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THE BULGAR

THEIR STRUGGLES FOR SELF-GOVERN-MENT HAVE BEEN SIMILAR

Kustendil—Russia's Wrongly Played Game to Keep the Whip Hand Over Bulgaria and What Has Resulted

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

rather than professional. It is only now,

The knowledge has come to me gradually | than the swords of the ruling races. and unconsciously. First impressions have appeared touching chords of some old memunderstand just my experience.

It is only lately that I have grashed the the brother of my friend the Bulgar, and here to an almost similar degree. recognized the relationship through the ever-growing resemblance. That brother, also my former good friend, is the Filipino

to discover similarity between an Asiatic | European autocrats. The real spirit of the Malay and a European Slav. But they are really more alike than Irishman and Englishmar. It is not a question of physical, but of temperamental resemblance, although ethnically they are not so far apart as | Socialist orators are many. That is why might seem at first glance. The civilized you do not find Bulgarian Jews in America, Filipinos of Luzon are only half Malay, the while their brethren from Rumania, just other half is a little Mongolian and most | across the Danube, are there in multitudes. European, as Americans well know. The ! Bulgar, like his neighbor the Magyar, has a man in him. He calls himself a Slav, but the flashing black eyes so common here, the prominent cheek bones, the stiff black hair and the dark color of the skin are not found further up in Russia. However, that is merely incidental, it is not a question of race origin. It is along other lines that I wish to make a comparison between the two peoples for the purpose which shall become apparent at the conclusion.

First, let me say that however well I may yet learn to know these Bulgarians, even though I remain here to amalgamate myself with them, It is not likely I shall ever have the opportunity to see them just as I saw the Flipinos, in such diverse moods and lights. As a prisoner of war for ten months among the latter, a great part of which period was spent in comparative freedom among them, permitting social intercourse, I saw them, first, at their worst, and-at their best. I was with them during their brief term of actual freedom, the one time they tasted liberty, when they could cast off the restraints and hypocrisy of centuries and be themselves. Later, I was able to observe them again when they had once more resumed the yoke, and the smile that is deceptive, conquered by a nation who need not respect the jealousies of European

My object is not only to compare the two peoples, but also the similar conditions that have made them alike, a factor as potent in the forming of their racial and national characters as the oppression which has transformed the Jews from a simple pastoral and agricultural people to what they are now the world over, regardless of

TWO OPPRESSED PEOPLES. They are, primarily, two peoples, who for centuries have first endured oppression, then flercely fought it for the one idealnational liberty. So much alike are the histories of the two struggles that often it seems merely a shifting of names, even to their progress. Their endurance was long, longer than would have been that of pure northern races, for early they came in contact with the fatalistic spirit of Islam which begets resignation. However remote, it is always noticeable, even though it has been only an external influence, as with the Bulgars. Once possessed of that influence, and sufferings of the past centuries more indirges of those who fell in the struggles, The Filipino hides this tinge of morbidness nervous woman, but soon you recognize that The forganization began with methods misfortune with stoical, almost sullen, in move the tallest stalks. Its tactics were to

crafty and fearless as the other. They fought by the Bible, tooth for tooth, nail for hall, but ever in secrecy. Foreigners, travelling through the country would perhaps be unconscious of passing over a battleground. The fighting was all at night, and under roofs, down in the dungeons of the monasteries. 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, alf at all. Tortures unfit for description in print were used to force revelations from suspected members of the organization. Even

Gradually arms and ammunition were accumulated. Here Bulgaria's situation again helped her; it was merely a question of huving: 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 revolution 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. The Greek Church had stepped back and allowed the Turkish Government to deal with the situation in its own peculiar manner.

Then rose the benevolent liberator. Russia began a war in the name of humanity. And if ever a war did begin for the cause of humanity, it was that Russo-Turkish

make reprisals against the most aggressive

individuals of the oppressors, termed a "sys-

tem of cowardly assassinations" by the

bland moralists of free countries. Greek

bishops a degree more relentless than their

colleagues were shot down by avenging

brigands; monks were beloed in Luzon by

Thus began the real fight, each side as

again; both employed the notorious "water

In Luzon the movement was much behind. for the geographical reasons already stated. The crisis came at last, though, in Bulgaria. The Katipunan struck, and struck well. The Spaniards conceded the reforms demanded, with a lump sum as guarantee, with which the leaders might finance a new beginning should the promises not be fulfilled. The Spaniards tricked them out of half the sum, and kept none of the promises. They may have been sincerely enough given, but the Church was too strong. They Katipunan was beginning again to plan for its 'next blow, when chance brought the benevolent liberator long. Here was the situation identical with that in Bulgaria in '77. To this point, while the movements were entirely internal, the similitude had continued. Both peoples had by the same slow, terrible process passed through the cruelest train-It has left the same marks on both, good and bad, but on the whole good, for their battles have given them strength. But when outside influences, too powerful to be resisted, came over them, their common history forked, and became two.

The difference began in that Bulgaria is in Europe, and that Russia must gain her ends by diplomacy after having begun with force. Her will could not be supreme. Having driven the Turks down to the Bosphorus with the aid of the Rumanians and ers of Europe, seeing the final object of her power then, thought for a moment that Bulgaria was going to remain a free counwillingly, of course, by the internal turmoils a long oppressed people. For undoubtedly they sincerely believed in that cry, since so familiar to Americans, "they aren't fit for self-government." It was Russia that most sincerely believed it, as she has

North Bulgaria, however, was nominally ree, and soon became actually so. A constitution was drawn up, a ruler chosen by Russia to begin with, and one day the last oriment of the Russlan army of occupation ostensibly recrossed the Danube. Undoubtedly, Russian ministers smiled and winked at one another. With the ethnic divisions among the people of Bulgaria, with no historical precedent to look to, it was a natural thing to expect that the Bulgars, Greeks, Mussulmans, Vlachs, and Jews who constituted the population of Bulgaria would be fiving at each other presently and compel a Russian intervention, which, of course, would end with annexation.

RUSSIAN STATESMEN WAITING.

