

PHILIPPINE CANNIBALS.

Some of the Queer People Which Have Come Under the Dominion of Uncle Sam.

Among many presumable benefits transferred to the people of the United States by the ratification of the treaty of Paris, there is certainly the questionable one of numbering among several millions of new citizens some 30,000 cannibals, residing principally in the northeastern provinces of Sunigay and Bisay, in the island of Mindanao.

This fact, however, need not seriously deter prospective settlers starting out to "grow up with the new country," for humiliating though it may be to our pride as a race, yet it is reassuring to learn that the Philippine cannibal, like his savage cousins of the north coast of Australia and New Guinea, does not fully appreciate the white man as a dish.

Indeed, it is asserted that he infinitely prefers a nice, young, rice-fed Chinaman, only partaking of white man when nothing better in the way of big game is to be bagged—the white man's flesh being too tough and too salt for his fastidious taste.

In the island of Mindanao the cannibals belong chiefly to the two tribes of the Monolos and Mandayas, inhabiting the valleys of the Agusan and Sany rivers, respectively—a country which is reported to be rich in gold, quicksilver and other metals, and especially suitable for the raising of coffee and cocoa plantations.

These cannibal tribes of the Monolos and Mandayas are of Biscayan origin, a race of moderate height, with olive complexions, broad noses, full lips and coarse, straight, nearly black hair.

They speak a dialect of a language called Tagalay, which seems to be itself a dialect of some other language not as yet taught in the public schools of the United States.

In disposition the Monolos, in particular, are a fierce, warlike people, ever on the lookout for a pretext to stir up trouble with their neighbors, making slaves of their numerous captives, and occasionally, when pig is scarce, a dinner off their slaves.

As evidence of their martial spirit there is a custom extant among them of conferring titles of distinction upon those warriors who have killed 60 of their enemies—a custom which, strange as it may seem to the Monolos, will probably be regarded by Uncle Sam as too much of an anomaly to be permitted to exist in any part of his dominions.

To those who contemplate visiting the Agusan country in the course of the next two or three years, it may be interesting as well as instructive, to be made aware of the fact that the stranger can tell by the manner of his reception whether or not he is likely to be come the chief dish of a feast.

If his welcome is cold, and he is chastely urged to go on his way, by the flight of an arrow, let him not complain of the Monolos' inhospitality, for that is the worst that may come to him; but if on the other hand he is effusively greeted, let him beware, as he is surely destined for an improvised oven.

And in the latter event the procedure is unmistakable. The stranger is cordially invited to sit on the same mat with the chief, and paid the greatest deference.

He is then served with a dinner composed of such seasonable delicacies as the Monolo cooks can produce—not a hint being given, not a word being said about anything unpleasant taking place subsequently; after which, with many expressions of gratification at his unexpected visit, he is conducted by the chief in person to a new hut in which to pass the night.

Then, as the Irishman would say, begins the "divilment." Once securely inside and asleep, the Monolo hosts quietly pile heaps of fagots around the hut of their unsuspecting guest, and at last, applying a torch, bake him to their own taste, without giving him a chance to utter a protest.

These Mandayas have a quaint and interesting custom of selecting a bride. When a young man has made his choice of a helpmate, she is dispatched one morning about sunrise into the jungle to hide.

About an hour later the lover sets forth in his quest, when, if successful in finding her before sundown, they are considered betrothed; but if she returns alone at that hour the match is declared off, and the young man must make another selection.

This would seem to leave the final decision in great part to the Mandaya girl, for if she approves of the young man she can doubtless easily find a way of informing him of the tree behind which she intends to hide; or otherwise the jungle would surely be a good place to escape him.

ANIMALS' ATTACHMENTS.

Devoted Monkeys Attempt to Reap-ture One of Their Number—A Devoted Dog.

Edgar Quintet, in his journal, tells how one day he went with the naturalist, M. Geoffroi de St. Hilaire, to the Jardin des Plantes: "In one of the cages was a lion and a lioness together. They were standing up, quite motionless, and seemed not to see us. Presently the lion, lifting up his great paw, placed it slowly and softly on the forehead of the lioness, and both continued in the same attitude as long as we remained before them. What was intended by the gesture? A painter who should have desired to represent calm grief and the deepest compassion could not have invented anything more striking. 'What does it mean?' said I to Geoffroi. 'Their lion whelp died this morning,' replied he. Then I understood what I saw—pity, good-will, sympathy—all these sentiments might be read in those fierce countenances."

