

AS YOU LIKE IT

SPRING.

Just a tiny blue-eyed maid,
Newly out of Eden strayed;
Lips, a bud rose-tinted rare,
And the sunlight in her hair—
Here is Spring!

Leaves are few to make her bowers,
Bunches bright of leafless flowers
Are by baby fingers placed
Side by side, in happy haste—
Little Spring!

Gardens dark with winter gloom,
All at once begin to bloom;
Budding branches, lifted high,
Laugh and whisper in the sky,
"Welcome, Spring!"

She will reach their stately height—
What to her are blossoms bright?
Little Spring, in haste to pass,
Lets them fall among the grass—
Eager Spring!

Tip-toe stands, with parted lips,
Cannot reach their swaying tips,
Brushes past in April grief—
See! The underwood in leaf!
Fairy Spring!

She is growing tall and alim,
And her eyes are darkly dim,
Deepening with the deepening sky,
Darkening with the blue-bell's dye—
Is it Spring?

They are wide, and undismayed,
Timid now, and veiled in shade—
Comes a sound of hurrying feet,
She is flushed with roses sweet—
Happy Spring!

Ah! last moment here she stood,
Gone forever! Through the wood
Came young Summer, and in bliss
Died she 'neath his burning kiss—
Farewell, Spring!

MARGARET VELEY.

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.—[Socrates.]

The latest prodigy at the piano is reported by The London Court Journal to be a quadrumanous—a monkey, that executes morceaus brilliantly with all four hands at once, while he gracefully turns over the leaves of the music with the tip of his prehensile tail.

It is against the law in Mexico for anyone to read a newspaper aloud; but no one cares for that, as few people want to read them anyhow. You can get more news in Mexico by sitting down half an hour at a popular cafe than you could get by reading a Mexican paper for a month.

Queen Victoria has refused to send her autograph to a seeker after it who is described as "a gentleman in Wollaston, Mass." Why doesn't her Majesty set a good example, and at the same time help to suppress the autograph fiend, by furnishing her sign-manual neatly written with a rubber stamp?

Two Santa Cruz men went to law and their case went to a jury. While they were out the plaintiff said he was willing to dismiss the case and pay costs if the defendant would give a sum equal to the costs to the Young Men's Christian Association. This offer was accepted and the jury was dismissed.

Dr. Dowling, the new pastor of one of the Albany churches, evidently is well endowed with the gift of humor. In the course of a statement of his belief which he read to his people a few evenings ago, he remarked:—"I believe there are some things which cannot be answered by any theologian in the world—not even the youngest."

At the sale of the Robert Lenox Kennedy library in New York a First Folio of Shakespeare was sold for \$1400 to a purchaser whose name was not made known. Mr. Pope of Brooklyn paid \$475 for "Purchas His Pilgrime," for which Mr. Kennedy had given \$750. A Hardouin missal of 1514, bound by Clovis Eve, brought \$340.

When the Rev. Edward Beecher, in 1854, published his book on the pre-existence of human life, his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher, was asked what he thought of the theory. "Well," he replied, "if the Almighty has been running the universe on this plan all these ages and has succeeded in keeping it a secret, I think it's a shame for Edward to expose it."

Sailors believe religiously that the frigate bird can start at daybreak with the trade winds from the coast of Africa and roost the same night on the American shore. Whether or not this is a fact has not yet been conclusively determined, but it is certain that the bird is the swiftest of winged creatures, and is able to fly, under favoring conditions, 200 miles an hour.

A flash-light signal for the rear of trains is being tested in England. It shows a fixed light for a stationary train, and alternate flashes of red and white when the train is in motion, so arranged as to show whether the train is going forward or backward. An experienced eye can also tell by the rapidity of the flashes the speed of the train. The lights are worked by the wheels.

A Burlington boy, of the under-the-sofa variety, pinned his sister's beau's sleeve to her sash, and then told his father there was a man in the parlor who wished to speak with him. There was no end of fun for about two minutes, and it all turned out for the best, too. The young man proposed on the spot, and the very next night he brought the bad boy a jack-knife and two oranges.

How sponges bore into limestone or shells is as yet an unsolved problem. Mr. Nasonoff has investigated a new species of sponge which tunnels oyster and mussel shells, and he believes that the boring of the canals and galleries is performed solely by the soft parts of the sponge. The penetration of the prolongation of the body of the sponge into the shell appears to be accomplished by the secretion of a corroding liquid, probably an acid.

