SOME LITTLE KNOWN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

Those of Our New Possessions of Which Practically Nothing Has Hitherto Been Published.

PECULIARITIES OF THE INHABITANTS.

The Philippine archipelago is the most remarkable collection of islands in the world. In that archipelago are no fewer than 1,600 different islands, and among them 1,400 islands are to be found no less than 80 distinct tribes.

That far traveled American or European tourist who visits the Philippines always, of course, goes to Manila, perhaps makes a trip or two into the interior of Luzon and if of especial civic pretensions goes on to the towns of Iloilo and Cebu. This practically is the extent of Philippine traveling. In other words, it is the custom to visit two or three islands out of 1,600 and then turn westward with the idea that the opportunities of the Philippines have been from the standpoint of the sightseer exhausted.

Even those naturalists and ethnologists who have visited the archipelago for scientific purposes have confined their researches chiefly to the few larger and better known islands, not caring to risk their scalps among islands of barbarians. The result has been that while we have come into possession of a mass of material about Luzon, Panay and Mindanao already in museums, of the smaller and more remote islands over which the expanding tail feathers of the American eagle will soon extend. It is commonly understood that Spain had accomplished an absolute and complete conquest of the Philippines, while in reality she has held actual sway over only one-seventh of the archipelago. In many instances Spanish domination extended only among the seaboard fringe of an island, into whose mountainous interior the same too vigorous Spanish soldier had no rash desire to penetrate. Merchant ships and mail steamers connected with many of the smaller islands, but rare indeed were the adventurous spirits who attempted an investigation of the character of the little known hinterland natives, about whom marvelous tales were told.

Among those half mythical Filipinos there are, for instance, the Davataws, the most numerous and at the same time perhaps the most curious of such of the Philippine races as still wallow in the mire of barbarism. They occupy Bustan and the northern islands of the Sulu group, besides the littoral section of southern Mindanao, and are estimated to number almost 500,000. From a physical standpoint the race is one of the finest to be found in the east, though it must be confessed that it is made up of natives who are barbarians of the lowest moral type. In stature the men are seldom under six feet in height, but slight and athletic in build. They are extremely active and courageous and accustomed to endure the greatest hardships and fatigues. In fact, they are not unlike our own American red men, being characterized by a skin that is extremely dark, small eyes and protruding cheek bones. Like the Indian, too, they are improvident and reckless of the morrow, with the very natural result that a disastrous famine carries off some thousands of them every few years. The only settled villages and towns of the Davataws are those along the seacoast, for it must be remembered that all these islanders are inveterate pirates.

The Sulu islanders in general are equally renowned in the pursuit of the gentle art of piracy. They are excellent seamen and handle their small primitive sailing craft with a dexterity that is wonderful to behold. The pirates of the Sulus have terrorized the entire Malay archipelago for many years and are by no means yet wiped out. The Davataws go about in most formidable looking war prows and range the Philippine waters from Panay to Borneo. On their rollicking piratical expeditions they carry on in much the same manner as did those light hearted Danish and Saxon pirates who were wont to visit the shores of Britain, almost 20 centuries ago. They ruthlessly burn villages, slaughter unoffending victims, capture as many slaves as convenient and carry off what plunder falls into their hands. Even the fierce tribes of Borneo are not safe against these periodic predatory excursions, which usually take place twice a year, during the spring and fall monsoons. Among the Davataws and the fierce tribes of eastern Borneo there seems to exist some perpetual feud. The contingent warfare has resulted in a great preponderance of females in these different belligerent tribes and hence the necessity for polygamy.

The costume of these piratical warriors is that of a ridiculous cape of small iron disks hanging forward from the shoulders and leaving the back uncovered. The head is also often incased in a huge and ugly mask, generally representing some animal head in outline. They are fond of personal adornment, and tattooing is carried on extensively. Some of the more influential members of a tribe are often covered from head to foot with grotesque and highly colored tattooings, while enormous ornaments of iron are worn on different parts of the body.

