ORIENTAL SCENES.

The Many Wonders of Constantinople and Asia Minor.

DOGS, MOSQUES AND BAZARS

Whirling Dervishes—Picturesque Sons of the Desert—A Round Trip Among the "Seven Churches."

Special Correspondence.

Constantinople! What magic the word has to one drawing near! It seems as though the magician has turned it into a habitation of the gods, as the ancient Roman remarked.

Before me rises an immense city reclad here and there with countless domes and minarets. It is a great city, enough it was born of the sea, like Venus. The blue waves dash on the rocky shores carrying large ships into the very heart of the city. It occupies one of the best natural positions in the world. It is built on a triangular shaped piece of land which lies on the west side of the southern entrance to the Bosphorus. On the northern side of the city there runs a strip of land out into the Bosphorus called the Golden Horn. The city is divided into three parts. The Pera is the European part, where all the hotels are. It is the cleanest and healthiest part, occupied mainly by foreigners of all nations. Stambul is the Turkish quarter, the oldest part of the city. You have to go over a branch of the sea on the south side of Pera to get there. Directly across the Bosphorus lies the third part called Scutari. This part is in Asia Minor, while the former two are in Europe.

The old name of Constantinople was Byzantium. It was founded 658 B. C. by Byzas, deriving its name from him. It was rebuilt by Constantine A. D. 328, changing its name at the same time. It has sustained numerous sieges, but has never been very often taken. The Saracens took it and after them the Turks under Mohammed II, 1453, and has remained in their hands to this day. Everything seems new, strange and fascinating to the eye. The streets are narrow, dirty and poorly paved. Riding up from the steamer landing I thought I would have to hold my teeth shaken out. Thousands of dogs are not with. I often read of the dogs of Constantinople and thought the books drawn a little strong. I can believe them now. Every rut in the road, gutter or sidewalk is full of them. Going about the distance of one of our Salt Lake blocks I counted 141 dogs. They are just as numerous as that all over town. They are of the yellow cur type, belonging to no one, and just turn the streets for a living. The people throw their dog's refuse out in the street, as we sweep and the dogs clean it up. They are the roughest looking lot of curs I ever laid eyes on. Once in a while a member of the Society for Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals will throw a bucket of scalding water on them to clean them, but poor dog! he has, bit. Others are our mass of cuts, bruises and sores. They favor the Germans by taking them for many well earned scars. They generally receive your heartfelt blessing when they scamper from the scalding water at midnight. I gave them a benediction on top as I felt like opening my heart. Each one has his district and woe to into the dog that gets out of his lawful boundaries. If he gets back with his bone he does well. He expects to lose his flesh. All their difficulties are settled during the night. In the day they lie around and sleep anywhere. They slowly want more out of your way. I could not imagine why they did not get rid of them. He said they were a nuisance of Constantinople. If it was dead they would be gathered in by the cart of rubbish, breeding all manner of germs. One of the sultans tried to get rid of them once, but the people made so much ado about it that they were allowed to remain. Dogs were killed, he had them taken by boat to an island in the black sea, and was going to leave them there. They transported three or four boat loads, but for some ill luck or another some one must have thrown them overboard. The people dropped to the little game and made such a roar, he had to have them alone.

The sea is valuable for getting rid of a wife who gets naughty with the sultan, or a minister who wants to run his affairs. It holds its secrets well, and could tell as bloody tales as the canals of Venice if allowed to speak. Stambul is the interesting part of the village. Everything is Oriental. The people are dressed in every uncomfortable costume imaginable, some with a pair of trousers with a sort of a hanging seat to them that does about three feet. I don't know what they are. I have seen almost every nationality, or have seen so far, from the Laplanders in the north to the Greeks in the south. Colors are worn in abundance, and, of course, the bright hues generally predominate. As for head gear the red fez is the popular one. Some wear turbans, others and every other sort of pate covering is worn.

