

most, her father's mother, sympathizes with her daughter and is dead against marrying her. This, however, goes against saying, for she is sure to go exactly in opposition to any theory of her father's. There are people who say that Mrs. Belmont's influence with her daughter just now is by no means a good one. She likes to feel that there are other women, more especially her own daughter, who have domestic disagreements. It is balm of Gilead to her feelings in relation of W. K. Vanderbilt. But when all is said and done, the duchess has a mind of her own, and as she is at heart the most ambitious American woman who has ever married into our peerage, she is pretty sure to realize an early day, the advisability of settling her differences with the duke.

HOUSE OF HER OWN.

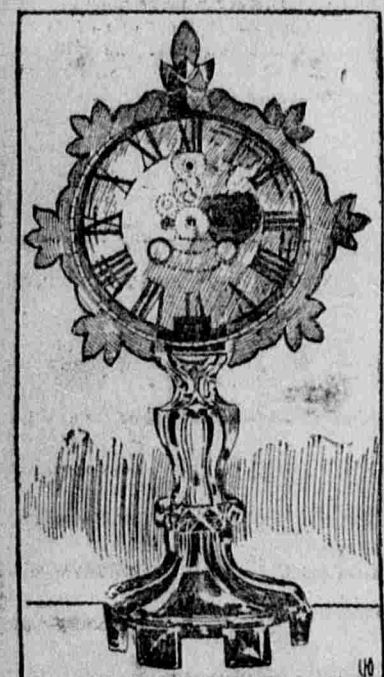
Everyone is delighted to hear that Mrs. Almeria Paget, who is one of the most popular American girls, has at last found a house of her own, which, I am told, she has bought outright. It is that of Mrs. Hartman (King Edwards's great friend) in the mansion in Berkeley square. It was in the market for ages and it seemed as though Mrs. Hartman would never get her price for it. That, however, she was determined to do, having been taught a lesson when she had her auction of the furniture in this residence, her beautiful things having been almost given away. Everyone in London knows Mrs. Almeria Paget, who is a girl of a bit, and she has just bought at her temporary quarters in Green street, where she says she will live, a novel and exciting party. Mrs. Paget's new mansion is to be gorgeously decorated and most of the furniture is to be bought in Paris. She is a great connoisseur in things artistic and quite an expert in antique furniture and pictures. She intends to make her London house one of the most distinctly characteristic and novel in all London. —LADY MARY.

CARRIE NATION

certainly showed a hole in the barroom of Kansas, but Ballard's Horsehold Syrup has smothered all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, influenza, and all pulmonary diseases. T. C. H. Horton, Kansas, writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly as Ballard's Horsehold Syrup. I have used it for years." Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main Street.

CRYSTAL GLOW CLOCK.

The timepiece shown in the cut was made by Joseph Beyer, a Bohemian glass cutter, and it took him six years



to construct it. With the exception of the springs, everything about the clock is of crystal glass. It is sixteen inches in height. The workmanship is extremely artistic.

A DISPOSSESSED CARDINAL.

Cardinal Richard, the venerable prelate who was recently ejected from his palace in Paris as a result of the contest between church and state in the republic, is one of the best known and



most highly respected men in the Roman hierarchy. He is eighty-seven years of age and only last year celebrated the diamond jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Mgr. Richard became archbishop of Paris in 1898 and a cardinal three years later.

Utahn Sees Bosphorus And Constantinople.



MOSQUE OF SULTAN AHMED.

Special Correspondence.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Jan. 7.—The entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black sea is a very narrow passage way, guarded on both sides by immense rugged rocks, which stand as dangerous enemies to the mariner sailing his ship from one sea into the other. What object nature could have in making the passage so difficult is hard to say. She may have had no object at all, but it looks like she had allowed the atmosphere and the earth to conspire together to make shipping a thing not of easy accomplishment between the two waters, for almost continually a heavy fog hangs over the part of the shore where the deep blue of the Bosphorus mingles with the darker waters of the Black sea.

AN OBLIGING FOG.

By way of apology for its general bad behavior, the fog rises for the space of twenty or thirty minutes two or three times during the twenty-four hours, and ships lay to awaiting these favorable intervals, when the misty monarch shows his willingness that they may pass by gracefully lifting and allowing the sun to smile through hazy clouds on the agate-bound waterway. It is a sight that would make an artist shiver for joy when the fog rises, like the curtain of a gigantic theater, disclosing for miles the green-brown hills of the coast.

