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REVOLUTIONISTS TOUCHED BY THE **VISIT OF AN AMERICAN**

Deftness Required to Elude the Turkish Espionage of the Towns and Take to the Hills-"Dead" Leader Found Very Much Alive—Warm Wel-

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

ON THE LAKE OF THE TWO REPUBLIOS, L That is not the official name of this reit. Turks call it Karafferia Lake, or the Sianotza Swamps, but as Turks never come here, obviously they have no right to impose such a name on a place in which they dare not venture. The swamp mires swallow up all who come in haphazard, and only the "comitajis" know the winding water lanes through the tall cane brakes and

Here, in the centre of the great swamp, bordering on the lake itself, are the two republics, of which more later. at any rate, we find a grateful rest after the merry chase the askers led us last week. They seemed first to think the Greek bands had abducted me, then decided that the blooddrinking Bulgarian brigand, Luca, held me somewhere in a cave. Since two days ago they have been quiet; perhaps they are beginning to suspect the joke. Our only means of information is the local com-. mittee in town, and their knowledge is limited. Letters from Sofia have not had time to come. Everything was carried out according to programme; the organization

indeed works smoothly. I left Salonica on the morning of the 15th, by the Turkish Government line, running up to Monastir. We rolled leisurely over a low. flat plain from the sea, the official ordeals; my passports, my moral character, my business, and my baggage were all carefully inquired into. No bombs in my baggage, no visible blemish on my character, passports all correct, and I passed into the crowd of local inhabitants who stood curiously inspecting the new

I scanned the faces for one I knew, the courier between Vodena and Salonica who knew me, I saw him make a sign and a boy with him stepped out and grasped my handbag. I took care that of all the crowd of aspiring candidates, he should be my porter. He was a lad of fifteen, a Vlach, but speaking Bulgarian. From the station to the town was a mile of open road and we had chance to talk.

"I am to take you to the Greek hotel," he said. 'After dinner, visit the Greek school, the kaimakam, and the Greek bishop. At four o'clock return to the hotel; you will see me lounging about the street; then follow.

we came to the hotel where, my porter, demanding too big a fee, caused a row between him and the hospitable hotel keeper. I remarked that my host, though a Greek, in a land where Buigars are officially nonexistent, spoke fluent Bulgarian. As I learned later, he knew no more Greek than ago. It supplied arms secretly to the vil-I. Poor fellow, he was imprisoned later for complicity in my murder, but I solemnly declare he is innocent.

FINDING AN INTERPRETER.

My call on the kaimakam, the governor of the province, was short. He was a small, jolly-looking Albanian, but as we found no language we knew in common, we greeted, shook hands and parted again. My inability to communicate with those about me was becoming painful, and at times I was tempted to resort to Bulgarian, which I heard all around me. I had relied on finding a Spanish Jew in town as interpreter, but the Jewish population was less than one. On the other hand, it was edifying to hear the personal remarks expressed among those with whom I tried to make myself understood by signs. My distress was becoming obvious. A growing group of mixed Christians and Mussulmans were escorting me about from place to place, all loudly voicing my demand for someone speaking English or German. They brought me to a Bulgarian railroad engineer, but he disclaimed any knowledge of German. As I learned afterward, he knew it well, for we met again that evening, but he did not desire my acquaintance in public. He suggested that they find me the station master on the railroad, an Austrian, who at last

He it was who accompanied me on my tour of observation. Together we visited the Greek school. Like all small Christian government officials, I found him a strong partisan of the Greek Church and bitterly

opposed to the revolutionary movement. "You, should be careful how you travel here," he warned me, "up in those mountains lives the brigand Luca, a bloodthirsty beast. He would sweep you in for ransom thanked him for his warning. It was the aking a short stroll to the railway station first of the monumental heap of lies with that afternoon, innocent foreigner that they believed me to be.

