dirty to show any pallor, but his swart

skin shone with an oily sweat. The aged

After a while Luca arose and began

pacing up and down. "Let them go," he

commanded. "Anton, take them away to

Anton, one of the oldest chetniks, quietly

shoved out a boat. The chief's eyes ob-

"Go," commanded Luca to the prisoners.

"Get into the boats. Don't come near our

The captives were about to obey when

two chetniks seized each and began bind-

The fat prisoner started. For the first

time his assurance left him He began

to whimper, his legs almost gave way, and

sitting far forward, cross-Tegged, like help-

less penguins. Anton quietly slipped our

targe wood axe behind him as he stepped

aboard. Neither of the prisoners saw it

Then, two chetniks in each craft, they

Luca stood watching them until they dis-

appeared beyond the rushes. The axe

in the boat I remembered. Spies are never

When the two boats returned an hour

later, the four chetniks said nothing,

nor have their comrades asked them any-

thing. No one seems to be eager for any

details of the tracedy at the "lower land-

This is how the trouble began this year

In Karafferia is a Greek bishop, who rep-

resents the Christian population to the

have obediently responded, "We are

their villages, who chant hymns in a

tongue the people do not understand; and

sometimes he sends schoolmasters to them

who repeat strange-sounding words to their

boring soldiers of the Organization, and

that they were collecting rifles for the

great struggle to come, he called the cap-

tain of his guards from a neighboring

Kosta, these foul barbarians are con-

taminating the chastity of my people. Write-

my flock a brotherly letter, and warn them-

against the wiles of the betrayer. Be gen-

A WARNING LETTER.

So Capt. Kesta wrote. Here is a spec-

imen from one of his brotherly letters, re-

ceived by the head of the Tlage of Mare-

no, and immediately turned over to the Or-

Balkan Committee in London:

consider you our enemies.

ganization. I have sent the original to the

For he who protests against us, we

shall kill, him, his wife, and his children; no one of his shall be spared. His

into small pieces. Think well. You need

not fear the Bulgars, for we shall be ever

near to help you. The Bulgars have not

really come to liberate you, but to force

you, to renounce your faith. Because we say this, you need not believe that we

You henceforth shall know where your

good is, and come to us as brothers, and benceforth come to market in Negush. It

you do not, we shall consider you our

enemies, and we kill all who do not join us.

amilies, burn your villages, and you shall

be entirely as lost. You must know this.

If you don't heed us, you shall regret. Un-

derstand well. Otherwise, the fault will be

In other letters of this sort, these Greeks

describe themselves as "warriors of the

faith." and, more often, "soldiers of

Christ," and warn the villagers against the

'unbelieving infidels." who wish to make

them dissatisfied with their conditions. At

the same time this letter was sent to

the villages the Greeks burned 140 houses

in the mountains. During the last

year they have burned more than

a dozen towns in this province

alone. Up in Monastir they burned

Zagoritchni, killing over a dozen women

and children. Hitherto, the policy of the

organization has been to make no reprisals:

They have been wise enough to know that,

the end they must depend on European

If you do not join us we shall slay your

mountain, and said:

tle-but firm."

"You won't need that" he said.

served his men; he called three by name.

Vlach stood twirling his hands.

They took up their guns.

him and threw it down.

and gave it to the man.

shot.

villages again."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1906.

DEAD SPIES AND VILLAGE CINDERS

THE GRIM SIDE OF MACEDONIAN REV-OLUTION AT CLOSE RANGE

How Emissaries of the Greek Patriarch Visited the 'Island of the Two Republics"—They Were Given Turkish Coffee and a Cigarette, then Taken for a Boat Ride from Which They Did Not Return

By ALBERT SONNICHSEN

Special Correspondence of The Evening Post, addressed the silent chetnike He was too ON THE LAKE OF THE TWO REPUBLICS,

A few days ago there occurred an event which has impressed me with the fact that playing the Macedonian revolutionist is at times a grave thing. As Luca and we chetniks were seated at supper, a courier ar-, the lower landing " rived and gave our chief a paper. Luca glanced about, chose five men, and ordered them to attend the courier on his return to the village.

"We shall probably have guests to-morrow," he said to me, as we rolled in our goat-hair cloaks that evening.

I had forgotten this by breakfast next morning. But suddenly an exclamation from a chetnik sentry brought us all out of the hut. Two boats were coming down stream. In the boy of each sat a man. his arms bound tightly behind him. "Spies! Spies!" went the exclamation

from mouth to mouth.

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The boats made a landing, and the prishis exposed, hairy chest shook.
"Giye me my cloak;" he blubbered. oners rose stiffly and stepped ashore. The five guards followed, unbinding them. The first captive was fat, black-skinned, and filthy of dress. He stepped up to Luca and offered his fat hand with oily assurance, The voyvoda mechanically shook it. The other was gray, moustached, a week's white stubble on his withered cheeks. His mouselike features were an expression of resignation. His clothes were those of a peasant but I noticed that his long, lean hands were

not toll hardened. The crowd of chetniks parted to let the newcomers enter the hut; where they silently seated themselves by the fire. The face of the little old man was pasty. His hands trembled as he rolled a cigarette. The fat man began a conversation in language that proved him to be a genuine Bulgar, or, perhaps, a Bulgarian gipsy, for he was not of a Slavic type.

Then Luca came slowly over and settled himself on the rug on which we three. he, Theodor, and I, sleep. "What were you doing in our village?"

he asked. "We came," said the fat prisoner, with

fawning familiarity, "to buy corn." "You are from the Greek monastery aren't you?" continued Luca.

"Yes, the abbot sent me." "Who is your companion?"

"A friend of mine, a Vlach."

"Also in the employ of the monastery?" "No. a poor workman; a simple laborer from Karafferia, who works for three piastres a day."

"That's a lie." broke in one of our chetniks, a Vlach. "I knew this man in town before I joined the cheta, and he's no laborer. Look at the palms of his hands, and you will see I speak the truth. He's a churvagee (a man who lives without toil). "I was a goldsmith," said the old Vlach. in good Bulgarian. "Now I am too old to

One of our Vlach couriers rose from corner. "I know this man, too," he said. "I saw him only last week in town, and he was dressed as a churvagee in gold laces and silk trimmings to his cloak." "And you," continued Luca, turning to

the Bulgarian prisoner, "why didn't ve take my warning when I had you before? I let you go then because I had no positive evidence against you."

"And you have none now." retorted the prisoner, smiling confidently. "I am innocent. "This man," said Luca in German, turn-

ing to me, "is a Bulgarian patriarchist. He lives in a Greek monastery close by in the mountains. The Greek andari have been making that monastery their head quarters; there they kept supplies and hid. The abbot, although a Greek priest, protested to the Patriarch, saying such work did the cause of the Church harm, but he was told to obey. One day I went there, hurned the outhouses, and destroyed the stores. I found this fellow among the servants. I had been told he was a spy, but had no proof, so I let him go.

