

# TURKISH WOMEN.

## SCRATCH A LEVANTINE AND YOU FIND A PARISIAN.

Customs of Constantinople—The Hospitality of the Dark-Eyed Dames—Cigarette Smoking and Gay Chatter of Court News.



RUB AGAINST A Russian and you find a Tartar. Touch a Levantine woman an ever so lightly and you find a Parisian. From the time she toddles to the Municipal Gardens to play, under the care of her peasant nurse, till she enters society, polished by the education at the English High school—only the Turkish families have private teachers—she emulates the Parisian dally and hourly. No less Gallic are the young men who lounge along the Grande Rue de Pera, sitting alternately with their fair compatriots and the veiled Turkish women; the latter are equally ready to return admiring glances.

The Levantine woman is seen in her natural condition at home. Rap with the heavy knocker at the strong wooden door, guiltless of stoop or steps, pass up the spiral stairway and enter the drawing room, which is always second-story front. The first sight is bewildering. Divans, cushions and curtains made of native cotton cloth, an open fire for warmth and a piano for elegance; odd pieces of china, New Year's gifts and cotton favors decorate the room, while beautiful scarves of Turkish embroidery drape the walls. A basket of flowers graces every home, however humble—for flowers are plentiful in Constantinople—and a tray of black coffee, Turkish style, thick as molasses, stands on the babouret.

Madame and her daughters greet you with outstretched hands, shrill cries and peals of laughter. They are very hospitable, these dark-eyed Levantines. They are all in a state of negligee, bewitching and unconventional during the morning. You receive the latest piece of gossip, the cup of steaming coffee, a cigarette and the kisses of the precocious children of the house to make you feel at home. They are so lively, these dusky, little, impish creatures, babbling Greek, French or the Turkish patois of their maid in one breath. "Have you been to Selamlık? Good. Was it not a grand sight? The Sultan so handsome, the soldiers so fine!" in rapture, "and to the bath? No—well, we will go to-morrow." And the girls explain with zest what to bring—a rug to wrap around you, a change of linen and your own towels. For the magnificent sum of 5 piastres—20 cents—you can have a thorough bath and a good view of Turkish ladies without the veil. You must take a Sedan chair, borne by two stout Albanians, and go your way along the steep and stony streets, which separate the high houses of Constantinople; above you the moucharabis, of Algerian lattices, almost touch together. Madame, your hostess, had a brother who has just been made Pasha by the Sultan. From him she has obtained the latest news at court. The illness of the Valide Sultan—the presentation of the famous and honorable order of the Medjidi to a band of acrobats who chanced to please his Majesty—the marriage of one of his favorite sons, all this is related in French, the language of Pera, the European quarter, as you sip your coffee and puff your slender cigarette. Each one bears on the paper cover the imperial arms in gold, the star and crescent and the royal autograph. There are three grades sold, differing in quality and price. The cheapest has the mark in red instead of gold. It is yellow tobacco, very sweet and mild. The eldest daughter laughs a little, and shows you a real margarine or Turkish water pipe, which she sometimes uses in imitation of her friend Tewfika, the young daughter of a Pasha, who lives in a big villa on the Bosphorus. Having seen the sights, the Seven Towers, Thousand and One Columns, Selamlık (Sultan going to the Mosque), Treasury and the bazaars in Stamboul—the Turkish quarter—one may be glad to see the social side of the city. Take a trip up the beautiful Bosphorus: along the Asiatic shore are the cypress-guarded cemeteries, the dancing dervishes and the far-famed sweet waters, where you can watch the Turkish women on their weekly outings. On the European side are the summer villas of the embassies, the towns of Terapia and Prinkipo. The lovely turquoise sky mirrored in the sea beneath, the minarets of the mosque, fig orchards and fields of poppies mingle with the red-tiled dwellings to form a scene never to be forgotten.

Whittier's Home.

The proposition to merge the home-stead of the poet Whittier, at Amesbury, Mass., into a memorial, open to the public, mention of which has heretofore been made, is being received with general favor in eastern literary circles. It is desired to have the home-stead remain intact just as Mr. Whittier left it. The poet went to Amesbury in 1839, and there he wrote all his greatest poems.

Music and Hot Coffee.

The prohibitionists of Flint, Mich., are about to try the scheme of setting up a counter attraction to the saloons on Saturday afternoon, when the farmers and traders come into town. For this purpose a church is to be opened and music and hot coffee furnished.

