

## LIFE IN THE BALKANS.

An Obliging Woman Whose House Was a Nest of Smallpox.

Miss Edith Durham in her volume of travel, "The Burden of the Balkans," tells this little story of life in that region: "One night a man came to us mysteriously. He said that in his village there were three traitors. Before anything further could be done they must be destroyed. They could not be shot, for this would probably bring down the authorities, and it was impossible to buy poison because the law on the sale of it was very strictly enforced. But 'madame' (myself) was a friend of the doctor. No doubt if she asked him he would write her something that could be put in coffee. Then the three gentlemen could be asked to supper and their political differences quietly arranged. Nor had be any doubt that I should fulfill this humble request."

Of the dangers of smallpox and like diseases Miss Durham says that the Balkan people show a childlike ignorance. She writes: "At one village when I was leaving I was asked to give a little backsheesh to the priest's wife. 'Poor woman!' they said. 'Two or her little children are ill of the smallpox, one has died, she has had it herself and is not yet well, but she cooked your supper in her own house and brought it here for you!' Another time a woman rushed out of a house, seized me in her arms and kissed me upon either cheek until I struggled free. Her three children were down with smallpox, and this warm greeting was an appeal to me to give help."

## POMPEII A TOY CITY.

It Was Given Over to Imitation and Luxury, Emulating Rome.

Pompeii, as can be seen on every hand, was what Bulwer-Lytton describes it—a toy city, given over to imitation and luxury. Rome set both the example and the pace.

The excavations which have proceeded for more than a century and a half may be said now to be fairly completed. Nothing more is needed to enable the archaeologist to reconstruct the life of the ancient Roman colony—nothing else to startle the modern seeker after truth.

The temples, the villas, the theaters, the baths, the gardens, disentombed at last, lie gaping to the skies in heaps of variegated marble and granite, whispering their story mayhap to the moon, yet telling it plainly enough to the passerby under the common light of day—a story of indolence and frivolity mistaken by the semi-barbaric mind for pleasure, of gorgeous displays in public places, mysterious orgies in private, feasts incalculable, vinous libation to the gods, gladiatorial combats, chariot racing, human beings fed to lions—all in mimicry of Rome, of Rome already beginning its downward course toward the fall.

Art they had to decorate the scene, within and without the peristyle, pictures and statues, arches and colonnades in bronze and alabaster, porphyry and Carrara, made luminous by Tyrian dyes and a local red we have not been able to repeat, though much of it is quite restored.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## England's State Records.

England's state records are kept in a great building known as the record office in London. Here are 130 strong rooms, and in these rooms the rolls and records for over eight centuries are kept. There is the chancery roll room, containing over 40,000 rolls of the chancery court, each roll consisting of thirty or forty skins of parchment stitched together and rolled up tight into a cylinder. Another set of rooms is set aside for the records of the king's bench and common pleas, the latter extending from the reign of Richard I. to the present time. Each roll is formed of a number of long parchment skins fastened together at the head and inclosed in stout vellum covers. Each roll weighs from 100 to 200 pounds and contains from 500 to 1,000 skins of parchment.

## Twin Earthquakes.

Earthquakes which consist of two shocks separated by a brief interval of quiet or of two maxima of intensity are known as twin earthquakes. In Great Britain one in about every twenty earthquakes is a twin, and the strongest shocks experienced in that country belong to this variety. It is believed that twin earthquakes are due to impulses arising from two detached foci, separated in different cases from four to more than twenty miles, but lying along the same fault in the earth's crust.

## It's Different When It's Your Own.

"Young Dr. Keelhyme always impressed me as having nerves of iron, judging by the cool way he performs the most serious operations," remarked his friend, "but yesterday when I met him in consultation he was the most excited and rattled man I have seen in a long while."

"It must have been a most unusual and extraordinary case."

"No; one of the doctor's own children had a mild attack of measles,"—New York Times.

