

BAD BOY OF EUROPE.

POWERS ARE APPARENTLY AFRAID TO SPANK HIM.

The Unbearable Turk Would Have Been Soundly Thrashed Long Ago if It Were Not for the Problem of Dividing the Spoils—The Sultan and His People.

If it is ever definitely decided that the Turk must leave Europe, that the crumbling Ottoman empire must be given the finishing stroke and that the time has come for "the sick man" to swallow a dose that will end his malady by ending his existence, then will Europe stand face to face with a crisis that has long been dreaded.

Just now it looks as if that crisis were about to arrive. Once more Abdul Hamid, sultan of sultans and whatnot extraordinary, has shown himself incapable of governing his patchwork em-

Egypt and Syria in blood, doubled his empire and inspired all Europe with terror.

It is true that from Selim II to Abdul Hamid II the royal house of the Ottomans has degenerated rapidly, yet the Turk has always been found dangerous when in a corner. In the language of the small boy, "He don't know when he's licked."

Time and time again the Turks fought the Russians, always losing in later years, but always returning to the fray with fanatical zeal, fostered by a religion which trains them to be fatalists from childhood.

The sultan's empire is a disintegrated one, it is true, but war might consolidate it, for there are millions of his subjects who are always longing for a fight. His standing army does not number more than 230,000 in time of peace, but in case of war he could put 800,000 men under arms.

The Turkish naval force is ridiculously small when compared with that of other European countries. Our two modern cruisers, the *Sab Francisco* and the *Marblehead*, now in the Mediterranean, could destroy the whole fleet of the sultan and not half try.

So it is apparent that but little could be done to stop the advance of the combined squadrons. The best the sultan could do would be to sow the Dardanelles thick with torpedoes and man his forts along the shore. This would only delay matters for a little. The torpedoes would all be fished up within a few days and a half hour's bombardment would silence the forts.

Should the sultan still hold out after the hostile fleet had anchored off Constantinople he would speedily find his palace tumbling in ruins about his ears.

Aboard the eighty odd ships which would train their guns on his capital would be over 200 six inch rapid fire rifles which could hurl 100 pound steel bolts for a distance of six miles and literally keep the air full of them. No one but a Turk would think of fighting with such odds as these against him, but the Turk is a hard individual to "place" under all conditions, and none more so than the present sultan.

Abdul Hamid, who may be the last to bear the title, is a remarkable man. While the fate of his empire, which is half the size of the United States, is in the balance, he is concerned only about his own personal safety.

He is absolute ruler over 33,000,000 of people, over every one of whom he has the power of life and death. Yet he does not feel safe in a palace guarded more strongly than any other in the world.

He spends \$30,000,000 a year in keeping up a household where he is in constant fear of assassination.

He solemnly assures England one moment that he has ordered the instigators of fresh outrages on Christians to be punished, and the next moment he rewards those same men with honors and offices.

He professes to be deeply interested in the education and freedom of women and keeps a harem in which 900 women are slaves in darkest bondage.

The finest palace of the many that the sultan possesses, and one of the first in Europe, is the *Topkapli*.



THE APPROACHES TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

which would be destroyed should the guns of a fleet ever be trained on his capital, is that of Dolma Bagiche. This is a fairylike structure which "sits" on the blue waters of the Bosphorus. Its foundations are on the cliffs which hem in the strait. It was built by Abdul Aziz, Hamid's predecessor, who spent \$3,000,000 a year in keeping it up. It is a gorgeous pile whose walls blaze with gold and glitter with crystal, alabaster and lapis lazuli. It is probably the most splendid palace in the world, but Abdul Hamid did not fancy it, and on a hill overlooking this palace built another, which is called *Yildiz Kiosk*, or the Palace of the Star. Here he lives with the 4,000 persons who compose his household.

It is in Dolma Bagiche, however, that all the impressive functions of state and the elaborate religious ceremonies occur. There he consults with his ministers. These latter functionaries are really of little importance, for the word of the sultan is the only law of the land. His cabinet officers are mere puppets, who retain their places as long as they do as they are told.

