

SERVIA UNDER KING PETER

Present Ruler Slave of Tyrants and Murderers.

NO PUBLIC SECURITY

The Unhappy Country Has Only Exchanged a Benevolent Autocrat for a Timorous Tyrant—Vowed to Establish a Liberal Government for His Subjects.

Nations, like individuals, must suffer the consequences of their sins, and few will be found to lament the retribution which has overtaken Serbia since she acquiesced in the murder of her sovereign.

While the mangled corpses of Alexander and Draga lay gaping in the Konak garden, drunken lieutenants brandishing dripping swords in the streets and cried aloud: "The tyrant has fallen!" When Red Peter took the Orient express, he carried with him translations of Mill's "Liberty" for distribution among his new subjects and vowed to establish all Mill's counsels of perfection.

But Serbia has only exchanged a benevolent autocrat for a timorous tyrant, who is himself the abject slave of murderers and cowards. Not only are electors coerced, parliaments intimidated, judges overawed, newspapers suppressed, correspondents expelled, but there is no longer even liberty of conscience; private judgment and public opinion have been equally drained.

Public security is quickly passing into a memory. Petty tyrants have arisen in every village and lay hands suddenly on private enemies, executions are committed by favor of murderers in office, mysterious crimes pass by unpunished. The best men in the land are hurrying across the Save to penury and exile; others take to the hills as their forefathers did in bad old times, which after all were no worse than the new.

National, even municipal, credit has passed away, though the country's potential wealth is as great as ever. Public contractors refuse to deliver their wares except for cash. The cuckoo king himself cannot obtain credit for the new crown, to wear for which he sold his honor.

From this chaos her miserable King is incapable of retrieving her. He began with a light heart distributing volumes of "Liberty," talking platitudes about freedom and progress and trolling about the streets incognito.

Haroun-al-Raschid in plaster of Paris. Now a change has come over the spirit of his nightmare and he begs himself in terror, shivering in his bedroom among Swiss guards and keeping a rope ladder outside of his window to facilitate the expected flight.

Our only surprise is that Red Peter has lasted so long. The usual refuge of discredited monarchs is to provoke an unjust war, and no doubt his Majesty has considered the propriety of a raid upon his neighbors.

With an empty treasury, with no arms or ammunition, a declaration of war by Serbia would only precipitate the inevitable catastrophe. The termination of Peter's melancholy reign would disturb nobody in or outside Serbia. So Peter has now bethought himself of an expedient which is only one degree less dangerous. In his hour of need he is prepared to sacrifice all the aspirations, all the dignity, all the hereditary claims of his country and humbly sue for the protection of her historic foe. He has met Prince Ferdinand at Nish and all the quidnuncs are agog with rumors of an alliance.

It is even asserted that the shrewdest statesman in Europe consents to a treaty whereby Serbia is to help Bulgaria in the event of a Turkish invasion, and Bulgaria is to support Serbia if Austria takes advantage of certain clauses in the Treaty of Berlin. As, however, Bulgaria has already made her own arrangements with Turkey and an invasion is practically out of the question, whereas Austria has obviously made up her mind to advance in the immediate future in the direction of Salonica, the suggested arrangement is, to say the least, one sided.

We should not welcome an Austrian occupation, because we have no great belief in the administrative method of the dual Empire, but as the lesser of two evils we should applaud any invader who removed from the regicidal kingdom the stigma of the great crime and enabled her to hold up her head once more among her fellows.—London Saturday Review.

Winston Churchill of England.

Winston Churchill of England is described as "not so well dressed as Mr. Chamberlain once was, not so small as Lord Rosebery, not so handsome as Sir Edward Grey, not so intellectual as Mr. Morley." And it is added that he is "the most compelling youthful figure in modern politics. The blend of the schoolboy, the prize fighter—his face speaks it—and the fanatic is a strong one, and that almost sums up Mr. Churchill. He is the only man living who will be able to compete with Mr. Chamberlain in appealing to the sporting instincts and the ideals of the working classes. He is essentially a democrat—a demagogue, if you like—as his father was before him. There is no Parnellite aloofness about him; he is never so happy as when down among the crowd; he would make a splendid president of the United States, shaking hands with all and sundry."

