

Bellefonte, Pa., June 19, 1903.

THE OPTIMIST.

The green leaves are all dancing in the balmy winds of May; The children 'neath the shade trees are happy in their play, And there's lots of joy in living if you take

the proper way, So cheer up and don't waste time in vain repining.

The gentle rain is falling on the fair and fertile fields: The Lord with gracious favor still His loving

sceptre wields, And the vineyard, farm and orchard each its richest treasure yields, So cheer up and don't waste time repining.

The bullheads are a-biting from the dawn to twilight late: The merry birds are singing

strong and great, And you waste your time in moaning or groaning at your fate. en cheer up and don't waste time in vain

The clouds may thickly gather, but the sun still sheds its rays; The day may be full gloomy, but there'll be more sunny days.

And you'll feel a whole lot better, if you sing the songs of praise. So cheer up and don't waste time in vain repining.

## 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 Mrs. Hayward nodded in appreciative

assent at the triumph of Mrs. Marryat's tone; to marry May and Fiddy might have corrugated the brows of the ablest mother. "Now," Mrs. Marryat.continued, "what happens? I have a really pretty bright child whom any one might think it simple

to launch in society, and—the result! I have never had so intolerable a season. Nora has one abominable fault. Her name for it is 'real pride.' I call it being possessed of the devil!" The two ladies looked at each other. This was strong language. Mrs. Marryat's

colorless, shapely countenance did not weaken. She proceeded:— "She classes as false pride every decent act of decent society. She reverses every known law, is cavalier to the eligible, flattering to the dowdy, wears her best dress to dine with a trained nurse and her worst to the party of the season. She disobeys every command that I give her with a

sweetness that makes it intolerable, and, my dear, she drives me to extremes! I am not used to being thwarted by girls, and—I have a plan." There was a moment of almost awed silence. Mrs. Hayward leaned toward the silent.

speaker with fascinated eyes, but the latter shook her head. "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." She arose as she spoke and looked down on her confidante. "I hope, my dear, that you will never have such an experience," tion—like his attentions to Fiddy. away, toward the tennis-courts, to find her troublesome

daughter. Mrs. Hayward stared in a wonder that verged on stupor and she watched Mrs. Marryat's handsome back disappearing. Addie Marryat was a worker of miracles How, on her trifling income, she not only wore a dress like that, but paid for it ; how she ran with the best, and not only ran with them, but led them; how, with no consideration, gave balls or as good as gave them by receiving at them—these were things that no ordinary woman could un-

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 subscrited, but which she undertook to manage. "My dear souls," were her famous words, "I'll give something better than money: I'll give you time and trouble." And, by dint of spending their money and her per-sonality with a lavish hand, they were the success of the season.

There was the gay December when she talked minuets into fashion (having had Fiddy instructed during the dull autumn months) and sprang her accomplished daughter on the unthinking mamas and cotillion-leaders in so natural a fashion that Fiddy was sought by all the sons of the great houses, and led into empty halls and libraries to practise with these scions,

who hung upon her steps, at least!

Mrs. Hayward's head buzzed as she thought of the wonderful things that Addie Marryat had done—and she thirsted to know what desperate step she was now taking. Mrs. Marryat, when not "pushed to extremes," was so formidable that she trembled when she thought of her thus

She got up and wandered aimlessly about, chatting with her friends and longing to stalk Addie, but not daring to do so. She would have found her very naturally employed in welcoming an old friend.

"My dear Robert," she was saying, "it is really rather nice to have you back. I

is really rather nice to have you ba think, perhaps, we might almost say that we have missed you !" The young man whom she addressed, and who sat beside her on a long bench

near a tennis-court, laughed. "You are good, Mrs. Marryat," he answered. "I am glad to be back."
"Are you truthful?" She raised her straight, firmly marked brows. "But how

about the pretty lady in waiting I heard of, and the hunting? Confess that you miss the hunting."
"Perhaps I shall miss the hunting,"

admitted, smiling; "but the lady in waiting is a stately fiction. I suppose that I have to thank Marshall for that."

