## ACROSS THE SERVIAN FRONTIER

WHERE SERBS AND BULGARS MEET TO FORGET PAST QUARRELS

A Typical "Sobor" Held This Year at Vlacina—Smuggling on the Frontier, from Which King Peter Has Removed His Guards - Characteristics of the Serbs and Bulgars Contrasted

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

Especial Correspondence of The Evening Post. KUSTENDIL, Bulgaria, August 17.-There | the women of central Bulgaria, their feet is a road leading out of our town in a and hands, though not small, were well westerly direction which forks some ten kilometres away at the foot of the mountains. The left fork will take you over a mearby ridge into the land of Abdul Hamild and barbarism, if you are provided with a leather-bound passport covered with the signatures of Turkish diplomatic agents and consuls and pashas. Those who travel by the more direct route to the steel passport do not take the road at all, but cut across the heech and pine-covered mountains.

The fork to the right leads to milder and pleasanter country, into the kingdom of King Peter of Servia, where you do not need a passport at all. It is a longer road, two days' travel over forbidding looking mountains and through dark, silent forests, on foot or on horse, for no wheels ever roll along those narrow trails. I have just returned from a ton days' trip into Servia along that way, the impressions of which will linger pleasantly with me for some time to come. After a year among the Bulgarians, I have seen somothing of the Servians, and I have been drawing comparisons

We set out on foot. My companion was a min who came on his own business, but he knows the country about the frontiers here as I know the walks of my garden. So it was that we came across mountains in thirty-six hours at an easy gait which the ordinary traveller crosses in two days. of thard walking. The night of the second day, we spent in a small village hid in a dark canon close up to the Servian frontier people were well clothed, and looked pros-

"How can these people prosper so." I asked, 'away of here in the mountains, where, even a goat must toll early, and late to make a living?"

"It is just because they are far off from anywhere," replied my friend, "that they prosper. They toil early and late, but in the day they sleep."

He held up in his fingers a pinch of to bacco, which he was rolling into a cigarette, and I saw it was not the Government

Enrly next morning we started with a company of twenty villagers and frontier merchants, with whom we should travel to the first town in Service on our way. The trail was up, winding through ravines and up the sides of high other bluffs. Below us dropped the small taller, and now I could mee that trails from various directions converged in this one point. Here and there in the distance short strings of villagers or travellers tolled upwards along these trails. the brilliant colors of the women's costumes,

some mounted on ponies, helps visible long before the sober brown of the men. I saw hundreds of them, all coming the same way, toward the frontier. "It is a great occasion," said a villager; there is to be a sobor in the next town across the frontier, derbs and Bulgars meet there once a pear to drink and dance tdwether and forget the quarrels of the year." We-came suddenly upon a small, half-unroofed house on the brow of a bare hill. As

we approached I saw weeds and shrubs were growing in the doorless doorway. "That's the frontier," said my com-"But where are the guards?" I asked. I had in my mind the posts along the Turk-

ish frontier swarming with dirty, white-Mezzed Albanians and fluttering red flags "Abolished two years ago," replied my riend; "abolished with the passports. Since Poter came to the throne the Servians

pold Progress with a big P." And so it was we expand the frontier unchallenged and caught not a glimpse of an official uniform till we got some kilometres into Serwint territory, when we came suddenly upon a small customs house in the forest, whose purpose seemed to be the collection of fifteen centimes on each horse that passed either way. Of persons on foot they took no notice, whate, er.

Kildans in pestive dress. By this illied the road became well crowded with the Bulgarian villagors in their holiday costumus, those of the women weighted with gold braid and lace and strings of gold coins. By their costumes we could distinguish the villages from which they came, or my friend could, at

least for the differences were drilling.