MODELING IN CORK.

Pleasant and Instructive Pastime with Wonderful Results.

An interesting and extremely fascinating occupation for the long winter evenings is that of modeling in cork, and after a little practice the persevering ones will be surprised to find what clever and ingenious young architects they will become, while greatly charmed as the crude design grows beneath their nimble fingers.

Let us suppose that it is desired to manufacture a model of some old ruined castle, upon which the clinging ivy twines so tenderly, and around which hover many memories of by-gone state and splendor.

Workers must first supply themselves with the necessary material and proper tools. Of the latter they will require some paint brushes, a hammer, a sharp penknife, a pencil and a pair of scissors. Having procured these, they must obtain a quantity of cardboard cork sheets, a few old bottle corks, a little fine sand, paints, glue wire and a small quantity of artificial moss and ivy.

And now, having decided upon the building and procured the necessary materials, the next thing to be done is to draw a plan of the castle you intend to reproduce. This accomplished, you may proceed to make a frame of light cardboard, cutting it carefully to the requisite size, and then securing upon the millboard framework a layer of the sheet cork to form the walls. This may be made to represent stonework by means of uneven pencil strokes, which should afterward be colored in with black or dark brown paint, in order to give the structure a suitable appearance of age.

The particular portion of the castle which has fallen into absolute ruin and decay should have rough and jagged edges. The walls should be jagged by means of a little brown paint judiciously applied, and small, irregular pieces of cork may be heaped against the sides to represent fallen masonry.

Broken columns are quite easy to imitate, and if an ordinary cork be roughly carved with a sharp pocket knife and then carefully painted and sprinkled with a small quantity of moss, which should be rubbed between the fingers until a light powder is formed, it will be found to serve the purpose most effectively.

And now the artificial ivy (which must be of a small-leaved variety) may be called into requisition and trained around the broken columns and upon the crumbling walls until a most realistic appearance is given to the whole. The floor should be strewn with sand with which a little powdered moss has previously been mingled.—Memphis News.

New York and the Presidency.

Thus far New York has contributed only three Presidents by election—Van Buren, Cleveland, Roosevelt. New York has contributed nine Vice-Presidents, however—Burr, Clinton, Tompkins, Van Buren, Fillmore, Wheeler, Arthur, Morton and Roosevelt. Van Buren went to the Presidency by election immediately afterward, and Fillmore, Arthur and Roosevelt attained that office through the death of the elected incumbent.

The Republican party has taken but one Presidential Candidate from New York but has taken five of its Vice-Presidential nominees—Wheeler, Arthur, Morton, Whit-law Reid and Roosevelt—from this State.

The Republicans have carried New York for President nine times—in 1856, 1860, 1864, 1872, 1880, 1896, and 1904—and have lost it four times—in 1868, 1876, 1884 and 1892.

In every Presidential election beginning with that of 1812 New York has been preponderant among all of the States in the Electoral College. In every one of the twenty-nine elections for President thus far held, the side which New York took turned out to be the winning side except in four instances—in 1812, when it went to De Witt Clinton; in 1856, when it was carried by Seymour, and in 1876, when Tilden got its electoral votes.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Ben Franklin Story.

When Benjamin Franklin was on his famous mission in Paris he and an Silas Deane were one day discussing the numerous errors they found in the Abbe Raynal's "Histoire des Deux Indes," when the author of that work happened to come in upon them. They told the good man the subject of their conversation and the abbe immediately denied that there were any errors in his history.

His attention was called to the story of a certain Polly Baker and an eloquent address which the abbe credited her with making before a Massachusetts court. The abbe insisted that it was a true story, but admitted that he could not remember his authority for it. Dr. Franklin was shaking with laughter during the protestations of the learned Frenchman.

At last he said: "I will tell you, abbe the origin of that story. When I was a printer and editor of a newspaper we were sometimes slack of news, and to amuse our customers I used to fill up our vacant columns with anecdotes and fables and fancies of my own, and this tale of Polly Baker is one of my making."

A New Decoy Duck.