## Every Congratulations.

A very famous American dentist met the English husband of an American friend of mine with the genial congratulation: "My dear sir, I wish you joy! You have married a first rate set of teeth."—Fortnightly Review.

## Businesslike.

Here lies Jane White, wife of Thomas White, stonemason. This monument was put up out of respect for her memory and as a specimen of his workmanship. Tomb in the same style, £50.—London Tit-Bits.

## Some Clever Sayings

## By Bright Little Tots

MARGIE—Do people get into heaven free?  
Johnnie—No, of course not. They have to be good.

"Papa, are there such things as locks of hair?"  
"Certainly, my son."  
"And is a wigmaker a locksmith?"

"Tommy," said the teacher, "can you tell me the meaning of 'repentant'?"  
"Yes, ma'am," answered Tommy. "It's how a fellow feels when he gets caught at it."

Mamma—Willie, did you see any one take my blackberry jam from the pantry?

Willie (whose mouth looks suspicious)—Mamma, I guess I must be like some of the Bible people who had eyes and saw not.

Doctor (to Gilbert, aged four)—Put your tongue out, please.  
Little Gilbert protruded the tip of his tongue.

Doctor—No, no; put it right out.  
"I can't, doctor; it's fastened on to me."

"Now, Freddie," said his mother, who was entertaining company, "you must not talk while the ladies are talking. It isn't polite."

"Hub!" exclaimed Freddie in disgust. "Do you want me to grow up and be a dummy?"—Chicago News.

## His Guarantee.

A local horse dealer recently bought a horse of a colored citizen and suggested that the latter give a guarantee that the animal was as good as represented.

To this the colored brother demurred. "I don't nevah give no guarantees when I sell a hoss," he expostulated.

"Well, I want a guarantee," the dealer persisted. "It's largely a matter of form, perhaps, but I want it just the same."

So the colored man sought pen, ink and paper and presently returned with this somewhat surprising document:

"To whom it may concern: I heabhy agree dat he said hoss is free from all incumbencis whosoeavh."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## A Strange Animal.

Mrs. Johnson was the owner of a factory building which brought in more trouble than rent. To cap the climax an unknown man sued her because his son had fallen down the cellar stairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson discussed the impending lawsuit in all its phases without noticing the interest of their five-year-old daughter. To their great surprise, the child suddenly exclaimed at breakfast:

"Oh, mamma, I wish I could see your lawsuit!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

## The Vital Question.



She—I learned so much at cooking school!

He—Did you learn how to keep a cook?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

## Already There.

"Of course," said Miss Pert. "If he should propose to you you will accept him."

"I don't know," replied Miss Passay. "I should want to be sure that he will love me when I am old."

"But his proposal will be proof that he does, won't it?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## The Point of View.

The Beauty—I've had lots of poems written to me, both serious and humorous, but I've kept only the serious ones.

The Other Girl—They were better than the others?

"Oh, no, but they were much funnier."—Smart Set.

## A Sure Sign.

When the grass is faintly greening in the shelter of the fence.

When the daring maple blossoms make the tree top shadow dense,

When the baby dandlings peep above the chilly moid.

Hiding in their startled bosoms all their wealth of splintered gold.

Then we rightly may conjecture that the spring is drawing nigh,

With its snowy clouds a-sailing in a sea of purple sky.

But the only sign that's certain—you've observed it, like as not—

Is the bunch that's rattling grounders on the old back lot.

Mickey Peters, Fatty Johnson, Skinny Brown and Nosey Waits,

Lumpy Wilson, Buster Thompson and that sassy Rabbit Potts—

This the gang that pools their pennies and their nickels and their dimes.

Kicking, as they note the total, on the hardness of the times.

Then they go and buy a bat or two and a bargain for a ba!

Though they own the man a little when they pinched up their all.

But you know that spring's approaching—that it's nearly on the spot—

When we see the bunch bat grounders on the old back lot.

—Baltimore American.