The town of the sobor. Viacina, was on the top of a huge, round, bare hill that rose from the midst of a great swamp which we were two hours in traversing by a winding trail. Once it had been the stronghold of some feudal pasha. Even before we reached the base of the hill we heard the low, monotonous tum-tum of big drums and the blare of trumpets and fifes. Servian evening they considerably changed their peasants were now intermingling in our sprocession, the men distinguishable by their national caps of blue cloth, whose stiff flaps | regretful leave of Georgie, with mutual rite slightly above the crowns, such as men were in the time of Henry VIII, and Elizaboth. The women were especially attractive in flaming red skirts and yellow ker-

hair hanging below in big braids. Unlike shaped and their figures tall and slim.

We climbed the hill and entered into the noise of the town, a brilliant, gay confusion of sounds and colors. Strings of dancers circled about groups of swarthy gypsy musicians with the slow, halting step that is peculiar to the hora, or threaded their way down the narrow lanes between the booths of the vendors of drinks and fruits and cloth stuffs, who sat squatting under awnings behind their wares. Turkish fashion. There must have been five thousand people in the small town, and as I looked over the assembly I failed to see one European costume. In the dances Servian and Bulgarian girls and young men clasped hands est Parisian ashions. A band played in indiscriminately. The sun was out blazing kiosk in a great courtyard. Our breakfast hot now and the feet of the dancers stirred cost us three france apiece. This was no up the dust in a golden haze, but still those place for Bulgars to linger in. We shouluntiring peasants continued swinging to dered our knapsacks, and in half an hour and fro and around hour after hour lost in the ecstacy of the music, the beating of drums, and the movement.

DEMOCRACY OF THE SERVIAN OFFICERS. The uniform of a Servian cavalry officer caught my eye; he was dancing in the same string with several common soldiers. I had never seen that in Bulgaria, and probably never shall, but for all that the young fellow's dignity seemed in no danger of detraction. There were some Bulgarian officers there who looked on with cold disapproval. Racially the two peoples are near, Serb and Bulgar, but in temperament they are wide apart. Toward evening the merriment and com-

motion in the big town square abated, while hundreds of fires in the open were set burning under pots hanging from tripods. A number of Serbs, among them the young cavalry officer, joined our party at supper under an awning before the lan. I then had demonstrated to me the fact that the difference between the two tongues is too slight to affect fluent conversation. Hearing that I was a foreigner the young officer entered into conversation with me on the Macedonian question, in which he proved himself a hopeless Chauvinist, the charge that is always brought up against the Serbs by the Bulgars. The latter have that melancholy virtue of ever regarding themselves with critical self-analysis, ever self-conscious of their own shortcomings.

The Serbs, a rather vain and self-glorifying people. light-hearted, never serious leave that to foreigners. They are better company for it, perhaps. A never met sucl merry, entertaining young fellow in Bulgaria as our gay lieutenant; he kept the Bulgars in a steady glow of amusement with his wit. His manners, his evident good breeding, and refinement formed a marked contrast to the rather boorish Pulgars, ples generally.

We slept that night under the clear, blue sky, and rose carly to continue our travels. Three school teachers on a walking tour had augmented our party to five. W were ready to start, when the cavalry officer appeared in a Swiss Alpine costume, his uniform done up in a kerchief, and offered to join us.

"We are going on foot." I said. "Yes, on foot," he replied, and added with a touch of boastfulness, "and I can outwalk any of you." It was another contrast.

A JOLLY SERVIAN.

We struck across a range so wild that at times the trail was lost in apparently hopeless tangles of brush, but our Servian companion knew the way, better even than my friend. It was hard travelling, but on our calling him, made the work seem light with his steady flow of funny stories. His exaggerated solicitude for his milltary casquet, which he carried in one hand, amused us; sometimes he put it over his slouch hat when his hand grew tired of Toward evening we descended into a great

valley, the further end of which was in Maccdonia, affording us a view from the mountains of over sixty miles in extent Far off in the purple-blue sunset loomed the filmy mountains of Albania. Below were scattered villages and larger towns, the River Morave running down the centre in a squirming, silver streak. Then, suddenly, we dropped, fell from the clouds, in half a dozen leaps, it seemed, and were down in a small village in the foothills. Strangers though we were, the Servicen officer carried his attentions so far as to introduce us to his friends and two sisters, who were spending the summer in the village. Another contrast. It took the Bulgars by surprise, a surprise mixed with astonishment. Under its influence, they became voluble as Bulgars seldom are; that

views of Servians. Next morning we travelled on, taking promises of future exchanges of correspondence, which, strange to say, have since been kept oh both sides. There has since appeared a glowing description of chayts embroidered in gold, flung across our trip in a Sofia paper, warmly comther heads or shoulders, their thick, blond mendatory of Servia in general, written by cott's, A PHILOSOPHER OF THE WOODS