The Russian statesmen waited. They have waited ever since, and now they may wait unto eternity, or until the realization of that great dream, the confederation of the

Bulgaria, once on her feet, sturdily held her ground, in spite of the craftlest in trigues of Russian agents and spies to upset her. The internal turmoils did not come. Bulgars, Mussulmans, Greeks, Jews, and Vlachs, having drunk deep of the first draught of liberty, became intoxicated therewith and joined hands, and in their joyous deliriums forgot all old enmities. They would not quarrel and fight in spite of Russian intrigues.

So successful was Bulgarian free government, that eastern Rumella, still under the Turks, but adjoining the free land, chose a favorable moment to proclaim her annexation to free Bulgaria. England, now guided by the humanitarian Gladstone, supported the movement, and the revolution was accomplished without a drop of blood being shed.

But Russia, once so keenly in favor of a Great Bulgaria, had learned a lesson. She feared now even this small increase, and heeded. Turkey refused to follow her advice to occupy the seceding province for British warships hovered about the Dar- | family at rest, and he has the proud condanelles. Then Russia had recourse to other means. By intrigue she persuaded the dangers he has passed. The fear

[Continued on page 3.1

THE COMMUTER AS SPRING POET

comitants of a Mist God when men carved

In the office the commuter is exalted

now. The Snow Terror and the Ice

Terror and the Flood Demon each

have been relegated to their sep-

arate caves and sealed therein for long

months. And the gibes of his city brethren

have lost point. He carries in his mind

the exact shade of green already potential

in his lawn, and he knows that the minds of

the urban cynics are yearning country-

wards. His pockets are laden with seeds,

the promise of the springtime, and his mind

turns with pleasure to the April-

ian ides when he shall see them

rising out of the tangy earth in

And the meadows are burning. Those

sepia stretches of Jersey prairie land, rib-

bed and bounded by steel over which the

commuter shuttles his happy homeward

way are now the prey of the Fire God. In

great giant leaps the lurid flames bound

hither and thitherward, hurling flery jave-

lins at the window of his car, curling and

seething in lonely grandeur against the

The commuter glances from his paper,

Then he lays his paper on his knee, and

gazes until the plunging train has whipped

him far away, plunging from the perspec-

tive of things elemental into the tawdry

hy watching him. You can see by the ex-

pression on his face that he is pondering

on the fire, and thinking of things, just as

you noticed on the ferryboat that he fell

out of the conversation when the middle of

the river was reached, and the waning

light fell fair on the buildings of Gotham

town; just as you noticed when he remark-

A Goodly Crop Raised in Kiowa County,

Dr. F. H. Snow of the University of Kan-

sas has, in the past fifteen years, brought

together an unusual collection of meteoric

them have a historic as well as a scientific

It was in 1890 that the attention of Dr.

before a shower of the stones had fallen.

The cowboys knew where many of them

the course of her reading, learned that me-

skeptical and traded his collection, one by

The wife promptly bought the stones and

The Kansas collector bought for \$500 a

When they arrived a telegram from a New

From a son of the farmer Kimberly al-

In Washington County, at the northern

edge of the State, a tenant farmer named

January was lucky enough to have a 188-

pound stone fall almost at his feet. A

forty-four-pound piece was broken from it

a good trade in fragments chipped from

the smaller piece. The large portion he

mounted and exhibited, driving over a large

portion of the State with his "meteorite

show" and gathering in some hundreds of

dollars in admission fees before Dr. Snow

A young woman schoolteacher, who saw

this Washington County meteorite fall, de-

scribed it in a letter to Dr. Snow: "I was

driving along the road beside the corn-

I heard a rumbling sound. I thought it

was my parasol rubbing against the cart-

wheel. The sound frightened my horse,

. . Looking ahead, I saw a blue streak

passing overhead. . . . Upon striking

the ground, it burst with great violence

of where I was, and I drove to the place. It

left a hole in the earth about three feet in

diameter, two feet deep on the north side.

and three feet on the south side." The

schoolteacher and the farmer dug the stone

out-after quieting both the horse hitched

the sale of this specimen was completed

the owner of the farm, a New York woman

out in a claim for the stone on the ground

that it belonged, like the soil, to the holder

LAWRENCE PERRY.

out, and had not thought to light it.

FARMING FOR

covery.

But he does not see it. You can tell that

modernity of the first station.

the dawn of fulfilment.

purpling twilight.

ön stone er wrote upon papyrus.

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

curs the anotheosis of the Jersey commuter. the hibernal furnace and closed window urally, and of the deeper inspirations he

strange gods, nor does he depict impresand absorbs and thinks.

His eye becomes critical in the matter of sunlight effects, and he could tell you, if stones that have fallen in Kansas. Some of he but knew he could, that the tonal impressions of early spring and late fall are interest. The finding of more than one of similar, just as he could state authorita- the lot has saved a farmer from the man tively that the gray fronts of the Manhat- | who held the mortgage. During some years tan skyscrapers sometimes turn a delight- of this period meteor-hunting became the ful pink when the evening sun strikes them | popular pastime among the Klowa County south wind brings up from softer lands

It is very pleasant for the commuter now on the rear or upper deck of his ferryboat: Snow was called to the existence of a very pleasant to watch the curious light collection of meteoric stones in the hands effects, ever changing, morning and eve- of a farmer named Kimberly. Some years ning on the facades of the jumbled monoliths—in one of which no doubt he earns his daily bread-light effects which are lia- were, and, knowing nothing of their value, ble to set his brain in a chromatic whirl readily told the farmer. Mrs. Kimberly, in