The members of this tribe are the true Ishmaelites of the east. Their hand is against everybody, and everybody's hand is against them. Moors or Moros, the Spaniards called them, because they were seen to be Mussulmen in faith. The experience of Spain seems to teach that the nation that attempts to interfere with that faith will find bothers but trouble on its hands. The advent of the gunboat of course was a great discourager of the Moro inclination to acknowledge predominant power. The intrusion of the American jacky will put a stop to the occasional amusement of taking his business to a close. That government, looking more and more like a pirate of the south sea will soon pass away, and his gross, romeos, venus and psyches will be things of the past in a very short while.

But, generally speaking, the native of the Philippines is not a wild and bloodthirsty barbarian. The islander, as a rule, is a mild, amiable and more or less hospitable person, much given to superstitious beliefs and predisposed to religious observances. The aborigines of Batangas, Cagayan and southern Luzon are better and more industrious laborers than those of the other provinces, but nowhere in the Philippine Islands remarkable for his activity. Fanaticism, as a rule, are only too ready to drop into a wholesale condemnation of this trait of universal indolence. But it must be remembered that the warm, moist climate of the islands is an extremely enervating one and that even the most active of Europeans soon exhibits a strange languor after a few months' sojourn in the country.

Another thing to be borne in mind is the fact that nature in the Philippines is so luxuriant and prolific that little or no labor is required of the native to supply his daily needs. Clothing is practically unnecessary for the aborigines in his unsophisticated state, and food grows in plenty almost without cultivation. Which it is a forgone conclusion that the natives of one's tribe is merely to go toward swelling the coffers of a band of rapacious foreign oppressors, there is neither philosophy nor wisdom in exerting under a burning sun when one can get along just about as well by taking life easy. Even fighting Spanish infantry becomes tiresome work, and the war weary native preferred going up to the mountains of the interior and there stalking the ferocious kagatchecer, living on roots, vamos and grubs, and at peace with the world and his heathen gods.

The native women, strange to say, is invariably the more active of the two sexes. She has a certain amount of activity than the male and often carries on trading and domestic work with more success than the man. Then native wives sacrifice themselves cheerfully to whomever the man may be attached, and even among the lowest type of natives the marriage vow is held in great respect.

The strangest and least known of all the Philippine races are the Agtas, or Negritos, so called by the Spaniards because of their striking resemblance to the African negroes. Three centuries ago nearly the entire population of the archipelago was made up of the dusky skinned, kinky haired race. But century by century they have been driven, dying away, and now there are but some 25,000 of them left, these living themselves away from contact with whites in the mountains and more obscure corners of the different islands. In their mountain fastness they have retained all their primitive aboriginal traits and have the reputation of a continual warfare, either among themselves, or, failing in this, with any body of native land and foreign enough to stand against them.

In appearance the Negritos are so small that they have often been denominated dwarfs. Their dress consists of a few strips of stained bark wrapped about the loins, with various tattoo adornations. They make no attempt at agriculture, preferring to live on fish and game, wild honey, roots and eggs. Their weapons are spears and bows and arrows, and in their use the girls of the tribe are as adept as the males. When hunting game, the Negrito uses poisoned arrows, cutting away the tainted part of the animal so has wounded with his primitive shaft. The poison they use is still a mystery to the white man. Its effect is peculiar, for the man or animal injured by one of these arrows is suddenly seized by an insatiable thirst, but as soon as water is touched death at once ensues.

All efforts to civilize these tribes have been successful. Spanish missionaries have taken them in hand and attempted to educate some of their most promising young men, but as soon as they were released they at once went back to their old tribes and their old ways of life. Unlike the marriage customs of most barbaric races, the Negrito takes one wife and but one wife, and their married life is a remarkably honorable one. The method of courtship is curious. The maiden about to be wedded is placed in a stocking and takes to the woods. She hopes to resist rapture, and when cupid comes makes her escape and is again overtaken. She never really escapes, and her nominal resistance is considered a compliment. Certain well established traditions regarding correct marriage academy among these heathen tribes.

