A DAY AND A NIGHT IN KUSTENDIL

STREET SCENES LIKE OPERA, THOUGH BLOODSHED IS NOT FAR OFF

The Soldier Chorus as It Marches to the Public Bath—A Babel of Many Voices—Reflections of the More Seasoned Folk Over Coffee at the Dragoman The Disappearing Youth of the Night and What His Words Meant.

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

far as the eye can reach, even to the sky | chestnut venders, from whose penetrating above. The wine-colored tiles of the visions my friend and I desire to escape, fell last night, and the mountain stream that runs down the middle of my street | roars out: gurgles under a thin, uneven crust of ice.

The winter is here in earnest now; we hear that we may be snowed in before many days, cut off from the great world outside. But the Kustendilskis do not care-Kustendil is a world in itself. If the great world outside does not choose to interest itself in Kustendil, Kustendil can rise to a similar lofty indifference. So we do not worry about how deep the snow lies in the pass. The last post from Sofia has just arrived, so it isn't likely a few months' blockade will interfere with its regularity; a thaw is bound to come before it is due

Ours is a lively thoroughfare; all the peasants coming in with asses or ox carts loaded with produce pass under my window, turbaned and red-fezzed cattle dealers from Albania or Macedonia, fur-capped Bulgars in heavy sheepskin jackets and broad, red sashes peeping out between the lapels. Some wear peaked hoods, like cowls, which, together with the bagginess of their trousers above the knees and their heavy walking staves, give them a quaint, Elizapethan appearance. There are women, too, in the peasant dress of the land, a wonderful combination of colors, suggestive of grand opera chorus, especially if the girls are young and pretty, as a good por from under their peaked, green hoods. many are, for grandma doesn't come to their laughing faces barely visible. It is town much in this cold weather. .

From my window it is very much like grand opera. It is Saturday morning, the liveliest day of the week. What has suggested opera to me is a deep, growing chorus of men's voices coming in from up the street, at least a hundred voices. strong, increasing in volume, rolling over all the town, echoing back from the steep, snow-streaked cliff that towers up as a background to the houses opposite. I have heard that song every Saturday morning since I have been here, so I know that the soldiers are coming in from the barracks to wash at the hot springs that sputter up in the middle of the town. With a sudden increase of the low roar, they turn the corner, march into view and are passing, the same fur-capped peasants lifted out of overcoats and heavy boots. They, too wear the high-peaked, green cowls, which make them look like so many long-cassocked monks; grand opera monks, of course. I feel vaguely that something has gone wrong, because they do not form in a semi-circle before my window and point their right hands upward while they roar out that mighty chorus. I feel the same about a troupe of young village girls passing a few seconds later humming a refrain of the soldier's song together, but half a dozen woolly little donkeys trotting in after them spoil that effect. They (the girls) see my bare head poked out of the window and they begin to giggle. "Gospodin!" cries one in feigned alarm, "there's an icicle above you-its going to drop on the back of your neck." That

raises a loud laugh-at my expense. "Buy a young sow, Gospodin," shouts another; "see, she's as fat as an egg." More laughter. I cannot afford to compromise my dignity, so I draw in and slam the window to. But the glass is not of awe-inspiring dignity, the personified thick enough to close out their peals of essence of official majesty. I had been very merriment. My impression was that the audience should do the laughing.

A RICH MAN'S FUNERAL. I am gradually becoming conscious of a ne sound from outside, growing more distinct through the sudden ceasing of all other noises. It comes as a low, continuous on one side and that of a seventy-year-old murmur, rising and falling by a note or recognize. There are a number of peasants against the low wall opposite, their fur caps removed, all facing down the street toward the town. As I open the window again the chant bursts in on me in all its monotonous volume; two bearded priests in black cassocks and high black head-gear appear, one swinging burning incense, the other carrying an open book, both chanting, More priests march in, four abreast, all chanting, all bearded to the walst, twenty in all. They might have stepped out of "Aida" if the chorus were not so solemn; it is Bulgarian Church. Every person in view up or down the street is standing, head

uncovered and bowed. It is only a funeral; a rich man's fune ral, a rare enough sight here. There are few men in town who could afford twenty and, to some of the older men, plum brandy, priests at their funerals. But the solemn Naturally to such men dancing soems a chant has spoiled me for work. Besides, trifle frivolous. The landlord of the Dragonobody stays indoors Saturday morning.

centre of activity is about the old mosque -a phonograph. It stands in a corwith the broken-off minaret. Its four walls ner of the room, trained on us as though [Yone Noguchi, in National Magazine.