The evening dark comes late now, and teorites were valuable. Her husband was again is he permitted to see the liners come the Bulgarians themselves, without whom up to their piers. A French liner is usually she would have been held at Plevna and the belated craft, slinking-it seems as if it Shipka, she proclaimed the existence of were slinking-along the glooming sheds kept them. When Dr. Snow heard of the Great Bulgaria. It was the one thing she on the other side of the river, making for Kimberly hoard he bought it, paying a price could do, but even then, the Christian Pow- her dock. He wonders what all the for- large enough to lift the mortgage from the eigners are thinking of as they stand on Kiowa County farm. game, intervened, and restored half the the decks and view at close hand the cliffs liberated country to the tender mercies of of masonry, with here and there a light 218-pound stone that had been placed on the Turk. For not one of Europe's states- twinkling, a fire on a mountain, and blue exhibition by a farmer in a country grocery men, excepting Gladstone, who was not in and lurid clouds piling up above, spilling store. The bargain was made while the among the first of the stars. He wonders owner and Dr. Snow drove to the store. how he would feel were he a foreigner artry. It was not that they feared Russia | riving here for the first time, and seeing | York jewelry firm was handed the owner, would deliberately annex the country, but all this. He fancies he would be impressed. that che would be forced to do so. not un- i and that he would jot down not a few exclamations in his notebook. He believes | ready mentioned Dr. Snow bought one of his which must follow the sudden liberation of | that there is nothing quite like this in all | choicest specimens, and the money came, asthe wide world. He does not analyze; he had been the case with his father, in time does not know how, or else does not think to relieve a pressing need. whole impression, and perchance goes home wondering why he is so uplifted-why he feels so good, rather.

It pays in that way—the rear end of a ferryboat in late March-and vet March has been called the unlovely month! One never can tell, for that matter, just what a March sunset is to bring forth among these skyscrapers. It may be fairyland, or dreamland, or the misty haunts of spirits, or just gloomy, sodden New York, with the rain glancing onroof and tower and the window lights merged into dull blurs, mingling with the glow flung up by the street electrics, all humming in the mysterious bourdon flung off by a great city when work is done. This is early spring, too, or a part of it, and another part is the smoky sou'wester that blows in suddenly sometimes in the early morning rush hours. Yes, fog-mysterious, treacherous, but still beautiful spring log. The booming whistles strive to rend the veil, muffled bell warnings quaver through the air, and no one knows whence they come. He is at sea-the Jersey commuter -on the Grand Banks-and all the terrors, the imminent dangers of the sea are his. The on-rushing tug looms near and its car float convoy crouches as though for a spring; a tall Sound liner slouches by-of course there is danger. Any physiognomist could tell in an instant that the commuter's facial lines are not all lines of business care. The reward is that his life, however lived, is removed from the prosaic on foggy days. The reward, too, is that his soul has leaped-unconsciously, yes. But suddenly the blue breaks overhead? a smile of promise, a balmy breeze caresses his face. The tops of the mist banks melt, and smokestaffs and pilot houses and flag-

being found most often in Klowa County the farmers ploughed their land deep and often. They illustrated the old fable of the poor man who prayed to the genii to show him the road to riches. In answer to his prayer the command to dig for the gold while searching for the gold, brought the riches he sought-from the markets. So. the search for meteorites has, in one form or another, brought prosperity to the im-

Bosky-"I say Doctor, I want you to sciousness that he is the better loved for fatalism in him which causes him to accept borrofed from the Church; it began to re- Servia to suddenly declare war on Bul- phantoms of the mist, the damp silences, ing or one you have for sale?"—[Boston

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

MACORIS. March 10 -Just as you exiter Samana Bay there is a great headland. Care Samana, which bears a grotesque resemblance to a human head. Its top is covered with negro wook while from its chin a long Uncle Sam whisker sweeps to the tide. The facial outline is quite clearly at first that of a snubnosed, thick-lipped African, but as you go on up the bay it changes. The nose grows clear cut, the thick lips draw in, and the last you see of it is a well-modelled Anglo-Saxon type. The sallormen say this is prophetic of changes to come to the country, but I notice through it all the negro wool remains.

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 mayles in the world might congregate there as President Grant said, and be folly well wracked, too if they caught a hurricane, for the bay is ed, apropos of nothing, that, it paid to be a so big it is like an open roadstead. It has commuter; just as you noticed when you reefs and shallows on either shore, and became aware that he had let his pipe go much of the southern shore is flat and would give full sweep to the wind. Near its entrance is a group of islands, and nestling behind these in a beautiful but little harbor is the town of Samana. One or two of the big ships of all the mayles of **METEORITES** the world would find shug and safe anchorage here, but not many. There is not

Samana, is pretty, from a safe distance Near, you lose the enchantment. Revolutionists have burned it several times, and it has risen from its ashes only in part. It numbers only a few hundred inhabitants and is rather unkempt, like them. In fact, its streets never see comb and brush. Yet it is noteworthy for one thing. In it dwells a considerable population of American negroes. Long ago, in 1824, or thereabouts, there was quite a macorment in the States for the emigration of American through certain smoky mists which the farmers, and Dr. Snow got with certain of colored people to the tropics, and from came to Samana a delegation of colonists which settled and grew up with the country. Some of them did it very well, too, for one of them known as Mother Wright is over a hundred years old, still lives; and has descendants numbering a hundred and mayed at a hundred and seven years. All these people are vigorous Methodists, and shout for their religion and their country which they still claim is the United States. When the revolutions rage about them they produce American flags, and hanging them over their doors defy the dusky warriors of the uprising. I met the Rev. Mr. James, pastor of the

church which has 150 communicants of American descent, besides others from the Dominicans. These negroes have been fairly prosperous, says their pastor, but only after the fashion of the country. They could hardly be so in any other way. They have a climate that gives a main little concern as to clothes, and the hills are full of fruit, and the bay of fish. They can be lightermen, fishermen, sailors, and planters in a small way and one even became a locally celebrated revolutionist. If the country could be stable they would be fairly prosperous, but as it is their lot is a rather hard one. The paster himself comes of a line of ministers who have preached to the exiles since they came, and is still at it. He is a sober little black man, who looks wisely at you through steelbowed spectacles, and is very much in earnest in his solicitude for the welfare of

his people.

