

CURRENT NOTES.

Serious trouble is expected in Macedonia where heavy fighting is already reported to have taken place between bands of insurgents and the Turkish troops. Weary of never ending oppression, the Macedonian peasants have risen against the local sub-pashas, and as the sultan is unwilling to weaken the force at Constantinople by the withdrawal of regular troops, irregulars, or Bashi-Bazouks, are being recruited for service against them. As these irregulars are certain not to be paid the wages promised them, they will plunder and rob to recoup themselves, with the result to further excite the Macedonians, and as large supplies of arms have been sent into the country, their suppression will be attended by terrible atrocities. Were the conflict confined to the insurgents and the Turkish troops, it would, of course, be speedily ended; but outrage in Macedonia cannot be hidden as it is in Armenia, and slaughter of Greek Christians by Turks will provoke interference by Greece, Bulgaria, and, probably, Russia. Indeed, Bulgaria is already involved, Macedonian refugees and bands of Bulgars having crossed the frontier to aid the Macedonians, evidently with the connivance, if not encouragement, of Prince Ferdinand, while Turkish troops have on slight provocation crossed into Bulgaria. The Bulgarian envoy in Constantinople has also been recalled, ostensibly because of this invasion of the principality and the failure of the Porte to promise compensation for it, but really in order to secure greater freedom of action should opportunity arise. Naturally, the Bulgarians sympathize strongly with their co-religionists of Macedonia, but the object of Prince Ferdinand in abetting the rising is clearly political—to curry favor with Russia, hitherto the chief obstacle to his formal recognition by the powers.

The interest taken by Russia in the rising is shown by the recall to St. Petersburg of the principal Russian consuls in Macedonia, in order to receive explicit instructions as to their action from the foreign office, and also by the tone of the Pan Slavist agitators and press. That Prince Ferdinand is playing a dangerous game for himself, however, is evident, the Macedonian question being the last one which the powers, by whose tolerance he maintains his position, wish to see raised, in the fear lest it should set all Europe ablaze. These powers have winked at the violation of the stipulations of the Berlin treaty involved in his occupancy of the Bulgarian throne, so long as the principality was prosperous, and its government was honest and maintained amicable relations with its neighbors. But now that the guiding hand of M. Stambouloff has been removed, Sofia become a centre of intrigue and disturbance, and Bulgaria drifting rapidly into bankruptcy, it is a question whether their toleration may not be withdrawn. Already they have warned him against raising a question with which Bulgaria cannot cope alone; and, moreover, the Bulgars, although sympathizing deeply with their co-religionists, have no notion of accepting Russian guidance, and prefer to rely on Constantinople rather than St. Petersburg for protection. Indeed, it is not improbable that, should the sultan decide to oust Prince Ferdinand, as Russia did his predecessor, there would be no great opposition on the part of either the powers or his Bulgarian subjects.

FROM EGYPTIAN TOMBS.

Marvellous Workmanship in the Jewel Which Have Been Found.

The treasures which have been unearthed by M. de Morgan in Dashur, are now on exhibition in the Gizeh Museum of Egypt. Best preserved of the necropolis trophies is a bronze-bladed poniard which was taken from the sarcophagus of Princess Ita, who lived many centuries ago. Considering the date of this weapon, it is a marvelous piece of workmanship. The handle is made of solid gold, inlaid with cornelian stone, lapis lazuli and Egyptian emerald. The pommel is formed of one large lapis lazuli.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.

More intricate, but cruder, and, perhaps, less artistic, is the crown of Queen Khno mut. It is made of solid gold, the motives being miniature lyres, also inlaid with emerald, cornelian and lapis lazuli. All these motives, all these flowers also, which link these lyres together, are finished with such scrupulous precision and display such ingenuity of artistry that they compare favorably with the best works of the modern goldsmiths and lapidaries.

It would be a difficult task to enumerate here all the bigwigs which have been taken from the ancient coffins. They are nearly 8,000 of them. Vultures chiseled of pure gold, hawks' heads and tiger claws, all beautifully enamelled and inlaid, and hundreds of clasps surmounted with lions, tigers, snakes and other wild animals.