The following interesting account is extracted from James Forbes' "Oriental Memoirs": "One of a shooting party, under a banyan tree, killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by 40 or 50 of the tribe, who made a great noise, and seemed disposed to attack their aggressor. They retreated when he presented his fowling-piece, the dreadful effect of which they had witnessed, and appeared perfectly to understand. The head of the troop, however, stood his ground, chattering furiously. The sportsman, who perhaps felt some little degree of compassion for having killed one of the family, did not like to fire at the creature, and nothing short of firing would suffice to drive him off. At length he came to the door of the tent, and finding threats of no avail, began a lamentable moaning, and by the most expressive gesture seemed to beg for the dead body. It was given to him; he took it sorrowfully in his arms, and bore it away to his expecting companions. They who were witnesses of this scene resolved never again to fire at one of the monkey race."

But perhaps the most impressive and extraordinary case that has ever yet come before us is that of poor Norman's dog in the Isle of Skye. Here it is, as told a year or two ago in the *Inverness Courier*, one of the most reliable papers in Scotland: "A circumstance has just occurred at Portree, Isle of Skye, which may be added to the many chapters recording the fidelity and attachment of dogs to their masters. A rumor spread through the town one morning that on the previous night the dogs had torn open the grave of a young man who had died of fever, and was interred some weeks previously. It transpired, however, that the case was not so revolting. When the young man was buried his dog followed the funeral to the churchyard, and was with difficulty removed. It returned again and again to the spot, and, unobserved, had dug into the grave until it reached the coffin. The dog had gnawed through the coffin when the fact was discovered, but the body of his dead master was untouched; and here the faithful animal was found, eagerly looking into the grave. 'I doubt,' says the correspondent, 'if there be a record of a more striking instance of canine attachment, for my best bear in mind that four or five weeks had elapsed since the interment, and the churchyard is six miles from the house where poor Norman's father lives.'"—*Cassell's Magazine*.

GOING TO THEIR EGGS.

It is Said the Stormy Petrels Hatch Out Their Young in This Manner.

The stormy petrels nest just above the Atlantic surge on the islets near Iona and the Hebrides. There above the rock on certain islands in a black, buttery soil, in which they burrow like little winged mice, and on a nest of sea pink lay one white egg. As this desertion of the regions of light and air by birds is something outside the natural course of their lives, it leads to various odd and unexpected social complications and domestic problems. Among the latter is a serious one, the difficulty of keeping the underground house clean or moderately cool. It is usually very hot and smothering, for instance, do not attempt to ventilate their burrows as rabbits and rats do, neither do kingfishers nor the stormy petrels when they make their own burrows, and do not creep into chinks between piles of stones or rocks. Evidence of the high temperature of this "hot chamber" where the young petrels are hatched is seen in a very pretty popular belief in the Outer Hebrides.

The people say that they hatch their eggs, not by sitting on them, but by sitting near them, at a distance of six inches between them and the opening of the burrow. Then the petrels turn their heads toward the eggs, and "coo" at them day and night, and so "hatch them with their song." This, which sounds like a fable of the east Atlantic islands, has really a basis in fact. Mr. Davenport Graham says that the account is "very correct; though I never heard the cooing noise by day, I often did in the evening. It is rather a purring noise. When its nest is opened up, the bird is usually found covering a few inches away from its egg. This hot and stuffy atmosphere may aid the hatching of the eggs; but there is no doubt that it brings into being other and very undesirable forms of life. The nests and burrows of sand martins are full of most unpleasant insects, and those of the kingfisher are nearly as bad.—*London Spectator*.

Wardrobes of Royalty. Marlborough house, though it frequently encourages new fashions, is no autocrat in these matters. An instance: Last summer, in order to encourage Spitalfields weavers, the prince of Wales heroically wore a silken broadcoted waistcoat, but the hint was not taken, and the waistcoat had at last to be discarded. The duke of York, it appears, is no great dandy, as he simply requires his clothes to be comfortable. He ordered 20 suits once all in a lot. He is thought to look best in a blue serge yachting costume. As to the German emperor, his wardrobe is marvelous, including the uniforms of every regiment in his army, besides many foreign ones. Among the most prized naval uniforms is that of an English admiral.—*Chicago Times-Herald*.

Women Snuff Takers. Womankind snuffed 15,000,000 pounds of American snuff last year. That is not all, for much foreign snuff was consumed, of which the most precious was the Portuguese article, 100 years old and as dry and fragrant as mummy dust, and doubtless used by old-fashioned persons.

