

THE BULGAR AND THE FILIPINO

THEIR STRUGGLES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT HAVE BEEN SIMILAR

Impressions of a Traveller After Living Eight Months at Kustendil—Russia's Wrongly Played Game to Keep the Whip Hand Over Bulgaria and What Has Resulted

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

Special Correspondence of The Evening Post. KUSTENDIL, Bulgaria, March 10.—It is now almost eight months that I am here among the Bulgarians, mixing with them as well as a foreigner ever may, observing them and the conditions under which they live with an interest intensely personal rather than professional.

The knowledge has come to me gradually and unobtrusively. First impressions have changed as others have slowly taken their place. But during all this time, at unexpected moments, have come other vague impressions of having been through this great lesson once before.

At first thought, it may seem ridiculous to discover similarity between an Asiatic Malay and a European Slav. But they are really more alike than Friseman and Englishman. It is not a question of physical, but of temperamental resemblance, although ethnically they are not so far apart as might seem at first glance.

difference. It is a modification of the same spirit in which the Turk repels Kismet to all misfortune and which has rendered all Mohammedan peoples indifferent to tyranny. If they rise it is only in response to an appeal to religious fanaticism by some ambitious, intriguing leader.

Such are the Filipinos and the Bulgarians and the Jews—transformed thus by the same causes, for centuries ago, when these people were free they were governed by autocrats, the Filipinos by rajahs, the Bulgars by czars—and the Jews had Solomon.

Then came people of plus minds among them to teach them religion, but unconsciously teaching more of politics than of religion. The American missionary schools in the Balkan Peninsula and the Jesuits in Luzon have each done their work, unintentionally though it may have been in each case.

make reprisals against the most aggressive individuals of the oppressors, termed a "system of cowardly assassinations" by the bland moralists of free countries. Greek bishops a degree more relentless than their colleagues were shot down by avenging brigades; monks, were hanged in Luzon by ladrones.

Thus began the real fight, each side as crafty and fearless as the other. They fought by the Bible, tooth for tooth, nail for nail, but ever in secrecy. Foreigners, travelling through the country would perhaps be unconscious of passing over a battle-ground. The fighting was all at night, and the lights, down in the dungeons of the monsteries. It is hard to say which of the two Churches was more cruel in hunting down its enemies, but the Greeks were not far behind the Spaniards, if at all.

Gradually arms and ammunition were accumulated. Here Bulgaria's situation again helped her; it was merely a question of buying; it was easy enough to get them into the country. Some minor insurrections began, and were crushed by troops, but only temporarily. Finally, the crisis came, a revolt which failed, and a terrific reprisal by the victors. Those were the notorious Bulgarian atrocities of '77, first made known to the world in detail by an American journalist.

Their rose the benevolent liberator. Russia began a war in the name of humanity. And it ever a war did begin for the cause of humanity. It was that Russo-Turkish war of '77.

THE COMMUTER AS SPRING POET

A RHAPSODY FROM THE REAR OF A FERRYBOAT

The Apotheosis of the Jerseyman—Thrilled by the "Grand Banks" Feeling of a Misty Morning on the Hudson—Manhattan's Glorified Sky Line at Evening—Office and Train Reflections

In these delightful early spring days occurs the apotheosis of the Jersey commuter, signaling from the eternal rest of all safe the liberal furnace, and closed window and storm door, he opens his soul to the vernal influences and drinks of the universal charm.

For, after all, the commuter is but the creature of the times. The unconscious sense of beauty which Nature's awakening inspired in the mind of the early savage evolved his religion, just as the deeds of his tribesmen suggested themes for bards.

It is very pleasant for the commuter now on the rear or upper deck of his ferryboat to gaze upon the curious light effects, ever changing, mooring the evening on the façades of the jumbled multitudes in one of those no doubt he earns his daily bread—light effects which are liable to set his brain in a chromatic whirl forever more.