Sometimes they are used as scapegoats. An instance of this kind occurred recently when the sultan dismissed his minister of foreign affairs, whom he blamed for a fresh outbreak in Armenia. The insincerity of this action was shown a year after by his appointment to the vacant office of Tewfik Pasha, who was charged with being an instigator of the Armenian massacres.

Armenia, the country about which all the recent outcry has been raised, is a district in the far eastern part of the sultan's empire and on the Russian frontier. This province, as are several frontiers, is overrun with these Kurds, some of the Kurds are farmers, but the majority are nomads and brig- banded. The industrious inhabitants are Christians. Armenians, who are openly persecuted by the Muslims and subject to exorbitant taxes. Their revolts against the sultan have been followed by the bloody outrages of which we have heard so much.

Russia claims a right to protect these Christians because they are all members of the Greek church, the official religion in Russia. The sultan either cannot or will not protect the Christians, and there the matter stands.

A LITTLE WAR CLOUD.

KING PREMBI DODGED WHEN HE SAW IT COMING.

At First the Monarch of Ashanti Scorned Lord Salisbury's Ultimatum, but Weakened When He Saw the British Preparations for War.

If what we hear from Ashanti is true, the bloodthirsty monarch of that depraved people deserves a thorough thrashing, and a few days ago it seemed to be a settled thing that he would get it. Now, however, the bloodthirsty monarch reconsiders the defiance he had sent to the British government and concludes to consider the ultimatum recently sent to his capital by Lord Salisbury.

Ashanti has been slightly known to the civilized world for 200 years, but few white men are acquainted with the country or its people. In 1873 Sir Garnet Wolsey made a dash into the region and attacked King Kofi Kalkali, then the monarch, who fled from his capital, Kumassi, at the approach of the British forces, whose triumph was signaled by burning the town. After that the king sued for peace, which was accorded on condition that he should submit to a pecuniary penalty for his repeated invasions of the Fanti country, which lay within the British protectorate and because of which the expedition



COLONEL SIR FRANCIS SCOTT AND OFFICERS.

was entered upon. Besides, he had promised to cease from the wholesale destruction of human life.

A plain story of the frightful killing of the men of Ashanti by the orders of the king of the country reads like the most exaggerated product of an insane imagination. Not far from the town is what is known as the "forest of death." It is a "perfect catacomb of skulls and bones." Whoever displeases the king is sent there to be decapitated. Whenever a rich man or a man of prominence dies, numbers of his relatives are beheaded in like manner, and sometimes 40 or 50 persons are killed there in a single day. Those who saw this awful place in 1873 say there is not language in existence fitly to describe its horrors. There are at all times many bodies in a state of partial decomposition, and from the place there arise 23 years ago, such dreadful stenches as to make some of the hardy white soldiers obliged to endure them ill for weeks.

The Ashanti country extends from east to west more than 500 miles, but just how large it is is unknown. Its population is variously estimated at from 5,000,000 to 10,000,000. The country is fertile. It is extremely rich in gold. In fact, some of the mines are said to be among the richest in all Africa, and there are whispers that the coming expedition has been projected chiefly for the purpose of enabling Englishmen to control these mines. Most of them are now worked for the benefit of the king.

For an African kingdom, ruled by an absolute despot, Ashanti has a tolerably well organized state of society. The country is divided into districts, each being ruled by a prince who is absolute and receives his rank in a hereditary manner. He may cut off as many heads as he likes, and, in fact, is absolute master of the inhabitants of his district, but in turn is himself completely at the mercy of the king and liable at any time to lose his own head. In time of peace these chiefs collect the royal revenue; in time of war each commands a section of the royal army, which is much better organized than those of the surrounding tribes.

The present ruler, King Kwaku Dua, sometimes called Prembi, who is only 22 years old, has abrogated most of the provisions contained in the treaty drawn up between his predecessor and the British in 1873 and beyond a doubt has revived the old custom of wholesale slaughter. This was supposed to be true as long ago as 1888, when it was first proposed that a British resident should live in Kumassi. To this proposition the young king dissented with great emphasis, and somewhat recently the governor of the Gold Coast sent to the sultan an ultimatum on behalf of the British by the hands of two officers, Captains Cramer and Irvine, escorted by a force of hussars, or native west Africans.