"Mr. Marshall among others." She smiled, and then, with a little serious look ahead of her, she sighed. "Robert," she added, "I am baving a horrid time." Robert stared in sympathetic wonder. "My dear lady," he returned, "what is the matter? May? Fiddy?"
She again sighed. Mrs. Marryat in a

softened mood was extraordinarily charming. If she had not had a stern preoccu-pation with her social and maternal duties, she might have wrought a very pretty havoe of her own.

havoc of her own.

"No; the girls are well and happy,"
she returned, with a plaintive note he never
remembered having heard and which touched him; "but my baby, my youngest child, Robert, is causing me so much distress, so much distress."

He shook his head. "Dear me! What the trouble? I thought some one said that she was pretty and——''
Mrs. Marryat fixed her eyes upon bim,

gravely. "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 opinion make?"
"Mere opinions!" echoed the sorrowing

"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," she proceeded, in righteous indignation. "It's no better to toady to the poor than the rich. No better to trample on the rich than the

Robert Spenser broke into an abrupt laugh. "I beg your pardon," he explained. "But it does sound funny."
"Does it?" She faced him reproachful-

ly, the lilacs on her charming hat quiver-ing in sympathy. "Perhaps it wouldn't if you had your child flout every friend you had and truckle to farm-hands.

"Oh, come!" Spenser laughed again.
"I wish I could come." Mrs. Marryat flashed back at him and then dropped her eyes wearily upon the scene before her. "I shouldn't have spoken of it, only—only—I'm fond of you, Robert; and you were

o kind about Fiddy."

He did not disclaim. He had been kind about Fiddy, and it had been up-hill work.

He had drawn one line, however; he had made it plain, early in the day, that he would not marry her, but would look after her and shetler her from the results of her own dulness, and he had done that and ening her chiffon boa upon her shoulders, "I joyed it after a fashion—as you enjoy going can only tell you that May and Fiddy were nothing to her. I took them through two winters each, as you know, and married a light conscience with which to face your own sins.

own sins.

"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."

He nodded. "Mum's the word."

"You will understand just how unpleasant it is when she makes your money a disgrace to you, "went on his confidante; "and, Robert, if she could only once like a rich man, it would fall to the ground like other follies and delusions. I wish that you would make her like you! But you ouldn't !" She shook her head wearily, drew off her glove and turned her rings thoughtfully on her finger.

Spenser lighted a cigarette.

"I don't believe it. She shall like me.

of course she will. She must." Mrs. Marryat's rings went slowly round.
"She would if she didn't know how rich

you are, but the moment she sees that "Oh, come!" Spenser had recourse to his favorite expression. "It isn't written all over my face!" She smiled at him. "No, but it is all

over your horses." And they were both "Robert Spenser," said Mrs. Marryat, suddenly, "I have an idea." Her dark blue-gray eyes were shining. Spenser watched her with an amazed satisfaction. Really, you never could tell where pleasure could be gathered—to think that Mrs. Mar-ryat's eyes should be so handsome!

'I want you to do something for me."

Again the unexpected, a spot of color in Mrs. Marryat's cheeks! Spenser watched

it as he answered. "Certainly, my dear lady; but it is not who am the stumbling-block!"

"I know. Well, then, we will have to
to, for once, shuffle a little with the truth
and do her a good turn against her will. money, she ranked among the dowagers of Robert, I shall tell her that you are a poor man, with no connections!"

"Oh, come!" Spenser sat up.

"I'm coming." Mrs. Marryat was almost beautiful. "My child, it is an in-

spiration-a heaven-sent inspiration !" Spenser stared and thought. He hadn't touched bottom yet—anything like bottom -but he was having a very good time and what he reveled in: a sense of mental effort. Keeping up with Mrs. Marryat was going to exercise his every faculty, and he knew it.

"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——" Mrs. Mar-ryat hesitated, and the semblance of vagueness was perfect. "Try this. We are going to Louisa's for a week to-morrow." (Louisa had married Mrs. Marryat's brother and given him the right to be the happy loafer that he was.) "You—you could come, too. I'll arrange it." (Louisa was accommodating.) "No one can tell on us there, and you can be as poor and unconnected as possible. Nora will take you to her heart, and, when we come back and break the horrid truth to her, she will have to confess that money doesn't absolutely ruin men-on occasion.

