SATURDAY SUPPLEMENT
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The Evening Post.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1905.

THE MUTINY OF THE SPANISH SQUADRON

PART PLAYED BY AMERICAN WARSHIPS IN ITS SUPPRESSION

A Similar Uprising to That on the Kniaz Potemkin Which Occurred During the Spanish Commune in 1873—Why We Interfered—An Account by an Officer of The Shenandoah of the Events Leading Up to the Capture of the Mutineers

By EDWARD W. VERY
Late U. S. Navy.

The mutiny of the Kniaz Potemkin that has interested the world at large for a week, and has ended in a fiasco, reminds me of a far more serious affair occurring under quite different circumstances and of infinitely more dramatic interest. In the summer of 1873 there was a mutiny of practically the entire Spanish ironclad fleet which lasted fully five months, and caused most serious loss of property and a constant terrorizing of the entire south and southeast coast of Spain. At the time, but little attention was given to the affair in the United States for there were other exciting happenings nearer home. The mutiny was exactly contemporary with our Modoc war, which certainly furnished sensation enough for any one people. The ten-year war in Cuba was just at its height. The Russian campaign in Khiva was on, and McGahan's skilful pen drew attention far away from the troubles in Spain. And still these troubles were very real, very sad, and very interesting to the onlooker.

Should any one have the curiosity to refer to the files of the New York papers, the following cablegram will be found dated Cadiz, August 4, 1873:

"The United States warship Shenandoah, Capt. Clark H. Wells, now lying in this harbor, has ordered the Spanish insurgent frigate Villa de Madrid, to abstain from hostilities, and that vessel now remains at anchor under the guns of the Shenandoah."

I can fairly vouch for the correctness of this dispatch, for I was one of the lieutenants of the Shenandoah at the time, and, therefore, well qualified to know of the circumstance. Odd as it may seem, however, I could not, as a witness before a court of law, swear to the details from personal observation, as I happened just then to be virtually a prisoner of the communists, or as they called themselves, the Intransigentes, of the city of Granada. These circumstances, though, are merely episodes in the general drama of the insurrection that ran through the entire south of Spain, and that we of the Shenandoah saw from beginning to end.

THE UPRISING IN SPAIN.

All through the year 1872 we had been out of the hurly burly of world politics, cruising up the Levant; from Alexandria to Joppa, Beirut, Smyrna, Milos, Athens, and so on around to Syracuse, Naples, Spezia, and, finally, up to our squadron rendezvous at Ville Franche. Amadeo, the Italian, was King of Spain, and there can be no doubt but that he would have gladly exchanged places with any of us youngsters, for matters were not going smoothly at all. There were Carlists and Alfonsists and Republicans and Intransigentes, each at swords' points with the others, and all uniting only on the one point—to drive the Italian out of Spain. In the fall of 1872, the Carlists took advantage of the occasion to make their last and most vigorous campaign; so that by January of 1873 they not only had an active army in the field of fully 50,000 men, but they had established a firm foothold throughout the entire range of the old northern provinces of Galicia, Asturias, Navarra, and Aragon, and were forcing their way through Catalonia with Barcelona as their final objective.

On the 8th of February, Amadeo abdicated in disgust, and three days afterwards the Cortes at Madrid declared Spain a republic, and appointed Figueras the leader of the ultra-conservative republican wing, the first president. Gen. Sickles was our minister at Madrid, and, at his request for a ship to be stationed on the coast, the Shenandoah was ordered to take station at Barcelona. Behold us then, early in March, moored snugly behind the breakwater with the British ironclad Pallas on one side and the French Jeanne d'Arc on the other, ready to be interested spectators of the drama, and even to take a hand in affairs should the necessity arise.

There were rumors galore of trouble back in the country, for the Carlist forces were less than forty miles away, and there were constant movements of the garrison. It must be remembered that Barcelona is the largest city in Spain, and a good bit bigger—I may say also more self-opinionated—than Boston. The people of that town are Catalans first of all, then Spanish. At no time throughout that year could there have been the slightest question as to the general loyal sentiment of Barcelona. If Don Carlos should win, well and good, they would accept him as King; but until he had won they would be supporters of the Madrid Government whatever form it might take. As distinct from other provinces, Catalonia seemed to feel that she belonged to herself, and would graciously permit whatever element controlled at Madrid to exercise national authority over her. Ever since the Franco-Prussian war and even to-day, Barcelona has constantly been one of the anarchist centres. As a large manufacturing centre, it has a very large percentage of unruly persons, the very scum of the earth, and about evenly mixed Spanish, French, and Italian. It was plain to us at once that if any trouble broke out it would be from this element.

A VISIT FROM THE NEW PRESIDENT.

On March 17 we manned yards and received the personal visit aboard of President Figueras. Not more than three days afterward, the mob from the suburb of Barceloneta overran the entire waterfront and took partial possession of the Rambla, the main boulevard of the city and leading directly back from the harbor. In the first night flurry there were sounds of musketry firing about the city, many people were killed, and over a considerable space of the business part of the city shops were looted and churches were desecrated. We foreigners hurried our boats in and brought off women and children to the shelter of our decks, but thankfully the storm blew over quickly and we could put our unwelcome boarders ashore after one day. The flurry was over very soon, although the anarchists held their ground for a week or ten days and whenever any of us wished to visit the city we had to go directly through the disturbed quarter. At no time, however, did it appear dangerous for us in civilian's clothing for we were readily recognized and no attention was paid to us one way or the other. For a mob uprising it was remarkable for this outward semblance of control, and without a doubt the absence of horrible crime was entirely due to the Spanish national characteristic of sobriety. These people were uproarous, and irresponsible, but never drunk with liquor.

As an instance; I remember one night going into a large church on the Rambla and seeing a quadrille danced to the organ which played a "cancan," then very much in vogue. The church had been looted and the dancers, several hundred in number, as many women as men, were absolutely as dirty, degraded a lot of mortals as I ever saw, but not only was no one drunk, but small boys were harvesting pennies by selling cold water by the glass. Any one who has ever been to a bull fight anywhere in Spain must surely have noticed this odd characteristic of the ordinary people. They drink little wine, but are perfect water topers. In that disreputable crowd I felt perfectly safe, for the reason that I bore all the marks of a foreigner and need only attend to my own affairs and not lose my patience.

After about a week this affair was suppressed with surprisingly little loss of life. The garrison of the city was very strong, and the mob was simply gradually pressed back into its old limits. We were suddenly called off to Tarragona, where it was rumored that the Carlists were close up to the town, but on our arrival we only found the dearest, sleepiest, most picturesque old tumble-down city imaginable. The Carlists were only about ten miles away, but nobody cared or worried. It was hard for us to tear ourselves away, but a new call came from farther down the coast.

As I have already stated, President Figueras was an ultra Conservative; in fact, later he became one of the leaders who finally put Alfonso Twelfth on the throne. There was a very strong Radical party in the Cortes, which, a few days after the election of Figueras, seceded entirely from the Assembly, and, under the leadership of a man named Contreras, scattered themselves through Murcia and Andalusia spreading the rank doctrine of Communism. The Central Government at Madrid could not, of course, be considered as a thorough working machine. It had to contend with the very serious Carlist war in the north, the revolt in Cuba, and, finally, a series of independent secessions of individual towns and communes all through the southern provinces. The only safety seemed to lie in a sort of universal pride of the people to keep their squabbles as much to themselves as possible. Divided as they were into apparently irreconcilable factions, there seemed to be always a sort of controlling spirit of loyalty to Spain as Spain.

THE REVOLT AT CARTAGENA.

July 21 Contreras started a revolt at Cartagena, the principal dockyard of Spain, and a very strongly fortified place. Having caused a disaffection in the garrison, he seized the forts, raised a revolt in the town, captured the arsenal, and the ships in the harbor mutinied. This squadron consisted of the ironclads Tetuan, Numancia, Vittoria, Almanza, and Mendez Nunez; the frigate Fernando el Catolico, and the corvette Vigilante. As soon as the news of this affair reached Madrid, the Assembly, in the heat of the moment, declared these vessels to be pirates, and thereby caused much tribulation to several foreign naval officers.

The Vigilante at once started out on missionary work, and collected quite a tidy sum from several of the neighboring coast towns, but her career under the red flag was short, for after about three days, the German flagship Friedrich Carl found her, and promptly captured her as a pirate, carried her into Cartagena right under the noses of Contreras and his crews, and dumped her crew ashore. The ship was then taken to Gibraltar by a prize crew, and turned over later there to the Spanish consul. In making the capture, the German commodore had committed a blunder. While the Spanish Cortes might declare one of their own ships to be a pirate, this declaration was in itself of no value or authority except to Spaniards. In so far as the rest of the world was concerned, although her red flag was the absolute symbol of anarchy, as long as the vessel confined her wrongdoings to Spanish people and property, and until she committed some overt act against a foreign flag, she was not a pirate. Humanity alone was the consideration that would warrant outside interference, and this limit was, that in such a vessel's acts against her own country people, she must recognize and act in accordance with certain rules of war universally acknowledged as humanitarian.