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1905.

trilp. A large town, a long, wide, rambling town of low open Turkish shops, and poor- ORIGINAL VIEWS ON MANY MEN ly paved streets, but it boasted a monument AND THEIR MANNERS o somebody who had been troublesome to the Turks there in former times. In all the shops, and coffee houses, and

one of the teachers, but-inspired by

We travelled one hour in diligence, struck

a railway station, and by noon were in the

town of Vranie, the objective point of our

In one dusty bookstore lingered a print

of the slain Alexander. Of Draga, there

never had been portraits, they told us.

Even to-day, when Servians speak of her,

their eyes glower, and they say the foulest

things of her that men can say of women.

more than we had counted on. Some per-

son of suspicious mind had telegraphed

ahead, and presently two police officers

called on us. They seemed convinced that

donian Committee, and they went away only

half trusting our denials. We must ex-

plain our business. In various conversa-

tions with persons we had met, we had

probably shown too marked a curiosity re-

garding the bands of certain Bulgarian

propagandists, who cannot pass the Bul-

garian frontier into Macedonia, and so go

through Servia. These conversations may

have been reported, and caused suspicion.

At any rate, as we had nothing further to

keep us in Vranje, we deemed it judicious

to invite no further police inspection, and

Rising with the sun, we struck out across

the valley. By breakfast time we had

reached the famous Vranje baths, a health

and general summer resort A beautiful

spot it was, under tall trees, well-built ho-

tels and houses, and a fine boulevard, the

resort of Servian aristocracy. Turkish offi-

cials in rich gold trimmed dress prom-

were in the heart of the wilderness.

It was an all-day tramp through the

wildest, roughest country I had seen yet.

On and up, ever up, climbing high peaks

only to find higher ones beyond, till we

had climbed out of a sultry heat into a

bracing cold. And still we went up. The

forest was thick almost primeval. At times

we rested, and then, when my companions

were stretched out on the grass, I listened

for the forest sounds one is used to hear in

such a place. Not a chirp, not even the

squeak of a squirrel. Not even the hum

of an insect. There was something almost

supernaturally oppressive in that all-per-

day. No signs or sounds of life. It de-

served well the name of the Silent Forest.

We pushed on, resting only after the

steepest climbs. Just as night had fallen

and the moon came out we caught a glim-

mer of light on the side of a nearby

mountain. We pushed on with fresh en-

ergy and reached a small hut; then my

companions gave a cheer. It was a Bul-

garian frontier post, empty; but the lights

of a village glimmered just below, and we

were on Bulgarian soil again. It had been

a forced march; by the map we had walked

and climbed seventy kilometres, forty-four

miles, through the Silent Forest. But we

looked and felt it as we dropped on the

benches of the village inn, and called for

THE BROOK.

a liter of Bulgarian wine.

A brook that flows in fairpland

Is what in love I see to-day;

The happy Past waves her white hand

And hear the music of its song

It passes pleasantly along:

Out in the heart of nature kind,

in valley ever green and fair.

When summer came and knew no care!

With verses fine and pictures sweet

To see once more the babbling brook

And all its golden memorles greet;

The banks are high, and many a spot

Looks on the pastured, woodland scene

And thinks of those in days gone by

And oh, dear brook, how rich you were,

How cool for cattle there to drink,

The moment had no shade of care.

We dared in joy on joy to think,

The dog would bark in his glad way

And tenutiful was summer day.

While cows were straying to the bars

And then in farmhouse we would meet.

And music have and jully times

Where are you now, () spirits dear.

