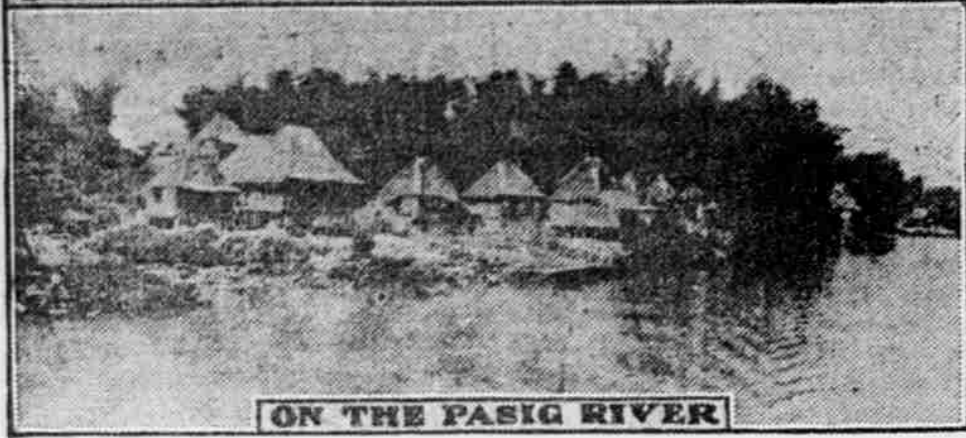


## THE NIAGARA OF THE PHILIPPINES



ON THE PASIG RIVER

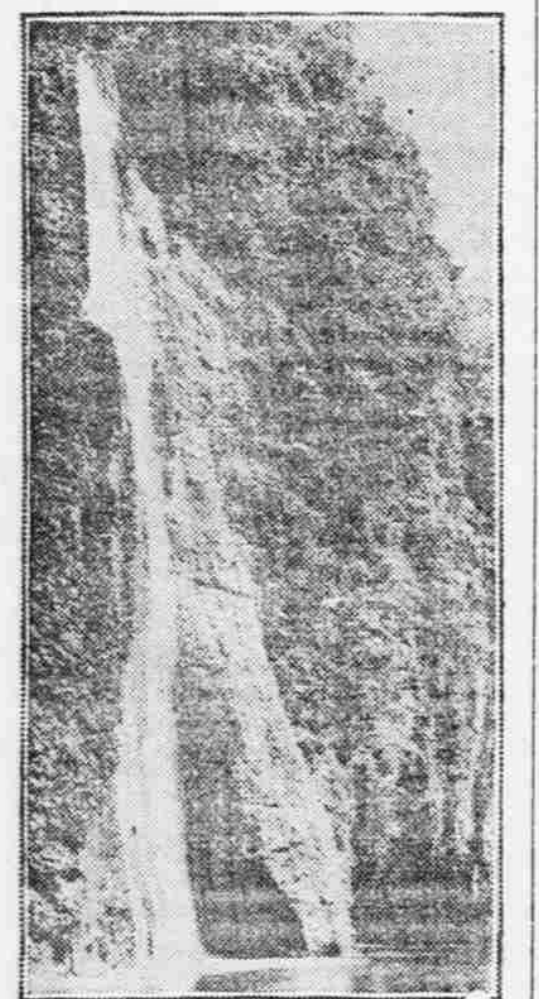
By AGNES L. FREER.

**O**NE of the sights in store for the sailors of the American fleet while in the Philippines consists in the falls of Pagsanjan—pronounced Paganhan. These falls are unique in their weird, wild beauty, and a first view of them is just as much a never to be forgotten experience as is a first view of the great cataract of the Niagara river. They undoubtedly form one of the grandest spectacles under the American flag. The pale blue veils of water plunging hundreds of feet down precipitous cliffs clothed in a tangle of giant ferns and rank tropical verdure make a sight well worth the exertion of an expedition into their secluded wilds, but they are by no means the only thing to charm the traveler upon this most unusual journey. There is the placid Pasig slipping softly to the sea between its banks, burdened with luxuriant, lazy, tropical life. There is the Lake of Bays shining in the white sunlight, its far away shores lifting themselves in rounded peaks through a mysterious, opalescent haze. And then there are the towns and the people—the people whom we call "our little brown brothers" seen to the greatest advantage in their inland homes, where they have lived and showered their open hospitality upon pilgrims to Pagsanjan generations upon generations.