MONTHS TO DECIPHER THEM.

It will take the French Egyptologists several months to decipher the small hieroglyphics on all these ornaments, heavy earrings and finger rings, which are generously inscribed. Some of them will perhaps only furnish names which will never be identified with the history of ancient Egypt. They will tell the domestic tales of births, love and marriages, but other inscriptions, especially those of the queen's and king's rings, will elucidate much that our historians have been unable to harmonize. They have grappled for years with the Egyptian chronology, and it is a question whether, after all, we will succeed in ever obtaining an accurate chronology of the Pharaonic dynasties.

CHAMPION CRICKETERS.

A PRINCE FROM FAR AWAY INDIA LEADS THE AMATEURS.

England's National Pastime is an Institution, Not a Game—Some Particulars of the Oxford and Cambridge Cricketers—A Sight at Lord's When a Great Match is On.

If any cricketer, ignorant of the history of the game, was asked why the ground of the Marylebone Cricket Club at London is called "Lord's" he would probably return a



PLAYING FORWARD.

similar reply to that of the player who was asked the origin of the word "Yorker," and say "I don't see what else you could call it," writes a London correspondent. An aristocratic flavor certainly pervades Lord's from one end to the other. Plenty of peers may be seen among the occupants of the pavilion whenever an interesting match is in progress, while a few, like Lord Harris and Lord Hawke, have earned fame on its smoothly shorn turf. Even the professional bowlers have a certain courtliness in their demeanor, while the Lord's crowd is not another cricket crowd. It is keenly appreciative of good play, but rarely loses its head, its emotions being kept in check by something of the repose that marks the caste of the "Vere de Veres." For all this the name "Lord's" is merely a happy accident, and takes its title from a cricketer named Thomas Lord, who, toward the end of the last century, acquired a piece of property in Marylebone not far from the site of the present ground, and which he laid out as a cricket field. When the ground was required for building purposes and a move had to be made further out the name Lord's Cricket Ground was also transferred with it, although the original proprietor had been dead some years.

To see Lord's at its best, we do not say its best cricket, one should go there on the occasion of the Oxford and Cambridge, or



S. J. M. WOODS.—BOWLING.

Eton and Harrow matches. The author of "Tom Brown's School-days" said of cricket that it was something more than a game, it was an institution, and we can certainly be convinced of the truth of this statement when we notice the unbroken ring of spectators, ten or twelve deep, on the stands, in carriages or in the ordinary seats; it is a sight which cannot be easily paralleled. All these people, politicians, peers, stockbrokers, clergymen (hosts of them), have come ostensibly to see some thirteen persons, clothed in white flannel, performing certain mysterious antics with a leather ball and twelve pieces of wood. As the Frenchman said of the fox hunt, "There is no band of music, no cheering, for only on one occasion each season, when the M. C. C. plays the Royal Artillery, is the sound of music heard within the enclosure. But these white flannelled persons can do very exciting things on occasions, and the intense interest which an important match arouses throughout the length and breadth of England proves the hold the game has on the Britishers; an attendance of thirty thousand spectators in one afternoon is by no means unusual, and they are wont to regard the game of cricket as one of the physical virtues which have helped to form the national character for pluck, as well as readiness of resource.

This has been a batsman's year—there can be no doubt about that. Never in the annals of the game have so many centuries been chronicled all-round. It was, therefore, to be expected that Dr. W. G. Grace's record of innings of 318, made as far back as 1876, would be approached; but few were prepared for the leviathan score of 424, made by young McLaren ten days ago for Lancashire against Somerset, coupled as it is with another record, the enormous total of 801 for the Lancashire innings. A. C. McLaren is in his twenty-fourth year and learned his cricket at Harrow school, where he captained the eleven and scored 75 against Eton on an almost unplayable wicket. He was immediately asked to play for his county and on his first appearance

compiled 108 runs in first-class style. He was in Australia last winter with Stoddart's team, and there scored most consistently, coming out next to Mr. Stoddart in the averages. In putting together the large total mentioned above, he was at the wickets for nearly eight hours, hitting freely and yet playing correct cricket with a superb defence.

AN INDIAN PRINCE LEADS THE WAY.