Fortunately on this particular morning, in February (or January, if preferred) shortly after the steamer Elisabeth had stopped her engines at the dull boom of the Turkish gun, King Fog became gracious and with outstretched arms and hands, welcoming majestically rose and allowed us to pass under a clear sky, into the beautiful Bosphorus.

The vessel glided through the narrow portal scarcely causing a ripple on the tranquil surface of the water, and we found ourselves in one of the most beautiful stretches of water in the world—that long, narrow strip that separates Europe from Asia. It was scarcely to be realized that we were sailing toward that land of romance and wonder, so rich in history and story where the sea of Marmora, like the Golden Horn join—that land that lies between the Bosphorus and—

"The dark blue water That swiftly glides and gently swells Between the winding Bosphoruses."

BEAUTIFUL BOSPHORUS.

It is a picture that approaches the sublime—no painter could do it justice—no poet could find words that could convey a fraction of the feeling within him at its sight. On either side the hills rise abruptly, clothed in a mantle of rich green that contrasts sharply with the clusters of red and yellow houses that cling to the water's edge. Every village has its mosque of white whose minarets point heavenward like gigantic figures to the abode of Allah. Look where you will, there is nothing to jar the scene, nothing to mar its beauty. It is a panorama of scenic loveliness that can scarcely have a rival. It is so fascinating, and holds one in such wrapt contemplation, that the two hours consumed from the Bosphorus entrance till the outlying districts of Constantinople come into view pass as a flash. It is all like a gorgeous dream—a dream, however, that does not end, but only increases in grandeur of beauty and impressiveness as the imperial city is approached.

DREAM AFTER DREAM.

Villages become more frequent, and the houses assume a different character—a richer character. Between towns are numerous villas—the country homes of wealthy Turks. Then the deserted palaces of former sultans are pointed out, among them the long building—of a whiteness that dazzles the eye—so familiar to the traveler, the Tschirpalace. Directly in the path of the vessel appear the low houses of Skutari, vague and indistinct in the distance. The Bosphorus makes a turn and on the right bank the three connected buildings of the purest white marble, which are the Dolma Bagtche Seraglio, come into view. Another turn of the ship and Skutari is far to the left, while on the right a half

a mile further on Galata is seen, a mountain of houses rising from the sea, and the ship is in line of the Galata landing stage brings also and without warning a view that is absolutely startling. The whole of Skutari stands out with the clear cut distinctness of a piece of theatrical scenery. Son of the prophet, what a picture! First the eye rests on the point where stands the old Seraglio, minarets of which were seen over the old walls and trees that surround it. Slightly further up and in the background rise the red-striped yellow walls of the Aya Sophia, and on to the right surrounding the whole is the gray white dome of the mosque of Sultan Ahmed, whose six minarets with those of the Aya Sophia tower high above all else in Skutari. Rounding the point of Galata, still further out, the mass of houses on the sloping hill, the large Ottoman bank building protrudes its bulky form. The waters of the Bosphorus are so horrible Armenian massacres which had their inception there. It was in this bank the spark fell that kindled that fire of wrath and religious hatred that consumed thousands of human lives.

THE GOLDEN HORN.

Now the ship enters the Golden Horn and approaches the landing stage at no great distance from that most famous and interesting bridge of Galata whose varying throng of pedestrians is clearly to be seen. A jar and scrape at the steamer's side causes a hustling to get out of the way and a hurried entry to landing. My baggage being with those of a gentleman from Berlin whom I had met on board and who had a carrier to meet him and look after all such things as trunks and baggage, I didn't have to concern myself in any way, so devoted my time to an inspection of the surging and swaying crowd on the quay.

WILL HELP PERFORMANCE.

Who can give an idea of that fighting mass of ragged, filthy, feeble humanity struggling at the gang-way, waiting to seize anything that might be proffered, whether with or without the owner's permission? By knocking several sprawling official managers to clear a few feet of space, I was enabled to plant which is immediately filled up again and then once again cleared. Finally after a few such clearings passengers may begin to disembark.

RUDE OFFICIALS.