THE REAR END OF A FERRYBOAT. It says in that way—the rear end of a ferryboat in late March—and yet March has been called the unlucky month! One never can tell, for that matter, just what a March sunset is to bring forth among these skyscrapers. It may be fairland, or dreamland, or the misty haunts of spirits.

But suddenly the blue breeze overhead a smile of promise, a balmy breeze caresses his face. The tops of the mist banks melt, and smokestacks and pilot houses and flagstaffs carry along as though attached to submarine craft.

A VISITOR IN SAMANA BAY

REMNANTS OF AN AMERICAN NEGRO EMIGRATION

The One Hundred and Fifty Descendants of Old Mother Wright, More Than a Centenarian and a Stanch Methodist—Stars and Stripes Waved in the Faces of Dusky Revolutionists

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.) MACORIS, March 10.—Just as you enter Samana Bay there is a great headland, Cape Samana, which bears a grotesque resemblance to a human head, its top is covered with negro wool, while from its chin a long Uelac San whistler sweeps to the tide.

Samana Bay might better be called Samana Gulf. Its two great headlands are well down on the horizon, one from another, and the bay itself is thirty miles long by fifteen broad. All the waters in the world might congregate there as President Grant said, and be jolly well wrecked, too.

It was in 1880 that the attention of Dr. Snow was called to the existence of a collection of meteorite stones in the hands of a farmer named Kimberly. Some years before a shower of the stones had fallen. The cowboys know where many of them were, and knowing nothing of their value, readily told the farmer, Mrs. Kimberly, in the course of her ruminating, learned that meteorites were valuable.

During the time when meteorites were being found most often in Kiowa County the farmers ploughed the land deep and often. They illustrated the old fable of the poor man who prayed to the giant to show him the road to riches. In answer to his prayer the command to dig for the gold that was buried under his farm was given.

Bocky—"I say, Doctor, I want you to look at a horse up here at the stable and tell me, honestly just what you think about him; whether he is sound or unsound. Veterinary—I always felt just what I think. By the way, is it a horse you think of buying or one you have for sale?"—Boston Transcript.

FARMING FOR METEORITES

A Goodly Crop Raised in Kiowa County, Kansas.

Dr. F. H. Snow of the University of Kansas has, in the past fifteen years, brought together an unusual collection of meteorite stones that have fallen in Kansas. Some of them have a historic as well as a scientific interest. The finding of more than one of the Kimberly stones led to the discovery of the meteorite in the hands of a farmer named Kimberly.

The Kansas collector bought for \$600 a 218-pound stone that had been placed on exhibition by a farmer in a country grocery store. The bargain was made while the owner and Dr. Snow drove to the store.

When they arrived a telegram from a New York jewelry firm was handed the owner, in which \$1,000 was offered for the prize. From a son of the farmer, who brought the stone, Dr. Snow bought one of his choicest specimens, and the money came, as had been the case with his father, in time to relieve a pressing need.

LITTLE SANCHEZ'S SOUTH BURLINGAME. If you go on up the bay eighteen miles farther you come to Sanchez. This is the eastern terminus of the Samana Santiago Railroad, which touches neither Lora, but La Vega. It taps a coffee and orange region which produces the finest cocoa in the world and makes the road prosperous.

Winter fables from the wind-blown sky. Look where her robes of blue she flings; Hark to the wild gales blowing high; Poked in the depths of unseen wings. The heart of the farmer lifts and sings. The first green leaf on the hillside sprigs. And whirring dark, with his tail straight up, Makes a wild stampede from the house-top. Gee whizzers rattles, on my soul. The creek is as clear as a schoolboy's eye! Give me a string and a sapling pole! All 'P'de back for that hawk that flies as high. Reflected deep in the water below. And the squirrels are jumpin' that yell "kerbees!" At the white curls latched in a hollow tree! The ground is in shape for the spring! Along! And the hills is green with the winter wheat! I can feel the pulse of the world beat now—Each heart-throb throbs that life is sweet. How the landscape seems to the welcome breeze! How the mass of grass grows where the hollow nest! While the clear stream tugs from its story groove. Where the molasses 'tis in the pasture lot. One more draught from the spring of life! How is sweet when the March winds blow! With long lost dreams now the days are rife! They are kissing the lips of the Long Ago. A same leap up from the heart's new play. One more harvest my hands shall sow! One more snail will I claim from God! As the wild-pony rips through the Kansas sod!

