

THE OPTIMIST.

The green leaves are all dancing in the balmy breeze of May. The children 'neath the shade trees are all happy in their play...

A WARY CAMPAIGNER.

"My dear," said Mrs. Marryat, adjusting her chiffon boa upon her shoulders, "I can only tell you that May and Fiddy were nothing to her. I took them through two winters each, as you know, and married them."

Mrs. Hayward nodded in appreciative assent at the triumph of Mrs. Marryat's tone; to marry May and Fiddy might have outraged the brows of the ablest mother.

"Now," Mrs. Marryat continued, "what happens? I have a really pretty bright child whom any one might think is simple to launch in society, and—the result! I have never had so intolerable a season."

"I cannot tell it, Susie. It would not do to tell, even to you. But I will confess that it is not the sort of thing that I generally approve of, or indulge in, still, I am pushed to extremes. I shall manage her without her knowing it."

"There was the occasion on which, at an informal gathering of matrons, she had charmingly coerced them into getting up a set of dances to which she never subscribed, but which she undertook to manage."

"My dear Robert," she was saying, "it is really rather nice to have you back. I think, perhaps, we might almost say that we have missed you."

He shook his head. "Dear me! What is the trouble? I thought some one said that she was pretty and—"

"She is pretty," she said, in a hold-cheap voice. "Very pretty. What good is that when she behaves as she does? The child is—I don't know what to call it. She is a socialist."

"The young man gave a relieved laugh. 'Oh, come, Mrs. Marryat, that isn't bad! Now, what difference do mere opinions make?'"

"Mere opinions!" echoed the sorrowing mother beside him. "If they were only mere opinions. But she won't be civil to anything less than a pauper. It's a form of snobbishness, in my opinion."

"I wish I could come," Mrs. Marryat flashed back at him and then dropped her eyes wearily upon the scene before her.

"I don't think I see exactly how it is to be done," he said, slowly. "Details, please."

"Let me think! How can I give you details when this has come, Minerva-like, whole from my poor, anxious head. But see, something like this—"

He bowed, she acknowledged his salutation, and there was an instant's silence. "There is Mrs. Willoughby," Mrs. Marryat spoke rapidly, as the occasion required.

"I'll come back for you," she said, and added, in a low voice: "Don't keep Robert Spenser; he has just come. Don't begin by encouraging him. He is a pleasant enough fellow, but never has made a penny in his life, and never will, and, altogether—"

"You will miss Mrs. Willoughby, Mama," Nora broke in, with the slightly perceptible curl of her lip that Mrs. Marryat had learned to know so well.

"I've never said a word to any one," went on Mrs. Marryat firmly. "This is just an outburst on my part of pent-up feeling, and I know you will understand and not repeat a word I say."

"I don't believe it," she shall like me. Of course she will. She must." Mrs. Marryat's rings went slowly round.

"I've just come back from the other side," answered Spenser, and then stopped abruptly, his guilty mind suggesting that it was a queer place for a poor man to go.

"I was afraid some one else would come when I knocked and would not understand how important it was for me to see her. She was up-stairs, lying her sash over her dress of lavender lawn, and so she wouldn't have been in the drawing-room even."

in lilac, though to an unenlightened observer her dress was pink. "Didn't you?" he asked. "Did you intend anything when you asked me to sit down beside you?"

"I'm sorry," she said; and Nora started and rose to her feet, as did Spenser also. "I've made an engagement for you this afternoon, and you must come now; for luncheon will be ready."

"I may almost call it a likelihood," he responded, and reluctantly let her fingers go. Mrs. Hayward, who stood waiting for her brother, started and caught the girl's eyes growing round as she watched the girl's manner.

Port Said and Alexandria are the gateways through which tourists usually enter Egypt. The one lies at the northern entrance to the Suez Canal, the other further west, in the Delta of the Nile.

From the car windows we get glimpses of a kaleidoscopic procession of Bedouins, clad in their flowing bournouses, of women hideously veiled, of water carriers laden with buckets, and of unending caravans of starting camels whose tarbared drivers are starting them on their voyage across the desert.

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palms, and far in the distance lies the Delta, like a great fan of silver filigree. The excavations pursued by scientists may, ere long, lift the veil that hides the origin and meaning of the Pyramids.

But Cairo beckons and we close our eyes for a moment to imprint the scene on our minds forever. We wave our hands to the eternal Sphinx rising above billows of whirling sand, we turn for a last look at the Pyramids, hoary with age when Moses lay in his royal cradle. We dine and sleep at the Palace hotel in Ghizeh, a beautiful palace built for his residence by the late khedive, on so vast a scale that it was known as "Isma'il's Folly."

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Then the peasant, Kara-George, expelled the Ottomans, aided by the Russians, and reigned from 1804 to 1813. Again the Ottomans overran the kingdom and the swineherd, Milosh Obrenovitch, who had assassinated King Kara-George, headed a desperate resistance for 15 years.

Kara-George, who had led the grand revolt in 1803 against the Turks, had as his real name George Petrovitch, but he was surnamed Trni, or Black George, which in Turkish is kara. When Milosh, who in 1830 forced Turkey to recognize him as a prince, he soon forgot his Turkish training, and made himself obnoxious. He was compelled to abdicate in 1839, in favor of his son, Milan. But he was too feeble to exercise authority, and after his speedy death his younger brother, Michael, succeeded. He in turn abdicated in 1842, and the Serbs then elected Alexander, the son of Black George, or, as his name reads in Serbian, Karageorgevitch.