## HENRI MURGER'S COATS.

## It Is Hard to Say in Which He Was the More Miserable.

A pleasant incident of the penurious days of Henri Murger, the author of the famous "Vie de Boheme," is related by a French writer. Murger when in the extreme of poverty was one day invited to a party at the house of a publisher at which it was of great importance that he should be present. Unfortunately he possessed only one suit of clothes, which was in the last stage of shabbiness. He therefore appealed to a friend who gloried in the possession of two black coats—one old, the other new—to lend him one. The friend, not unwillingly, lent him the old one. It was too small for him and very shiny at the seams, but by a liberal use of ink he managed to make it pass muster and attended the party. Unfortunately the friend was there, too, and in great anxiety over his coat followed Murger about the room with such remarks as "Don't stand so upright. You will split my coat," or "For heaven's sake, mind what you are doing with that coffee. You are splashing it all down the front of my coat."

Shortly afterward a similar occasion arrived. Murger determined that nothing should make him apply for the same coat. Accordingly he went to another friend and related the whole circumstance. This friend willingly lent him a new black coat which fitted admirably. But matters were not improved after all, for the lender was at the party and followed Murger everywhere, exclaiming in tones of audible good nature: "Do just what you like with my coat, old man. Tear it right up the back or cover it with grease just as you like. I shall never say a word. Only too delighted to lend it to you."

## A WONDERFUL MONSTER.

## Description of a New Battleship In the Seventeenth Century.

Is it true that our ram battleships are but old inventions in new forms? It looks like it. Some one has unearthed a curious announcement which appeared in the *Mercurius Politicus* for Dec. 6, 1653, to the effect, as stated by the Dunadie Advertiser, that "the famous monster called a ship built at Rotterdam by a French engineer is now launched." In a description of the vessel its capabilities are thus detailed:

(1) To sail by means of certain instruments and wheels (without masts and sails) as swift as the moon or at least thirty miles every hour. (2) Both ends are made alike, and the ship can be stopped at pleasure and turned as easily as a bird can turn. (3) In time of war it can with one bounce make a hole under water in the greatest man-of-war as big as a table and in an hour's time will be able to sink fifteen or sixteen ships and in three or four hours will destroy a whole fleet. (4) She will be able to go to the East Indies and tack again in eight or nine weeks. (5) She may be used to kill whales in Greenland, so that a hundred ships may be laden in fourteen days. (6) She may be used to break down any pier or wooden work with greatest ease.

A "wonderful" "monster" this must have been. What, one is curious to know, was her fate?

## Fling Out Your Sunshine.

What a satisfaction it is to go through life radiating sunshine and hope instead of despair, encouragement instead of discouragement, and to feel conscious that even the newsboy or the bootblack, the car conductor, the office boy, the elevator boy or anybody else with whom one comes in contact gets a little dash of sunshine! It costs nothing when you buy a paper of a boy, or get your shoes shined, or pass into an elevator, or give your fare to a conductor, to give a smile with it, to make these people feel that you have a warm heart and good will. Such salutations will mean more to us than many of the so called great things. It is the small change of life. Give it out freely. The more you give the richer you will grow.—Orison Swett Marden in Success Magazine.

## Long Lived Carp.

The ordinary carp, if not interfered with, will, it is said, live 500 years. There are now living in the Royal aquarium in Russia several carp that are known to be over 600 years old, and it has been ascertained that in a number of cases that whales live to be over 200 years old. A gentleman in London has had an ordinary goldfish for fifty-three years, and his father informed him that he had purchased it over forty years before it came to the present owner's possession.

## The "King's English."

The following appeared as a London coster tailor's advertisement:

"A slap up togs and kickless builder with upper Benjamins snipped on a downy plan, with moleskins of hanksy punky design, with a double fakeman, down the sides and artful buttons at bottom, with kickless cut peg top, half tight or to drop loose over the trotters with fancy vests made to flash the dickey or to fit tight round the scrag."