There can be no question that Commodore Werner prevented much distress and saved lives and property by his prompt and decisive action. All the same, he was relieved from his command and sent home in disgrace. When this happened we were at sea, although we were not a hundred miles from Cartagena when the mutiny broke out, but we had no inkling of trouble there, and were in a hurry to get to Malaga, where we arrived shortly after only to find that we were just too late for the insurrection at that point. Not that it had been put down, for it had succeeded, and the red flag was flying on the citadel, but the shooting was all over, and the city had resumed its normal quiet. It was simply the sovereign commune of Malaga. It was somewhat of a puzzle when we anchored as to what we should do, but that matter was soon settled. We received a visit from a gorgeous staff officer, who begged to know if we would not give the flag the customary salute. The captain told him that as yet that flag had no national status, nor did any of the authorities; therefore, of course, there could be no official recognition of any kind, but would he step in the cabin and have a glass of wine. He certainly would, and the salute and all the rest were immaterial, anyhow. This was our first rub up against the intransigente, and nothing could have been smoother.

It was just at this point that I involuntarily ostracised myself from my ship. As will be understood there was no danger to us individually as long as we attended to our own business, and therfore I secured four days' leave of absence to go up to Granada and see the Alhambra. I reached Granada all right and just in time to run into another insurrection. Granada declared herself an independent commune about six hours after I had landed at the Washington Irving Hotel in the Alhambra grounds. My first intimation of it was the appearance of a badly frightened landlord in my room with a bag of money and a prayer that for the immediate future I would kindly keep the hotel funds in my trunk. Later I was visited by a municipal officer who politely assured me that the city of Granada was mine to do as I pleased with, but would I kindly consent not to leave the city limits for a short time? During the next three weeks my trunk was the hotel treasury, the good commune of Granada paid my hotel bill, and I basked under the beautiful elms of the Alhambra gardens. It was indeed a sorry day when Gen. Pavia marched in with his army and set me free. Those were grand Alhambra days, but that is another story.

THE VILLA DE MADRID.

Cadiz revolted from the Central Government about the same time as Malaga, Granada, Cordova, and Seville, and our ship went around to Cadiz, arriving just as Pavia, who had been made captain-general of Andalusia, began his attack to recapture the city. The Villa de Madrid was a fine steam frigate about the size of our Wabash or Minnesota, and when she appeared off the port with the Spanish flag flying there was a momentary feeling of relief as it was certain that her presence would cause the immediate capitulation of the city; but just at the psychological moment as she rounded to and let go her anchor, the national flag was hauled down and the red flag was hoisted in its place; two or three of her officers were shot and thrown overboard. There were several foreign ships in port and a council was at once held whose deliberations reached a full conclusion as to what should be done with the cat once she was belled; but who would bell the cat? History I fear will never tell. I cannot because I was not there. Officially it appears this way. In anchoring the mutineers had carelessly swung in directly under the Shenandoah's broadside and not a hundred yards away. It was true that our ship was very much the smaller, but there were two eleven-inch and four nine-inch guns bearing direct and the guns were loaded and the men at quarters. The crew of the Madrid being anxious to meet their sweethearts and wives, and there being nobody to stop them, went ashore and left the ship with no one to care for her, therefore we simply looked out for her until the city capitulated, and then she was turned over to Gen. Pavia. This is the official account and is true as far as it goes, which is far enough in view of the fact that the German Commodore Werner had been disgraced for preventing bloodshed. But whether I dreamed it or not, I have always been under the impression that one of our officers, now a very active rear-admiral, with a big squadron under his command, went aboard the Villa de Madrid and in a short and emphatic exhortation gave them the choice of going to see their sweethearts and wives at once or unfurling their heavenly wings. Ten minutes to get ready was the allowance and it was sufficient. Five hundred men visited their sweethearts and we never heard from them afterward. Of course we were right in taking care of a deserted ship, but I do not think that our admiral was ever completely satisfied as to the method of the desertion.

Just about then an affair started off Cartagena that bid fair to have serious consequences, and certainly it would have been most serious for any admiral but a Britisher. Two of the mutinous ironclads, the Vittoria and Almansa, started out on a general looting expedition with Contreras in personal command. As with the Vigilante, however, he had barely made a start when he ran under the guns of the Lord Warden and the Swiftsure; and Admiral Yelverton promptly laid violent hands on them, put Contreras and his crews ashore, and held the vessels. I had managed to rejoin my ship at Malaga, and as soon as we heard of the affair we scampered away north to see the outcome. The amount of general naval curiosity aroused was astonishing, for when we arrived at Escombrera Bay, just around the corner from Cartagena, we found Yelverton with his

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THE TRUE BEAUTY OF CAMP LIFE

PICTURESQUENESS WHICH DOES NOT APPEAL TO THE GUIDES

Their Love of Order Fatal to the Enjoyment of Nature Unadorned—The Unrivaled Pleasure of the First Day in Camp—How the Autocrat of the Woods Obtains His Own Way

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER

"When I git 'round to it some day," exclaimed Perk, "I'm goin' to git down them trees, and——"

"Level that knoll!" sing the Man and I in chorus.

Perk grins. "I tell you how it is," he continues. "Youse want things tidied up a bit. Youse ain't had a guide more'n one season, and your camp looks seedy, as ef it h'ain't hed attention. There's a lot to do 'round a place like this, I tell you, and a heap o' work won't show none too much, either."

With the bill which he has just presented in my mind—eleven days of work at three dollars a day and keep—I realized the truth of this last remark. It was little short of marvellous how effectually eleven days of hard work could be lost to sight, swallowed up as if it had never been!

"Now, you folks jest git that ugly knoll straightened out, and all them trees down, and you see how neat and tidy your buck will look!"

But the Man and I are obdurate. We like that knoll, we have a particular affection for that knoll, and we propose to leave it precisely where it is. Each season we dread turning our backs on camp for fear the guide's distaste for it will get the better of him and we small return to find everything levelled to a smooth, commonplace green, more suited to villa than camp. Of course our points of view are hopelessly opposed To the Man and me the irregular shaped knoll rising a few feet back of our camp, overgrown with tall raspberry bushes, and crowned by a semi-circle of soaring spruces (on Mondays enlivened by swaying bits of color, gives to our hinder landscape just the right quality of picturesqueness. But it is perfectly natural that the guide should think otherwise, that he should want to see everywhere and unmistakably the hand of man. What is not natural is that apparently so many city folk should share his desire. I say apparently, because it may be rash to assume that they really wish it so. Perhaps it is but a bowing to the inevitable. Not that a guide will deliberately disobey your instructions. Oh, no; not at all! But he is as resourceful in getting his way as a woman. We should be duly grateful to Perk that he has had some pity for the benighted ways of us city folk and is inclined to go slow with us. He will lead us patiently and gently to his will. He is no autocrat. He will bide a wee. Had it not been for this, long ago he would have so poisoned our minds against that knoll—It was causing the rain water to drain under the house, or the high spruces were sure to go over in the next gale—so that we should be giving him orders to level that knoll, and be quick about it, too.

A GUIDE'S VIEW OF HOME.

I say it is all perfectly natural. The woods are the guide's home. Regularity, smoothness, homelikeness fit in properly into his scheme of things. He has not become weary of the monotony of row after row of city streets; if anything, he is weary of row after row of trees. He is not tired of the hot glare of the asphalt; if anything, he is tired of the chill of damp woods. He longs to feel the hot sun on his back, his clearing in the little village is very precious to him, wrested as it is from the unbroken forest which stretches grimly at the very edge of the settlement. He looks upon the strong, dense shade of the trees as his enemy; rheumatism has taught him the precious value of the sun, and he works might and main to get of it all he can, to thaw out, during the short summer months, what he can of the fierce cold the long winter has bitten into him. The city folk come to the woods for contrast—to forget city life, city ways. Is it any wonder that our undiscriminating, wholesale enthusiasm for every simplest phase of the woods life is apt to bore our guides, or that they should look on us with considerable amusement, as a cracked-brain set at the best, of no greater use to those parts than for yielding whatever we can be "soaked" for? Should we not be a bit bored if our country friends came to us merely to revel in the clang of the passing trolley, or to enjoy the sensation of the hard, inelastic pavement at their feet? Do we not laugh good-naturedly at them as with open mouths they stare up at our tall buildings, at the crowds jostling one another on the sidewalks, at the never-ending whirl and helter-skelter of the thoroughfares? So the man of the woods regards us when we stand agape at the glory of the straight-limbed pine pricking the blue of heaven, at the trembling of the poplar leaves before the lightest of zephyrs, at the greying of the water before the sudden slant of wind.