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I left St. Sophia and wended my way to the Sultan's palace, Dolma Achmed. This mosque is similar in form to St. Sophia. You may say they all look alike with domes and minarets. The interior of this mosque is very pretty. The walls are composed of tiles in the form of flowers. The beautiful blue figured tiles, while handsome, cover the floor. It lasts a few minutes, more than any mosque except the one in Mecca, which has seven. The altar is hewn out after the order and style of the one in Mecca. The finest mosque after St. Sophia, and some think the finest of all, is that of Suleiman the magnificent. As to Sagan it surpasses St. Sophia. Its grounds and exterior are more graceful and artistic. There is one large dome, two half, dome and two small ones, with four minarets. The interior is very beautiful, while the floor is covered with heavy Turkish rugs. The mosque is higher by 20 feet than St. Sophia. Another interesting and fine mosque is the mosque of Mohamed II. It contains the remains of the great conqueror. On the old Hippodrome square as celebrated of old, is the Egyptian column or obelisk of Theodosius, called so because he brought it from Thebes. It adorned the temple of Karnak there. In the center stands the serpentine column minus the heads. This column once helped hold up the golden tripod in the temple of Delphi, Greece, so renowned for its oracle. Mohamed cut the heads off with his battle axe when he entered Constantinople at the head of his victorious host. He showed the Muscovites true courage, for it is said the brave horse that scorned St. Mark's church, Venice, once stood on this square along with many other spoils that have settled all over Europe.

The other remains of antiquity are three of the Caesars built by the Romans. The pedestal of the pillar erected by Constantine the Great is still standing. It was once surmounted by an immense statue of Phibias.

The most interesting part of the whole city is the bazars. Here everything is new and odd. The bazars are the most extensive in the world. They are sort of a small pigeon coop, lining each side of a narrow street and just as thick as they can be. One street or part of a street, all have nothing but shoes for sale, another blacksmiths, another with work, another antiques of every sort. The owner squats down on his floor and invites you to buy. He can generally count in French or English, and always asks three and generally four or five times as much as he will take. It is great sport to bargain with them. My traveling companion at present is a Mr. Hanna. I generally wax him on to buy something then I get the same thing cheaper by half. Once I got a fez on anything you want very bad, the best way is to follow the the native plan of bargaining. Offer half what they ask and stick to it. Generally they will carry out your intention in asking the price. After getting it down as low as they can that they have to come down to half the next. After a day or two's dickering they get it at the very lowest price. Some of the streets are so thrown on spotting your article, is how much holding it up. Five dollars. No, I don't want it. Ask how much you give? O, I am not asking the price. Never mind, I make bargain you. What will you take for it? You good, good American man. You my friend. I give it you for price I take it. I take it. Take it cheap; you it's too cheap, wouldn't you take 12 for it? I gib it two dollar. Gib it 12 then. I take it. Good day. It cost me 12. You my friend. I think maybe you buy $100 I very cheap. Ask price. Ask how much is worth this or sit. It is hardly worth 12. I will give you a $1.50 for it? O, he is big Jew. You look my boss. He will not come down any more, if you talk all night. At the same time, he will not let you go away. You want to have him. He will then give it to you for your $1.50. The way he groans at the hard treatment. In some way that you get your $1.50 to hear him. One never gets tired wandering through the bazars, having a bargain, pulling the way and that way to their various shops. Each one has the best and cheapest. Here is the place for bargains and every other sort of pate covering is worn.

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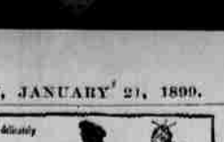
Japan tends to America the delicately flavored

Pride of Japan Tea

It is the best that comes in packages and costs no more than the inferior grades.



to shame. Greeks and Turks lead the list, while following in proper order you can find any and every nationality represented. The Greeks are a city full of fat verse than the Turks. One lost his respect for the noble Greek very much. The Greeks will sell, Dragoman, before I came in contact with them. After that, I for the life of me could not see why they should be so gay and the Greek of old differ as much does from white. Smyrna is situated in the extreme end of a long narrow street, while the bazars nearly round them of Constantinople. As I approached Smyrna it was dark, quite the lights from the city, as we approached, looked more like fairy land than anything. Directly as we turned into the city, on a rise, are the remains of a large human fort. On gazing up to view the, we run into a crowd of boys. They immediately shouted as in the Turkish fashion. They cross their fingers so as to represent a Christian cross, then put on it to show their hatred toward Christianity. Hanna started after them and had to return with a black eye, the worst of it, you since our his head quite badly. I tried to remain him in his, telling him he could represent himself as Stephen.

The surrounding country produces quantities of figs. The finest fig trees I ever saw grew here. We visited the site of the ancient Christian church where Polycarp, one of the first bishops, suffered martyrdom. It is now a Turkish church. Polycarp is noted for his importance, that John addressed. We spent a day smoking about the city. We had to get up and accompany with a guide to take us into the interior of Asia Minor, visiting the seven churches mentioned by John in Revelations 1, 2 and 3 chapters. Smyrna was the first.