A tiny kind of shark that is met with off the shores of the Southern States is a noted light giver. Specimens captured and taken into a dark apartment present an extraordinary spectacle. The entire surface of the head and body emits a greenish gleam that is constant, and is not, as in the case of most of these luminous inhabitants of the sea, increased by friction and agitation. The smallness of the fins of this fish show that it is not an active swimmer, and the assumption is that its light is useful in attracting its prey, on the principle of the torches used by many savages in fishing.

A Woman Shoots an Eagle.

Mrs. John Fletcher, a chubby little English woman, lives a mile and a quarter from Lakewood, N. Y. Her husband is the village cobbler, and as cobbling is a rather uncertain means of livelihood during the summer months, Mrs. Fletcher devotes a portion of her time to the raising of chickens for market. Her broilers have a well-earned reputation among the hotels and cottages here. They come early and they come high, but there are only enough left over at the end of the season for the functions of motherhood for the next year's crop. Along in January Mrs. Fletcher begins the setting of hens, and keeps on setting them until about the middle of March. This system gives her a rotation of crops and keeps the stock young and fresh. The mother hens brought forth the regulation number of broods at the regular times during the present season. Mrs. Fletcher never took better care of her chicks. A smaller number than usual died, but a much larger number than usual were missing. This was particularly the case with the February and March broods. Mrs. Fletcher was for some time unable to account for the mysterious disappearance of so many of her young Dorkings and Plymouth Rocks. She began to investigate, and one day she saw a large bird swoop down and gather up a pullet that was almost fit for the spit. She thought the bird was a hawk of unusual size and of a chicken-stealing kind which abounds in this vicinity. Mrs. Fletcher called her suspicions off some colored people from a distance, and determined to have a settlement with the sharp-toed offender.

She borrowed a gun from a neighbor. It was an old-fashioned, muzzle-loading farm, a trifle rusty, and somewhat the worse for wear. Mrs. Fletcher had not shot a gun in a good many years, and her recollection of the quantity of ammunition proper for a respectable charge was almost as shaky as the breech of the gun. She meant business, however, and resolved to take chances. Pouring out seven drams of powder from a teaspoon, she turned it into the gun and rammed it into place with a fragment of a bone-set almanac for wadding. Then she poured a handful of shot from another teaspoon and sent that home. Next she capped the tube and was ready for the hawk. She hadn't long to wait. The large bird came, and saucily seating himself upon the limb of a dead tree near the henery, was apparently selecting the choicest broiler in a brood of ten or a dozen. While the bird was ranning his gaze over the flock, Mrs. Fletcher was elevating the fowling piece and running her right eye along the barrel of it. She didn't like to keep the visitor waiting, so she touched the trigger.

She waited less than a half second for results but she had received only partial information when, a few minutes later, she sat up and pulled herself together. The youthful John Fletcher, Jr., a block of five, who was holding fast to his mother's dress when the partial report was made, crawled out from beneath her skirts when she got up to pursue the remainder of the particulars. Mrs. Fletcher is a plucky little woman, and, unmindful of a pain in her shoulder and a bee hive in her head, began to look for the destroyer of her chickens. Her aim had been good, and the hawk was found within twenty feet of where he was sitting when she pulled the trigger. He was only slightly disabled. The youthful John saw the hawk from a safe retreat, but he no longer held fast to his mother's dress. While she was pondering whether to attack the hawk with a broom or a club, John Jr., slipped out around behind the bird, and while it was defying his mother he grasped it firmly by the back of the neck. He did not know the accomplishments or equipment of the hawk or he would not have been so precipitate. When he took hold the bird clutched one of his legs in one of its talons and hooked the other talon into a section of the boy's coat.

The little fellow was gone, and as the talons went into his leg he tightened his grip. Mrs. Fletcher, now thoroughly frightened, gathered both boy and hawk into her arms, and ran with them to the house. When she reached there she put down her burden. Her plucky son was still clinging to his hold, but the hawk had let go. He was dead, and the boy was a hero, with three or four wounds on one of his legs. Mrs. Fletcher forgot her own injuries, picked up the gun, and returned it to its owner with her thanks and the story of her accomplishments as a marks woman.