"Those cursed Secessionists," said a teacher of the school, "traitors to our Holy garian brigands." He calls himself a Orthodox Church. They live by murder and Greek, this obsectious inn-keeper, but his rapine. Never speak to a Bulgarian or a mother and father and brother are Bulgar-Viach, they are a people condemned to fans. He has been a Bulgar himself on

My Austrian companion took me to visit a cotton factory, built on the brink of the he, with many like him, will take bluff overlooking the plain. The manager, off the bright crimson fez and become bluff overlooking the plain. The management of Bulgars again membered then, that Lhad heards of Tileft in

down the street toward the open road, leading out to the station There was a bridge just beyond the last houses. Two men stood there smoking As I approached they started slowly along the road, away from the town. The two men turned suddenly and dived into an adjoining of chard, while I followed at a quick pace. Deep in among the trees we came together, and continued at a fast walk in single file. We passed through half a mile of orchards and vineyards, before coming to open country. There we halted. One of my companions uttered an owl hoot, Out in the darkness among some bushes rose two figures. We came together and shook hands.

"These are the couriers," said one of my companions from the town, "we must be back before closing up, or we might be missed. Take this, God guard you in your work." He gave me a sixshooter and a belt of ammunition, then he and his companion left us.

The two couriers and I continued on to ward the mountains, one far ahead of me, the other behind. Coming to the railroad line, we closed in, for at every few hundred metres along the line is stationed a sen-

"If they challenge, fall flat," said the courier.

We crept carefully through the brush, crossing the track, over a tunnel. Below heard the voices of the guards, who, at light, group themselves together, for company. Turkish askers are not very dangerous at night time. We were getting well up into the foothills of mountains now, a splotch of snow here and there believe a bush or rock, as well as the colder atmosphere. denoting the rising altitude. After an hour's climb, we halted, one of the couriers called; an answering call echoed back from among the rocks above

We climbed up and found a peasant waiting with a horse which the couriers bade me mount. My heavy overcoat and store shoes were telling on my pace, and I was glad of the mount. The barking of dogs told me we approached a village. It must have been about ten o'clock when we entered a small settlement of a few dozen houses. A number of villagers greeted me quietly with a handshake.

THE FIVE COMITAJIS.

Presently five mounted men, muffled in great, white shepherd cloaks, rode out of an enclosure beside the largest house. Against the pale sky of the horizon, I marked rifle-barrels sticking up from their shoulders, and I knew them as comitalis. They greeted me with a handshake.

"Luca has sent us down to meet you, and wish you his welcome," said one. Bidding the villagers and my two guides good-by, we rode on further up into the mountains. The snow became plentiful now. An hour later came to my ears again the barking of dogs, and on a ridge above I saw the black outlines of straw-thatched roofs. By the bright starlight. I saw a dozen men or more coming down the narrow trail before us, the light glipting on the metalof their weapons. Then I heard my name called, a greeting, and I was shaking hands revolutionary district, and head voyvoda of the committee's chetas in that territory. We had no need to introduce ourselves, for we had previously met in Sofia.

I dismounted from my horse in the doorway of a large house, and then was almost carried by the enthusiastic villagers and chetniks upstairs into a well-lighted room, and deposited before a roaring fire in an open fireplace. They had known of my coming for several days.

The fields outside Vodena had been wet and deep with mud, so that I was scaked to my waist, and almost frozen stiff. In minute they had my clothes off, put me into clean, woollen underwear, and newly made gray woollen trousers, white leggins, heavy stockings, and a dark gray coat—the revolutionary uniform. A motherly old lady brought me in a hot mixture to drink,

composed mostly of cognac. Luca, his secretary and sub-chief, half a fire, and then began their questions and inquiries regarding my experiences since leaving Sofia. The villagers were deeply noved; that a foreigner, not even a European, from a far-away country not interested in their struggle, should come to take up arms for their cause, stirred their emotions. The old village priest went into a long speech on the subject that would have been maudlin, were his sincerity not so plainly visible. They let him go it for

twenty minutes. Supper was served by the women. We sat crosslegged about a low table. Such a supper, too. I had seldom eaten, even in Sofia. The committee in the town had for the occasion. There was the best the village could offer: chicken and whole reasted lamb, trout from the streams, fresh milk and cheese and eggs, walnuts, oranges. apples, roasted chestnuts, and, most wonderful, grapes that were apparently fresh from the vineyard, preserved, I don't know

We feasted on far into the night, talking hour after hour. Some of the statements made by the partisans of the Church to me cleared Macedonia of comitais.