Spenser hesitated. He loved a masquerade, like his fellows-and it sounded harmless on the whole, and-and-yet he

hesitated. "There is Nora," said Mrs. Marryat, quietly, "coming toward me, now. Are you going to do me a good turn, and cure her of her folly, or be—inadequate?" Spenser gazed gravely at the advancing

figure and its attendant.
'Oh, I'll go in!" he responded; and Mrs. Marryat turned her ring so ruthlessly on her finger that it cut. "Don't overdo it," she said. "I'll just say a word to warn her against you." She gave him the sweetest smile he had ever seen touch her well-cut lips.

The young girl drew near. She was so ne young girl drew near. She was so natural, so gay, frolicking on the verge of their pit of deception, that Spenser felt not only guilty, but entranced. It was fun.
"Nora, my dear, where have you been?"
Mrs. Marryat's voice had its usual slightly commanding accent. "I asked you to be at the pavilion."

Nora stood before them, looking very unlike a culprit. Spenser caught a scent of battle in the cool, independent glance that rested on her mother.

She like ...

"So she has a lavender lawn, has she is a sked, slowly. "Does she wear lavenger a great deal?"

He nodded. "Yes, and organdies, lots There is one with a yellow

pi\_yed, and there was such a crowd, and pi\_yed, and there was such a crowd, and George and I took a little walk." She smiled kindly at her companion, who moved his big canvas-covered feet uneasily as he felt Mrs. Marryat's eyes linger on them. He wished he had bought the other pair

cold and general. "Mr. Spenser, you have

He bowed, she acknowledged his salutation, and there was an instant's silence.

'There is Mrs. Willoughby." Mrs. Marryat spoke rapidly, as the occasion requir-ed. "Will you run after her, Mr. Carpenter, and stop her for me. I must speak to her about those seats, Nora." Carpenter went on his errand with an alacrity which was a characteristic of most

of Mrs. Marryat's messengers, and she laid her hand a moment on the girl's arm as she turned to follow him.

"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. She nodded to them both and departed with her even, stately tread.

The sun was straight over their heads, and it was very hot, but just two steps back stretched the long, cool bench in the shadow of the squash-court. Nora glanced about and met Spenser's glance resting on her with some curiosity and, she thought, even amusement. It ran through her quick mind that he had caught her mother's warning undertone and was waiting for her to get rid of him. She gave a little mental jerk to the bit as the took it in her teeth and, sitting down, looked up at

"Are you going away." she said. you tired of the Marryat family ?" Pure coquetry is a rare art; not to be self-conscious, not to look coquettish to the bystander, which is fatal and disliked of all men, but to be so, quietly, for the benefit of the one person it is aimed at— that is one of the charming things of the world, and very rare.

Spenser met her eyes, and they were challenging, provocating, and yet, thank God! innocent; he was not a friend to "knowing" girls. Fiddy's one charm had been a certain straightforward freshness.

"Going away?" he responded. "I hadn't the most remote idea of it, unless

"Why should I send you?" She smoothed her lacy skirt with the little ivory fan she held. "I'm not such a lover of solitude as that comes to, and, then, you are quite new, unknown ground, and I——I am something of an explorer." Her eyebrows were straight and black like her mother's, but the gray, shining eyes beneath them were informed by a totally different spirit. Spenser was fond of Mrs.

Marryat, but he was glad.

Sne sank on a benea and gasped as she saw them go through the gates and caught the flash of the girl's lovely gray eyes as she looked back at Spenser.

"Addie is a witch," she murmured:

"Are you?" was his answer, while his own glance took in these details with leisurely thoroughness—''so am I, but I don't think the Casino is, as a rule, the place to discover new regions. One walks through trim gardens nodding with roses and lilies, but for the wild charms of a meadow, the secrets of the woodland, one

may seek in vain."
She stared. "Dear me" she said, slow "I haven't heard a word of that sort for months, not since I left the country and went to town to shop with Mama. How strange it sounds!" She smiled at "I am glad vou came from wherever it was. It's nice to meet a fellow country man, and I've been among these queer peo ple so long."

