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London, Wednesday, September 9

The Situation in the Balkans.

The war clouds in the Balkans are looming bigger and blacker, and any day the tempest may break. The riot in Beirut between parties of Mussulmans and Christians is symptomatic of the fierce passions which have kindled throughout European Turkey by the events in Macedonia, and which seem to be getting beyond the control of constituted authority. If reports can be believed a repetition of the Bulgarian massacres of 1876 is in progress. Readers will better understand the situation when they are told that more than half the people of Macedonia, who number over 2,000,000, are Christians, and the bulk of these are of Bulgarian extraction speaking the same language (with a slight variation) and owing allegiance to the same church as the Christians of Bulgaria. They are, in fact, members of the same family, separated by the impolicy of the great powers of Europe who restored Macedonia to the Sultan's rule in 1878. It is natural that the active sympathies of the Bulgarians, who were under the Turkish yoke for centuries, should go out to their brethren in Macedonia, and that the Bulgarian Government should find it difficult to enforce neutrality.

The population of Bulgaria is about 3,400,000. Counting those beyond the limits of the principality, there are in all about 4,500,000 Bulgarians. The total effective army of Bulgaria in time of war is 152,938 officers and men, with 84,000 officers and men in the reserve, making a total of 236,938. The Bulgarian peasant makes an admirable soldier—courageous, patient, persevering and unflinching in the face of their duties. The military prowess of the Bulgarian people was illustrated in 1885, when they soundly thrashed the invading Serbians. They are a race not to be despised. Less quick-witted than the Greeks, less apt to assimilate the externals of civilization than the Romanians, they possess in a remarkable degree the qualities of patience, perseverance and endurance, with the capacity for laborious effort peculiar to an agricultural race. The tenacity and determination with which they pursue their national aims seem likely in the end to give them the advantage over their more brilliant competitors in the struggle for hegemony in the Peninsula. For five centuries, from 1286 to 1878, they were under Turkish rule, but this long night of persecution and bloodshed failed to extinguish the national spirit. In 1876 it broke out in an ill-planned insurrection, which was put down with fire and sword. The European powers held aloof during these unspeakable atrocities, though the voice of Gladstone, who was then in opposition, was lifted in tones of thunder against Constantinople. The Bulgarians, who belong to the Slav family, turned to Russia, and many of them fought with the conquering Russians against Turkey in 1877. By the treaty of San Stefano, in March, 1878, all the provinces of European Turkey in which the Bulgarian element predominated were included in an autonomous principality, constituting three-fourths of the Balkan peninsula, with a population of 4,000,000 inhabitants. The great powers, however, feared that this extensive territory would become a Russian dependency, and proceeded to divide it up. By the treaty of Berlin, in the same year, Macedonia and part of the vilayet of Adrianople were left under Turkish administration. Part of the principality was given to Serbia, part to Roumania, while the present principality of Bulgaria was divided into two parts, that south of the Balkans being called Eastern Rumelia. In 1887 an uprising occurred in Eastern Rumelia, and the people declared for amalgamation with Bulgaria, to which the powers assented. The treaty of Berlin was heralded at the time as a triumph of British over Russian diplomacy, but it is now seen that the artificial separation of the Bulgarian people did not contain the elements of a permanent solution of the problem. The restoration of Macedonia to the Sultan sowed the seed from which a bitter harvest is now being reaped. The treaty of Berlin provided for no special organization of this abandoned district, which has since been the prey of Turkish misrule, despite the Sultan's pledge to give it laws similar to the organic law of Crete.

While the Bulgarians are a brave and hardy race, they could not match in numbers the Turkish army. The Turks, whatever their failings be, are great fighters. Their Oriental fatalism makes them indifferent to death or suffering. The Turkish army has been well drilled by European officers, and is said to be in a state of preparedness. In the event of war between Turkey and Bulgaria, there would be little doubt of the result if the two were left to fight it out, but Russian or Austrian interference would be inevitable. Apparently a condition is fast approaching which will call for a revision of the treaty of Berlin.

The Humbert Swindle.

