

as it should be. They are forever washing and combing it, and cleanliness of the head is their especial pride. I do not remember having seen a single native, man or woman, with the least sign of baldness, and grey heads are rare except among the very aged.

The native huts are curiosities. Built of bamboo, inside and out, they are raised from the ground by stout posts of the same material, which serve as a safeguard during the floods, and also as a protection or preservation from earthquakes, as they are very springy, and allow the hut to sway back and forth when one of these unpleasant disturbances occurs, instead of tumbling to pieces like a pack of cards. The sides and roofs are thatched with the long, slender *nipa* leaves, and altogether their appearance is very much that of magnified, hairy bugs. It would tax man's ingenuity to construct a building more inflammable than a *nipa* hut, and a fire once started among a collection of them does not stop, as a rule, until all are consumed. On Easter Sunday, 1893, some 4,000 were burned in the *pueblo* of Tondo, near Manila. At the same time, this style of architecture has its advantages. If the owner wishes to move from one neighborhood to another, all he has to do is to take his house to pieces, pile it upon a *caraton* or buffalo-cart, with his pots, kettles and family atop, and transfer it to the new locality; and the sight of a domestic establishment thus "moving" is worth seeing. The motive power is supplied by a *carabao*, or water-buffalo; a huge, mouse-colored brute, with enormous horns, possessed of amazing strength and phenomenal deliberation of movement; these creatures in a wild state are utterly ferocious, but when domesticated may be guided by a child. All heavy draught work is done by them, as the little, stunted native pony is equal to nothing more than pulling light carriages or serving as a hack under the saddle, thereby resembling the natives themselves, who gracefully yield all "coolie" labor, such as lifting and carrying, to the Chinamen. In spite of their appearance of muscular strength, the natives seem incapable of severe manual labor,

and to possess very little stamina; a touch of the *calentura* (jungle-fever), which would only cause an American or Englishman to swear, will lay a "Filipino" on his back for a week. It is the same in case of the cholera; this dreaded scourge of the Far East is almost invariably fatal among the natives, who die by hundreds during an epidemic; whereas there are several instances of Englishmen recovering, even after a second or third attack, which may be accounted for by the fact that the white men during an epidemic are accustomed to exercise some care in the way of food and drink, while the natives disregard the simplest rules of health, not only with regard to cholera, but of other pestilence, such as the small-pox. I have seen natives in the worst stages of the disease walking in the crowded streets unnoticed. During my time of residence, there were only four cases of small-pox among the Englishmen, two of which were fatal: one being the "black" small-pox, which is invariably hopeless from the first, and the other that of a burly, powerful stevedore, who told me only four days before his death that he had never been vaccinated and never would be. The other two cases were those of young Scotchmen, neither of whom had been vaccinated since childhood, but both fully recovered without a scar. I was vaccinated seven times before it "took;" I would have had it done twenty times if necessary, being a firm believer in the protection thus obtained.

The principal and all-absorbing amusement of the natives, in fact, what may be called their national sport, is cock-fighting; and his fighting rooster is as much, if not more, an object of solicitation and care to every "Filipino," as his family itself. In Manila there is a large building of bamboo and *nipa*, erected solely for this diversion, and the uproar which arises from it every Sunday afternoon can only be compared to that heard at a league base-ball game at home. A native so unfortunate as not to own a fighting-cock would be an object of scornful pity to his neighbors; and it is difficult to walk the streets in the native quarter without stumbling at every few yards over a pair of feathered