The next morning, when Mr. Fletcher came to the village he brought along the bird. Presenting it to the local bird fancier and proprietor of Johnson's grocery, he said: "Ere, Johnson, 'ere's a 'awk!' " "Hawk, the mischief!" replied Johnson; "why, man, that's an eagle." And so it was; a genuine bald or white-headed "Halæetus leucoccephalus." The bird measured seven feet and six inches from tip to tip of wings, and weighed, after about a month of feasting upon Mrs. Fletcher's Plymouth Rocks and Dorkings, exactly thirteen pounds. The eagle is now in the hands of a taxidermist, and will upon its return repose the long-necked blue heron from the post of honor on the cheese case.

French Farmers.

The lot of a French farmer is neither happy nor jolly. He fares frugally on soup and the thinnest of ordinary red wine or cider. The stock of his soup is bacon, and he eats butcher's meat only twice a week—that is on Sunday and market day. When he attends market he makes a succulent dejeuner and drinks a good deal of beer afterwards at the cafe. This is his only cheerful time. At ordinary seasons he is morose, troubled, about the weather, the conscription which is going to take his son into the army, and about politics, of which he understands just enough to be in constant dread of revolutions. He is conservative, that is to say, he upholds the Government of the day, whatever it is, for fear of anarchy, but no Government is popular with him, for every Administration finds it necessary to lay on taxes. The climate, however, is in his favor. A bad harvest is not a common thing in France, and a succession of bad harvests never occurs. It is lucky for the French farmer that this is so, for there are few French landlords who would be in a position to remit any part of a year's rent after a bad harvest. The rule in France is that farmers' rent must be paid as punctually as lodgers' rent. If it be not paid, ejection is resorted to at once, and nobody thinks of looking upon the tenant as an ill-used man.—Waverley Magazine.

The shortest life is long enough, if it lead to a better, and the longest life is too short if it do not.—[Colton.]

LONSDALE'S WHALE HUNT.

He Tells How the Huskies Kill the Leviathan and Blow Him Up.

"On Aug. 2," writes Lord Lonsdale, "we determined to make a trip to Liverpool Bay. I persuaded a Huskie to put on civilized clothes and to take out his 'taberettes,' with a view of disguising himself. (The taberettes are two pieces of serpentine, shaped like buttons—one very large and one small. The larger one is worn on the left of the under lip, close up to the mouth, and the smaller one on the other side. The Indians prize them very highly and value them at \$50 each.) The clothes he put on I had given him before-hand as payment for guiding us to the Huskie settlement. As we rounded the point into Liverpool Bay I hoisted the union jack and my white ensign, and my man hoisted the Hudson Bay Company's flag, and thus bedecked we sailed around the point and into 'full view of the wooden and canvas town of the Huskiewaux, distant about five miles.

"We no sooner hove in sight than I saw, with the glasses, all the Huskies come flocking down to the beach. Four men put out in kiaks to meet us as an advance guard. Three of them were armed with bows and arrows and knives, and the fourth carried a fan. About 400 yards behind them came fully 300 others. We could see that there was a great commotion among them. As we advanced so did the kiaks, but when we were 300 yards from them they suddenly stopped paddling and would not come any nearer. I called and hailed, but all to no purpose. I saw they were distrustful, so I told our Huskie to hail them.

As soon as he spoke they recognized his voice, and I hallooed: 'To-go-to-chi-naak' (the nearest approach I can get to spelling the chief's name) when they readily came up to us, followed by the others. We were now about 100 yards from the shore, and to take time I lowered the sail and

MADE THE MEN PULL.

Our Huskie now told them who and what I was and made them a long speech, and sent them off to tell the others, which they instantly did, apparently in great glee. We went slowly on purpose, to give them a good chance of having a talk with their pals. There were about 175 men and 250 women and children now waiting for us to land. We no sooner touched the beach than I jumped out and shook hands, having taken care previously however, to load my revolver and put it in my pocket. I shook hands with all the men and the chief. The chief was named Ta-wah-tsack and his sub-Kagley. The former was a well-built man, with an active gait, diabolical countenance and fleshy eyelids, which left only tiny holes through which his black, ill-tempered eyes peered. But he was very civil and said he was glad to see me. The moriqaes were so troublesome that I asked him to conduct me to the 'Kishawa,' when he disappeared, returning in two minutes arrayed in his robe of state and accompanied by his three wives, in similar array. He then led the way and Kagley, Billy and I followed him. Billy stayed only a few moments in the council chamber, as the atmosphere did not seem to suit him.