So the charm of the woods lies in its contrast to the life we lead at other times. "Use arms the soul," sings Frederick Tennyson. I am not sure but that it rubs the bloom off, too.

"If only once the chariot of the Morn
Had scattered from its wheels the twilight dun,
But once the unimaginable Sun
Flash'd godlike through perennial clouds forlorn,
And shown us Beauty for a moment born:

"If only once blind eyes had seen the Spring
Waking among the triumphs of midnoon,
. . . . . .
Ah! sure the heart of Man too strongly tried
. . . . . .
Had wept for ever, and to Heaven cried,
Or struck with lightnings of delight had died."

THE TRUE LOVER OF THE MOUNTAINS.

When first I reach camp there is positive delirium in the fact, oh, the wonderful fact, that without raising head from pillow as I awake I look out upon swaying branches and sparkling waters. At first I can scarcely eat from looking eagerly out of the windows of my dining room. I can with difficulty keep eye on the book before me as in full view of my favorite window seat the graceful outlines of Panther Mountain rise above the shimmer of blue waters. Yet soon, oh, very soon, I catch myself looking out of the window from my pillow more to discover what dress to don than to exclaim at the beauty of the picture! After all, all lovers are alike, whether of women or of nature—not he who enjoys is the most passionate of adorers, but he who yearns. The true lover of the mountains is not he who sits ever in their shadow, but rather he who bears their contours on his heart while wandering disconsolately among the lowlands.

This has been recognized in art.

"The things one feels most deeply in life," writes that most subtle of art-critics, de la Sizeranne, "are not those one has lived most: they are those one would have most ardently desired to live!" Then he goes on to say that "the art which springs from the deepest sources of the human heart is not necessarily an emanation of one's surroundings. . . . on the contrary, art is often a retaliation on life."

Think of the passion with which Rousseau painted those great giants of the forest of Fontainebleau! Did he not with every stroke of his brush retaliate on that part of his life that was passed high up in the little garret of the Rue de la Tait looking down over the chaos of roofs and chimneys and feeding his soul upon the one tiny tree in the garden of the great Baron Rothschild? So the charm of the quiet tender landscape is not felt by the youth on the verge of life's experiences. It takes something grand, spectacular to stir him. Only to him who has breasted life, who has known to its full its thrills—its bitterness along with its sweetness—who has known that fatigue in which the muscles play no part, who has lived, not merely skimmed over the surface of life, only to him comes with deepest passion the revelation of nature in her quiet moods. As with the individual, so with the race, the fresh young centuries have been stirred by the spectacular, the sublime, the grandiose. In the painting of nature it has been left to the world-weary, experience-steeped, child of this century to take to its heart the simple picture of a country road, the slanting rays of the setting sun on the roof of an old barn, a bit of blue smoke quietly rising among still tree-tops into a gray sky.

Therefore, since there lies within us such a natural yearning for change, for contrast, I cannot believe that it is the city people that go to such lengths to bridge the chasm between town life and the life of the woods. When I see a camp painfully neat and trim, with painted board walks, and carefully seeded lawns, with circular or rectangular beds of exotic flowers, with hanging baskets of geraniums swinging at regular intervals from the posts of the piazza, I say to myself the guide has his victims well in hand. For what right-minded dweller in cities could prefer beds of pansies or nasturtiums to the natural patches of the brilliant bunch berry, its coral heads most exquisitely set by nature's jeweller in a background of rich green? I will match the glory of the purple berried clintonia borealis to the purple of pansy or heliotrope, I will challenge the nasturtium or aster to excel the loveliness of cardinal flower, or closed gentian! Smooth lawns, regular paths, swinging pots of flowers, all these things are good in their place, at the seashore, or in the suburbs, but why, I find myself asking again and again, come four hundred miles away from home in order to surround one's self with as perfect an imitation of home as labor and money can contrive?

WHAT TO TAKE.

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"Before starting on your summer trip, make a careful list of everything you will need, and be sure that all is properly packed."—Helpful hint.

First lay out the money to pay for your ticket
To The-Graft-by-the-Sea or The-Grab-by-the-Thicket;
A dollar for hauling your trunk and valises
(Some change for the driver, lest things go to pieces);
A quarter to use when you get off the sleeper
(It's useless to think that the porter is cheaper);
A quarter, as well, for the man on the diner
(For thirty-five cents, though, the service is finer).

Now stack up the money to pay for your lodging;
A hatful of dimes, lest the bellboys be dodging
The calls that you send for ice water and paper—
A dime with each call makes the bellhoppers caper,
Some quarters and halves for the joy of the waiter;
Some change for the chambermaid, sooner or later;
Five dollars to buy some cigars as a present
To give to the clerk—this will make him more pleasant.

More quarters, more dimes, and more halves, and more dollars
For people with monograms worked in their collars,
For boys who hold horses, for men who serve fizzes,
For chauffeurs who take you with puffing and whizzes,
For cads who carry your clerk and your stymie,
For caddies polite, although dusty and grimy,
For billiard room boys, elevator conductors,
And highball, and sandwich, and cocktail constructors.

Pack up, like the rest of the summer resorters,
More dollars and dimes and more halves and more quarters,
For walking or riding, or eating or sipping,
Or reading or writing, you have to keep tipping.
A nickel? Well, maybe.. And put in a penny?
Except for church service you will not need any—
But, then, you might add, as a line of defences,
Two cents to write home for more cash for expenses.

[W. D. N., in Chicago Tribune.

HAWKS AND HAWKS.

At first sight it is not obvious why nature has planted in the rat the instinct to eat rat. The steel trap may be the key to the problem. It is a common superstition that a rat caught by the leg in a trap will gnaw off the mauled and fettered limb, and so release itself. Careful observation has shown this to be a wrong supposition. There is an eating away, but not by the prisoner; his friends do that. At his first squeak, when the cruel teeth of the trap close upon his leg, the others set upon him like a pack of wolves upon a wounded comrade. His death and assimilation are swift. Is it not better that it should be thus than that the poor vermin should linger for hours, perhaps days, in the horrible agony which the trap inflicts? Nature, however, can be kind as well as cruel. Upon a nobleman's estate in the Highlands, a splendid eagle was caught in one of the traps which Mr. Jerome condemns. Examination of its wound showed that when the keepers found it the bird must have been a prisoner for days. Yet it was strong and vigorous; around it were the bones of birds and animals, and, within its reach, a leveret and a partridge. Who had brought this food to the captive all these days? Its mate had. It was hovering overhead, bringing up further supplies, while the keepers were examining the prisoner.—[St. James's Gazette.

ON FOOT IN BULGARIA

CONSTANTLY SHIFTING SCENES OF INTEREST ON THE WAY

An Adventure in a Bulgarian Inn—Impressive Views from the Mountains—Travellers Encountered on the Road

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

[Special Correspondence of The Evening Post.]

SAMAKOV, Bulgaria, June 18.—If you are looking for scenery, perhaps Switzerland and California can equal Bulgaria for a walking trip, but for roads that stream with the life of the people, take Bulgaria in the early spring, before the summer sun blazes out too hot. For here, where railroads and trolley cars are few, the roads are the veins of the provincial life; and all Bulgaria is only a province. Now, in the spring, the people make their trips, for pleasure or for business, some in coach, some on horse, but the great mass of the people, on foot, sack on back, staff in hand, trousers well girt up, as their forefathers and ours did before.

So have I been travelling, the last few days, over roads trodden by the bare feet of ancient Thracians and the sandals of Roman soldiers, but vastly improved since then by the Bulgarian Government, which takes a pride in its roads. Thracians still tramp those roads, or Trakians, as they call themselves, but they are better shod now than then.

Three days ago I left Kustendil, over in what is still called Paeonia, as it was when Herodotus wrote about it; but it is far away now, over three ranges, and people speak of it here as though it were across some sea.

Equipments for such travelling are simple, old clothes, cowhide sandals, and a knapsack. If you have such a knapsack as I have, you would doubly enjoy such a trip. My knapsack has been the hero of three days' mild, but pleasant, adventure.

I was telling my friend, the local representative of the Committee, of my prospective trip.

"I shall give you an outfit," he said. So he went into his storeroom and brought out a pair of sandals and a knapsack. It was one of the prettiest knapsacks he had, of canvas and strips of brown leather, full of all sorts of little pockets. I started next morning, with this outfit, a good staff, and a dog.

