

## TURKISH LADIES.

GENERAL WALLACE'S WIFE DESCRIBES LIFE IN A HAREM.

What Goes On In Secluded Apartments—Luxuries of the Harem—The Interior of Turkish Houses.

The wife of General Lew Wallace, once United States Minister to Turkey, contributes to the New York World an article on the harem life of Turkish ladies. We quote:

The word harem means the holy or sanctified, and in general sense is given to any spot peculiarly hallowed. I was a long while learning that the name applies to the spacious inclosed court about mosques; not a barred prison but consecrated ground, revered as a sanctuary. However blank and bare the remainder of the house may be—and usually is—the forbidden rooms are well furnished according to Moslem fancy, in which is copied, as far as possible, their ideal paradise—an adorable palace with a thousand windows, and before every window a sparkling fountain.

Free light, abundant space, shady gardens, where the nightingale sings among the roses, and rushing waters cool the air. These are the luxuries which foreshadow the golden pleasure-fields kept for the faithful by the Hours.

The women, old and young, assemble in the sacred rooms, with their children and attendants, and they are the centre of the world to the home-keeping Turk, who cares nothing for travel and never emigrates. His spare time and money are spent there, and the wife is, in the tender Arabic phrase, the keeper of her husband's soul.

Turkish homes are much alike. The entrance is through a double door, large enough for horses and carriage. Beyond it is a swing screen, suspended like a gate, which hides the vestibule, or court, when the street door opens. Two outside staircases appear, one leading to the men's apartments, the other to the women's. At the first landing the visitor finds the black aga or guard before the door of the apartment, to which only one man is admitted, and which is forbidden to the sight and thought of all men, save that one.

There is no special place to eat or sleep in. A low divan, running round the wall of each room, is made a bed by night, the clothes being kept in presses by day. In imperial palaces the coverlets are of Lahore stuffs, embroidered with colored silks interwoven with pearls and turquoises, the sheets are of fine cotton barred with stripes of silk like satin ribbon. The pillows have silk and gold, and during summer mosquito nets of Tripoli gauze, spotted with gold, are suspended by gilt hoops over the sleeper. Nothing gayer or daintier can be imagined. Formerly cashmere shawls served as "spreads" for the beds of the rich.

The small round mirror, framed in velvet, is always at hand for toilet use, and the laying on of cosmetics is so deep that it is named "face-writing." Turkish women understand the arts of repairing the ravages of time, and their toilet service is varied and effective.

Meals were served on bright brass trays of various sizes, and a piece of bread serves as spoon, knife and fork, so deftly used that there is neither spilling nor crumbling about the low table beside which cushions are ranged instead of chairs. Exquisite neatness prevails, and many attendants are in waiting.

Every Turkish harem has its bath rooms, three in number, if the owner is well-to-do. The first is square, chiefly of marble (in the Sultan's palace, of Egyptian alabaster), lighted from a glass dome. A large reservoir built against the outer wall, with an opening into the bath, contains the water, half of which is heated by a furnace below it. Hot air pipes throw intense heat into the room, fountains lead the water from the reservoir and here the rubbing process is conducted. The second room is less heated and furnished only with a marble platform holding mattresses and cushions, where the bathers repose after the fatigue of ablutions too many for description. Here they smoke cigarettes, eat fruits and sweets and finally wrap themselves in soft burnouses and pass to the outer chamber, where they drowse and doze on downy couches till they recover from the steaming heat and the languor that follows a long, warm bath.

Besides these, there are public baths where women spend many hours in gossip and the passive enjoyment of being thoroughly rubbed, brushed, combed and perfumed.

Ladies of rank are now struggling into the miseries of French toilet, but the old Turkish dress is much prettier. A loose, flowing robe of silk or crape wrought with gold and silks, without belt or tightness to limit its comfort. Nothing better adapted to their climate can be imagined.