LITTLE SANCHEZ'S SCOTCH RULER. if you go on up the bay eighteen miles farther you come to Sanchez. This is the eastern terminus of the Samana-Santlago Railroad, which touches neither town, but runs from Sanchez up into the interior to La Vega. It taps a coffee and cocoa region which produces the finest cocoa in the world and makes the road prosperous. It is only a little town, not much bigger than Samana, and like Samana it is worthy of mention only for its imported citizens. Imagine a railroad in this somewhat benighted country running from next to nothing, way up into the country to nowhere, without a streak of rust about it anywhere. with engines painted up as if just out of the shop, clear as a new pln, fired by Scotchmen, groomed by Scotchmen, and the whole concern from La Vega and San Pedro de Macoris down to Sanchez, dominated and inspired by the grand laird of them all, Mr. Thomas McLelland of "Glesga" administrator-general; in this country a score of years if you please, but right out of Glasgow still, and as fine a man as she ever bred. Scotchmen on his road and in its yards, Scotch tweeds on his back, and Scotch goods in his house, and a bonnie Scotch welcome for any white man. His house, on a little hill in the town is a marged of what thrift and diligence can do in a tropic land; with its green lawn, the only one on the Island, and its brooming shrubs and vines, imported from all parts of the West Indies to thrive under his Scotch gardener's care. He dominates the town as he does his road, and if he cannot quite make the Dominicans Scotchmon. he is at least teaching them Seetch thrift the pupils. When closing I said: and neatness. Sanchez is a rising town, and though, alas! it will take the Dominicans many many years to reach the mark of the high calling set for it by Mr. Thomas McLelland, it certainly profits by having

Boston people have had a whire at Samana Bay too, but hardly with success. Some of them started a banana plantation over on the side hills some years ago. It rains every day there, and harder and more [Boston Herald.

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 came 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 cain with cane raising. There is fine magnetic iron ore up above Sanchez and big beds of coal, but the coal beds are too young to work. It is lignite and no one wants it. Mr. McLelland tried it on his road, but it was not Scotch enough for

So Samana Bay will have to remain yalnable in the main as a prospective naval hase. Certainly it is a magnificent gulf The United States has sounded and charted t carefully, so has Germany, and both are eputed to covet it. But Germany does not need it. She has over at St. Thomas in the Danish West Indies all the coaling station any nation could desire. Great piles of German coal wait her cruisers there and though the port is nominally Danish, it is an open secret in the gossip of the islands that Germany has what she wants there if she but asks if. Samana Bay, when you see it, is not the splendid port at seems to be on looking at the map. Its wide waters shoal on all sides and it would take expensive dredging or construction to bring ships to a dock there. A vessel drawing fifteen feet of water enters the harbor at Samana town only with good judgment on the bridge and careful use of the lead. At Sanchez a ship of the same size must lay mile off shore and transfer cargoes by

Moreover the Mona passage is not the nost acceptable route to the ports of the Caribbean and the gulf, as the navigators of to-day see it. The French line and the Hamburg-American both touch at Porte Plata, go round the west end of San Domingo to Monte Christi and then on to Haytlan ports, Havana, and Mexico, or Venezuela. That way lies the trade and that way also lies the better passage, and in that way they pass the prize bay for a coaling station. or a great port when the conditions on the island shall warrant the building of it. That is Manzanillo Bay far over on the border land of Hayti. This too is big enough to float the navies of the world, and there warship may now run her nose up into what was once the mouth of a river, and touch the bank without scraping bottom. Seafaring men are agreed that this is the prize port of the island, where yet to-day no vessel touches. It is on the established. routes of trade: it is completely sheltered from the prevailing winds; its shore is bold, and it lies at the extreme western terminus the Vega Real, the "royal valley" of Columbus, which runs the entire length of the island, taps its best resources, and has a soil of unexampled fertility. Here, if anywhere in the West Indies, is an ideal apol for a naval base, a coaling station, and a great harbor. The Mona passage has always a jumping sea, is a lee shore as far as San Domingo is concerned, and on this lee lies perilous Cape Enana, with wide shoals and coral reefs stretching far into ... the passage and compelling ships that pass to hold well over toward the Porto Rican shore. Possibly the bay's strategic posttion may make it desirable for a navy that would command the gulf and the future outes to the canal. One needs to be a aval man to understand that, but from a commercial point of view and in the eyes of the merchant service Manzanillo Bay

heats it all out. 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 it; not enough for one over 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 Azua is not to be considered. Either Samana or Manzanillo must one day become the great centre of the shipping of San Domingo, when the island has been taught to be orderly and productive, and on that happy day, which I tear is yet in the rosy glow of a distant dawn, I believe that natural advantages of position will make it Manzanillo.

WINTHROP PACKARD

MARCH ON THE FARM. Winter fades from the wind-blown sky: Lost where her robes of blue she flings; Hark to the wild geese honking high; Polsed in the depths on unseen wings The heart of the farmer lifts and sings, The first green leaf on the hillside springs.

Makes a wild stampede from the house-dog pup. Gee whillicans sassafras, on my soul, Give me a string and a sapling pole;

And I'd fish for that hawk that hangs so high. Reflected deep in a patch of sky, All upside down where the treetops lie, nd the squirrels are jumpin' that yell "kerchee" At the white owls hatched in a holler tree.

The ground's in shape for the stirrin' plough; And the hills is green with the winter wheat; I can feel the pulse of the world beat now Ruch heart-throb cries that life is sweet-How the landscape yearns to the welcome heat? How the moss bank greens where the hollows While the clear stream laughs from its stony grot, Where the mulleins lift in the pasture lot. One more draught from the spring of life!

Love is sweet when the March winds blow! With long lost dreams now the days are fifet-They are kissing the lips of the Long Ago, A flame leaps up from the heart's new glow; One more smile will I claim from God .. -IC. L. Edson in Kansas City Star.

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 member of the School Board, addressed "Well, children, you have a holiday to morrow. What day is it?" "Decoration Day!" from all in unland.

"What do you do on Decoration Day?"
"Decorate the soldiers' graves," said all Why do you decorate their graves any more than others? This was a sticker, but finally one little fellow held up his hand.
"Well, sir, why is it?"
"Because they are dead and we link."