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.) | are lined outside at their bases with the KUSTENDIL, Rumania, December 11 .- | stalls of local merchants who have all train-Here we are in the centre of a great white ed their voices to that sequetive pitch which circle of gray ribbed peaks; every- draws to them buyers from the furthermost thing beyond the town is white or gray, as | edges of the crowd. There are peanut and houses, visible from my window, show here as does every prominent citizen of the and there in patches where the wind has town, for they know us all by names. Too brushed off the light covering of snow that late; one young devil among them with a voice like the blast from a mortar gun

> "Oi! oi! oi!-hot, good chestnuts; Gospodin Ivanoff, will you not buy?--you---Gospo-

He shouts our names thus until we have escaped down a side street, and some other good, staid burgher of the town comes in for his share of public notice. Some flee, as we did; others hasten nervously to buy. We have come in among the woodsmen down from the mountain villages with firewood to sell. Their loaded donkeys and ponies toll heavily and slowly through the crowd like cargo boats in a choppy sea. They are charging ninety centimes a cargo, which is obviously an outrageous price when you consider that it can't last over a week during this cold weather. Wuring the sum-

mer months those same foresters were humbly glad to sell at seventy centimes-now they can afford to display a haughty indifference towards us, for the citizens are hidding against each other. They coldly stare upon us. stolid-faced, arrogantly conscious of our helplessness, but there is some consolation in knowing that summer comes again to hurl their pride into the dust.

It is more cheerful to drift in among row, clapping their hands and stamping their feet, and breathing out puffs of va- window not safe to banter with them unless you have absolute command of the language. Most of them have butter and cheese to sell, cheese that is paic and damp, and

bears the imprint of newspapers of bygone years it has been wrapped in. It is tempting to stop and read some of these bits of journalism backwards, because they are backwards. It is good practice for me. too, only the maidens think I am inspecting with an eye to purchasing, and keep poking the cheese over so that there isn't time to decipher it ali. I notice that my friends are similarly possessed of that desire to read the cheese reprints of last year's newspaper announcements. An American merchant might have seen by this time great advertising possibilities.

At about noon the crowds begin to thin out, or to scatter rather, for they are still about. They are going to fling themselves into what dissipations the town has to offer. The city band, a real brass band, comes out and plays national music. The people catch hold of each other's hands and dance up and down the streets in long strings; two steps forward, one backward, two forward, and so on, around corners, up the sidewalks, always drifting back to the music again. It must not be supposed that these dances

are confined to the villagers who come to town; by no means, everybody piles in, young and old, poor and well-to-do, all in one long democratic bunch, lawyer clasping hands with peasant, men with women grandfather with granddaughter with a general glee that is good to see. For a long time I thought there was only one man in all Kustendil who had not joined the dance; the big, long-bearded, gold-buttoned, shoulder strapped chief of police, a cold, proud man, the very image of a Russian admiral, wrapped in four or five thicknesses much impressed, for in America we have no such men just like him, at least not where common people can come in contact with them. Instinctively I bowed in reverence. To-day I can hardly believe my eyes. There he is in the middle of the string, grasping the hand of a roguish young girl grandpa on the other, kicking up his heavy. booted legs with the frivolity of a comic opera king. The spectacle is demoralizing, to say the least. His fat cheeks are puffed out, red streaks of vapor shoot out from his heard, a smile breaks out over the august sternness of his countenance. It is too much. It only remains that he should trip over that long dangling sword of his to complete his downfall in my estimation. My friend and I withdraw to the Drago-