The white veil, prescribed by law, without which no one may appear on the street or in presence of man, is of thin gauze, folded bias and placed over the head, coming down near the eyebrows. A larger piece covers the lower half of the face and is secured to the back hair by jeweled pins. It makes a light, pretty turban which is a merciful charity to the homely and enhances the grace of the graceful; not hiding the paradise eyes—ah, those eyes! Well might the minstrels liken their liquid splendor to the

reflection of midnight stars at the bottom of a well. And the veils grow thinner and thinner in spite of foimans, issued by the Sultan and read in all the mosques, calling attention of heads of families to this backsliding and violation of the law of the Prophet.

Often have I been asked, How do Constantinople ladies enjoy themselves? Like others who love leisure, in visiting, promenading, dress and shopping. Their chief joy is to float in a caïque to the Valley of Sweet Waters, the beauty spot of the Bosphorus. On Friday—the Mahometan Sunday—hundreds glide by dressed in brilliant colors, mistlike veils faintly shading their faces. The rowers wear jackets of scarlet, stiff with shining brocade. An armed slave is on duty, clad in barbaric stuffs. Cushions of eider-down, crimson hangings touching the blue water, make the enchanting picture. Oh, how its beauty comes back to me now!

Their talk with each other is of their children, the changes and intrigues of the palace, and of dress. The Turkish woman does not know the word responsibility. She has undisputed control of her property and time, is able to take her own part, and by finesse and perseverance manages to have her own way.

The seclusion of the harem gives much time for discussion and many a question of grave import is there debated. The women are well-informed in politics, fond of intrigue, and so artful that our missionary, Dr. Dwight, of Constantinople, writes: "Any one who has a private scheme to advance, a policy to develop, an office to gain or to keep, a boy to provide for, or an enemy to crush, sends his wife to the harem of a grandee. Women here bring about the most astounding results.

Their manner is ceremonious during formal calls, and they still kiss the hem of the garment in deference to age or superiority. In familiar places, they have a sweet frankness like untrained young girls and listen with interest to accounts of our ways of living, how we keep house, do great charities, manage the churches, &c., &c. "How hard," they say in tender pity, "that life may be good for you, but would not be at all good for us. You are made for work, we are made for love; this suits us best." So they lean back on the silky cushions, taste the conserve of rose and of quince, light their cigarettes and are happy.

## Great Age of Fishes.

It is not generally known that there is hardly any limit of the age of a fish. The late Professor Baird, of the United States Fish Commission, is the authority for the statement that there is authentic evidence to show that carp have maintained an age of 200 years.

There is a tradition that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age dated back to the fifteenth century.

There are gold-fish in Washington that have belonged to one family over fifty years. They do not appear much larger than when they were originally placed in the aquarium, and are every bit as lively as when young.

The Russian Minister says that in the royal aquarium at St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been in them 140 years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as they were when first captured, while some have not grown an inch.

An attaché of the Chinese legation says that there are sacred fish kept in some of the palaces in China that are older than any of those in Russia.

## The Modern Brahman's Aims in Life.

The modern Brahman, however, is but a sadly degenerated representative of his intellectual forefathers. His aim in life now seems only to live as easily as possible on the ignorance, superstition and veneration of the lower castes. There are but few of them deeply read in their ancient theology; so that they have become little better than "blind leaders of the blind." Thus it has come to pass that a body of men numbering not more than a few hundred thousand, have held over 200,000,000 of their fellow countrymen for thirty centuries in the terrors of a system of sacerdotal legislation, enforcing its claims to the last limit of endurance at the price of the utter ignorance, degradation and slavery of their nation.

Sir Alfred Lyall in a recent report says: "The religion of the non-Mohammedan population of India is a tangled jungle of disorderly superstitions, ghosts and demons, demi-gods and deified saints, household gods, local gods, tribal gods, universal gods, with their countless shrines and temples, and the din of their discordant rites; deities who abhor a fly's death; those who still delight in human sacrifices. Such is the result of the evolution of the Indo-Germanic or Aryan brain in the tropical East. Although our branch of the family cannot boast of having risen so early in the morning of civilization, we can at least afford to congratulate ourselves on the amount of work done since we did get up. It is a curious query, with the aid of the experiences of our Hindu brethren, to ask, will 2,000 years find our descendants degenerated to an analogous extent?"—Pittsburg Dispatch.

