

native women with long black cigars between their teeth, which were a dirty red from chewing betel nut.

Angeles.

At Angeles I saw the soldiers gathered around blankets, rolling dice, snapping their fingers, grunting and yelling "Big Dick from Boston, seven come eleven." They were all having a splendid time for the paymaster had just made them a visit.

Then we crossed the Rio Grande where lay the little river gunboat Leguna-de-Bay. Sanfernando surely must be an unfortunate place, for when we reached there the switch was open, and the engine wrecked a line of freight cars. I will never forget seeing those Filipino women falling off the coaches. I rolled down a steep grade into a water hole. The engine was but slightly damaged, and only one Chinaman killed which didn't make much difference, and we were soon under headway again.

And now I will tell you of Manila, of the famous Escolta, of strange sights and dirty people, of Cavite, and last about the man with the yellow stripes.

Manila.

If you follow up Escolta, the main street of Manila, to a place called Calla De Alex you will see a great building with an inner court in which plays a beautiful fountain, and in the house the walls of each room are painted like the curtains of a stage. In this place I secured lodging and for hours I would sit in the open windows and watch the crowd pass by. There were women with bell-mouthed sleeves and short skirts, chattering incessantly; others with a small baby astride each hip, and half-caste ladies, who wore very low-necked dresses. I don't see why they wore them that way, for their necks were anything but beautiful. Men with many kinds of headgear, derbys, fedoras, panamas, and crushers, large and small straw hats of every style, and when their owners pass you they bow very low and say "Buenos Dias, senior, Como esta dia." There is one thing that would improve the Americans, and that is Spanish politeness.

Then I would spend whole days along the Pasig river, with its low stone walls and bum-boats without number; little dirty, dingy arrangements, in which their owners spend their lives. Then there was the Bridge of Spain, with its narrow archway, and the walled city, with a great moat all around. If such places as those had to be taken by infantry alone, I fear they would never fall, until the moat below was full of dead bodies.

In the open to the left of the fort, was a level place with many white tents, and a board in front which reads, "First Division Hospital." To the rear is another open plot of ground covered with hundreds of small boards, bearing words

like these, "H.—S—, Co. D., 23rd Inf." and so on down the long lines.

One day I stood there and the hearse went by. The band was playing softly, and a squad of infantry followed close behind. Turning to a bystander, I said, "Whom are they going to bury now?" "Mr. Logan," he said, "killed yesterday at San Tabian." So the funeral march keeps playing, today, tomorrow; its music never ceases, and the lines of wooden stakes grow longer.

Cavite.

Wandering about, I spent a whole month in narrow streets, broad plazas, and at Cavite, where one can see a dismounted cannon, and out in the bay I could look on the wreckage of May 1st, 1898. Do you wonder that I was proud of my country?

I was sitting on the Escolta one evening, watching the endless stream of single horse buggies go past, and some of Spain's crushed honor, "ignorant fools", still holding their heads high, drove by in their cara-matoes, with their native driver, when an old man came up and sat down beside me. He was of an uncertain age, and his face was deeply pitted with small pox. As a buggy passed he turned to me and said, "Senior, you Americans will never know what we have suffered at their hands. This is true what I tell you. My two daughters were sold for thirty Spanish dollars, to the soldiery. Oh yes, that was many years ago and they are both dead now. When their masters got tired of them they were either shot or sent away", and the old man leaned his head on the bench as he muttered, "Curse them, curse them to the end of time."

As I was going to my lodging place that night, I passed a native wine shop. Inside were several government teamsters, ex-soldiers and negroes. Some were drunk and others happy on the way. A Spanish woman attended the bar; most saloons in the far east have bar maids. As I came up, one of the negroes holding a glass of "beno", threw it into the woman's face, at the same time insulting her in the grossest terms. All of the wretches jeered except one fellow in the corner with two yellow stripes on the sleeves of his coat and a great scar on his left cheek. Jumping to his feet, his voice choking with passion, he hissed "cowards"; then drawing his revolver he cried, "Get out of here every damn one of you, a woman is a woman, no matter whether she is doomed to hell or not." The scar on his face grew fiery, and there was a dangerous gleam in his gray eyes. Some of the men glanced at their guns. Every moment I expected to see the flash of a revolver.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE CONSERVATIVE for the next three months, or until the close of the campaign, for 30 cents. Address, Morton Printing Company, Nebraska City, Neb.

PASTIME FOR INVALIDS.

A timely suggestion comes from Miss Emma Mayhew, of Michigan, who read with interest an article in the Tribune on nature study as a resource for invalids. She writes: "An observation hive of bees is an ideal diversion for those who cannot sit up. The glass hive should be placed in the window, and so arranged that the bees may have outdoor exit, but no entrance into the room. It should be set up and placed in charge of a competent beekeeper, although when once established there is little for him to do, as the bees manage their own affairs with much efficiency. That is, they do during their busy season, which lasts as long as the flowers. When the honey flow is over, the bees should be returned to the apiary until the next summer.

"When the hive is settled there is much opportunity for observation. The queen bee can be seen inspecting the brood chamber and depositing her eggs. The attendant bees can be watched as they assiduously wait upon and feed her. Then, when the brood is hatched, the bees can be seen caring for the newcomers, keeping the hive clean and properly ventilated. When the little ones grow older it is interesting to watch them as they come bustling in with their loads of variously colored pollens, depositing them and hastening away for more, or when wax is needed, hanging for hours almost motionless.

"They have wonderfully wise and winsome ways, these wee workers. They seem like friends when you have followed them from the time the tiny egg is deposited, seen the larva fed, then the cell containing it capped over, have watched the young bee as it emerged, and seen it, soon as her toilet was over, take up her duties.

"It will add much to the pleasure to have a good book on bees, to which to refer for interpretation of movements one fails to understand, or to verify observations."

Miss Mayhew has for years been obliged to lie in bed without even the thinnest of pillows.—N. Y. Tribune.

BRYAN'S INSINCERITY.

Brilliant and eloquent Bryan may be, but we doubt if these qualities, even when added to his other personal virtues, will be sufficient to outweigh in people's minds the impression that he has again produced of shiftiness and lack of balance. If the silver question is of the importance he has said it is, and which his party's platform shows it to be, how can he keep entirely silent about it in accepting the nomination? He cannot do so without convicting himself, as we submit he has done, of insincerity and cowardice.—Manchester (N. H.) Union, (Ind. Dem.)