

REV. MUNGO FRASER IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

His Impressions of the Turkish Capital—Watching the Sultan Go to Church—A Doomed Nationally.

Dear Sir.—On Wednesday, very early in the morning, we got in here, and we are to remain in this great centre till Monday p. m. The population is somewhere about a million and a half; less, I presume, rather than more. Two bridges cross the Golden Horn; they are not conspicuous for their beauty as to construction; but they suit the purpose exceedingly well. The more modern of the two, the Galata bridge was fabricated in Britain, oak planks and all, brought over here ready-made and set up to the admiration and surprise of the Turks.

The part of the city we inhabit is termed the Pera. Across the Golden Horn, it is known as Stamboul, across the Bosphorus, (Soutah.) I never saw so fine a situation or location for a city in my life.

No wonder the Bear has his greedy eyes on this master position, and no wonder the Lion rouses himself and stretches out one paw when he perceives his majesty of the north looking this way. The sights here are quite numerous and very interesting. We have the site of the old Seraglio, the mosque of St. Sophia, the sublime mosque, the mosque of Aohmed, the famous monolith, the seven towers, etc., etc. On this side the Horn we have the Galata Tower, the Palace of the Sultan, etc.

This a. m., about 10, we started for the palace to see the great man go to church; he goes every Friday, the Mohammedan Sunday. How exemplary on his part! But I am assured that he is obliged to go. Well, we drove to see him, and would you believe it, there were hundreds of visitors as anxious as we were. We were allowed the privilege of waiting in a certain appropriated place for the advance and passage of His Majesty, by permit from the American Consul. For two mortal hours and more I stood on these Scotch legs possibly I ought to say, "limbs"—to see the real live Sultan on his way to church. Thousands of soldiers lined the streets and guarded him everywhere. He is coming! Look! There he is! But look at the minaret! See that man out on his balcony. Listen! "Allah is God and Mahomed is his prophet!"

The Sultan by this time is up; there he goes! Very like any other man, careworn a little in appearance and anxious looking, but as a whole quite human and ordinary. About 50, I believe. But my note is long enough. Constantinople is a magnificent city. I am enjoying my visit immensely, not altogether because of the splendor of the place; for there are many signs of the very opposite of splendor. In Stamboul, on Thursday, we passed through great patches of it devoted to stagnation, retrogression, wretchedness. This kingdom surely, notwithstanding the gloss on sections of it, is smitten at its heart, and is slowly succumbing. The Turk appears thoroughly devoted, but he is furiously superstitious and woefully benighted—the unpeppable Turk, as Carlyle termed him!

The dogs: I have not spoken of them; they were a nuisance in Damascus; they are worse here. If the dog enumeration and that of the soldiers were deducted from the population of this city it would be very considerably reduced. One good, living lion, I imagine, would well nigh disperse them all—soldiers and dogs, I mean. Even a rampant beaver would scare them badly. The Golden Horn, above the bridges, is conspicuously dotted with men-of-war and torpedo boats; guess the significance.

One hopeful, cheering sight we perceived in Stamboul; it looked like the outlining of the sun on a gloomy day—Bible House. This book, I am satisfied—the East yields indispensible proof—is the only uplifter of the nations. May 9th, 1891. M. F.

A Bundle Worth \$191,000.

For two hours yesterday afternoon a package of 100 West Chicago Street Railway stock certificates, worth \$191,000, went straying about town in the pocket of a colored man, who picked it up on the street," says the Chicago Tribune. "In the meantime officials of the company and the police were making frantic efforts to trace and recover the lost package. It had been given to a messenger boy with orders to deliver it at the Home National Bank. While crossing Union street the boy stumbled and fell. When he gathered himself together and went on the package was left in the street. Sooty Jackson, a colored man, picked up the package and put it in his pocket. Some one noticed the action, and later in the day Jackson was traced to his home. He readily gave up the package, saying he intended keeping it only until he discovered to whom it belonged."

The Sinfal Sleeper.