A decoy duck that will flap its wings and rise from the water has been put on the market. The decoy is mounted on a rod which fits into a tube whereby the decoy may be anchored. The decoy is connected with a cord to the shore or wherever the hunter is and when the latter pulls the bird moves.

ROSE FARMS OF EUROPE

Raising Flowers to be Used in Making Perfume.

LARGEST IS IN ROUMANIA

Nearly a Million Women and Girls Find Employment on the Flower Farms of Southeastern Europe—Whole Families Migrate to Help in Picking.

Few people realize the extent of the perfume industry or of the immense number of flowers that are annually grown for the extract gained from them. It is estimated that millions of pounds of rose leaves are annually reduced to perfumes, and that nearly 1,000,000 women work following the old home recipes and supply the markets of the world.

In southeastern Europe the rose-gathering season is from May to the middle of July, and 750,000 women and girls are employed in this industry. In the south of France and near Paris roses are cultivated for the purpose of manufacturing the attar, and over 30,000,000 pounds of rose leaves are annually gathered.

One of the largest rose fields, if not the largest, in the world is situated in Roumania and is over 120 miles long by 40 in width. When the time of the Roumanian picking season is known, people come from 400 or 500 miles in every direction to get to work. Whole families migrate from Bosnia, Albania, and even from Greece, Roumania and Asia Minor to take part in gathering the roses.

For two months any one who can pick roses can get a job in the Southern Balkans. Picking begins at early dawn when the dew is on the leaves, and is continued until 10 or 11 a. m., or during cloudy weather, all day long. When the sun is shining brightly labor is discontinued toward noon, and recommenced at 4 or 5, and then work is carried on as long as the workers can see. Labor is paid for by the pound.

Every picker is equipped with a basket holding about two bushels, for rose leaves are light. After the baskets are full, they are emptied into sacks and as soon as possible these are transported to the houses and there converted into essence. The factories where the attar of roses is made are mere sheds; sometimes the walls are of brick, sometimes of stone, and occasionally of planks. On one side stand the retorts in rows, copper alembics about three feet high, with a brick furnace underneath. Each alembic has a capacity of 110 liters or quarts, but for a charge only 75 quarts of water are used and 22 pounds of rose leaves.

Distillation goes on for an hour, and then the flask receiving the distilled product is removed and the alembic recharged and the process begun again. The attar of roses is the oil which floats upon the surface, and this is subsequently taken off by cooling and condensation.

The violet plants are generally grown in fields where there are orange and lemon trees, and the shade of these trees is a benefit to the growth of the flower. The violet farms require constant irrigation. These plants are set in rows so that gathering may take place without any one stepping on the flowers.

After the gathering has taken place a pomade is made by bringing the flowers into contact with some very pure fat, the latter being a suitable mixture of lard and suet, and carefully purified. The pomades are then melted, put into tin cans and shipped to all parts of the world. The manufacturing process removes the pomade from the tin, "washing" the pomade with deodorized alcohol, which takes away from the grease the odoriferous substances of the flowers. This "washing" is the basis of all fine perfumes, and to it are added the various oils and substances that give to it its great commercial value.

The standard scent-plants are as follows: Rose, rose geranium, rosemary, citron, lavender, orris or iris root, bitter almond, thyme, violet, cassie or opopanax, tuberose, anise, caraway, fennel, dill and coriander. Jasmine culture is one of the most expensive known, but as its perfume is said to be one that cannot be adulterated or imitated, it brings a high price, on account of its general purity. It is grown in the vicinity of Grasse, France, and also in India, where its very delicate perfume is highly prized and esteemed.

Lassa's Secret a Superstition.

Lassa's former secret is said to have been more of a general superstition than a fact. Though no European army has before entered its gates, they have not always been closed to the discreet traveler. According to a recent writer Warren Hastings, keenly aware of Lassa's importance, sent an envoy thither—one Bogle—as early as 1774. Thomas Manning, the friend of Charles Lamb, passed four months within the walls of the sacred city, and left behind him an eloquent description. He was even granted an audience with the dalai lama, a boy of seven.

Unique Trousers Creaser.