CANARY EXPERTS.

Men with Trained Ears Who Select the Best Singers in Bird Stores.

Whoever has tried to buy a canary knows how hard it is to pick a good singer. There are, however, men in this country who are not only able to distinguish between the birds that sing and those that do not, but who, guided by their ear alone, can pick and classify canaries according to quality and range of voice, even when hundreds of canaries are singing together.

In an East side establishment in New York, where on an average 7,000 canaries are kept the year round, two of these experts sit daily in front of a huge stack of little white cages, in which are more than 700 birds sometimes.

With wonderful ease, and most thoroughly and expeditiously, did the experts conduct this competitive examination. First they picked out the good singers, and put a distinctive mark on the cage of each of them; then, with the use of other marks, they separated them into distinct classes, according to the quality and style of their song. The price of these good singers varies, many not being worth more than three dollars each at wholesale, and a few, on the other hand, selling as high as \$20 each.

In most large bird stores there is an exercise room in which are hundreds of loose canaries. After long confinement the birds must have a chance to use their wings, or, as one of the bird men says: "These little birds must get a little free. Und so we ledt dem shay in dese leete room sometimes five or six weeks."

The item of food, where many birds are kept, is an important one. In the East side establishments 600 bags, or nearly 70,000 pounds, of rape seed alone are needed each year. This represents an expense of over \$4,000 for one kind of food. No American rape seed is used, because it is said to be lacking in oil.

Hartz mountain canaries are a specialty of this establishment, and the proprietor says that nearly all the birds are brought to Alford from little towns and hamlets scattered over the mountains, and thence shipped to New York.

Few people have any idea of the extent of the importation of canaries into this country, and, perhaps, fewer still are aware that nine-tenths of the business is done through the port of New York. The shipping season begins in July and continues until April, and it is estimated that during the present season about 200,000 birds will be imported, of which 130,000 will be males and 70,000 females. Practically all these birds will come from Germany, although it is true that some thousands of special breeds will come from England and Holland.

The most satisfactory bird is the Hartz mountain canary. They are hardy, surpassing the American-bred canaries in this respect. The natural song of the Hartz mountain canary is varied by the occasional notes of the nightingale or other trained singers. Some of the best German breeders keep a nightingale or a trained canary in the room to which the small birds are sent, and this improves the voice of the young birds greatly.

An old German named Wolfshlag teaches canaries to sing by the use of a machine of his own invention, which pumps air through a series of tubes surrounded by water. In this way notes are produced which are extremely like those of the best canaries. He has been engaged in this business for years and has an established record, some of his machines taught birds selling for as much as \$20. Most experts and bird fanciers, however, think that the natural method is the only sure way in which a canary can be taught.

Among the breeds of canaries which are imported are the Belgian, the Dutch and several varieties of English birds, including the Norwich, the Manchester copy, the London fancy, the gold and silver spangled Lizard canary and the Scotch fancy canary. The Norwich canary is not extensively imported, but is a general favorite in England. It has been bred in the city of Norwich for more than a hundred years, and is remarkable for its brilliant plumage of reddish yellow. It is generally considered the most beautiful of all canaries, but its song is not as good as that of the Hartz mountain canary.

The Manchester copy is the giant of the family. It is notable both for its great size and the peculiar crest which usually adorns its head. No first-class specimens of this bird are imported, England herself taking the pick of all the birds of this variety at prices ranging from \$25 to \$150.

The Belgian canaries constitute the Four Hundred of these feathered songsters, and not many of them are found in this country. The full-bloods have brilliant plumage, but none of them has the great variety of tones possessed by the Hartz mountain bird.—*Cincinnati Commercial Tribune*.

Had Cigars But No Matches. While passing buckets at a fire that occurred in London two or three years ago the prince of Wales wanted to light his cigar, but the matches he had were all wet. Some man in the line heard that the future king of England regretting that he had no dry matches and promptly proffered him one, remarking, as he did so, wholly unaware to whom he was speaking: "I have plenty of lights but nothing to smoke."

"Have a smoke with me, then," said the prince, taking another cigar from his pocket. "Thanks," said the man, accepting; and he was about to light up when someone disclosed to him the identity of the prince. Greatly astonished, the loyal British subject instantly removed the cigar from his mouth, and, wrapping it carefully in a silk handkerchief, exclaimed: "That cigar will be handed down in my family from father to son."