In the West United Presbyterian Church at Kirriemuir the other Sunday afternoon the minister was calmly preaching his sermon when a modern Jenny Geddes, infuriated at one of the male members of the choir being asleep, hurled her Bible at the head of the delinquent from the gallery where she was sitting. The Bible missed the sleeper, but struck the shoulder of another man in the choir, who started up amazed. The minister became pale, paused in his discourse, and exclaimed: "What's wrong?" "The Bible struck the wrong man," she cried, rising up in her pew, although her friends vainly attempted to hold her down; "it was meant to waken the sinful sleeper."

A Late Denial.

After a silence of twenty-five years, Rev. Father Walter, a Roman Catholic priest in Washington, makes a statement to the effect that Mrs. Surratt, who was hanged for complicity in the assassination of President Lincoln, was innocent. He asserts that if a reprieve of ten days had been given her innocence would have been proved. But President Johnson refused this, and she was hanged. The priest has taken a long time to make this known. Others have contended for the woman's innocence, but with little effect upon the accepted verdict.

—Old Parkrith—Should I let you have my daughter, do you think you are able to keep her, sir? Young man, doubtfully, "I'll do all I can, sir; but you know this is Chicago."

A NEW BEAUTY.

It is More than Skin Deep.

Before one of the New York working girls' clubs Dr. Louise Fiska Bryson recently gave an address upon "Beauty as a Means of Health." While acknowledging the impossibility of any protracted happiness without virtue, and the maintenance of beauty's fine edge without goodness, the doctor affirmed that systematic efforts to be beautiful will insure a fair degree of health, and that happiness is the best safeguard against vice.

The difference in appearance between one woman and another, it was stated, is more than anything else an affair of style—and so easy to recognize, which makes the girl of no-colored hair, features of indifferent turn, and lines none too perfect, infinitely more attractive than other maids of faultless curves and innumerable strong points not cemented by this magic quality.

Style may be defined, for want of something better to express it, as an attractive manner of holding the body, a firm, graceful way of doing things and of moving about. It is the visible sign of inherent power and reserve force. It is the outcome of long, deep breaths and the use of many muscles. The prayer of the New York child, "Lord, make us very stylish," when viewed aright, is recognized as an aspiration based upon sound scientific principles and worthy of universal commendation.

Proper breathing is the first art to cultivate in the pursuit of beauty. The lungs have their own muscular power, and this should be exercised. The chest must be enlarged by full, deep breathing, and not by muscular action from without. Inflate the lungs upward and outward, as if the inflation were about to lift the body off the ground.

Hold the shoulders on a line with the hips, and stand so that the lips, chin, chest and toes come upon one line, the feet being turned out at an angle of sixty degrees. It is wrong to make the bony structure do most of the work in keeping the body upright. The muscles should hold it in position.

In walking, keep face and chest well over the advanced foot, and cultivate a free, firm, easy gait, without hard or jarring movements. It is impossible to stand or breathe aright if the feet are pinched. When correct posture and breathing are interfered with the circulation is impeded, and deleterious substances in the blood tend to make the complexion bad. This is one of the many evils of tight shoes.

The well shod has a marked influence on style. The feet symbolize the body in their way as much as the hands. A clever shoemaker says that in a well-fitting shoe the human foot feels like a duck's foot in the mud. It is held firmly in place, but nowhere compressed. Nothing can exceed the vulgarity and hygienic wickedness of a shoe that is manifestly too tight.

Next to the search for style pure and simple as a means of health the care of the right kind of expression are of great importance. The first is largely a matter of bathing and the general hygiene of the skin, while the second—a good expression—is best secured by the constant preference of higher thoughts over lower ones. This is the essence of intellectual living, and is fortunately within reach of us all.

For Tall Ladies.

If you are tall and your height annoys you, have a plain shirt slightly gathered at the sides and tightly gathered—not plaited—in the back. Get some silk two or three shades darker than the dress and make a seven-inch knife plaiting. Catch it down inside, along the centre with a running thread of button-hole and sew on the very edge of the skirt. This is not only a graceful trimming but it is easily made, it floats prettily with the motion of the wearer and will take just seven inches from the stature. The little woman will do well to ignore it, however, as any dark band or trimming will give her a stunted appearance.