He took in the slight flush that accompanied these words and waited for her to

"Here we talk about the tennis-courts." she continued, "and the dancing-floors and the weather and our clothes and their carriages, and sometimes we revive our friend among my friends, one decent fellow fainting spirits with a hopeful canvassing to whom she talks sometimes." of our neighbors' disgraceful family quarrels-but why do I go on? You pro know it all, and perhaps like it, since you come here as a free agent from some other

"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. He hurried on to cover his retreat. "I stopped at my sister's for a day or two before I came here, and there I had unbroken rusticity. I took a ride yesterday (each thing sounded more leisurely and well-off than the last, but he blundered on) and

went for miles without seeing a soul." "'Did you? How I envy you!" She looked discontentedly about her. "Here every road is infested with automobiles, every bush supports a bicycle."

"It was a wonderful place." Spenser forgot his responsibilities as he thought of

his vision of two days before. "I rode on and on between fields and woods without a sign of human life except that the ground was plowed and cared for, until, suddenly, I came on a house lying not far back from the road, which had a stretch of green but rather shaggy lawn leading up to it. It had pillars and a second-story porch; it was a big house, evidently belonging to people of taste. There was a garden, runpeople of taste. There was a garden, run-ning back at one side, and behind it the woods crowded up and almost clasped it in their green arms." He stopped and stared at her with a sudden recognition of her presence. "It was the nicest place I've ever seen, and I've-I've been in love

ever since." She smiled. "In love with it?" she queried. "No, in love with her," he answered.

"Oh!" Her smile changed. "So you saw the mistress of it?" He shook his head. "I saw no one." "But--"

"But she lives there, just the same, and is everything I like best in woman. I sat on my horse," proceeded Spenser, "hesitating whether I should risk it and ride up and ask for her, and then—then I hadn't the courage, and I rode on, twisting in my saddle until I nearly fell off, watching the place until I got around the turn, out of

"But, evidently, not out of mind!" She raised her black brows and smiled again. "Well, do you know, I don't think much of you—I should have gone in and found

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

Miss Marryat studied the profile beside

her with the eager, ignorant eyes of youth.

of organdies. There is one with a yellow spring on a gray ground."

Miss Marryat turned away and stared rather disconsolately over the lawn.

"I am beginning to feel lonely and neglected," she said, with a little pout.

"Hardly a day for walking, I should hink." Mrs. Marryat's statement was sold and general. "Mr. Spenser, you have

cold and general. "Mr. Spenser, you have never been presented to my daughter. I believe—Nora, this is Mr. Spenser."

Spenser turned about in his turn and watched the face beside him; strangely enough, she was, in his mental vision, clad

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?" "Nothing very definite," she answered,

and, being young, she became serious. "Only to weigh you a little, and——"And find me wanting?" he interruptted, with a very delightful smile.

"No," she laughed, but her eyes gave a little snap; "only to find out if every

young man in this place is equally hopeless as a companion."

He tried not to smile again. "Well, am

I, also, quite hopeless?"

Miss Marryat fluttered her fan softly.
"You wouldn't be if you hadn't fallen in love with her. I think you might be rather nice if it were not for that.' "There is hope for me, then," Spenser resumed. "For I am a very fickle person, and I may supplant her image with another in short order. I wonder if you would take a drive—I mean a walk with me this afternoon?"

The girl hesitated. They were sitting facing each other, and Mrs. Marryat approached with an indefinable smile hover-

ing on her lips.
"My dear," 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." She turned to Spenser graciously: "I'm afraid we shall miss your visit, Mr. Spenser, as we go down to my sister's place to-morrow for a

The girl turned to him with troubled eyes. He gazed a moment into their depths and pressed unconventionally the hand she laid in his.

"I'm sorry," she said. "You see how Mama disposes of my afternoons; but, perhaps, when we come back, if you haven't quite gone, and I buy an organdy, you might ask me again." Again they looked into each other's eyes, and both of them

laughed.
"I may almost call it a likelihood," he responded, and reluctantly let her fingers go. "May I see you to the gates?"

