

## 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.



**R**UB AGAINST A Russian and you find a Tartar. Touch a Levantine woman 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 daily and hourly. No less Gallic are the young men who lounge along the Grande Rue de Pera, flirting 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, nullified 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 Sultana—the presentation of the famous and honorable order of the Medjidli 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 marghile or Turkish water pipe, which she sometimes uses in imitation of her friend Tewfik, 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 Stambul—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 homestead 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 homestead remain intact just as Mr. Whittier left it. The poet went to Amesbury in 1836, 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 summering 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 question—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.

Peccolity 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 Recreant 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. Gillespie, a member of the club, who recently was married, in violation to 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 Pearl.**  
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 5,271,366 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—or rather the one that did not come off? I will tell you what I believe. I think 'Fitz' 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."

"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 Pittsburg, 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 final vote was Bloomington, 2,446; 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.

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



**A** FEW days ago, at Paris, Tex., United States Marshal Williams received a telegram from Arthur City, 16 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 Chicola 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

## 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 and 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 muscles. Boxing is one of the least dangerous of all exercises; much less so than fencing, since the boxing 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 rig has a skirt of soft moire gray brillantine, spotted with huge circles of scarlet; the blouse waist

with them and a good store of provisions. They had been drifting along the river for some time, having bought the boat several weeks ago from a man of the name of Clifford at Ragdale, Tex., about 50 miles above there.

Weeks ago they had stopped at several points, remaining several days at each. On the 13th they were in Arthur City, where they displayed considerable money. The younger, red-faced man gave his name as Maddox, and said he was from Atlanta, and that his father was a grocery merchant there. They left Arthur Wednesday, and were murdered Thursday night, the 14th, as several shots were heard where the boat was found that night.

The place was an out-of-the-way spot, the nearest house being two miles away. There is no clue whatever, and the officers have no hope of ever solving the mystery, though they are working hard on the case. They returned to Paris with the dog, which they will keep.

## SAILING VESSEL'S FAST TRIP.

The Helensburgh Crosses from Hull in Twenty-one Days.

The British ship Helensburgh, which reached this port on Monday at midnight, made the passage from Hull in twenty-one days, which is believed to be a record-breaking trip for a sailing vessel from that port, says a writer in the New York Tribune. Indeed, the average voyage of steamers from that city takes about seventeen days. The Helensburgh is a full-rigged, three-masted steel ship. Captain Jefferson, her master, said he had strong, steady winds, varying from east to west, throughout the trip. Two or three gales overtook him, but under reduced sail his gallant ship plowed along before them on her course. She had no use for light sails at any time, and her skipper kept her under courses, topsails and topgallant sails. On several days she made 300 knots, and on one day 320, at which rate she could have "shown her heels" to many a tramp steamer. Four days were taken in the North Sea and the English Channel, and the voyage from a point off Falmouth was therefore of only seventeen days duration. Captain Jefferson is proud of this craft, and says that once on a voyage to Australia she covered 350 knots in a day. Her present passage is the quickest made across the Atlantic in many a long day. In 1891 the Howard D. Thorp, a Yankee ship, surprised her consignees by anchoring in the Bay eleven days out from Glasgow. The record was made, however, under the more favorable winds of an eastern trip by the Yankeeclipper Dreadnaught, in 1859, when she made Liverpool from here in nine days. Such ships are no longer built, and from Hull the Helensburgh now holds the record for sailing craft. She brings 1,600 tons of chalk, and is under charter to take a cargo of case oil to Shanghai.

**France Wants Treasures.**  
The French government has paid the Persian shah \$10,000 for the right to dig up antiquities anywhere within the ancient empire, and the bargain is regarded as an excellent one for the western nation. Several of the great cities of the bible lie buried there, and archaeologists think that they contain better treasure trove than the world has ever gained from the orient.

**Climax of a Romance.**  
A New York paper, in telling the story of a man who after an absence of ten years returned to Jersey City only to find his wife married to another man, says that the incident duplicates "Enoch Arden's" experience so graphically described by Henry W. Longfellow.

## AN UNFORTUNATE GIFT.

A Present That Startled a Sweetheart and Her Household.

