HIS TURKISH BATH.

A Modest Man Takes a Gentle Dig at Oriental Luxury.

Gentle reader, have you ever bathed Turkish bathed? I wot not. I have, woe is me, and I am now a sadder and a cleaner man. If this article, which is meant to be deliciously light and playful, appears to you to be fraught with an underlying varicose vein of gloom, do not hastily pass it by, but remember that it's in the interest of science. I have dallied with the luxury of the Orient (so called). Also remember that I have contracted a deep, sonorous cold, which will in all probability fondly nestle in my bosom till my ulster blooms again.

The preliminaries of the Turkish bath are simple. You pay $1 at the door and pass into the "cooling room," where the mercury registers 98 degs. The appropriateness of this title does not burst upon you until you have visited the inner shrine, where the temperature is up near the boiling point. In the "cooling room" you are privileged to deposit your valuables in a safe. I did not avail myself of this boon, however, for reasons of a purely private nature, but passed at once into the "disrobing room." This room was not so large as to appear dreary, nor yet so small as some I have lodged in on the Bowery, but was about 7x4. The furniture was simple yet chaste, consisting of a chair and a brush and comb long past their prime. The comb was chained to the wall, but the brush was permitted to roam at will. Hastily divesting myself of scalskins, jaegers and other panoplies of rank, I arranged them in a neat pile in the center of the room and placed the chair upon them. This simple precaution I have learned to practice when occupying a room separated from its fellows by low partitions. Your neighbor may be a disciple of Izaak Walton, and during your sleep or absence may take a cast over the partition with hook and line. What could be more embarrassing than to have one's trousers thus surreptitiously removed? I am a lover of the "gentle art" myself, but I am ever loath to be played for a sucker.

I was now ushered into the "hot room," where a number of gentlemen were lolling about and perspiring affably and fluently. Being of a timid, shrinking nature, I was somewhat embarrassed on entering a room thus filled with strangers, and the more so as I realized that my costume was too bizarre and striking for one of my willowy proportions. So I flung myself with an affectation of easy grace upon a marble divan, but immediately arose therefrom with a vivid blush and a large blister. I then sat upon a reeling chair until I came to a boil, when I rose up and endeavored to alleviate my sufferings by restlessly pacing the room. A few towels were scattered about, and as the nimble chamois leaps from crag to crag, so leaped I from towel to towel in my efforts to keep my feet off the red hot floor. Having basked in this room until I was quite aglow, I summoned the attendant and told him he could take me out at once or wait yet a little longer and remove me through a hose. I then passed into the "manipulating room," where I was laid out on an undiastic marble slab like a "found drowned" at the morgue, and was taken in hand by a muscular attendant, who proceeded to manipulate me with great violence. He began upon my chest, upon which he presently stood; he lifted his feet off the floor and my shoulder blades made dents in the marble. I mildly asked if it was absolutely necessary that my respiratory organs should be thus flattened, to which he replied, with a rich Turkish accent: "Come off, young fellow, I know my biz," and swooped down upon my digestive organs. Manipulation consists of disjointing, dismembering, bruising and rending limb from limb, and may be healthful, but it is not popular with me. This man said he was a pianist also, and that he could manipulate and at the same time strengthen his fingers and improve his technique, and to illustrate he struck a few resounding chords in the small of my back and then proceeded to interpret Wagner up and down my vertebræ, running scales, twiddling up in the treble and thundering down in the bass, just as if I were the keyboard of a Steinway grand, an illusion doubtless heightened by the ivory whiteness of my skin. He wound up by playing that grand old show off piece, the "Battle of Prague," while I joined in with the "Cries of the Wounded." It was a fine rendering, no doubt, but next time I am to be played upon I shall ask for a soft andante movement—a Chopin noctune, say.—New York World.

DEPARTMENT WOMEN.

GOVERNMENT CLERKS WHO DO NOT LEAD HAPPY LIVES.

Weary Women and Tired Eyed Girls. Sad Stories of Disappointed Mortals. What It Means to Be Furloughed—The Disease of Discontent.

In the weary women and tired eyed girls who enter the cars one can easily discern the government employes. If one could see into the history of these women who are left seated here, pages of light and shadow would unfold themselves before one's wondering eyes. If one could follow these women to their desks in the morning, watch them as they eat their hurried luncheon—either brought in a napkin from the uninviting boarding house table, and eaten sitting at their desks, or consisting of a roll, washed down with a cup of coffee or a saucer of unsubstantial cream at some of the many luncheon rooms in the neighborhood of all the departments—sit by their side during the dragging afternoon, and when the hour of release strikes go with them back to their tiny hall rooms in boarding houses, and see the nerveless, wearied look with which they throw themselves down to rest—ah, surely one would then know better than now what endurance and patience a woman must possess to be a good government clerk.

Scarcely a room in all these departments but is rich in sad histories. Here, sitting with bowed head, writing at this desk—her stern, white features silhouetted against the dark screen behind her chair, and the July sun shining full on her shabby black gown—is a woman who was in her youth the haughty daughter of a proud and wealthy family in a southern state. Stories are still told there of her extravagance, her arrogance, her exquisite dresses and her beautiful entertainments. Married in her early youth to a brave and loyal gentleman who adored her and had the means to gratify every caprice, the name of her country home was a synonym for gracious hospitality. He died with his affairs involved, a long lawsuit swallowed up all that remained to her, and now, at nearly 60 years of age, she trudges through snow and heat to work for her bread, submits meekly to reproof if she is five minutes late, and goes to her little home in the afternoon too tired to do anything but slip on a wrapper, drop on a lounge and try to rest.