"But I now insist you shall smoke with me, anyhow," broke in the listening prince, laughing heartily and handing the man a second cigar, which was most graciously accepted and thoroughly enjoyed.—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

Income of the Church of England. The Church of England is supported by income from investments, endowments, and by voluntary contributions. The total revenue of the church is about \$35,000,000.

AN UNKNOWN ANIMAL.

The Surprise of a Western Hunter Who Had Killed His First Buffalo.

In 1812 Gen. William Ashley, the head of the Rocky Mountain Fur company, traveled up the Platte valley with a large party of men, all of whom were suffering for want of food. Before they reached the buffalo country the Indians had driven off the herds, and Gen. Ashley's men were reduced to an allowance of half a pint of flour a day. This was made into a kind of gruel, and served to keep them alive.

If it happened that a duck or goose was killed, it was shared as fairly as possible, but still the men were in a sad plight. Finally one of the party, Jim Beckwourth, came a lucky find of deer and game, and the next day he was even more successful in a way entirely surprising to himself. He had climbed a tree to get a fairer view, and he says:

"I perceived some large, dark-colored animal grazing on the side of a hill, about a mile and a half distant. I was determined to have a shot at him. Meat was in demand, and the fellow, well-stored, was worth a thousand ducks."

"I approached cautiously within rifle-shot, scrutinizing him very closely, and still unable to make out what he was. Taking good aim, I pulled the trigger; the rifle cracked, and I made rapid retreat toward the camp. After running about 200 yards and hearing no movement behind me, I looked round and saw, to my great joy, that the animal had fallen."

"Continuing my course to camp, I met the general, who saw blood on my hands from a previous encounter, and asked me:

"Have you shot anything, Jim?" "Yes, sir."

"What have you shot?" "Two deer and something else," I answered.

"And what is the something else?" "I don't know, sir."

"What did he look like? Had he horns?" "I saw no horns, sir."

"What color was the animal?" "You can see him, general," said I, "by climbing yonder tree."

"He exceeded the trees accordingly and took a look through his spy-glass at 'A buffalo, by heavens!' he cried.

"He came nimble down and gave orders for us to take a couple of horses, go and dress the buffalo and bring him to camp."

"This was the first buffalo I had ever seen, though I had traveled hundreds of miles in the buffalo country; and I had actually been so excited as not to notice his horns. The general had many a hearty laugh at me over those horns, and he had seen them plainly when he was nearly two miles away."

—*Youth's Companion*.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S LOVE.

A Cherished Memory Which Remained with the Gentle Humorist Through Life.

No man of letters has ever held a warmer place in the affections of his countrymen than Washington Irving. When "the gentle humorist" died, commercial New York flew flags at half-mast, and the city government recognized his departure as an occasion for public mourning. His life felt the touches of romance.

Once the hand of Washington was laid on Irving's head, and neither as boy nor man did he forget the blessing then given. He was born in New York, a few months before the British evacuated the city, and his patriotic mother said:

"Washington's work is ended, and the child shall be named after him."

One day the child's Scotch nurse saw Washington enter a store, and followed him in. "Please, your honor," said she, "here's a bairn named after you." Washington tenderly blessed the boy.

It was while Irving was engaged in writing his most humorous book, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," that there came to him the romance of a great sorrow. Miss Hoffman, to whom he was engaged to be married, died after a brief illness. This death caused his life to lack "the great event of marriage," and bequeathed a cherished memory, which neither time nor activity effaced.

When Irving died, in his seventy-sixth year, "A lock to which he himself had kept the key," says Mr. DeWolfe Howe, in his "American Bookmen," "was found to guard a braid of hair and a beautiful miniature, with a slip of paper marked in his own handwriting, 'Matilda Hoffman.' No less faithfully had he kept her Bible and Prayer-Book throughout his life."

Irving's publisher, G. P. Putnam, said that 40 years after Miss Hoffman's death, he had the miniature retouched and remounted for its possessor, then 66 years old. "When I returned it to him, in a suitable velvet case, he took it to a quiet corner and looked intently on the face for some minutes, apparently unobserved, his tears falling freely on the glass as he gazed."

"Who shall say," asks Mr. Howe, "that the cherishing of such a memory as this did not find its direct expression in the gentle chivalry with which he bore himself as a writer and as a man, towards all women?"

Yes, "some griefs are medicinal"; they humanize the soul.—*Youth's Companion*.

A PUNNING WOMAN.