Ob, that your presence were so near

The fond affection of my heart

I'd babble like the silver brook,

That I could speak to you, and eroon

(Beloved you were, or old, or young).

And I would find my song unsung;

I'd feel my soul had angel powers:

Shut from my sight such golden hours!

[William Brunton, in Boston Transcript,

A little girl who reads nature-books, stud

ies natural bistory, and is devoted to pets,

was discovered holding bunny in her lap,

trying to direct his attention to a book

that she had, and ever and anon boxing his

long ears vigorously. Auntie was shocked,

of course, and inquired what was the mov-

'He's so stubborn," replied the little

"A rabbit stubborn! Why, child, I never

"I'm trying to teach him the multiplica-

neard of such a thing. What is he stubborn

tion table, and he just won't try to learn,

nor even say it over after me. Now, you say it, sir. Three times two are six-

auntie inquired into her little nièce's con-

ministered to the poor creature's all too

convenient ears.
"Why, aunile," exclaimed the girl, "the

than any other animal, and this obstinate

three times threes with me."-[Lippin-

all say that rabbits multiply faster

ng cause of such cruelty.

three times three are nine."

say it, sir.

Then would you heal sharp sorrow's smart,

While in the mendow you'd repeat

Till twilight showed its world of stars;

Your ancient song with nature's thymes

Who fished the stream from morn to noon?

And breaks in spray beneath the fence;

The ferns make green, while love intense

I see the brook in beauty wind,

With joy it tumbles in our lot.

With scrutiny of artist eye;

It is like reading of a book.

And calls me there in gladness gay :

decided to leave early next morning.

one of us, at least, was a spy of the Mace-

Our presence in town attracted attention,

Servian cavalry officer.

restaurants were portraits of the new king. A Much Travelled French Canadian Who Returned to a Tiny Hamlet in the Laurentian Mountains in Order to Absorb More of the True Wisdom of the Woodlands

> To have known Val for fourteen years is to have had opportunity to acquire divers arts, several sciences, aand plenty of philosophy. Of course he has another name beside the one which was given to him by his godfather and godmother on a certain fourteenth of February about fifty years ago. As I write, it stares me in the face from a cardboard sign of warning concerning what, in quaint Canadian French, is described as "Le droit de peche dans les Lacs Longue, Raquette, et Fer-a-Cheval." But to me, and to perhaps a score of other fishermen with homes in New York, Buffalo, Montreal, Rochester, and Toronto, he is, and I hope always will be, just plain Val. For of such is the kinglom of the

I shall always remember the circumstances under which I was received into it; an honor greater then than now, for the circle, even now small enough, was then much smaller. I had arrived two days before at a tiny French Canadian hamlet. high up in the Laurentian Mountains, to which I had been directed by a friendly hotel clerk in Montreal, who had ascertained that I sought good trout fishing. For two days I had enjoyed excellent sport, and during that time had made friends with Arthur (Val's stepson), which in itself was quite an achievement. But of this quiet glant who answered my questions with a "yes" or a "no", that appeared to be dropped grudgingly, I knew nothing at all.

It was early in the season-the first week in May, in fact-and while a number of Montreal fishermen had been up for the week-end. I was the only permanent boarder in the queer little hotel with the overhanging galleries on each of the upper floors. The one daily train, due to arrive about ten o'clock, was half an hour late, and Arthur had gone to the station, a couple of hundred yards away, with a lantern, to meet any one who might require direction to the hotel. I lounged against vading silence that made even the panting | the diminutive bar, endeavoring to engage of my companions seem good. So it was all | in conversation the proprietor, who was taking to pieces a telescopic steel roo which had become jammed. In vain however, did I deliver myself of intentionally heterodox opinions with regard to fly-fishing, religion, and farming. But it was not Sir Wilfold Laurier had been received with an impersonal "You t'ink so?" that I realized that myself and my opinions on anything in the heavens above, the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth were natters of absolute indifference to my host A French Canadian who will not discuss politics at the slightest provocation is as rare as a rise during a thunderstorm.