"A week afterward one of our chetniks was killed in a fight. His father came to pray over his grave, when suddenly a band of andari appeared. They killed the father, an old man of seventy-three, by beating him with their gun butts. He was found dead on his son's grave. Through a Vlach shepherd, who saw the incident from a distance, I know this fellow was with the andari. Also, one of the andari afterward came into town and while drunk told the story."

Luca told me this as a lawver would put forth an uninteresting bit of testimony. "What were you doing in the Greek priest's house?" he said to the captives. "We thought that he could best find us

the people who would sell us the corn and wheat," the old Vlach replied. Suddenly the chief rose and went outside. One of the chetniks had been making Turkish coffee which he gave to the so that he spilled most of the liquid in his

prisoners. The old Vlach's hand trembled cup. I went outside and Theodor followed me. Luca was seated on an overturned -boat with his back toward us. One by one all the men came out of the hut, the two

The fat Bulgarian waved his hands as he help. Individuals they have killed, those

whom they have judged guilty and have been able to catch-

The letter to Maiono was disregarded. The villagers still refused to come to market to the town of Negush, which has been avoided as the principal headquarters of the "soldiers of Christ" since the 24th of last September, when a Greek band killed twenty-three unarmed peasants. For a month there was quiet.

The night of March 10 was clear and moonlight; so bright that the snowy peaks of the mountains were visible beyond the plain. We had not yet finished our late supper in the big hut, when the sentries called an alarm. From over the plain, across the swamp grass came the crackling of rifle firing.

"The Greeks are attacking Mareno," called one of the men from a tree. In ten minutes all save the sentries had embarked, and we padded for the landing, reaching it in half an hour. Then across the plain we went at a trot, through mud and water. As we ran the firing coased. Ten minutes later we entered the village. This is what had happened:

An armed band, about sixty strong, had forced the doors of two houses and abused the inmates. One house was fired. Fifteen men of the village gathered, took position behind a hedge, and opened fire. After an hour's fight the Greeks fled, leaving behind five dead. Of the villagers one was killed. One of the dead Greeks was evidently the secretary of the band, for with him was a dispatch bag full of writing materials and paper.

For two days Luca was silent and morose. He ate little and spent much time reclining on his rug.

"I can't endure last year's programme over again," he said to me "Ten times we met the Greeks, and each time they fled. Their policy is to avoid our armed chetas and terrorize our villages. Houses burned unarmed men and women and children killed, girls outraged, all on record in consuls' ing their arms. The Bulgarian had lifted his goat-hair cloak, but Anton took it from offices; still Europe does nothing. The day of my own endurance is coming to an end. have never burned a Greek village. have ever carried on a legal warfare. Look through the consuls' records and see that I speak the truth. But ----, who knows. what I may do this year?"

We discussed the question deep into the "Luca, he's taken my cloak from me; I night. It was decided that we should prepare proclamations to the consuls, the To me, all the man's repulsiveness had Balkan Committee in England, and the disappeared; he seemed a great, helpless. London Times, calling attention to the fact sobbing boy, about to be punished. Luca that there could be no repetition of last stooped, lifted the cloak from the ground, year's outrages, that endurance was coming to an end, and that unless the Powers whispered that word to the Sultan or the Greck Patriarch, which should end the bloody fra-

THE ALARM.

It was two in the morning We sat on our rugs talking over this plan, Luca, Theodor, Apostol, and I Suddenly, across the marsh outside came the rattle of G at guns. We rushed outside; the sky was brood red to the northward, flames and smoke shot up and a fountain of burning sparks and cinders. Dynamite bombs!

welve men in punts. The firing ceased outside. Theodor returned after two hours. houses burned, a villager wounded. Greeks

Turkish power, although the people are retreated toward Nici." I knew then the fate in store for Nici. mostly Rumanian and Bulgarian by race. None of us spoke for an hour. Then Lica The bishop waves his hands over these people and says, "You are Greeks." And they, in terror of the "soldiers of Christ,"

"Well, is it to be Europe's opinion, or the lives of our people?" "Not women and children," I replied, Greeks." Then the bishop sends priests to continuing what I knew to be his real train

of thought. My men are not savages," he said gruff "nor am I a barbarian."

oldiers of great nations lose self-re-There are nine villages, each within four straint," h suggested. "My men and I are comrades," he retorthours' walk of our camp, in which the people speak Slavic. Officially, they are recorded as Greeks. When the bishop We were up early. There were a dozen learned that the nine villages were har-

empty bottles in our cook hut. They were filled with kerosene. The boats were examined, guns cleaned, ammunition belts and bags filled, and an early dinner prepared. At noon we embarked, twenty-five strong, in seven punts, leaving only four men behind as a garrison. Apostol's men were just boated as we reached his island. In all there were fifty-

five men; eight Vlachs, forty-six Bulgars. In one long string, we started, a patrol of seven boats ahead, the rest of the fleet separate behind. In the centre was the largest boat, big enough to hold four men, in which sat Apostol and I, back to back. Our password was "Freedom and Macedonia." Women and children must under no circumstances he harmed, and only armed men were to be fired upon. At sunset we came to a space clear of rushes. We could look across to the village of Nici here. Through the binoculars I could see people walking among the houses, of which there were about sixty. We waited until almost dark, then, Apostol taking the lead. we paddled until we struck what seemed to be a long mole running out into the

red moon was rising as we landed. Up in the village the dogs were barking. From where we landed ran a road parallel with the shore of the lake, from which forked a small path up the hill. As it was possible that Turkish soldiers might use this road from a garrisoned village an hour away, and attempt to cut off retreat, an outpost of seven men was stationed here. With this outpost I remained. Another outpost of five men made a circuit of the village to a road leading to another garrisoned village beyond, to guard against surprise from that direction. Luca advanced

his men, and Apostol took the lower end. WAITING FOR THE "OPENING UP." For ten minutes we eight listened anvi-[Continued on page 2.1

VESUVIUS, AND PELEE COMPARED

ONE A SMELTER, THE OTHER A CRUSHING ENGINE.

Early Records of the Italian Mountain Are Unscientific and Imagin-- ative - Prior to A. D. 63. However, It Was Extendet

By THOMAS AUGUSTUS JAGGAR, JR.