To see the country here in spring and to see it in the late fall are two very different things. In October the red, sunbaked landscape gives one a thirst to see. I could hardly believe I had been over the same road once before last year. The Kustendil valley was one sea of waving wheat, from whose shores rose hills of vineyards and orchards, while here and there a low, spreading tree suggested a half-submerged, moss-covered rock. At times you drop into the tall early crops and lose sight of the landscape, and on all sides are green walls, through which seep the early morning earth smells. But the road was not lonely; at every few hundred paces I met peasants coming in from the villages, driving donkeys loaded with freshly gathered green produce for the town folks. An hour away from the town, and they become fewer.

There is something moonlike in the topography of this country, a succession of small, round valleys fringed with rocky ridges, with here and there a tall, lonely peak. By noon I had crossed the wheat fields, climbed the divide over into the Dubintza valley, higher and cooler, shaded by the overhanging, snow-white peaks of the Rilo Mountains. There, in the pass, was a khan or "hahn," as they call a wayside inn here, where travellers rest and eat. You find them every hour or two, low, squat huts, built of mud and cow dung, with such names as the "Palace of Vienna" or "Castle of Moscow."

IN A BULGARIAN HAHN.

There were several travellers in the hahn when I got there, a Jewish merchant and several Bulgarians, villagers, and they were earnestly discussing national politics, drinking wine, and eating black bread and cheese. That is all the hahns ever have, besides Turkish coffee and plum brandy, but to their patrons that is quite enough.

The political discussion went on quietly enough till it drifted into the war in the Far East, when it immediately became violent. Russia is the only part of politics that can really excite the Bulgarian villager to anything like patriotic fire—the freed Bulgaria. With the growth of enlightenment Russophobes have sprung up among them, and when the two got together, Russophile and Russophobe, then the sparks fly. For a while I resisted the numerous violently worded invitations to join in the argument, until one pompous village elder gave out the fact that the Japanese fleet was composed mainly of American and English warships. Then I felt it my duty to set them right. I did so mildly, gently, but the storm of protest drowned my voice. I might have called Bulgaria a nation of donkeys, and they would have calmly considered it, but—against Russia. As a loud voice seemed essential here to carry conviction, I raised mine, but that was killing to dignity, and besides, the Russophiles outnumbered the Jew and me, and the one Bulgar among them who was Russophobe. Finally it occurred to me I had a piece of cheese in my knapsack wrapped in a last week's paper containing some convincing facts. I pulled my knapsack out of a corner, and threw it on the table; then searched for the paper. An astonishing silence followed. I was going to show them the paper, but it was the pompous villager who protested.

"No! No! Gaspodin!" he exclaimed, "we believe you. Perhaps you are right."

Every word I spoke after that they listened to with respectful attention; every fact I presented passed unchallenged. I was puzzled, dazed, and even uncomfortable. So I soon attempted to pay my bill, but found I had been drinking on somebody's treat.

I tried to puzzle out the strange behavior as I pushed on over a short cut across a rocky ridge, but soon gave it up in the toil of climbing. Far below ran the highway in a great semicircular sweep about the base of the mountain with the Struma swirling over rapids still further down through a rock-walled ravine. Far above on the ledges of the cliffs I heard the pipings of a goatherd's fife, and saw his goats apparently hanging to the bits of green grass tufts by their teeth.

It was middle afternoon before I struck the road again in time to hear the rattle of wheels and the shouts of men further up beyond a turn. It was my friend, the Jew, from the hahn, and he was driving a covered talega with two horses. I judged he had passed two or three more hahns on the road since I left him. Inside with him were a Bulgarian companion and a small boy.

"Come, get in!" he shouted, "lets all ride. Nobody should walk—hurrah! I feel that way. I am a Socialist!"

I accepted his invitation, crept in, and the talega piled on down the road. Presently we brought up at another hahn where the Jew insisted upon more refreshments for all. When we went on again we had another passenger and the Jew's every pore seemed to exude the milk of human kindness. Every traveller we passed on foot he picked up with a whoop; a pilgrim to Rilo Monastery, a soldier going home on furlough, and a villager off on a visit. So we rolled into the town of Dubnitza, the Jew and I hanging on to the driver's board, the rest inside on the straw, an arm protruding from under the canvas cover in one place, a face in another, two legs from the back; a tight squeezed load of humanity. So we rattled up the main street.

A BULGARIAN HOTEL.

I engaged a room at the most expensive hotel, which would cost me twenty cents, one franc. It was clean, if not luxurious. The Bulgarians are never luxurious, but occasionally you find them clean, not too often. Having wiped off the dust of travel I went out into the town to see the sights.

Dubnitza is still a Turkish town, long streets of low open shops, here and there a mosque, but modern stone structures appear in places. There are shop windows, too, with sewing machines, phonographs and bicycles.

I met the editor of the local paper, who spoke pretty good English; only his vocabulary was more especially suited to political discussion. He read only the political articles in the English papers. There is not a town in Bulgaria where you cannot find an English-speaking person; they are graduates of our American college in Samakov, or perhaps of Robert College in Constantinople. My friend in Dubnitza greeted me with a clear New England twang that was quite startling; more so when he asked me if I wouldn't write him a leader for his editorial page. Something against the Government, if I liked, or, better still, against the Church. Then came a request to lecture before the local Socialist club on my impressions of Bulgarian government; I could do it in English and one of their men would interpret as I went along.

Dawn was barely breaking next morning when I rose, shouldered my knapsack and went out into the deserted streets to hunt up a breakfast. I found a villager's hahn open, a man in the white peasant costume of Macedonia was preparing for the day's work.

"Nothing yet," he grumbled sulkily; "too early."

"Not even bread and milk?"

"No—nothing."

I had thrown my knapsack on a bench. His dull face suddenly brightened.

"Perhaps," he continued hopefully, "if you'll wait a few minutes."

From another room he produced bread, sausages, cheese, sour milk, and sugar, and set speedily to work making a Turkish coffee. As I ate he sat down near me.

"Have you just come?" he whispered; "or—are you just going?"

I was puzzled.

"I came yesterday," I replied, "and I am going on now. What of it?"

"Nothing, nothing," he answered with an admiring smile, "only—don't be afraid of me. I am from Monastir."

"What do you think I am?" I asked testily; "a Turkish spy?"

He smiled indulgently and his eyes were fixed on my knapsack.

"Turkish spies don't carry that," he said, "they're numbered."

Then the truth came to me.

"What do I owe?" I asked as I rose to go.

"What you please."

"And if I please to give nothing?"

"That is good, too."

He was in earnest. I paid the full price, and went on with his blessings.

Soon I had Dubnitza behind me and was crossing another flat, grain-covered valley. I was getting well into the land of ancient Thrace now, where the people still glory in the old name and the beauty of their women. In each day's walk you may notice a change of type, and of costume in the women. One should come to these parts to judge the Bulgarian peasant women, not to Sofia, where they are of that distinct type known as Cheops, squatty and ugly as our California Digger squaws. About here they are tall and slim and often beautiful of feature. It is hard to believe that there can be such a change in so short a distance, but I have noticed it from actual observation as well as from being told. Here in Bulgaria you may find the most beautiful peasant women of Europe; as well as the ugliest.

Shortly before noon I struck another hahn. It seemed bare and unpromising enough, and the heavy, melancholy face of its owner promised as little.

"Coffee and boiled beans," he announced gloomily.

I unslung my knapsack, and hung it carefully over the fireplace, as though it were a gilt frame picture. The hahn keeper's glommy features relaxed.

"Did you strike the line below Rilo?" he whispered.

"What line?" I asked.

He smiled knowingly.

"What's the news—from there?" He jerked his thumb toward the nearby range.

I shook my head and scowled murkily. This impressed him and several travellers on the benches with the increasing complexity of the Macedonian problem in general, and did not compromise me. I dined on the best he had; eggs, milk, cheese, beans, coffee, and finished up with a Turkish cigarette. Meanwhile those simple

(Continued on Page 2.)

THE MULCAHY-FOLEY FEUD

A STORY OF THE TENEMENTS AND OF THE DIRE EFFECTS OF SUDDEN WEALTH

By ROSE LEAROYD

Mrs. Foley threw up the window of her kitchen on a cold winter morning to let the steam from the washtub escape, and, of course, stuck her head out to see what was "doing" on the floors below. She lived on the fourth floor of the tenement at No. 139 Hester Street, occupied solely by advocates of the "shillelagh." After a short survey of the back yard, she leisurely proceeded to draw in the "pulley," in order to pin on it her husband's one "boiled" shirt, one large flannel petticoat, and the other garments which had been in her Monday's wash. While thus engaged, the window below opened, and a tousled head, covered by the color of hair called "Titian" by the painters and "carrot" by the tenements, protruded itself on her view.