· THE DRAGOMAN. The Dragoman, the retreat of Kustendil's sophisticated manhood, of men who know life as it is, of men who have known life's bifter disappointments. Here we gather of evening pout the tables, smoking, discussing politics, the war, the latest reports from Macedonia, having served to us Turkish coffee, lemonade, tea, very mild beer, man realizes that, so he has had imported The streets are throbbing with life; a sea | at great expense, he says, something that of bobbing, brown and black fur caps. The could divert the minds of more serious men

it were a heavy piece of artillery, threaten-WEST POINT'S ing death to those of frivolous minds. A favored few of us have inspected the rec-CADET DEBTORS ords. There are selections from "Carmen." 'Afda'' and "Faust." Turkish songs and one

American band piece, which the proprietor THEY PAY THOUSANDS OF DOLterms the "Washingtonski Marcha." When this is fired off everybody looks darkly in LARS AFTER GRADUATION my direction, but they should know I am no

The first day this concert was set going. Trusted for Four Years by a Jeweler, a a song from "Aïda" was inserted, sung by Grocer, a Photographer and a Hotel Melba, according to the inscription. Sud-Keeper in This City-Only Sedenly we all saw the agitated faces of two villagers peering anxiously in through the curity is the Army Man's glass door. Somebody opened and finally Word of Honor got them inside. Their agitation increased visibly as the soprano reached her top

out in one last, despairing shrick.

left us in disgust, we much crestfællen at

It is late, and the crowd in the Dragoman

thins out. Outside the night is clear and

crisp, except for a pale blue mist that

rangs over the hot springs where the cliffs

minarets are encircled by thin, delicate

circles of light, for it is a Turkish holy

week, the bairam, and the faithful are at

prayer in the mosques. Once more I am

at my window, open, for the soft light of

the brilliant stars over the snow covered

roofs is beautiful to see. There is an

absolute silence over all, the good joily

peasants have crawled into the kahns and

are sleeping. Against the lighter sky to

the westward are the heavy black silhou-

ettes of the mountain peaks, cut where

Macedonia. It is beautiful, peaceful, quiet

-one might almost fall asleep on the sill.

A noise inside the room brings me in.

young man, a mere boy, stands light-

ing a cigarette by the lamp, his fur cap

set jauntily on one side of his head. His

costume is not one you see about the

streets: heavy, tight trousers, legs wrap-

ped in white woollen leggins, wound about

by crossing thongs of leather from the cow-

ting tacket criss-crossed by strips of hide.

and about his waist a cartridge belt. He has

been in the house several days, quartered

on the landlady. She is from Macedonia,

so is he, originally. He speaks a little

English for like hundreds of his country-

nien, he has been in the American mis-

nuch better for us." He joins me at the

write, eh? Now is not much to write.

But wait. One-two-perhaps three months

blood shall flow and the men shall die-

over there." He waved his hand toward

the pass. A faint whistle comes up the

street. The lad reaches out his hand-

Around the corner came two figures,

barely visible in the gloom below. An-

other appears from the house opposite.

More from another corner, the narrow

street swarms with them all moving silent-

ly up the street, away from the town.

So it has been for many nights past

So they pass through here, doggedly

marching onward, all in one direction,

silently, stealthily, the unpaid soldiers of

an almost hopeless cause. More will pass

for many nights to come, in spite of the

utmost vigilance of those who would hold

them back. Then will come a long inter-

val. until one fine, starry night such as

this the staid, peaceful citizens of

Kustendil shall look out of their windows,

and they shall see in the sky above the

pass the lurid, red glare of hell thrown

THE RAINY DAY.

But he make de green grass come ter hay;

Fer he make de green grass come ter hay:

'An' dar ain't no use ter growl, he say,

before the melting of the snow.

De rainy day-Des rain away.

De rainy day don't ease my pain.

Kaze de li'l' boy's out dar-in de rain,

You reckon de Lawd up dar will know

He knock at my heart-so ol' en po'?

'Rout de li'i' boy in do col'-col' snow?

An' how, w'en de Chris'mus come once mo

-IF. L. S. in Atlanta Constitution

STANDING UP FOR HIS RIGHTS.

A shipbuilder tells of an Irishman who

sought employment as a driver in the ser-

vice of one of the shipbuilding sompanies

.The first job to which the Irishman was

assigned was to be performed in compara-

tively shallow water. He was provided with

a pick and told to use it on a ledge below.