The eruptions recorded in the last few days in Naples bring to hind the great excitement of 4502, whom 44 the journals of the world were full of the extraordinary disaster in the West Indie occasioned by Mont Pelée. On that or aston, it will be remombered, there was a smultaneous outbreak of two volcanoes

On May 7, 1902, La Soufrebre in St. Vin-

cent sent a mighty column of steam and ash miles upward and laid waste the plantations on its flanks. The new morning, May 8, "la montagne Peles" at the northern end of Martinique, a hundre Land is away from St. Vincent, gave vent to a culminating explosion after several days of forewarning, and a peculiar black their rushed down the slope of the mountain on St Pierre, a thriving French city of 26,000 inhabitants. It was instantly destroy hand only two persons were ever removed from the city alive, although several people on the ships

in the roadstead escaped After the destruction of St Plerre, both volcanoes continued as use for months. A second eruption of Soufrière took place on May 18 and of Pelee on May 20: Until the end of August Soufrière remained tranquil, but Mont Pelse suffered recurrent explosions of increasing violence. The series of volcanic happenings culminated on August 30, when Mont Pelfe sent out a terrific blast in a new direction, wiping out a hill town with its 2000 inhabitants and greatly extending the area of its devas tation On September 3 Soufrière followed the lead of its neighbor and again crupted violently, but the inhabitants of the vicinity had long since fled, and no damage was done beyond what had been already accomplished - complete destruction of everything human within reach of the octopus arms of the volcanic monster.

After September the eruptions w phenomenon on Peter attracted worldwide attention. On the new heap of fallen debris taled above the vent a tooth-like projection appeared, thousand feet, and the mand in height during the tarious phases of activity of the miles away. Then, a thundering boom, to the caying in of the lower especially on one site, and its slow extrusion upward. All observers agreed Apostol and Theodor put off with that the spine or tower was a mass of half motion rock substance force ! suddenly, the flames died down. Luca and slowly up from a fissure in the new cone, returned to the rug, the boys remaining and solidified by chilling in its progress. Men of science disagreed, however, as to "Golo Celo attacked." he reported. "Two its origin, some believing it to be a "laya" a loosened old core of solid rock, and still others, among whom was the writer, that it was merely fused material among the hot pasty blocks which had fallen back on the cone from many explosive eruptions. No sign of a flowing incandescent lava has been reported from this series of eruptions on Pelée.

THE RECORD OF VESTVIUS

In marked contrast to this story is the record of Vesuvius since the year 1036, A. D. Flowing streams of lava have been characteristic of its cruptions, while the explosive phenomena have been also much in evidence but the material exploded consists less of broken fragments of old rocks, and more of the glassy sherds which would recult from the tearing asunder of viscid lava Pelec is a great crushing engine, comminuting rocks and hurling far and wide the dust and broken stones. Vesuvius is a smelting furnace, with eternal fires beneath, which control masses of molten slag. Now and again the earth heaves and opens the way to bring water and this sing together, when explosion ensues

and inauguarates a period of activity. All volcanoes known seem to have poured forth lavas at some period of their history. and probably most of them have had their times of "dry explosion," so to speak But certain vents of the present day are certainly characterized by wholly explosive cruptions, while others, like those of Hawaii, are known chiefly as the scene of quiet overflowings of very liquid basalt. These two types are distributed over the globe in proportions not at present known. Most of the American volcanoes are "cinder-cone that is, of the explosive kind, and the same is true of the East Indies and the Japanese group, probably. Iceland, the Mediterranean cones, the Hawaimarsh, or lake, for the water was deep. A ian Islands, and some of the New Zealand volcanoes are characterized by lavas. Tho classification of volcanoes at present is in a very uncertain condition, because of the wide diversity of opinion among geologists concerning their origin and mechanism. The only possible satisfactory classification is a genetic one, and while their genesis is unknown we cannot well classify. They have been grouped in accordance with the nature of their vents, their products, and their phenomena, but as all of these overlap, the grouping is in no way satisfactory.

> EXTINCT PRIOR TO A. D. 63. Vestrius prior to 1036 was an explosive

toward the upper end of the village with ven. The early records are unscientific and magnative, but enough is known to show that prior to the year A.D. 63 the volcano an action that it was a high, open cone ously for the "opening up." Then a row of with treating precipites where the gladiator. His back in all whatever star flame flashes, and a crashing volley broke Sparsa as could hold at bay the Practor. The god of chance has lared his feet. the stillness. A second volley—Apostol's closer Glabous and his cohorts. Villas, His sign that the factor the rock, men. More bright dots and tongues of the parts and cities were clustered at the May add to human parts and cities were clustered at the May add to human parts. flame shot from several windows. There too of he mountain, among them Hercuwas not much noise. The inhabitants fled lan um. Pompelt, and Stabine Earthsilently. Five houses were burning now, quite a horan in 63 and continued for six- | And so he moves. Calast background vast, They have been wise enough to know that, silently, rive nouses were purming now, 12. A funt for that which be calls such work kills sympathy in Europe, and in and a few dogs scampered out into the local via - On the night of August 24. Unconscious that bis above that fields, horses, cows, sheep, swine—one com- All the shocks became terrific and the next day at one o'clock a dense cloud of

steam, laden with dust, shot up to an enormous height from Vesuvius. The younger Pliny told something of the

story in his letters to Tacitus, and Prof. Heilprin has recently drawn a parallel beween this account and the history of Pelee to show that the two events contained much that was similar. The cloud spread out and was full of lightings; showers of stones and sand fell; a black on-rushing fog descended the slopes of the mountain like a deadly snake, and the people fled before it. Torrents of mud overwhelmed Herculaneum; sand and stones buried Pompeli and Stablae-the latter place being not far from the present site of Castellammare. The presence of the ruins of Pompell beneath the surface of its grave was first suspected in 1713 when the sinking of a well revealed the statues of Hercules and Cleopatra at the site of the wellknown theatre. There is no reason to suppore that any very large number of persons remained in Pompeil when it was overwhelmed, for the people were in flight during several days. Still, there is good reason to believe that a down-rushing cloud of dust-laden steam worked the same tornadoliko devastation that was seen at St. Fierre. The record of Vesuvius for a thousand years after 79 is very incomplete. There were violent ash eruptions in A. D. 203 and 472. The first lava reported flowed down the slopes about 1036. Since then there have been many flows and many explosions. It is commonly supposed that an eruption is inaugurated with an explosion and closed with a quiet outflow, but there have

been marked exceptions to this, the most notable of which was the eruption of 1872 the last great eruption prior to the present one. In January this eruption began with

detonations and the discharge of incandescent projectiles. Abundant lavas flowed out from the base of the cone into the valley which is walled in by the old half-orater on the north side of the cone. Small craters formed and reformed; in November of 1872 copious lava flows coursed down the slopes of the volcano towards the hay. In March, 1873, at the time of full mcon, a great rift formed in the cone on its northwest side, and lava rushed out On the 23d of April (another full moon) the craters all increased in activity, splendid lava streams flowed forth, and one of these on the 26th of April unhappily overwhelmed a party of visitors from Naples. They vere enveloped in the cloud of fumes and buried in a hailstorm of heated projectiles. The lava stream of this date moved directly toward Naples, but stonned somewhat beyond the villages of St. Sebastiano and summit craters, sending bombs six and one-half feet and its houses were shaken down.