A solid cut glass bedstead, richly worked, was lately made at Birmingham, England, for a Calcutta millionaire.

## FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

August Shields, of Hunt County, Texas, is seven feet ten inches tall and still growing.

Tubac, a small town in Pima County, Arizona, claims to be the oldest settlement in the United States. Its town records extend back to 1539.

Day began at sunrise among most of the Northern nations, at sunset among the Athenians and Jews, and among the Romans at midnight.

Italy ceased to be the center of the Roman world with the removal of the capital from Rome to Byzantium (Constantinople) by Constantine, in the fourth century.

Daniel Lyons, of Walla Walla, W. T., found partially buried in the sand on the Snake River the skeleton of an Indian, some of the ribs of which were thoroughly petrified.

Another of the numerous silver dollars of the coinage of 1804, of which only four were originally struck, has turned up in the West. This particular one is held by a resident of Urbana, Ohio, who values it at \$300.

The Democrat of Crawfordsville, Ga., speaks of a potato grown near that town, upon which nature had formed an almost perfect "B." The Democrat recites further that the vegetable was the product of land owned by a man whose initial letter is "B."

The singular fact is demonstrated that while the most rapid cannon shots scarcely attain a velocity of 600 meters a second—over 1,500 miles per hour—meteorites are known to penetrate the air with a velocity of 40,000, or even 60,000, meters per second, a velocity which raises the air at once to a temperature of 4,000 degrees to 6,000 degrees Centigrade.

The grave of a Viking was opened recently, and in it was found the skeleton of the old warrior, who had evidently been buried in a sitting posture, with his face to the West. He had been clad in a woollen coat, clasped with a golden clasp, and belted with a leather belt, with two gold buckles. Over his lap lay a wooden shield covered with bronze and rimmed with iron, and by his side in a wooden scabbard was a two-edged iron sword, thirty inches long, and near it were an iron dagger and spear. At his feet was a bucket of wood and bronze, such as the Saxons used to carry on their war ships.

## Brave Boys.

There is something grand in the operations of the Royal Humane Society of London. It casts a glance over the vast extent of the British Empire, noting every instance in which a human life is saved by generous bravery. It investigates the circumstances and bestows upon each hero the honor of its recognition, which is the more precious because it is not vulgarized by any kind of material reward.

The last list of persons thus distinguished contains thirty-seven names, and among them are, as usual, those of several brave boys. One of these was Stanley Dawson Smith, aged twelve years, who, in August last, rescued from drowning his two sisters, aged seventeen and thirteen. The elder girl was teaching the younger to swim, when the retiring tide carried both beyond their depth. The gallant boy, who was bathing near them, swam to their assistance and happily succeeded in helping both to regain their footing. To him the Society awarded its bronze medal.

In the same month a Hindu lad of eighteen, named Talladur Dharsee, saved from drowning, at far-off Bombay, another Hindu boy, who had fallen into a well. To him also a medal was awarded. Besides medals, the society gives testimonials on vellum or parchment for gallantry in attempting to save life, even when the attempt is not successful.—Youth's Companion.

After many years of experimenting with the object of increasing the speed of vessels and lessening their draft by a change in the formation of the hull, a Pennsylvania inventor has succeeded in constructing a boat which he claims fills the desiderata so long sought, and is in entire accordance with true scientific theory. This boat which is some thirty-six feet long, is of the shape known as the concave bottom, the hull being built in a right and left hand spiral form from the bow to the middle section. The conformation of the hull in this case is such as to displace water in a manner closely approximating to the wave-line theory, beginning at the cut-water, the displacement being accomplished gradually until the centre of the boat is reached, when the reverse action of the displacement begins; the concave begins where the convex ends. The greater the speed, the greater the lifting power, the boat rising on the water, and consequently moving with greater speed without any increase of power.

An accommodation train in service on the Omaha road between St. Paul and Stillwater is known among railroad men as the hospital train, from the fact that every engineer who has run on the train for several years past has either had a stroke of paralysis while at the throttle or been injured in some way.