of it than in most any other place on earth. I don't mean that it rains all day, but it comes in showers that certainly do business while they last. These showers come down the side hills at such a rate that they washed all the soil with them and left the banana plants dangling by the thin ends of their roots. The banana business was not a success. Sugar planting does not thrive either. The excessive rain raises rain with care raising. There is fine macadam iron ore up above Sanchez and big beds of coal, but the coal beds are too young to work. It is lignite and no lignite. Mr. McLelland tried it on his road, but it was not Scotch enough for him.

Moreover the Moná passage is not the most acceptable route to Samaná from the Caribbean and the Gulf, as the navigators of to-day see it. The French line and the Hamburg-American both touch at Porto Plata, go round the west end of San Domingo to Monte Cristi and then on to Havana ports, Havana, and Mexico, or Venezuela. That way lies the trade and that way lies the better passage, and in that way they pass the prize bay for anchorage station or a great part when the conditions on the island shall warrant the building of a port. That is Manzanillo Bay far over on the borderland of Hayti. This too is big enough to float the navies of the world, and there a ship may now run her nose up into what was once the mouth of a river, and touch the bank without scraping bottom.

These two are the only big harbors that the San Domingo part of the island has. The port at the city is but a little river mouth with hardly room for a ship to turn in; not enough for one or two 3,000 tons. Porto Plata is a reef-scraping proposition; Macoris has only a shallow tortuous channel through which a steamer must be towed by a tug, and Aná is not to be considered. Either Samaná or Manzanillo must one day become the great center of the shipping of San Domingo, when the island has been taught to be orderly and productive, and on that happy day, which I fear is yet in the rosy glow of a distant dawn, I believe that natural advantages of position will make it Manzanillo.

MARCH ON THE FARM. Winter fables from the wind-blown sky. Look where her robes of blue she flings; Hark to the wild gales blowing high; Poked in the depths of unseen wings. The heart of the farmer lifts and sings. The first green leaf on the hillside sprigs. And whirring dark, with his tail straight up, Makes a wild stampede from the house-top. Gee whizzers rattles, on my soul. The creek is as clear as a schoolboy's eye! Give me a string and a sapling pole! All 'P'de back for that hawk that flies as high. Reflected deep in the water below. And the squirrels are jumpin' that yell "kerbees!" At the white curls latched in a hollow tree! The ground is in shape for the spring! Along! And the hills is green with the winter wheat! I can feel the pulse of the world beat now—Each heart-throb throbs that life is sweet. How the landscape seems to the welcome breeze! How the mass of grass grows where the hollow nest! While the clear stream tugs from its story groove. Where the molasses 'tis in the pasture lot. One more draught from the spring of life! How is sweet when the March winds blow! With long lost dreams now the days are rife! They are kissing the lips of the Long Ago. A same leap up from the heart's new play. One more harvest my hands shall sow! One more snail will I claim from God! As the wild-pony rips through the Kansas sod!

HE WAS VERY MUCH ALIVE. When visiting one of the primary schools some years ago, the day before Memorial Day, or Decoration Day, as it was then more generally called, I, as usual, as a member of the School Board, addressed the pupils. When closing I said: "Well, children, you have a holiday tomorrow. What day is it?" "Decorate Day," from all in unison. "What do you do on Decorate Day?" "Decorate the soldiers' graves," said all together again. "Why do you decorate their graves any more than others?" This was a stickler, but finally one little fellow held up his hand. "Because they are dead and we are not." [Boston Herald.]

