

frightened almost to death when the Czar, Alexander II of Russia, was assassinated some years ago, and his life has been one of continuous unrest. He has all told, from thirty to forty palaces, a number of which are on the banks of the Bosphorus. Yildiz is situated on a hill, and its grounds contain acres of ravines, of forests and lakes, of parks and gardens. Not far from it is the great palace of Dolma Bagtche, where Abdul-Aziz, the brother of this Sultan, committed suicide in order that another brother named Murad might be raised to the throne. Murad was pulled down by other conspirators who charged that he was crazy, and it is said that he is pining in the dungeons of one of the palaces along the Bosphorus. Abdul-Aziz furnished this Dolma Bagtche palace. He spent \$3,000,000 a year on his harem, and within twelve months expended \$600,000 for pictures alone. I went through the palace while I was in Constantinople, through a special permit from the Sultan. It has scores of rooms walled with satin. It has crystal posts as large around as the body of a man and six feet tall. It has luxurious couches and magnificent furniture, but Abdul-Hamid has feared it because it was too near the water, and he has only used it for public receptions. It is said that Abdul-Aziz warned him to keep out of it if he should ever become Sultan, and the result is that he has confined himself to the palace of Yaldiz.

But let me tell you how Abdul-Hamid looked as I saw him on his way to Mosque about six years ago. He sat in an open carriage drawn by magnificent black horses, and driven by a coachman whose body was resplendent in a red velvet suit embroidered with gold. The Sultan sat on the back seat, and was more simply dressed than any one of the ten thousand soldiers about him. There was a red fez cap on his head, the tassel of which hung almost to his shoulders. He wore a suit of black clothes, the coat cut high like that of a preacher, save that the coat was edged with red cord. He wore a white shirt and turn-over collar, and there was no sign of sword or pistol about him. The Turkish cap has no brim, and I got a good view of his features. They were almost Jewish in their cast, and they reminded me much of those of the late Jay Gould. His complexion was sallow, and the lower part of his face was covered with short, luxuriant, glossy, black whiskers. His eyes were large, black and lustrous, the white about them having that yellow tinge which indicates a derangement of the liver. These eyes sifted to and fro as he rode towards the mosque, and it seemed to me that I could see the fear in them. He looked as though he had lost sleep, and he was nervous and worn. As he rose to get out of the carriage and go into the mosque, I noted that he was about five feet nine inches high, and he weighed then, I judge, about 150 pounds. I could see his hands as they rested on his knees. They were as long and as thin as the hands of a Chinaman, and I saw that one of them was doubled up into a fist. When he came out of the mosque he took a different vehicle to ride back to the palace. His favorite saddle horse was present, but he passed this by and stepped into a pony-carriage, taking the lines into his own hands, and walking the ponies until he got outside of the crowd. The road to the mosque was covered with

well-watered sand about six inches deep, and the streets through which the Sultan rides are always protected in this way in order that his royal bones may not be jolted in going over the cobble stones and macadam.

During my stay I had a chance to see some of the Sultan's horses. He has 2,000 in his stables, and among these are specimens of nearly every breed in the world. His finest horses are of Arabian blood, and favorite mount was a beautiful Arabian bay. He often to rides in the grounds of his palace, and when General Lew Wallace was Minister to Constantinople, he and the Sultan often rode together. The Sultan is a good shot, and I was told that he could break a dozen vases with a revolver while galloping past them on horseback. He has always been particular as to the horses of his army, and each of the regiments which accompanied him to the mosque was mounted on Arabian horses of one color. During a talk I had with General Wallace not long ago, he spoke very highly of this Sultan, saying that he was a much greater man than he had been generally supposed. I was told that he did a great deal of work, keeping track of foreign affairs as well as those of his own country, and that he had the foreign newspapers translated to him. He has been so surrounded, however by officials and spies that it has been impossible for him to know what has been going on in his country, and it is a question whether he has ever been able to control the factions which make up his government. The whole Turkish Empire is honeycombed with spies, and Constantinople is a city of intrigues and intriguers. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the Sultan can command good faith on the part of his harem, and he does not know that his favorite wife may not prove false to him.