## Dangers to Navigation.

It is estimated that about one-eighth of the many vessels never heard from are lost by collision with sunken or floating wrecks. The charts of the Hydrographic Office show all the derelicts reported, but the list is not complete, because some captains fail to report a derelict when seen by them. Many of the disasters at sea are caused by neglect of proper precautions. The loss of the Oregon was an instance of the kind. There is a rule that all steamships must have their compartments closed from the time they leave one port until they arrive at another. One provision against disaster is seldom observed which reads: "Every ship, whether sailing or steamship, shall in a fog or moist or falling snow go at a moderate rate of speed." The Banks of Newfoundland are seldom free from fog, and the number of fishing boats that dot these waters can be counted by the hundreds. Few of the ocean steamers, however, slacken speed while crossing the Banks.

Collisions with icebergs, it is urged, might also be avoided, as captains may obtain from the Hydrographic Office a chart showing the most northerly passage which can be taken without danger of encountering floes, or bergs. The record of the season 1887 thus far shows that 16 steamers and six sailing vessels have been damaged by ice. The Navy Department sent the Dispatch some time ago to find and destroy some of these floating wrecks, and she destroyed six of the most dangerous ones. It is suggested that the government should appropriate money to keep a vessel similar to the Dispatch continually employed, thereby removing this danger to sailing vessels and steamers.—New York Press.

## Unknown to Each Other.

A great New York morning newspaper is a wonderful thing. There are so many on the "staff" that even the head men are not always acquainted with all of their subordinates. This sometimes gives a good chance to the subordinates to do some things which in a smaller newspaper they would not think of doing. Here is a case in point. I recently attended a dinner given by a scientific society in this city. The dinner was at one of the first-class caterers and it was first-class in every respect. The editor-in-chief of one of the leading morning newspapers was present and occupied a seat quite close to the President of the society at the head of the table. Near the foot of the table sat a reporter for his own paper, who was quite prominent, but whose work was, for the most part, in Albany rather than in New York. I asked the Albany reporter if he had exchanged greetings with his chief that evening. He replied, "No, I have not. I scarcely know the man even by sight. I am certain that he does not know me at all. As long as I do not say anything he will not know that I am here. I am having a lark to-night, and if he knows that such a man as I am is in existence, he has no thought but that I am digging away in the office of the— It is sometimes an advantage not to be too well known."—Graphic.

## Controlling a Horse by Electricity.

Professor R. H. Harrison, of the veterinary school of Harvard College, has completed some interesting experiments of the new device for controlling refractory horses. A valuable trotting horse, which formerly went under the name of the Gray Eagle, and which has a record of 2:22, was sent to the school for treatment of a fractured jaw, which had been the result of attempts to control him. The animal had the habit of taking the bit in his teeth and bolting. Dr. Harrison contrived to connect the bit by two small wires along the reins with a small galvano-faradic battery, which was carried in the buggy. It was so arranged that the driver could give an electric shock of greater or less intensity to the horse, but which would not do the animal any injury. Dr. Harrison took care to use the contrivance only with the use of the words "whoa" and "steady." The trial was an immediate success. The horse, after two or three shocks, at once became docile, and obeyed the driver's commands instantly. This morning a final trial was given the horse under trying circumstances. He came to a halt from a 2:40 gait or to a walk with equal docility on the driver's order. He was tried under conditions which ordinarily would have frightened him and caused him to bolt, and the result was equally satisfactory.—New York Sun.

A bill has been introduced in the United States Senate by Senator Dawes, of Massachusetts, to impose a license tax of \$1,000 per annum upon manufacturers of adulterated lard, \$500 upon wholesale dealers in the same, and \$50 upon retail dealers. The bill provides that adulterated lard shall be sold only in packages branded and labeled, so that all purchasers may know what they are buying. A tax of one cent per pound is levied upon all domestic adulterated lard, and a duty of two cents per pound on imported adulterated lard. Penalties are provided for violations of the provisions of the law.

From the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, Amsterdam enjoyed the distinction of being the chief commercial city in Europe.