The king treated the ultimatum with contempt, and Colonel Sir Francis Scott, Inspector general of the Gold Coast constabulary, began immediate preparations for an armed expedition to Kumassi to enforce the terms of the demand. Seeing these warlike preparations, the savage king curbed his royal temper and concluded to comply with the very reasonable requests of his great and good friend Salisbury. So the Ashanti war-cloud has blown over, and the Scott expedition that started to fight will remain to rest, while King Prembi will pay the cost.

Making Artificial Pearls.
The French artificial pearl is produced by boring a hole in the shell of the oyster and introducing a small bit of glass, which the animal covers with "nacre," or mother of pearl, to stop the irritation. Such pearls are flat on one side and of less value than those produced naturally.

THE SIN EATER.

A Curious Funeral Rite Which Formerly Obtained in Wales.

The principality of Wales has within living memory possessed an official known as the "sin eater," says a London journal. It was the practice for a relative—usually a woman—to put on the breast of a deceased person a quantity of bread and cheese and beer, and the sin eater was sent for to consume them and to pronounce the everlasting rest of the departed. It was believed that in doing this he absolutely ate and appropriated to himself the sins symbolized by the viands, and thereby prevented their disturbing the repose of the sinner who had committed them. Such an arrangement would obviously leave nothing to be desired on the one side, but how it worked on the other we are not told. What was supposed to be the condition of this spiritual undertaker after the ceremony was concluded? Did his "appropriation" of the dead man's sins imply a sort of moral assimilation of them, answering to his physical assimilation of the bread and cheese? The question would obviously be one of some importance to a sin eater in large practice. If the responsibilities of his profession were as great as they would appear to have been on this hypothesis, he would need to retire from it early and to devote a considerable portion of his closing years to repentance and good works.

Again, it is natural to ask what happened at the decease of a popular or "fashionable" sin eater. Would any one among his professional brethren undertake to eat his sins, even in the first flush of satisfaction produced by stepping into his shoes? If so, then, indeed, has the epithet of "gallant" been rightly bestowed upon little Wales. It is as though one doctor succeeding to another's practice should consent to assume the moral responsibility for his late colleague's treatment of all his deceased patients in addition to his own similar burdens.

We yield to none in admiration of the quiet and homely heroism of the medical profession, but we doubt whether it would enable them to face such an ordeal as this. As to the Welsh practitioners to whom we have compared them, we shrink from pursuing the analysis further. It is evident that, as in the selkirkish game of "conquerors," where a stone which can smash the smaller, of say, 43 other stones takes over all its conquests, and becomes itself a "forty-fourer," so the responsibilities of these unhappy men might accumulate at an alarming rate. One hardly dares to contemplate the internal condition of the sin eater of a sin eater who had in life attended a long series of other sin eaters. The cheese would be almost converted into Welsh rabbit before he had got it down.

THE SHIP WAS AGROUND.

But the Passengers Discovered That Fact in a Roundabout Way.

It must be about ten years since I was returning to this country from New York on board one of the Anchor line boats. We left quite early in the morning, and were steaming down the bay in high hopes of a pleasant trip. We soon got into a thick fog, and after passing Sandy Hook at about quarter speed the ship ran aground. The majority of the passengers, however, knew nothing of our plight, for the propeller kept on churning up the water in frantic efforts to get the vessel off the mud, and the fog was so dense that very few people noticed we were not making headway.

The captain dispatched his first officer to Sandy Hook to telegraph the position of affairs to the agents, but as the engines were still kept going no one suspected that anything unusual had occurred.

Presently the boat returned, but no questions were asked, and no one seemed to have the idea that there was any need to ask them.

Two or three hours passed, and an ocean tug came alongside out of the fog. Newsboys came on board to sell their papers, and did a good business. "Extra! Extra!" was their cry, and these "extras" contained on the front page a full and graphic account of the stranding of the very liner on which they were disposing of them!

"Great Scott!" exclaimed one man who had invested in a paper, "don't these papers know how to lie? Here's one saying now that our ship has run aground!"

"So we are, and likely to remain," answered an officer, upon which the passenger ran to the side of the vessel and looked over in order to convince himself.

