WHERE RICH MEN ARE FEW.

They Are as Scarce as Black Swans In Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is the nearest approach to a peasant commonwealth which the world has known in modern times. There is not a Bulgarian Slav who is not the owner of a plot of land upon which he lives and out of which he gets his own livelihood by his own labor.

Large landowners are almost unknown. The few men of wealth in the country are mostly of foreign birth or descent, and even they would not be counted as wealthy according to the standard of other European countries.

The small landowners, who form the vast majority of the population, are peasant born and peasant bred. They are extremely thrifty. They are content with very plain food. They wear the same sheepskin garments from year to year, only turning their coats inside out with the changes of the season.

Whole families, even of well to do peasants, sleep in the same room upon mats stretched out on the floor. They live under conditions of dirt and discomfort which no British or German or French laborer would tolerate for a week. Yet, notwithstanding their disregard of the simplest sanitary arrangements, they grow up singularly strong and healthy.

Moreover, they are free from the irritation caused among other laborers, overworked if not underpaid, by the spectacle of neighbors living in affluence and ease without any necessity to curtail their expenditure. Rich men are black swans in Bulgaria. I was told by a foreign banker in Sofia who had traded for many years in the country that he doubted greatly whether there were fifty men in all the rural districts who had net incomes of $5,000 a year.—London Illustrated News.

The Saving Of Bobbie.

By KATHLEEN O'BRIEN.

The Roberts' house party had been voted a success. It began on Friday night, and now that Sunday dinner was over the fortunate guests were bewailing the fact that the morning sun would see them all back in town again.

Robert Livingston, however, was not so sure that his visit had been altogether a successful one. He was desperately in love with Hulda Roberts.

This was no secret, for Robert had been guilty of relating his infatuation to every one who would listen to the harrowing tale for the past four years. The story was interesting to Robert, so why not to others?

The one cloud on his horizon, and this a cloud which the brightest sunshine could not blot out, was Carlton Carruthers. There he was even now, when the precious moments were so few, dangling over the side of the piano at which Hulda was playing softly.

Carlton Carruthers was likewise in love with Hulda, but he had never mentioned the fact to any one as yet, not even to Hulda herself.

Livingston leaned against the mantelpiece and surveyed the scene. Evidently a plan had occurred to him, for he suddenly walked over to the piano.

"Hulda, don't you think it would be a fine stunt to go for a short walk after that heavy dinner?" he suggested, absolutely ignoring Carruthers.

"Hardly in this toggery," Hulda laughed in reply.

"What have you against Miss Roberts, old man?" interrupted Carruthers, "that you should invite her for a stroll in the snow clad in a decollete gown and paper soled slippers?"

"Well, to be frank," admitted Livingston, "I was thinking only of you."

"Of me?" echoed Carruthers.

"Yes. You see, I wanted to speak to Hulda for a moment, and I knew you detested the cold, so I suggested going out of doors to get rid of you."

He was irresistible, and all three of them laughed.

"Livingston," said Carruthers, "I'll make a bargain with you. I'll go up in the library and smoke for just one hour, then I'll come back and claim Miss Roberts, and you to go to the library for an hour. What say you?"

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!" cried Hulda. "How do you know that I could stand either of you for one whole hour?"

But Carruthers was gone, and there was nothing for her to do but stay with Livingston. Together they went into the great hall and curled up on an old settle before the open fire. The other members of the party had settled down into peaceful groups.

Most of the men had congregated in Mr. Roberts' study and were in a heated debate over politics, while the women were seated cozily about the drawing room talking over the same things that women always do discuss when the men are not about—clothes and servants.

Hulda felt something brush by her skirts and, leaning over, saw her favorite Angora cat purring at her side. Tenerly she picked the animal up in her arms.

"Bobby, dear," she cooed to it.

"Did I understand you aright?" exclaimed Livingston.

"I was speaking to the cat," reproved Hulda. "His name is Robinson Crusoe, but we call him Bobbie for short."

"You will forgive me, Hulda, won't you?" apologized Livingston as he nervously pulled at his perfectly fitted collar. "But you must remember that my name is Bobbie. And, Hulda," he continued as he leaned a little closer to her, "do you think you could ever come to think of me as Bobbie dear?"

"Why, Mr. Livingston"— began Hulda.

"Could you ever care as much for me as for"—

"You have no right to drag Mr. Carruthers into this," interrupted Hulda. "He is nothing to me."

"I was not thinking of Carruthers. I meant could you ever care as much for me as for Robinson Crusoe? Do you think"—

"I think we are sitting too near the fire and that it is high time that Bobbie was in bed like all other decent cats," answered Hulda as she gathered the Angora into her arms and rose from the settle.

"But I thought that cats never slept at night?" inquired Livingston, trying to hide his chagrin.