AND THE FILIPINO

Impressions of a Traveller After Living Eight Months at

(Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.) | difference. It is a modification of the same KUSTERIUIL, Bulgaria, March 10.-It is spirit in which the Turk replies Kismet to now almost eight months that I am here all misfortune and which has rendered all among the Bulgarians, mixing with them as | Mohammedan peoples indifferent to tyranwell as a foreigner ever may, observing ny. If they rise it is only in response to them and the conditions under which they an appeal to religious fanaticism by some live with an interest intensely personal ambitious, intriguing leader. Such were the earliest risings of both peoples while a few though, that I am beginning to know them | descendants of their respective aristocraat all, for eyen, the keenest observer can- cles still existed, of the early Tagalog not well say that he knows a people before rajahs and the Bulgarian czars. But these he has talked to them in their own tongue. Were soon wiped out, by the same policy It is not in interviewing their leading citi- pursued by the Greek tyrant of antiquity, zens through an interpreter that he makes expressed in the parable of the man who their acquaintance, but rather in quarrelling walked through his cornfield cutting off the with shopkeepers over prices or gossiping heads of the tallest stalks. Then the masses scandal and politics with the Sunday idlers. were ground down into an ignorance as At least, such has been my method, a slow | black as the soil they were made to till. It and tedious one, but giving more satisfying was that slight tinge of Mohammedan fatalism which kept them submissive rather

Oppression, especially of this kind, where changed as others have slowly taken their all of the oppressed race are denied any places. But during all this time, at unex- privileges open to the race of the rulers pected moments, have come other vague breeds democracy, and of the strongest impressions of having been through this kind. The tax burdened people soon learn great lesson once before. Certain racial that they are brothers in toil and misery peculiarities, glimpses of character, have In no part of America is this spirit of democracy so strong as in either Bulgaria or ory of a subconscious past, almost as though Luzon. Of course, in speaking of the Fili-I had lived among these people in a former pinos, I mean only the civilized natives of incarnation. If you can imagine meeting Luzon, where Spanish rule was firmly esthe brother or father of some intimate ac- tablished. It was this democracy which I quaintance before knowing of their rela- | saw expressed in one instance by one of tions, and trying to place certain individual Aguinaldo's adjutants offering a light from peculiarities you observe in him, you may his cigar to a street vender of bananas. The street was crowded, it is true, and he may have done it for display, but he knew the meaning of these first subconscious impres- | spirit of the people he was appealing to. sions. I know now that I have, indeed, met | You may see that same spirit manifested

The fact that the Bulgarians are ruled by a German princeling does not indicate the contrary: God knows they hate him enough. What he represents was foisted At first thought, it may seem ridiculous on them against their wishes by intriguing intelligent classes is manifested by the strong hold that Socialism has taken of the schoolteachers, the students, and the professional men. Even in the villages the Whatever bad may be said of a Socialist he will not persecute a brother Socialist, especially he from whom he has learned Socialism.

> Such are the Filipinos and the Bulgarscauses, for centuries ago, when these peoples were free they were governed by autocrats, the Filipinos by rujas, the Bulgars by czars-and the Jews had Solomon.

peoples, until the French Revolution had happened, and had been recorded in books. that young men of adventurous spirit who stole abroad from the countries in darkness saw the results of that great event, and returning home, told of what they had heard and seen. Others began going abroad. and returned to verify the first reports. which they secretly taught their friends to read. The geographical situation of Bulgaria was especially suited to this process. The Filipinos at first depended on a few liberal Spaniards among the military offi-

SCHOOL BRED REVOLUTIONISTS. Then came people of pious minds among them to teach them religion, but unconclously 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. Many a revolutionist has come out of Robert College in Constantinople, and even more out of the Jesuit College in Manila.

This growing knowledge begat a discon-

tent with a tangible object, which was soon followed by definite action. Secret meetings were held wherein conditions were discussed, then secret societies were formed. In Luzon some Spanish Free Masons got loose among the people and taught them organization. That was the beginning of the Katipunan. In Bulgaria Russian agents proved similarly useful, and the first committee was formed. Since then every Buli the specific incidents that have marked garian revolutionist glories in the name "comitail," even as the Filipinos proudly refer to those of themselves up in arms as "katipunan." In two such similar situations it was

natural that the struggles should begin and proceed along similar lines, and so they did. Though the leaders were all close students of the French Revolution, its only one thing can counteract it enlighten- methods could not be followed here. At ment. Where it is strong, even that will first the movement, speaking of the two toand Filipho, you notice it first in the tolk i ization had not the financial means to buy songs. They love those weird, melancholy, and smuggle arms into the country, so the half-chanted melodies which express the people could not rise in a mass. In Luzon this problem had almost impassable diffitensely than the best written history, the culties. A rifle, by the time some adventurous foreigner filibustered it into the value.

A RHAPSODY FROM THE REAR

In these delightful early spring days oc-

Emerging from the genial artificiality of in that respect the similitude becomes close and storm door, he opens his soul to the vernal influences and drinks of the universal charm. Yet he drinks, one might say, as he eats his food, unthinking, natwots little or nothing. But they are there, nevertheless, deep down in his soul, and all unknowing he manifests them in divers ways; ways hidden to all but the closest ob-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 bone. Through all the centuries since, progress has robbed the beauties of the spring warmth and sunset skies of their deeper signification, to the eternal loss of all save the painter, the noet, the savage still, perhaps-as many of him as there be-and the Jersey commuter.

His susceptibility to unconscious absorption of things deeper than mere dejust twenty years later than it did light, is as great as ever was that of the savage, and all that is lacking to sustain this contention, is, as has been said, the absence of his knowledge of that fact, .He does not write, nor people his mind with sions on bone or paper. He simply stands on the back of the ferryboat these days, or at the open window of his car, it may be,

THE REAR END OF A FERRYBOAT.

staffs scurry along as though attached to Digging deep, and planting incidentally submarine craft. Little by little it all disappears, and the commuter walks across West Street, the breezes sweet, the sunshine dripping moisture, the fog bells still sounding like Sunday morn at home, and aginative Kansas farmer. the day growing very fair. A telephone message that the fog has been safely weathered sets his anxious

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 fell just what I think a soul-pressing heaviness were surely con- Transcript.

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THE PROMISE OF CAPT. BARRETT

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. The disclosure came about because of my desire to drive him from the railroad station to my house. When he left the train and saw my horse and buggy he shook his head: doubtfully and said:

"You'll excuse me, sir, but I'd sooner walk. I don't have nothing to do with hosses."