Out of the 150 Europeans in Lagos, West Africa, twenty-three died last year, a death rate of 154 in 1,000.

# SHE HAD SEEN HER.

An Incident Which Shows That One Should Not Talk Too Much.

Here is an incident which, to be appreciated, needs a glance at the sweet womanly face of the young Mrs. Stanton: Mrs. Stanton was summing at Saratoga, eagerly enjoying the delights of that fascinating young watering place half a century ago—a merry young mother, in great demand for her agreeable manners and sparkling conversation, as well as for her talented performances upon the guitar. Chatting with a friend one day, the woman questioned—that bugbear of the moment—was brought up. "Isn't it dreadful," he remarked, "to think of a woman so unsexing herself as actually to appear before the legislature at Albany?" Naturally enough, the heroine of this very shocking procedure protested against this interpretation of woman's sphere; yet, amused by her friend's faux pas, mischievously she led him on.

"What kind of a woman is this Mrs. Stanton?" she inquired.

"Oh, a dreadful kind of a woman!" was the reply. "Just the kind of woman one would expect would do such a thing."

"Do describe her," pleaded his tormentor. "Tell me more about her."

And he, nothing loath, went on: "Well, she's a large, masculine-looking woman, with high cheek-bones and a loud, harsh voice—don't you know—just one of those regular woman's rights women."

"Have you really seen her, or is this taken from the papers?" she asked, quietly.

"Of course I have seen her; did I not tell you that I heard her before the legislature?"

"How did she speak?"

"Frightfully; it was simply awful. Her strident voice and her masculine appearance should have been the death-knell to her cause."

"What is her name, did you say?"

"Mrs. Stanton—Mrs. Henry Stanton, in fact."

"Why, that's my name!" she said.

"Of course—she's your namesake, so I thought you would be interested. But I knew it could be no relation of yours. Ha, ha, ha!"

Mrs. Stanton rose. "I am afraid I am she," she said.

Of course there was nothing for him to do but to confess and grovel.

# A BLOOD-RED LAKE.

Peccability Manifested by a Sheet of Water in Switzerland.

Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every ten years. It is a very pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a disposition to celebrate the slaughter of Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476. But the French say that it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter. This year it was redder than ever, and had a sinister appearance when the setting sun illuminated its waves. This phenomenon of course has its legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish called silures that weigh between 25 and 40 kilograms, say when they see the waters of the lake reddening that it is the blood of the Burgundians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of their compatriots who fell heroically in that battle, and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism. It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters of the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles the Bold. The coloring is due simply to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists oscillatoria rubescens. The curious thing about it is that lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed, and this peculiarity is beginning to interest scientific men.

# A Recrassant Bachelor's Punishment.

The city was in a perfect uproar last night, caused by the Bachelors' club being out in force to "haze" A. H. Gibley, a member of the club, who recently was married, in violation of the club's solemn rules and obligations. He was boxed up in a queensware crate and hauled up the main streets of the city; had his face blackened with a common shoe brush. The band played a solemn march as the procession went up the street. He was then taken to the hall, where the degree of "knight of the orient" was to be administered to him, but when about half way through he was overcome by the shock of the initiation ceremonies and requirements and became unconscious. He is all right this morning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# Mother of Fear.

Mother of pearl is the hard, silvery, brilliant substance which forms the internal layers of several kinds of shells. The interior of our common oyster shells is of this nature, but the mother of pearl used in the arts is much more variegated with a play of colors. The large shells of the Indian seas alone have this pearly substance of sufficient thickness to be of use.

# Laws' Wheat Report.

John Bennett Laws has revised his estimates, recently issued of the wheat crop of the United Kingdom. He now places the quantity of wheat that will be available for consumption at 2,271,266 quarters, necessitating the import of 24,250,000 quarters.

# THE AVERAGE MURDERER.

In Prison He Appears Happy and Grows Fat.

One of the strangest of all the strange phases of human nature is the cheerfulness of the average murderer after conviction and sentence. There are, of course, exceptions to the rule; there are murderers who await execution in horror and dread, and occasionally one dies of this torment before the fatal day arrives. But these are rare cases and do not affect the correctness of the proposition that the average murderer is a rather cheerful person, sleeps well, has a good appetite, grows fat, and, till his last hour, manifests a lively interest in such worldly affairs as occupied his mind before he was caught, caged and marked for the hangman.