Mike was put into a diver's suit, and,

with his pick, was sent down to tackle the

ledge. For about fifteen minutes nothing

was heard from him. Then came a strong,

determined, deliberate pull on the signal-

rope, indicating that Mike had a very de-cided wish to come to the top. The as-

sistants hastily pulled him to the raft and

"Why, what's the matter?" asked they
"Take off the rist of it," doggedly re-

job where I can't spit on me hands."--

JOAQUIN MILLER'S DINVERS.

We used to cook by a rivulet and eat

under the white rose bushes. "Remember,

this is a sacred service. Silence helps

your digestion." he would say. "Eat slowly, think something higher, and be content." So our dinner usually lasted more than two

What a delightful experience!-

'Take off the rist of it," said Mike

Dat de li'l' boy don't come ter me!

An' de Chris'mus come-but de white folks see

So de rainy day,

Ob, de rainy day-

Oh, de fainy day.

toward the pass. Then they are gone

"Ha! my friend," he continues, "you

"What you see?" he demands good-

'it is dark, not so? Ha! So:

sionary schools.

then he is gone.

naturedly.

the pass across the frontier leads into

the rebuke.

notes. They would have gone again, but There is a small group of New York we restrained them. Finally the song died ousiness men who will collect next summer an annual unsecured debt of several thous-"What do you think of it?" demanded my and dollars with as little difficulty as though the payment had been guaranteed by "What do I think of it," repeated one of the signatures of every banker in Wall the peasants indignantly, "I don't think Street. The debtors are the members of much of it. What enjoyment can it be to the class of 1905 in the United States Milgentlemen to close a poor cat up in a baritary Academy at West Point. They owe rel just to hear the poor creature squalling the money principally for jewelry, confecthrough a funnel stuck into the bunghole? tioneries, photographic work, and rare hotel That is no play for gentlemen." Then they

> The pay-after-graduation credit system at the Point is as well established as the rest of the Academy's iron-bound, and better-known, customs. Few, if any, of next June's class will emerge from their four years of toil free from debt, and the financial confidence their creditors have reposed in them has been practically unlimited. They could order whatever they liked, and some of them are "in for" as much as \$600 or \$700 apiece.

> The result is that the "good spenders" will see their equipment funds wiped away immediately after graduation day. This fund is the accumulation of small monthly sums retained by the Academy authorities from the cadets' salaries. It should aggregate about \$300, which is intended to give the newly made army officer a start in the way of uniforms and incidental necesso that the swamping of his fund simply prolongs his period of indebtedness. Whereas he owed money to New York photographers, hotel men, and sweetmeat dealers before graduation, he afterwards owes it to

A well-known jewelry house, a big grocery firm, an uptown hotel proprietor, and a photographer are the most regular creditors of the cadets. From the jewelry store the embryo soldiers buy Christmas and wedding presents and the like. "Enclosed find my visiting card," a cadet writes to the firm. "Please ship to -

a suitable gift, costing \$---.'

Sometimes he furnishes to the jewelry house an elaborate description of the person for whom the gift is intended-maybe who has studied the duty of selecting presents. The cadet learns later what has been sent The amount is placed on his account-for settlement after he graduates. If he should die or should be expelled, or for any reason should fail to "make good." his classmates club together to pay his bill. however large or small it may be. The merchant knows his money is sure to come. "Do you have to pay interest?" a cadet was asked last week.

"Oh, no." was the reply. "They charge us fancy prices for everything, so as to avoid the trouble of calculating interest. From the grocery establishment, which carries candles and fruits as a side line, the cadets receive frequent shipments, especially during the summer camping time. "What do you do with the sweets? Are

they for gifts to the girls?" was inquired "Not a bit." said the cadet. "The girls who come to West Point give us candy by the peck, you know. These boxes we get from New York are additional. Of course, it's against the rules for us to receive packgrocer ships the eatables to a man we know in Highland Falls, which is a mile below West Point. The boxes are hauled up to us in a wagon and smuggled into camp or bar-

THE PHOTOGRAPH ACCOUNT.

open in the land beyond. Kustendil has If a young woman were to spend as much seen it before, Kustendil shall see it again, for photographs as does a West Point cadet, she would be open to the charge of extreme vanity. But the cadet has to do it. There are the folks at home, calling for pictures of him and his uniform every little while. His young women friends-and he has many of them if he is a cadet of the usual calibre-are making similar demands, and there are scores of others. The result is that the New York camera man reaps a harvest of debts, which, like those of the other dealers, are as certain of payment as they are unsecured. The cadet never signs | harem. a note. There is a rumor that a merchant once attempted to build up a clientele at the academy and demanded written promises to pay, and that the cadets, indignant at the reflection on their honor, swiftly boycotted him.