Have the plaiting, if you like, but keep it the same color like the material. A group of three three-inch bias ruffles put on with a very narrow braid in prettily. These ruffles may be edged with ribbon velvet of finger-nail width. Another fancy is the butterfly flounce. A deep flounce of lace is sewed on the dress and caught up in five places with bows of ribbon or velvet. This is very new, but only appropriate for house wear, the carriage, or the piazza of a seaside hotel. Perhaps the prettiest ruffle of all is a bias one, six inches deep covered with a flounce of white or black marquis lace the same width and the two finished with a heading of stiff brocade ribbon two inches wide. If the material is lace, gauze, net, organdy or the like, the ruff can be made of old rose, orange, peach or cardinal silk, and, seen through the flounce of greenish indistinctly, the effect is very pleasing.

Don't Demand the Earth.

If you go to the country, says *The Ladies Home Journal*, don't look for all the city conveniences. There is a vague idea that country people pay little or nothing for many things; therefore the stranger expects a great deal for a small expenditure. While it is true that the actual cost of living is much less on a farm than in town, still there are items of expense greater in the country. City improvements when grafted on country life become expensive luxuries, just as irreproachable cream, butter and eggs are the most costly items of city housekeeping. We would feel justly hurt if some farmer folk boarding in our New York home should expect a large tennis court, quantities of flowers, fruit and rich milk, without seeing that these made a drain upon the household finances. So exercise a little common sense yourself.

George Explains.

New York Herald: Ethel—What did you mean, George, by telling Maud that I was a chestnut?

George—I—I—I referred to your beautiful head of chestnut hair.

—"Things are coming my way to-night," remarked the cat as he gazed pensively on the heap of old boots, lumps of coal, tin cans, etc., with which he had been presented.

—Amy—I am sure that Charley loves me. Ethel—What makes you so sure? Amy—Although he doesn't say so, I can see that he hates all my relatives.

HOW RUBBERS ARE MADE.

Not Cast in Moulds as Many People Suppose.

Many people suppose that rubber shoes are made by melting the material and running it into moulds, says the *Denver News*. Such is not the case.

The manufacture of rubber shoes is not very much different from the manufacture of leather shoes. They are made on lasts just the same, but instead of being sewed they are cemented.

"We get most of the raw material from South America," said a drummer. "It is about the color of molasses and is of a spongy nature."

First it goes through a crushing or rolling process and comes out in rough sheets and looks very much like a cow's hide. Then it is taken into a compounding room, where it is mixed with a compound and vulcanized.

"After that it is cut up into small pieces, according to the parts of shoes which we wish to get, and is afterward fitted onto lasts by the workmen in the same manner that leather is."

"How much pure rubber is contained in the manufactured article? About 70 per cent. The best Para gum costs 95 cents a pound, so you see rubber boots and shoes cannot be made for nothing. In the smallest rubber shoe made there are about four ounces of pure rubber, and from that to probably four pounds in a pair of rubber boots."

"Old rubbers are ground up, lining and used for insoles, which we call rag carpet and it is used for insoles."

"The work is nearly all done by hand, and in the factories are employed young children, men and women. A bootmaker gets 20 cents a pair for making them, and a good man can turn out from ten to twelve pairs a day."

"There are between fifteen and twenty rubber boot and shoe factories in the country, with a total capacity of over one hundred and fifty thousand pairs of boots and shoes a day."

"There are four factories having a capacity of over twenty-five thousand pairs each, and one which has a capacity of 40,000 pairs. It is a mystery where they all go to."

QUEEREST OF HUSBANDS.

An Australian Hair-Splitter and His Novel Point in Law.

Since the "good old days," before such marital questions as "Is Marriage a Failure?" or "Husband and Wife," exercised our minds, the marriage service has been found on more than one occasion to be "out of touch," so to say, with modern views of "rights," whether male or female. Only the other day we had an example of a bride declining to commit herself to the "obey" clause, but it has been reserved for an Antipodean spouse to plead that the marriage service binds a husband to provide for his wife only till death do them part, and that he is consequently not compelled to defray her funeral expenses.

The legal luminaries of Australia, however, didn't take that view of the case.—*Lady's Pictorial*.

The Wife's Obedience.