The news now, of course, began to spread all over the ship, but it was too much for everybody when a quarter of an hour later a stout old gentleman sprang up from his seat and yelled, "Jerusalem! we're aground," and then ran full tilt along the deck in a fearful state of terror.—London Telegraph.

One Way of Finding a Scotsman.

It is related of a successful Glasgow merchant that, sightseeing in Paris once, he lost his way. For a considerable time he wandered about trying to get back to his hotel. The hours went by. He never could speak French, and his Glasgow English only brought a smile and a shake of the head.

"Oh, for a body wi' a guid Scotch tongue in his head!" he sighed. Then came a "happy thought." By signs he bought a basket, measure and berries of a trim Frenchwoman, and, shouldering the stock, went along the street shouting:

"Fine grossets, a hawbee the pint; fine grossets, a hawbee the pint." The crowd laughed at the mad Briton, but the familiar cry soon brought some Scotsmen on the scene, and the merchant was able to retire from business and smoke his pipe in the bosom of his family, thankful that he had found real Scotsmen in his hour of need.—Glasgow Exchange.

QUAINT OLD TOMES.

TWO BOOKS WHICH A NEWSPAPER MAN FOUND IN ENGLAND.

How Pennsylvania Was Boomed in Ye Olden Time—Its Climate, Soil and People Praised—A Schoolmaster's Textbook That Belonged to William Penn.

I have before me now two little books which have been lent to me for a few days, and which, I think, could hardly fail to interest any Pennsylvanian; so I shall endeavor to describe them as well as I can, as most people can never see them, both of them being rare and one being absolutely unique.

The first of these is a small duodecimo of not more than 100 pages, though the following title page might easily mislead one to expect rather a larger volume:

"An Historical and Geographical Account of the Province of Pennsylvania and of West New Jersey in America; and the Richness of the Soil, the Sweetness of the Situation, the Wholesomeness of the Air, the Navigable Rivers and Others, the Prodigious Increase of Corn, the Flourishing Condition of the City of Philadelphia, with the Stately Buildings and Other Improvements There; the Strange Creatures, as Birds, Beasts, Fishes and Fowls, with the Several Sorts of Minerals, Stones and Purging Waters Lately Discovered; the Natives, Aborigines, Their Language, Religion, Laws and Customs; the First Planters, the Dutch, Swedes and English. With the Number of Inhabitants; as Also a Touch Upon George Keith's New Religion in His Second Change Since He Left the Quakers; with a Map of Both Countries. By Gabriel Thomas, Who Resided There About Fifteen Years. London: Printed and Sold by A. Baldwin, at the Oxon Arms, in Warwick Lane, 1698."

He explains in the preface that, as there never has been a fair or full account of "Pennsylvania," he thinks the curious will be gratified with an ample description. He explains why more has not been heard of it, predicts a thriving future and says he "could say much in praise of that sweet tract of land," but reserves it for the body of the book.

After this comes a small folded map, very interesting and signed Philip Lea, London. It represents "Pennsylvania" as consisting of only four counties—Bucks, Philadelphia, Chester and New Castle, with Virginia on the west, West New Jersey on the east, Maryland on the south and Canada on the north.

Some of the names are rather surprising. For instance, immediately opposite Philadelphia, on the Delaware, is a Dutch fort, and just back of that is a place called *Yacomanshingsbings*. In our own state the chief places seem to be Haverford, Darby, Plymouth, Germantown, West Town, Radnor, Newtown and Levistown.

After the map 55 small pages are devoted to the description of Pennsylvania, from which we learn that, though the province is 300 miles in length by 180 in width, by far the greater part of it is still in the hands of the natives, who are "supposed by most people to have been of the Ten Scattered Tribes."

The Dutch came and traded, and finally William Penn came and founded Philadelphia. "A noble and beautiful city, which contains above 2,000 houses, all inhabited and most of them stately and of brick—generally three stories high, after the mode in London.

"Moreover, in this province are four great market towns—viz, Chester, the Germantown, New Castle and Levistown."

Among the laws—for this author gives a synopsis of these also—perhaps the most striking is this: "Thieves of all sorts are obliged to restore fourfold, after they have been whipped and imprisoned, according to the nature of their crime, and if they be not of ability to restore fourfold they must be in servitude till 'tis satisfied."