Trouble of mind is not conducive to the taking on of fat. A convict whose day of death had been firmly fixed, and who had no ground on which to base the faintest hope of clemency, might affect cheerfulness, or even jocularity, in the presence of visitors. But there is no affecting a growth of adipose. The man whose weight is increasing day by day, even in the shadow of the gallows, is not in mental distress. The mind and body are too closely related for either to be tormented without the full participation of the other. Here is an extract from a reporter's account of a visit to Harry Hayward, at Minneapolis, who will soon be put to death for one of the most cruel, cold-blooded murders ever perpetrated:

"Do you think you will hang?"

"Yes, I think I will, old man," Hayward replied. His face did not change color, nor did he flinch. Then he continued, laughing, 'A fellow has to go sometime, and it might as well be one time as another. Only I wish it well done and no bungling. But, by the way, what do you think about the Corbett and Fitzsimmons fight—rather the one that did not come off? I will tell you what I believe. I think "Fitz" was was afraid of Jim. I would hate to see Jim get whipped, for he is an American. But the fight will never come off now,' he added.

"How is your health, Mr. Hayward?"

"Splendid. When I came in here I weighed 160, but I have gained forty pounds. You see, I have nothing to worry me, have slept well, and eaten heartily and will continue to do so until the end."

If this were an exceptional case it would be interesting only as a possible indication of lunacy. But it presents nothing that is unusual. It is strange only because it is impossible for the average mind to conceive of such cheerfulness, such indifference under the conditions surrounding this man.—Washington Post.

# This Happened at the Hub.

Only recently I was forcibly impressed by the curiosity, romance or reverence—call it what you will—that the masses seem to have for anything possessing a title. On Washington street a large crowd had gathered in front of a shoe store and a score or more of persons were scrambling over each other's backs to get a glimpse at something behind the plate glass. Thinking some wild animal whose hide was used for footwear or some other curiosity was being exhibited, I joined the throng. When I finally forced my way through the crush I saw a pair of patent-leather shoes labeled: "These shoes were made for the duke of Marlborough."—Boston Post.

# Characteristics of the "Old Roman."

"Thurman's most notable characteristic in the senate," says ex-Senator Edmunds, "was his command of pure, strong English. He was powerful in debate, never mincing matters, but calling things by what he considered their right names. He was brave in his convictions, and was always working for what he thought the good of his country, and not for the hire. Although I did not agree with him upon political matters, I could not help liking him for his earnestness. What he did was done because he considered it right."

# Nicknames of Kings.

Edgar, the Saxon King of England, was The Peaceable, from his dislike of war. John of England was called Lackland, from losing a large share of his possessions. Frederick II. and Otto III. of Germany were each styled The Wonder of the World.

# LABOR NOTES.

Camden, N. J., unions have organized a central body.

The bricklayers of Chicago are being organized into a national union.

The Internal Co-operative society, near Pittsburgh, declared a 10 per cent dividend.

In various cities the cigarmakers are advertising their labels by means of playing cards.

German trade unionists of Cincinnati are discussing the advisability of starting a weekly labor paper.

By a new arrangement of the board of directors, commercial telegraphers will be admitted to the American Railway Union.

The International Printing Pressmen's Union has joined the American Federation of Labor with a membership of 2,500.

The National Union of Retail Clerks has now affiliated with 132 local unions, and the number is steadily and rapidly increasing.

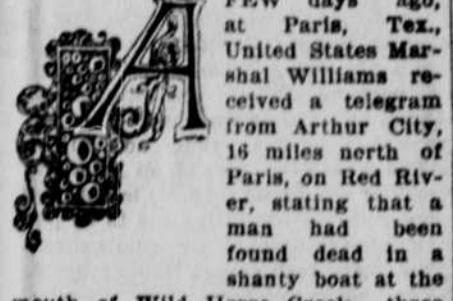
The official headquarters of the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America will be removed to Bloomington, Ill. The dual vote was Bloomington, 2,448; St. Louis, 530.

Joseph Bernstein, of Chicago, paid a fine of \$100 and costs the other day for using a counterfeit label for cigars. The prosecution was at the instance of the local cigarmakers' union.

# THE DOG KEPT WATCH

## MURDERED MEN FOUND IN A BOAT IN RED RIVER.

Robbery and Possibly Revenge the Motive for the Crime, Whose Perpetrators May Elude Detection—A Remarkable Case.



FEW days ago, at Paris, Tex., United States Marshal Williams received a telegram from Arthur City, 15 miles north of Paris, on Red River, stating that a man had been found dead in a shanty boat at the mouth of Wild Horse Creek, three miles below there, anchored to a tree on the Indian Territory side.