"This is a very gentle one," I explained, thinking that he might be nervous, "and

I'm a careful driver." "Gentle or skittish, I don't have nothing

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, sallors like nothing better than to drive behind a horse, and I knew, therefore, that Capt. Barrett, being an exception, must have some good 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, thickset body. I knew that Capt. Barrett was sensitive about his legs, for at the sailor's mission one day I had seen him strike an impudent young seaman because the latter jocularly remarked that the skipper's legs were built like a pair of sister books, which meant that they were nearly doubled beneath him. If this description was unseemly, no one could deny that Capt. Barrett was topheavy.

After we had travelled half the distance, he was obliged to call a halt, to recover his breath he explained, though I knew his means of locomotion had given out. I tied the horse to a nearby tree and sat on a bank at the roadside with the skipper. He took a nip from my whiskey flask, and shook his head when I suggested that he trust the horse for the rest of the journey. "No," he said decidedly, "I'll walk. I'd

be a different man to-day if it hadn't been for a hoss. I ain't afraid of 'em, but-" He paused, and I knew by his intonation that I had unwittingly uprooted an old 'You may not believe it," was the way

he opened, "but I was once a handsome young feller like yourself. Look at me

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. And what did I see! An ancient mariner with rather sharp features, a grisly white heard. and bright little eves 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 coatsleeves were turned half way back to the elbows-a habit not uncommon among sallormen. He wasn't a had looking old man, if you forgot his legs, and he might very well have been a clean-cut, powerful young chap, I was thinking, when he brought me to my proper senses by monning his face with a gorgeous bandanna kerchief. I fancy I must have colored at my unintentional rudeness, and Capt. Barrett did not add. to-my comfort when he remarked:

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

I was at the point of assuring him that there was nothing odd about his appearence, but the opportunity was lost before I could frame the words. In the civil war days," he said hasti-

ly, "I used to run the blockade between Nassatt and Wilmington, and I ain't too proud to say that there ween't a smarter quartermaster in the business than yours truly. I had money in the bank, a pretty gal ashore, and everything was levely until I joined the Plover. She was a hardluck vessel from the time she come out from Llyerpool, 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 with-

out removing it from his lips. "I ain't agoing 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 Nargau loaded so deep you could touch the water by leaning over the rall, 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 hoss 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

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

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

Here Capt. Barrett broke off to ask if horses were grateful animals, and I told 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 withseventy-ave miles of Wilmington, about

three o'clock one afternoon, and the skipper said he'd wait until nightfall before trying to run through the Federals, 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. AN EPISODE IN THE CAREER OF 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 slap to the sea to muffle the sound of the paddie wheels.

"You couldn't have seen the Plover if you'd bin within twenty feet of her. We didn't have a light burning-not even a cigar. The engine-room hatchways was covered with tarpaulins, the sidelights was 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 nicely for another hour, and then I heard the skipper call for a cast of the lead. The Ployer come to a dead halt, while I crept into the forechains 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

"'Hard a port,' he whispers; 'steady,' and steady it was. The Plover swung as handsome as a vacht, and we was just thinking that we wouldn't be seen, when a pleasant puff of wind come 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 they'd like to have a little of it in the hot engine-room, when suddenly that hoss snorted. I'd clean forgotten all about him, and I didn't know what was the matter, but the skinner, who was used to hosses, joited 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 bally fool,' he hollers as loud as he dares: 'he's smelling the land; don't you know what that means? He's going to neigh. Throw a tarpaulin over his head, smother him, do anything to him, but don't let him make a racket. We'll have the whole fleet firing at us." My animal was calmly switching his tail

while he munched the grass at his feet, and Capt. Barrett watched him with reflective

"I nearly fell to the deck, I come down that ladder 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 hose laid back his ears and opened his mouth. The noise he made was like a steam callione, and it woke up every gunboat within five miles of us. Overhead the skipper was stamping his feet and cursing me and the hoss in three languages.

"Git into the stall," he vells, and when he seen me hesitate he picks up a musket. 'Git in,' he yells again, and I was so excited that instead of climbing over the stall at the hoss's head, I opens the door at his heels. You'd have thought after all I did for that hoss 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 Federals and allowed the ship to run into safety.

"When I woke up again," he said, "I was in the hospital 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

she was going back on me. "'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 hoss,' says I.

"'Why, I didn't know you worked in a livery stable, she says, I thought you was a sailor.'

"'So I am,' I replies, but before I could explain she breaks in: "Go on, you've bin decelving 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 twinkle 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 hosses. " If you've got to be kicked about," was the way she put it, 'I'd sooner do it myself, and we made a bargain right there." Capt. Barrett rose and looked at his

watch. "It's pretty near time I was walking." he remarked. "I wouldn't mind taking a life out of all the girls and chance behind that hoss of your'n, but nuns in the house. One night a girl aroused Minnie, that's my wife, sin't seen fit to her dormitory neighbor, saying that she kick me about yet, and I ain't going back heard some one walking in the hall. She on my word till she does."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take Langilve Brome Quinine Tablets. All drug-siats regard the money if it falls to care. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Margantic.

LIFE IN A FRENCH CONVENT SCHOOL

WHERE NUNS ARE REAL .. MOTH-ERS" TO THEIR CHARGES

The Rules and Routine Every Pupil Mus Observe-Disquieting Pranks Played by One American Girl Who Seta 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 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 only ornaments noticed 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 sister sits in the window, and after having diction. found out vour business, 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 middle. Against the walls, in a row, are ever so 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 inexperience ! to take too many steps; the best thing to do is to sit down and keep your feet on the

After a while several nuns appear, all show you around. One odd thing is they are in other places, 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 was the Ursulines, in the sixteenth century, 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 images, and the crucifix, to say good morning "aux parents et à la Compagnie"; 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 Nosters" in the evening; to examine her conscience while reciting the commandments of God and of the Church; to say good-night "a la famille," and to recommend herself to her guardian angel before going to sleep.

THE SCHOOL RULES.