Another race, known as the Tagals, is almost as interesting as the Negritos themselves, though slightly above them in civilization. The Tagals dwell in the lowland country and built quite extensive bamboo huts on piles. They are more or less engaged in agricultural pursuits and grow tobacco, rice, sugar, hemp and sugarcane. They are fond of personal decoration and will log themselves out in any piece of bright metal or shells on which they can lay hands. Their cooking utensils are of stone, clay, mortar with a pestle, and their methods of manufacturing their different little domestic tools and implements are primitive in the extreme.

The island of Sulanjor, which lies 15 miles to the southeast of Dumaguete, is a land of dangerous swamps and mosquitos and has never been very inviting to the white man. It is accordingly of especial interest to the ethnologist and the naturalist, a few of whom have been successful in penetrating to its interior.

A missionary has been living on the island for some time, and Sunday is a sort of holy day among the native people. Canoes flocking into the town of Sanjor, which is the capital of the island, by the hundreds, and after attending mass and offering a change of wares and gossip hurry away to a neighboring cockpit to enjoy their favorite pastime of cockfighting. This sport the authorities do not frown put down, converting it into a very acceptable source of revenue. The fighting is conducted by law, that is allowed on Sundays and feast days only. A fee was charged for each fight, and a percentage on all bets claimed by the authorities. As all the natives of the island, and indeed of all the entire archipelago, are inveterate gamblers the revenue once obtained through the medium of the humble fighting cock was by no means insignificant.

The native tradition regarding the birth of their island is to the effect that it was thrown up by the angry sea and that a flood raged over it for many days, while there were strange noises and the flashes of many lightnings. The island is nothing but a stack of lowlands rock, and the tradition obviously sprang from the fact that the island is of volcanic formation, having been at some remote time heaved up out of the bosom of the Pacific. Travelers who have visited this island have been impressed by the strange and wonderful methods by which the natives light a fire. This is done by merely rubbing together two pieces of well dried bamboo. One piece of bamboo is shaped like a knife blade, and the other has a long, narrow groove in it. The two pieces are fitted together, and then the fire makes steadily and slowly rubs the two pieces of wood together. In 30 seconds the rubbing grows more rapid and energetic, and smoke curls up. The firemaker then suddenly strikes the bamboo pieces a sharp blow to dislodge any live sparks that may be clinging to either piece, and throwing down a few fine shavings on them, he quickly blows the spark up into a flame.

In another part of the more remote Philippines the aborigines have a still more ingenious device for making fire. It is known as the "fire syringe" and is in common use among one or two of the wilder tribes. The fire syringe is fashioned of a buffalo horn in the form of a cylinder, with closed base and open top, into which an airtight piston fits. On the front face of this piston is a hollow which is fitted with a piece of tinder of a peculiar sort. The cylinder is inverted in such a manner that the piston, by a slow downward blow, is made to compressing the air and generating sufficient heat to ignite the dry punk hair. The piston is then withdrawn, and the punk so ignited is soon blown up into a flame.

On the south shores of the little known island of Tawi Tawi are several scattered bands of slave hunting Moros, who are still actively engaged in piracy and similar pursuits. Tawi Tawi is covered with dense forests, and the surface of the island is made up of rough and broken hills. This condition renders the place an excellent point of refuge for fugitives from justice and brigands of all sorts. Though there was once a little Spanish garrison at Tataan, the island is now entirely given over to its undesirable occupants.

Tawi Tawi is famous, which is only some six miles across a stormy strait from Bolo, is a rough and hilly country, but one of the most healthful of the Philippines. The soil is poor, the entire island being coated with a layer of limestone, and only the coconut palm is able to flourish. The chief town of the island is called Sulap Dako, which means literally "big nest." Here the natives make an intoxicating liquor from fermented palm sap.

The island of Samar, which is one of the largest of the Philippines and lies in the extreme eastern portion of the archipelago, is slightly more civilized than its neighboring island settlements. Catbalogan, the capital, is a small, clean and rather homeopathic town lying on the north shore of a fine bay on the west coast. There are several prosperous little shops in the town, the chief customers of the island being the cargo owning and taking of "abaca," the native term for the fiber of the famed Manila hemp. Samar is noted for its immense cyclones. Poisonous snakes, in fact, are to be found in every rock and crevice, but they do not cause a serious loss of life as a rule. The most numerous fatalities occur in the little island of Lubang, which lies off the coast of Mindoro and is shunned by the white man. A great number of Chinese have migrated to and settled in Samar, they and their industrious descendants being the best peasa classes of the people. Island are to be found many "remarkables," or natives who have taken to the mountainous woods to avoid the payment of taxes. Here they live on yams, mountain rice, bananas and all live stock and food stuff on which this tight fingered gentry can lay their unscrupulous hands.