The body had been found by a man named Tom Carrer, who was out hunting. He started on board the boat, and was driven back by a savage dog that kept watch over the boat. Several citizens of Arthur at once went down to investigate, and found the report true. They went to the boat, but a savage dog was in the room in which the bodies were, and would not permit the men to enter, but they looked through a window and saw a ghastly sight. Three men and a boy lay in their beds murdered.

Marshal Williams dispatched Jim Chancellor and Red Harper, two of his best detectives and most trusted men, to the scene. Arriving there a ghastly sight met their gaze. Lying on a pallet at one end of the cabin were three men and a boy on the floor as if asleep, with the faithful dog keeping guard over them. It made a savage attack on them, but the officers had instructions not to kill it, but to take it alive at all hazards.

They pressed it back to the bodies, and it stood on top of one and showed its teeth growling and whining piteously at the intruders, and it was finally roped and dragged away.

The officers found that the three men had been shot in the head, two with revolvers, and one with a shotgun, four empty shells telling how the bloody work had been done. So close were the murderers that the clothing of the men had been set on fire, but had been extinguished by blood flowing from the wounds. The men had never made a struggle.

The bodies were all in an advanced state of decomposition and some animal had eaten the flesh from the boy's face, head and neck and had eaten his brains out. It was a sickening, shocking spectacle. The men's clothing was scattered about the room, with their pockets turned inside out, showing robbery as well as murder.

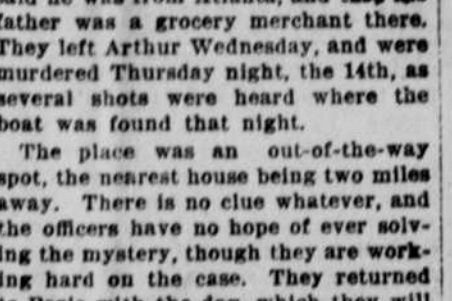
One was a large man about 45 or 50 years old, with a heavy sandy mustache shaved so as to extend it to his lower jaw bone, and prominent forehead. Papers found under his head indicate that his name was E. C. Conody, and that he was the owner of the outfit. The boy was about 12 years old, heavily built, with dark hair, and was evidently the son of Conody. He wore knee pants. Another was identified by citizens of Chicla and Arthur as Henry Thomas Rice, who had been a music teacher. He was about 28 or 30 years old, with black mustache, and rather handsome.

The other man was about 35 or 40 years old, red complexioned, beard of about two weeks' growth and stub mustache. With the party were some trappers, hunters, fishermen and gamblers, and they had a full outfit

# THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

## LESSON II, SUNDAY, JANUARY 12—LUKE, 2:40-52.

Golden Text: "Jesus increased in Wisdom and Stature and in Favor with God and Man"—Luke, 2:52—Redeemer of the World.



INTRODUCTORY: The section includes: John 1: 1-5; Luke, 1: 26-29; 2: 1-2; Matthew, 1: 18-25; 2: 1-23. The picture of the whole period, comprising his coming into the world to the time of his entrance upon his ministry, should glow before us in its completeness. We should gather into it the records from John and Matthew as well as Luke.

The scholars should, Time, December 11, 12 to 28 A. D. Places, Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Egypt, Nazareth.

40. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him.

41. Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

42. And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

43. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

44. But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went on their journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

45. And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

46. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

47. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

48. And when they saw him, they were amazed; and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

49. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

50. And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

51. And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

52. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

Explanatory Notes.

40. "And the child grew." He grew in knowledge and wisdom as he grew in stature and strength, went in, short, through all the natural gradations of childish and youthful development.—Professor Kendrick.

41. "And when he was twelve years old." He was not a man, but a child, yet in his whole nature Jesus was a strong, active, sturdy boy. He was what we mean by "a real boy," full of life, ready for every boyish deed, only he used all his strength and activity in pure and noble ways, in helping his mother, in just and loving acts toward his fellows. 41. "And was subject unto them," to his parents. The form of the expression "was" with a participle indicates continuous, habitual obedience. He was obedient to his parents, as every child should be. In his own manliness in disobedience, or in resenting the control of parents or teachers.

