

BULGARIA'S DARK CRIMES

LAND OF BLOODY TRAGEDIES, POISON AND CONSPIRACIES.

The Most Lawless Nation on Earth—A Look at Its Political and Social Wickedness Which Makes It an Outcast Among the Nations—Torture is Still Recognized.

Bulgaria, which just now is in the public eye owing to the assassination of Stambouloff, is one of the most uncivilized of civilized nations. It is the land of the outthroat, the torturer and the prisoner. Hedged in by great nations, all anxious to seize it, it is ever at the mercy of enemies without and of conspirators within its narrow confines. It is a veritable plague spot of diplomatic chicanery, of treason, of outrages committed in the name of public honor, of political treachery and of social and moral rottenness.

Although subject to a Christian ruler, it is infinitely more barbaric than Mohammedan Egypt or Buddhist Siam. The murder of ex-Premier Stambouloff in broad daylight and in the principal and most crowded street of the capital is but one of a vast number of analogous outrages, some known, others left unrecorded, which have stained its recent history.

Kidnappings, forgeries, floggings, arbitrary imprisonment and confiscation of property have been quite as frequent as

THE FRIGHTFUL BUTCHERY

which was used to put Stambouloff out of the way, and the murder of that statesman will have served some purpose if it has the effect of calling the attention of the civilized world to the fact that Bulgaria is very far from being the progressive and up-to-date country that the literary guests of the craven Prince Ferdinand are so fond of picturing her to be.

Several other ministers, several of them colleagues of M. Stambouloff, others his political opponents, have been struck down by assassins in the streets of Sofia. It was but four years ago that his most intimate friend, M. Belcheff the Minister of Finance, was shot down while walking by his side. The two men were not merely bound together by community of political and financial interests, but were even related to each other. Yet after the removal of Stambouloff from the office of Prime Minister he himself was actually charged with having shot his friend and kinsman, and his political adversaries so worked upon the feeling of the weak-minded widow of M. Belcheff that she actually lent her name to the preposterous accusation, the result being that M. Stambouloff was arrested and was out on bail under an indictment for murder when he himself was killed.

Another minister who met with a violent death was Major Panitza, at one time Minister of War, who was arrested by Stambouloff in person, court-martialed and shot twenty-four hours later on charges of conspiracy against Prince Ferdinand, charges which, however, have never been satisfactorily proved until this day.

MARKOFF'S DARING PLOT

Panitza was not the only distinguished dignitary who suffered death at that time, and in the same connection. There was also a Col. Markoff, Chief of the Military Household of the Prince, and Commandant of the Palace, whose conspiracy conveys an idea of the lack of security that prevails at Sofia.

One night a grand ball was to take place at the palace, previous to which the Prince entertained a small company at dinner. The guests had scarcely taken their seats at table when an officer of the name of Major Marinoff asked his neighbor why Col. Markoff was not present.

"Why he has been ill for three days, and not been able to leave his house."
"You astonish me," exclaimed the Major, in tones which attracted the attention of the Prince himself, "for I would swear a solemn oath to the effect that I saw him five minutes ago, coming out of His Highness's bedroom."
"That is impossible," interrupted the Prince, and perceiving that he had failed to carry conviction to the Major's mind, he gave orders that the four Macedonian janissaries, who were on duty at the two entrances of

THE PRIVATE APARTMENTS,

should be relieved and report to him at once in the dining-room. As soon as they entered the Prince inquired if they had seen any one within the last two hours, save those seated at the table. The men having carefully examined the faces of all those present replied in the negative, and were commanded to return to their post. During the remainder of the dinner the Major was the object of much chaff and even taxed with a belief in spiritualism.