Whole denominations of Christians have dropped the word "obey" from the marriage service. The great Roman Catholic Church never had it inserted, and even in the Episcopal Church it is occasionally omitted—I have personally known several instances; or when retained, it is constantly explained by the parties concerned, or even by clergymen, as a thing to be taken with a mental reservation. Two things have contributed to this: the constant increase in the number of women who earn incomes of their own, and the vast progress of the higher education. Either of these experiences very soon expands the wings of a strong feminine nature, and a return to the chrysalis is therefore impossible. It is out of the question to give woman equal education and equal property rights and yet keep her in the prostrate attitude she occupied when her earnings belonged to her husband, and when the law denied her the safeguard called "benefit of clergy" on the ground that it was not supposed she could read or write.—*T. W. H., in Harper's Bazar*.

Worth Striving For.

Good News: Relative—And so you have graduated? Did you take any of the prizes?

Fair Student—No, but I got the biggest bouquet.

The Three Fates.

New York Record: This is what a woman says: "Some women are born fools, some achieve folly, but the most of them marry fools."

The Ogar in the Slot.

New York Press: Undertaker, to American youth who is lighting a cigarette—That's right. You smoke the cigarettes; we do the rest.

"It took me five years," said a married man to a New York Tribune writer, "to become convinced that the cheapest way for me to run my house was to give my wife so much money every month to spend as she saw fit. I think that I have saved at least 25 per cent. by this plan. I never have any large bills coming in now at inopportune times, for my wife pays as she buys. My house is better equipped and better managed than it was under my old system, and furthermore my wife has a private bank account, to which she adds a little every month. I would advise every man who has a practical wife to try the same scheme. It's an immense relief, not to speak of the saving."

—In this age of keen competition a man must advertise and advertise wisely. He must give the same attention to his advertising as he does to his stock and store. An advertisement forms an impression on the mind of the reader and it means a great deal to the advertiser that that impression be a favorable one and that it be fully sustained in the establishment.

—Miss M. G. McOlland, the Virginia novelist, is of middle age, tall and slender, with iron-gray hair that she wears parted over her forehead. She is a genuine Southern woman, cordial and kindly of manner, and a rapid and prolific writer.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees.

A Germ Disease. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expels them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

Who Owns the Prescription? The question as to whom a physician's prescription belongs has never been seriously raised in this country, as by general use the druggist who makes it up retains it in his possession. In England, however, a prescription is always understood to belong to the patient; and the *British Medical Journal*, in a recent article on the subject, declares that the claim has never been made in England that it belonged to any one else. The *Journal* points out that a physician may, and often does, prescribe perfectly well by merely giving verbal directions to be observed by his patient, and that when these directions include the use of any particular drug it is usual to put them into writing, so that a mistake may not be made. The act of giving a written prescription does not, however, affect the right of property in the piece of paper given to the patient.—*Philadelphia Record*.

Gallant Rufus Choate.

On a pretty girl saying to Rufus Choate, "I am very sad you see," he replied, "Oh, no; you belong to the old Jewish sect; you are very fair-I see!"

Nothing adds so much to the beauty of a fair girl, as a clear, bright, healthy complexion, and to secure this pure blood is indispensable. So many of the so-called blood-purifiers sold to improve a rough pimply, muddy skin, only drive the scrofulous humors from the surface to some internal vital organ, and disease and death is the inevitable result. On the contrary, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery strikes directly at the root of the evil, by driving the impurities entirely out of the system, and with a fresh stream of pure blood flowing through the veins, nothing but the softest and fairest of complexions can result.

To Clean a Pipe.

One of the newest inventions is a tiny steam boiler with a safety valve in the shape of an open tube. The idea is to fill the little boiler with water, put the tube in the flame of an old pipe, and hold the boiler in the flame of a gas burner. The water boils and the steam cleans out and rejuvenates the pipe. This is all well enough, but if one wishes to be certain to renew the youth of his pipe without damaging it a good way is to fit a match stick into the stem and fill the bowl with alcohol. Let the alcohol rest there a while, pour it out and the pipe is cleaned.—*New York Sun*.

Men That Jump.

