying this breed, it was thought that the island must contain some of the immense treasures which the pirates had hidden there during many years. Searches were made, but the extent of the caverns to be gone over was so great that no result was obtained. However, about forty years ago, an American, guided, it appears, by a mysterious document, landed on the island with a troop of natives from San Domingo and succeeded in unearthing in one of the grottoes an iron box containing nearly \$120,000 in ancient golden coins and jewels. Allured by this result, an American company was formed in 1880 and undertook to search methodically while taking up the thick bed of guano deposited by the sea birds on the floor of the grottoes; but outside of the precious guano, no treasure was gained.

The Queer Postal Service of Havana.

Under the Spanish system Mr. Rathbone found that the letter carriers received their pay by charging from three to five cents, and sometimes more, for every letter they delivered. It took only a day or two to have that system abolished in Havana, much to the relief of the merchants. The carriers were put on salaries equivalent to that which they were supposed to earn by the assessment method they were permitted to use under the former regime.

The carriers under the Spanish system not only charged for the delivery of mail matter, but they rifled letters freely, and made money by stealing stamps from mail matter and selling them. The letters and other grades of mail matter would be forwarded without stamps, and the carriers at the other end of the route would collect not only for delivery, but for the stamps that had been stolen. There was simply an unparalleled looseness in the conduct of postoffice business, and every man seemed to have license to steal wherever he could. Even newspapers would be stolen from bundles and sold for whatever could be got for them.

Another form of corruption was evident when the salary lists were examined. There was no scale of salaries. In one city a postmaster would receive twice the salary that the postmaster of a larger city received. Salaries seemed to be arranged on the "pull" plan, with the possibilities of division with the appointing power afterward. Places that under the liberal payment of the United States would rate at \$1500 a year were worth frequently as much as \$3000 a year.—Harper's Weekly.

How Room Was Made.

A little black-eyed and nimble-tongued Irish street car conductor in Dublin came into the car and called out, in his peculiarly penetrating voice:

"Wan seat on the roight! Sit closer on the roight, ladies an' gentlemen, an' mek room for a leddy phwat's standing voice:

"A big, surly looking man who was occupying space enough for two, said sullenly:

"We can't sit any closer."

"Can't ye?" retorted the little conductor. "Bogorra, you niver wint cortin' this."

It is needless to add that room was made "on the roight" for the lady.—London Spare Moments.

FARM TOPICS

Keep Small Tools Sharp.

All the hoes and other small tools used in cultivating soil, including cultivator teeth, should be sharpened at the beginning of the season and kept sharp thereafter. In stony ground, a hoe will need a little touch of the grindstone nearly every day. This may seem a small matter, but the time used in keeping small tools sharp is not wasted, as it enables the workman to work more effectively for a day thereafter.

To Get Rid of Weeds.

Green manuring may be the means of cleansing the field from weeds, for which purpose, of course, only the crops of the most rapid growth are useful. It increases the store of organic matter in the soil, and so furnishes the conditions favorable for the multiplication of earth worms, and these, as Darwin has pointed out, by their activities improve the soil in many ways, most important among which are better aeration, bringing of the finer materials to the top, pulverization and increased solubility of its constituents.—Professor William P. Brooks, of Massachusetts.

The Ox-Eye Daisy.

There are many who admire the daisy as a flower, and even the large oxeye, larger and more showy than the common varieties, is not without those who think it beautiful. But it hardly needs to be added that these are mostly city people, or those who have not become acquainted with the daisy's peculiarities. It is a most abundant seeder, and once in the land it is almost impossible to get rid of it. Yet there was a time when this vile pest was sent out to be cultivated in gardens as a beautiful flower. During one of the last years we were on the farm, a handsome carriage with team, showing a family taking a drive through the country, called at the house, and the lady of the party asked us in the most polite tones possible if we would be kind enough to allow them to pluck a "few of the beautiful flowers" which she saw growing amid the grass and clover. Of course consent was readily given, though we could hardly repress a smile. Yet if cut early, before its seed is formed, the daisy makes a hay which stock will eat if forced to it. It has then rather more than half as much nutrition as good hay.—Boston Cultivator.

Cost of Growing a Cow.

The lecturer of the New Hampshire Grange has been making an estimate of how cheaply a heifer calf can be raised until it is sixteen months old, by which time the heifer may begin to pay her way. Assuming the calf to be dropped the first of October, he estimates the cost of feeding it on skim milk thickened with ground flaxseed and some hay for the first five months or twenty-one weeks, at \$9.57. The next three months bringing it to the pasturing season cost nearly sixty-four cents per week, or \$8.28. Pasture will vary with locality and is reckoned extremely low, calves being often pastured for \$1.50 to \$2.50 for the season. The last three months cost \$9.48, making a total for sixteen months of \$28.31. The lecturer adds that if there be much increase of expensive foods, like flaxseed, the cost of growing the calf will be considerably increased. These figures are strongly confirmatory of the belief of many old farmers that it does not pay to grow a heifer into a cow, and that it is cheaper to buy the cow after all these costs and the risk of loss have been borne by somebody else. It is a fact, however, that a cow grown on the farm and always used to it will be generally a better cow than she will if sold to be sent to some other place. The cow has a great love for the home where she was brought up, and instances have been known where they have been sold to a distance, of their escaping in the night and making their way to the familiar barnyard where they were reared.

Popcorn as a Crop.

It hardly pays to grow popcorn as a field crop, under ordinary circumstances. The consumption of popcorn is a considerable item, and a farmer may be so situated that he could grow it profitably, but we should not care to attempt it. It is not a certain crop, and it seems, for some unaccountable reason, to fail more easily in a large field than in a small patch. It is capable of yielding fifty bushels to the acre, but it does not often do it. It mixes so easily with other corn—which, of course, destroys its market value—that unless planted far away from other corn, we get a variegated nothing.

But if we succeed in getting a crop, we meet with serious difficulties in keeping it, and to get the best prices it must be kept a year, and under the very best conditions. It must be kept dry, absolutely dry, and, with the ordinary farmer's facilities for large storage, that is not an easy thing. If there should be some place on the farm that will insure dryness, rate and mice will be the next trouble, and these pests not only destroy a great deal of the corn, but will taint even more than they eat. The only practical way of keeping it from rats and mice is to cover the crib, which ought to be in some building, with fine wire netting, and that is too expensive. It is the practice of some who do not grow it upon too large a scale, to throw it upon the bare floor, shovel over every day for a week, and then barrel. Two or three inch holes are bored in each end of the barrel for the admission of air. But this does not always save the corn from mice.—The Epitomist.