"Good mornin', Mrs. Foley," came up from below.

"Good mornin' yerself, Mrs. Mulcahy, and how are ye?"

"Well, glory be to God."

"A cold day it is, Mrs. Mulcahy."

"And you well may say so, Mrs. Foley, with coal as it is and me man out of a job. What with Katie and Loretta getting a bit now and then from the yards, we do be kept from freezing intoire, but that's all."

"I am sorry, indade, to hear ye say so," said Mrs. Foley, "for I've had trouble of me own; but what with Pat takin' the pledge, and him made foreman——"

"Is it foreman he is?"

"Yes, indade, Mr. Brady, the contractor, made him day afore yestiddy, and it is farther yet he may go." Mrs. Foley winked craftily, a wink that suggested presidential possibilities for Foley.

"Well, av coorse, Mrs. Foley, Tim, as ye know, could have been on the subway long since, but he can't abide being so far underground. I am glad your man is getting on, for when he's drinking ye had yer trials, I'm afther hearing."

Mrs. Foley's powder had thus far been mostly sand, but there remained one shot in the locker. "Well, as Father Daly said," she remarked, "making a praste of Willie may make great changes with the ould man."

Mrs. Mulcahy, by the violence of her emotions, was rendered speechless for a minute, but recovered enough to murmur something about "Tim's father's cousin being a nun in County Clare." However, Mrs. Foley had drawn blood, for an Irish family is raised mightily by a priest among its number, and as Mrs. Mulcahy had only a nun to produce, she closed the window with the remark that she couldn't gossip all day as she had her work to do.

It takes little time for news to spread in the tenements, so by dinner-time the word had travelled far and near, that Pat Foley had been made foreman for Mister Brady, and by nightfall had gained so in the telling that he was spoken of with a respect that would have gratified a bank president. The little Foleys seemed to have partaken of his greatness, and switched their pigtails and stuck out their calico skirts with an effrontery never displayed before. They certainly were not so friendly with the residents of No. 139 as formerly, and as for the Mulcahys, Josephine and Mary Anne Foley completely ignored them. Reassured by their rise in life, they went across the street and offered to play with two spotlessly clean and tightly pigtailed little "Dutchies," the daughters of the German baker at No. 136, and when their overtures at friendship were repulsed, soundly cuffed Gretchen and Barbara Pumpernickel, and were applauded and cheered by the whole street. They swaggered up and down, admired by all the children, and even the mothers took a friendly interest in them. That is, all save the Mulcahys. Katie, Loretta, and Johnnie frowned terrifying frowns, but all to no purpose; somebody had stolen their thunder.

A further blow was added when Mrs. Foley, decorously attired for the street in a "Mother Hubbard," shawl over her head and the "can" under her arm, was stopped by Mrs. Flanagan, wife of Thomas Flanagan, a member of the "Force" and a "cop" of much repute, and asked why she hadn't gone to Tom's cousin's wake. The reason that Mrs. Foley could have advanced was a good one, for she hadn't been asked; but, realizing that her station in life now required of her those finer arts of concealing her feelings, she replied with some glib excuse which froze Mrs. Mulcahy to the front door, where she was an interested listener. After a chat, in which Pat was asked down to have a drop and a smoke with "Mister Flanagan some night," Mrs. Foley sailed triumphantly down the street.

Mrs. Mulcahy muttered something about the mountains "fallin' " and the dunghills "risin'," but her day as the oracle of the tenement was over. Was not Foley a foreman? Mrs. Mulcahy was no longer the authority on matters social; she had been dethroned, and retired sore and envious to her commodious flat of two rooms. At this unfortunate moment Tim Mulcahy entered, with such appalling evidence of a close acquaintance with the "can," that he sat on the floor when he made for the bed, and was lifted to his feet by his athletic spouse with a blow on the side of his head which stood him up, and another which landed him on top of the washtubs.

"An' is it for this, Tim Mulcahy, that I left me father's good home in Oireland, to be tied to a drunken baste that will see me childher starve for lack of coal?" Mrs. Mulcahy's metaphors were mixed. "Little did my good old father think that me, as was brought up niver to wet me hands, should see this day. Washing, slaving, no food for the stove, and the childher half naked—not to spake of that dirthy rascal, Pat Foley, made foreman, and she putlin' on the grand airs with her bethers! It's not a shove that ye'll get, but a crack wid the shovel. And the next toime will be the last, for by this and by that, I'll have the law on ye, and make ye enjoy six months workin like a horse at Blackwells Island. Arrah, wasn't I a fool to marry ye, and Shamus McCarthy, with lashins of money, only waitin' for me to say the word. Me heart is broke intoirely."

At which Mrs. Mulcahy threw her apron over her head and let out a wail that would shame a banshee.

Tim, after he had recovered his wits enough to realize that he was sitting in a very wet place, got slowly down from his seat and timidly approached his better half.

"Whist, Mary dear, close the door. I've somethin' to tell ye."

"Divil take ye, close it yerself. Me poor childher!" and again Mrs. Mulcahy let out a wild wail.

"On me sowl, Mary dear, it be grand news, but close the door, darlin', do."

Mrs. Mulcahy pulled the apron from her head and took a birdseye view of the partially sobered and wholly repentant Tim, but she was not one to "give in" easily, so she surveyed him with a coldly martial eye while she closed and locked the door.

"Look, darlin', see what I brought ye." Saying this Mulcahy drew forth a roll of bills.

Mrs. Mulcahy's eyes grew saucer-like in their wonder, and then she gave a cry that froze Mulcahy's blood.

"Lord, have mercy on us. It's a robber he is. Oh, my poor childher. What shall I do?"

Mulcahy clapped a hand on his wife's mouth and whispered:

"Mary, Mary, for God's sake hould yer tongue. It's mine, all honest, by me sowl it is. I won it."

Mary Mulcahy gazed at him a moment, and then, reassured by his face, took breath, and said:

"Heaven's above us and where would ye earn it?"

"I said won it. On a lotthery ticket, av coorse."

"Where would ye get money for a lotthery ticket?"

"Mary, ye fool—I bought it when I was workin' in Sullivan's coal yard, and paid two for the ticket. I didn't tell ye for I thought ye'd say I was crazy."

The secret was out, and when Tim told Mary it was eighteen hundred dollars he had, he thought for a moment she'd sure enough faint. The rejoicings called, of course, for a "drop," and the "growler" went so many times that night to Kelly's saloon that the street, which was not for Prohibition, was scandalized.

The next day the ball was on. Every one in the tenement knew of Mulcahy's luck. The Foley's day was over, and Mrs. Mulcahy restored to her own. She returned from a day's shopping loaded with bundles. Tim had a grand new suit, and Loretta and Katie, heiresses to all this wealth, blossomed forth in all the colors of the rainbow. But the piece de résistance and most admired purchase was Mary Mulcahy's hat. Such a hat had never been seen on the street before. Apple green velvet, and as big as a cart wheel, it was trimmed with Irish green ribbon and a green bird on the top that was so real it fairly cried for seed. In spite of it's color it was as a red rag to a bull to Mrs. Foley. She said nothing, her feelings were too deep for words; but such was her state of mind that she cuffed Willie Foley, the prospective priest, when he merely mentioned the Mulcahy's name. Josephine and Mary Ann dared not speak to their mother, and Tom, the foreman, received the scantiest of courtesy.

Things were in this state, when Mrs "Policeman" Flanagan, meeting Mrs. Foley on the stairs, mentioned with malice aforethought that she had recommended Mrs. Mulcahy to send Katie and Loretta to the "Sisters" school "as to larn the pianny ye can't begin too young."

Mrs. Foley by superhuman control kept herself from emptying her coal scuttle on Mrs. Flanagan's head, and politely remarked it would be a good place for the Mulcahy girls, as they were nothing but young savages, but "av coorse, poor things, they had no one to tache them manners at home." Then she wound her way to the fourth story, knowing full well that Mrs. Flanagan would repeat all she said to Mrs. Mulcahy. So the fat was in the fire.

Two weeks elapsed. The sound of a second-hand piano, bought for fifteen dollars, broke the stillness of the Mulcahy flat, and caused Mrs. Foley to grind her teeth every time a note was struck. In spite of their wives, Foley and Mulcahy were the best of friends. One night Foley didn't appear, a matter of small importance to the tenement, but neither did Mulcahy, which upset every one, until his wife said he had gone to see his mother's cousin in Brooklyn, "who lived in a grand house and took boarders." The tenement breathed again, though they warned Mrs. Mulcahy of the risk her man took, out late with such a lot of money. Well, she had done her best, she explained, to get him to keep it in the old "chany" teapot, but he would have his way, so "Glory be to God, what can you do?"