On the 28th of April, the explosive phase reyond the short, stumpy trees not two cone. To Custuation appeared to be due i ning, ash-clouds darkened the air, and the con preside was torror-stricken. Gradually, I wever, the violence decreased, and b. the first of May the gruption was over. the mayor's course. iter are some singular resemblances in the areatest eruptions recorded with respect to the seasons of their occurrence. Krakatoa in 1883 and Pelée in 1902 began in the spring and culminated late in August. Pompeli was destroyed late in Aufrom the deep regions, others that it was | gust. The eruptions of Vesuvius of this year (1906) and of 1872 both took place in April. The tidal bull of sun and moon during the syzigies seems to exert some influence in stimulating eruption when conditions otherwise are delicately balanced Water undoubtedly plays an important role in the mechanics of eruption, and the geologists who have opportunity to study the present happenings on Vesuvius, will be doubly interested to compare the steam ohenomena with Pelee and the lavas with what was observed in the famous "spine."

> MAKES A DIFFERENCE. Mrs. De Pink (reading)-"Never show your temper, no matter what the provocation. Never resent a slight. Never lose your self-poise under trying circumstances that you have any wishes except when con suited. Watch every opportunity to be useful to those about you. There are thousands of little ways in which this can be done without appearing obtrusively Miss De Pink-Are those rules for

Mrs. De Pink (contemptuously)-"Certainly not, I am reading the latest rules for society debutantes. -[New York Weekly,

THE CHAISTIAN WAY.

Mother-"Now. Jennie, I want you to divide that apple with Willie; and remember, you must divide it in the Christian way." Jennie- What, way is that, mother? I don't know the Christian way." Mother—You don't know the Christian way, Jennie? Why, it means that you must cut the apple in half and then give Willie the biggest half." Jennie-"Oh, mother, I can't cut it! | I'll tween us in the Christian way."-[Judge.

THE CALL OF THE WILD.

Most of our song birds have three notes expressive of love, alarm, and fellowship. The latter call seems to keep them in touch with one another I might perhaps add to this list the scream of distress which most birds utter when caught by a cat or a hawk pain which is nearly the same in all sne notes and calls are characteristic, but this last is the simple screech of common ter-rified nature. [John Burroughs, in Coun-try Life in America THE PROSPECTOR.

No trail that reinfa the easy way.

Appeals unto his tirel as feet; He deks the rugged and sloping fields Where granite peaks and noft clouds meet. rils fampiire gleams fr. to timber The. And there, far from our quiet heaths, He dreams on what to in from holds, And sees gold in it's pip a thin wreaths. His hed is on his Furro's tack.

For also shall tell what means of power A bunt for that which to calls wealth,

Is in his own abounding bealth. -[Denver Republican.

IOHN O'BRIEN, MAYOR'S PROTEGE

LITICAL REPORTER

Present Fire Commissioner in a Few Years Has Attained an Influence Which is Usually Arrived at in Tammany Hall Only After Long and Faithful . District Service.

From newspaper reporter to political boss, even if 't be a small boss, seems a long step. To undergo the transition-up or down, according to the point of viewwould require years of hard work, one might think, for in the past even the bosses that were "born politicians" in the beginning have reached their high estates in New York only after patient striving. by knuckling down to business on Tammany Hall principles, and by beating their way to the front from the bottom of the Tammany ladder.

John H. O'Brien, fire commissioner of the city by appointment of Mayor McClellan belies local political traditions. In less than three years he has evolved from political writer into boss. The fact is the more remarkable when it is recalled that he is but thirty four years old, that he came here from Buffalo less than five years ago, and that he obtained his start as the mayor's secretary by the aid of no backer beyond his ability to make friends and to term. write the news. That he is a boss, at least for the time

peing, none can deny. Before the mayor's first term had ended, Tammany Hall learned that "the young feller" in McClellan's front office wielded a big influence with his chief. After he had managed McClellan's campaign last fall, the Tammany leaders realized that he had become "the" adviser of the city's executive. Since McClellan cast off Murphy and decided to run things without regard to his former sponsors, it has become apparent that O'Brien is his prime minister-no longer a rising member of the "Kitchen Cabinet." but practically the whole cabinet by himself, without a rival for the dictatorship behind a pliant throne. Though the fire commissioner is not yet

a district leader nor even openly active Massa. Tremendous explosions took place in Tammany politics, he is regarded as more to be feared by the lesser Tammany four to five thousand feet into, the air, chiefs" than any man in the city. With Torre del Greco on the shore was upraised | Murphy discredited, he has become the Democratic boss. Perhaps his rule will be brief, but there is no doubt that it exists now. The mayor, having been elected reached its climax, following the lava in spite of rather than by the help of phase. Accompanied by thunder and light. Murphy, nominally holds the reins of patronage by which Tammany Hall is driven, and O'Brien actually holds through his personal influence the power to direct Since January 1 there has been no scarc-

ity of incidents to show the boss's quiet activity. In the Police Department the man who is O'Brien's friend gets the best deal, and the police commissioner's secretary is O'Brien's nominec. In the other branches of the municipal government promotion is easy for the friend of a friend of O'Brien. In the very office of the mayor not content with his direct power of advisor, O'Brien has caused his brother to be installed as secretary, and one of his close chums as assistant secretary, so that he keens his grip on the turn of events there from morning until night-an arrangement that does not, however, prevent his own daily visits to the City Hall and his private conferences with McClollan. "He's got the mayor hypnotized."

the way a Tammany old-timer put it the other day. "No doubt of it. What he says,

GETTING TO BE A ROSS.

Dunkirk, in Chautauqua County, is John H. O'Brien's home town. He got his schooling there, and he must have paid attention to his books, for to-day he impresses those who meet him as one who has had the advantage of an education far more extended than he really was able to secure. Yet he went to work as an errand boy in the Lehigh Railroad's Buffalo office before he was twenty, and not since then has he had time to study except as his work permitted him to broaden his mind by reading, of which, according to his friends, he has managed to do a great deal "between times."

Having been promoted to a clerkship in the railroad office, where he remained several years, he became a reporter on the Buffalo Counter. Later, he went to the new paper, the Enquirer, of which he became city editor and then Albany correspondent, rising rapidly and being advanced from one position to another over the heads of older and more experienced men. Gradually he developed into a political writter of considerable local reputation, "covering" national conventions as well as State and city nows.

It was in 1901, when President McKinley was shot down, that O'Brien seized his chance to ascend from Buffelo to New York journalism. Along with his position on the Enquirer, he had held the place of local correspondent for the New York Sun. So well did he write the news of the assassination and death of the President, that the managing editor of the paper asked him to come here. For a time he did "general work" on the Sun-that is, he was a reporter of miscellaneous news. Soon, however, he was shifted to the department he had filled in Buffalo, becoming one of the regular political writers. In the fall of 1903, while McClellan was

campaigning to defeat Seth Low for mayor. young O'Brien was detailed to follow the Tammany candidate. Thus he made Me-Clellan's acquaintance. The Sun. though not supporting McCiellan, treated him in a friendly way, and the reporter, therefore, was placed in the position of aiding rather than attacking the mayor-to-be.