The Humbert trial, which has been the sensation of France, reveals a story of human credulity which staggers imagination. The author of this greatest swindle of the age, perhaps of all ages, was Therese Daurignac, daughter of a peasant farmer, Auguste Daurignac. This farmer claimed that he had documents in his possession that would make his children rich. He may have been under an hallucination, or he may have cunningly invented the story to enhance the matrimonial prospects of his daughters. At any rate, Frederic Humbert, the son of the French Minister of Justice of that time, and a life senator, believed the fairy tale, and wedded Therese. But the inheritance did not "pan out," and in 1884 Madame Humbert began to improve on her father's methods. She gave out that an American millionaire, named Crawford, had left her \$20,000,000. It was indicated that this Crawford had borne a romantic attachment for her mother, and that for family reasons the matter had been kept secret up till that time. Madame Humbert invented two nephews of Crawford, and arranged that these fictitious personages should enter suit against her for a share of the fortune, which was supposed to be locked up in a safe in her possession. Eminent legal talent was employed on both sides, and for fourteen years the bogus lawsuit was before the French courts. In the meantime Madame Humbert borrowed millions on the strength of the mythical fortune in the iron safe. From 1888 to 1902 she and her husband discounted 140,000,000 francs worth of notes of hand. They lived in ostentatious luxury, entertaining and being entertained by many of the greatest people of France. In 1902 one of the impatient creditors decided that he would wait no longer for his money, and secured an order from the courts to open the safe. And lo! the cupboard was bare. The Humberts, who had gone through \$100,000,000, were arrested and the other day were sentenced to five years' imprisonment—a ridiculous light punishment. Of course there was no Crawford, there were no Crawford's nephews and there was no fortune. But for fourteen years every one believed in their existence, and the Humberts capitalized this credulity in fabulous sums. The whole story would seem an outrageous improbability in a novel. Verily truth is stranger than fiction.

The Trade Union Congress of Great Britain has declined to put the union label on Mr. Chamberlain's proposals. Strange people these fire underwriters. As soon as the city council begins to add to the fire-fighting equipment, they raise insurance rates.

Major Vardaman, who will be the next governor of Mississippi, talks thus of the negro:

"He shall have justice during my administration, so far as it lies within my power to give it to him. The educational needs of the white children are met at all the same as those of the negro children.

"God Almighty made negroes different in the beginning, and so they must remain until the end of time. In the solution of this great problem, as in the solution of all great problems, I believe in working in accordance with the eternal purpose, and when we do this we may reach a satisfactory settlement. It cannot be reached in any other way."

It is had enough in Vardaman to avow his intention of reducing the negro's opportunities, but it is worse to say that in doing so he is working with the Deity.

The average man will take off his hat to the legislators who framed the new law regulating barber shops in New York State. Any tonsorial artist in the state caught shaving a customer without washing his hands in warm water and soap, or using a powder puff or towel on more than one person without its having been washed, will be subject to imprisonment and fine. No alum or other astringent may be used in stick form to stop the flow of blood. The use of sponges is strictly prohibited. Mugs and shaving brushes must be thoroughly washed after use on each person. Combs, razors, clippers and scissors must be thoroughly cleansed by dipping in boiling water or other germ destroyer after each separate use. Other provisions are made for the cleanliness of shops, and every barber must have a certificate procured by an examination before a state board.

Charlie's Deficiency.
[Chicago News.]

Edyth—When I refused Charlie night before last, he threatened to blow his brains out.

Mayne—Well, he didn't. He proposed to me last night.

Edyth—Indeed! Then he must have got rid of them in some other way.

Cause and Effect.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Your husband," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "seems to be as altruistic."

"Yes, I know it. But Josiah always was a great hand to overeat, and I think that must be what gives it to him."

The Fashionable Scent.
[Exchange.]

Briggs—Great Scott! how you smell of kerosene!

Griggs—Yes, it is the fashionable perfume nowadays. It gives one the air of possessing an automobile. I always put a little on my pocket handkerchief before I come away from home.

First Aid.
[Houston Post.]