> MONOCLES AND MANNERS. Entered Arthur, having in tow two of

those extraordinary imitations of manhood known as globe trotters. Coats, knickerbockers, and stockings so loud that one could hear the squares on the wool that covered the spindle shanks shouting "checkmate" to the sleeves of the coats. One carried an extraordinary array of rods, landing nets, and live-balt boxes. The other carried a moustache and a monocle, and appeared to have his hands full at that.

The man behind the bar gave them one glance with a face absolutely devoid of expression, then applied a piece of sandpaper to a rusty section of the steel rod. He of the monocle polished it very carefully, adjusted it not without difficulty. pulled the down-turned ends of the big blond mustache, and then said;

"Ah, my-er-my good feliah!" Was I mistaken, or did the eyebrows bent over the joint of the rod move up ever so little? Things began to look interesting. Again: "Ah, my-er-my good fellah!"

"Good evening," said Val impassively. "Ah-you have-er-fishing around heah?" "We have."

"And-er-boats?" "Yes." "And-er-guides?"

"Then-er-my good fellah, you may-ershow us to our rooms. We shall remain heah for some time, if you show that you are-er-deserving."

Impassive still, the giant selected two keys and led the way up the uncarpeted stairs. A minute later he returned, and. before picking up the point of the rod once more, he turned and asked me a question Pronounded by the proprietor of a small tavern in the Canadian backwoods, it sounded almost startling. "Will you help me with a bottle of Lacrime Christi?" he said. Before I could answer, heavy steps were heard descending the stair, and in a moment our friend with the glass eye appear ed in the doorway.

"Ah-er-my good fellah," he remarked. 'Really, don't ye know, I'm surprised. No ice water in the room. Have to freat us better than this, don't you'know." This time I no longer questioned the rais ing of the eyebrows. But still the voice was even and undisturbed as it called,

"Arthur." Arthur appeared, and was instructed to bring two pitchers of ice water, which he did very shortly, the pitchers being of agate ware, enamelled in blue. Evidently they were not to the liking of the latest arrival.

CONCERNING UPS AND DOWNS "Ah, my-er-my good fellah," he said. "Haven't you a-er-a decent glass jug any.

where, fit for-er-gentlemen to drink

out of?" Then the impassive one snoke, and in speaking, gave the only evidence of his displeasure and desire to control himself, English, -[Harper's Weekly.

by langing into more broken English than I leard him use up to this time. he said. "you know dat train you

"She's come hup, hup, hup, all de time, ver' slow, is it not? Sometime one engine,

sometime two?" "Yes." "Tak long while to harrive here, is it not? Always hun, hun, hun,

"Yes,-er-quite an ascent." "Ver' good. In de morning-six-fifteenshe's go down, down, down, an' she's go

dam fast. I call you." The face of the auditor whom he was directly addressing was a study. It was altogether too much for one other auditor, and I dived into the little room to the left of the bar and flung myself on the sofa, stuffing a small pillow into my mouth as I roll-

ed from side to side. In the midst of a final paroxysm Val ap peared, bearing in his hand a bottle of the precious tears.

"Come," he said. "Now it is possible to enjoy ourselves. Let us consider first this animal who learned of the ice water when he landed in New York one week ago, and afterwards I will tell you of the fishing places to which I myself will take you. Ico water! Nom de Dicu, I have more ice in the icehouse than this bean pole has seen in his England since he was born. I know. me, because I have been there."

And so, I found, he had. And not only to England, but to France, to Germany, to Italy, and through the United States from Maine to California, as well as east and west in Canada, from Halifax to Vancouver. And not for nothing had he travelled. Those wise, somewhat sad-looking eyes had seen, marked, learned, and inwardly digested many things and many manners. And in the end, their owner, while glad to have seen it all, had reached the conclusion that the woods held more of wisdom than the cities, and that life held more for him in the Laurentian mountains than in New York or Paris.

During the next hour, as we sipped the vine which may not be drunk as one would drink fifty-cent Chianti, I got to know something of Val. Not a very great deal, but still enough to make me understand that in this little French Canadian hamlot I had met a philosopher.