The ladies had retired with Ferdinand's mother, the Princess Clementine, and the gentlemen were in the smoking-room with the Prince, when suddenly the curtains were pushed aside. An officer was brought in who had demanded to see the Prince upon a matter of life and death. He was brought to His Highness's presence as pale as death, and with his uniform, that of a lieutenant of the Ferdinand Regiment, much disordered. He said that he had come to Sofia that afternoon and had gone to the cavalry barracks to see a brother officer. While there he fell asleep, but was awakened shortly after dark by the sound of voices in the adjoining room. Hearing the words "Austrian" and "Coburger" repeatedly used, he listened intently, and learned that sharp at midnight, when the Prince's hall was in full swing, two battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry were to surround the palace, while a regiment of artillery with their guns were to command the palace square.

ALL THE WIRES WERE CUT.

Up to this point the Prince had listened with considerable recollection. He then inquired whether he had heard anything else. The lieutenant replied: "Yes,

monseigneur. I heard the following remark made by one of the conspirators: 'Markoff is as well known at the palace as a yellow dog. He is familiar with all the corners and back stairs, and he has given us his sole word of honor that as soon as ever the Prince leaves his apartments for dinner he will cut all the telephonic and telegraphic wires, without any one becoming aware of the fact. The palace will thus be cut off from all communication with the outside world, and none of its occupants will be able to summon assistance from the city.'

At the mention of the name of Markoff the smile vanished from every face, and Major Marinoff hurriedly left the room. Three minutes afterwards he returned with blanched cheeks and in tones of tremulous excitement, exclaimed: "So, I was right after all, sir, when I observed that I had seen that sneaking scoundrel, Markoff, before dinner. Go, gentlemen," he continued, telling the others, who had meanwhile entered, "and convince yourself that I made no mistake. The electric wires have been cut in His Royal Highness's room just beneath the bed, and every wire has likewise been severed in the side-de-camp's room."

Messengers were at once despatched, summoning Prime Minister Stambouloff, and before midnight Markoff, the

PERFECT OF POLICE

and a number of high officers and dignitaries had been arrested. Col. Panitza, the officer who had commanded the left of the victorious Bulgarians at the battle of Slivnitza in 1885, being as stated above, taken a prisoner by the Prime Minister himself.

A few months ago, at a reception given at the palace, police officials suddenly appeared upon the scene, arrested and carried off to jail two of the fairest guests, ladies belonging to the high circles of Bulgarian society. Months elapsed before they recovered their liberty. The sole reason for this outrageous breach of the laws of hospitality on the part of the Prince was that the Princess happened to have been seized with a fit of vomiting after receiving an iced drink from one of these ladies, a circumstance which she at once ascribed as an attempt to assassinate her. The second lady was arrested because she was the sister of the guest who had the misfortune to hand the Prince the iced drink.

There can be no doubt that torture is still recognized in the judicial procedure of Bulgaria. During the trial for conspiracy of Police Official Anonov the prosecutor declared: "Anonov has been closely examined, even beaten and tortured, but he still persisted in denying his guilt." Facsimile letters bearing Stambouloff's signature likewise refer to this or that prisoner having been "tortured in jail," as if it was a mere matter of course. Possibly torture is necessary to keep under control such a

CROWD OF OUT-THROATS

as are now assembled in the Bulgarian capital.

Kessiakoff was high in favor with the present Government and with the Prince, behaved with the utmost savagery during the Turkish war of 1878, forcing the wretched inhabitants of Turkish villages to dig their own graves, into which they were then cast alive or after being bayoneted and shot. He was the ring-leader of the band of conspirators who kidnapped Prince Ferdinand, in this palace at night and carried him off into Russia a prisoner, thus forcing his abdication.

Another man, high in royal and official favor at the present moment at Sofia, is Duressna, who with Nicola Tufekchieff murdered Dr. Valkovitch, the Bulgarian Envoy and Minister Resident at Constantinople, three years ago.

It is only natural that Prince Ferdinand should hesitate about returning to Sofia, since he is to all intents and purposes assured of the same fate that has overtaken the man who placed him upon the throne, and who so repeatedly interfered to preserve his life. From henceforth his days are menaced, not only by those who murdered Stambouloff and who have the same "rounds of animosity and revenge against him, but likewise threatened by the numerous relatives, friends and followers of Stambouloff. As matters stand now, if the Prince were to be assassinated not a single court in Europe would or could, according to official etiquette, go into mourning. He is to all intents an outlaw, without recognition among the powers.