The Indian Prince, Ranjitsinhji, now stands second in the list of the batting averages; at the present moment he is looked upon as the most brilliant batsman of the year, not even excepting the redoubtable "W. G." and the advance made by Sussex this season is not a little due to his dashing performance, combined with a magnificent defence. There was a delightful tale current at Cambridge a year or two ago this young cricketer while he was studying at that university. It was to the effect that, having made a century in an important match, he telegraphed the fact to his relatives in India in some such terms as these: "Have made fifty runs. Am joyful." Straight came back an answer: "We are joyful also. Have just sacrificed fifty slaves." The idea of the genial "Smith" (as he is called by his intimate friends) having relatives capable of such barbarity was scouted offhand, and the undergraduates even went so far as to doubt his connection with any potentates of India at all. But it appears that he is either the nephew or cousin of the ruler of the State of Jamnagar. Years ago the cricketer was the heir, but he was put out of the succession and was sent over to England to complete his education at Cambridge University. He took to the game very quickly, and has now developed into a famous bat and a fieldman, whose skill makes hardened attendants at Lord's weep with delight. The people of Jamnagar



K. S. RANJITSINHJI.

insisted on having Ranjitsinhji as their ruler, and the Government of Bombay had actually to interfere on behalf of the rightful heir. "Smith" was not anxious by any means to leave England, and having qualified by residence for the County of Sussex, he is now thoroughly enjoying himself in the cricket fields of England, instead of captaining an eleven of "all Jamnagar." He is an immense favorite with players and spectators alike.

AN ANGLO-AUSTRALIAN PLAYER.

In the earlier part of this season S. M. J. Woods received a great deal of attention by reason of his brilliant performances with the bat, and though he has not done so well lately, he has now completed his thousand runs for this year, a performance which has also been accomplished by W. G. Grace, A. E. Stoddart, Prince Ranjitsinhji, A. Ward, Lilley and Abel. Woods is now captain of Somersetshire team and is one of the best all-round players in the world. An Anglo-Australian by birth, he puts a different and brighter aspect on everything by his dauntless playing when an uphill game has to be fought. Most batsmen prefer to score against fast bowlers by anything but a straightforward hit, but Woods delights in dealing with the swiftest of Lockwood's or Richardson's bowling by his favorite stroke—a full-shouldered straight drive. Although not so deadly as formerly, he still remains the best fast-bowler among amateur players. He has done many fine performances with the ball, notably in May, 1890, when, playing for Cambridge University against Mr. Thornton's England eleven, he took



A. C. MCLAREN.

all the wickets in the second innings. He made his reputation at Brighton College when a boy, by scoring over 200 runs against twenty-two professionals and masters. As a Rugby-football player Woods is a remarkable fine forward, and he has received his international cap for the past five years, though he announces that he will give up this winter pastime for some less dangerous form of exercise.

A CHAMPION OF CHAMPIONS.

No mention of this season's cricket would be complete without a reference to Dr. W. G. Grace. The "Grand Old Man of Cricket" still heads the batting list, with an average of 73, and wants but 155 to complete his 2,000 notches for the year. Were any proof wanting of his infinite variety of his remarkable vitality, it would be found in the fact that after over thirty years of continuous and unsparring

work he is still unmistakably the champion cricketer, as he was in 1885. The moral, indeed, of his exceptional success has been the example he has set to cricketers in all parts of the world of thorough earnestness of purpose. Even now, when the freshness of youth has long passed, he is, in his pursuit of the game, in his eagerness to make as well as to save runs, as young as the youngest of them. That the axiom of a prophet lacking honor in his own country does not apply in his case has been proved by the readiness with which the national testimonial has been responded to by all kinds and conditions of men, from the Prince of Wales downward, not to say of women, too.

SUMMER SMILES.

"Jones is always growlin' at the world." "Yes; made before he was born; an' he didn't have a chance at it." Little fishes in the brook— That no cause to flout 'em; They'll be whales as like as not When he tells about 'em.

"What in the world shall I do with baby, John? She's crying for the moon." "That's nothing. Wait till she's 18, and then she'll want the earth."