I could give many more curious excerpts, but will content myself with one before passing on to the other book:

"The Christian children born here are generally well favored and beautiful to behold, being in the general observed to be better natured, milder and more tender hearted than those born in England."

The other book is still more rare. It is called "A New Primer, or Methodical Direction to Attain the True Spelling, Reading and Writing of English, Whereunto Are Added Some Things Necessary and Useful, Both For the Youth of This Province and Likewise For Those Who From Foreign Countries and Nations Come to Settle Among Us. By F. D. P. Printed by William Bradford in New York and sold by the Author in Pennsylvania."

The printed book itself is a curious little schoolbook, and is so rare that it is not mentioned by Allibone, who was himself a Philadelphian. But this particular copy is of especial and extraordinary interest because it has been bound up with about 30 blank pages, upon which the author, in most clear and beautiful handwriting, has written some very quaint things. It was especially bound for William Penn, with his initials and the date 1701 on the cover, and inside is a bookplate bearing the Penn arms and motto, and "William Penn, Esquire, Proprietor of Pennsylvania, 1703." It is worthy noting the three different forms of spelling the name of the province used by those two different authors and by Penn himself.—Birmingham (England) Cor. Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Unwilling to Experiment.

She—No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you have had your salary increased.
He (pleadingly)—But we can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie.
She—Yes, I know, that's what people say. As a matter of fact, they have to.

THE FASHION PLATE.

The dahlia, mulberry and reddish plum shades in velvet and cloth are much used for elegant fur trimmed costumes.

Changeable velvets in exquisite color mixtures are employed by high class modistes and tailors in the making of Louis XVI theater and opera capes and coats.

Jaquemint or poppy red velours in ribbed patterns, edged with cut jet gimp, are used for decorating the bodies of handsome black costumes for the winter.

Changeable effects in silks, satins, silk and wool mixtures, and in fancy velvets are still the very correct fashion, notwithstanding their long limit of favoritism.

Black crepons with brilliantly colored figures on the wavy background are used for elegant dinner and visiting gowns, and these, 40 inches wide, cost from \$3 to \$7 a yard.

Very handsome costumes are made of moss green corduroy trimmed on the coat front with rich iridescent passementeries and elsewhere decorated with narrow bands of dark mink fur.

Fancy belts of fine gold plate not more than two inches wide and fastened with handsome gold clasps are worn with some elegant dinner and reception dresses just brought from Paris.

Very bright colors appear upon the fronts of gowns worn even upon the promenade. Brilliant cherry, orange, yellow, green and other striking colors are used in velvet for stock collar and vest or plastron front.

The jacket with etched bands simulating box plaits, belted in the back and having open fronts over a fancy vest, retains favor for youthful wearers, both here and abroad. This model has full sleeves and two cape collars edged with narrow fur.—New York Post.

STAGE GLINTS.

Lilla Linden has made a hit as the Mexican girl in the opera "Yetiva."

Henrietta Crossman has assumed the leading role in "Burna" at the Boston theater.

Augustina Daly has secured Victor Koning's dramatization of "L'Abbe Constant" for Ada Rehan's use.

Courtenay Thorpe is to become a member of the Girard Avenue theater (Philadelphia) stock company.

Caroline Hamilton, the original Maid Marian in "Robin Hood," will soon sail for Europe, her intention being to study in Paris.

A number of theater managers will meet in Hartford shortly to form "an association for mutual protection against barnstormers."

Next season Willard Lee of the "Bonnie Scotland" company, will star in a play written by Herbert Hall Winslow and W. R. Wilson entitled "The Everglades."

Gilmore and Leonard, who are known as "Ireland's Kings," will leave vanderbilt shortly and begin a starring tour in a new comedy, the title of which is "Hogan's Alley."

Louis Martinetti, now successfully appearing in "A Baggage Check," will probably originate the leading comedy part in Charles A. Blaney's new play, "A Boy Wanted."

John Oliver Hobbes (Mrs. Craigie) will arrive in New York in time to see the production of her play, "Journey's End in Lovers' Meeting," with Ellen Terry in the principal role.

TURF TOPICS.

Hal C. 2:35, is by Hal Dillard, 2:04 3/4.

Budd Doble will spend the winter in Europe.