While walking in the Tiphreda park June 10, 1868, Michael was assassinated by the emissaries of Alexander Karageorgevitch. His second cousin, Milan, grandson of Yephrem (Ephraim), a brother of Milosh, succeeded. In 1875 Milan married Natalie de Kezcko, a Russian. Scandals that affected all Europe were followed by his attempts to divorce her, which she finally accomplished herself in 1884. This Milan was born in 1854, and was the adopted son of Prince Michael, who had no children by his wife, Julia Hunyadi. Sent to Paris, to be educated, his plans were changed by the assassination of 1868. He was released from the regimen governing during his minority, and became prince in 1872. In 1876 he proclaimed war against Turkey, and went to the front, but soon returned to Belgrade and let the Russian generals control. The Serbians were defeated in a great battle, and the joint war, in which Montenegro had aided, had to be settled by the intervention of Russia. The Berlin congress recognized the independence of Serbia in 1878, and extended its boundaries. Milan was proclaimed the first king in 1882. His queen procured her divorce from the patriarch of Serbia. She had never taken any pains to hide her pro-Russian sympathies. Milan was compelled to abdicate, and the king just assassinated Alexander Obrenovitch, his son was named as his successor.

In this same year a more liberal constitution was proclaimed, under which all taxpayers became electors, and by their votes chose the entire skupschina. Alexander was born August 14th, 1876. He had accompanied his mother, Queen Natalie, to Berlin after the divorce, but was forcibly brought back to Belgrade. He married July 23rd, 1900, Mne. Draga Maschin, a widow, whose father was a liverman and whose own past had been disreputable. She was 40 years old at the time, and had a son 16 years old. The king posted a proclamation that his low caste marriage was to set an example to a peasant people. Ministry and clergy protested, but the marriage was solemnized. A scandalous chronicle has been the sequence. She feigned maternity and tried to palm off a sister's child as an heir. Then she essayed suicide. The coronation of Russia ignored her, and diplomatic corps women held aloof. Last April the king figured in a coup by suspending the parliament of the kingdom and the constitution, and then as suddenly restoring them. But meanwhile as an absolute monarch he had arrogated laws passed under the later organic law, and these were not restored. Recently his kingdom has been invaded in troubles known generically as the Macedonian.

One cause of popular irritation recently has been the rumored attempt of Queen Draga, who was remembered as only a lady in waiting to Queen Natalie to foist one of her brothers upon the throne by arrangement with Alexander.

Miss Fetal Pink, who teaches the third grade in one of the public schools, says that if the daily column people could have their desks in her room newspapers would be considerably brighter and there would be no such word as "grind."

"Yesterday," related Miss Pink, "one of the little ones was ill, and we talked the matter over before setting down to work. Little Minnie Briggs had an observation to make on illness in general. 'Last Sunday,' she informed us, 'my pa had a funny sickness—couldn't walk straight—and we all had to go over to our grand-ma's. After dinner pa was better, only he had a headache; but we all went out to the Zoo.'"

"A while ago," resumed Miss Pink, "the board gave us a half dozen new chairs for our room, and this became a topic for discussion for several moments. Minnie, whose eyes miss nothing, in the heavens above or waters beneath, was on the spot with an item of interest. 'When ever my ma buys new furniture a man likes it so well that he comes a lot of times to see it,' she declared, 'just a little proudly.' 'It was some moments before it dawned upon me that Mrs. Briggs probably bought her furniture on the installment plan.'"

Little Dot—"Mamma, I don't think Uncle George is half as smart as he tries to make people believe he is."

Mamma—"Why do you think that, de?"

Little Dot—"Because he claims to understand five or six different languages and yesterday I had to tell him what the baby was saying."—Chicago News.

Farmers and others should be familiar with the fact that a small quantity of clean straw rubbed in horse's ears will keep them from being annoyed by flies, and save the animal untold annoyance and suffering. Will you do it or will you allow the poor brute to worry through the summer for want of a few minute's time each week on your part.

Mrs. Mary L. Harrison, widow of ex-President Benjamin Harrison, contemplates a trip around the world. She will leave shortly for the coast to take a steamer for Japan, where she will spend the greater part of her time.

Where the Nile Flows.

The Land of the Speechless Sphinx and the Trackless Desert.

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Serbia's Bloody Chronicles.

Serbia is a kingdom in the Balkan peninsula, south of Austria-Hungary, with Rumania on the east from which it is separated by the Danube, Bulgaria and Albania on the south, and Albania and Bosnia on the west. Its area is but 19,050 square miles, about three-fifths of that of Pennsylvania, but with a population of 2,312,000. At Orsova the Balkans are separated from the Carpathian mountains by a cleft called the Iron Gates, and through them the Danube rushes. Serbia slopes from the mountains on the south to the north in a roughly inclined plain, but there are level tracts on the northwest. In the valleys and lower regions the fertile soil grows maize, rice, wheat, hemp and tobacco.

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Belgrade, the capital of Serbia, has a population of 54,000. Its Serbian equivalent is Biel-gorod, or white town. It is on the right bank of the Danube. Its citadel is very strong. It is the entrepot of commerce between Turkey and Austria. Its manufactures are of arms, cutlery, saddlery and carpets. It has lost its former Oriental appearance because wealthy Turks have deserted it.

The Byzantine emperors induced the Serbians in the seventh century to leave the Carpathian region and settle in their present abode. Christianized in the ninth century, they became independent in the eleventh century, and Pope Gregory VII. recognized their king. The tenth sovereign, Stephen Dushan, in the fourteenth century, conquered nearly all the Balkan peninsula and took the title of czar. In 1389, in the terrible battle of Kossowa, Serbia lost her independence to the Turks and disappeared from history until the beginning of the nineteenth century.