UNEXPECTED. The street car conductor nerved himself

for the approaching battle. "Madam," he said, stepping alongside the eldorly passenger with the aggressive nose: thin, lips, and sharp chin, "you'll have to

pay fare for that bov."

"Certainly," she answered, opening her A4 , sidelight on the emoluments of the purse and taking out a coin I expected him. calling in the '40s, it may be reto pay for him. sir. Do I look like a per all that when, in 1848, Poe delivered in come out of 3 cents?"

"Madam," he gasped. "you do! That's of 1 adway and Leonard Street, his lec"" "Let fooled me!"—[Chicago Tribung. The Universe the was unable to pay of the least get \$2."—[Boston Herald.]

"Boston Herald."

"In Powers, I wish you color, no one ever knew what a plant was thus as the conner going to do, and the uncertainty gave it out Europe and that the wisest of metal value. All through the middle ages it was could not be the following of the Dutch was shared through to know that plant was done to know that you have this information going to do, and the uncertainty gave it out Europe and that the wisest of metal value. All through the middle ages it was could not color, no one ever knew what a plant was thus is not become to know that you have this information going to do, and the uncertainty gave it out Europe and that the wisest of metal value. All through the middle ages it was cultivated, and in France, during the six—

"The Universe the was unable to pay at least get \$2."—[Boston Herald.]

AN OLD HOTEL'S NIGHT OF MEMORY

THE ASTOR HOUSE BALL WILL RECALL PAST GLORY

Patterns of '40 and '60 Will Grace the Ballroom-The Orchestra Will Play Old Tunes and Ancient Portraits Will Look upon the

Richer in memories than any other hotel in America, the Astor House will see its one-time social glories revived for a night on April 18. Through its entrance and corridors, and across the floor of its bailroom-now a dining room-society will make its way. Again there will be music . and dancing, long since abandoned so far downtown.

of New York life There statesmen, pollreappear from its custodian drawer or safety vault, and charm or fill with jealousy

once more as in the years gone by. New York grows so wondrously and persons of to-day are so occupied with the spectacle of its progress that the city of fifty or sixty years ago, when the population was less than 400,000, seems a century removed. The characters which occupied the stage in those days-Webster, Clay, Jackson, Taylor, Houston, Weed, Calhoun, others of national and enduring fame, and writers such as Poe. Bryant, Irving, and Hawthorne, stand clearly enough in memory, but individualized and apart from the setting of the scene To how many of the of 1906-through which, by the way, the revellers of week after next will enteris cut through the room once occupied by Daniel Webster whenever he was in New with Luca Ivanoff, chief of the Vodenska | York. In the room adjoining Henry Clay was wont to stop, and both at times attended service at St Paul's Church, across the

> In the '40s the Astor House was a "skyscraper," easily visible within a radius of the habitations of the aristocracy of the time. When a fire broke out in the building n 1846, and nearly destroyed it, a local naper of the day, reporting the occurrence, said: "Clouds of black smoke hung lover the towering structure, and for a time i seemed that the noble pile was doomed." it was also related, and it is a pleasant

Stewart was beginning to extend his growing commercial business. Horace Greeley was laditing log-cabin editorials, and Henr; Raymond was a reporter. Charles

WHI RE LITERARY MEN GATHERED. harroga to itself all the distinction which during my travels immensely amused my was the Astor's in the '40s. As a place new comfades; that Apostol Voyvoda was of gathering for the literary men of the dead a year, that Luca drank the blood of day was no less notable than as the small children, that the Shurch bands had renderious of the politicians. Edgar Allan Poe was a frequenter, going there for the At last the table was cleared away, the double object of refreshment and news. fire died down, we rolled ourselves up in Por in 1×45, lived at No. 195 East Broadour shepherd cloaks, and presently I slept, wav where now stands the building of the sweetly unconscious of the disturbance my Lequentional Alliance. The next year he disappearance was causing in town. We moved to what is now the lower West Sile but which was then not very far from the torthern limits of the city, and took a house at No 85 West Third Street This leget was in those days named Amity sace and the dwelling in which Poe lived now occupied as an Italian hotel. Not

the lecture room. Afterward through the influence of friends obtaining the right to pay at the close of the lecture, the proceeds were found to be little more than enough to meet the debt Poe's Broadway Journal lived buse a few months under his control. It was published in old