One of the creditors who is sure to have almost every member of each graduating class on his list, is the proprietor of the hotel at which the youngsters stop in passing through New York during their infrequent furloughs. For years the cadets have had a free rein there, getting whatever the house afforded without restriction as to ost. They register, eat, drink, occupy the best rooms available, use theatre tickets bought with money advanced by the hotelall with no thought of paying until years

or months afterward. For the first time they begin to figure up their debts when the last year is well under way. About this time, for instance, the graduates-to-be of next June are acquiring a knowledge as to "where they will stand." "Possibly four or five men in our class." said one of them the other day, "will pocket their equipment funds nearly complete, but I don't believe there is a single man who will escape with no debts at all Most of

or two ago I heard one of the fellows talking of his bill at the jeweller's. "What do you think of this?" he wailed Those people in New York must think I'm coming out of the academy coated with gold they sent my ten-year-old sister a \$50 parasol when I asked them to supply a Christmas present for herf'

"Didn't you name the cost? I asked

us have been surprised, I might say dum-

founded, at our financial condition. A week

"Why, no, I just wrote 'em to send something nice by express, and they did it. "That's the way with most of us. We've been too busy studying and drilling to practice economy, and now the waking-up is a terrible shock."

The cadet mournfully remarked that he hoped to get out of debt by the time he reached a first lieutenancy, but the check for his equipment fund, he said, would be endorsed over to his creditors in toto. Most of the West Pointers come from

families of small means, but there are a few whose supply of cash from home is limited only by the stringent rules of the Academy. They cannot receive money orders, and it is troublesome to have checks cashed, so the remittances, for the most part, are in the form of greenbacks, and are sent in letters, which, of course, the officials cannot open. It is said that the graduates who owe the largest amount of money at the end of each year are the ones who have received most from home, while the poor members of the corps keep their obligations down to almost nothing.

The extent of cash shipments to cadets was indicated just before a recent football game in Philadelphia against the Naval Academy. From the "middles" there came . telegram: "Can you raise \$2,000?"

This meant: "We have gathered together \$2,000 to bet on our team. Can you cover

The West Pointers began to hustle. A committee was formed to raise the amount, for a challenge like this from the navy must not remain unanswered. The barracks were canvassed thoroughly, and each cadet produced from his hiding places as much cash as he wished to wager—in most cases

Within less than three hours after the elegram came the needed sum had been collected, and the news was wired back to Annapolis. Every cent of the money had been slipped into barracks contrary to the regulations, and now the blanket bet was made with equal disregard of rules.

As it happened. West Point won the game, and a week later the hiding places in barracks had been replenished with whatever treasure was left over after the holiday expenditures in Philadelphia.

THE INGENUOUS FILIPINO YOUTH

Who Wished to Marry, and How He Got the Funds

When a Filipino boy earns the sum of ten dollars gold a month, he is then, according to Filipino customs, rich enough to marry and raise a family, so we were not surprised to have our neighbor, the colonel, drop in one evening to consult us about the and we considered the colonel fortunate to retain so faithful and loyal a boy. We advised the colonel to give him money, but, no. the colonel wanted to buy something for the boy to keep and the purchase was put off till after the wedding. Then Beppo failed to return to serve the dinner, but then everybody takes a holiday when he takes unto himself a wife, so Beppo was

Next day, with a view to buying the present, the colonel went to the trunk where he kept his surplus funds and behold his stores had diminished. The lock was intact so whoever had taken the money must have a key to the trunk.