An Illinois inventor has patented an arrangement for creasing trousers without removing them from the wearer. It consists of a pair of rollers mounted on a pair of handles, which are hinged together in the manner of a pair of tongs. The device may be heated in a gas jet or otherwise, and the garment is creased by being passed between the rollers.

AFRICAN POLYGAMISTS.

Condition of Natives of the Dark Interior.

A cowardly tribe in the interior of Africa, the Borans, is thus described by a British explorer: "They carry long spears with huge blades, which look grotesque in the hands of such a craven race. They wear loose knickers of American cotton cloth and a wrap of the same material over their shoulders. These clothes are treated with 'ghi' (butter) till they look like black waterproof. This American cloth is very durable and is the only cloth for which there is any demand. It is the ordinary medium of exchange among the tribes from Dirri to the coast. The Boran either shaves his head or keeps his hair short or long in gill-covered ringlets, but he always wears a small pigtail. He ornaments himself with a tuckcase of small beads or platted giraffe-tail hairs, also with many heavy bracelets of metal and ivory, which often encase his arm up to the elbow. Each of these is supposed to represent some dangerous animal, including man, which he has slain. Bands and tabs of giraffe skin complete his costume."

Borans are polygamists if they can afford the luxury. Their women have to content themselves with leather garments made of bullock hides scraped thin, clothing being considered much too valuable for them. They are weighed down with many bead necklaces. Their religion consists in a belief in a spirit, 'Wak'. The vagueness of their conception of 'Wak' is shown by the fact that the same word is used in the Boran tongue for the sky. They do not believe in any future state of existence, but try to avert present calamity by propitiating Wak. This is done by sacrificing their children and their cattle. A Boran of any standing when he marries becomes a 'raba', and for a certain period after marriage, probably four to eight years, he is obliged to leave any children that are born to him to die in the bush. No Boran cares to contemplate the fearful calamities with which Wak would visit him if he failed in this duty.

After the "raba" period the Boran becomes a "gudda." "This word," says the traveler who describes the natives, "happens to be the Hindustani for 'ass,' but if there were any connection the Boran would certainly be entitled to the rank earlier in life." Wak has no claim on Gudda's children, but neither has Gudda himself. He has to send them off at a very early age with a present of cattle and sheep to be brought up by the wata, who are the low hunter caste of the Borans. They remain with these people till they are grown up and then return to the bosom of their people.

Parting Salutations.

A Turk will solemnly cross his hands on his breast and make a profound obeisance when he bids you farewell.

The genial Japanese will take his slipper off as you depart, and say, with a smile: "You are going to leave my depreciable house in your honorable journeying—I regard thee!"

The Filipino's parting benediction is bestowed by rubbing his friend's face with his hand.

The German "Leben Sie wohl" is not particularly sympathetic in its sound, but it is less embarrassing to those it speeds than the performance of the Hindu, who, when you go from him, falls in the dust at your feet. Fiji Islanders cross two red feathers. Natives of New Guinea exchange chocolates. The Burmese bend low and say, "Hib, hib!"

The South Sea Islanders rattle each other's whale-teeth necklaces.

The Russian form of parting salutation is brief, consisting of the single word, "Praschail," which sounds like a sneeze.

The Otahete Islander will twist the end of the departing guest's robe and then solemnly shake his two hands three times.

The Plectadilly tribe of white men say, "Ta, ta, old fellow!"—Tit-Bits.

Old Time Baseball.

The rules of the game were similar to those used in the "New York game," as our now national game was then called, except in the manner of scoring runs. In some sections it was the rule that when a long hit was made, or the ball lost, the batsman could make not more than one run, while in other localities the runner could make as many as he was able, as in cricket. That is, he could keep tearing around the bases, rolling up runs, until the ball was put in play. I recall one game in which, when my side had a good lead, an opposing batsman hit the ball into some tall grass near second base. We "outs" lost sight of it, but the batsman did not, and, unseen by us, picked it up and kept on running until his side had a safe lead. When the Massachusetts schoolboys were playing their brand of ball, the New York game was the game in general vogue throughout the country, and this style of playing gradually replaced the other in New England.—Outing.