PEARL FISHING IN QUEBEC.

A New and Profitable Industry Suggested in the Rivers of the Province.

QUEBEC, Aug. 2.—Recent investigations by those versed in the subject have made it evident that the rivers of Quebec teem with pearls. Though the fact is not generally known, it appears that for some time past a few individuals have devoted much of their time to inland pearl fishing in the province with very satisfactory results, though they may not have become wealthy at it. Fine stones are very rare, though some are occasionally found of the right color and as large as a good sized pea and perfectly round. But the less valuable kinds are very numerous, pearl-bearing shells being common in all the streams below the city of Quebec and in many of those above it. The shells themselves are of beautiful colors.

A fine collection has been taken from the river Nicolet, near Montreal, and if people who really knew something about the habits of the pearl-bearing mollusks were to go into the business here it is possible that a profitable business might be established. Some of the richest pearl rivers in the province are believed to be those in the newly-opened up Lake St. John district, which are now so much frequented by anglers. Remarkably fine specimens have recently been taken out of one of the tributaries of the Peribonca. Fishing for them is not an easy task, as the good shells generally keep themselves in pretty deep water, and are only distinguished with difficulty from the others. Even after obtaining the shells the search for the pearl is a long and delicate one. It may be hidden in the body of the mollusk or broken in too violently opening the shell.

Three large rooms were needed to hold all the 80th birthday presents recently given to Bismarck.

ROUND THE WHOLE WORLD

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE GLOBE.

Old and New World Events of Interest Chronicled Briefly—Interesting Snapshots of Recent Date.

Henri Rochefort has followed the example of Zola and Jules Claretie and taken to a bicycle.

Russia produced 297,500,000 pounds of petroleum in 1894, a falling off of over 27,000,000 from 1893. A pound is 36 pounds.

The Emperor of Germany has ordered his children to acquire proficiency in swimming during their stay on the island of Rugen.

Count Tolstoi is an enthusiastic bicyclist and has joined the Moscow Cycling Club, which numbers among its members many locally famous "scorchers."

The aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts is said to be remarkable for the youthfulness of her attire, her taste leaning toward delicate stuffs in pink and rose colours.

Madame Gaches-Sarrante, the French feminine doctor, of some renown, is of the opinion that cycling will eventually drive the modern corset from the garb of the fair sex.

Lady Gwendolen Cecil, Lord Salisbury's literary daughter, has acknowledged the authorship of the recently published story "The Curse of Intellect," which has made a hit in England.

Seven cases are recorded in England during the present century where the bride has been married to the best man by the clergyman's mistake or the groom's stupidity.

Sir Frederick Leighton, who has been seriously ill in Algiers, has excelled in other ways than with the brush. He is a musician of fine taste, a soldier, orator and a man of fashion.

Sir John Pender says that £41,000,000, upwards of \$200,000,000, has been sunk in ocean cables. At present there are 11 cable lines across the Atlantic, and these alone have cost \$70,000,000.

In France it is written, under severe penalties, for anyone to give infants under one year any form of solid food unless such be ordered by written prescription, signed by a legally qualified medical man.

Gladstone looks forward to the future without fear of death. In declining to do some literary work recently on account of press of other business, he agreed to begin the task in the latter part of 1896.

Lady Henry Somerset has set out to abolish the British barmaid by legislative enactment. The chief opposition is said to come from the barmaids themselves, who number 50,000 in the United Kingdom.

A lady died the other day in England and in her will it was found that she had left the whole of her fortune, amounting to \$50,000, to the local newspaper, the perusal of which had given her many happy hours.