THE PROMISE OF CAPT. BARRETT

AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF A BLOCKADE RUNNER

By W. B. HAYWARD

When I asked Capt. Barrett to spend the day with me at a farm I owned in one of the suburbs of New York, I had no presentiment that I was to become acquainted with an episode that marked what might be called the turning point in his life.

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I'd sooner walk. I don't have anything to do with horses."

"This is a very gentle one," I explained, "and I'm a careful driver."

"Gentle or skittish, I don't have anything to do with 'em," he replied.

"It's a dusty mile and a quarter to the house," said I in tones designed to persuade, "and the sun is hot."

"I'd prefer to walk all the same," was his dogged rejoinder.

As a rule, sailors like nothing better than to drive behind a horse, and I knew, therefore, that Capt. Barrett, being an exception, must have some reason for his idiosyncrasy.

So without another word I walked my animal slowly while the skipper rolled and hobbled along beside the buggy.

I say that he rolled and hobbled because he had a gait peculiarly his own, and this was due to a pair of painfully bowed legs that upheld with difficulty a broad, thick-set body.

I knew that Capt. Barrett was sensitive about his legs, for at the outset of our mission one day he sent him strike an impudent young seaman because the latter jocularly remarked that the skipper's legs were built like a pair of sister hooks, which meant that they were nearly doubled beneath him.

It is this description was ungenerous, no one could deny that Capt. Barrett was topheavy.

After we had travelled half the distance, he was obliged to call a halt, to dismount, his head being bent forward as if he were seeking to get a better view of the road.

"No," he said decidedly, "I'll walk. I'd be a different man to-day if I hadn't been for a horse. I can't do any more."

He paused, and I knew by his intonation that I had unwittingly uprooted an old memory.

"You may not believe it," was the way he opened, "but I was once a handsome young fellow like yourself. Look at me now!"

Perhaps the unexpected compliment disconcerted me, but it was fully thirty seconds before I realized that I had been gazing straight into Capt. Barrett's face.

What did I see? An accident mariner with rather sharp features, a grizzly white beard, and bright little eyes set so deep beneath bushy brows that they were nearly hidden by the brim of his rusty, black slouch hat.

His loosely-hung clothes were of pilot blue, and the coat-sleeves were turned half way back to the elbows—a habit not uncommon among sailors.

He wasn't a bad looking old man. He wasn't a bad looking old man. He wasn't a bad looking old man.

"Yes, you can see I ain't much to look at now, and it's all because of a blamed horse."

It was at the point of assuring him that there was nothing odd about his appearance, but the opportunity was lost before I could frame the words.

"In the civil war days," he said hastily, "I used to run the blockade between Nassau and Wilmington, and I ain't proud to say that there wasn't a smarter quartermaster in the business than yours truly. I had money in the bank, a pretty gal ashore, and everything was lovely until I joined the Plover. She was a hard-luck vessel from the time she came out from Liverpool, and while she never got captured there was always something happening to her."

Capt. Barrett paused to cut some tobacco and light his pipe. He always smoked a short clay nose-warmer, black and most wonderfully strong, and he had the supreme faculty of being able to talk without emitting it from his lips.

"I ain't going to tell you about all the accidents that ship had," he said, while the smoke curled around his head; "I'm only going to tell the facts of one voyage. We left Nassau loaded so deep you could touch the water by leaning over the rail, and what we didn't have aboard ain't worth mentioning. It was a likely cargo, said the skipper, and I would have agreed with him if it hadn't bin for a horse we had on deck. I had a feeling that he would make trouble, and I told the skipper so before they hoisted the animal aboard."

"I don't want to carry him," says the skipper, "but he's a present from my owners for the commander-in-chief, General Lee, and I've got to obey orders. 'Johnny,' he says, 'you feed and take care of him and I'll see that you get a bonus for the job.'"

"All right," I replied, not wanting to let any opportunity go by, "but I ain't going to be responsible if he kicks up."