"I see that John's speaking on the financial question." "Oh, yes." "What's the old man doin'?" "Furnishin' the finances."

Tramp—"Say, boss, could yer give a feller a dime fer square meal?" Kind gentleman—"Certainly, if the meal is a good one. Where is it?"

The mother—"How do you know that he has ceased to love you?" Marriageable daughter—"He buttons my gloves twice as quick as he used to."

Dorcas—"My dear, you remind me of the new patent folding bed you bought." Mrs. Dorcas—"How so, love?" Dorcas—"Because you are so hard to shut up."

'Tis the same old picnic sorrow That comes as the seasons fly; The man with the whitest pantaloons Sits down in the pinkest pie.

He—"Do you think blondes have more admirers than brunettes?" She—"I don't know. Why not ask some of the girls who have had experience in both capacities?"

Feddler—"That little book on 'How to Preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldy—"I am very sorry; but I haven't a single lock that it would fit."

She—"Surely, my dear, you will consider the matter carefully before consenting to Clara's marriage to old Mr. Cashman." He—"Certainly. I shall have his books examined by an expert."

"If within the business world You make yourself a berth, Let printers' ink the fact unfurl That you are on the earth."

"You seem excited, dear, what has happened?" "Poor Jack Murray. I have just rejected him." "Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. 'Why, I reject him every six months.'"

There was a man in our town, And he was wondrous wise, He never bragged to his dear wife About his mother's pies.

First Tramp—"What would you do if you had a hundred thousand dollars?" Second Tramp—"In that case I think I'd feel it absolutely necessary to go to work to make it a million."

You may spend a week by lake or coast, But you'll find, when you have had your fun, That the time you need vacation most Is when you've just returned from one.

"A mortal can never tell where he's going to be next in this life," said the moralist. "No," replied the man with a bandage over his eye, "especially if he's learning to ride a bicycle."

The "bicycle face" is all right, If further comment is permissible; It's ruddy, and healthy, and bright, And sometimes pretty and kissable.

"What is the greatest difficulty you encounter in a journey to the arctic regions?" asked the inquisitive man. "Getting back home," was the prompt reply of the professional explorer.

Working Bee—"A fellow came around here hunting for our nest to-day." Queen Bee—"What did you do?" Working Bee—"Those of us who happened to be around at the time gave him a few points."

"I think," said the unsophisticated man "that Groggins must be quite a power in city politics; I was passing his place yesterday, and I noticed in big letters the word 'pull' on his door."

"She has learned all she knows," said the mother of the musical infant prodigy, "in four lessons." "Yes," replied the eminent musician; "but think of the hundreds of lessons it will take her to forget."

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—"Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?" Mamma—"Why do you say that, my dear?" Little Elsie—"Look at all its freckles."

Mrs. White—"I told Mrs. Green about my troubles, last evening. You do not think she will tell them to anybody else, do you?" Mrs. Gray—"I don't know. She makes no secret of her age, you know, and a woman who will tell her age will tell anything."

Magistrate—"Prisoner, what do you do for a living?" Bunko Man—"Your honor will pardon me if I seem to take undue liberties, but your honor's grammar is much at fault. 'What' can never be a synonym for 'whom.'"

He drew the sword, but not, alas! His country's foes to battle, He drew the sword because he held A ticket at a raffle.

Miss Midway—"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very tender-hearted." Miss Frost—"Yes, he has a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean."

Lieutenant (in Miss Emily's private sitting-room)—"Emily, I cannot find expression for the feelings which agitate my breast—I love you! (dropping on his knees.) Behold me lying here in the dust before you!" Emily—"I beg your pardon, lieutenant; that is an insult. I dusted everything myself only a minute ago."

Two Points of View. Mrs. Hardhead (glancing over letters)—This young man who applies for a situation has the stamp on crooked, and it's upside down. Doesn't that indicate he is lazy, careless, and perhaps cranky?

Mr. Hardhead (an old business man)—No, my dear; it indicates that he is a hustler who wastes no time on trifles.

Blew It In. Woggles had a lot of money at one time. What became of it? He blew it in. How?

Invested it in a pneumatic railway scheme.

FOUNDLINGS IN RUSSIA.