A STROKE OF LUCK. Luck, nevertheless, was necessary for O'Brien to get, his political start in New York. When McClellan wanted a private

secretary, he first chose another reporter. Frank Perley, but Perley refused the offered position and afterwards was made-Gov. Higgins's secretary. The mayor's second choice was O'Brien,

There were mutterings in Tammany Hall THE QUICK RISE OF A PO- for O'Brien had the name of being Republican. However, the appointment of a private secretary was a personal one and the Democratic politicians could onry complain under cover. The new secretary if he had been a Republican, did not let the fact deter him before acceptance or worry him afterwards. Within a few months he was as ardent a Democrat as the next

> In this connection, it has been said by his Democratic friends that he was formerly a member of their faith in Buffalo. In 1898, it is related, he was urged to run for the office of city clerk by the Democratic leaders there, and it is asserted that he was then truly Democratio in his sympathies. On the other hand, those who worked with him in the McClellan campaign remember that he was an enthusiastic prophet of a victory for Odell in the State campaign, and it was generally supposed by his acquaintances that he voted for Seth Low against McClellan, Whatever were his views, though, he he-

> came a McClellan man áfter January 1, 1904, and for two years he served the mayor in a way so acceptable that the latter was continually paying him compliments in public and taking his advice, as afterward became evident, in private. When the campaign of last fall began, the secrotary resigned his place to be his patron. political manager, and from the headquarters in the Bartholdi Hotel he acted as pilot in the fight that barely landed Mc-Ciellan in the mayor's chair for a second

THE PRIME MINISTERSHIP.

No sooner had McCleffan been elected than it was apparent that O'Brien was his premier. Men who knew said that the expanager of the campaign had his choice of prointive offices. At one time he was sed of as a candidate for the police commissionership. Finally, he chose to be head of the Fire Department.

Without exhibiting an undue display of that quality commonly known as "the big" head." the fire commissioner has proven himself more or less of an autocrat in his department. He has overridden Chief Croker in various details of its management. naturally causing Croker to feel some bitterness. He has appointed as his deputy Croker's old rival, Bonner, thereby not diminishing the chief's displeasure. From the first, in short, he has "run things" to suit himself, and in everything he does the

Although not openly dictating the conduct of other branches of the government, O'Brien is known to have a hand in every important move of the mayor and in many that could not be classed as important. By those who are not his admirers he is called work visible.

One instance of his using his influence to aid an individual in whom he was interested is found in the case of a police officer recently transferred. The officer, under the previous Administration, was banished to an outlying district because conditions became disgraceful under him in a Manhattan precinct. But as soon as O'Brien began to work for him, he was transferred back to this borough; not only that, but was promoted. They say, to be sure, that O'Brien is taking the place of the variety of political leaders who formerly took a hand in police matters, for Gen. Bingham is credited with having "turned down" all of them except the fire commissioner. Personally, O'Brien is a remarkably pop-

ular man. There is no denying it. As a reporter, he was liked by his associates, who, though they may have considered his selfconfidence somewhat over-developed: forgave him that fault because of his wit, his good manners, and his not-to-be-disputed ability. One of the characteristics that has been often admired in him is his self-respect. While he is neither overhearing nor forward, he continually impresses upon one. without expressing it, his opinion that he is ready to hold-up his end of the line against all comers, and that he believes himself the possessor of qualities giving him as much right as anybody has to occupy the front of the stage. It used to be said of him, when he was a reporter, that he was as much at ease in talking to President Roosevelt as in interviewing State Senator George Washington Plunkitt or Martin En-

This self-recognition on the part of the reporter was so apparent that it was hardly possible for him to undergo much of change in manner by reason of his sudden. increase of importance. Except in his appearance, and, possibly in a slightly enhanced dignity of demeanor, he is the same John O'Brien he was three years ago. The altered appearance is due to added avoirdupois, which is well for a boss, as all of them, at least on the Democratic side, seem to find fat a necessity. The extra dignity. naturally has been acquired with new authority, but it has not interfered with the metooric boss's affability, tact, or manners.

A BAD RECOVERY.

Scene: Registry office. Bridegroom (to registrar)-"The first time I was married was in a church, the second time in chapel, but I like this way best. It's to plain and simple-and I should come here, if ever I got married again-" (catches sight of his bride, and sees he has said the vrong thing)-"that is, my dear, if everhave the er-misfortune to get married

PLANTING TIME. In the spring fair Gladys' fancy, Spurning every thought of weeds,

Lightly turns to garden seeds. And she buys some bargain packets-And Impatient waits till Winter Of his icy reign relents,

Then she hies her to the garden

On some warm, bright surmy day, Safely tucks her seeds away. Fronciul Gladyst Now she's happy, Thinking Nature'll do the rest, Some weeks hence she may discover, Burgain-seeds are not the best.

-[Somerville Journal

FOUNDERS OF

NEW SECTS

DOWLE'S PLACE AMONG THE 'MEGALOMANIAGS"

The Type Ordinarily "Meek and Lowly"-The Vague Rhetoric of Christian Science and the Positive Utterances of Elijah III" - "Faith Home" and Others

He had preached that illness was the illness himself. He had preached that health returned when sin was cast out. and was unable to secure health himself." This, it has been explained, is why the omy, placidity, and consequent prosperity. eaders of Zion City rehelled against John Alexander Dowle, "first apostle" of the Christian Catholic Church, and its founder. The argument is logical, plausible, but it does not quite cover the case. As prophet and "restorer" Dowle has failed to live up to his promises many times. The death of his daughter from the effects of a burn some years ago should have revealed his impotence as a healer to a reasoning following, and his monumental failure in New York in 1903, after he had promised his people that a multitude of converts should follow him hack to Zion City, should have

shattered his fame as a prophet. The truth is that Dowie has been wrecked on the same rook that has brought disaster to prophets since men were tempted to go into the business of setting up temporal and spiritual refuses for those who believe that the world is to be sayed by some peculiar patented method. It is illustrated in the familiar story of the two Irishmen who were discussing pure

"I'll tell von what socialism is," said me ... "If you and me was socialists and . your had a thousand dollars and I had none, you'd give me five hundred." "he's fing," said the other, "go on."

"Again, if you had ten cows and I had none, you'd give me five." "Sure, I would. Go on; what next?"