"They said that horse was an Arab charger, and worth twice his weight in cotton, so I treated him as kind as I knew, though I wasn't out for a stable boy. We had him in a padded stall about the fore-cabin, and there was plenty of straw for him to stand on. He got hay and oats three times a day, and he wasn't scissled a bit, though at first he didn't know how to climb up on the deck when the roll came. If any horse got good care, that one did, but—"

Here Capt. Barrett broke off to ask if horses were grateful animals, and I told him that I thought some of them were much more grateful than a good many human beings. If I read his expression correctly, he did not accept my view, but he continued without offering any comment.

"Well," he said, "the Plover got to within seventy-five miles of Wilmington, about

three o'clock one afternoon, and the skipper said he'd wait until nightfall before trying to run through the Federal's. I ain't likely to forget that evening. It was about six when we got under way, and by eight we had logged a good twenty-five miles. We couldn't have struck a better night for the run in. It was black as a tar bucket overhead, and there was just enough slip to the sea to muffle the sound of the paddle wheels.

"You couldn't have seen the Plover if you'd bin within twenty feet of her. We didn't have a light burning—nor even a clear. The engine-room hatchways were covered with tarpaulins, the sidelights were doused, and we had a curtain around the binnacle."

It was evident at the moment that Capt. Barrett was living the run of the Plover over again, for he instinctively drew the fire from his pipe and crouched low at the side of the bank. He might have imagined himself doubled up behind the bulwarks for all I knew, and I did not disturb his reverie. After muttering to himself a while, he went on:

"We crept along slowly for another hour, and then I heard the skipper call for a cast of the lead. The Plover came to a dead halt, while I crept into the fore-cabin to sound. It was pretty dangerous work, stopping her, for she had a full head of steam and might have blown off; that would have given the whole game away. But she didn't do it, and the skipper said we was too far to the south after he looked at the sand that came up on the lead. So he changed her course two points and ran along fast for thirty minutes or so. Then I cast again, and this time the skipper says: 'We'll head for shore.'"

"I was on the bridge straining my eyes, and it wasn't long before I seen a glimmer of light on the starboard bow. 'That's one of 'em,' I said. Over went the wheel, and the Plover's head pointed away, but she'd no sooner turned when the first officer seen a long black steamer lying abeam on the port side, and he passed the word to the skipper. We knew right then that we was in the middle of the Federal fleet, but the skipper was a cool hand. He didn't get worried."

"'Hard a port,' he whisp'ers, 'steady,' and steady it was. The Plover swung as she swung as you see, and we was just thinking that we wouldn't be seen, when a pleasant puff of wind came along, it seemed a cool, harmless little breeze as it struck our faces, full of green leaves and grass—a regular land zephyr, the skipper said, taking it into his lungs. 'We're getting in pretty close,' says I, while that breeze naturally drifted along the deck. I was thinking how hot they'd like to have a little of it in the hot engine-room, when suddenly that breeze stopped. 'It's clean forgotten all about him, and I didn't know what was the matter, but the skipper, who was used to horses, told me in the ribs and says: 'He's smelling the land; stop him, and be quick about it.'"

"'Stop him—how?' I asks, all fuddled in the head.

"The skipper give me another dig. 'You badly fool,' he hollers as loud as he dares; 'that smelling of the land, don't you know what that means? He's going to neigh. Throw a tarpaulin over his head, another him, do anything to him, but don't let him bring a racket. We'll have the whole fleet fring at us.'"

My animal was calmly switching his tail while he munched the grass at his feet, and Capt. Barrett watched him with reflective eyes.

"I nearly fall to the deck, I come down that fetter so quick," he said presently; "but I was too late. Just as I reached the stall another little breeze come along, and before I could get a tarpaulin that horse laid back his ears and opened his mouth. The noise he made was like a steam calliope, and it woke up every gunboat within five miles of us. Overhead the skipper was stamping his feet and cursing me and the horse in three languages."