Mrs. Hayward, who stood waiting for her brother, stared at them and felt her eyes growing round as she watched the girl's manner. Had Addie's whole story been false

Impossible! And then Nora already had a reputation. Was she dreaming, or was this the result of Addie's desperate remedy? She sank on a bench and gasped as she saw them go through the gates and caught the flash of the girl's lovely gray eyes as she

and she has never had cause to change her opinion .- By Francis Willing Wharton, in the Cosmopolitan.

Where the Nile Flows.

The Land of the Speechless Sphinx and the Trackless

Port Said and Alexandria are the gate ways 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. Visitors who expect to see in either city impressive reminders of Egypt's ancient splendor are acutely disappointed by their first glimpse of the historic land. The very decidedly modern aspect of Alexandria suggests little of the mysterious Orient. Only a few scattered minarets, and here and there a stray palm tree distinguish the bustling town from any seaport on the French coast. We are interested in its street scenes, but we feel no regret on leaving this ancient stronghold of the Ptolemies and eagerly take train to Cairo, the Pyramids and the

Sphinx. From the car windows we get glimpses of a kaleidoscopic procession of Bedouins, clad in their flowing bernouses, of women hideously veiled, of water carriers laden with goatskins filled to bursting, and of nugainly camels whose turbaned drivers are starting them on their voyage across the desert. These, and Cairo itself, city of mosques and tombs and minarets, make us realize the ascendency of the crescent. But it is ever so much harder to believe that this gay, fashionable health resort, this social center of a refined civilization, this many-sided metropolis of today, is now the capital, the living heart of the Egypt of the

Pharaohs, and of Cleopatra.

From January until April, Cairo is the scene of incessant revelry. After that the official colony departs, and the gentlemanly khedive and his court hasten to Alexan-

But during the season the Nile's sacred bosom is gay with boating parties, whose song and laughter rebound from ruined temples where long forgotten priests once chanted their hynms to the rising sun. Since that day the massive columns, now prope and broken, have echoed sounds that changed the very face of the globe. Here the captive children of Israel groaned till Moses led them to Sinai; here Anthony dreamed away an empire; here victorious Islam carried the koran on its sword point and the mighty Mamelukes fell before Napoleon's army.

Such levity amidst such surroundings is shocking, of course, and all a startling incongruity. But we add our own quota when, busy with thoughts of a wonderful past, we find ourselves eagerly watching the progress of a polo game played in the very shadows of the overthrown temples.

To visit the Pyramid Field, we drive through a beautiful avenue bordered with miles of luxuriant lebbek trees, in victorias or, if we prefer, in automobiles. Irreverently we wonder what the royal mummies would say to the latter. Poor fellows, they haven't been treated fairly. After building for themselves tombs that have protected them for ages, and where they hoped to lie until resurrection dawned, we dig them out and expose them to view in the museum

at Ghizeh, and add to the insult by charg-ing a small admission fee.

Think of wheeling parties picnicking in the shadow of the Sphinax, resting their bicycles against old Cheops himself, and sending their golf balls out over the plain he has guarded so long.

Arrived at the Pyramids we play at

mountaineering on the desert and, at the risk of our dignity, we are shoved and hauled up the giant steps of the Great Pyramid, laid bare by the thieving Arabs, who, to deck their mushroom mosques, scaled off its marvelous sheathing of polished granite.

A staircase to the sky is Cheops. At the summit we drink in a glorious panorama. Close at hand rise the lesser pyramids, great piles of gray gloom that cut black triangles out of the blue and gold sky, and the motionless Sphinx still patiently waiting for the Dawn. Even in its mutilation, the giant head reveals the ancient type of

female African beauty.

Yonder lies Cairo, its golden domes and its exquisitely graceful minarets gleaming red and white against the purpling horizon; and through the broad landscape winds the sluggish Nile, its outstretched arms caressing the low lying islands green fringed with | nineteenth century.

palms, and far in the distance lies the Del-

ta, 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 will they ever discover the secret of their wonderful architecture? Where, to-day, is the modern builder who will raise such a structure and set it upon a floor of shifting. structure and set it upon a floor of shifting sand with such accuracy that, after the lapse of ages, it shall vary not a hair's breadth from the geometric truth with which it was planned?