"After waiting a few minutes about seventy or eighty natives arrived, all in their best clothes and beads. Kagley and our friend (whom I was now told were the councillors, and more respected than the present chief) then came in in very smart clothes. When the room was full the chief made a speech, to which all listened with marked attention. He told them (so I learned

THROUGH OUR INTERPRETER,

himself a Huskie, taken from his tribe when a boy by the Hudson Bay Company) that the chief told them to welcome us. That we were the first white men who ever visited them. He had heard that white men were brave, 'but if they are so brave,' continued he, 'how is it that they have not come to us before? Still,' said he, 'I think they must be brave, and we will try them.' They then showed us how a man was killed by them. Four men seized the victim. Two held him by the shoulders, another placed his hands against his back and the fourth pulled his head back, when another man would draw a knife across his throat, and all was over."

The Huskies then tried to intimidate Lord Lonsdale by rushing at him with their knives and then putting their hands over his heart to feel it beat. While in the middle of this interesting performance," said Lord Lonsdale, "we heard a man calling 'Hoo-roo-e-oo!' (or that is what it sounded like to me), which immediately threw everybody into confusion. Everybody rushed out and the chief called upon me to follow. The interpreter told me we were going to a whale hunt.

"The cry still came at intervals, and I found out afterward it came from sentinels who had been placed to watch for the coming of the white whale. The Indians wait until they come into the shallows, and then attack them.

"The chief put his two young wives and myself into an O-mo-ach (a large), flat-bottomed boat made out of whale skins, and we rowed in the direction of the cry. The women are not allowed to put their feet into a kiak, because of an Indian superstition which says that the art of hunting leaves the man who owns the kiak if such a thing should happen.

"We all rounded the corner in silence and there, moving up toward the shallows, were ten white whales. The Indians in their kiaks extended in skirmishing order, at the same time keeping up a rolling sound with their mouths and splashing the water.

"The whales were gradually driven into shoal water, and then began the attack. First one man in his kiak would make a rush forward and

DRIVE IN HIS HARPOON,

and then another would follow suit. Each harpoon has a bladder filled with air attached to the end, so that it will float if it should fall out of the whale. The line and order kept by the Indians was something wonderful. They never got in each other's way, and no two men would make a rush for the same whale. Each man carried but one harpoon, and when these were all exhausted they attacked the animals with their spears. When they were all killed they resembled porcupines more than anything else.

"The women's part of the work then came in. They first of all gathered up all the harpoons and then pulled out all the spears. As each spear was withdrawn a blow-pipe was pushed into the wound and

the men blew into it, after which the opening was tied up. When every wound had been treated in this manner the whale resembled a great windbag and floated high in the water. It was thus easily towed around opposite the village.

"On our way back the natives were very quiet, as they said: 'If other whales are about and we make a noise they will hear us and go back to the deep water. Whales hear well.'"

Li Hung Chang's Illness.

An issue of the Pekin "Gazette" contains an official statement respecting the health of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang. It seems that at the end of last autumn he caught a severe cold, which produced great thirst and redness of the eyes. He obtained first twenty days' leave, and was subsequently granted two extensions of a month each, on both of which occasions the Emperor expressed great solicitude respecting his health, and urged him to procure the best medical aid available. Prince Chun, the Prime Minister, sent him twenty pills, which had been specially prepared in the palace, one of which was to be taken every day before food. "Externally he applied a lotion to dry up the tears in his eyes, and internally he took medicine to relieve his kidneys and promote circulation. . . . The doctor's bulletin states that disease is already eight parts gone. With the mildness of spring he will be able to get out once more, and under the vivifying influences of that health giving season his muscles will resume their proper functions and the dryness of the mouth will disappear."

Li expresses himself profoundly grateful for the many tokens of regret which he has received from the throne, and assures the Emperor that nothing is further from his intention than to take his ease at such a moment as the present. "Though he has been on leave for the past month, he has been daily occupied in transacting business and seeing his subordinates, and has often forgotten to take his food until after the going down of the sun. All through the stillness of the night his mind has been troubled with the thought that his sickness might cause some miscarriage of public business." Upon this report the Emperor writes with his own hand: "We have carefully perused the above, and must again urge the patient to be more careful in sparing himself anxiety and labor, and to continue a course of medical treatment in the hope that his early restoration to health may remove the earnest solicitude which we feel on his behalf."