Clinton Hall, the present site of the Temple Court building in Beekman Street, and Poe's office was in the rear of a store on the Nassau Street side of the ground floor. The building at the northwest corner of Ann and Nassau Street, where Poe worked in a subordinate capacity on the New York Mirror, owned by N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, is still standing. Pog for a while also edited Graham's Magasine, and it was during that time that he most frequented the Astor House in

in advance the \$15 which was the cost of

search of news items. It is a good many years since the Astor House has been the scene of social merriment and importance such as the ball of April 18 will serve to recall. Business men. Wall Street brokers, lawyers. financiers, and city politicians still go there, but in the daytime and only for a trifle of luncheon, or short conferences n some of the private parlors. In the evoning the tide of business life flows untown, where the social centre is, and newer and larger hotels divide the interest which once was the Astor's almost alone. But in its day the Astor House made history which none of its modern rivals may

been dined there, national conventions have been held there, distinguished quets given, and other functions of a public and private nature, without mention of which no history of the city would becomplete. An illustration of its importance was when, at the time of its reopening, in the '60's, a banquet was given by the proprietors, at which the speakers included Oakey Hall, Thurlow Weed, W. J. Florence, Dion Bouckault, John Russell Young, ex-Gov. John T. Hofman, the kind, and this detail raised the price of Rev. Dr. Talmage, and Gen. Ben. Butter. Eminent men and elegant women have

made of the corridors and parlors of the historic reminiscence still lures, despite zuelan forest where it blossomed. the bustle of modern activities which now civic feast given to the Prince de Joinpresent, and the cost to the city was \$2. pagnes then sold at about two dollars a bottle, and the rarest old vintages, many of them now unattainable, were within the reach of the modest pocketbook. Abraham Lincoln held important confer- the same auction. ences in the Astor House, and Gen. Grant received a thousand visitors there on one occasion. The birthday of Daniel Webster was celebrated for years with a great dinner at the hotel, to which the most prominent men in the country were invited. When the City Hall Park was quite uptown, in the forties, the rotunda of the Astor House, where is now the bar and a

circular lunch counter, was a fashionable indoor resort.' A handsome fountain played in the centre, and around it were grass walks and flower beds. Here the ball supper will be served on the night of April 18, but though the bar and the lunch counter will have put aside their commercial garb for the occasion, the fountain and the flower beds and the grass walks will not be restored. Six rooms on the south, or Vesey Street side, will be screened off from the rest of the building for the coming ball. They will embrace the parts of the hotel where Webster, and Clay, and other distinguished guests stayed, and will be made to look, so far as the furnishings will permit, like the rooms of sixty years

I'wo hundred and fifty persons have been invited to the festivity, all connected by family ties with old New York. The dances will be the ones of lifty or more years ago -polkas, mazurkas, and quadrilles, and music will be furnished by an orchestra. successor to the famous Helmsmuller musicians of 1840-1860, the selections being that period Rich old costumes will be seen in all their profusion of frill and lace. And the ancient portraits on the walls, looking down on the scene, recalling a past when they were not merely portraits, may-but 1840 is gone for good and the ball is, at best, a stirring of dead embers.

SOLDIER, REST!

Soldier, rest!-in mission chair

The specifications for fitting up the Seventydavenports, couches, and divans supholistered in leather, 354 arm chairs of special design, and 4,648 other chairs 1

Or on couch of Spanish leather.