"Or, if you had two horses and I had none, you'd give me one-that would be That I would, Dennis, and it's a fine doc-

trine too."

dreams, and the great industries to be es- be all-powerful, the regular doctor is not tablished there were still fabrics of a barred. An observer says that "there is streintous old man's imagination, discord never any begging for funds, nor even apcould not arise. But when the Chicago peals for support through the columns of the question naturally was asked, "Who is Sent of God and a monthly called John really fitted to care for these animals?" Three-Stateen]. They are simple-minded Very naturally, Dowle wished to herd them children of faith, who ask for what they where he pleased; milk them as often and want and their prayers are answered." in what manner he chose, and to do with their carcasses the thing he thought best for them. But Voliva came as under-goatherd and saw that the little flock was underled while the owner gobbled the milk the end either as fanatics, selfand cheese and planned impossible things, deluded, or as deliberate charlafor the increase. "It is a pity." he said. "to let this flock follow longer a crazy old goatherd who will consume them to satisfy his appetite and paint their skins to make gaudy raiment for himself."

ZION CITY'S CRISIS.

Zion City is facing the sort of crisis that is threatening the Amana Society in lowa and the "River Brethren" of Kansas, that wrecked the old Icarian colony on the Mississippi years ago, that turned the Oneida community into the purely industrial or- her by grateful patients. As for Dowie's ganization it now is, that is to undermine the "Hepzibah Faith Home Association" of Iowa, that is a graver danger to the Mormon Church than any other to-day, and that will arise so long as men value property, world without end. Prosaic questions like auditing accounts properly and giving every man in Zion City enough to eat and proper clothes to wear have outweighed a prophet's authority. It is the sort of finale one might look for in an Elbert Hubbard community, in Georgia's Christian Cooperative Commonwealth, or in a New Clairvaux where "arts and crafts" are magic words. Zion City. By comparison, he was the facts, but they explained that the electric raging lion among the long list of lamb- current was brought to bear on optic musho had shown the Christ-like meek- by paralysis, and that these cures were ness affected by such men as Sanborn only a sample of the general line of ayat Shiloh, Me., or the leader of the "Holy complishment in the paralytic field." They Rollers" of Oregon, who prayed for the mob say that he became a doctor after studying and we started for the stream. Little that tarred and feathered him, Dowle might under Dr. Walford Bodie, a great Scotch have gone on to the end as the supreme expert in electric healing. They say, too, ruler in Zion City. But he "kicked and that in the first apostle's house in Zion cursed and rode roughshod over his prople,? as the rebels say. It is hard to maintain a communistic spirit under the leader-

ship of a flery, cross-grained, suspicious, Compare the promises of Christian Vives their constant repetition and re-Science with Dowle's definite, autocratic programme A year are Mrs. Eddy gave programme. A year ago Mrs. Eddy gave out an interview in which questions and answers occurred in this order:

Is Christian Science a new religion? Yes, a new old religion and Christianity Does it stand in relation to Christianity as Christianity did to Judaism? Somewhat, coming home one evening, he found her Word of God in the same sense as the Bible is? All truth is of God and Christian based on fixed principle and rules suscepti-

If the world would abandon the study of disease and crime and devote itself to the study of wealth health, and love would criminals, cripples, and poverty bease to exist? They would. Could society exist without jails and lmshouses. Not at present

Set opposite to this passages from the stormy telegram sent by Dowie from Guadalajara on March 30 to his deputy Veliva He began by enting THE FLOWER IN THE WINDOWfrom Acts III., in which occur this prophecy. "And it shall come to pass that every soul which will not hear that prophet shall be destroyed from among the people" Then follow comments on the Mexican enterprise, instructions to Voliva to confine himself strictly to the exercise of specially delegated powers, and orders to menaufor an apostolic conference in June Afrenward comes the order to secure the resignation of every officer who opposes General Secretary Wilhite, and then this para-

graph is added: "Let there be no mistake. Zion is a theocracy, and will never be ruled by inthe cateries of petry plotters who seem to alledaya vagi to stutainim e brailith

think that the first apostle is dead. Blessed be God, I am very much alive. Hallululah, may Zion go forward. The sinners of Zion are afraid; let the fearful depart. No one came into Zion ignorant of the fact that the absolute control and direction of all its affairs was in my hands under God, and he who says otherwise lies or is wilfully ignorant. None need remain a moment in our fellowship or in office, and none will be

permitted to remain, who are known to be

Your successful founder of a sect or "saviour" of the world must have greater patience and tact than Zion City's founder slidws. It is in evidence among the River Brethren," a religious community of 3,000 persons living on farms near Abilene, Kan. They are more like Quakers than any other sect, though they have their "love feasts" and "holy kissings" and feet-washresult of sin, and had been stricken with ing that are distinctive in character. Inwriting of them, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript last year described their simple way of living, their industry, econ-Then he added:

> THE FIRE BRANDERS. .. "The Rire Branders, a form of Dowleism, is a disturbing thorn in the church, and it has sepured some of the members But the leader who inaugurated it here fell from grace and some of his assistants were ducked in a horse-trough-since then there has been less interest in that particular form of departure from established meth-

No doubt there is a feeling in Zion City hat if Dowie could be ducked in a horse rough the troubles of the faithful would be mightily diminished. Excessive fanaticism s like too much starch, and the same reatment is recommended for both defects. n those communities that are going forward to a painless death, like the Amana Society, or, as they call themselves, the Community of true Inspiration," or the Faith Home Association' of Tabor, la., there is no bellicose leader to contend with. George Weaver founded the latter community in 1892. An "old soldier" and a traveller, he is "Elder Weaver" to his flock, and a gentle guide for their spiritual and industrial activities. According to an observer of "Faith Home," these people hold to four vital points of belief repentance, salvation, sanctification, and divine heal-

Their doctrine is based on these passages from James: "Is any among you af- joyous welcoming stream, the rare note of him sing. Is any sick among you? let him the of wit and strategy with the big fellow call for the elders of the Church; and let, them pray over him, anointing him with angler for another contest; the enjoyment "Another example: if you had two goats oil in the name of the Lord: and the prayer ind I had none, then you'd give me one," of faith shall save the sick, and the Lorl Well, that I would not; I've got two shall raise him up, and if he have committed sins, they shall be forgiven him." but, So long as Zion City was a city of while the "divine physician" is believed to actually produced the two goats, their papers [a semi-monthly called the

The reign of the "hoaler" is usually brief.

Dowie is but one of scores that have advertised themselves by the "laying on of hands." and have been exposed in tans. Four or five years ago it was the beast of A. B. Simpson, head of the Christian Alliance movement in this city, that he could mend the crippled and cure the sick without medicines or instruments. Nobody believes it now. William E. Board. man of London, who founded Bethshau, the "nursery of faith," was a great "healer" in his time, but that time has passed. Mrs. Mix of Connecticut spurned the doctors and drugs, and performed her "cures" by faith. But she has no monument erected to claim to make the faithful of Zion City well by laying his hands on them, a doubter has

risen to explain: "Dowie uses an electric battery to make his cures. His body is scarred all over from burns from the current, for he passes the electricity from the battery to the patient through his body. The records will show, if investigated carefully, that the overseer never attempted to cure patients who were not afflicted with paralysis or some disease akin to it. It is admitted by many of Dowie's present accusers that when he claimed to have made blind people Dowie's personality hastened the crisis in see, he spoke honestly and according to "chiritual megalomaniacs." It cles and nerves which had been contracted City is a bomb-proof cellar. They say that at heart be is a coward.