But Cairo beckons and we close our eves 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 "Ismail's Folly." Bought by a syndicate from the oreditors of the extravagant sovereign, it has been converted into a hotel second to none in the world in luxury and equipment.

A discordant jangle of many bells, loud cries of runners, a cloud of dust and behind it a lurching vehicle suspended between gaily caparisoned camels, attract our at-tention, and we behold a modorn Rebecca being borne in state, a bride, to her husband's home.

We long to peep behind the swarthy yasmask, but we dare not. Even the man who weds her has not yet looked upon her

Hoary past and hustling present literally clasp hands in the streets of Cairo. Bedouin women from the desert, hugging close their chubby youngsters, drive into town in the rudest of donkey carts and gaze with wideeyed stolidity at the swiftly moving electric street cars. The top heavy camel slouches along on quite familiar footing with bicycles and horseless carriages. Native runners, clad in brilliant and picturesque Ali Baba costumes, make their engagements over the telephone. Butchers and bakers, fruit venders, water sellers and candy hawkers ply their trade in doorways and under balconies, pierced and crenlated and fretted with a delicacy fit for a lady's fan.

The mosques are churches, tombs, schools, universities, hospitals, and the rallying spots of mobs and demagogues, all in one. Distinctively eastern as is their exterior, in their inner courts the bewildering mass of carving, fretwork, inlay, tiling and mosaic, perfect in every tiny detail of workmanship, fairly takes one's breath away. Spiral and curve, star and parallelogram, these are the everlasting motif: for the koran upholds the decalogue and lays strict injunction against the making of

graven images.

No wonder we miss monuments and statues; no wonder that flower, fruit and leaf are absent; no wonder that art here de-

votes itself to the purely geometric.

There is no ritual in the mosque other than—if such it may be called—the reciting of prayers in response to the muezzin's call. The better class make their prostrations upon the rugs for which the East is famous. When these praying rugs reach our home marts, the connoisseur seeks the twin spots in the pile, worn there by the hands and knees and toes of the faithful. Those who have been in the East and heard the muezzins call from the minarets with the regularity of a cockoo clock and have followed the pious into the mosques and noted their postures during prayer, readily understand the significance of so singular a hall mark.—By Isabel R. Wallach in The Four Track News.

Servia's Bloody Chronicles.

Servia is a kingdom in the Balkan pennsula, south of Austria-Hungary, Roumania 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 Penusylvania, but with a popula-tion of 2,312,000. At Orsova the Balkans the kingdom and the constitution, and then are separated from the Carpathian mountains by a cleft called the Iron Gates, and through them the Danube rushes. Servia 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 cedonian. soil grows maize, rice, wheat, hemp and

distilled. Cak and walnut forests cover her brothers upon the throne by arrange-more than half the territory. Iron, copper ment with Alexander. more than half the territory. Iron, copper and coal abound, but lack of roads checks their working. Immense herds of swine are tended in the forests, and this exporta tion forms the chief revenue. Thus among the peasant rulers figuring in the dynastic nistory the swineherd often appears. Little attention is paid to education, and the general condition of the country is far beaind that of Roumania and Bulgaria. The preponderance of exports and imports is with Austria-Hungary. About 2,500 miles of telegraph and 350 of railroads exist. The inhabitants are a branch of the Slavic.

The skuptschina meets annually and has a membership of 262. The inhabitants are almost entirely members of the Orthodox, or Greek Catholic church. Military service is obligatory upon all able-bodied males between 21 and 51. An army of 350,000 can be mobilized. The Service is the service of the contract of th be mobilized. The Servian literature naturally involves that of the southern. slavic languages, spoken in Servia, Herso-govina, Bosnia, Croatia, Montenegro and Dalmatia. The Servian and Croat litera-tures come nearer together. The former ness Russian writing characters, and the latter the Latin. But they differ in religious influence, the one Greek and the other Roman Catholic, and thus for centuries were divergent in development. The struggle for liberation from the Turks brought out some fine Servian poetry, but the greatest literary treasures are the Servian ballads. So the Croatian literature has a parallel development under similar patriotic influences.