## Comforting Him.

"And now," whispered the lover as he caught her in his arms, "what shall we do about the rope laund? We shouldn't leave it hanging there."

"Don't worry about it," replied the eloping damsel. "Papa said he'd pull it up again so I couldn't get back."

## Not Reliable.

Daughter—Jack promised that if I accepted him he would mend his ways. Her Mother—Humph! I haven't much faith in this repairing done while you wait.

The cloudier the day, the sunnier should be your smile.

## BRUNSWICK'S PINES.

## MAINE TOWN'S SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT IN RAISING TREES.

**Barren Plains Made to Yield a Good Income by Public Spirited Citizens. Thousands of Trees Have Been Set Out and Sold.**

Brunswick, Me., is probably the only town in the United States engaged in a practical demonstration on a large scale of the possibilities of municipal forestry, says the Boston Globe. It is planting and raising pine trees for the good of the community in general and as an example to farmers and other landowners in the vicinity. Its nursery of pines contains about 40,000 seedlings in a flourishing condition, and it has already set out on wild land about 60,000 trees.

The town's activity in this direction is due to the influence of Austin Carey, one of America's foremost foresters, who is a graduate of Bowdoin college and a resident of Brunswick. In this he was seconded by a few farseeing citizens, the most active in the venture being Dr. F. N. Whittier of Bowdoin college, R. W. Eaton, a mill manager, and Leslie A. Lee, professor in geology at Bowdoin.

These gentlemen in town meeting presented to the voters the plan of Mr. Carey. They mentioned the steady advance in the price of pine lumber and the constant decrease in the natural supply and claimed that should Brunswick take up the culture of pine trees it could not fail in the process of time to secure a considerable financial return from its investment and labors, to say nothing of the beneficial example it would set its citizens and other towns in the state.

They also represented the town's special facilities for raising pines on the town land or common known as the plains. Here the town owns 1,000 acres of wild land, presented to it many years ago by the owners of the Pejepscot grant, on which the town was built. The soil is sandy and adapted only to the growing of pines or of blueberries.

Parts of the plains are covered with a rich growth of blueberry bushes, from which not less than \$3,000 worth of berries are gathered each year by the residents and persons from other towns. Other parts, however, formerly covered with heavy pine growth, have become barren. Mr. Carey's plan was to raise young trees and set them out on these barren spots between existing areas of pine. The voters listened and voted, though not without doubt as to the wisdom of their course, to appropriate \$100 to begin the work. A committee was appointed to carry out the plan.

The white pine was selected for exploitation, though the pitch pine and the Norway pine are also found in Brunswick and thrive there quite as well as the white pine. The white pine is commercially more valuable than either of the others and is a rapid grower. A majority of the fine trees at Bowdoin—"those tall, academic pines" of Hawthorne—are of this variety.

The spot selected for starting the nursery was about two miles south of the town on the farm of D. G. Purtington, who was appointed custodian of the nursery (though without title), and a fire warden as well, to guard the young trees against their worst enemy.

The first year's work at the nursery was largely transplanting seedlings found in their natural state in old pine growths, fields and other places. A considerable number came from the railroad embankments in the town, whether the wind had blown the seed from the fine old pines of Bowdoin and near there. Some of the young gentlemen of the college, taking a sentimental interest in the work, contributed their labor to transplanting the seedlings, and several thousand were placed in the beds through their efforts.

The cost of fire protection has been estimated at 3 cents an acre annually. The first cost of stocking an acre with the seedlings is about \$5. At the end of fifty years, when the trees will be ready for lumbering, their cost per acre will have been but \$6.50. The market value of lumber that each acre may reasonably be expected to yield even at such prices as now prevail will be about \$75. Mr. Carey has estimated that at the smallest ratio of increase the trees that will have been planted when ready for market will yield \$55,000 worth of lumber, while the growth left will continue to produce a steady annual yield. It is thus seen that in time the barren Brunswick plains with care can be made to bring the town a very pretty income.</