"Those are only street cats," informed Hulda. "Please take Bobbie and give him to the maid, won't you? And you need not hurry back," she added. Before Livingston could remonstrate the huge gray ball of fur was thrust into his arms.

Hulda then curled up again in the corner of the settle. To her the house party was a dire failure. That persistent Robert Livingston had again proposed, and here was she eating her heart out for Carlton Carruthers, who would rather smoke a cigar than talk to her. Just then Carruthers appeared on the stairs.

"Ah, there you are!" he cried as he discovered her alone. "So Livingston deserted you before the hour was up. Pretty hard. My, my, but you must have made it disagreeable for him! May I sit upon the vacant throne?" he asked as he seated himself at the other end of the bench.

For an hour or more Carruthers and Hulda talked in a low tone and were utterly oblivious that other inhabitants lived on the globe. The whole world seemed theirs, and the thought of others even existing would have marred the picture.

Suddenly the door leading to the back of the house was thrust open, and the maidservants came dashing through in wild disorder, one after the other, yelling: "Fire! Save me! Murder!" etc. The butler appeared on the scene immediately after them and made straight for Mr. Roberts.

In a moment all was confusion. Mrs. Roberts tried to calm the women guests, while most of the men made a dash for the kitchen. Carruthers hesitated as he felt Hulda grasp his arm tightly.

He looked down into the blue eyes and the rosy lips which had just made him so happy when suddenly from out of the heavens he seemed to fall to earth with a sickening thud.

"Oh, my Bobbie! My dear, dear Bobbie! Save him, some one!" cried Hulda.

Carruthers looked at the girl once more to make quite sure the cry came from her. There was no mistake. She wanted Livingston.

"Where is he?" demanded Carruthers huskily.

"Oh, he's in the kitchen. Save him, please do, for my sake!"

Carruthers waited for no more. His heart was too full, his brain whirling. Past the frightened women, down the long corridor that led to the kitchen, brushing maids aside, he strode to save his rival, Bobbie Livingston.

As he reached the kitchen he found the men had put out the slight conflagration and that it amounted to nothing. But Livingston was not in sight. Turning to Mr. Roberts, he asked for him.

"Oh, Livingston was here just a moment ago," said Mr. Roberts, "but I think he said he was going for a walk."

The men all returned to the main part of the house, assuring the ladies that it was nothing. Carruthers went over to Hulda.

"Where's Bobbie?" she asked, with great concern.

"He's gone"— began Carruthers.

"Oh, my dear, dear Bobbie!" wailed Hulda, not allowing him to finish his sentence. Then something brushed her skirt again, and, with a scream of delight, she picked up the cat.

"You told me he was gone," she said reproachfully to Carruthers as she hugged the fluffy ball to her breast.

"Is that the Bobbie you sent me for?" gasped Carruthers.

"Of course it is," Hulda answered rather sharply. "Who did you think I sent you for?"

"Why, Bobbie Livingston," weakly replied Carruthers as he mopped the perspiration from his brow.

Hulda hugged the cat for just a minute as she smiled. Then suddenly she turned serious and put him on the floor. She quietly sat down by Carruthers, and quite low in his ear she whispered:

"And you went in there to save Bobbie Livingston because I asked you to, and you believed all the time that—that"—

"What else could I believe when you were screaming to have some one save yur dear, dear Bobbie?" asked Carlton.

"Well, dear, dear Carl, I love you better than I did before the fire, if that could possibly be," whispered Hulda. And once more the earth was inhabited by two people only.

The Sword of Cornwallis.

Art is not always true to history. Schoolboys of several generations are familiar with the picture of Cornwallis surrendering his sword to Washington after the fall of Yorktown. Lord Cornwallis is revealed in the act of passing over his beautiful sword to the hand of his conqueror. The inference is that Washington took the sword and kept it as a trophy of victory. The facts are quite otherwise.

Cornwallis, proud even in defeat, declined to put in a personal appearance on the occasion of his surrender. The allied forces, American and French, who had besieged him for thirteen days, were drawn up in two columns along the road leading to Hampton. Rochambeau, on a fine bay horse, was at the head of the French column. On his white charger sat Washington at the head of the American troops. The surrendered British and Hessians marched out of their intrenchments and passed down between the two columns.

Many thousands of Virginian citizens were gathered to watch the scene, all eager to get a glimpse of Lord Cornwallis. But they were disappointed in that. Cornwallis pleaded indisposition and stayed in his quarters. He sent his sword by one of his officers, General O'Hara, to be delivered up to Washington. General O'Hara offered the sword to Washington, who directed him to General Lincoln, the officer whom Washington had appointed to conduct the surrender. Lincoln took the sword from O'Hara's hand and then politely handed it back, to be returned to Cornwallis.

Hereditary.