## Strange Hieroglyphics.

On Porter Creek, in Sonoma County, Cal., on a large boulder of horn-blend syenite, are to be seen hieroglyphic etchings similar to those found in Arizona and Nevada. They are generally oblong circles or ovals. Some of them contain crosses. A half mile to the eastward, near a high ledge of serpentine rock, are found some ancient workings—the remains of a shaft, as though prospecting had been done at some time long past. These workings and the hieroglyphics were seen by the first settlers, and being similar to those found elsewhere, must belong to the same pre-historic race. Specular copper ore is found in limited quantities in the immediate vicinity, and the excavations may have been made by the searchers after copper. Frank A. Madeira, now a resident of Santa Cruz, spent one winter some years ago on the spot. During that time he found several relics of the ancient inhabitants. The half of a gigantic stone mortar, much larger than those in use at the time of the incursion of the Spaniards and Americans, was found; also a pestle of syenite containing phallic signs, similar to those found at Halfmoon Bay, now in the possession of the State Mineralogical Bureau. Several similar mortars were also found.—New York Graphic.

## Shooting Arrows.

In the days when the Buffalo was found in vast herds on the Western plains, there were Indians who, while riding at a gallop, could send an arrow through a buffalo's body. Remarkable as this shooting was, yet it did not equal that reached by the archers of ancient times. Mr. Dixon, in his history of Gairloch, Scotland, says that the MacRaes of that district were such skillful archers that they could hit a man at the distance of four and even five hundred yards. He instances the killing of a serving-man at five hundred yards, and of two men killing several McLeods at four hundred yards. Lest the reader should discount the distance of the range, the author mentions several wonderful shots made by Turks. In 1794, the Turkish ambassador shot an arrow, in a field near London, four hundred and fifteen yards against the wind, and four hundred and eighty-two yards with the wind. The secretary of the ambassador, on hearing the expressions of surprise from the English gentlemen present, said the Sultan had shot five hundred yards. This was the greatest performance of modern days, but a pillar, standing on a plain near Constantinople, recorded shots ranging up to eight hundred yards.

Sir Robert Ainslie, British ambassador to the Sublime Porte, records that in 1798 he was present when the Sultan shot an arrow nine hundred and seventy-two yards.—Youth's Companion.

## The Press and Its Burden.

The press endures the affliction of dea-th-headism from the pulpit, the bar and the stage; from corporations, societies and individuals. It is expected to yield its interests—it is requested to give strength to the weak, eyes to the blind, clothes to the naked and bread to the hungry. It is asked to cover up infirmities, hide weakness, wink at quacks, bolster up all dull, sap-headed politicians and flatter the vanity. It is, in short, to be all things to all men; and if it looks for any reward it is denounced as mean and sordid. There is no interest under the whole heavens that is expected to give so much to society without pay or thanks as the press.—Burlington Huckleeye.

## California's Largest Orchard.

California, says the Chicago News, has some big orchards, and the largest is in the Suisun valley, and is owned by A. T. Hatch, President of the California Fruit Union. Mr. Hatch has 200 acres in pear trees, 139 in peaches, 70 in apricots, 10 in nectarines, 210 in almonds, 40 in cherries, 100 in plums and prunes, besides 40 acres of currants and gooseberries, and hundreds of lemon and orange trees. Of these acres, 300 bore fruit this season to the amount of 2,000 tons, which brought the owner \$100,000. He calculates that when the whole orchard is in full bearing it will produce 8,000 tons of fruit, worth \$400,000.

## In a Safe Place.

"Joseph," said the merchant to the bright young man with the best of references, "the bookkeeper tells me you have lost the key of the safe, and he cannot get at the books." "Yes, sir, one of them; you gave me two, you remember." "Yes, I had duplicates made, in case of accident. And the other one?" "Oh, sir, I took care of that. I was afraid I might lose one of them, you know." "And is the other all right?" "Yes, sir. I put it where there was no danger of its being lost. It is in the safe, sir."—Boston Transcript.

The youngest racing syndicate in the world is that known as D. J. McCarthy & Brother. The senior member of the firm is 12 years old, the junior member but a little over 10. They belong in San Francisco and own C. H. Todd, the horse which won the American Derby at Chicago last spring and brought nearly \$14,000 into the pockets of the senior member by so doing.