All of these stories that are being circulated to-day, aporryphal and true, are bad for any prophet's standing. If Dowie sur-

NOTHING IN PT. A certain young wife helps out her husband's somewhat slender income by doing dressmaking for her friends. Upon Is the textbook of Christian Science the cutting up a piece of goods for a waist, struggling rimost to the armpits. Then f and inquired-

> out of that? Oh, two dollars. I guess," was the reply Later on the parents observed their lit-le five year old daughter engaged, with a pair of scissors, in cutting into small frag-"What are you doing-making your dolly diese?" the father asked.

The little girl sighedreply -[American Spectator,

EASTER MORNING. Pale patient flow'r Well sigh forgotten in your niche Who whispered of this hour

Who bade you bloom It ny stant ray of city sun And star my city gloon

For once I said You were so dumb and stark and still-'My patient flow'r is dead' But ch, to-day

You seem the gentle sign of Oue Who came and went away Succe allent flour Trans-figured in voir frimtrie niche Told He to you this hour

-[Emery Pottle, in Harper's Weekly.

WHEN FLY-BOOKS ARE OPENED

EXEUNT FISHERMEN, BOUND FOR THE TROUT STREAMS

Season for the Sport Begins To-morrow in New York and New Jersey - The Not-To-Be-Denied Call of the Woods in the Spring

During the past few days the waiting odms at the Grand Central Station and at the various ratiroad depots in Jersey City and Weehawken have been filled with parties of men-and occasionally men and women-whose long leather rod cases and weather-beaten creels spelled trout as accurately as a pocket dictionary, if spelling were necessary after one glimpse at the happy facs that confronted the busy ticket sellers, for to-morrow the trout fishing season begins throughout the States of New York and New Jersey, and experts of the fly, devotees of the useful angle worm, and lovers of the joys offered by nature at a time when there is still a tang in the air and the smell of awakening earth in the nostrils are preparing for that glorious through a tangle of willow and border "first day" which they are to have on Mon-

True, there has been fishing on Long Isl-

and for the past two weeks, but fishing for liver-fed, black spotted, and sluggishly minded apologies for the speckled beauties of the woods, invited to hite prematurely by special legislation at Albany, does not appeal to the fisherman with a conscience. For him, the call comes from the Adirondacks or from Sullivan and Delaware counties, where flow the Beaverkill and other streams known and loved by ever? New York disciple of the author of the 'Compleat Angler.' For as it is not all of fishing to catch fish, neither is it any part of the art to stand on the brink of a "protected" pond and "plunk" trout as one would haul in mackerel. The true fisherman does not live by or for every catch. alone, but by every divine element that thrown back in defiance of the mighty contributes to the thorough enjoyment of day in the woods—the walk beside the flicted? let him pray: Is any merry? let old feathered companions, the renewed batwho got away last year and is eager as the of sandwiches and sherry saved for consumption at the ford where the sun strikes warm upon the big boulder, and finally the delightful feeling of physical fatigue preceding the self-provided supper and the conversation around the big open fireplage

> MEMORIES OF THE PAST. To those of the elect who are chained by brother is mixed with hearty wish for good weather and good luck, and to temper it and ennoble it yet more, come flocking many memories of the past when we also were among the fortunate ones to whom were given rare gifts not soon to be for-

> gotten, in spite of skyscrapers, threatened coal strikes, and treasons in a teanot. It was among such memories that we ingered, only last evening, after the furnace in the Jersey home had been banked for the night, and the partner (thank neaven) of love as well as sorrows was inspecting for the twentieth time since last September the fly books with their precious contents. By common consent it was agreed to live again the day three years ago as being the one when we enjoyed an opening most worthy of reverent and thankful reminiscence. And so, one assisting the other, we conjured up every hour of that day of peaceful happiness. Here is what memory gave to us that we might recall those hours next Monday, and possess our

> souls in patience. A morning not too dazzlingly bright, but clear and cool, with only the faintest suggestion of a breeze. It had rained in the hour preceding suprise, and the good red earth announced the fact with incense of thankfulness. The lilac clumps down near the entrance to the woods from the clearing showed proudly beautiful in a new dress of ten thousand tiny buds. And it was all for us, since not another human had abiding place within five miles of our home on the edge of the woods.

> > AN EARLY START.

It was still early when the breakfast of bacon and beans, Boston brown (an imported luxury, sacred to the Feast of the First Day) and coffee had been disposed of. more than a stone's throw from the cabin was a lake of magnificent memories for scort, but on it we turned our backs. It is not written that the first day shall be spent in a flat bottomed boat when a mile away is a glorious river with a barely discernable trail along its back, a trail whose sudden twents and turns are revelations of remembered beauties rejuvenated and smil-

Past the promising lilac bushes and the woods close in on us. First a short strip of cedar swamp, where on a former occasion, when the rain descended and the floods came, the corduroy floated, and we knew it not until we found ourselves the guarter-mile of trail studded with Well, dear, what do you expect to get | moss-backed boulders, and so to the winding road to the top of the little hill-a piece which wirns us that we are still somewhat "soft," and had better make haste slowly. And now through the clean young birch to the junction with the winter road, where first we hear again the music which we heard long since, but have "No I was trying to get a penny out of lost cyhile, the music of the lower and but I haven't found it yet" was the dis-The old wanter road, from long years of densi, is not the best of walking, but almost unconsciously we hasten our steps Not long have we remembered the warnare of the hall.

dander and louder becomes the sound of the talls, and in another five minutes we find ourselves beside the ruined pier of what was once a logging bridge. The water is naturally very high, and we know that we are not likely to catch a great many fish, certainly not as many as we might have had from the lake. Also, we shall not despise the use of bait, for we shall be fortunate if we get any at all with the fly Still, both of us know of a partuulár spot, and as it is early yet, the gods may be good to us I We strike the trail again, this time

DEAD SPIES AND



Mount Vernon Rpe

- IN SQUARE BOTTLES You can't be sure of any other

COOK & BERNHEIMER CO.

brush, which is not always easy to negotiate. Only a yard or two from the water, which we can hear at all times, it is only occasionally that we see it. Once more we come to an up-grade, and the surrounding timber grows larger and older. Arrived, at the plateau from which we can see the bend, we know that another minute will bring use to the desired haven. We bear away to the left, force our way through a final tangle, and stand upon the ledge of rock, gazing upon the second falls and "the" pool.

Across the pool on the far side are rocks high as the walls of a church, and between them in a narrow canal the river rushes furiously to escape the restraint which it scorns. Roaring its song of deliverance, it tumbles in one great "blow-off" into the immense circular pool. The spray rocks is more beautiful than ever, as it is caught by the sun. We stand for full two minutes, not speaking, but enjoying the picture and enjoying also the menories evoked by that picture.

