

HE HAS THE NERVE.

DARING OF STAMBULOFF, BULGARIA'S PRIME MINISTER.

Single Handed He Has Held the Russian Empire at Bay For Years—His Tilt With the Diplomatic Agent—How He Crushed the Panitza Plot.

For what Bulgaria is today she is indebted almost solely to the valor and wisdom and indomitable will of young Stambuloff, the prime minister.

For years he has held the whole Russian empire at bay single handed. The other powers of Europe sympathize with him, but give him no practical support. Open attack and secret intrigue he has alike baffled. Assassination he has defied, though it has often been tried against him.

He has resisted Russian aggression; he has beaten Serbia in the field and Greece in the courts; he has made his sovereign's throne secure; he has made Bulgaria a nation and created a national public spirit, and he has, at less than 40 years of age, placed himself worthily in rank among the leading statesmen of Europe.

One of his most dramatic passages at arms with Russia occurred during the war with Serbia, when the czar "showed his hand" in a decidedly offensive manner. Stambuloff has told many times and seems never weary of telling the story of Slinviza.

In that battle the destinies of Bulgaria and Serbia were to be decided. Prince Alexander had gone out to lead the Bulgarian army in person, leaving Stambuloff in charge at home.

It was a brilliant day, with a cloudless sky and scarcely a breath of wind stirring.

The roar of the cannon was plainly heard in the city, owing perhaps to some peculiar condition of the air or perhaps to echoes from the mountains.

At any rate it sounded much nearer than it really was, and Stambuloff and the others thought the Servians were winning the day and were driving Prince Alexander and his army in upon the capital.

In their anxiety they applied to the Russian diplomatic agent for advice. That gentleman shrugged his shoulders and said it was no affair of his.

"But," urged the Bulgarian ministers, "the Servians are almost at our gates. You could stop them with a single word if you would."

"Yes, but that word will not be spoken, not though they were actually entering the city with your prince a prisoner, as indeed they soon will do. On one condition only will I stop them, and that is that your beggar of a prince shall abdicate at once."

"And that," thundered Stambuloff, "he will not do—no, not for 20 Russias!"

With that Stambuloff sprang into the saddle and dashed away to the battlefield, while the Russian agent sent for his friends to come to his house and help him celebrate the defeat of the Bulgarian armies.

A few hours passed, and then the Bulgarian foreign minister got a telegram from Stambuloff, dated on the field of battle, telling of Prince Alexander's magnificent victory and of the utter rout of the Servians.

He hurried with it to the house of the Russian agent, arriving there in the midst of the festivities. And when he told the news the representative of the czar ground his teeth with rage.

As the world knows, Prince Alexander lost his throne because he neglected to heed the advice and warnings of his prime minister.

Prince Ferdinand is more wise. He puts himself fully in the hands of Stambuloff, making the latter the real ruler of Bulgaria and the chief guardian of the throne.

How daring and vigorous the minister is in his great work has again been shown in striking incidents.

There was, for example, the arrest of Major Panitza, who was at the head of the most dangerous and powerful plot ever organized against the prince.

Stambuloff finally settled the matter by making the arrest himself alone. At midnight he knocked at Panitza's door. The major's wife, with a loaded pistol in her hand, admitted him.

Recognizing him and divining his errand, she raised the weapon to fire. He looked at her, and her arm fell, and she turned away. Then Stambuloff went up to Panitza's room. He found him in bed, a loaded revolver at his side.

"Major Panitza," said the minister calmly, "get up, dress yourself and come with me."

The desperado grasped his revolver. The minister folded his arms and looked at him as Marius looked at the slave who came to slay him. Panitza laid down the weapon, rose, dressed himself and followed his captor to prison.—Melbourne Argus.

Justice Among Crows.

A singular instance of justice among crows has been related by M. Roux at a meeting of the Societe Vaudoise de Sciences Naturelles, which is worthy of a place in the "Intelligence of Animals" by Professor Romanes. The observations were made by M. Addor, a notary of Sainte Croix, in France, who saw about 50 crows in solemn conclave in a field. At a given signal they suddenly flew up, croaking with rage and wheeling around some object, which ultimately fell to the ground and proved to be a dying crow. An examination showed that the offender—for such he appears to have been—had been killed by a stroke of the beak in the abdomen, and his body bore the marks of about 20 strokes.—London Globe.

A Question In Arithmetic.

Teacher—If a turkey weighs 12 pounds and costs 10 cents a pound, how much does the whole turkey cost?

Tommy—One dollar and twenty cents.

Correct. But suppose the turkey costs 20 cents a pound, how much does it cost then?