Forgot His Message.

"I was spending some time at White Sulphur Springs, Va.," said I. W. Read of Nashville, "and one afternoon a handsome young woman and her little six-year-old son sat near me on the veranda. The little fellow trotted to me and I patted him on the head. 'What's your name?' he asked. I told him. 'Is your married?' he inquired. 'No, I'm not,' I replied. Then the child paused a moment and, turning to his mother, said, 'Mamma, what one did you tell me to ask him?'"

THE CRAFTY MILITARY SPY

A Dangerous Enemy to Every Civilized State.

MUST BE OBSERVANT

While Exhibiting a Total Ignorance of the Language of a Foreign Country He Overhears Many Important Conversations Regarding Military Secrets of Priceless Value.

There is a common and highly dangerous foe which civilized states have always to guard against—more so during times of peace than when war may be raging—and that is the military spy. He is a danger which menaces every nation, being largely employed by the respective powers of the world to discover the military secrets of other nations.

It is necessary that the man who travels about seeking other countries' secrets should be an excellent linguist, not so much so in order that he may speak the various languages, as to enable him to understand all conversation which he hears. As a matter of fact, a foreign spy often disarms suspicion by exhibiting an utter ignorance of the language of the particular country he may be visiting.

An English Government agent, while in Germany about two years ago managed to escape from a rather dangerous position by acting in such a manner. He had been sent there to try and obtain some information about a new war balloon which the German Government was trying, and decided to travel as an ignorant English tourist. He reached the neighborhood where the experiments were being carried out, but was not allowed to obtain a close inspection of the balloon.

After the experiments had been made, however, he followed the inventor of the balloon and some military friends into a neighboring inn, and sat himself down at a table near them in the hope of hearing some of their conversation. He called for "ein glas bier" in atrociously bad German, in order to convey the impression that he knew nothing of the language. But the military gentlemen still seemed to suspect him, and began talking aloud among themselves, in their own language, about the English "dog," and referring to him in other abusive terms.

The agent, however, took no notice whatever of the remarks, although he well understood their meaning, and sat smoking his pipe and drinking his beer in a manner quite unconcerned. This seemed to satisfy the inventor and his friends, who forthwith began to talk of the balloon experiments. In half an hour the agent had learned enough of the details of the invention—which was a very important one—to send a good report home, and thus enabled his government to learn what Germany was doing in the way of aerial warfare.

It is on account of the espionage which exists in such countries as Great Britain, Russia, Germany and France that the military authorities of these Powers take the greatest precautions to prevent strangers from witnessing any special maneuvers which take place. Perhaps our readers will remember the great fuss which Russia made some time ago because two British officers would persist in hanging about the district in which the autumn maneuvers were to take place. The Russian authorities actually appealed to the British embassy about the matter, with the result that the officers were obliged to leave the neighborhood.

These officers were not spies, but, of course, their actions aroused the suspicion that they were, and Russia is particularly keen in guarding her military knowledge. In spite of the precautions taken by the Powers, however, there are very few maneuvers and military experiments carried out of which Secret Service agents do not obtain some knowledge.—New York News.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Happiness is the ever-retreating summit on the hill of ambition.

It's far better to be bent on economy than broke on extravagance.

The average poet is rich—in expectations.

A New York man has cured himself of dyspepsia by eating grass. Now we know what all Nebuchadnezzar.

Old age may not bring wisdom, but it has a lot of fool experience to its credit.

One of the longest days in the average man's life is the one just before pay day.

The majority of our mistakes would never be noticed if we did not call attention to them.

Preachers have been bombarding his satanic majesty's stronghold for centuries, but he still holds the fort.

London Not So Wicked.

Instead of being the wickedest district in England and Wales, London stands third on the list, according to recently announced figures. First place in crime is held by Monmouth, while another Welsh country, Glamorgan, is second. The most virtuous county, negatively speaking, is also a Welsh county, Cornwall.

BUDAPEST, A MODERN CITY.

What Has Been Done to Make it a Rival of European Capitals.