Meanwhile, on the floor above, Mrs. Foley was nursing her wrath; first because of the tenement's indifference as to the safety of her Pat; and, second, because she suspected her better half of being off with Mulcahy. In vain had she appealed to his pride not to be seen with such trash and reflected on the shoeless condition of the scions of the house of Mulcahy in other days. Her remonstrances were met with a good natured grunt, and, "Arrah, Annie, what do be the mather wid you? Mary Mulcahy comes of dacent people and lived grand in the ould counthry, so I do be tould. Her father was well fixed and had a foine house."

"Yis, where ye put yer hand down the chimney to open the front door."

Pat was silent. His wife was too muscular for argument. So, this night, after the dishes were washed and the cardinal in embryo licked for saying Loretta Mulcahy had a new dress, Mrs. Foley went to bed, muttering threats on the head of the luckless Foley until the calm of the Foley apartment was only disturbed by her deep snoring. The next day at twelve Pat did not return for his dinner, nor did Mulcahy shed the light of his prosperous countenance on 139. The other Mulcahys were out at Pat Brady's funeral. Finally a bustle in the hall below attested to their arrival, and loud voices asked, with interest, as to what kind of a time they'd had.

"Grand, indade," said Mrs. Mulcahy, "sich a funeral I nivir see. The hearse looked like a flower garden, and as for the kerridges—I am not lyin' to you, there was fifty-eight if there was one. Loretta, here counted them, didn't ye, child?"

"You missed the wake, didn't you?" asked an interested bystander.

"Yes, to my sorrow. They do say it was foine. There was full and plenty for all, and those that sat up last night, could hardly stand by the grave to-day. As for the pallbearers, poor fellers, I felt sorry for them; they were that unsteady and him a heavy man at that. Poor Mary Brady has her eyes lookin' like burnt holes in a blanket; and she left wid seven little childer and not a red cent save the insurance!"

"Arrah, wasn't he insured though, for five hundred dollars? That's a tidy bit of money," said Mrs. McCarthy.

"Tidy bit of money, indade," snuffed Mrs. Mulcahy; "and what do you expect Mary to do? Stick her man in the ground without any dacency. Well, then, Bridget McCarthy, from all I hear the funeral cost not a penny less than $250, not to spake of the Grand Raquem Mass for which she gave Father Quinn $10. The poor thing did her best, and Pat had as foine a funeral as ever went to a cimitary, I'll be bound." With which remark Mrs. Mulcahy went puffing up the stairs to her rooms.

From the open door of her flat Mrs. Foley had heard the talk, and shut the door with a bang, while envy and rage surged in her bosom. But curiosity got the better of her, and she gently opened the window to hear what was going on in the rooms below. Out on the fire escape she leaned while in one hand she held a pail filled with water which she intended emptying in the yard. At this moment Mrs. Mulcahy, who heard the opening of the window, thrust out her head, it must be confessed, with the thought of giving Mrs. Foley a pang at the sight of the famous hat and not loth to make her regret her former patronizing ways to her now prosperous neighbor. Annie Foley looked at the hat, hesitated, and was lost. Down on the bird of Paradise went the bucket of water; and covered with soapsuds and burning with rage, Mrs. Mulcahy turned up her dripping face to see the grinning features of Annie Foley. Forgetting the elegant home where she never wet her fingers, Mrs. Mulcahy bounded up the stairs and in a twinkling was in Annie Foley's rooms. Annie met her with smiling face, but beating heart.

"Now, Mrs. Mulcahy, it's sorry I am that your hat is spiled, but perhaps the poor bird is not intoirely ruined by that drop of wather."

"Bad scran to ye, ye bog throtter! It is sunk I have when I spake to the likes of yer! But Judge McDermott, ma'am, will have a word to say to ye when ye go to coort to-morrow morning; and the grin on yer face will not be so broad when ye pay for me hat. You and yer foreman will be savin' and skimpin' many a day before ye can collect enough to buy me the like of it! Little did I think when I left me father's dacent home that I'd lower meself by knowin' the likes of yer. Ha! ha! and it would be diggin' pertaters on me father's place ye'd be. My, but yer bould. To the Sisters school ye should go for manners yerself, where Loretta and Katie, 'my two young savages,' go. So it's savages they are? Ha—it makes me die wid laughin' every toime I see yer brats on the streets, and as for Willie, he a praste!" Here Mrs. Mulcahy shook with laughter.

But in her anger she had gone too far and trodden on Mrs. Foley's maternal feelings, and for two minutes after that the slapping, scratching, and hairpulling that went on defied description. Thumping each other lustily, sometimes one, sometimes the other, getting in a powerful blow, they failed to perceive that the doorway was thronged with excited spectators, and the news that Annie Foley and Mrs. Mulcahy were "at it hammer and tongs," soon drew a fairly good-sized audience. No one interfered, no one wanted to, and no one dared to. Besides which, the sight of Mrs. Mulcahy's "illigant" hat, still shedding green tears, and hanging down her back by one lone string, was enough to show any one that she had just cause for her anger.

Hostilities were brought to a sudden finish, however, by a cry from the hallway:

"Mrs. Mulcahy, come quick here's your husband nearly kilt!"

The tenement, on the lookout for more excitement, surged downstairs, followed by the dishevelled combatants. There, in Mrs. Mulcahy's rooms, sat the missing Mulcahy with a black eye that extended almost to his mouth, head swathed in bandages, and accompanied by Pat. Foley, with his arm in a sling. Mary Mulcahy fell on Tim's neck with wild lamentations, and there wasn't a dry eye in the room with the exception of Annie Foley's. Tim heard his wife with dazed ears, and after much questioning gasped out:

"It's all gone."

Nothing more could be got out of him, and Mrs. Mulcahy was advised to send for the "praste." Here Pat Foley interfered and in a few words told the sad tale. They had gone the night before to Brooklyn to see Tim's mother's cousin, and a grand time they had. On the way back they stopped for a "drop" at a saloon, and it ended in their leaving there at two in the morning, sober as judges, of course, but a bit sleepy. Then Tim after treating all who were thirsty, had begun to feel his oats, and had pulled from his pocket a "wad of bills." The next thing he and Pat remembered was being set on by fifty men at least, and after fighting like lions, they were knocked down and Tim's money was stolen. At the end of this exciting tale, Mrs. Mulcahy gave a shriek and fell in a faint. In the meantime Mrs. Foley was getting at facts with Pat.

"And you with the pledge! Shame on ye! What did Mister Brady say to your arm, a dacent man like that?"

"Faith, then, Mary, he'd little to say, for he 'fired' me this morning for bein' so late, and that's all there's to tell ye."

With a moan Mrs. Foley likewise swooned.

Water thrown over them, brought them to, and with streaming eyes, the late enemies, now sisters in misfortune, viewed each other. With a "Lord help us both" Annie Foley and Mary Mulcahy rushed into each other's arms and the Mulcahy feud was over.

WANT OF APPRECIATION.

"Blast all those people who write to point out errors in the papers," a reporter said. He frowned, sipped his strawberry sundae, and went on:

"I was put in a new department last week. They gave me a column of 'Items of Interest' to compile. I did my best with 'Items of Interest.' It seemed to me that I made it as attractive and striking a column as the paper contained. And what was the result?"

He made a gesture expressive of bitterness and sorrow.

"Did any of the editors compliment me? No. Did any of the reporters? No. The only response that my column evoked was a letter from a Conshohocken josher. I had written that during the summer months a baby died of cholera infantum every three minutes, and this letter quoted my paragraph, and added:

"'Please give me this baby's address if it is still dying. I want to take my wife down to watch it for an hour or two.'"—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE NORDLAND FISHER FOLK

TWO YEARS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

The Hard Lives of the Lofoten Fishermen —The Sea and Mountain Lapps— Social Life of the Ruling Class

On my first visit to the United States, twenty years ago, Norway was not nearly so well known to Americans as it is to-day. I recall that at that time all Scandinavians were commonly known as "Swedes." But the tourist trips through the wonderful fjords of West Norway, and to North Cape, to see the midnight sun, have given to English-speaking people, and to Americans in particular, more definite ideas of the Norwegians and their country. Then, too, we have of late years learned to appreciate Norse music through the works of such great composers as Grieg and Sinding; and through the translations of Ibsen and Bjornson, if not in the original, Americans have a more definite notion of the Norse literature of to-day. At this time the world is much interested in Norway's severance of her union with Sweden, and so will welcome any first-hand information about the former country and its people.

It was not till my return to my native land, after a long sojourn and considerable travel in America, that I fully appreciated its glorious scenery, and was able to understand, as never before, the characteristics of my countrymen, particularly the great peasant population, which, if not the most conspicuous class, is certainly the most distinctive.