We have had some wonderful fishing in this same pool in times past. It is associated with the capture of a four-pounder, who gave us thirty minutes of exquisite joy and fear, by insisting on keeping right under that avalanche of water until the very end. To-day, we shall have no such sport, to expect it would be to fly in the face of tradition, rules of fishing, and laws of nature. But if not just here, then near here, we may try the fly for an hour or so. If that fails, we have the best of trout fishing, envy of the more fortunate | bait fishing that is to be had in such high water, right at hand.

THE BAPTISM OF THE GRIZZLY KING. Back, therefore, a little way beyond the bend where the river once more finds outlet from the pool. Here in August would be the merest trickle of water through a dry bed, and even now we know that most of the stream for a quarter of a mile will be not too deep to wade, with one or two stretches of still water somewhat deeper, and excellent for our purpose. There is argument concerning the use of the Grizzly King, but the past advises the experiment, and so it is his majesty who is baptized in honor of the opening day. When within half an hour we have each secured two, the four together weighing about a couple of pounds, we realize that we have got about all that are willing to rise.

The order is therefore given to unpack the bait boxes and return to the big pool Each of us has favorite spots, but faith is sorely tried for a time. Then the partner, who is standing on an island of rock about a foot square, with a fine reach to the end of the swirl from the falls becomes strangely silent.

"What is the matter?" "Oh, nothing, only he wants more line, and I'm wondering when I really do make him come, whether his final rush, with the rod to be looked after, won't take me in head first "

"Nothing," she had called him, this magnificent beauty, weighing at least an even two pounds. What matter that we only secure two others before lunch, and but one during the whole afternoon. Taken altogether, the eight have been well worth while As a matter of fact, we tell one another as we make our way home, very tired and very happy, it would have been well worth while if we hadn't caught a single fish

Doubtless it would, but just the same. when we stop now and then to rest, we open the basket to take another peep at the big fellow who put up such a game struggle. For even if it is not all of fishing to catch fish, it is good sometimes to feel the keen enjoyment awakened by watching the pleasure of one who is E. F. B. dearer than self

-The man or root of Madagascar yields is much as 95 per cent of sugar. It has been used extensively for the manufacture of starch and glucose, and several Paris distillers are now making alcohol of it; 220 pounds have y elded from 10 to 13 gallons of crude alcohol

VILLAGE CINDERS

(Continued from page 1.1 mon herd-following them, noiseless as shadows.

We could see black figures running from house to house, and several times heard the cry "Parola," and the response, "Macedonia" or "Freedom," as two groups met. More houses - were -aflame; twenty were burning at once. Several times we heard the reports of Mannichers. In the centre of the village burned a

large two-story house. All at once from It came a rattling of exploding ammunition. We learned later that this was the priest's residence. In several other houses Grat ammunition crackled as the flames reached them, notably the village inn. An hour passed; half the village was burning, when we heard a shot which was not from a Manuficher. Then followed a volley, and bullets whined past us. The firing was from up our road; Grat rifles, "soldiers of Christ" were near. We responded immediately, flat upon our bellies From the village the boys opened fire, too. The fields before us were dotted with flashes in a line a kilometre long, the Grats exploding with the heavy beat of cannon; the small-bored Manulichers only "zipping."

Another half-hour passed. Now nearly all the village was burning. Then, in the outskirts, a brilliant ball of light burst out, and an explosion followed, which must have been heard in Salonica. Luca had thrown a stick of dynamite to impress the country around. Meanwhile the Greeks had not come nearer but kept up an incessant firing from the fields. Presently we saw figures between us and the flames. "Parola!" cried one of our outpost: "Macedonia," came the response. A rush and we were embarking just two hours after the first house had been fired. As we paddled out into the lake, the sky behind us was crimson. At dawn we reached Apostol's Island and slept till noon.

Later I got details of what occurred in the village. Two Greeks were killed; one by accident, another intentionally, he being a notorious spy. Two Albanians, caretakers of the bey's estate there, were also killed. They must have thought Turkish soldiers had made the attack, for they called out "We are Mohammedans, we are Albanians, friends of the Sultan." They were shot speedily.

All the houses were searched before being fired, to see that no small children remained behind. In one were found a young woman with two babies. They were escorted to Luca, who took them under his protection. The man was quite calm, although later she burst into tears and asked why she, who was innocent of the crimes of the "soldlers of Christ," should suffer. Luca gave her a letter to the mayor of the village, explaining that the time of reprisals had begun, and if the Greek communities wished to escape the flames, they must not harbor Greek bands nor assist in at- ALWAYS OPEN. ON OCEAN FRONT tacks upon villages friendly to the organi-

The result has been that now almost all the Greek villages are empty, for despite their funaticism the Greeks have a holy terror of real danger. But unless the bishop of Karafferia orders another attack on a non-Greek village, they need not fear. Next week the "soldiers of Christ" themselves will be hunted for.

HIS COMPOSITION.

Here is an original composition on Co lumbus by a scholar of mine: CHRISTIPOL COLUMBUS.

Columbus was the first man to sail around the world, and he thought that he could reach Asia by sailing westward and he was willing to prove it. And he thought that the world was round, the people called him silly and shamed him and everybody made fun of him. Columbus was born in Genoa. Columbus discovered America, Columbus went to see the king and so the king said she would sell her gold and jourely. When Columbus was a boy of thirteen ly. When Columbus was a boy of thirteen he ran away from home and the turks cap-tured him and made him a slave and while he was out one day he killed his master and he ran away and he got on another ship and they carried him on and a storm came up and the people were talking abot throwing him overboard but the storm rect the ship and he swan to an Island called haren Isl wher he stayed a long tim, he found a nigger named friday how showed him how to make umbelers out of gote skins -[Judge's Magazine of Fun.

ST. HELENA.

St. Helena, that lonely fragment of an ancient volcano, is to be allowed to keep her little garrison of British troops for welve months longer. She can ill afford to lose any part of her population, for the allurements of an Atlantic residence 1,200 miles from the nearest continent are not overpowering. Perhaps, however, if it were generally known that St. Helena had no public debt its popularity as a fashionable watering-place might rise to the level of 1899, when the Boer warriors built up their shattered constitutions under the influence of its healthy climate. For the palmy days of the island one must go back to the time when the Suez Canal was unheard of, and vessels bound to and from India made it a port of call, and filed the pockets of the islanders with gold. Now they are driven to the harder, if more exciting industry of hunting the whale and cultivating the po-tato-pursuits which maintain in decent confort a community of something like 5,000 people.—[London Chronicle.

Summer Resorts.

Summer Resorts. VACATION HOMES

Half Fares FOR Summer Home Seekers ON SATURDAY, MAY 26TH, SUNDAY, MAY 27TH, MONDAY, MAY 28TH, AND TUESDAY, MAY 29TH,

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