While the learning is now 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 deportnent 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 pompadours. It is also very trying to have to do without a lookingglass, but that is also obligatory in most convents. One has to get up at six, and to make one's ewn 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 ornament. Each girl goes in only silence to her place, and gets a big bowl of cafe-au-lait 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 hever 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 schooldays. So in a convent one day would pass exactly like another, were it not for an occasional American girl or other stranger who some times plays a trick. The favorite amusement of a certain Eng-

lish 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 American girl almost frightened ran to tell the nun on guard, who was indeed very much frightened, as she, too, detested what they believed to be the sound of steps. By this time other girls were

awake, and they were sent of to find some

fearless nuns. Soon the whole dormitory was aroused, and the news spread that there was a thief in the hall. Finally, a very resolute nun took a candle in her hand, and marched boldly into the hall, while the brave girls followed her. They could hear the steps clearly, but were unable to discover where they came from, as they did not seem to approach nor faint away. At last a little novice peered into a corner and found a metronome, wranped up in a piece of cloth, to make the sound less harsh, ticking away for all it was worth. It was the american girl who

scare," as she said. Convent life is very sweet. There is a feeling of home which no other school ever seems to have. The nuns really merit the name of "Mere," and most of the girls love them as they would their own parents. I have known girls to cry for weeks upon having to leave the convent for good, There is a calm which seems to fill the air, and a subtle influence which penetrates the wings to the right and left, these wings, as mind, until one does not feel like going out in the busy world. Of course, there are some very worldly girls, and mean nuns, but they are not in the majority.

had put it there, "to give the convent a

There are so many touching things connected with convent life. For instance, the First Communion. It is beautiful to see the solemn little white figures with long dresses and flowing veils each with a crown of roses on her head and carrying a lightopens slowly, and you penetrate into a ed candle, walk slowly up the aisle of the courtyard where there is a lodge. A nun or | flower-hedecked chapel to receive the bene-

From the time they enter the convent until they leave, the girls have their own shrine, and their own Madonna, to whom they confide all their tribulations. In every pretty nook of the garden one catches a glimpse of a shrine or a statuette of the Virgin. In front of it is placed a bunch of flowers, incense, or other offerings. longer than it is wide, with a table in the | Underneath are written prayers, promising to give un a favorite pastime, or to recite so and so many Ave Marias if the Virgin will grant them the fulfilment of their desire.

When a young girl wishes to become nun, she first has to pass several months as a postulante; then generally two years, sometimes more, sometimes less, as a novice. After that she takes the veil and is very smiling, and seemingly very willing to then a nun, but it is only after the lapse of five years or so that she takes the ring, that the rooms are not numbered as after which she can never get out any more. A beautiful ceremony is always connected with the passing from one stage to another. One of the most effective, perhaps, is the "Prise d'habit," when a postulante becomes a novice.

She enters the chapel dressed in a gown with wedding veil, orange blossoms, and all, and marches solemnly up the aisle until she comes to where the nuns sit. She then prostrates herself before the altar. While in that position four little girls, dressed in white, come and hold a veil over her. They have baskets of roses in their hands, and taking the flowers pluck the petals, strewing them over the vell. This symbolizes the fading away of earthly joys. After that part of the ceremony is over, she goes to the vestry, where one priest cuts off her hair and another holds a box into which CATHERINE D. GROTH.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

John Chase, a stage driver, on the mail line from Saratoga to Dillon, is the owner of a remarkably bright shepherd dog, which money could not buy, for he helped his master out of a very difficult matter and probably saved the lives of four horses.

Mr. Chase was on the road to Dillon with four-horse sled-load of mail last week, and reached a point near what is known as "Snow-slide hill," when his horses got off the road and all four of them got down in the snow. Chase worked for hours, trying to get them on their feet again, but in vain. After most heroic efforts, all four of the horses remained "belly-up." It was growing toward night and the weather parp. Chase was desperate. He saw that all his efforts to get the horses up were in

Joseph Farrell and two or three other men occupied a cabin about a mile back on the road. Having this in mind, he turned to the dog, who was an interested, but help-less spectator, and said: "Go down to the cabin and tell those men to come up and help me." He had no thought that the dog-would understand, but it seems that the dog did, for he at once started down the trail on a run. Chase has often said that the dom all he said to it, but all his stories of the dog's intelligence were taken with a grain of allowance, his hearers knowing how much Chase valued the canine.

It was not very long, however, before the men, armed with shovels, made their appearance, accompanied by the dog, which seemed to be leading the way. They said the dog had come and scratched at the door, and had shown so much anxiety for them to follow him, running off up the road, barking must be in trouble. So they bundled themselves, procured shovels, and determined to find out, if possible, just what was the

With the help of the men the horses were gotten onto their feet once more. There was hay in the sled, but as it was still on the trail, it was too high for the horses to reach it. So the snow was shovelled away to let it down to a point where the horses could feed with comfort, and the outfit left for the night, Chase and the men returning to the cabin for the night. The next morning Chase was able to get

ished his journey without further mishap. Chase says that money could not buy that dog, and he never makes a trip over that without the dog along.-[Saratoga (Wyo.) Sun.

GOOD DODGING BY A LOON.

The article in this week's paper, about the loon that was killed by a bullet after being hit by over a hundred No, 6 shot and was apparently none the worse of the shot, reminds me of one glorious June day some thirty years ago, on which the writer and a friend went fishing in White River below Indianapolis. As we drove several miles through ferest-covered hills, the shotgun was taken along to take care of squirrels which might offer convenient shots. There was a loon on the river, the first one we had ever seen, and, of course, we just had to have him. The loon seemed to be about as curious about us as we were about him, and swam back and forth in front of us at a distance of twenty-five to forty yards. As head, neck, shoulders, and back were exposed, he looked an easy shot, but he wasn't. Instead of being killed at the first shot, he was just gone. He soon came to the top of the water, but after the first shot showed nothing above the water but his head and about six inches of neck. We shot at him twenty-two times at a

distance of thirty to forty yards, and when my friend did the shooting, I could plainly see that the head and neck were gon the shot struck the water. Had not some strategy been used, it is not likely he would have been killed at all. While the loon was under water my friend hid behind a pile of drift wood, and I. provided with a stick about the length of a gun, kept in sight acting as though trying to get a shot. The loon presently swam within range of the gun behind the drift pile, and that time ugh shot hit his head and neck to instantly kill him. The above does not agree with what Mr. Linkletter tells us about the loon he killed, but it is not intended to cast any doubt on his statement. It is doubtless but mine could -[Forest and Stream.