"'Git into the stall,' he yells, and when he seen me hesitate he pokes up a muckst. 'Git in,' he yells again, and I was so excited that instead of climbing over the stall at the horse's head, I opens the door at his heels. You'd have thought after all I did for that horse he might have bin a little bit grateful; but no, he didn't even let me in the stall. He just lifted his legs and I didn't stop going till I hit a stanchion on the other side of the deck."

I had not the heart to tell Capt. Barrett that excess of joy and not ingratitude might have been the real cause of the animal's behavior, and I listened to him tell how guns boomed and flashed and shots whistled around the Plover, and how he did not lose consciousness until the batteries at Fort Fisher drove off the Federal's and allowed the ship to run to safety."

"When I woke up," he said, "I was in the hold with both legs broke in two places. The doctors pulley-hauled on 'em for weeks, but they couldn't get 'em straight, and that was the end of my career as a lively sailor man. I'll say it for the skipper that he treated me white, even if he did nearly lose his ship, and he fixed it with the company so that I got enough money to keep me to the end of my days."

"After a time I came back to New York to see my gal, and I thought at first that I couldn't walk back on 'em."

"'Johnny,' she says, 'what ha' you bin doing to yourself? What's the matter with your legs? They're nearly bent double!'"

"'I had 'em broken by a horse,' says I. 'Why I didn't know you worked in a lively stable,' she says, 'I thought you was a sailor.'"

"So I am," I replied, but before I could explain she breaks in:

"Go on, you're bin deceiving me, you landlubber, and you'd better git out of my sight at once."

"I didn't quite know whether she was in earnest or not, but I thought I saw a twinkles in her eyes, and so I waited, and presently she come over and put her arms around my neck."

"'Johnny,' she says, 'tell me all about it,' and when I told her she said she'd marry me if I wouldn't have nothing more to do with horses."

"If you've got to be kicked about," says she, "you've got to be kicked about by me. I ain't going to let you be kicked about by no other body."

"'I ain't going to let you be kicked about by no other body,'" she says, "but I ain't going to let you be kicked about by me. I ain't going to let you be kicked about by no other body."

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LIFE IN A FRENCH CONVENT SCHOOL

WHERE NUNS ARE REAL "MOTHERS" TO THEIR CHARGES

The Rules and Routine Every Pupil Must Observe—Dismissing Pranks Played by One American Girl Who Sets Metronome Going at Night to Agitate the Sisters

Life in a French convent school is not very much like existence in an ordinary boarding-school. The convent is generally situated in the midst of a big garden, surrounded by high walls, with one or two gates. It consists of a long edifice, with wings to the right and left, these wings, as a rule, being connected by another house, so that the whole convent forms the outline of a square. Inside are long and narrow passages, some paved with stones; the other ornaments being statues of the Virgin, or some saint.

To get into a convent is more difficult than one would imagine. First, it is necessary to ring a bell from the street. The gate opens, slowly, and you penetrate into a courtyard where there is a lodge. A nun or sister, who has been waiting, pulls a string, and points where you are to go next. You come in front of another gate, and after waiting for a few minutes, a face appears at a hole in the door. You are then regarded with interest for a few moments, but after you have stated your business once more, you are ushered into the parlor. This is longer than it is wide, with a table in the middle. Against the walls, in a row, are several many chairs, and in front of each is a little rug or skin. The floor is most beautifully waxed, so nicely, indeed, that it is quite dangerous for the inexperienced to take too many steps; the best thing to do is to sit down and keep your feet on the rug.

After a while several nuns appear, all very smiling, and seemingly very willing to show you around. One odd thing is that the nuns are in pairs, but each room has its own saint, and his or her name is written on the door. Upon hearing for the first time that somebody lived in St. Joseph, or St. Louis, you do not know what to make of it, but afterward you come to understand that the person does not live in the saint, but in the room named after him.