Thomas Butler, an Englishman, does not believe "Chinese" Gordon was killed at Khartoum. He thinks the hero is a captive in the wilds of the Sudan. Butler was a companion of Gordon in many of his stirring adventures.

Nonsuit in England is a renunciation by the plaintiff of his suit, generally upon the discovery of some error or defect when the matter is so far advanced that the jury is ready at the bar to deliver a verdict. The plaintiff is to pay all costs.

Mr. Herbert Spencer is irritated by the use which has been made of his name and views in support of socialism, and he goes so far as to say: "I believe the advent of socialism to be the greatest disaster the world has ever known."

W. S. Gilbert, who once said that he would not write any more comedies, has reconsidered his decision. A new play from his pen may be produced by Mr. Willard at the Garrick—a London theatre in which Mr. Gilbert has a proprietary interest.

Long as she has resided in England, the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Channel," for instance she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other difficulties of speech which betray that she is a foreigner born and bred.

On the omnibus tickets in London are found a variety of patent medicines. The Dublin tramcar tickets tell the virtues of the whiskey manufactured in that city. Glasgow, which owns its tramcars, prints Scripture texts on the cheap tickets for workmen.

There was an element of superstition in the betting of the ex-King of Serbia at the Paris Grand Prix, when he won £140,000. A mare had won every eighth Grand Prix race previously run, and his idea that a mare would win the 1895 race proved correct.

Cecil Rhodes' estate near Cape Town South Africa, is laid out on an ambitious scale. Among its features are a preserve for big game containing lions and antelopes, several miles of fine avenues, a glen carpeted with violets and hydranges, and a museum of Cape Dutch curios and Mata-baie relics.

Since the earthquake in Florence there is hardly a street in the ancient town that does not contain one or more lighted shrines holding figures of the Madonna and saints. In some streets there are as many as four or five of these shrines, with garlands of evergreens and flowers around them and rows of burning candles before the images.

Recent statistics show that the total "banking power," as it is called, of the world is £4,000,000,000, or \$20,000,000,000. Of this North America, controls £1,200,000,000, while in Europe, including Great Britain, France, Germany, Belgium and the Netherlands, all the great "capitalist" nations control but £2,300,000,000.

A Frenchman proposes a tax on corsets. He maintains that the corset is a luxury and its use a harmful deference to an antiquated dictum of fashion. As in France alone about nine million corsets are worn out annually, even a very light tax would appreciably benefit the ever-yawning exchequer. The Frenchman's idea is on par with the Italian's who last year proposed to levy a tax on beards. Taxing vanity, you know.

CHINESE TORTURE.

A Terrible Record of Decapitations in the Hunan Province.

If ghastly tortures and severe punishment would stop crime, China ought to be a Utopia with no breaches of the law; yet during the last few months, mainly because of the presence of forced levies of troops in various provinces, crime has been more conspicuous and brigandage has increased alarmingly. The Pekin Gazette's report from Hunan is appalling. Last year eighty-one men were summarily decapitated in this one province for robberies of the people. They were executed under the new law, which provides that in a case of robbery with violence, if but one member of a gang of robbers be armed with a gun, all are to be executed at once without regard to head or accomplice or whether they have divided spoil. In all these cases the robbers had arms, and many of them confessed that they were disbanded soldiers.

This list does not include over 100 executions made in connection with the suppression of a revolt of the Kolas Hui, or secret society, whose object is to depose the present Manchu dynasty and put a Chinese in its stead.

In Winchow the mandarin has recently taken the torture and punishment of pirates in his own hands. He actually had all the inquisitorial apparatus removed from the magistrate's court to his own official yamen and there set up. Every day two prisoners charged with piracy are brought before him, and he amuses himself by torturing them in all the approved ways. The poor wretches are taken from the hideous jail, where vermin crawl over the floor and walls and the stench is unendurable to a European, to the yamen yard. They are so loaded with chains that they have to be helped along by an official on each side.