That night I saw only one side, the side turned towards men. I listened to conversation which was often epigrammatic and occasionally quietly sarcastic and satirical. Later, I was to become acquainted with the bird lover, the wizard of woodcraft, and the fisherman, who only talked of men to condemn the majority of them for trout hogs and things generally unclean. A FRIEND OF M. LE CURE.

It would be unwise to say that he is the biggest man in the community, because this position be accorded to the parish priest. It is with sorrow that I record the fact that Val seldom goes to church. But he pays for two pews there, and is a generous contributor to every fund that is raised for its benefit. Consequently, he and M. le Cure are the best of friends. F was present one year during an episcopal visitation, and had an opportunity to note how cordial was the relationship when I saw Val and His Grace of Ottawa sitting side by side in the carriage (Val's, of course, as being the only one suitable), which had been sent to the borders of the next parish to convey the archbishop under triumphant arches of evergreen to the village church. At the luncheon which followed the non-

tifical mass, every one had something complimentary to say about our friend, who, "although his manifold activities made his presence at church a matter of uncertainty," etc., etc. "And mark the spirit of charity which pervaded everything," quoth the reprobate as he made the campfire on an island twenty miles from the church that same evening. "Who remembered today that but two short years ago I was stumping for the Liberal party when the bishops of the province had declared in unison for the blows and threatened us all with excommunication if we failed to support their candidates?" It is well that Val gave up the hotel, for

of all the men unfit to manage such an establishment he was surely the most un fit. Not only did he ignore absolutely every guest for whom he had not a personal liking, but, supreme folly, he refused absolutely to take the money of the lumbermen who strove to throw it over his bar during the winter months. "Ah, Joe Planchet," he would say, "I saw your wife last week. She needs many things, Joe. Suppose now we say \$5 for the whiskey blanc, and I send Arthur with the rest tomorrow." Somewhere or other he must have heard about "tainted money" I think. although I could never learn, because Val never talked about that money which he

might have made, but would not. To-day, he lives far back from the lit tle village in a small house that he has built for himself on the edge of the most beautiful of the many beautiful lakes in that region. When reports come of hear tracks seen a little distance back, he becomes a mighty hunter, travelling alone, with a gunny sack over his shoulder, and sleeping in the woods. In the summer he fishes a little, looks after his timber limits a little, goes occasionally to one or the other of his sawmills. But for the most part he lives quietly and simply in his home by the lake, reading many books and dreaming many dreams. Only when comes the friend, city tired, and longing for the scent of the woods and the smell of the trout toasting over the wood fire beside the stream, he rouses himself and tramps to far-off fishing-grounds unknown to his nearest neighbors. And at night, beside a larger fire, he talks. As he expresses it. he "continues his education" by discussing cabbages and kings, and exchanging views on their present condition and prospects. But it is not only Val who "continues his education" on such occasions.

"Robert," said a teacher in one of the public schools to her brightest pupil, "give me an example of the use of the word damper' in a sontence." Robert thought a moment, then delivered

"Teacher is 'damper'-ticular about our

## A SALVATION ARMY RECRUIT

DISH WASHING BY DAY AND HALLELUJAHS BY NIGHT

A Vagabond's Sojourn at a Threepenny Hotel in Newcastle, New South Wales -Six Shillings a Week While Looking For a Ship-Three Sailor Americans in Charge of a Scullery

Oh, be humble, my brother, in your prosperity! Be gentle with those who are less lucky, if not more deserving. Think, what right have you to tation, whose success may be a chance, whose parity is very likely a satire." Vanity Fair.