Sounding in all sorts of weather In this sybaritic ball Not with hall and powder dally. But with pool or bowling ball Hit the pocket or the alley. Soldier, rest! No war alarms. . Put away your bristling arms. In the drill room cases show em Take a chair we've plenty of 'em No rude sound shall reach our ear. Soldier, rest: the trappings here Conches, couchés everywhere ur, if you prefer a chair, We've a large and fine assortment Soldier, rest' The bugle's dumb. Soldier, r at' Unstrung the drum. Soldier, rest' No storm is brewing, Soldier, rest' There's nothing doing.

CHEAP TYLK FOR MR. POWERS. He had done me for a suit of clothes and \$2.50 in cash a year before. When he saw that I recognized him, he said: "I guess I had better be going " "Don't hurry," I replied; 'your time is valuable, so is mine. Since you are here, I will give you 50 cents to be henest for three minutes." He hesttated, but finally agreed. After some quesare a hard one Why, you have a regular Medusa head." tioning, he paused, and said: "By jove, you The interview over, I handed him his 50 cents Taking me very confidentially by

-[Puck.

THE SWAY OF FLOWER CRAZES

EXTRAVAGANT PRICES PAID FOR RARE BLOOMS

There have been many waves of popularity among the Hot House Products-The Tulip, the Carnation and the Chrysanthemum are, for the time being, dethroned by the Orchid

From the point of view of a very small class, that class devoted to orchid growing, the most important result of the British Government's late mission to Tibet was the rediscovery of the Fairte lady slipper orchid, which has been lost for fifty years. The Fairle lady slipper is not only a beautiful flower in itself, but it is a famous parent, having produced some of the most remarkable hybrids known to orchid fanciers. The specimens brought from Tibet were rushed to the auction rooms and sold like so many growth were eagerly purchased for \$300 to \$509. Perhaps the bidding would not have been quite so keen if the buyers had known that another consignment of the land, but they did not know it, and prefeered to run no risks. The plants can be had now for as low as \$25.

Five hundred dollars is not a high price to pay for a choice or rare orchid, if you want it badly enough. A cattelya shown several years ago at a Paris horticultural instead of the violet rose corolla of its the plant to 12,000 francs. The owner did not reap a tremendous profit after all, for he had spent much money for it, and had. Astor House places where the charm of risked his life to get it out of the Vene-

Mr. Sanders of St. Albans, England, gave pervades them. One of the most notable \$6,000 for a new specimen of the of the old-day festivals held there was the Daontoglossum orispum pittranum, not many weeks ago, and seemed to consider ville, in 1841. Two hundred were that he had a bargain. The orchid, with the long name, is described as an exquisite 000, a sum then equivalent in feast-giving thing, white, with a faint rose tinge, the value to probably several times the amount | petals heavily blotched with red and brown, at present-day prices. Imported cham- and the reverse side purple. Other speci-\$4,000, but this one was declared to be the most perfect ever exhibited. Five other rare orchids brought the sum of \$11,000 at

For all these extravagant prices, growers declare that there is little profit in orchids, except in the commoner varieties, the cattelyas and laclins affected by fasn ion. These soll in the flower stores all the way from thirty-five cents to a dollar a blossom, and plants may be had from \$2 upwards.

RARE VARIETIES EVASIVE.

It is extremely difficult to raise any varieties are evasive to the last degree. and their production is attended with all kinds of unexpected complications. - The seedlings require years of care. In the first place the seeds of orchids are like fairy dust, so tiny that they can be seen only under a strong glass. The invisible seeds are planted in chopped moss or bark and they have to be transplanted before they are large enough to be seen except under the glass. Out of a thousand seed lings the grower is lucky if he saves a few dozen plants. Even the common varieties are none too common, so great is the waste of seeds. The orchid does absolutely nothing towards perpetuating itself except to live and bloom as attractively as it knows how. It depends on wandering insects and birds to carry its ²nollen. Everybody's business is nobody's business, and the pollen nine times in ten is not carried, or is lost. Of every thousand orchid flowers a very small propor tion ever seed. Of course the growers have been able to overcome part of this difficulty, but they are at a loss most of the time to produce the rarer flowers. Yet the craze, probably on this very ac-

