THE KINGDOM OF ROUMANIA.*

BY CARMEN SYLVA

(Queen Elizabeth of Roumania).





Y first visit to Roumania was a series of surprises. In the town there were some picturesque streets, where all the doorways were encumbered with many-colored stuffs, old iron, and green and brown pottery. Other quartes resembled a medley of dolls' houses, so singularly small were the

dwellings, hidden beneath the trees,

those luckless willows which are being more thoroughly despoiled of their branches every year, or the acacias, which fill the whole town with their perfume in the spring. Open to the street were the shops of bakers, shoemakers, blacksmiths, with innumerable wine shops, where brandy made from plums, called tauica, was sold—dingy little places, from the gloomy depths of which looked out men with brigandlike figures, but mild eyes and a melancholy smile. The nearer

member that the writer is the Queen of Rou-

^{*} The reader of this charming paper will re-