"And when you grow up," said the visitor to six-year-old Elsie, "I suppose you will get married?"

"Oh, there's hardly any doubt about it," answered the small miss. "Everybody says I am much like mamma, and she has been married three times, you know."—Harper's Weekly.

Arts of Oratory.

"I always keep a few funny stories on hand," said Mr. Spredeegle.

"They do help out."

"Yes. When I find my audience inclined to titter at my arguments I switch right into an anecdote so as to get legitimate credit for the laughter."—Houston Post.

AN ENGLISH HOLIDAY

How East Side London Plays on Boxing Day.

ROUGH SPORT IS THE RULE.

All Cockneyland Flocks to Historic Hampstead Heath, Where Hilarity, Fast and Furious, Rules From Early Morning Till After Midnight.

Boxing day is a great institution in England. The day after Christmas is Boxing day, so called because in the old days it marked the occasion of the actual giving of Christmas boxes. Now it is a national holiday. Besides being the last in the year, it has to suffice Londoners, at all events, until Easter Monday. It's a great day in Cockneyland, and the east end crowds to Hampstead heath, the picturesque open space in the northwest of London.

All roads lead to the heath. Soon after daybreak the procession begins. Fully loaded traps and donkey barrows are the principal items in the vehicular traffic, but the majority are on foot, singing and shouting for the holiday.

"'Ere yer are, Sir 'Enery," shouts a woman, pushing a tin squirt filled with water into your face. "'Ere yer are, Sir 'Enery; all the fun of the fair. Two a penny. 'Ave a couple, will yer, m'lud?"

The London street merchants have the habit of giving prospective customers a title, presumably on the theory that a Londoner likes to have you believe that he is some well known man.

Should you be persuaded into buying "a couple" the chances are a moment later you will be face to face with 'Arriet. She wears a large hat trimmed with large feathers of brilliant hue, has a hair fringe down over her forehead and a bright colored velvet dress. Probably several will be in a line, each with an arm around the other's neck and a mouth organ in the other hand.

There is battle in their eyes, and before you are aware of it a stream of water will be running down your face. The best thing to do is to retreat, for if you should give battle you are sure to retire, defeated, with your collar like a wet rag and a most uncomfortable feeling of dampness down your back.

Once on the heath the cocoanut pitches will first claim your notice.

"'Ere yer are, kernel; seven shies a tanner. Every one yer knocks dahn yer 'ave. They're all milky. Loidies and kids 'arf way."

Then this scene will meet your eye: Outside a large tent stands a raised platform. On it are half a dozen men stripped to the waist with arms folded across their chests. One of them, evidently the proprietor, twists a large rattle, which gives forth a most deafening noise. At last it stops, and he begins:

"Loidies and gents, I wants ter hinterduce to yer notice some of the best boxers in the world. 'Im at the end is Felix Scott of Liverpool. 'E'll fight any man in the crahd, and if he don't put 'im aht in three rahnds 'e'll give 'im a quid. Nah, then, who'll 'ave 'em on with the champion?"

Some one accepts the inviting offer, and a rush is made to pay the admission fee and get into the tent.

A company of traveling actors is assembled on the platform outside the next tent, all made up in their war paint. The piece to be performed is "Othello." The price of admission is a penny. A reserved seat, an empty box, will cost you another penny. And the house soon fills.

Outside you will find every form of outdoor amusement in full swing—"Aunt Sallies," swings, roundabouts, skipping and donkeys. The latter are greatly patronized. Young men and maidens, old men and women, all have "a pannorth of donkey ride." A fat woman clings to one poor beast's neck shouting:

"Oo'er, I'm sure I'm falling. Don't make 'im go so fast. Ho, look at me 'at. Lemme get off. I'm sure yer 'itting 'im."

When the dust has cleared away she is seen lying in the road panting:

"I know'd yer done it on purpose!"

At last the journey home is begun, everybody happy and tired, yet not too tired to link arms, the men wearing the girls' feathered hats and pearl buttoned coats and the girls wearing caps and hats and wondrous masculine jackets. All are singing different songs, but every now and then they break forth in unison with popular songs of the moment. In the saloons they drink beer out of one pewter and swear undying love and friendship till the voice of the proprietor, it now being 12:30 in the morning and closing time, is heard calling, "Time, gents, please," and a final start is made.

This may answer the question why the average Cockney worker always wants a second day off to get over Boxing day.—New York Times.

Wanted to See Them.

When Helen, aged four, for the first time accompanied her mother to church she was given some money for the collection box. It was carefully explained to her that this money was "for the poor."

Helen sat patiently through perhaps a third of the service, when she startled her mother by rattling the coins between her cupped hands and inquiring in a loud voice: "Mamma, when are the poor coming around? My 8 cents is getting all hot and sticky!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls.—Shakespeare.