## The Country Editor.

There is an idea in the minds of many who ought to know better that the "country editor" stands on the lowest platform of the profession, and that he who is employed in any capacity, no matter how humble, on a metropolitan journal is his superior. There is no greater mistake. An editor who has held important chairs in metropolitan offices, and who has the reputation of having been successful, remarked: "I do not hesitate to write the leaders of the most important journals, but I would tremble to undertake the management of a village newspaper." There is no place in the profession so difficult to fill as that of a country editor. In cities a man who can do one department well bothers himself about no other. Nor need he; he gets the knack of his specialty, and continues at it. But the country editor must be good in all departments; he must be well read on all subjects; he must be able to discern the trend of the public mind in politics, religion and social topics; he must discuss agriculture and anatomy with equal precision; he must be fluent on polemics and politics; he must write of the President and pumpkins; he must mind men of high degree and descend to things of low estate; in short, he must be an "all-round man." It is this that makes the position of a country editor so hard to fill. It is this training that makes the good country editor such a splendid manager for a metropolitan daily. There is no place, except in a country office, where such all-round training can be had.

The position of a country editor is not held in the esteem it should be. Country papers are not respected as they ought to be. If a family can afford only one paper, let that be the home paper; for it concerns a family more to know what is being done in its own county than it does to know the news of distant places. The city paper cannot give, and does not pretend to give, the local news that its country readers must have; but the good country paper does give a very fair epitome of the world's news.

No other publication can supply the place of a good local paper. If both can not be retained—if either the city journal or country newspaper must go, let it be the former; for nothing can supply the place of the local paper.—Printer's Circular.

## A Quiet Game in Chinatown.

The Chinese are what we call inveterate gamblers. The few thousands of them who live in New York work hard, mostly at laundering, but have absolutely no distractions, save smoking opium, going to Sunday school to learn English, and playing games of chance. Mott street, of which several blocks are entirely given up to Chinese stores, restaurants, laundries, and more or less masked gambling-rooms, affords abundant facilities for this latter amusement. The horrible dens of highlanders and desperados, sometimes pictured by the diurnal sensationalist, do not exist; or, if they do, no Caucasian has ever had an opportunity to study and describe them. Fan-tan and other games, however, abound; and the occasional raids made by the police necessitate a certain amount of secrecy, as well as provision for spiriting away the entire "layout" at a moment's warning. The brass coins are used merely as counters in the game, which consists in betting upon the remnant of a heap of pieces, after removing them by fours until not more than four remain. The holes in the center enable the croupier to rake or poke them about on the table with his magic wand. The oblong bits of pasteboard are playing-cards.—Frank Leslie's.

## A Lucky Reporter.

Occasional wisdom of the worldly kind among Bohemians is worthy of remark. Twelve years ago a young reporter on the Tribune, who was enabled to earn \$18 a week, had an opportunity to go West. In a few weeks he came back, drifted about among his friends and raised \$5,000 and went back again. This sum he invested in a cattle ranch up north of Cheyenne. A couple of days ago he turned up on Broadway with a large and violently developed desire to illuminate the town. He is now worth a cool \$500,000, and he comes to New York every winter to celebrate. Upon these occasions he "blows in" several thousand dollars within three or four months, and then he goes back to Wyoming and watches his cattle for the balance of the year. The business has its drawbacks, but the ex-reporter declares with emphasis that on the whole he wouldn't exchange it for life on a newspaper at \$18 a week.—New York World.

## A Jumbo Moose.

A Jumbo moose was recently shot on Spence river in the Dead river region of Maine by one of the famous hunters of those wilds. It was tracked on the stream, chased across the line into Canada and then back into Maine, five days being consumed before the fatal shot was fired. The monster was nine years old, measured nine feet in base of horns to end of tail, stood 22 hands high, had a girth of 9 feet 4 inches and stretched out measured 18 feet from end of nose to end of toes. Its horns spread four feet and the width of palm was 4½ inch.—Springfield Republican.