Romblon is another small island almost unknown to the south, with a tiny harbor and a squalid little village with the same name as the island for its capital. The surface of the island is rough and broken, and such a thing as a road is unknown. The entire island is under the domination of a wealthy native planter, who has always got along comfortably with the natives, whom he treats with honesty and uprightness. The growing of "abaca" is the chief industry, and the natives are unusually peaceable and industrious.

One great pest of all the Philippines is the ants, which overrun everything. There are red ants, black ants, yellow ants and small ants. They tunnel their way into houses. They attack wood and clothing, food stuff and furniture. Dean Professor Dean Worcester was in Panay, he discovered one night that they had eaten his heavy wooden chests and devoured all the clothing inside, besides gnawing the contraband boxes from around his cartridges and devoured the contents of his shoes, in the length the black ants traced in what looks like a moving thick black rope, and was to the man who would interfere with the ants' progress like unto well disciplined army of insects. Scorpions and centipede are also abundant, the sting of the one and the bite of the other producing quite painful and fever and sometimes leaving fatal.

Those Filipinos who have been brought into touch with the refining influences of Castilian civilized life show the usual minute instinct of the savage by an imitation of European social functions and characteristics where circumstances will permit. Professor Worcester encounter specimens of his which show how thin on the native the veneer of this so called civilization really is. During his stay in the Philippines the American naturalist was entertained by some wealthy mestizos at a very grand dinner. The huge table was set with fine linen, cut glass and solid silver, while all the guests sat in upholstered chairs and conducted themselves with due regard for the proprieties. The next day at noon the professor returned to the house to make inquiries about a fountain pen he had lost during the evening's engagement and was astounded at to find his entertainers of the evening before now squatting on the table and devouring rice and fish out of one common dish with their fingers.

ROBERT W. WILCOX

SCENES IN THE LESSER KNOWN PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.

A YOUNG VANDERBILT HERO.

The Vanderbilt family has long age proved their skillful in the amassing of money. A scion of the house has recently proved that there is also good fighting stock there. The only member of the family who is now in the army at Manila is at present a corporal of the First Washington volunteers, now stationed at the Philippine Islands.

This youth, according to a recent dispatch, is to be promoted for bravery. He is 22 years old, a grandson of old Jacob Vanderbilt and a cousin of William K. and Cornelius Vanderbilt of New York. He is wealthy in his own right, but he left a life of ease and luxury to carry a rifle and be under the command of men whom income average no more than $15 a week.

Young William H. Vanderbilt, whose home is at Tacoma, sailed for Manila as a private in Company C and was promoted to be a corporal in a short time. It is now stated that he is soon to receive a commission.

Vanderbilt has been with his company in the hottest fighting done around Manila. For two weeks not a man in Company C had an opportunity to receive his pay because the company had been against the Filipino lines. They had to repulse a night attack almost every 24 hours, and when the word came to attack in the daytime they were in the forefront of the charge.

One night, when the company was weakened by heavy firing from the Filipinos, Vanderbilt and his comrades fired as rapidly in volleys and the resistance was so stubborn that every man, when the attack was finally repelled, found that from 150 to 200 cartridges had gone from his belt.

It was Companies C and H of the First Washington volunteers that captured the two Krupp guns from a large body of rebels, which the first presumed general attack on Manila was made.

Vanderbilt is popular with his comrades and with his officers. He has developed into a fine soldier since his enlistment in last May, and his friends here are all confident that when he returns it will be with bars on his shoulder and a sword at his side.

WAGNER'S REMARKABLE CLOCK.

A man named Jacob Wagner of Niagara Falls has been at work for the past ten years on a clock which he has recently completed and for which he produces remarkable things. His personality, as well as the appearance of the mechanism of the clock, has made him quite a local celebrity.