THE BULGAR AND THE FILIPINO

[Continued from page 1.]

garla, at a moment when the Bulgarian army, not suspecting trouble in that dl rection, was down on the Turkish frontier. ready to support the Rumelians. -The Servian army crossed the frontier

and advanced on Sofia. It was so sudden, so unexpected, that Sofia did not realize her position till the Servians were only two days' march away; the capital was defence-Then Bulgaria showed the stuff within

her, the result of her early training. The 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 top 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 Among the Bulgarians were 6,000 Mussul

mans, volunteers. They fought with a fury

they had never displayed in the old days un-

der 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 foiled 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

emove him. Russian agents again bagan prewing plots, which resulted in the Prince eing 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 nember of the Sobranje, the popular assembly, arose and denounced the provisional government. The whole people backed him, and the provisional government collapsed, its members fleeing, outlawed, home to Russia. This Bulgarian senator, Stambuloff, with two others, assumed the resency until the Prince could be found. He was found, at last, in Lemberg, Russia. They brought him back. Russia had failed, and bjectly 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 servilely 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, strong man, peasant-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 defled 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. Stambuloff maved his country from the claws of her "liberator."

Driven to desperation, Russia had re course to her last hope. Stambuloff was 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. Now Stambuloff's self-confessed murderer lives, unpunished, in Russia, a Russian "agent." Stambuloff fell as the Fillmino Stambuloff, Antonio Luna, fell. It remains yet to be proven who caused Luna's death But, unlike him, Stambuloff 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 active 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 missad saaing this sight any year since he arrived from Ireland thirty-nine 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 iome and save the fare. He was trudging along the road, with his "T. 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 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. "Falth, an' I would, your Honor." said Pat, "and you'd be a great deal longer over there before they'd make the likes of you udge 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 fires 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 It notselessly tread With eyes that are heavy with trance. And oft from the whiri and the throng Some lesser light dies in the nlay: They cease not their dance but alway the circling and whirling along.

And, watching, I dream that our life Is a mirthless dance that we tread. Ne er pausing to number the dead That vanish away in the strife! We are sparks from the marsh that are filled For a moment with impulie, desire;

For a moment with impulse desire A moment-and then all is stilled! -[New Orleans Timez-Democrat.

Daniel Webster and the Erie

The Great Statesman Early Appreciated the Scenery of the 'Picturesque Erie"

WHEN Daniel Webster, in company with President Fillmore, first rode over the "Picturesque Erie," in 1851, it is recorded that the great statesman insisted on riding on an open platform car, seated in a large, easy rocking chair, in order that he might better view the magnificent scenery.

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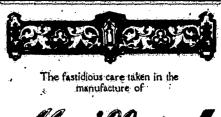
BEGINNING OF THE RAILROAD Y. M.

The Young Men's Christian Association began its labors among railroad men in 1872 in the city of Cleveland, O., through the agency of an employee who had been discharged for drunkenness, but who had recently reformed and entered upon a life of active Christian service. He invited a minister to preach to railroad people in the waiting-room of the station, the officers of the companies controlling it having placed it at his disposal. Crowds of people attended, a revival broke out among the men, and as a result of it and the difficulty of managing it, the first branch of the Young Mon's Christian Association composed of railroad men was formed. It was not long before a reading-room was opened and the organization properly housed in the Union Depot. The first outreach of the new soclety was to men along the line of the Lake Shore Railroad, and great meetings in round houses, led by delegations of earnest men were a feature of that per od. The secretary was a man of unquenchable zeal, and de voted his time largely to the visitation of the sick, the distribution of religious literature, and the conduct of the evangelistic neetings. One of the earliest friends whose influence was a great aid in those early days was Gen. John H. Devereaux, then the president of the C., C. and I. Road, and a prominent citizen of Cleveland. He afterwards testified that in the strike days of 1877 it was through the influence of the Christian work done among the men in Cleveland that they stood out against rlots

and disorder. In 1875 the Cleveland men felt that they must visit other important railroad centres to tell what had been done, and to induce other railroad men to hand themselves to-gether and other managers to give their ssistance. New York city was one of the first places visited. The Grand Central Depot had become the headquarters of the New York Central system, and the officers of its affiliated lines then, as now, made frequent business visits to it. Gen. Devereaux had spoken of the work in Cleveland to members of the Vanderblit family "Young Cornellus," as he was then called had entered the treasurer's office of the Harlem Railroad as a clerk. He was an active worker in St. Bartholomew's Epis-copal Church and had recently become a member of the board of directors of the oung Men's Christian Association The visitors from Cleveland found im deeply interested in their story, which was a thrilling one, and which was told with the fervor and fire of zealous advocates of a good cause. Soon a basement room was found for a reading-room, and the work was established in the commercial centre of the New World. New York assumed a very influential relation to the movement part-ly on account of its place of leadership in railroad matters, but chiefly owing to the devotion of Mr. Vanderbilt to the cause devotion that continued up to the time of his death in 1899 .- [Chautauquan.

HISTORICAL CARRIAGES.

Arrangements are being made in Paris for the opening of a museum of historical carriages. Many interesting vehicles have been promised for collection. Among them are the carriage in which Madame de Pompadour was first seen by Louis XV., the coronation coach of Charles X., the coach in which Napoleon galloped across Germany after the disastrous campaign of 1812, and a sedan-chair with panels, painted by Watteau. None of them, it will be observed, are very ancient, for persons of the highest distinction rode instead of driving to the Louvre—the ladies on the pillion—as late as the reign of Charles IX. Some of the early carriages were very costly. One which the Duo d'Aiguillon gave to Madame Dubarry in 1767 cost 150,000 livres,-[West



minster Gazette.

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spectively.