When our excursion was determined upon telegrams were sent to provincial officials in Santa Cruz, the "big town" upon the way, where we were to spend the night. This was a necessary precaution because there are no hotels or lodgings in Filipino towns and travelers are always dependent upon this hospitality of officials or friends.

We left our river landing at Manila in a good sized launch at 9 o'clock in the morning. The sky was overcast, so instead of suffering all day under a tropical sun we were wined to a luxurious enjoyment by a soft, odorless breeze which swept down upon us from the palm lined shore. After passing the Manila suburb of Santa Ana, where an old Jesuit monastery lifts its picturesque, moss covered walls against intrusive eyes and where a long line of old Spanish mansions half reveal themselves in the midst of alluring tropical gardens around the deep curve of the river's bank, the panorama broadens. The banks become lined with feathery bamboo trees, under each of which there seems to be a "nipa hut," the palm thatched house of the native, which sits up in the air like an overgrown bird house on bamboo poles.

Native bancas (canoes), loaded with the emerald green sacate, glided swiftly by us. On every side there was a vast variety of cargo. Rafts of bamboo and coconuts floated down. A creaking ferryboat for a moment intercepted our course. It was filled with natives on foot and in carromatas, the native two wheeled vehicle drawn by ponies. Darkness fell before we reached the vicinity of Santa Cruz. By flickering lights on a dilapidated wharf we descried the town, but as the water was too shallow to permit our ap-



THE PAGESANJAN FALLS.

proach our old skipper anchored some distance off, while we listened, amazed, to strains of "Hiawatha" and "A Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" which floated out to us. We knew that meant a genuine native welcome, with a fafare of drums and the accompanying fiesta. Presently the inevitable band, playing "Sobre las Olas," was poled out to us on a raft prettily decorated with palm leaves and flags and hung with Japanese lanterns. The provincial governor and several dignitaries greeted us cordially, and once on shore they placed us in carromatas, and we lurched along over a rough road like ships at sea.

An elaborate dinner was prepared for us at the governor's house, and in true Spanish style we were told that the

house and its belongings were ours. After some two hours of dining, being tired by our journey and our laborious efforts to converse intelligently in Spanish, we were glad to escape to our rooms for the night. The dawn found us awake listening to a ceaseless chorus of cockcrow, which is the national noise of the Philippine Islands. With breakfast over, we were soon in the carromatas on the way to Pagsanjan, a drive of forty minutes through groves of tall, slender coconuts. All along the way the palm thatched huts nestled cozily under the trees, through which we caught occasional exquisite glimpses of distant purple mountains. Great clusters of nuts hung down invitingly, and as we were thirsty we stopped and asked a native if he would get us one to drink from. With much alacrity he ran up the tree, placing his toes in the notches made in the trunk. He was soon at the top and down again with several big nuts. He then squatted on the ground, sliced off the outer green covering and made a hole in the top, from which he poured the sweet milky water into a cup. It was cool, but too sweet to be palatable. Then he chopped open the nuts and scooped out the meat with his bolo for us to eat. Here was another childhood illusion dispelled! Neither the



THE PAGESANJAN GORGE.

coconut nor milk contained that peculiar flavor which my Robinson Crusoe imagination had pictured.

Continuing on our way, we met women in bright red sarongs and white camisas, looking graceful and pretty as they strode lightly along, carrying on their heads baskets of fruit, vegetables and fish for market. Men lazily stroking game cocks followed, preparing for the sport of the day. Swarms of children waved us an "adio."

The entrance to Pagsanjan is through a massive stone arch which looks as if the villagers had once contemplated a wall around their snug, substantial town. The houses on the principal street are built of stone, with tile roofs. Their well kept streets gave a prosperous air to the place which I have never seen in other towns except Jolo, in the Sulu archipelago. We were taken to the tribunal, where officials met us. The arrangements were all made for our ascent of the river and the canoes waiting. Into which we were soon seated, and the banqueros were padding up stream to the rhythm of a curious song drawn in a minor key. The current became stronger and the river bed more shallow and stony until at last the banqueros got out and waded, pushing the boats over the bowlders. On both sides the rocks rose higher as the gorge narrowed. Vine covered trees sprang from rock crevices, and the chattering of monkeys could be heard in the foliage overhead. After an hour and a half the head of the canyon was reached, where walls of rock tower above a thousand feet or more and a cascade of water dashes from bowlder to bowlder to the deep pool below. Here we sat for some time contemplating the grandeur of the scene in delicious, cool shade. Our boats could go no farther, and we had not the time to penetrate the narrow fissure in the rocks and explore the river's course farther up.

