

the music, then closed the piano, and slipped out into the kitchen.

The tears would come, and she stood still a moment trying to control them.

"It is quiet enough, Mother, Mother!" she sobbed as she looked out of the window, and waited. She wondered if it was so everywhere. Afterwards, when the long watches and nursing, the coming and going of doctors and friends, the solemn concourse and beautiful flowers were all gone and the house was empty—did every one shudder away from silence as she did? She could almost forget while she played—new melodies, not, oh not the old ones!

There was time enough to think while she cooked and swept and cleaned. There was so little to do for two. The long afternoons and evenings must be tidied over some way. She would play until her father stopped her and then wait.

"Martie."

"What is it, Pa," and she went back to the sitting room, trying hard to seem unmoved.

"I guess you'd better go on. Play 'Marchin' through Georgy' for me," and she played that, and all the other common airs she knew he liked, while he turned his back to her and poked the fire and said nothing.

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If Mr. Walt Mason, lounging in his Beatrice lair, wants any more stirring of his soul by speculations concerning Heaven he should meet my Hibernian friend. She says there's only one road to that place, and it's the holy Catholic church road. But then she asks, wrinkling her brows over her squirrel eyes.

Ye think there'll be any room for me and me mop there? Will the good Lord put us all into one hiven together, me with the fine ladies as niver knows me here? Or will there be several hivens? Why the good Lord knows I'm nothing but a hired girl; he wouldn't be asking thim ladies to associate with me? What d'ye think about it?"

When I tell her my thoughts she calls me a heathen and is sorry she won't see me among the angels.

The Modest Young Preacher said he always thought that he would not feel at home in Heaven.

The Chatty Little Woman said: "You bet I would. I'd just be too tickled to get there, I'd take it all in."

#### "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

The movement for some intelligent supervision of the great forests and natural wonders of the country seems to be gaining steadily. Influential organizations in California are actively endeavoring to save the magnificent red-

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woods and other important forests of that state. The Woman's clubs of Minnesota united in a petition of the federal government to establish a national park at the head-waters of the Mississippi and thus preserve almost the last virgin forest of pine in the country. Canada wisely proposes timely legislation, and will set apart 1,400,000 acres around the head-waters of the Attawa for a national park. Michigan has been too largely despoiled to find much relief in the legislation, but there are some magnificent hardwood forests still untouched in the southern peninsula which might well be preserved. There are tracts in the upper peninsula which also might well be placed under state supervision, together with the reforestation of the pine belt. Detroit, it is said, is soon to have a voting machine factory. That's nothing to boast of; Douglas county has had such an industry for the last twenty years, and the perfected products have been on exhibition at every republican convention held in Omaha during that time. Rosewater, King Edward the 00th, is chief architect, and his workmen are carefully chosen and loyal. Detroit can't beat that, even with Pingree in charge of the works.

#### HOUSE KEEPING IN MANILA.

Mrs. Taber, a former resident of Lincoln, who spent a year in Luzon relates some of her house keeping experiences in that city which are especially interesting to women:

The next few days were spent in trying to adapt ourselves and our wardrobes to the climate, in finding our way about that unique city, in becoming acquainted with the idiosyncracies of its horses and cab drivers and in unsuccessful attempts to find a suitable place in which to set up our own *menage*. We rode miles and miles under a broiling sun in clouds of dust, in a most uncomfortable "pocket edition" of a herdic drawn by stubborn little Filipino horses. We were obliged to abandon the use of hats for there wasn't room for us and the hats in the same conveyance; but this was the least of our troubles. We were sent on the most exasperating "wild goose chase" after what we were assured was exactly the thing we wanted, only to find in the remote part of some suburb a Nipa house with a floor of strips of bamboo, between which it was possible to lose into the servants' quarters below any small thing accidentally dropped. It was unique, clean and pretty enough, but not quite up to our standard of propriety. Other houses to which we were sent and which we knew were just what we wanted had been rented a few hours before. Finally in sheer desperation we settled upon a tiny white and green house in Ermita, but a stone's throw from the beach, which with a little alteration we made answer our purpose until a better one could be found.

The two proprietors were natives and brothers, one, a padre, lived in a larger and better house in the same enclosure, the upper part of which was occupied by two German bachelors who often entertained us delightfully with musical evenings, playing classical music and obtaining excellent effects with a zither and guitar. *Americanos* were evidently not considered desirable tenants and it was only after much hesitation which mystified us not a little, on the part of the landlords and a great deal of persuasion on our part, that we were finally accepted as tenants. This hesitation was explained when the lease, containing the stipulation that no liquor was to be sold nor dancing allowed on the premises, was handed to us; a sad comment upon the experiences of Filipino householders with our countrymen.