At conclusions are generally "off their base." Because there are numberless patent medicines of questionable value, it doesn't follow that all are worthless. Don't class Dr. Sagg's Catarrh Remedy with the usual run of such remedies. It is way above and beyond them! It is doing what others fail to do! It is curing the worst cases of Chronic Nasal Catarrh. If you doubt it, try it. If you can make a thorough trial, you'll be cured. \$500 forfeit for an incurable case. This offer, by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. At all druggists; 50 cents.

A St. Louis "Jack the Kicker" amuses himself kicking dudes.

Mrs. Gazzam—To-morrow is your day out, I believe, Louise? Louise, who once served a Boston family—To-morrow will be my day out, madam.

The smartest dancing slippers are of white or black satin, embroidered in gold thread after the fashion of a spider web, and having a family of small spiders just on the point of the toe.

"When I see all those Italians coming into this country," said Wilkins, "I am impressed with one thing. 'What is that?' asked Banker. 'That Italy must be getting to be quite a desirable place to live in."

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I have made the discovery. I am glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. STONER, 125 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.

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THE NEWEST PARASOLS.

Some of the New Sunshades Things of Aesthetic Beauty.

Such is the beauty and variety seen in the new parasols that we return to the theme. A new style shows rows of black velvet ribbon alternating with rows of broad insertion of black lace, either plain headed with jet, or with gold or silver beads. In these elegant parasols the broadest row is seen above a full ruffle of edge-lace, and at the top is a small ruffle of the same with a knot of ribbon. The handle is fitted and in metal, and has a large bow of lace and ribbon.

In black net lined white lilac, blue, Nile green, red or light blue, parasols of black net, beaded or figured with insects or flowers worked in metal thread or in floss silk, have a row of gathered ribbon above a very deep flounce of matching lace. There is a bow of black satin ribbon at the top, and eight tiny rosettes of the same are dotted about over the net. The handle is carved and of wood, and has a knot of ribbon, which is much used, as also is silk cord, with tassels of floss and gold or silver cord, for the decoration of handles.

The parasols in striped silk or satin display black and white, black and gray, lilac and white, blue and white, and red with cream or white, or coral with brown, light green with black or dark red, and blue with a darker blue.

Spotted parasols show all these tints, and have the spot in velvet in some examples. Others imitate a woolen fabric and have a curious, shaggy spot. Pongee parasols and umbrellas are also shown, nor has the Japanese shape disappeared.

The gayest of all effects is seen in the broad material of which some parasols and coaching umbrellas are made, and which introduce so many different colors in the pattern, that they can be carried with any dress, a point in their favor which seems to have recommended these imported examples to the notice of many purchasers.—*The Domestic Monthly*.

So to Speak.

Woman is wonderfully made! Such beauty, grace, delicacy and purity are alone her possessions. So has she weaknesses, irregularities, functional derangements, peculiar only to herself. To correct these and restore to health, her wonderful organism requires a restorative especially adapted to that purpose. Such a one is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—possessing curative and regulating properties to a remarkable degree. Made for this purpose alone—recommended for no other! Continually growing in favor, and numbering as its staunch friends thousands of the most intelligent and refined ladies of the land. A positive guarantee accompanies each bottle—at your druggist's. Sold on trial!

The Difference Didn't Count.

Boston Herald: Pretty girl (to salesman)—I want to buy a hammock strong enough to hold up three.

Salesman—Sorry, miss, but our hammocks will only hold up two.

Pretty girl (unhesitatingly)—Well, no matter, I'll take one.

Blonde hair is improved by being crimped a little in the back; in fact, any except black hair looks better when it is a little roughened.

There is a movement on foot in the South for the writers of that section to adopt a name by which the war of 1860-65 may be known. So far as can be learned the feeling shows the preference for "the States' Rights war." There is also a proposition to call it "the war for Southern independence."

At Knoxville, Tenn., fire destroyed the machine shops and bolt department of the Knoxville Iron Co. Loss \$80,000.

D. O. N. L. 24, 91

Advertisement for St. Jacobs' Cure, featuring the text "St. Jacobs' Cure Oil A PROMPT CURE CURES PERMANENTLY Rheumatism SCIATICA Back Aches All Aches NEURALGIA IT HAS NO EQUAL. IT IS THE BEST. PISONS CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION."

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