Newcastle, New South Wales, might appropriately be described as the City of Windjammers. Never before had I seen such an array of masts and rigging within so small a space. The harbor is a small one and difficult of access, but inside it are sailing ships flying the flags of England, America, Germany, France, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Chili, and almost every maritime nation of the world. I doubt if any other city of scarcely more than 25,000 inhabitants is visited by so many sailing for ninepence a room to yourself. Like wise ships, and certainly not by vessels from so. many nations as Newcastle. Except during meal in a special dining room, served by the wool season nearly every windjammer laden for an Australian port after discharging her cargo comes in ballast to Newcastle to load coal for Honolulu, San Francisco, or some place on the "west coast" (South America), usually Valpar-Coal is the only export from here, and

perfected that a ship of 2,000 tons can be caded in a couple of days. The coal is sent in from the nearby mines in cars with bottoms that open on hinges. These are run out on the dyke, as they call the dock a lower, and in the threepenny dialing room every man called for his rood at the trucks by hydraulic cranes, swung over the ship's hold, and discharge about ten tons at once in the ticking of a second. Excellent as the method is the facilities are inadequate, and when I arrived in Newcastle vessels were moored one after another. in some places three or four alongside, just as close as they could lie, for a mile along the quay, waiting their turn at "tips." Newcastle is essentially a city of windjammers, but it is not altogether neglected by steamships either. Most of the colonial companies send their vessels here "for bunkers." and a number of tramps are usually to be found loading coal for Singapore, Java, the Philippines, or Chinese

Once upon a time, so the story runs, a Norwegian ship came alongside the cranes. and the first carload that was plumped into her wont right through the ship's bottom to the bottom of the harbor. Most of the Norwegian ships are wooden hulks, built nobody knows how long ago in our own country, the remnant of that once proud fleet of New England clippers, After knocking about the seven seas until they are a disgrace to our flag they are sold to Norway or Denmark to finish their career. It is recorded that when the hatches liberal education in robles. were taken off one of them after arriving from Newcastle at the port of discharge it was found that the hold was empty, all the coal having leaked out on the way. through the seams. Generally speaking whenever you see a square-rigged wooden sailing ship nowadays it is a safe guess that she is an American, unless you hear that she is unusually leaky, when it is bet- us gave a mondely A ter to hazard that she is a Scandinavian. There are a considerable number of fourmasted American schooners, finely built. fast-sailing specimens of the type which

the United States has developed with such success for coasting purposes, and is now pushing into the deep-water trade, together tion there. with a few of the old-fashloned square-rig-gers, trading between the Pacific Coast of the United States and Australia. It had was in Frisco. with a few of the old-fashioned square-rigbeen my expectation to return on one of Horn voyage to New these. As an American I supposed that I vessel, run away the would be entitled to preference if there joined another American and as he were any vacancies in the crew list, and posed, going back when the that I could at least secure a passage. In fact I was laboring under the impression that about all I had to do was to step aboard, say proudly, "I am an American," and in a couple of months I would be in ship, and come to Newcastle to the my own country again.

FEW SHIPS AND MANY SAILORS.

As it was I discovered that on account of hard times in Australia, together with the Canadian boom, Newcastle was full of sailors all bent on going the same way. There were scores of them there, most of them out of pocket and "on the beach," and not only was it difficult to get a fob on a ship going in that direction, but it was difficult to secure even a passage. Without a colonial discharge from an American ship there was no chance on one of my own country's ships at all. To go on any other ship, or to work or steal a passage. would mean going ashore in 'Frisco without a penny, and with a 3.000-mile land journey between me and New York. Under the circumstances I decided it was best to stay in Newcastle until I could get a ship back to New Zealand, where I knew there were frequent opportunities at least to work a passage around to London, whence it would be easy to get a ship across. Meanwhile it was necessary to do something, for my money was dwindling fast to nothing. There was no work to be had in the city, and I could not go back into the country and look for a ship at the same time. So in order to spare myself the ignominy of climbing over ships' sides for meals I fell back upon the prop and mainstay of innumerable tramps before me -T went into the Salvation Army. Down along the waterfront in Newcastle this organization maintained what was

known as the Workingmen's Hotel. The place was, in fact, frequented not so much by men who were working as by men who weren't, and who were either looking for employment, or trying their best to keep away from it. As it was by far the cheapest place in town to live. I naturally turned my steps thither, and as my funds dwindled more and more towards the van- from the consul at all, while whitewarted ishing point, I was selzed with sudden re-

ligious zeal on behalf of my fellow-men. F attended the evening meetings with clocklike regularity, sitting in the front row; singing and clapping my hands with entire abandon, inquired minutely as to the Sunday services, studied the Bible texts on the walls when any of the officers were looking, and talked with the sergeants on religious questions whenever opportunity arose. After a few days' preliminary campaign it was my intention to ask for a job about the place, relying upon my exemplary life as a recommendation. So successful was my effort that I was spared that trouble. One of the sergeants of his own accord offered me a place, which was, of course, accepted.