It will be surprising to many to know that the Sultan's wives are all of slave origin. The danger of assassination from the harem has made it the custom of Turkey for the Sultan not to marry. This prevents the political intrigues of a many-branched royal family, and all of the Sultans have had slave mothers. Abdul-Hamid had, I was told, 1,000 women in his royal seraglio, and as this number is recruited every year by slaves from Georgia and Circassia, the imperial harem probably contains that number today. It is curious to know what is done with such a horde of wives in case of the death of a Sultan. It is said that the grandfather of Abdul-Hamid sewed up nearly 200 of the wives of his predecessors in sacks and loaded the sacks with shot. He then dropped them into the Bosphorus in order that there might be no treachery among the ladies of the palace. I saw a number of the harem ladies during the Sultan's trip across the city. They rode in cabs, the windows of which were open, and though their faces were covered, the veils were of the thinnest gauze, and I could see them almost as plainly as though they had worn no veils at all. They were not to my eyes extraordinarily beautiful, and not a few seemed rather old. Each of the carriages was driven by a swell coachman, beside whom sat a sober-faced eunuch with a long whip in his hand, and eunuchs rode up and down the line, jealously guarding their charges. A large part of the servants of the palace are eunuchs. There is a chief eunuch who has charge of all the women about

the Sultan, and who is almost as important as the Grand Vizier. He gets a big salary, and his influence is such that he is able to make a fortune out of it before his office. There are 7000 servants connected with the palace of the Sultan, and each of his favorite wives has servants of her own. At the head of the harem is the mother of the Sultan, who is known as the Valide Sultana, and who has something to do as to picking out and training the Sultan's wives. This woman rules the harem. She has her eunuchs and her servants, and one of the principal days of the year for her is that which comes at the end of the Mohammedan Lent, or Ramazan. She has a lot of Georgian slaves brought to her months before this. She picks out fifteen of the best looking. They are put upon diet, are taught music, and are as carefully groomed as so many race-horses. Just about the close of Lent she looks over the lot and picks out the one who is to be what is called the Bairam bride of the Sultan. This girl, so the story goes, is not seen by the Sultan till the night after Bairam, which is the Mohammedan Easter. His majesty finds her in his chamber when he retires to rest, and the story told me at Constantinople was that the new bride had to crawl in under the clothes from the foot of the bed in token of her subjection. I made some inquiries as to the cost of such girls, and was told that the price of the slave depended quite as much upon her accomplishments as her beauty. An ordinary slave girl of desirable age ranging from twelve to sixteen brings \$200. If she is beautiful, she may be worth \$2,000, and this Sultan has had many wives for whom he has paid as high as \$5,000. Blonde beauties with blue eyes and transparent skin usually bring high prices, but black girls are sold for a song. I was told that the buying and selling of slaves still goes on in order in Constantinople, but that of late years such sale have been "under the rose."

The papers are fully of the poverty of Turkey. The debt of the country runs high into the hundreds of millions, and all things are taxed. The customs duties never get into the hands of the Sultan. They are paid to the foreign bondholders, and the tribute from Egypt goes a most directly to England. His majesty is supposed to be poor, but his private expenditures have amounted always to many millions a year, and there is a vast amount of money tied up in the jewels of his treasury. It was through the private secretary of the Sultan that I got access to this treasury. Guarded by Turkish soldiers and accompanied by officers whose swords clanked over the marble floor. I wandered about room after room filled with jewels and precious stones. I feasted my eyes on cases loaded with enough gold plate to have broken the backs of half a dozen government mules, and I broke the tenth commandment many times as I examined the jewels, which, by the way, are kept behind glass. There is at least a peck of big diamonds in this treasury. There are quarts of pearls of all shapes and sizes, from the little seeds as big as the head of a pin to the great iridescent beauties the size of a hickory nut. There is one famous emerald which is as big as your fist, and there are enough watches, which are set with pearls and diamonds, to fill a two-bushel basket. There is a golden