Belgrade, the capital of Servia, has a population of 54,000. Its Servian 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 com-merce between Turkey and Austria. Its manufactures are of arms, cutlery, sad-dlery and carpets. It has lost its former Oriental appearance because wealthy Turks have deserted it.

The Byzantine emperors induced the Servians in the seventh century to leave the Carpathian region and settle in their present abode. Christianized in the ninth, they became independent in the eleventh century, and Pope Gregory VII, recogniz-ed their king. The tenth sovereign, Steph-en Dushan, in the fourteenth century, con-quered nearly all the Balkan peninsula and took the title of czar. In 1389, in the terrible battle of Kossova, Servia lost her independence to the Turks and disappeared from history until the beginning of the

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 swine-herd, Milosh Obrenovitch, who had assassinated King Kara-George, headed a desperate resistance for 15 years. Supported by Russian diplomacy, he forced the Sublime Porte, in 1830, to recognize him as hereditary prince of Servia

Kara-George, who had led the grand revolt in 1803 against the Turks, had as his real name George Petrovich, but he was surnamed Tsrni, or Black George, which in Turkish is kara. When Milosh had, 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 death his younger brother, Michael, succeeded. He in turn abdicted in 1842, and the Serbs then elected Alexander, the son of Black George, or, as his name reads in

Servian, Karageogevitch.

He was compelled to resign in 1859 and Milosh, now very old, was invited to re-turn from Bucharest. He lived but one year, and dying left the throne to his son, Michael, then 40 years old, thus elected a second time king. Michael had learned much during his exile. In 1862 he succeeded in having the Turkish garrisons removed from Belgrade. The Moslem in-habitants gradually withdrew from the country. One mosque in Belgrade is still used by the remainder, but the second temple is now a gas works.

While walking in the Tipshirede park June 10, 1868, Michael was assassinated by the emissaries of Alexander Karageorge-vitch. His second cousin, Milan, grandson of Yephrem (Ephraim), a brother of Milosh, succeeded. In 1875 Milan married Natalie de Keczko, a Russian. Scandals that af-fected all Europe were followed by his attempts to divorce her, which she finally accomplished berself 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 regency, 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 con-

trol. The Servians were defeated in a great battle, and the joint war, in which Mon-tenegro had aided, had to be settled by the intervention of Russia. The Berlin congress recognized the independence of Servia in 1878, and extended its boundaries.

Milan was proclaimed the first king in 1882. His queen procured her divorce from the patriarch of Servia. She had nev-er taken any pains to hide her pro-Russian Milan was compelled to absympathies.

dicate, 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 tax-payers became electors, and by their votes

ose the entire skuptschina. 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, Mme. Draga Maschin, a widow, whose father was a liveryman and whose own past had been disreputable. She was 40 years old at the time, and had a son 16 years old. The

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 essaved suicide. The czarina of Russia ignored her, and diplomatic corps women held aloof. Last April the king figured in as suddenly restoring them. But meanwhile as an absolute monarch he had ab-rogated laws passed under the later organic law, and these were not restored. Recently his kingdom has been involved in the

troubles known generically as the Ma-One cause of popular irritation recently has been the rumored attempt of Queen Vineyards are along the Danube, and plum trees, whence the native brandy is in waiting to Queen Natalie to foist one of

From the Third Grade,

Miss Petal 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, "on e 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 diagram was hetter only he ma's. After dinner pa was better, only he had a headache; but we all went out to the Zoo!"
"Awhile 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. \* \* \* 'Whenever my ma buys new furniture a man likes it so well that he comes a lot of times to see it 's he depend into a little of the second s 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."

Found Him Out,

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

Farmers and others should he familiar with the fact that a small quantity of clean lard rubbed in horse's ears will keep from the ears all flies, large and small, and save the animal untold annoyance and suffering. Will you do it or will you allow the poor brute to worry through the sum-mer 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.