count, is growing year by year. The carnation is another flower for which fancy prices are obtained. Every one remembers the Lawson pink, for which \$30,000 was paid. Now comes word of a newly liscovered white carnation, which promises to eclipse that celebrated blossom. In the annual spring show of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, just closed at New Bedford, H. A. Jahn, a local grower, ex- My Daughter." Was there really a blank hibited a white carnation, which as yet tulip? Tradition says that one was evolved bears only a number, but will soon, no at The Hague. The grower was a poor doubt, be christened. The flower was ex- man, and when a syndicate from Amsterin color, and the largest specimens measured four inches across. The largest of the Lawson pinks were a little more than

three inches. Mr. Jahn does not know how he did it, but propogating carnations for some time. The do anything but speculate in tulip values. parents of the new flower were splendid | Most people had lost all interest in the specimens, with lineage going back to the flowers themselves, and the speculating foll were fragrant pinks, and the new flower a Semper Augustus from an Admiral Liefin perfume. Mr Jahn indignantly refused | market and bet on crops as wildly as wheat an offer of \$8,000 for his pink, and, of and corn speculators of the present dar. course, it is worth a great deal more than The end came suddenly and dramatically. other of the billionaires. THE CARNATION'S LONG HISTORY

The carnation-flower of Jove-has alable flower in old Greece and Rome, and probably was expensive, if any flowers were the disaster. . expensive in those days. The reason of its popularity, even in ancient days, might be dismissed as tradition were it not lay in its tendency to "sport" or for the proof of such literature as Evelyn's vary. The flower was small and Diary, pages from the Tatter, and other intensely fragrant, originally, and the contemporary literature. They do not edges were deeply fringed. As for its merely chronicle; it is plain that the engoing to do, and the uncertainty gave it out Europe and that the wisest of men

for it. In 1750 growers began to breed off, the fringes from the petals of carnations and to try for a larger and more rose-like blossom. Now we have flowers with edges almost smooth, and a very full calyx.

For a time it looked as if the dahlia were

going to be another flower for the horticul-

turalists to lose their heads over. The dahlia, like the chrysanthemum, is a work of art, rather than of nature. It has evolve ed to its present perfection of size, and color from an insignificant little spiny object, valued chiefly for its rarity and its tendency to variation. In 1784 the director of the botanical gardens in the City of Mexico sent his friend, the director of the botanical gardens in Madrid, a curious orange-red flower set around an orange-yellow centre. The flower consisted of a single row of spiny petals, very stiff and unflowerlike, but rich in color. The Madrid director adopted the flower, calling it dahlia, after Dahl, a Swedish botanist, Specimens of the plant reached Germany soon afterwards, and whoever got hold of it there called it geongina, not after any King. George, but in honor of a Russian named Georgi. Until recently the flower has been

called georgina in Germany. Botanists and florists soon discovered the extraordinary tendency of the flower to "sport," and they began to make experiments. The first double dahlia was produced in 1808, and keen rivalry has extended between English and German growers were since. American florists are enthreinedle devotees of the dablia at the present time. Big prizes are offered in hostionburgh shows, and single blossoms are often sold. for as high as \$5. The dable, however is not an indoor flower. To be appreciated it needs to be massed in large spaces out of doors.

Of course, these stories irresistibly were the historic tulip craze which swayed the Netherlands in the seventeenth century. That madness; often alluded to, is yet With understood nowadays. The story of the tulip mania, is, in brief, this: A certain Dr. Clusius settled in Leyden early in the century and occupied kimself with the innotent amusement of a garden. He had brought with him from Germany a number of bulbs which the climate of Holland was remarkably favorable to, and the garden of Dr. Clusius became famous in a single season for its tulips. All the flower lovers in Leyden, and later many growers from other cities flocked to the place to admire the new flowers. The proud possessor was an obstinate man, and steadily refused all offers to sell a single bulb. It is said that he refused an offer of \$85 for a bouquet of

He awoke one morning to find his garden looted of every tulip. In the night some of the neighbors, had climbed the wall and took what they had been unable to get by broken. Nor did he ever enloy his revenge, for by this time people began to import bulbs from Germany, and when tulips. began to blossom all over Leyden next spring it was impossible to tell which had

seen stolen and which imported. The cultivation of tulips now became the fashion: To produce a new variety of tulin became a verticable passion. The tuexcept these everyday orchids. The rare lip is one of the most variable of plants. The bulb, formed almost like an onion. possesses in every ring a possibility of a complete change of form and color. In fact it is bound to "break" as the florists express it, and the break may come in a year or twenty years. The rarest varieties sometimes evolve from quite common stock.