THE MARTYR OF USAGO.

How the Late Bishop Hannington Faced Lions Fearlessly.

Among modern heroes I find no more worthy of the name than the late Bishop Hannington, the "Martyr of Usago," the story of whose life is more fascinating than fiction. In him seems to have been combined all the elements of an ideal hero.

He inherited wonderful strength of body, so that he was able to do and bear what few men can endure. He was fond of athletic sports and possessed a courage that bordered on recklessness. He was fond of natural science, and in his explorations seemed to delight in perilous scrambles on the edges of precipitous cliffs. Indeed, danger possessed a fascination for him. He did not know the meaning of fear. Not even an encounter with the king of beasts in the jungles of Africa could quell him.

On one occasion when he had shot a lion's cub, and the enraged parents with terrific roars bounded toward him, he coolly fixed his eyes upon those of the infuriated beast, and slowly retreated backwards, until he had put a safe distance between himself and his enemies. But he went back for the skin of that cub; finding that the lions had not left, he ran forward, threw up both arms and shouted, whereupon the astonished animals turned and fled and the bold hunter carried away his prize.

Another time—when in the act of plucking a flower that had attracted his attention—he beheld the fiery eyes of a lion glaring at him. He returned the look—waiting, however, to procure the flower—and, as in the other instance, made good his retreat. Many stories might be told illustrative of his great physical courage.

But his moral heroism was sublime. As a missionary to Africa he threw himself into his work with all the enthusiasm and zeal of his ardent nature. Young, gifted, popular, with a large field of usefulness open to him in England, he was willing to sacrifice everything for the sake of what he believed to be duty. The records of those journeys read like a romance of heroism, and never does he appear more the hero than when, exhausted by fever and having suffered every manner of insult from the savage soldiers of the African king, Mwanga, he was finally led out to die at their hands.

Protest Against Colonial Adventure.

It is a striking coincidence that just as the Samoan Conference opens at Berlin there should be an outcry in Italy against her colonial policy. There was a demonstration of 10,000 people at Turin on Sunday to protest against Italy's "Adventure" in Africa. The whole time the manifestation lasted cries of "Down with the Colonial policy!" were uttered by the crowd. The Italian people are tired of seeing the Government waste money in ambitious and sterile Colonial schemes. The bulk of the nation would be glad if a cordial entente between Italy and France could be established, and they know very well that the Government's colonial ventures are as likely as not to land them in a conflict with their neighbours; while, on the other hand, no conceivable advantage for Italy can be derived therefrom. The prevailing opinion on the Continent is that Germany too would have done well to leave Colonial policy alone. So far, at all events, it has brought her much trouble and no profit whatsoever; nor is Germany's Colonial future promising, even if considered independently of the fact that before long she may have more than enough to do at home.

A Little Girl Drowned.

OTTAWA, MAY 23.—Miss Myrtle Haines, aged 10 years, was accidentally drowned in the Ottawa river here the other night while playing on logs near the Chaudiere. She lately arrived here with her father from Oswego, N. Y. Mr. Hanna moved to Ottawa to assume the foremanship of Barnes Manufacturing Co.'s box factory. The body of the deceased has been recovered.

Censure is the tax a man pays for being eminent.

CAN SNAKES CHARM BIRDS?

An Observer Says He Has Seen It done—How Snakes Swallow Frogs.

Three different incidents of snakes charming birds have fallen under my own observation. Once I saw a bluejay charmed by what is commonly known as the "blue racer" snake. The next instance was a redbird charmed by a "blue racer," and the next was a catbird charmed by a "cowsnake." As these snakes are classed as non-poisonous, they could not have bitten the birds and then quietly awaited their death. In the first case the bird was in an apple tree, some ten or twelve feet from the ground, when its attention was first arrested. The other two were somewhat under the influence of the snake's charm when first observed. I would judge that it takes from one to two hours for a snake to bring a bird completely under the spell, which they can most certainly do if not disturbed after the bird's first attention is once gained.

