

TALES OF A FAMOUS FIDDLER.

The grand oak tree of the famous fiddler, Neil Gow, has lost one of its "giant trunks." The tree stands near the village of Inver, not far from Dunkeld, where Neil was born and lived and died. He was a great favorite with the Duke of Athol, who, indeed, paid him a salary as family fiddler; but he had scant respect for dukes and duchesses as such. "That lassie o' yours has a good ear," he remarked to her Ladyship of Athol one day. Somebody who overheard the remark ventured to suggest to Neil that the Duchess might be offended at having her daughter called a lassie. "What would I call her?" said Neil. "I never heard she was a laddie?"

Neil, like too many others, was fond of whiskey. The Duchess of Gordon once complained to him of a giddiness and a "swimming" in her head. "Faith," said Neil, with a twinkle in his eye, "an' I ken something o' that, your ladyship." And so he did, no doubt. Another story is of a gentleman meeting him walking home from a Perth ball one morning. "It's a very long road you have before you," remarked the sympathizer. "Oh, it's nae the length o' that's troubling me, but the breadth," said Neil, as he passed on. Gow is buried in the churchyard of Little Dunkeld.—Westminster Gazette.

THE FILIPINOS.

George W. Bemis of York sends the following estimate of the natives of the Philippines to the York Republican: If Spaniards talked Spanish, I should have mastered the language long ere now. As it is I can count a thousand in Filipino style, but in Spanish am not nearly so proficient. A curious thing is that in the language of these ignorant savages many words are used which bear a close relation to the English or rather to the Latin roots of the English words. Their tongue for every day use is a vile, contaminated mixture of Spanish and Filipino, interspersed, or rather punctuated, with frantic gestures, shrugs, supercilious archings of the brows, and various other methods of communication with the use of few words and many muscles. Again, the lower grade Spaniards use a dialect entirely foreign to the pure article. Very seldom are verbs, adjectives, pronouns or adverbs employed. It is a language of nouns. Of course this refers only to "Spanish as she is spoke." I am away up in the native tongue, and can really carry on an intelligent conversation with any one of the dirty, thieving, lying dogs that were at one time lauded by the American press as patriots, heroes, etc. Since I have visited them upon their native heath, as it were, I am prone to congratulate myself upon the fact that previous to the outbreak I was with the conservatives, and never expended good ink or lung power in asking a

country like ours to fight for the freedom of a people that are slaves to their own vileness to such an extent that a government of the Filipinos, for the Filipinos, by the Filipinos, would be a government of ruin and devastation, a government without government. It makes me blush to think that these sneaking varmints, filthy and rotten with disease, have been recognized as allies of a great country like ours, and that in a "humane war." That they have suffered can not be denied, but suffering does not always cleanse the soul, or even the body, for that matter. As nearly as I can discover, the Cubans are similarly depraved, so those editors and statesmen who foamed and raged about "Cuba Libre" may awake some morning to discover that acting under their advice the old American eagle has fouled his own nest. As soldiers they are frauds of the deepest dye, cowardly boasters who talk much and act little. I speak knowingly on this subject because I have been with them in the trenches (thereby hangs a tale which I will relate later), and know that they are simply base specimens of the lower animals, gifted with speech in order to deceive the world into believing that they really are the genus homo. A Luetgert trial would fail to discover or uncover a human characteristic about their worthless, ill-shapen frames.

Pictures of Bowie, Crockett, Travis, and other brave pioneers treacherously murdered in the old Alamo will forever arise and cause me to cherish nothing but hatred for the Spaniard wherever I may find him, but I would rather embrace the whole Castilian government, and marry General Weyler's divorced wife, than to lock arms once with one of these Philippine mistakes. There is a certain nobility about the Spanish that commands a limited amount of respect, but with the other fellow there is no redeeming trait, no oasis in the desert of his ignorance, no shoal spots in the ocean of his depravity. He is a thorn in the side of humanity, an ingrown toenail on the foot of dame Nature. There is no future for the Filipino. He is neither the lion that may be conquered nor the eagle that may be tamed. He is the jackal whose fear of man, prevents his domestication by man. Like some of our American would-be leaders and statesmen, he snaps and snarls at those who exhibit greater industry, greater business sagacity than he possesses or shows himself. The only solution of this new and boundless race problem is to send here a few thousand Georgians, and let them lynch the males and then gradually thin the blood, on the good old Georgia plantation plan. This is the system which bids fair to make the negro an exstink't race, and it may work here.

Manila, not so "l'ish as it used to be, is a city of crosses and cannons, of altars

and gaming boards, of cathedrals and dungeons, of religion and devilment. It is ruled by a sceptre surmounted with a cross and tipped with a poisoned dagger. The chink of the offering is accompanied by the clanking of chains of the victims of church rule. Tonight's moon gleams white o'er lofty spires and glittering domes, and tomorrow's sun bleaches the bones of some unfortunate who has incurred the displeasure or disputed the will of these tyrants, who hold God's book in one hand and stain the other with the blood of God's creatures, ignorant and depraved though they be. The clanging bells call the populace to worship at eve and in the morn strike the doom of some petty thief. Murder, lust, debauchery, robbery and religion—such is the history of Manila. Here is a place of worship that fills the beholder with awe, and here is a dungeon wherein nearly two hundred men were drowned because they failed to pay their share of the tax which was levied to pay for the place of worship. As the slimy water crept over their chained forms, as the padres with hellish satisfaction refused them absolution, as the Spanish officers jeered them through the bars how they must have thanked the Christain God for the civilization taught them and the religion brought them! It is enough to make one turn infidel.—New York Evening Post.

PETTIGREW ON EXPANSION.

Senator Pettigrew, the silver republican of South Dakota, is in Washington for the approaching session of congress. He is as much opposed to the annexation of the Philippines as he was to the annexation of Hawaii. "A radical change in the constitution will be imperative," he said yesterday, "if we are to take on more territory, and the clause should be stricken out which declares that governments derive all their just powers from the governed. With Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines as a part of our national domain, it will be necessary for the government to become more centralized. There must be power to declare war more quickly than at present; a large army, with centralized authority, to use it for the quick suppression of revolts. There must be facilities for moving large bodies of troops quickly from one locality to another."—Washington Post.

Lumber shipments from Washington for the first ten months of the year were 40 per cent larger than in the same period last year.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis will write a love-story, founded on episodes of the Cuban war.

This is a weary world.