On the return we shot the rapids over which our banqueros had so carefully pushed us. With the water swirling and eddying over the stones, it was both exciting and perilous, and it was a relief to find ourselves without a mishap again in the broad course of the river.

## THE PRETZEL.

Its Simple Figure Scheme and Infinite Possibilities of Variety.

The pretzel is one of the most remarkable creations of the human mind and hand. It stands almost alone as an artificial product displaying the countless varieties of form produced by nature in the leaves of trees and blades of grasses. Of the millions upon millions turned out by the pretzel bakeries since the inception of the industry it is not probable that any two were exactly alike.

The general figure scheme of the pretzel must have been an inspiration. It would have been impossible for the human mind to conceive a scheme so simple and yet permitting such approach to infinite variation. Because of the peculiar shape of the pretzel its construction is most easily described by employing sailor men's terms. A bight is taken in a roll of dough, and the ends are given a half twist and brought back upon opposite sides of the bight. This makes the article somewhat heart shaped. There can have been no sentimental reason for this shape, for there is no product of art or nature further removed from the realm of sentiment than is the pretzel. The finished article looks as if it had been varnished and exposed to a sand-storm before the varnish dried.

The pretzel is unique as an article of internal use. It cannot be classed as food or drink. It is not a dessert, nor is it a medicine. Perhaps it should be classed as an appetizer—an appetizer not for food, but for drink, and therein lies its uniqueness. It is the great thirst producer. It is the third of a Sahara done up in a twist of dough. If any one could invent something that would quench thirst as effectively as the pretzel can produce it his fortune would be made.

The home of the pretzel is Germany, where it is called bretzel or pretzel, according to whether it is in north Germany or south Germany, but in America it is pretzel all the time, whether in North America or South America. The name is commonly regarded as being derived from words in the Latin language meaning bracelet. But Germans are not fond of taking words from the Latin tongue. Perhaps the pretzel owes its name to the fact that it is baked on a flat, board-like surface. The German word for board is brett.—Washington Post.

## READING THE STARS.

An Author's Mastery of the Science of Navigation.

"By the end of the week, teaching myself," writes Jack London in Harper's Weekly of his mastery of the science of navigation, "I was able to do divers things. For instance, I shot the North star, at night, of course—got its altitude, corrected for index error, dip, etc., and found our latitude. And this latitude agreed with the latitude of the previous noon corrected by dead reckoning up to that moment. Proud? Well, I was even prouder with my next miracle. I was going to turn in at 9 o'clock. I worked out the problem self instructed and learned what star of the first magnitude would be passing the meridian around half past 8. This star proved to be Alpha Crucis. I had never heard of the star before. I looked it up on the star map. It was one of the stars of the Southern Cross. What, thought I! Have we been sailing with the Southern Cross in the sky of nights and never known it? Doists that we are! Gudgeons and moles! I couldn't believe it. I went over the problem again and verified it. Charal-an had the wheel from 8 till 10 that evening. I told her to keep her eyes open and look due south for the Southern Cross, and when the stars came out there shone the Southern Cross low on the horizon. Proud? No medicine man nor high priest was ever prouder. Furthermore, with the prayer wheel I shot Alpha Crucis and from its altitude worked out our latitude, and still furthermore I shot the North star, too, and it agreed with what had been told me by the Southern Cross. Proud? Why, the language of the stars was mine, and I listened and heard them telling me my way over the deep."

### Weight of a Lion.

What does a lion weigh? Those who know the look of the king of beasts best and how small his little body really is will probably come farthest from the truth. About 300 to 350 pounds is a usual estimate, but a full grown lion will tip the scales at no less than 500 pounds. Five hundred and forty pounds is the record for an African lion. His bone is solid and heavy as ivory. The tiger runs the lion very close. A Bengal tiger killed by an English officer scaled 520 pounds. A tiger this size has, however, considerably more muscular strength than the biggest lion.

### One Point Gained.

"Has that girl next door to you still got her parlor melodeon?"  
"No; she exchanged it for a cornet. I'm glad to say."  
"But, gracious, if she plays the cornet, that's worse, isn't it?"  
"Not at all. It's only half as bad. She can't sing while she's playing the cornet."—Philadelphia Press.