SIX SHILLINGS A WEEK, SALARY, . . . . My work for the Salvation Army consist-

ed in washing dishes and making beds by day, and shouting "Amen" and "Hallelujah" at the religious meetings at night. For these services I received my board and lodging, and the princely salary of very shillings, or \$1.50, a week. I found misself much at home, as it turned out that the three others who shared my duties were sailors ashore without money, and like myself temporary recruits to the hosts of the Lord while looking for a ship to get away. The Workingmen's Hotel consisted of two departments. There was the sixpently department and the threepenny department For sixpence a night you could get a comfortable cot-bed in a special dormitory, and for sixpence you could get an excellent girls who kept themselves and everything else clean and neat. Many apparently prosperous persons patronized this department, especially the lining room. We washed the dishes for the entire establishment, one of us carrying out the dirty ones and returning them when clean, the rest warking in the scullery, but otherwise our duties were the methods for handling it have been so connected with the throughpuny department. and it was with its puttons that we ate

The threepenny dormitory consisted of counter, eating a la carte according to the condition of his finances. The menu, which was chalked down on a blackboard at one side, used to be this:

Ten
Rread and butter
Soup
Porridge
Pudding
Ment, ton, brend, and butter There was not much nutter on the blood, nor much milk in the telt, but donillaring the price, one was remarkably well aubplied, and could live, it necessary, on an

incredibly small sum a day. EXPERIMENTAL ENTOMOLOGY. "Every traveller," says the 'Autobration the Breakfast Table, "is a self-taught which was never more fully impressed upon me than during my stay with the sarektion Army. In wanderings in my own collitry I had become pretty will abululified with most, if not all, the specimens of the insect world which have singled but Him as their preyabit I had never effecuntation more than one or two kinds at the wallies time. Here they were all attembled ingether, and I had the opportunity them comparatively, and decord inductive method of research.

Two of my sailor, companions, at Workingmen's Hotel were by some strange chance, Americana, Experience at least a tipeborn Americana at least a tipeborn Americana at least a tipetrun across meetings. men ashore. to the place, and, while we were the Stars and Stripes held complete the spullery. Joe had laft "the when only a lad, and knowled about buth aboard, however, her to be shanghaied on an King see land again till at Sydney, N. S. W. There he had lett the

for a chance to the Golden Gate. The two of us found a good deal in com mon, and in the afternoon used to together. There was no place to than the water front. Newcasti town of one street, Practically there are no others. Neither is the thing else. Although one of the great gathering places for sailors in the work It possesses, in the town proper at least, no sailors' institute, no plane of any life that a moneyless wayfarer can go to enjoy and self, or so much as sit down and self. you get tired of walking the street with your hands in your pockets, your can and variety by sitting on the whart edge, and kicking your heels together The two of us usually thated

un a sunny corner about docks, and sat down to see ships, nearly always one or two, and, some times, half a dozen, leaving port. watched them as the canvas spread out bit by bit, and were moved to lamentable language as they slipped out the harbor mouth towards God's Country-without Here we were two bona fide Americana stranded in a stranger's country. Every lay sailors, not Americans, were getting viaces on our nation's ships. Under our law, it doesn't matter about one's matter allty. All that is considered is whether his last discharge is from an American

If, for instance, a man who has never seen nor even heard of the United States joins an American ship at Cape Town, and after a few weeks experience under the American flag is pald off in Australia. he can not only demand preference above any others not similarly fixed, but the American consul is compelled to board and loide We received absolutely no consideration

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