The police were notified and Beppo was rounded up. On his person was found a key which fitted the trunk and thus was the faithful, much-trusted Beppo proven guilty. He told the judge that he took only what he needed and, in most commendatory tones, asserted that he had left forty dollar gold in the trunk for the colonel.

He needed the money to get married; fifteen dollars for carriage hire, forty for the priest and ceremony, and eighty-three pesos for the bride's trousseau.

The boy was sont to Bilibid prison and the trousseau, all that was left of the spoils. was sent to the colonel. We hear that his wife and daughters are coming on the next We wonder how the colonel will explain to travagant praises of the dead heroes. his wife and family the presence of such a

ers," when he needed money he helped himself, but bear in mind, he took only what

he needed and left some for the colonel. Of a truth they are a strange people. EMILY WAINWRIGHT BABBITT.

SOME UNREASONABLE COMBINATIONS

A woman lives at one of the Kansas City hotels who has the reputation of being pression of their faces attested their earnrather finicky and hard to please in the matter of food. A day or so ago at lunch, after looking over the dessert list, she decided on some ice cream pudding. The mea had been one with which she had had considerable difficulty in finding any fault, but when she had about half-finished the dessert, she called the walter over and said "George, what do you mean by calling this ica cream pulding? cream about it, and you know it." "Yes'm, said the waiter, "I know der

ain't no ice cream in it. Dat's jes a name they give it I do' know why.'
"Well," she continued, "I think that if they give a dish such a name they ough o make it conform to the name, and if you call this ice cream pudding, you ought to bring same ice cream with it."
"Yes'm," answered the servitor, "but you know we can't allus do it that way. You know we doesn't bring a cottage in with cottage pudding."-[Kansas City Journal.

Plodding Pete-"Do youse see dat guy ercross de street wid do silk lid an' de big diamond?" Dismal Dave-"Yes. What erbout him?" Plodding Pote-"U". bout him" Plodding Peter Wy, he's worth or million plunks. Made it in de Dismal Dave-"Well, I don' money widout panderin' to de weaknesse want nene."-[Chloago Daily News.

A REMARKABLE PERSIAN FRENZY

WILD RITE IN HONOR OF MA-HOMET'S TWO GRANDSONS

Description by an Eyewitness of a Sanguinary Festival Procession in Constantinope Devotees of the Persian Quarter Perform Between Lines of Stolid Turkish Policemen - The Sav-

age Sword-Bearers

On the last Sunday in March, 1904, throngs of spectators witnessed the sanguinary memorial-rite which was celebrated at Constantinople, in honor of Husseln and Hussan, the Ill-fated sons of All, and grandsons of Mahomet. This annually recurrent frenzy among the Persian devotees of the Shiah sect of Mohammedans can be explained only by the presence of some emotion, persistent enough to outwear many centuries, and potent enough to arouse each year a fanaticism of grief which culminates in self-flagellation and bloody self-mutilation.

An article by Matthew Arnold, in the Cornhill Majazine for 1871, quotes Count Gobineau, formerly the French minister at Teheran, as explaining this frenzy of the Persian Shiahs by a national symbolism. Count Gobineau believed that the Persians. conquered and converted by "the religion of the sword," see, in the fate of the murdered sons of Ali, a navallel to their own overthrow; and their zealous commemoration of Hussein and Hussan therefore becomes a national rite, expressive of undying protest and fanatical prophecy. The simpler and more probable explanation

of this strange memorial rite is to be found

in the power which an hergic human personality always holds over the idealizing imagination of men, Alf, the cousin, sonin-law, and favorite lieutenant of Mahomet, vas a noble Arab type, so flerce in war that he was called "The Lion of God," yet possessed of the self-control and mystical plety of an anchorite; his lofty self-abnegation always has appealed to the more spiritual of Mahomet's followers; and his sons, Hussein and Hussan, grandsonsthrough Fatima-of the great Prophet himself, possessed their father's high spirit, combined with fine ethical sensibilities. When Husseln was attacked and hardpressed by the relentless Emir of Kufa, he begged his chiefs to leave him to his solllary fate and to save themselves by flight When, poisoned, Hussan lay lingering in the pangs of death, he was urged to speak the name of the person whom he suspected of ight. in the presence of the Most High!

names of these two grandsons of Mahomet with tender and adoring memories. As children, they had sat upon the Prophet's knee, and had been kissed and embraced by him; in their maturer years they had grasped and exemplified the deeper spiritual realities of the stern Moslem faith. For these reasons, the annual memorial festival, held in their honor, always arouses the devout participants to a pitch of frenzy and to a fanatical self-infliction of physical pain and mutilation.