### The Two Women.

An old offender was introduced to a new county justice as John Timmins, alias Jones, alias Smith.  
"I'll try the two women first," said the justice. "Bring in Alice Jones."—Uncle Remus Magazine.

### The Wiles of Women.

There are only two possible things that a woman can do if a man proposes to her, but there are more than 2,000,000 she can do if he doesn't.—Golden Penny.

## AN OLD INDIAN MYTH

It Tells a Curious Story About the Creation.

### MOUNT TAHOMA MADE FIRST.

Then Came the Trees, the Birds, the Fishes and All the Animals, With the Grizzly Bear the Last and the Greatest of All—The Origin of Man.

The Indians say that the Great Spirit made Mount Tahoma the first of all. Boring a hole in the sky, using a large stone as an auger, he pushed down snow and ice until they reached the desired height, then stepped from cloud to cloud down to the great icy pile and from it to the earth, where he planted the first trees by merely putting his finger into the soil here and there. The sun began to melt the snow, the snow produced water, the water ran down the side of the mountain, refreshed the trees and made rivers. The Great Spirit gathered the leaves that fell from the trees, blew upon them, and they became birds. He took a stick and broke it into pieces. Of the small end he made fishes, and of the middle of the stick he made animals, the grizzly bear excepted, which he formed from the big end of the stick, appointing him to be master over all the others.

Indeed, this animal grew so large, strong and cunning that the Creator somewhat feared him and so followed out Mount Tahoma as a wigwam for himself where he might reside while on earth in the most perfect security and comfort. So the smoke was soon to be seen curling up from the mountain where the Great Spirit and his family lived and still live, though their hearth fire is alight no longer, now that the white man is in the land. This was thousands of snows ago.

After this came a late and severe springtime, in which a memorable storm blew up from the sea, shaking the huge lodge to its base. The Great Spirit commanded his daughter, then little more than an infant, to go up and bid the wind to be still, cautioning her at the same time not to put her head out into the blast, but only to thrust out her little arm and make a sign before she delivered her message.

The eager child hastened up to the hole in the roof, did as she was told and then turned to descend, but her curiosity impelled her to look at the forbidden world outside and the rivers and trees, at the far ocean and the great waves that the storm had made as hoary as the forest when the snow is on the firs. So she stopped and put out her head to look. Instantly the storm took her by the long hair and blew her down to the earth, down the mountain side, over the smooth ice and soft snow, down to the land of the grizzly bears.

Now, the grizzly bears were then somewhat different from what they are at the present time. In appearance, it is true, they were much the same, but they walked then on their hind legs like men and talked and carried clubs, using the fore limbs as men use their arms. At the foot of the mountain, at the place where the child was blown to, lived a family of grizzlies. The father grizzly was returning from the hunt with his club on his shoulder and a young elk in his hand when he saw the shivering little waif lying on the snow with her hair all tangled about her.

The old grizzly, pitying and wondering at the strange, forlorn creature, lifted it up and carried it in to his wife to see what should be done. She, too, was pitiful and fed it from her own breast, bringing it up as one of their family. So the daughter of the Great Spirit grew up, and the eldest son of the old grizzly married her, and their offspring was neither grizzly nor Great Spirit, but man.—Forest and Stream.

### An Original Oath of Allegiance.

In the old days when the Spanish province of Aragon was a proud and independent monarchy the people used when choosing their king the following singular form of election:

"We, the freeborn inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, who are equal to you, Don Philip, and something more, elect you to be our king on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in this you should fail we own you for our king no longer."

### The Red Ferns.

"Stop the auto!"  
"But, sir—"  
"I think I saw some red ferns."  
"Better lemme keep on, boss," advised the chauffeur earnestly. "Them red ferns is the local constable's whiskers."—Washington Herald.

### The Open Window.

The best part of a modern house is its windows. To keep these open day and night and to make the air inside approach as nearly as possible the air outside should be the first business of the housekeeper.—Good Health.

### A Precaution.

"Every man is the architect of his own fortune," quoted the wise guy.  
"Yes, but he wants to keep solid with the building inspectors," added the stumpy mug.—Philadelphia Record.

### Reason Enough.

The Butler—What makes the missus in such a bad humor this morning?  
The Maid—Some woman told her a secret last night, and she's forgotten it.—London Telegraph.

The web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together.—Shakespeare.

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