I have never seen a snake charm a frog, though I have seen them catch frogs often. They are more than a match for the frog in a footrace; consequently they have frog legs to eat whenever they wish, provided the frogs can be found. The greatest trouble is to swallow the frog after catching him. The frog is swallowed heels first. Whether this is a preference on the part of the snake or whether it is because this is the first part overtaken and laid hold of, I do not know. When caught the poor frog cries out in the most pitiful terror. Then the struggle of life and death begins, with determined animal instinct on the part of the snake; nay, I might say with devilish triumph—for he knows that victory is sure in the end—and almost human horror on the frog's part. The instant the snake seizes a hind leg it is swallowed, and the hard part of the job is to get a hold of the other leg without releasing the one he already has.

The frog soon finds it useless to struggle to release the leg already swallowed by the snake, and seems to realize that its only hope is to keep the leg that is free out of that horrible mouth which has such wonderful suction power. I once saw a garter snake push a frog over thirty yards endeavoring to force the leg of the frog that was free against some obstruction, that it might get a hold upon that also. It finally succeeded, and the struggle was soon over after that. When both hind legs are once in the snake's power a deeper horror seems to take possession of the poor little creature who has battled so hard for life; its eyes dilate with terror and assume a glassy stare, its whole body is stupefied, paralyzed with an awful dread of its impending fate. The snake does not swallow; it crawls over its prey. It does so by means of strongly contracting muscles in the throat.

The Fortune of Gold Digging.

The history of one of the Ballarat claims, called the Blacksmith's Claim, because its first owner belonged to that craft, reads like a page of romance. The blacksmith, with a party of eight, all novices, sank the shaft in so irregular and unworkman-like a manner that it was absolutely at the risk of his life that a man made the descent to the bottom. Without opening out a regular drive, they washed all the stuff within reach, and, after realizing \$12,800, offered it for sale; but so wet and rotten was the ground, so badly sunk the shaft, that at first no purchaser could be found. At last a party of ten plucked up courage, and bought all right and title to the claim and tools for \$77. They entered into possession at noon one Saturday, and long before the sun set had in their possession \$2,000 worth of gold. By working day and night in spells till the following Monday, they raised this to \$10,000. Then, after the usual reckless manner of lucky diggers, they left this mine of wealth, and went on the spree for a week. Their tenants made good use of the time at their disposal; they opened up two drives, and, before the week was out, were the happy possessors of \$14,400 all taken out of the claim. The other party than returned, and after a week's work, during which they realised \$9,000, they sold out to a storekeeper for \$100, who put in a gang to work in shares, and these, labouring in desultory fashion for a fortnight, took out \$5,000. At the end of that time one of the party, an old hand from Van Diemen's Land, undermined the props, and next morning, on returning to work, the men found the whole of the workings had fallen in. The rest of the party appeared to have taken this misfortune very calmly, and to have completely abandoned the claim, for no mention is made of their further proceedings; but it is related how the author of the mischief coolly marked out a claim 24 feet square on top of the ruin, and working with a hired party, sunk a shaft straight as a die for the gutter. The first tubful of wash-dirt they raised turned out 40 lbs. weight of gold, and the next two averaged 10 lbs. each; and, as Ballarat gold was, and is, superior to any other at all times, fetching at least \$1 an ounce, those three bucketsful of earth were worth \$2,880 to their fortunate possessor. Altogether, out of that small area, hardly larger than a good sized room, was taken in a few weeks gold worth nearly \$80,000.

The Situation of Affairs in the Balkans.

The Vienna "Politische Correspondenz" publishes intelligence from Sofia, derived from what it describes as a source worthy of credence, stating that Russia has lately been endeavouring, through the intermediary of a third person, to bring about a change in the existing relations in Bulgaria. These efforts have, it is added, been so far successful as to convert M. Stamboulloff to the Russian point of view, by referring to the change of feeling in favour of Russia which has set in in Serbia and Roumania, and by pointing out that Russia must prepare herself for a great settlement of European affairs, and in view of this eventuality, is anxious to regulate the situation in the Balkans in her own interests. Russia would, however, at the decisive moment, make no special demands upon her friends in the Balkans, but would content herself with the latter holding Turkey in check. An understanding between Russia and Bulgaria is, adds the correspondent, therefore quite easy of attainment, the only hindrance being the presence of Prince Ferdinand, who would certainly have to be removed. At the same time it is pointed out that in the course of his address to Prince Ferdinand on the occasion of the Easter reception, M. Stamboulloff declared that all the efforts of Russia would be futile, this declaration sounding like an open rejection of all attempts to separate Bulgaria from Prince Ferdinand.