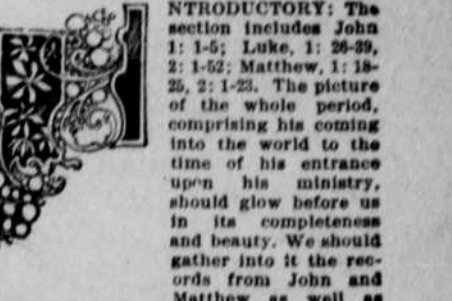
42. "In favor with God and man." God gave him so much favor because he was worthy to receive it. So long as religion does not bring its possessor into conflict with the customs, pleasures, or sins of men it is very beautiful and attractive, even to worldly people. In its reality it is far more attractive than vice, when seen in its true nature. On the whole, the surest way to be in favor with man is to be in favor with God.

43. "And when they had fulfilled the days." The days were the days of the journey out on his good, he was attractive. He had a charming grace in all he did. 43. "Parents went to Jerusalem every year," as wisely commanded. Wisely religious people do not neglect to go to the great religious meetings.

44. "Twelve years old." The age when Jewish children were expected to join with their elders in religious duties. "Up to Jerusalem." Not only because Jerusalem was on high ground, but because it was politically and socially up, the head, the highest place of the nation. So in England they always say "up to London," no matter from which direction or from what height they go.

45. "And when they found him not." Probably not knowing when his parents would leave the city. Among two million guests it was easy for a party to become separated. "Knew ye not of it." They had perfect confidence in the boy, and willingly left him with the other boys of his age during the day, and took it for granted that he had joined the caravan with the rest.

46. "After three days." One for the journey out, one for the return, and one for the search in the city. "They found him in the temple." Not in the temple proper, but in one of the porches or chambers of the temple area, and belonging to the temple. "Sitting in the midst of the doctors." The teachers, eminent rabbis who at that season would be discussing the great questions of the day. "Hearing and asking questions." Very much as in a Bible class of today. He was not putting himself forward, but was doing what was natural and proper for any boy. 47. "Astounded." Amazed, I e., thrown into a maze or labyrinth. His knowledge of the Scriptures, his insight into their true meaning, his penetration into the very spirit of the truth. His answers to their questions displayed these same qualities. 48. "And when they (Joseph and Mary) saw him, they were amazed." Used of glad amazement.—Thayer. "And his mother said unto him." Privately: she could not rebuke after such a scene.—Van Doren. 49. "And he said unto them, 'How is it that ye sought me? Why did ye go about the city searching for me? Why did you not come directly here? Where else could I be than in this holy, blessed spot?'"—Whedon. "Wist ye not." Knew ye not. "That I must be about my Father's business?" Where should a child be found but in his father's house?



An Orthodox Criticism.

The parson was bending over his desk hard at work over his next Sunday's sermon. Presently his young wife bustled in with a glad smile on her face. She intended to give him a pleasant surprise. She succeeded, for it was her first appearance in bloomers.

"What do you think of them?" she asked gaily. "Are they on straight?"

"I think," he said, observing a hiatus between the upper and nether garments and a general tendency to sag fore and aft. "That you have left undone the things that you ought to have done and done those things that you ought not to have done."—Truth.

ODD, QUEER, CURIOUS.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson is probably the only man in the world who has addressed a political meeting in his night-shirt.

Prince Massimo, of Italy, thinks that his is the oldest family in Europe. He traces his ancestry to Quintus Fabius Maximus.

In the department of reptiles of the Paris Museum is a new snake which climbs up the vertical and smooth wall of its glass cage.

# BOLD WOMEN IN THE PRIZE RING.



Boxing is among the favorite athletic sports among the fashionable set this season. Professor De Sota says a woman should be as well equipped in muscle as well able to defend herself as a man in every point, says Chicago Chronicle. Hence the fierce battles between the fair sex in the endeavor to enlarge and harden the muscle. Boxing is one of the least dangerous of all exercises, such less so than fencing, since the taping gloves are so a means of protection. Some of the costumes are especially smart, and usually are composed of a short skirt, trousers, blouse or jersey.

A fetching ring has a skirt of soft, satin gray brilliantine, spotted with blue circles of scarlet; the blouse waist of scarlet taffeta, made very full and puffy and belted with a band of red kid. A stock of red kid finishes the neck. The tights are of scarlet silk, while sandals of red cover the feet. The effect of this vivid costume, flashing in and out in the quick movements, is picturesque in the extreme. Another pretty costume is in black and white. The short skirt is of ivory white broadcloth, fitted plainly across the hips and laid in a succession of set folds at the back. The jersey is of black and white striped wool and fits loosely over the hips, held in place by a soft scarf of black taffeta. Snug trousers of white broadcloth and opera-length hose of black silk complete the effect.