One of the first teaching orders founded by Anne de Xaintonge. She has described what the occupations of the girls in those days were. They learned to say their prayers, and to make the sign of the cross. This was the way in which a Christian child should spend the day: Upon waking up she was to say: "I give myself unto you, Oh my God, to serve you as your creature." She was then to get up quickly, dress immediately, kneel before the image, and the candles, to say good-morning to her parents & to a Companion; to behave properly at mass; to be very careful not to offend God during the day, obeying His law, and doing her duty; to say the "Ave Maria" every hour; to say the "Pater Noster" in the evening; to examine her conscience while reciting the commandments of God and of the Church; to say good-night "to his family," and to recommend herself to her guardian angel before going to sleep.

While the learning is so much more thorough, the rules are about the same as they were in that time. They are really not very strict except in the matter of deportment and the way of dressing. Every girl has to wear the uniform, and no jewelry is allowed. Most girls do not object to that so very much, but the worst is to have to wear the hair combed straight back, braided tightly, and tied together quite regardless of beauty or pompadour. It is also very trying to have to do without a looking-glass, but that is also obligatory in most convents. One has to get up at six, and to make one's own bed before going down to breakfast. In some convents they go to mass, too, before breakfasting.

The refectory is a very long and bare room, a crucifix or image being the only ornament. Each girl goes in silence to her place, and gets a big bowl of oat-suet-al or chocolate and a piece of bread. No word is spoken during breakfast. After they have finished their meal, the children go out into the garden for a few minutes, and after that the lessons begin. The programme varies, of course, according to the different orders. But among all there is a rule that no talking must take place except on Sundays and feast days, and there is always a nun on guard to see that the rule is enforced. In some schools each child is allowed to have her own book; in others one girl reads aloud.

One thing comes as a great surprise to an American in a French convent, and that is the fact that less than three children are never allowed to converse except under the surveillance of the teacher. And if more children are found talking together in the absence of a nun, they are viewed with suspicion, and receive bad marks on the slightest provocation.

Another thing which surprises an American girl is the blindness with which the French girls obey their teachers. They would never think of playing a trick on one of them, no matter how much she was disliked. They have a great deal of inborn respect and timidity which they never seem able to overcome during their school days. So in a convent one day would pass exactly like another, were it not for an occasional American girl or other stranger who sometimes plays a trick.

The favorite amusement of a certain English girl I knew was to tie the veils of two nuns together while they were talking. It was always followed by disastrous results, however, and she soon had to stop doing it out of consideration for her schoolmates who received bad marks because of too much laughing. Another time an American girl almost frightened the life out of all the girls and nuns in the house. One night a girl aroused her dormitory neighbor, saying that she heard some one walking in the hall. She ran to tell the nun on guard, who was indeed very much frightened, as she, too, detected what she believed to be the sound of steps. By this time other girls were awake, and they were sent off to bed and

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garia, at a moment when the Bulgarian army set out on foot for the invaded territory, a seven days' march. A few could go on trains. The Prince, who stoutly adhered to his adopted country, rode up to Sofia in a train, crowded with soldiers. They lay in tiers on his coach.

The Bulgarian army met the Servians not far out of Sofia. Much inferior in numbers, they began the battle, although the Russian officers who had been "training" the Bulgarians, all suddenly resigned at the critical moment. That was part of the plot.

Among the Bulgarians were 6,000 Musulmans, volunteers. They fought with a fury they had never displayed in the old days under the Sultan's colors. The Bulgarians of Macedonia were there in a "brigand brigade" of 3,000. The Servians were crushed, driven back, routed, and the Bulgarians had filled the Russian plot. The war had lasted a week; actual fighting, three days.

Naturally, Russia was enraged. Her rulers blamed the German Prince Alexander for what had happened, a weak, amiable, loyal sort of man. He thought the Russians, is the man who foils us by holding Bulgaria together. So they determined to remove him, and the Russian agents again began brewing plots, which resulted in the Prince being kidnapped one night. Russian agents, in the guise of Bulgarian patriots, proclaimed a provisional government, which the Church, ever Russia's friend, immediately blessed.