A civil engineer who boards at the Capitol Street house has just returned from a surveying trip, says the Washington Star. Immediately opposite him at the table sits a young lady, with whom the man of lines and figures is infatuated. She greeted him as he came in at noon from his trip:

"Oh, I am so glad to see you. I know it must be horrid to have to sleep in all sorts of places, and such chilly nights, too. Now, come right in with me, and tell us all about it."

The young man, conscious of having had to sleep on the ground the night before, wanted to get to his room unobserved and change his clothing, but it was too late, so he concluded to go immediately to the dining room. There the conversation was renewed, and the civil engineer having reached the poetic stage of love's young dream, ejaculated most eloquently upon the beauties of nature, the sense of peace and rest experienced when lying upon the green carpet of earth under the blue canopy of heaven, and other touchingly pathetic and charming similes. Then he remembered that he had found an exceptionally pretty clump of moss, which he had brought home for the object of his adoration.

"While out in the woods I thought of my friends in the house," he said, "and have in my pocket a sample of nature's beauties, which I hope you will allow me to present to you."

Then, with a bow, he drew forth from his pocket the moss, also a small-sized snake that had crept in and curled up in the warm pocket. The reptile darted across the table, the young lady fainting, the other boarders jumped on the chairs, everybody screamed, while the reptile glided around, seeming to play hide and seek among the dishes. Finally one of the gentlemen present killed the snake with the carving knife, and after the landlady had bestowed a withering look upon the young man and told him that she was "in the habit of entertaining ladies and gentlemen only," and that "no gentleman would play such a joke," he was allowed to go and he will never return.

## MORAN'S MIGRATORY HEART.

After Much Shifting About It Has Settled Down on the Right Side.

Frederick Moran is an inmate of the county infirmary, and since he has been there his heart has been shifting from one side to the other, and has finally wound up on the right side of his body, where it seems to have located a claim with intention to remain permanently, says the San Francisco Examiner. Moran lived in Chicago when this peculiar action of the heart began. It was a restless, shifting organ, moving from side to side in a manner most perplexing and confusing to physicians. Mr. Moran found himself having considerable trouble, but he did not imagine his heart was wandering around in this remarkable fashion. When he came to this coast he settled in Alameda. Here his heart began wandering from side to side, and this so distressed Mr. Moran's internal arrangements that he became quite sick. He was sent to the county infirmary for treatment, and when he got there Resident Physician Clark made a thorough examination of his physical condition. Dr. Clark noted that his heart seemed to be a little out of plumb, and he watched the case closely. While Mr. Moran remained in the county infirmary his heart kept on its travels and finally located itself permanently upon the right side. During this time Moran suffered some, but Dr. Clark's treatment prevented any serious results. Moran became accustomed to the new order of things, and he is now to be discharged from the hospital and he will go back to work. It is unusual that the heart should shift from one side to the other without causing death. Dr. Clark says that he has only heard of three similar cases and that the shifting of the heart in Moran's case has been complete.

**London Postoffice Cats.**  
It may not be generally known that a considerable sum of money for cat's meat appears annually as an item in the postoffice estimates. This meat goes to the support of a whole colony of cats at St. Martin's-le-Grand. How they first came there no one seems to know, but the general impression is that their ancestors belonged to the private offices which were demolished when the present G. P. O. was built, and that they became "strays" about the ruins until the rising walls gradually shut them in, and thus provided them with a home.—Animal's Friend.

## ATCHISON GLOBULES.

Nobody seems to be true to anybody. Who was the fool that said that time is money?

Nearly all the women overdo the angel business.

Unless love makes you sick, it is not of a good quality.

The dirtier a dog is, the more friendly he is to his master.

A man has a right to think lots of things which he had no right to say.

If a man behaves himself, people say he is cunning, and hides his meanness.

Every woman has a certain look with which she thinks she can squelch a man.

When a girl gives a reporter an item, it is usually a "joke" on some other girl.

Old age has at least one advantage: elderly people are hardly ever "talked about."

Don't regard your troubles too tragically; they may be comedies to you to-morrow.

The kin you like least are the most apt to kiss you when they come and when they go.