Arrived at the yamen, they are made to kneel, without trousers, on a great heap of chains. Then a bar of wood is passed behind the knees, the back is fixed against an upright post by pulling the victim's queue through a hole in it, the arms are stretched out and fastened to a crosspiece, and the thumbs are securely tied with cords. Then a crank is turned, and the devilish machine strains all the cords so that the poor wretch's joints are nearly pulled out of the sockets, and the agony is so great that the strongest man loses consciousness. When the sufferer has fainted servants rush forward, and while several throw water in his face, others beat him with limber switches. When he is revived he is taken out of the machine and removed again to the prison. This process is carried on every morning until the prisoner confesses or gives up the ghost.

It is said that the Winchow mandarin enjoys this torturing with the keen zest of a voluptuary, and that he has devised several new and ingenious variations in the process which are warranted to produce acute agony without seriously impairing the strength of the victim.

QUEEN'S OLDEST SUBJECT.

Male and Hearty at 103—Reads French and Italian Classics Daily.

Who the Queen's oldest subject is it would be difficult to say. One of the oldest is Margaret Anna Neve, who lives in the Island of Guernsey, and who has attained the age of 103. A relative who contributes an account of the veteran to the Leisure Hour tells that she was born on May 18, 1792, and every day goes through more than many only half her age. She has travelled a good deal in her time, and her last long journey was undertaken when she was ninety-two. She then went to Cracow, in Poland, to see Kosciusko's monument, and also to Russia. On the long journey to Poland her only companion was her sister, who was then eighty-nine years of age.

When visited recently Mrs. Neve was found in the garden weeding and pulling up buttercups, a task at which she continued for an hour and a half. After gardening she generally goes indoors and reads for an hour and a half, history as a rule, often in French or Italian. Both of which languages she knows as well as English. Milton and Dante have been, and still are, her favorite books. Sometimes she enjoys a little German or Spanish, and she reads her Greek testament frequently. After her dinner at 2 o'clock, when she eats much the same as others do, she has a nap till 4 o'clock; and then she talks and knits and has her tea. About 10 o'clock she retires to rest. She reads family prayers every morning and evening; and when the light is good in the morning she reads without glasses of any sort.

HOW THE CENTENARIAN SPENDS HER DAY.

Once a week Mrs. Neve has a luncheon party, and one of her favorite guests is her great-nephew, not quite three years old, and rather more than 100 years younger than herself. She walks about the house and grounds entirely by herself, and not long ago went up a step-ladder into a loft to look for something she wanted and to see what was there. She frequently goes out to the meadow to see the cows, and calls them all by their names and feeds them out of her hand. Quite recently a photo of this interesting old lady was sent to be shown to the Queen, who asked if she might keep the likeness, as that of one of her oldest subjects.

Little Brother's Theory.

Miss Pearl (at the table)—Oh, have you heard the news? Mr. Goodheart has broken his engagement with Miss Pinkie. He happened into a theatre the other evening, and there, in the seat right before him, sat Miss Pinkie, with his former rival. That very night he went home and wrote her a letter, bidding her farewell.

Little Brother—I guess Miss Pinkie had on that big hat.

Iben was seen recently at a court ball in Norway, and his small figure fairly blazed with stars, crosses, collars, pendants and other decorations of all kinds from all sources.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Five Little Girls.

There were five little girls with golden hair
Who played by the deep blue sea;
Said they, "Wherever else you roam,
There's none so happy as we.
For the days are long and the sea is blue,
And the sun shines bright and fair;
Oh! we're perfectly sure there are no such girls
Tho' you search out every where."

There were five little crabs from out of the sea—
Oh, five little crabs so fine;
They looked around on the golden sand,
And drew themselves up in a line.
Then the five flaggers were stretched out wide
To the place where those crabs did sit,
And five little tears came rolling down,
For five little hands were bit.

Then five dear mothers with loving care
Kissed each of those fingers sore,
And five little faces looked so glad,
For five little smiles they wore.
No more they thought of the cruel bite,
No more the tear-drops fell,
For those five little wounds had each been kiss'd
And the kiss had made them well.