This rite was celebrated at Constantinople in the Persian Quarter. At four o clock hundreds of curious spectators gathered in a large square, some of them biring positions at windows in the surrounding buildings, most of them standing, two and three deep, against the housewalls and crowding the doorways. A cordon of city police separated the spectators from the inner space of the square, which was kept clear for the procession which now appeared.

DISCORDANT WIND INSTRUMERTS.

The Persian devotees came forth from an adjacent hall and from their houses in transport to join him and we are looking three successive groups a half-hour apart; forward to their making use of that Filipino foremost came the band-a group of a rousseau, but a point of still greater in- dozen men playing upon wind instruments terest to us is the fact that Beppo's family and flageolets, flutes, and fifes, with cymthinks that even though he must remain at bals and drums. These instruments were Bilibid for the next six months, his position out of key, and their few endlessly repentat the colonel's is still open to him, and in ed cadences were shrill and discordant; true Filipino style the prisoner's family but they seemed to arouse the nerves of has arrived at the colonel's-the bride, her the devotees, and their irritating cacophony mother and two sisters—and they have in- ceased at times in order that certain stalled themselves in the servants' quarters. Priests in the procession might chant ex-

A prominent place in the procession was taken by three richly caparisoned heroes, Poor Boppo in true Filipino fashion had upon each of whom were fastened a sword been honest through a long period of ser- and shield and two white doves. Followvitude and like all his "little brown broth- ing these came the first group of about twenty devotees, marching by twos, the "flagellants," who were black skull-caps and long, black gowns, widely open at the back; each man carried a, whip with a short wooden handle and a lash made of several fine Ifon chains. With these whips they lashed their backs, at intervals, striking up and over the left shoulder, while the vigor of their blows and the fixed exestness and devotion. As they marched and scourged themselves they chanted a brief refrain: Sad, sad was their fate! Sad was their fate, their

All the white backs reddened under the blows of the iron lashes, and on some of them blood trickled down. When the priests, the leaders, perceived any diminution of zeal, they directed the band to cease, and recited descriptions of the virtues and sufferings of the two adored heroes; whereupon the "flagellants" renewed their chanting and scourging with fresh fervor, Following this first group came several men bearing standards and banners, and each staff of a banner terminated in a gilded hand; behind these men the second group of devotees, the "smiters," presently took its place, also marching by twos and each of these men were a black skullcap, a long black gown, and a green sashthe sacred Moslem color-diagonally across the brenst. The gowns were open in front. baring the left side; and, with monotonous but impassioned chant, the mon, inrhythmic unison, smote their exposed chests with their open right hands, strik- all that saved me. [Kansas City Star.

ing so powerfully that the dull, sickening thud was audible a hundred yards away. We la-ment them, we la-ment,

After the second group came several men bearing large glass lamps on standards; and these lamps, as darkness drew on were lighted. Gas-jets, upon the fronts of the houses, were also lighted; several heaps of oil-saturated wood, distributed about the square, were now ignited, as were also the combustibles in several braziers. on long iron poles, the whole casting flickering, lurid glare over the entire enclosure and its excited mass of human

Last of all the groups came the "sword, bearers"; of these there were about thirty, olad in long white gowns, and with bare heads; each man bore a short sword vertly cally in his right hand; their pale face were not coarse or brutal, but in their eyes there was the wild light of fanaticism; those spectators who were nearest the inside were doubtless thankful for the close ly drawn cordon of swarthy stolid Turkish police interposed between spectators and devotees; yet at no time did any fanatical celebrant seem conscious of aught else than his own position and part in the ceremo-

others, in twos, and for a quarter hour joined in whichever of the two chants caught their ears; presently they harted, and at a signal from a priest, who was leading and inciting them to greater fervor. they united in loud ejaculations, "Hussein, Hussan! Hussein, Hussan!" each man marching with the rhythm by a sharp strong gesture of the right hand with its uplifted sword; then came the most sane guinary feature of the ceremental; for eve eral of the fanatics could be seen at intervals of time, raising their swords and giving themselves cuts on the top of the. head; from these cuts blood began to now freely; others, as the march continued. did the same; the long white frocks began to show spots of red; then the spots grew into large patches, both on the front and on the back; the faces of the frenzied men could now be seen flowing red streams, and some of them occasionally dashed the backs of their left hands across their eyes, to clear a them of blood.