MOSCOW HAS THE BIGGEST BABY FARM IN THE WORLD.

A Vast Foundling Asylum Run by the Government Out of the Profits on Playing Cards—Costs Half a Million Dollars a Year With an Accommodation for 14,000 Infants.

Foundlings are treated better in Russia than in any other country in the world. In Moscow is the biggest "baby farm" to be found anywhere, supported at an actual cost of half a million dollars a year, with an accommodation for 14,000 infants, annually kept up, oddly and curiously enough, by a tax on playing cards.

Playing-cards in Russia are one of the Government's particular little perquisites. Among men and women of every class games played with the conventional pack of fifty-two are greatly in favor, and added to this are many gambling institutions and social clubs wherein the stakes run high, all tending to increase the demand. Importing playing cards is strictly prohibited, and the Government makes every pack used.

The big asylum consists of several large four-story structures, built in the form of a hollow square about a very beautiful strip of garden, and stands almost within a stone's throw of that great church known throughout the world as the Kremlin. It is a curious picture as one walks through this garden on a visit to the institution. Each baby in the asylum has its own wet-nurse, and every pleasant day these nurses promenade along the gravel walks, with their charges, in double line. At the approach of strangers and the matron

THE GIRLS' ROW.

down from the waist, and not with a nod of the head, as in the Western custom. They wear picturesque red and blue caps. Iron cribs numbering 1,300 stand out in this garden in summer time, in order that the babies may have a long airing and sleep as much in the sunshine and in the wind as possible. These cribs stand on iron legs, and are about three feet long, two feet deep and two feet wide. The greatest care is taken to keep all of these infants in the best of health, and one looks in vain in their attire for anything resembling safety pins or bandages.

They are literally awashed in soft linen of a surpassing whiteness, and when bedtime comes are put to sleep in their little cribs at the foot of their nurses' couches. Never under any circumstances are they allowed to sleep with their nurses.

Babydom in Russia is a very interesting subject. The statistics relating to it show that 25 per cent. of all the babies born in the empire die before they are a year old. Forty-two per cent. die before they are five years old, and yet the population of Russia is increasing at the rate of more than 2,000,000 a year.

A nurse, who recently visited the institution and was conducted through it, had this story to tell of the reception of babies and the immediate treatment of them:

"As I stood in the room, I took out my watch and timed the taking in of half a dozen babies. These were brought in within twenty minutes, and it did not take more than three minutes at the outside to register, wash and take care of each of them. Their mothers, I suppose, brought the babies in. One was a pretty Russian girl, who came in her bare feet, with a bundle in her arms. She took this to a table and handed a slip of paper, on which was written the name of the baby, to the bookkeeper. She was asked the date of its birth, and it was then given a check with a number on it, and her baby was handed over to a girl with a

TAPE MEASURE.

The girl unwrapped the little one in a jiffy and laid it squalling on the scales. She then gave its weight to the bookkeeper, and taking the tape measure from her shoulders ran it around the head of the baby, noted the size of it, and measured its length from crown to sole.

"These figures were put down and the infant was carried off, naked as it was, into the next room and handed over to the washer. First, however, its check of white bone, bearing its number, was tied about its neck, and from this time it lost its name and became a number."

"In the next room an old lady is washing a baby that was brought in five minutes earlier. She speaks to the girl who brings the new baby in, and the baby is dropped gently on a padded table and left a second while number one is dressed."

"It continues to squall and kick as it lies there for five seconds on its back, but stops suddenly as the old lady picks it up. It starts again as she lays it in the copper bath-tub lined with flannel. This warm water in it, and into it more warm water is flowing."

"With soap the old lady quickly washes the baby, and in ten seconds by my watch she has cleaned every part of its body. She now raises it in her hands and lays it on a dry, padded table. She dries its red limbs with a soft towel and puts a long, little shirt on its body. The old lady wraps around it swaddling clothes, and the infant is complete. It is carried to its little iron crib, and its life as a Russian foundling has begun."

"Eight days later it will be baptized by the priest in a great silver urn, which stands on the floor of the next room, and for the next four weeks it is sure of as good attention and as good food as any baby can have."

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