> THE THERE OF HOLLAND. The tulips of Holland became more inmous than any flower of any country. The dresent a lady with a bouquet of Dutch the lips was the most extravagant expression of devotion i asible. Extravagent in a double sense, possibly, for the dowers were often sent by special couriers at great expense to the sender.

> The prices paid for choice speciment vere beyond reason. Considering the parchasing power of money at the time, seven thousand florins for a single build seems incredible. Yet that sum was pald for a fine specimen of Semper Augustus., This tulip is described as pure white with red. ribbon-like stripes, and on the tips of the petals a suggestion of delicate blue. The story of a sailor whe ate a bulb of this wonderful variety is familiar. The unhanpy man mistook the bulb, worth \$1,500. for an orion, and ate it with a herring ter his luncheon. He was mobbed by the crowd to which the frenzied purchaser comfided his loss, was beaten and put in prison.

Another fine tulip was given as a down and a sufficient one, to the daughter of the grower. The tulip was called "Marriage of dam came to the garden and offered a farme sum the man sold his bulb. The money paid, the bulb was deliberately destroyed under the feet of the syndicate. The tuling

grower went mad. The craze in Holland reached its height he has been making experiments in about 1634. By this time nobody wanted to William the Conqueror of carnations. They into the hands of brokers who hardly know possesses this last requisite to perfection, al- kens, it was no longer necessary to have though most large carnetions are lacking | the actual bulbs. People sold short of the that. We shall doubtless hear of its pur- A number of growers, disgusted with the chase for some fabulous sum by one or an- degeneracy into which their beloved occurpation had been sunk, combined. They threw their entire stock on the open market, and in the Black Friday of tulips thouways had its admirers. It was a fashion- sands of men lost their fortunes. It was years before the country recovered from

All this sounds like a fantastic tale and

come of the Macedonians

this man, as a secret agent of the Greek organization, or, to be more direct, of the Church. I thought it would be even better to visit him than the bishop. It was this which evidently led the Turks to believe afterwards that the Greeks had hustled me off into the mountains or murdered me that and the fact that I left this gentleman's card in my baggage when I went, The mill manager abused Bulgarians and Vlachs through all our inspection of the

works. hy.' I suggested. 'don't the Greeks join with the other Christians in the revolution?" "We Greeks don't believe in revolution

while a Bulgar lives." he told me. "Europe

and America should know that, and sympa-

thize with us." "Then what are the Greek bands doing it the mountains?" I asked. "Fighting and keeping back the Bulgarians. We hate them. Our bands have so far always beaten back the Bulgarian bands and soon we'll have them out of Macedonia. Last year we killed their best fighter Apostol Voyvoda." (I have since repeated

this interview to Apostol.) Fifty years ago the Balkan Peninsula was indeed Greek up to the Russian frontier. In all the schools, even up in Rumania, only Greek was allowed to be taught, and the church services were held in Greek. Wherever the Turkish flag was planted, there all Christians were officially Greek. With the growth of intelligence Vodena at last. At the station I among the people began the first protest, The last of my many not against Turkish rule, but against the tyranny of the Greek Church, whose dignitaries lived in Oriental splender on the taxes extorted from the simple peasants. That was the beginning of a movement identical with Protestantism in Europe in the Middle Ages. The Turkish Government, which feared that the patriarch was getting too powerful, secretly helped these first Bulgarian and Rumanian Protestants. They were allowed to establish their own

schools in their own languages. CRUMBLING OF THE CHURCH POWER. With the liberation, first of Rumania then of Bulgaria and Rumelia, the power of the Church crumbled in those lands. With its last stronghold in Macedonia threatened, the Church began a flercely defensive fight. Influenced by their free brethren in Bulgaria and Rumania, one by one the vil-

lages seceded, until those who were Greek by race only remained faithful, a thin strip of population along the sea coast, and in the district near the Greek frontier. Then began a reign of terror, Bands of Through the crooked, narrow main street | armed men, in the pay of the Church, invaded the seceding villages, murdered the secessionist priests, closed their churches, and killed all prominent citizens who had declared themselves against the Church.