On a beautiful summer day, I took the boat from Bergen, in southwestern Norway, to Ranen, in the district of Nordland to the north. It is beyond my poor powers to describe that trip. There was an occasional squall that but seemed to emphasize the color splendor of the sky, and the liquid malachite of the water, from which in fantastic shapes mountains rose on every hand. Some of the mountains, through the wonderful purple midnight, grew into the semblance of giants and monstrous animals. The peasants believe that theso are the forms of trolls and witches, which were turned into stone by King Olaf the Holy, who early in the eleventh century converted his pagan subjects to Christianity.

THE VILLAGE OF HEMNAS.

We landed at Hemnäs, a picturesque village built on a terraced promontory, with small white houses, surrounded by trees and gardens, while crowning the hill stood the church. It was an hour when folk in lower latitudes were abed, but in Hemnäs the villagers were up and about, all evidently enjoying the indescribable light that poured down in a soft gold and purple flood from the north.

Many, even the natives, are unable to sleep soundly in this strange light, which permits one to lie in bed and read through all the hours of night, even with the blinds down. In these high latitudes tree fruits do not ripen, but during the brief summer a great variety of berries are to be found, and wild and domestic flowers flourish in a surprising way. Neither soil nor climate lends itself to farming, so the hardy natives turn to the sea for their harvest. During summer, the men, aided at times by the women, are busy preparing their boats and nets for the fishing, which is carried on during the darkness of the long, trying winter.

Away from Norway, there is a pretty general belief that the Scandinavians are distinctly blond, but while there may be more light-haired, blue-eyed people among them than, say in Belgium, dark hair is not uncommon. In the district of Sogn, in western Norway, the people are tall and dark, and they are as emotional and quick tempered as the Celts of Connaught. The fishermen, who comprise the greater part of the coast population in Nöordland, are physically sturdy, and on shore the men seem heavy and even dull; but a transformation is wrought when they stand on the decks of their boats. At the tiller, or managing sail or net these men seem the embodiment of physical activity and mental alertness. At such times the observer can well believe the traditions told of the progenitors of these sailors, who as Viking freebooters, devastated the coast of Britain and the Continent.

Norway's compulsory education laws are active in the remotest villages, and so these fisherfolk are able to read and write. Some of the young men, but very few, break away and seek a broader culture to the south; but as a class they cannot be said to be intellectually hungry.

The Lutheran is the State Church of Norway, indeed, other denominations cannot be said to exist in the North. The clergymen, holding their parishes by Government appointment, are, as a rule, an intelligent, self-denying class, and their influence is a potent factor in forming the character of their congregations. Despite this Christian influence, the Nordland fisherman is distinctly superstitious. This may be said of most men who live by the sea, but these people have superstitions that have survived, despite the Church, for 900 years, and can be traced back to the times when Thor and Odin were the ruling gods, and Valhalla was the haven of the Norseman. Certain premonitions of death are believed to be infallible. One of these is the sight of a man seated in the half of a boat, and rowing through the storm. When this vision is reported, men say: "He has seen Draugen and is sure to be drowned." On black nights, when the north winds are in battle with the white waters, and the weird cry of the loon cuts through the storm, the bravest feels a chill at his heart. "That is Draugen calling for his prey!" they whisper. At times when they would break away and try to live ashore, they hear with ever-increasing pitch, the call of the waves, and they are again drawn back to the sea, as the needle is drawn to the pole.

CURING CODFISH.

When in spring the fishing boats return from Lofoten, the catch is cleaned and spread out to dry on the surrounding little rocky islets that dot the surface of the fjords like monstrous water fowl. On these islets there are huts in which the cod livers are tried out, the crude fluid being sent away for refinment. At such times, no matter the direction of the wind, the air is heavy with the odor of cod livers. This odor is said to be very healthful, and perhaps it is, but, like many other good things in the pharmacy, it is not calculated to induce a habit by a pleasant appeal to the senses.

Summer is devoted to curing the fish, which by the early fall is ready for the market, and then comes the one gala period in the fisherman's dreary year.

But beautiful as was the sight of the fishing fleet at Bergen, it did not appeal to me so strongly as the Sunday fleets at Hemnäs. I spent two years at this place, the winters dreary enough, but the summers seasons of delight, and a joy while they lasted. In summer the men are home from the sea, and the church services on Sunday are great events, for then all don their best attire, the married folk prepare for gossip, and the younger anticipating the meetings that may lead to marriage, for love rules here as in "the camp, the court, the grove."

Outside the rutted mountain trails, there are no roads in this part of Norway; the sea is the one great highway and avenue of business and neighborly communication, and the boat is the one vehicle for rich and poor. The boats used on the fjords have the same high prows and general shape as the heavier fishing craft, but they are more graceful and the colors more varied. Red, white blue, and yellow stripes adorn the sides, and, whether propelled by oar or sail, they move as if alive. Out from bay and cove, from behind headland and island, they appear, gathering like birds into joyous flocks, all heading for the white-spired church on the hill, while, in honor of the event, all the houses, clinging to the terraced slopes of Hemnäs, throw out the national flag as a sign of welcome to the people afloat, from whose boats gay streamers are floating. But sometimes the picture takes on a comic aspect, for when the tide is so low as to forbid a dry landing, the boats ground some distance from the shore. But the men do not hesitate. Wearing high boots, they are quickly over the side, and each, taking a woman on his back, carries her, laughing and dry shod, to the shore, after which the lightened craft is hauled up.

To add to the human interest of the picture, the Lapps, although only nominally Christians, often come down from the mountains to attend church. The condition of the snow has much to do with those visits. The Lapps travel on skis, and clad in red-bordered reindeer suits and wearing red caps, they look, as they dash down the hills, like flying gnomes, avoiding the rocks and brush in their course, and keeping fearlessly on till the bottom is reached. These people are childlike in their manners, being easily moved to laughter or to tears. Their eyes look as if crying prevailed, for they are red and swollen from the smoke which chokes their tents, in which the opening is made to answer for a chimney. But the Lapps do not confine their visits to Sundays. On weekdays they are often seen about the little stores in the village where they trade, their principal purchase being coffee, of which they are very fond. Sometimes the Lapps bring their herds down to the valleys. One morning I was aroused from sleep by a constant clicking sound, like the irregular beating of castanets; and parting the curtain I looked out to see just below the window a herd of eighty reindeer with their little masters near by. The clicking sound is made by the snapping together of the divided hoofs as the creatures move about.

THE NORWEGIAN LAPPS.

While racially the same, the Norwegian Lapps—they are all Mongolians—are divided by their mode of life into two classes or tribes, viz., the sea Lapps, who live by fishing close to the coast, and the mountain Lapps, who depend wholly on the reindeer for their subsistence. When a Lapp has a thousand reindeer he is said to be very rich. The pastoral Lapps are necessarily nomads, their abode being influenced by the supply of moss for their herds. Short of stature, dark brown in color, and with coarse, black hair, these vivacious little people form a striking contrast to the clumsy, quiet Norse fishermen, near whom they have lived for so long, without the slightest strain of intermixture.

At Hemnäs—and this will apply to the whole of Nordland—there is another class, which, while numerically fewer, is perhaps the most important in a social way. I refer to the merchants, professional men, and Government officials. These are people of culture, with social needs, which they gratify by closer relations with their equals than is the custom in more densely populated communities. In this land and with this class, a generous, whole-hearted hospitality is the rule. The presence of a visitor is regarded as a favor to his host. Visits are seldom for less than a week, and in case of a storm, which is not infrequent, the week becomes two. These people are not exiles from more favored places. Many of the best families have lived for centuries in Nordland, and have as much ancestral pride, and with better reason, than the titled heirs of Vere de Vere. Here silver and china tell of wealth and taste. The furniture is usually of the old-fashioned massive kind, steps being required to climb into the high, mahogany four-poster before dropping into a silk-covered bed of eider down.

The customs are not unlike those of a similar class in the United States, particularly in the South. In the morning coffee and cakes are served in bed. The shoes are blacked and the clothes brushed by a servant. Breakfast is at ten; then come calls on neighbors, if there are any; the evening usually ending with a dance.

But despite these social pleasures, the winters are wofully depressing; and, whether from the more favored south, or to the manner born, one yearns for the return of the sun, and the glimpse of a wild flower, harbinger of the spring that has seemed so long delayed.

EVIDENCE.

A green subaltern, who was smoking while on duty, was reminded by a sentry who had seen many years' service that it was against the regulations to smoke near his post, and he advised the subaltern to throw his cigar away. He did so, and went on his rounds. The soldier then picked up the cigar, and was enjoying it quietly when the subaltern returned.

"Why, how is this?" he asked. "I thought no smoking was allowed near your post?"