Doubtless the female punster, a guest at a dinner party where a bishop was present, recalled to "the prelate Dr. Holmes' remark: 'People that make puns are like railroad boys that put coppers on the railroad tracks.'

"By the way," said the woman, "do you know that there are times when it is dangerous to enter an Episcopal church?"

"What is that, madam?" said the bishop, with great dignity, straightening himself up in his chair.

"I say there are times when it is positively dangerous to enter the church," she replied.

"That cannot be," said the bishop. "Pray explain, madam."

"Why," said she, "it is when there is a canon in the reading desk, a big gun in the pulpit, when the bishop is charging the clergy, the choir is murdering the anthem, and the organist is trying to drown the choir."—*Baltimore Sun*.



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IRISH SETTLEMENT

IN Mille Lacs County, Minn.

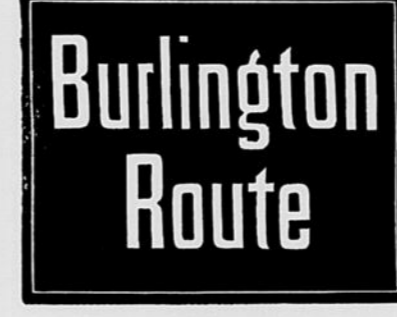
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SHERIFF'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE

UNDER JUDGMENT OF FORECLOSURE.

State of Minnesota, County of Hennepin, District Court, Fourth Judicial District. John L. Smith, as Receiver for the Hennepin County Catholic Building and Loan Association, a Corporation, Plaintiff, vs. Helen M. Foley, unmarried, Defendant.

Notice is hereby given that under and by virtue of a judgment and decree entered in the above entitled action on the twenty-third day of February, 1899, a certified transcript of which has been delivered to me, I, the undersigned, sheriff of said Hennepin county, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, on Monday, the seventeenth day of April, 1899, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the main front entrance, on Fourth street, of the court house, in the city of Minneapolis, in said county, in one parcel, the premises and real estate described in said judgment and decree, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land lying and being situate in the county of Hennepin and state of Minnesota, described as follows, to wit: The north forty-one and one-half (41 1/2) feet of lot seven (7), in block seven (7), of the depth of eighty-three (83) feet on Fifth avenue, and being situate in the city of Minneapolis, according to the plat thereof on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said Hennepin county, described as follows: Commencing at the north-easterly corner of lot seven (7), in block (7), of town of St. Anthony (now Minneapolis), and running thence westerly on said Fifth avenue eighty-three (83) feet; thence at right angles to said Fifth avenue, southerly forty-one and one-half (41 1/2) feet to land of Rover; thence at right angles and parallel to said Fifth avenue to Fourth street northeast; thence at right angles northerly along Fourth street to the place of beginning.

Dated March 4, 1899. PHIL T. MEGAARDEN, Sheriff of Hennepin County, Minn. C. S. JELLEY, Attorney for Plaintiff John L. Smith, as Receiver for the Hennepin County Catholic Building and Loan Association.

NOTICE OF EXPIRATION OF REDEMPTION

Table with columns: In whose name assessed, Description of land, Lot, Block, Year tax levied, Date of Judgment, When Sold, Amount sold for to State, Assigned by State Jan 10, 1893, Interest, Total amount Required to Redeem.

To Geo. A. Wilson, O. C. Farnham, Ex.

You are hereby notified that, pursuant to tax judgment entered in the District Court, County of Hennepin, State of Minnesota, as above stated, the land herein above described, assessed in your name, was sold for tax as above stated, and that the time allowed by law for redemption from said sale, will expire sixty days after service of this notice has been made and proof thereof, and of the sheriff's fees notice made, be paid, together with such interest as may accrue from and after this date, on or before the expiration of the above period.

WITNESSES my hand and official seal, in said County of Hennepin this 12th day of January, 1899.

G. J. MINOR, County Auditor, By F. A. McDONALD, Deputy.

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THE IRISH STANDARD, 61 SOUTH 4TH STREET, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Office of COUNTY AUDITOR, Hennepin County, Minnesota.

You are hereby notified that, pursuant to tax judgment entered in the District Court, County of Hennepin, State of Minnesota, as above stated, the land herein above described, assessed in your name, was sold for tax as above stated, and that the time allowed by law for redemption from said sale, will expire sixty days after service of this notice has been made and proof thereof, and of the sheriff's fees notice made, be paid, together with such interest as may accrue from and after this date, on or before the expiration of the above period.

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G. J. MINOR, County Auditor, By F. A. McDONALD, Deputy.