Then ten little feet sped gladly on,
Sped back to the sea once more;
And five little noses were raised on high,
As they passed the crabs on the shore,
"Twas rude," 'twas bad, 'twas cruel," they said,
"To bite little girls so fair!"
But the crabs looked on and sadly smiled,
And didn't seem much to care.

How "Gumma" Dressed Jack.

Jack came trotting into papa's room one morning with two little black stockings in one hand, two little black boots in the other, and several small articles of clothing over his shoulder.

"Papa," he said, "does you know how to dress yittle boys? Gumma's gone."

"Yes, indeed, my little man," said papa; he lifted Jack to his knee, and began to pull on one small stocking.

"Stop, papa! Stop!" cried Jack. "Dat ain't a-way! Gumma don't do it dat-a-way!"

"Well, how does 'Gumma' do it?" asked papa, pausing for instruction.

"Dis a-way," said Jack, taking up one foot and then carefully grasping a fat toe in his chubby hand.

"Here, Mistor Toe, you an' your buzzers mus' go into your yittle black house. Now don't begin to wiggle. One, two, free—dere you go!" And Jack pulled his stocking over his five toes and up to his knee. Then, looking up into his papa's face he said, "See?"

"Yes," said papa, smiling. Here goes the other foot. Now Mr. Toe, you and all your brothers—"

"No, no, papa!" cried Jack. "Dat one is Mishis Toe an' you mus' say 'all your yittle sissers.'"

"Oh, ho!" said papa. "Well, then, Mrs. Toe, and all your little sisters! One, two, three,—there you go!" And the second stocking was on.

"Now," said Jack, "you mus' put on the wool."

"The what?" asked papa.

"The wool to the house." And Jack pointed to his boot.

"Oh, the roof! Very well." And papa put on his boot, and began buttoning it with his fingers.

"Dat ain't a-way!" cried Jack again. "You mus' get a hooker, and lock all 'e' doors, so all the yittle buzzers and sissers won't get out 'e' house for all day."

"Now see here, young man," said papa, "does grandma go through with all this rigmarole every morning?"

"Of courth," said Jack, looking at papa with surprised eyes.

"Well, papa hasn't the time. So let me get you into your clothes quick, before the breakfast bell rings."

So Jack had to submit to being dressed in a hurry, without his grandmother's pleasant romancing.

The minute he got downstairs he went to his mamma and asked:

"Fen's my gumma comin' home?"

"She is coming to-morrow," said mamma.

"Dat's nice," said Jack; "for," he whispered into mamma's ear, "my papa don't know how to dress yittle boys."

What Can be Done for Public Bathing.

An English parish council clerk gives an account of what the Council of his village has done in the provision of public bathing from which something can be learned. The Council hired land adjoining a stream, ankle deep at one place, with a gradual descent and a gravel bottom. Two old railway cars were bought, repainted and fitted up with pegs and other conveniences for the disposal of clothes. The cars were made open to the river, and the river was inclosed with corrugated iron sheets, so as to increase the privacy of the bath. The place is open for bathers from 6 a. m. to 9 p. m. week days and 6 to 10 Sundays. The cost of an attendant is \$1.25 a week. Two attendants are set apart for females from 2 to 4.30 o'clock. The cost for the year's maintenance will be about \$28, and this includes new ladders for entrance and exit to the water and a diving board. The baths are immensely appreciated in the village, and the place is crowded daily. The young men are forming a swimming and polo club and organizing a tournament of aquatic sports for the winding up of the season.

Why Some Strikes Fail.

Friend—How's business now, old boy? Bad as ever?

Manufacturer—No; doing better than we were.

Glad to hear that. You told me, some weeks ago, that your mills were running at a loss.

No loss now; not a cent.

Prices gone up!

No. Men are on a strike.

An Idea.

Student—Professor, won't you give me an idea for an essay?

Professor—Write about a student who wanted to write an essay, and hadn't any ideas.