Budapest is composed of the towns of Pest, Buda and O-Buda, the three being united as one municipality by an act of Parliament in 1872. The city had a population of 360,000 in 1881, and at this time has more than 750,000. This growth in population would be a remarkable showing of itself, displaying the city as American in spirit. But what is even more suggestive of Hungarian advancement is the work done in improving the city and making it a rival of the great capitals of Europe.

Budapest had an ugly river-front. The Government removed all the old buildings, and, in reconstructing the district, demonstrated what an attractive spot a levee may be. All the streets are repaved. Many boulevards are established. New public buildings are erected, and the old ones are gone. Old private residences and stores were torn down, and new ones stand in their place. The standards made by the municipal governments were accepted by the citizens, with the result that there is system and beauty in construction.

It is said by travelers that Budapest has been converted in about fifteen years from an uninviting city into one of the most beautiful cities in the world. And this chief city of Hungary is typical of the national spirit; it is a model among modern cities. Hungary is coming to the front, as any country must with a city which progresses so rapidly, and which, in progressing, regards aesthetic ideals.

Our Italian Citizens.

The Italian immigrant is the subject of a capital special number of that excellent periodical, *Charities*, and the *Revista Commerciale* has published the results of a statistical investigation of the Italians of New York City. One is astonished to learn that there are in that city 382,775 Italians, the great majority below 45 years of age, and nearly 50,000 are being added each year. Although 48 per cent. are utterly illiterate, the fact remains that they are "most valuable additions to our population." For instance, from the investigation made by the Committee of Fifty, of nearly 30,000 cases in the records of organized charity, it was shown that in 20 per cent. of the German cases, 24 per cent. of the American cases, 25 per cent. of the English cases, and 38 per cent. of the Irish cases, the principal cause of distress was intemperance; in only 3 1-2 per cent. of the Italian cases was intemperance the cause. American city life is having a bad effect upon them. "The sudden change of diet is responsible for an increase of certain diseases. The change from the stone cottage in the open fields to the dark and unventilated tenement of Mulberry and Mott streets has resulted in an alarming spread of tuberculosis. Doctor Stella, in his practice in New York, has known as many as twenty-five cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in one year in a single tenement-house.—American Medicine.

The World's Warriors.

Two well-known critics have recently argued that Germany is destined some day to a rude awakening. Gen. Ricciotti Garibaldi believes that the blow is to come from France. Wolf von Schierbrand maintains that the vainglorious, dissolute, overbearing, cowardly Prussian junkers and soldiers of 1896 have their counterparts in the German officers of to-day. Describing the soldier of 1806 in an address to a gathering of his generals at Berlin four years ago the present emperor said: "The glorious soldiers of Frederick the Great had fallen asleep on their laurels, ossified in the trivial details of a senseless, antiquated drill; led by superannuated, unready and unwarlike generals; their officers no longer used to serious work and degenerated by luxury, sloth and blind self-glorification." Yet Wilhelm II. is himself the chief sinner, if Von Schierbrand is to be believed. A military correspondent says that the nobility hold an abnormal number of the higher appointments in the German army. Of the 166 infantry regiments of the Prussian army there are not fewer than thirty-two whose tradition is to exclude officers of bourgeois origin and the custom is gaining strength.

Tale That's Told in Philadelphia.

Robert D. Carson of the Zoological Society recently made a trip to New York and greatly delights in telling an experience he had with an article which is now fortunately unknown in this city—a horse car. Mr. Carson said that he was riding along in the little dinky affair with several other passengers when suddenly the car, in crossing a switch, jolted the front wheels off the tracks. Rain was falling in an industrious manner and almost every one was feeling out of sorts. When the wheels left the tracks all the good humor left the car, and every one was angry. After considerable delay the conductor put his head in the door and shouted:

"Say, all youse people in de back of dis car sit still, and all youse in de front come out and help put de car on de tracks." Mr. Carson and several other men distinguished by the title of "youse people" got out in the driving rain and pushed the front wheels of the car back on the tracks. Then the dinky little horse car with its cargo of "youse people" bowled merrily along the streets of up-to-date New York.—Philadelphia Press.

Beware of liquid food for reflection that is imbibed through a straw. It takes some men a long time to discover their unimportance.