We took train as far as Ephesus, the second on our list, arriving in the afternoon. This once great city is nothing but a pile of ruins at present. Only a house stands on the old site. We got horses and started to visit the ruins. The same day Ephesus stood as one of the most remarkable cities of the world, being holy ground, being the city that was the cradle of Holiness in mythology and the metropolis of the Indian confederacy. It is now a small village, the most holy of Christian churches, and next to Athens the most memorable for its schools of learning. Paul was once worship cattle. The church was the first thing we visited. This stands on a hill with the ruins of the stadium. As old antiquity is all that remains of this city. Now by it are the remains of an aqueduct, which conveyed water from a lake to a great length. Farther on we saw the ruins of the seven sleepers. The legend goes that a party of young fellows started out to see the world. They traveled for years and at last wanted to return to Ephesus. They were put in a cave some time they had been gone without asking for it. When they approached the cave they went into the cave and found the wine just as they had left it. So proceeding to sample it, they soon fell asleep. When they got up they were naked. They picked up their swords and bows, when in and behold they crumbled to the ground. Everyone at this day entered the town, receiving a Rip Van Winkle reception. Only they had been gone a little over two hundred years. Finding things in such a state, they ended their misery by disposing of their swords and bows in the old style. Moral: All is not wine that trickles.

I put down in this drowsy hole, but was too tough to receive the restful sense of sleep. We visited St. John's tomb, St. Paul's prison, half a dozen temples, the main one being the Temple of Diana. This was considered one of the seven wonders of the world. There only remains a pile of broken marble. Diana, the time were worship the form of pillars, statues, altars, etc., that many a man must have admitted. We took care of the crowbars and nearly hide the ruins from view. One can hardly imagine that Paul was in prison, there being so numerous one of the finest buildings ever erected. I visited the theater where Paul was put to death by the mob. It is in pretty good preservation. It was very easy to imagine the uproar when the cry was raised, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" I also saw the school Paul taught in while he lectured in Ephesus. The school is in good shape, it is still partly standing. Everyone knows something about the Amazons which gave the city of Ephesus its fame. I visited the place where they made pretty fair showing in some of their battles. I did so want to see one of them. I tried to imagine it but couldn't. The dates are stamping that they came through in making their raids. They were a brave lot of women, I think, to send the squalling woman of today, with all her endeavors to appear masculine.

Ephesus was built around a hill. You have to travel around this and over a great deal of ground to get all the ruins. The old stadium can just be made out, but the theater, as I said, is the best preserved of all. The seats are all gone, but the stage is there. I can down on all the seats and walked all over the stage to make sure I tried, as I said, to imagine the mob, sad or trout. Vain glory, I will admit. We rent Sack and had some fun with one of the guides. He was quite a character. He told us some of his qualities every day. We had to be on hand with him thick, we really were worth it. He tells us he is a poet. He said he had written a piece of poetry 12 miles long.

Leaving Ephesus early in the morning we went over to Sardis, the third city mentioned in Scripture. Several temples and a couple of theaters are strewn over the ground. Not a soul lives within miles of this once great city that had temples far better than any of the seven cities of Asia Minor today. One has to admit that all these old cities surpassed us in buildings. Leaving in a little village that night where the bed lower jumped up on the pillows on turning the cover down, getting into the bed, nothing was to come near. I thought Hanna had the measle when he got up in the morning. They didn't seem to bite Hanna at all. Toward noon after filing out to catch the train at 4 in the morning, we visited the ruins of the third city mentioned by John. The ruins of this old city that John addressed, that Paul preached to, was swept away, leaving scattered all over the hillside. As usual, the only place recognizable was the theater. The old benches are strewn all over the ground. After dinner we mounted our horses and visited ruins of Laodicea, another city addressed in the letter. Paul wrote an epistle to them. Very few remains of this city are left. Northing of an old temple stands in very poor order. Coming back we stopped at a village near Laodicea called Denizli, making an early start next morning we continued our journey horseback as far as Tripolis, visiting the ruins of ancient Hellopolis by far the best ruins we have seen so far. The old walled city is on top of a fine stone formation at a height of about 500 feet above the level. The rock is a pure white with a spring on top which makes a beautiful cascade in the fall from the hillside. Some one must have had a terrible affair in olden days. At present Jackals make it their home. The beautiful remains of old temples and Forums show what it once was. The old theater is in fine shape. Beautiful pieces of sculpture work lies broken on the ground. Turkish ladies raised the fine for the land, as thousands of beautiful relics are strewn over the ground