He has already spent $3,000 on the clock, and says that it will be worth $10,000 when finished. To all appearances the clock looks finished now. It is about 16 inches square and has only one hand, by which he is able to tell the position, so he says, as well as the age of the sun, moon and stars. These records are represented by images of the sun, moon and stars. These devices are the dial of the clock, and the inventor says that he will add others that will greatly increase the value of the machine. Another question he makes regarding his invention is that just such a clock was owned by Christ.

Wagner is not at all shocked at being called a crank, but rather likes it. He he affirms that all great men have been so called as philosophers, were considered cranks in their day, at least to begin with. He is prepared to show that the clock is a marvelous and wonderful piece, and he declares that when complete it will give the time in any part of the world and will be regulated by the movements of the sun, so that it can never get out of order.

Wagner's theory appears to be that all sorts of things have been provided in nature by the mother of the heavens, to bodies and that with the proper mechanism all this history can be brought out and revealed to the world in years form, instead of being made up of a jumble of conjecture and falsehood.

The United States consul at Turbo, Mexico, says that fortunes are to be made in the cultivation of the vanilla bean in Mexico.

KLONDIKE AT PARIS.

Three passengers from Alaska recently landed at Victoria, B. C., on their way across the continent to Paris. Their names are Chonl de Rasloux, M. P. E. du Vick and Dr. Trewayas. These three men are French savants and scientists, who went north about a year ago in order to attempt a voyage by balloon into the polar regions in search of Andree. Their balloon was afterward sold to the United States government for war purposes, and the three men went to Alaska without it to study the conditions now existing in the Yukon valley. They came up with the idea of getting another balloon and starting from a place as far north because of the difficulty of obtaining the necessary chemicals for the manufacture of the inflating gas and also because the climatic conditions prevailing in those regions were found to be unfavorable for the use of a balloon.

Dr. Trewayas, however, is nothing if not original, and he has conceived an idea during his trip originality and magnificent in its possibilities. It is nothing less than the construction of a balloon to be shown at the Paris exposition next year.

The doctor and his friends have incrusted several of the millionaires of Paris with the idea, and the money is the least of the questions troubling the enthusiastic Frenchmen. His main idea now is to be the guide before the exposition opens, and then before all the spaces left shall have been given to concessionaires.

The plans in regard to the Klondike scheme are to construct a replica of Dawson's main streets, log cabins, dance halls and other features of the metropolis of the north. It is to be peopled with genuine Klondikers and also will be selected specimens of the mining operations carried on along the creeks. There is to be so much realism about it that gold dust would be scattered about and be washed up in orthodox fashion, and as far as possible the scenery in the neighborhood would be duplicated.

FRANCIS JOSEPH OF AUSTRIA.

It seems the hoodoo duty of the unfortunate European correspondent to be always marrying off to prospective the single or widowed royalty of Europe.

The Vienna correspondent of a London paper now claims that Emperor Francis Joseph, in the hope of securing the throne for his descendants in direct line, will marry again and that he has chosen as his future bride the young Princess Marie Isabella, the 20-year-old sister of the Duke of Orleans.

Francis Joseph has always had the habit of doing things as he saw fit. His first marriage was a proof of this. His mother had intended that he should wed Princess Helena, the eldest daughter of the Bavarian Duke Max, and the match was fully negotiated. One day Francis Joseph set out for Duke Max's castle to communicate the formal betrothal. On his way through the park before reaching the castle doors he chanced to see a young girl strolling through the shrubbery. With that girl he fell in love at first sight. He found that she was Princess Elizabeth, a sister of his intended bride. He refused to marry the woman of his mother's choice and was finally wedded to the beautiful Princess Elizabeth.

Now, by his second marriage, Emperor Francis Joseph will effect a composition between the long opposed Bohemians and Germans in the Austrian empire. Although he is old enough to be his coming bride's grandfather, it is said that little Marie Isabella is not opposed to the union.

THE MILL BOY OF THE SLASHES.