Five of the new 2:10 performers are to be credited to Oregon.

Afrite won 14 races and was twice second out of 17 starts.

Sirock, 2:14 1/2, has won every race he has started in this season.

Directum will make the coming season in the stud in Kentucky.

Driver Ed Geers has won 65 of the races in which he has driven this year.

Myron E. McHenry, the noted driver, has about decided, it is reported, to retire from the turf.

The gray gelding John R. Baldwin, 2:35 3/4, by the Long Island sire Falls, recently trotted six winning races in 73 days.

A. E. Alvord of Syracuse has purchased the colt Had P, a full brother to Mascot, 2:34. The colt is said to be very fast.

Before being retired for the season Earlmont, 2:09 3/4, showed a half in less than a minute. Stratberry secured 15 track records this season and was a drawing card at western fairs.

John R. Gentry's last race at Reidsville, N. C., with Joe Patchen gives him the championship among the pacing stallions by reason of his actual conquests.—Turf, Field and Farm.

President Hayes and the Farmer.
President Hayes had for one of his Ohio neighbors a testy old fellow who kept a small truck farm. During Mr. Hayes' four years in the White House, on one of his visits home, he passed this old man's farm and found him planting potatoes. The president, being somewhat of a farmer himself, noticed some eccentricity in his neighbor's style of planting, and after a little chat called attention to it. The old man defended his method, and finally Mr. Hayes said as he started along, "Well, I don't think you will get the best kind of a crop if you plant in that manner." The farmer rested his elbows on the fence. "They ain't neither one of us above havin' faith found with us," he said, "but if you just go on presidentin' the United States your way and I go on plantin' pertaters my way I guess we won't be no worse off in the end."—San Francisco Chronicle.



ABDUL HAMID II.

These more the shrieks of murdered Christians have made the world thrill with horror and indignation. Once again he has disregarded his oft repeated promises of reform.

It almost seems that the patience of the powers could not possibly be taxed for another moment. But the Turk is decidedly an awkward fellow to deal with. If it were merely a question of deposing the weak and vacillating monarch who now rules the land of the crescent the fleets of half a dozen nations would quickly bring him to terms, but that is only part of the problem.

When the Turk is turned out of Europe, who is to have his country? Russia is ready to sweep it up and make it a highway to India. Undoubtedly the czar would undertake to insure peace and prosperity to all Armenia.

But John Bull objects. The British public may about itself hoarse in demanding that the Armenian outrages shall be stopped, but as long as the fall of the sultan means an extension of the Russian domain the shouts will be in vain.

England is not anxious to acquire Turkish territory herself, but she does not want Russia in control of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus. Germany is almost equally jealous, while Italy, France and Spain are ready to protect it from like motives.

This is the situation. There are enough other complications to make the problem one to puzzle the wisest diplomats of the age. The puzzle has changed in its minor details from year to year like the formations in a kaleidoscope. But it has always been a puzzle.

At present a magnificent fleet of warships is hovering around the island of Lemnos, which lies off the entrance to the Dardanelles, the gateway to the Black Sea.

England alone has 27 vessels in the Mediterranean and Red sea and the fleet of these are cruising in the Bosporus. For instance, among them is the *Hamilles*, flagship of the British squadron and one of the largest fighting ships afloat. Some of her guns can throw a steel projectile weighing 1,250 pounds at the rate of more than 2,000 feet per second. She can steam 17.5 knots an hour and fire a broadside from four of these enormous guns. To consider the havoc which this ship alone could do in a city like Constantinople is enough to make a bolder man than Abdul Hamid shake in his shoes.

Italy, France, Germany and Russia all have big squadrons in this same locality, and they are composed of modern engines of destruction, completely up to date in equipment and armament. There are about 80 ships in all, and they are within a day's sail of Constantinople. The boom of the first gun would be a signal which would send twice as many



TWEIFK PASHA, MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

more steaming toward the narrow straits which separate Europe from Asia. There is still another side to the question. If the combined powers should decide that the Turk must go, would the sultan fight?

There is not much doubt that he would. He would be whipped—that is not in question—but it must be remembered that he comes from a race of fighters. He is a direct descendant of Selim the Grim, who drenched Persia,