In front of our new home is quite a

little stretch of ground, separated from the adjoining driveway by a stone wall surmounted by a terracotta balustrade behind which stood a row of feathery bamboo trees. Orange, fig and banana trees are everywhere, the latter in all stages of growth from the tender pale green shoots just springing from the ground to the tree heavy with the fruit which marks its maturity; a litter of shrubs and low bushes, all new to us, filled up the intervening spaces. I expressed such warm admiration for one with dark, lace-like foliage among which gleamed tiny red peppers, that it was immediately placed "a su disposicion Senora," by its polite owner. But we often longed for the sight of a little green grass of which the yard was entirely innocent; indeed, each unfortunate spear that had the temerity to lift its presuming head above the bare sun-baked earth, was ruthlessly pulled up by the roots. For what reason, I never could guess. Near the gate was a tiny "shack" in which lived an aged invalid relative of our neighbor's, who never neglected a polite greeting every time any one passed through. The entrance to our own quarters was by a wide stairway that mounted to a landing too small to be dignified by the name of hall; there was no outside door, only pots of *San Francisco Colorado* on each side, guarded the opening. The visitor climbed the stairs to find himself before double doors thrown wide open and in the immediate presence of his host, which was often equally embarrassing to guest and host. The *sala* was a pretty room with cool, bare, polished floors and the usual canvas walls and ceiling artistically stenciled in delicate colors; wide open windows, like those in the hotel, gave glimpses of luxurious tropical foliage and flowers and infinitely blue skies. Behind a row of spindles between the window sill and the floor was another set of sliding panels, making it possible to open two sides of the room from ceiling to floor and from the corner posts to the partitions. In the corners rose queer, crooked trunks of trees painted to harmonize with the walls but still retaining the exact form in which nature molded them. These were the main supports of the building. From this room opened two sleeping apartments, so small, that with beds in them it was impossible to open and close the doors and we were obliged to compromise with hangings of pretty Indian prints. From the windows of these rooms we looked out across the bay, beautiful in the tender half lights of the early morning, still and hot in the glare of a noonday sun, splendid under magnificent sunsets behind Miriveles and irresistible beneath a flood of mystic moonshine. We never tired of its shifting moods and changing aspects.

There was still another small room that had been the kitchen, which we utilized for storage and off which was partitioned a tiny corner containing a water faucet and shower for the bath; a half barrel with a plug in the bottom did duty as a tub, the water draining on to the ground beneath, sometimes temporarily intercepted by the head of some unlucky *bata*. From this room was suspended a balcony which, with another faucet and half barrel, served as bath and laundry for the servants.

On the ground floor a long low room answered for a dining room. A kitchen and servants' quarters behind this was improvised for the time being. The walls of the servants' quarters were of bamboo mats. A bench with a layer of clay about three inches thick in which was imbedded three earthen *calans*, served as a cook stove, a large hood above carrying off the smoke and odors. Of course with such an arrangement we were obliged to forego all kinds of baked and roasted foods but otherwise it answered admirably. As the house had previously been occupied by two fami-

lies, one on each floor, the only entrance to the dining room from the rooms above was from out of doors which was more than inconvenient in the rainy season.

Every house in Manila which I had the privilege of entering was furnished with Vienna bent wood tables and chairs, which are considered "mas elegante" than the prettier, much more comfortable and less expensive bamboo furniture made by the Chinamen, which is also objectionable because, if not kept absolutely clean, it becomes infested with *chinchas*, Spanish for that dreadful little insect so common in certain neglected quarters of our own cities. However, disregarding the warnings of our new neighbors and possibly plumbing ourselves a bit on the New England faculty of keeping any thing clean, we adorned our cozy *sala* with low, rest-inviting bamboo chairs and couches and pretty tables, arranging them according to our own ideas of comfort and convenience, instead of in the stiff Filipino fashion of placing a table before a window and setting the chairs in rows into the room, on either side. Through the windows the contrasting characteristics of graceful bamboo and stately banana trees were outlined against the sky, a pumalo tree shook its half-ripe fruit almost in our faces, a shrub with exquisite white flowers peeped invitingly at us and cool, salt breezes from the bay played havoc with papers and draperies. The bedrooms were furnished with the orthodox Filipino beds and the other necessary articles of furniture. In all Manila there is nothing answering to the description of a closet. I suppose on account of the myriads of insects that infest every dark corner. The lack is supplied by big wardrobes, huge chests of drawers and frames with curtains for hanging clothes. We looked upon a refrigerator as indispensable in connection with the dining room, but we might have saved the expense for we were never able to teach the servants its uses. It was never used for any thing but a place in which to keep ice and finally succumbed to the inroads of the white ants. Our dinner table was constructed to suit our own taste, having big bamboo legs and a finely polished top of beautiful, dark *molave*, "The Queen of Woods;" bamboo chairs, a serving table of handsome native wood and a cabinet for dishes, the glass doors of which we screened with muslin curtains, completed the inventory of that room. The furniture was slung from bamboo poles and carried from the shops where it was bought to Ermita, a distance of two miles, by Chinamen who never changed their trotting gait from start to finish.

We had taken with us from home a limited supply of bed and table linen and silver. In a big store managed by Chinamen who seem to have the monopoly of house furnishings in Manila, we found all the other things we needed to make our house habitable; table crockery, lamps, for in Manila there is no gas, and the kitchen outfit which the *cocinero* was allowed to select for himself and which was so modest it seemed to us entirely inadequate, and to which we added various articles that to my certain knowledge were never used, at least for the purpose intended.

The *cocinero*, quite the most important adjunct of a happy home, was

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