"Then we don't buy any."—Texas Siftings.

FLOUR OF WOOD.

If the Work Continues, It Will Convert the Catskills Into a Barren Country.
[Special Correspondence.]

CATSKILL, N. Y., Dec. 14.—The tourist who comes only to these lovely mountains in the dog days never sees them at their best. It is only in the late autumn that nature puts in her finest work. What with clear air and fantastic clouds, dashes of frost and patches of snow, surfaces covered by red, green and brown leaves, trees of every shape and color, brooks and waterfalls, this entire district presents a scene of beauty which is simply unequalled.

Esthetics, however, do not appeal much to the heart of the native except as a drawing card for the summer boarder. He is a money maker and utilizes the resources of his mountain country to the utmost. His queerest industry is the manufacture of wood flour. No one knows who started it, but the oldest inhabitant up here says that the honor of the invention belongs to a man named Chichester, after whom the manufacturing town of Chichesterville is called.

This was some 30 or 40 years ago. For a long time the business amounted to nothing. During the war times it received a boom when, as malicious reports say, the New York army contractors used to buy up the wood flour and mix it with the genuine article from wheat for the benefit of the Army of the Potomac and their own pockets.

The process is a very simple one. Any wood with a more or less soft fiber will answer the purpose. The one most in use is poplar, but bass, cottonwood or butternut and beech are successfully employed.

The trees are felled and hauled to the mill and left in the open so as to be seasoned. The longer they lie, the better is the quality of wood flour produced. Commercial demands are onerous, however, and the seasoning delay is usually a short one. They are then stripped of their bark and the branches trimmed off flush with the trunk, so as to make the finished log as far as possible of uniform shape.

It is then put upon a traveling framework similar to those used in steam sawmills and moved by machinery against the cutting attachment. This is a mass of steel bars of great strength fastened together and attached to a shaft which revolves at a very high velocity. To the bars are bolted huge steel blades similar to the ones employed in paper board cutting machines. They are made of the strongest and finest steel, and even then require to be reground every few days.

Each blade is set obliquely and almost at right angles to the axis of the log. They are so arranged that each end describes a circle a trifle different from the one that precedes it. Practically the affair is a gigantic pencil sharpener with four or more blades, and the pencil is the trunk of a tree that may be two feet in diameter.

As the end of the log reaches the blades it is cut into shavings so fine that they are nothing more nor less than ribbons.

I watched one small trunk undergoing this style of shaving, and in a few minutes it seemed as if a vast portion of the room back of the machine was filled up with a mountain of soapuds.

The ribbons are allowed to dry, which process is facilitated by the heat created by the cutting and by a heavy draft of fresh air. They are then thrown into a mill of the most primitive type and ground into flour.

It is not as fine as wheat flour or as coarse as meal. It is extremely velvety, but on account of the wood fiber it contains it feels when compressed in the hand rather fluffly and elastic. In color it varies according to the wood employed. A fine poplar produces a flour that is a lovely ivory white. A basswood, especially when some of the inner bark is left on, makes one that is almost a pinkish alabaster.

Nearly all of the output is sold to the papermakers. It is extremely cheap and is largely employed by the manufacturers of that article to make the lower grades of their goods. A little, on account of the elasticity of the fiber, tends to stiffen paper, but a large quantity makes it very brittle. Any paper in which there is too much wood flour will crack and split after standing for three or four months. This is why so many newspapers which have been treasured by their owners in the most careful way fall all to pieces when suddenly handled after being put away a long time.

The wood flour is a valuable ingredient in many styles of wall paper and enables the manufacturer to produce some effects which are not obtainable otherwise. Mixed with boiled linseed oil, it produces a variety of linoleum which is extremely fine and durable. In the flour is the basis of one of the new styles in ceramics.

Farmers and hotel keepers are very bitter against it. They claim that it is using up the few trees that cannot be employed by the builder, furniture manufacturer and chairmaker, and that unless restrained it will convert the Catskill country into a range of barren hills and shadeless valleys.

They also claim that the flour and dust which is wasted unavoidably is carried by the wind and rain into the brooks and ponds in every direction. The impalpable powder gets into the gills of the trout and other finny creatures and in a short while kills them.

There is much truth in this latter accusation. There is not a stream in the neighborhood of one of these mills in which a single fish can be found, unless it be a worthless sucker which can live anywhere. Around Mount Pleasant and Shokan there is not one trout today where there were 100 in the memory of the inhabitants. W. E. S. FALES.

Japanese Etiquette.

A Japanese host or hostess never intrusts the making of tea to the servants on company occasions. Either he or she prepares the decoction in the presence of the guests.



William Scott

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