There was organized the Macedonian Revolutionary Committee-twelve years lagers, who, together with the chetas quickly drove the Greek bands out of Buigarian communities. Early last year the committee withdrew its chetas from Macedonia to give the reforms a chance and show their good fatth. In a week armed bands orossed over from Greece, overran all southern Macedonia., and began "recon verting" the villagers to the true faith again. The committee responded by sending back its chetas, a flerce war of two months followed, and the Greeks were dispersed. In most cases they made poor re-

sistance, for they fought for a hire; each man two liras (ten dollars) a month. I take this pains at a detailed explanation, for without understanding the cause of these fierce hatreds, events which I shall relate in future letters will be migunderstood. The situation is interesting as a repetition of history; here we may see repeated the Huguenot movement in France: that of the Covenanters in Scotland. That the opposing factions are different of nationality is only accident; the struggle is primarily for freedom of religious thought.

Church and State on one side, the people on It was late when I left the factory and returned to the hotel. I found the boy lounging about in the street, but as he saw me, he set out slowly for the Vlach quarter of the town and I followed leisurely. In a private house, which I entered unobserved, I met the local committee and the final plans were arranged. Then I re-

It was about five, almost dark. I had been sitting, talking with a Jewish trayeller, drinking Russian tea. The hotel dining-room was crowded with Greeks and Turkish officers. I asked when supper would in a moment if he had a chance." I be ready, then announced my intention of lefore being closed in, for at seven, solwhich those good people tried to stuff me ders take possession of the hotels, and no one may go out again.

'Look out," warned the hotel-keeper, "after dark, the country swarms with Buiseveral occasions; should the revolutionary cause ever win freedom for the country

Once Again Silks and Satins Cut After

"Scene 🔞

Sixty years ago the blater man the contre

ticians, social leaders, writers, and heads guest there—at \$1.75 a day, meals included meant an entrance to society. Many famous dinners, receptions and balls were given at the Astor House between 1840 and 1860, and it is to revive interest in this period of New York history-and in old from next Wednesday is being held. Everything reminiscent of the '40s, which properly might adorn a ballroom, has been gathered, for the occasion. Old portraits will be hung from the walls, and trimmed with garlands; old-fashioned curtains will be at the windows, and the gasoliers will be screened by bowers of flowers. The dancers will wear the costumes of the '40s, gorgeous and generously patterned creations in blue and green and pink. Many an heirloom which has been hidden away, carefully packed with camphor balls, will

way. ONCE A "SKYSCHAPER"

memory to look back upon, that "after the fire, the proprietors, Messrs, Coleman and Stetson set up an excellent supper for the firemen." A little earlier, when the building had just been completed, in 1836, another newspaper remarked: "The massive structure which has been erected by the wealthlest individual in New York dozen of his chetniks, and the elders of the village seated themselves on the blanks. covered floor in a semi-circle about the posterity" It was "transmitted" by the original Astor to his son for the sum of one dollar The City Hall and St Paul's and Trinity churches were then the only other really "towering structures" in New York. Besides the names already mentioned there were many others identified in an important way with the history of New York, the owners of which were active in the life of the city of the time which the coming ball will recall. Dudley Field was then a young dandy, conspicuous at all the social functions, and hugely populan Hamilton Fish, sr., was at the beginning of his remarkable political career. starting to the office of the city almshouse commissioner. Jacob Little was the Jay Gould of the Wall Street of the '40s, Daniel Sickles was studying law, and A. T.

> A Dana was just studying, and the poet Becant was writing editorials. hotel is the great city of the present to

for from Pockat what is flow No 198 West Fourth Street, lived, in 1846, Nat P Willdestart the two visited one another fre-