But Bulgaria was on her guard again. A member of the Sobranie, the popular assembly, arose and denounced the provisional government. The whole people backed him, and a provisional government was called. His members fleeing outwardly, home to Russia. This Bulgarian senator, Stambouloff, with two others, assumed the regency until the Prince could be found. He was found, at last, in Lemberg, Russia. They brought him back. Russia had failed, and abjectly humiliated herself again.

As though to prove how small a part he had in Bulgaria's growing strength, the Prince now showed his natural weakness. He had been frightened. "Russia gave me my crown," he was severely telegraphed to the Czar. "I am ready to return it into the hands of her sovereign." The Czar took him at his word. The Prince resigned.

Russia had gained her object—the Prince's removal. But now the true Bulgaria revealed herself. A statesman stepped up, a strong man, post-born, but the greatest statesman the Balkan States have ever produced, and by some historians rated equal to any of Europe. For seven years he defied the Russians and their intrigues, tracking down the Czar's agents, even executing one who attempted to head a revolt which should result in the longed-for turmoil. All failed. Stambouloff saved his country from the claws of her "liberator."

Driven to desperation, Russia had recourse to her last hope. Stambouloff assassinated. For years Europe has pointed at Bulgaria, saying: "See, they murder their best men. They are still savages." Only a short time ago the truth came out. Lives, unpunished, in Russia, a Russian agent, Stambouloff, at the Philippine Islands, Antonio Luna, fell. It remains yet to be proven who caused Luna's death. But, unlike him, Stambouloff was allowed first to do his work.

Russia has played the wrong game. Now, when too late, she realizes it. Even though she continue her policy of intrigue and assassination, Bulgaria is now too firmly planted to fear her, unless, of course, history drops back a century, and Europe should allow a military invasion; but that is not likely. Bulgaria has proven that centuries of oppression, with half a century of revolutionary experience, is sound training for self-government. It is true, of course, that her present Government is far from ideal; that reform is needed here as elsewhere; but it stands high up above those of her neighbors, whose oppressed subjects find shelter here. Bulgaria has proven herself; her fortune was in her opportunity to gain her feet before being compelled to do so.

PAT GIBNEY AND JUDGE FOX.

Every spring Pat Gibney, a well-known Taunton character, goes over to East Taunton to see the herring run. He hasn't missed seeing this sight any year since he arrived from Ireland thirty years ago.

Last spring, after watching the herrings for half an hour or more, Pat's curiosity was satisfied and he started for home. Not having much money, he decided to walk home and save the fare. He was trudging along the road, with his "D. D." pipe in his mouth and blackthorn stick in hand, when an automobile came up behind him. Turning, Pat saw the familiar face of Judge Fox.

"Good morning, Pat," said the judge. "Morning, your Honor," said Pat. "Jump in, Pat, and I'll give you a ride to the green," said the judge.

"They had not gone far when Judge Fox turned to Gibney and said: "Well, Pat, you would be a long time in Ireland before the judge of the town would give you a ride in his automobile."

"'Pat,' and 'I would, your Honor,'" said Pat, "and you'd be a great deal longer over here before they'd make the likes of you judge of a town."—Boston Herald.

MARSH LIGHTS.

From the marshes and meadows they rise when the last ray of daylight expires; With a vast constellation of lights they people the dusk of the skies.

In an intricate kind of a dance, In a mystical maze they are led, And I watch them as they joyously tread With step that are as swift with tread.

And off from the whirl and the throng Some lower light dies in the play; They cease not their dance but always go circling and whirling along.

And, watching, I dream that our life Is a mystic dance that we lead, Nor pausing to number the dead That never pausing in the strife!

We are sparrows from the marsh that are filled For a moment with impulse, desire; For a moment with impulse, desire; A moment—and then all is still!

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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