"That's true," replied the sentry. "I'm merely keeping this alight for evidence against you in the morning."—[Harper's Weekly.

PERHAPS A NEW ONE?

Is this a new one? "A revival was in progress and a negro exhorter shouted: 'Come up and jine de army ob de Lohd!' 'I'se done jined,' replied one of the congregation. 'Where'd yoh jine?' asked the exhorter. 'In de Camelite church.' 'Why, chile, you ain't in de army! yoh's in de navy.'"—[Emporia Gazette.

ON FOOT IN BULGARIA

[Continued from Page 1.]

peasants sat about in silence, staring at me in quiet admiration, sometimes shifting their eyes to the knapsack, as though looking for bullet holes. When I left I offered him a franc, which he would have refused had I not pressed it. It is, indeed, a strong emotion which excites a Bulgarian peasant to refuse a franc.

THE SARNAKOV VALLEY.

Shortly after noon I struck the mountains again and climbed up the pass which leads into the Sarnakov valley. On both sides rose bluffs and wooded slopes, while beside the road poured a fresh, green mountain stream. An hour's climb brought me up among the mist puffs, and the cool air came soughing through with low, wailing sounds; so it always does, for the Sarnakov valley is higher and cooler.

Up near the summit I caught sight of several horses tethered to a tree, and the wheels of a light wagon protruding from the foliage. As I approached I discovered a party of travellers taking an afternoon rest; two women, a number of children, and several men. They were seated Turkish fashion about a tablecloth, spread on the grass, and were eating and drinking. Aristocrats, evidently, for they travelled on wheels, and, save that the men wore fur caps and red sashes, they were dressed in European style. Dusty and in sandals, I felt the disparity between their appearance and mine. There was a pretty girl among them, perhaps I stared; at any rate, I met nothing but frowns. Cold-blooded aristocrats, they have them here, even in this land of democracy; perhaps, I thought, some government officials getting each about one-fourth the pay of a New York policeman. They maintained a chilly silence while I passed. I had gone some few yards further, when a shout brought me facing around again.

One of them, a stout, elderly gentleman, was violently beckoning to me. He came half way to meet me as I returned.

"You look tired," he said, genially; "come sit down—some lunch—some wine—a little talk." He reached out his hand and introduced himself by name. I recognized it at once as that of a prominent deputy in the sobranje.

It was the pleasantest incident of a pleasant journey. Everybody from the stout gentleman to the pretty girl sought to make me as comfortable as they could.

"Poor fellow," said the elderly mother, "you have hard times ahead." My knapsack was tenderly hung up on the limb of a tree. But among these intelligent people my foreign accent and incorrect construction of speech would soon give me away.

"You are not a Bulgar?" said one presently: "perhaps Servian or Rumanian?"

"No; I am an American."

They glanced dubiously at me, then at my knapsack.

"A missionary?"

"No—I live in Kustendil."

"Ah!" cried the stout gentleman; "you are *the* American."

It was an easy guess, for beside the missionaries I am the only American in Bulgaria; and that fact has made me known throughout the land. Besides, these people had read the translations of my letters to New York in the Sofia papers. And as such, as an American friendly to the Macedonian cause, I was as welcome as two comitajis with two knapsacks apiece. There was a Frenchman who came to Sofia once and stayed a week. Afterwards he wrote a book of his experiences. Now they have named a street after him.

"I suppose you will think," said the stout gentleman, "that we Bulgarians judge people by their dress. It is true." He seemed much distressed by the fact. "It is one of our peasant traits," he continued. "We have this Turkish story here to illustrate it: Once a Turk attended the festival of a rich man's birthday, but he came in simple dress. In consequence he was much neglected by the servants. A year after he came again, but in rich attire. He was given coffee in a silver cup. He raised his arm and threw his coffee down the sleeve, and said to his dress, 'take it; this is meant for you.'"

They all laughed at the old man's illustration.

"According to that," I said, "I should throw this wine down the comitaji's knapsack."

That pleased them still more, for if there is one thing the Bulgarian is pleased to have known, it is his respect for the men who cross the frontier to fight with the bands.

It was late when I bid them good-by and trudged on to Samakov, more than ever pleased with my knapsack. I shall hang on to it during this trip, for it is an "open sesame" to the hearts of the people. But ten kilometers beyond a certain peak that I can see from my window it would have a startlingly different effect.

A SMART DOG.

A friend of mine was wont to walk across the park with her dog and to take a hansom home. The animal on several occasions went out alone for a walk, and, finding himself at fault, was in the habit of jumping into the nearest hansom, and getting himself conveyed home by the cabman, who, reading his address on his collar, scented a reward.—[Lady Violet Greville, in the Graphic.

THE YOUNG ROBIN.

Our very unlearned and very good grandparents used to tell us that the old birds spent days in teaching their young how to fly. And now scientific men say that such ideas are false, and that every young bird flies from an implanted instinct, just the way a young duck swims when it touches water for the first time. No young bee just emerged from its hexagonal cell needs a specialist in bee architecture to teach it how to construct a new cell. No tadpole has to be told that it can survive on dry land after it has changed to a frog. All these things are not learned. They are born in animals, and are parts of their natures, so we are informed.

During the past week we have had much pleasure in watching several young robins, which have just escaped from their nests. Though their general demeanor was like that of an old robin, there were variations enough to attract notice. For example, most adult robins move along the ground by hopping. One can watch an old robin for several days without seeing it step off, leg before leg, the way farmyard poultry, doves, crows, and many other birds make progress. But a young robin does not hop for several days. It walks, and it makes a very awkward and bungling job of it, too. A robin that has reached maturity is very agile on the wing, being able to skim in and out among trees and shrubbery and come very near to stationary objects without touching them. The young robin does nothing of the kind. One day we saw a young robin rise from the ground to escape from a playful dog, and take aim for the back rail of a wagon seat. It flew rapidly with a great whirring of wings. Now if that young robin had been guided by an infallible instinct, it would have alighted on the rail of the wagon seat, as it had intended to do. But it did nothing of the kind. Instead, it overleaped the rail and tumbled headlong into the body of the wagon, so when the dog leaped in, the robin was compelled to run a few steps, and then fly away, aiming this time to alight in an elm tree on th farther side of a small stream. But once again its intentions were not carried out, for losing wind or courage in midstream, it settled upon a flat stone and stood there with panting sides until the dog was only a few feet away, when it arose and gained a high limb on the tree where no dog could reach.

Not only does the young robin have to learn how to walk and fly by taking lessons, but it must acquire robin deportment from long practice. The youthful robin walks with its head more erect than needful. If it tries to carry its head at the angle assumed by its elders, it seems to lose its balance and pitches forward to the ground. The young robin makes two beats of its wings to an old robin's one. It is incapable of taking a straight aim at the head of an earthworm protruding from the ground, and when it does get a hold, after several false attempts, it is very awkward in pulling forth its prey so it may be eaten. How long a young robin has to go to school before it can graduate as master of the arts possessed by its ancestors we do not know. We are very certain, however, that all young robins must study and practise for an appreciable time before they can assume the responsibilities of older birds.—[Bangor News.

ALL THE SAME.

Ex-Representative James Hamilton Lewis told a story at a political gathering in Chicago a few weeks ago, just after the death of Gen. Fitzhugh Lee, which will be interesting in Virginia. Col. Lewis said:

"The news is borne upon us that Fitzhugh Lee, soldier and statesman, is dead. 'After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.' It was when he was a candidate for governor against Gen. Mahone, the day following the election, which left the count in uncertainty, he came down by the way of the University of Virginia and ran amuck of our old janitor. He said: 'Zebe, did you vote for me yesterday?' Zebe said: 'Yes, Massa Fitz, I voted yesterday.' 'I know, but did you vote for me?' Now, honor bright, Zebe, tell me the truth.' To which Zebe said: 'Well, boss, the truth is, I'm a member of de church; I can't tell no lie. No, I didn't vote for you, Mass' Fitz, but dey count it for you jes' de same.'"—[Washington Post.

TURNED WITH THE BRIDGE.

"Officer, which way shall I go to the Union Depot?"

"You go straight west on this street until you cross the bridge. The first street on the other side of the river is Canal Street. Turn to the left, walk a block and a half, and you will find the depot entrance."

"Thank you," and lugging a heavy suit case, the man went his way. When he reached the river he heard the bell on the bridge ring. He stood on the bridge while it swung to let a steam barge go through the draw. When the bridge closed, he picked up his suit case and started on again.

Ten minutes later he asked the same policeman at the same corner for directions to the depot. The policeman recognized him.

"I told you once how to get there." Then he repeated what he had said before. The man thought for a minute and then laughed.

"I guess that bridge must have turned and started me off the way I came," he said, as he started to retrace his steps.—[Chicago Record-Herald.