On the 12th of April 132 years ago was born one of the greatest men of our country. This man was Henry Clay, and the humble homestead where he first saw the light of day was among the low marshy swamps of Hanover county, Va. He was the seventh of a family of eight children that came to bless the household of the poor but devout Rev. John Clay, and the entire congregation were so impecunious that they could not even afford a church and were forced to take their gospel in the open air.

When Henry was but 4 years old, his father died, leaving the orator in sorrow and his mother to struggle as best they could for their daily bread. Henry and his brothers and sisters, however, were fortunately not allowed to remain away from school. Henry, on account of his numerous errands to a neighboring mill, was nicknamed "the Mill Boy of the Slashes," and years later when that once barefooted, mother loving little boy was nominated to the presidency of the United States the phrase became one of endearment and pride to those hundreds of thousands of people who had come to look up to Henry Clay as the embodiment of all that is best in American citizenship.

STORY OF HENRY CLAY.

Once when Henry Clay had invaded Kentucky to make a speech a tough looking specimen of that blue grass region, overcome with good "moonshine," stepped up through the crowd and slapped the great orator on the back.

"Howdy, friend Clay?" he roared.

Clay looked surprised. "Yes, kind enough to turn your head that I may see your profile."

The stranger turned his face while the flickering torchlights enabled the observer to study him closely for several seconds.

"Twenty years ago," said Mr. Clay, "you had not begun to grow that long beard and were smooth faced, eh?"

"That's right."

"Also, then you sat on a jury before which I pleaded a case, and your name is Scoggins. Am I not right?"

"I reckon you are, sah."

"Yes, I remember you very perfectly. And," continued Mr. Clay, "you had one other characteristic, which I now recall—you were then a gentleman."

MAXIM'S IMITATION DIAMONDS.

Hiram S. Maxim, the celebrated inventor, has devised a process for making a species of carbon which closely, if not completely, resembles the genuine diamond and will be far less expensive than the natural diamond. The substance which she talked is used in the manufacture of diamonds for high critical measuring instruments, requires a carbon pressure of 1,000 tons and is made of a highly refractory material.

PEOPLE OF NOTE.

A memorial to the late William Black is now being promoted. According to a communication from Lord Archibald Campbell a committee has been formed for the purpose. It is proposed that friends and admirers of the late novelist throughout the world be invited to contribute. The memorial may take the form of a lifeboat for the west coast of Scotland, provided that a useful position is found for it there. Two of the northern fishery commissioners are now investigating the matter.

There is a movement on foot to secure the preservation of the birthplace of Daniel Webster by popular subscription, and an association for that purpose is to be organized. It is the intention to purchase the historic farm on which the great statesman was born in Franklin, N. H.

Lord Roberts says that he was at Pietermaritzburg as aide-de-camp to his father, Sir Abraham Roberts. The 12 staff officers habitually dined together. Eleven years afterward they were all living, nearly the whole of the party having been there at the time of the mutiny and five of six having been wounded.

It is said that John C. Bright is coming to visit America. His name is ordinary, but when it is known that he is the only millionaire in the world it does add interest. He lives in Kimberley, South Africa, and is raced as a millionaire. Mr. Bright is 54, a lively built man with gray hair. It was his ambition as a boy to become the richest man in the world, and, strange to say, this ambition has been realized.

The favorite sport of the schools is, like that of most of the Indian princes, horse racing, but he allows no betting, and the price of admission to the race is placed so high that only the upper classes can attend. The maharajah's stables accommodate about 2,000 animals.

Dr. Cabell Whitehead, assayer of the United States mint, who will soon become the assayer director general of the mint, has resided in Lynchburg, Va., and is 54 years of age. He is a graduate of Lehigh and Columbia universities.

Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, the Boston banker and formerly United States minister to France, has presented to the Massachusetts Historical society a collection of upward of 1,000 autograph letters written by Thomas Jefferson, his answers, some of which are a duplicate of those in the collection of congress.

"Typewriter" Todd, the Indian congressman who represents the Third Michigan district, is so called because he is known as a millionaire in the manufacture of typewriter cutwork. He has huge factories which he raises nothing but mint, and his venture has proved very profitable.