There across the way sits a sweet faced, faded looking woman. She is anxious and tired, though she brightens into a smile as she speaks, but no one fathoms the depths of her burdened heart. Her thoughts are far down in an old Virginia farm house, where her two little motherless nieces are running wild, destitute of education or refining influences, and without any too much clothing. Their old infirm grandfather sits helpless by the fireside in winter and on the vine covered porch in summer, and in dreaming of long past days forgets the little maidens at his feet. The best blood of Virginia runs in these children's veins, but blood, no matter how blue it may be, does not feed or clothe or warm one, and this aunty in Washington is their sole supporter and protector. If her means kept pace with the generous instincts of her warm and loving heart how royally would those yellow haired nieces be lodged and fed and clad. But on the bare $600 a year, out of which must come board and laundry bills and clothing and street car, what can she do? Yet by a noble self denial she has managed to save something out of this pittance, and is hoping in the autumn to bring these neglected lassies to the city and place them in a good school, when in the midst of these happy plans she receives notice that on account of the failure of the passage of the appropriation bill necessary to carry on the work of the room in which her work lies she and many of the other clerks will be furloughed.

Do you know what that means?

It means her position is abolished, her occupation gone, and her cherished little hoard of earnings must be used to pay for the bread to keep her alive.

"I would not mind for myself," she says; "I can find work somewhere surely, but"—and tears come into the patient eyes—"those babies down in the country, what will become of them? I can't sleep at night for thinking."

In another room, not far from where this woman's work has been, is seated the only daughter of a man who once counted his wealth by the thousands. Not a pretty woman, though once it would have been thought heresy to say that in the little northern town where she grew up to happy womanhood. And one can now understand what a dainty charm might surround her if she were dressed in some dark rich color that would throw her delicate tints into high relief. If that slender foot were thrust into a shapely bronze slipper, deep hued tortoise shell pins held those flaxen locks in place on the little head, and that milk white throat rose above the folds of a wine red velvet gown, can you not see what a piquant picture it would be?

After leaving school she went abroad and studied for four years, met charming acquaintances and stored her heart and memory full of pleasant experiences, which still are a fund of delight to her in these evil days upon which she has fallen. The deaths of her two brothers, quickly followed by the crash of her father's failing fortunes and his paralysis, called her back to this country and to a new and different life. Friends had not gone with fortune, and through their efforts a well paying clerkship was secured, and here at her desk she sits and works with simple bravery and unconscious heroism, going home in the afternoon to nurse with tenderest care the helpless old father, to whom her coming is as a ray of sunshine. The bright visions of her youth have vanished with her girlish bloom, but a cheerful soul smiles out of her worn face, and an interest in books, art and friends keeps her young at heart.

And this is somewhat unusual, for the fatal disease in these departments is discontent. Hardly one woman out of every hundred is at all satisfied, and all seem striving for promotion and larger salaries. The woman who saw salvation in a six hundred place now longs for one that pays a thousand, and the woman who receives a thousand dollars sees no reason why she should not be promoted to a twelve or fourteen hundred dollar place, and so it goes.

Without doubt admitting women to these places has been a godsend to many a distressed woman who knew not where to turn for aid; and yet it is a hard and cruel life, for the air of Castle Doubting breeds naught but ill, and the grasp of Giant Despair is merciless.—New York Sun.

In the minds of men entirely great there isn't very much of themselves.—Washington Critic.

There is something exceedingly attractive to the feminine mind in the bargain counter sign "99 cents, reduced from $1."

Educational.—Tom—The man in the room next to me is learning to play on the piano. Jack—And what do you do? Tom—I'm learning to swear.

Acquitted of Inconsistency.—Harry—Was it Longfellow who wrote "What is so rare as a day in June?" Edith—Oh, no; Longfellow wrote "The Day Is Done."

It is what they don't know that inflates some men's vanity.

N. P. N. U. No. 369—S. F. N. U. No. 446

CURED

After Having Been Treated by Twenty-Five Doctors.

SEATTLE, WASH., December 6, 1890.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.

MY DEAR SIR: When I came to you last March I had been treated by twenty-five different doctors. Although still alive, I was suffering from such a complication of troubles that death would have been a relief, as it would have ended my sufferings. I had paralysis; had terrible pains all over me; no ambition; was so dizzy that I felt as though I were floating in the air; my liver was in frightful condition; terrible cramps and sharp pains; neuralgia and rheumatism of the heart; dyspeptic trouble; had had several tumors, some of which had been eaten off and some cut out; one was larger than a child's head; as fast as one was taken from me another would form. The Histogenetic Medicines have worked like magic. I am like a new person. The medicines have stopped the growth of the tumors, and I have not a particle of trouble. Their effect is simply wonderful, and I cannot be thankful enough to you for what your medicine have done for me. I want every one to know how surely and quickly these medicines cure. I remain yours sincerely,

MRS. J. M. WILLIAMS,

Aloha street, second door west of Elaine.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeon, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION. The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

The average street-car conductor is not addicted to the title of Bellamy's great novel—"Looking Backward."

Beware of imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

If a coursing match is not called off, it must end in a tie.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.