For an hour the entire procession, with its several groups, marched and chanted. and the beating and lashing and cutting continued; the chants and ejaculations grew wilder and more disorderly; the men were ecoming physically weak, yet were upheld by nervous excitement. The spectators were silent as if at a funeral service; European spectators were absorbed with curiosity and perhaps with dread, and the Persians in the growd were profoundly serious and sympathetic; some of them brought palls and jugs of water, from which: they quenched the thirst of such devotees as showed any need. The gashing of heads went on, and the flowing blood staired larger and larger portions of the gowns. world is only a long night; leave my enemy until, in several cases, but little of the alone until he and I shall meet in open day- original white color was left; all was a saturated red. Here and there a thantis Pancy and southment have wreathed the fligure gould be seen to have nearly reached his limit of strength, for he reeled and staggered, yet moved forward mechanically, and as mechanically cut himself, at short

THE FRANTIC SWORDSMEN.

Round and round the square the three groups slowly moved, each continuing its peculiar self-infliction; but the trantic swordsmen now had become the centre of attention. Occasionally some Persian bystander hastily swathed the bloody head of a devotee-probably a brother or sonat the same time cleaning the face and eyes of obscuring blood; now and then one of the swordsmen, crimson and glistening in the glare of torches and beacons, reslect and fell fainting to the ground; all such were drawn outside the line of march by the Persian bystanders, were given water, their faces were bathed, and they were helped to walk, or were carried, into some adjacent

In this way the ranks of the swordsmen gradually thinned, until only bulk the origin nal number was left, and these new stemed." half unconscious, staring vacantly and walks ing heavily like automata.

The spectacle had lasted nearly four hours; heacons and braziers, until now replenished, were left to die out; the red glare upon the scene became dim; the blows of hands and whips were feeble; all the celebrants were exhausted; and now arose a new volume of sound; the fresh cheerful voices of youth, as a band of twenty child. ren, singing the song of entrance into Paradise, joined themselves to the end of the processions; and the close of the sanguinary . memorial was at hand; the mourning for dil-fated Hussein and Hussan was over, because they were now portrayed as having passed the Gate of Death, and entered on the joys which await the Faithful. BRADLEY GILMAN.

AN UNEXPECTED SHOCK.

The waiter had shown me to a table and before I had ordered he brought a woman of about sixty and placed her across from me. The car was swaying and humping over a new piece of track and the old lady seemed perturbed by the jarring and the noise. Her hair was nearly white and it was waved over the temples. A little bons net was held in place by broad silk ribbons, fled very carefully in a very regular bow. under her right ear. A turn-down collar of white and a long, thin chain holding a pair of glasses were the only relief from the black silk frock. There she sat, the primmest old lady I had ever seen away rom a mohair sofa. There was even contunte. Most apparently on her way to: the Missionary Society's district convention.

I had contemplated having a small bottle of ale with my roast beef, but I ordered milk instead. While I am a believer in personal liberty. I do not permit my theories to inflict themselves upon others. I or: ered milk instead of beer, and the waiter spilled much of it on me and the table as the train swung around a sharp curve. The old lady noticed the mishap, but her tace. bore not a trace of slightest interest. With

her in hearing distance I would not have risked laughing at anything. In the cold, business-like voice of the class leader she ordered—I could have told, what it would be before she said a word—she ordered two pe perore sie said a word-ne ordered two eggs bolled niedlum, dry toast, and a pot of hot tea. "It must be hot," she said "And, walter," she called, as he turned away, "before you bring the eggs. I want a Sootch highball."

That is what she said. The car made a particularly wild lurch just then, which halped me to hide my surples. That

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