"Now," said the professor, "suppose

you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—someone, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?"

"Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.

No Good at All.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]

"Did you have mal de mer on your way over to Europe?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle.

"No, Josiah took a bottle or two of it along, but when I'm seasick none of them kind of things ever does me a bit of good."

Good Sleepers.
[Washington Star.]

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "sleep sound because dey's got a clear conscience an' some because dey's got none at all."

Classified.
[From Life.]

Stella—How does Jack make love?
Bella—Well, I should define it as unskilled labor.

What He Meant.
[St. Paul Dispatch.]

A youthful genius of elongated and melancholy wit sings:
"The ship of my love was foundered on the iceberg of her heart."

He probably intends to point out that it was a sad day for him when he put his affections in the refrigerator.

Juvenile Treatise On Anatomy.
[Philadelphia Inquirer.]

The study of anatomy, recently introduced in the public schools, may be a good thing in some instances, but it was very evidently thrown away on a certain boy whose essay on the human body was read at an examination not long ago. This is what he has discovered after a careful perusal of the text books:

"The human body consists of the head, thorax, abdomen and legs. The head contains the brains in case there are any. The thorax contains the heart and lungs, also the liver and lights. The abdomen contains the bowels, of which there are five—a, o, u, and sometimes v and y. The legs extend from the abdomen to the floor, and have hinges at the top and middle to enable a fellow to sit when standing or to stand when sitting."

John A.'s Clap-Trap.
[Woodstock Express.]

Referring to the recently published letter written by Cecil Rhodes to Sir John A. Macdonald, congratulating him on his British connection policy, the London Advertiser remarks that, probably Mr. Rhodes had never heard of Sir John's famous saying, when told that the N. P. would endanger our relations with the mother country—"so much the worse for British connection."

It may be ungenerous to recall the remark now; and yet if the British people are to know anything about Canadian sentiment they should know the truth. There is no question that the campaign manifesto, which provoked the admiration of Cecil Rhodes was a vicious specimen of the lowest kind of demagoguery. For the sake of what political advantages were to be derived from stirring up the passions of the electors, it sought to draw the "loyalty" line between the Canadian people, and to brand one half of them as traitors, and that without the slightest cause, and without other pretext than the desire to make party capital.

Lova's Labor Wasted.
[Lova's Labor Herald.]

Long long he strove to gain the height, And thereby win her heart. Then learned, poor victim, that he might Have had her at the start.

In Bad Shape.
[Montreal Herald.]

The disclosures in the British war office betray the fact that it wasn't even prepared for a game of ping-pong.

Old Stories Improved.
[New York Sun.]

Newton was triumphant.
"I have just discovered what makes an apple fall," he cried.

"What of it," they returned. "Can you tell us what makes stocks fall?"

Seeing his accomplishment was of no real use to the world he returned crestfallen to his labors.

"Surely," they urged, "you will be satisfied with that title?"

"Not much!" he answered, testily.

LOOKING BACK

To the time when she was plucked from the very grasp of death, the natural impulse of the womanly heart is thankfulness for the means which saved her, and a desire to help other women in like case. Those are the motives which prompted Mrs. E. W. Burnett to write the accompanying testimonial to the curative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

This is only one cure out of thousands. No one would dare say that the average woman was not as truthful as she is good. And it is the truthful testimony of one average woman that "Favorite Prescription" cures womanly diseases when all other means and medicines absolutely fail. It establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, restores the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I have intended for some time to write to you," says Mrs. E. W. Burnett of Knoxville, Tenn., Co., Ky., "and give a testimonial in regard to what your medicine has done for me. My labors came in July, 1890, and I had conceived child, and lay at death's door for ten long weeks. I was in a dreadful condition and had six of the best doctors of the city. After everything had been done and I had been given up to die I asked my husband to get me a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. He had no faith in it, but he got it, and when I had taken it two weeks I was able to walk to the dining room and eat my meals, and by the time I had taken three bottles I was able to cook for my family of four. I can never praise Dr. Pierce and his medicine enough."

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The Sunlight way of wash-

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