A passport is just about the most valuable possession a man has in Turkey, and my feelings can hardly be imagined, when following my baggage, I found myself in the hands of a ruffian, who was rudely snatched from my grasp. I think I must have become the object of a good deal of curiosity from my friend what such a proceeding could mean. He assured me I should have my pass back again in the course of a few minutes, as everybody had to go through the same unpleasantness.

And now we were on Turkish soil picking our way carefully in the crowd, trying in vain to avoid mud and the sleeping dogs lying in every conceivable position on the uneven cobblestones.

A matter of 50 yards covered and we were in the ancient tumble-down custom house waiting in line to be questioned and have our passports returned to us. The officials spoke French and gave a searching look and a gruff "quel set-vous nom?" followed by an interminable list of questions, where from? what business here? how long a stay? In the end, however, I was allowed to pass, which almost made a man lose all patience.

The obliging Anton informed us our baggage had been triumphantly brought through the customs by the aid of all powerful backsheesh and we were free to hunt our hotel. Anton by the way, is the porter who had met my baggage and I was great with a searching look and a gruff "quel set-vous nom?" followed by an interminable list of questions, where from? what business here? how long a stay? In the end, however, I was allowed to pass, which almost made a man lose all patience.

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MONEY ALL-POWERFUL.

Speaking of "backsheesh," a slight digression here will serve to show what it will do. It is against the Turkish law to bring anything in the way of modern improvements into the empire, and particularly are all electrical appliances under its majestic ban. Now the Pera Palace hotel wanted to install electric lights and the management was willing to pay high to do so. A beautiful dynamo was purchased in Germany and shipped off to Turkey, but not till sufficient "backsheesh" had been deposited to the credit of the necessary custom house officials to enable them conscientiously to relax their vigilance when the dynamo should arrive. Things being so beautifully arranged in this manner, the sign of trouble was experienced in the installation of the desired lights, so that now large arcs are placed even in the street in front of the hotel to illumine the nightly pedestrians on their way through that particular quarter. The government inspector saunters into the hotel office every month and politely enquires of the clerk if there are such things as electric lights in the building. The clerk answers with a courteous negative and certified bank check, and the inspector goes on his way rejoicing in the mighty power of the law to keep all contaminating influences of hated, infidel Christianity far from the land of the faithful. With "backsheesh" nothing is impossible in Turkey.

AWAY FROM GALATA.

But again to take up my narrative. Once out of the custom house my companion from the Pera Palace and myself got into a droshka-like carriage and began the ascent of the Galata hill through narrow, zigzag streets to the Hotel Krokier by the United States embassy.

FIFTH AND SQUALOR.

What a quantity of filth and squalor

those streets held. They were as horribly filthy as the back lanes of the city from the ship was surpassingly beautiful. The narrow alleys closed in with ancient crumbling buildings of frame and brick, swarming with a noisy, filthy, ragged population for which there is scarcely room enough with the innumerable dogs, carts and wagons going this way and that. Here and there at the curb stood a man with a foot and a half wide a pile of refuse, around which clusters a howling pack of ferociously hungry dogs that are searching for a dinner. Ahead of our carriage in the narrow alley, a man with a pole on his shoulders, to which was lashed an immense bale of dry goods or cotton larger than a piano. They lagged along with their heavy burden, making our progress very slow. We got past them only when our driver and they had indulged in a lengthy, wordy war. But as far as I was concerned, there was no need of hurry, for never in my life have I beheld as intensely interesting a picture of life as those streets present. It is a life so apart and so totally different from anything we know that even dogs, cats, fish and all, was to me a source of unending interest.

ON TO PERA.

At the top of the hill there was a change for the better (if less interesting) in the aspect of things generally. We were in Pera, the European quarter, where the embassies and hotels are situated. In the Pera, as far as the Krokier was pulled up in front of the Krokier and except for the fact that the street had never been cleaned one could easily imagine oneself in some quarter of Vienna or Paris. Such is the difference between Galata and Pera.

A FINE LOOKOUT.

It was pleasant to find in the large dining room of the Pera, not only because the large windows overlooked that part of Galata lying between the hotel and the water, but also over the Golden Horn and a great part of Skutari. In fact, as far as the view from this quarter as the ruined mosque of Lalich, which has not been restored since its destruction by the great earthquake some years ago. (The reason for its being left in a ruined state is said to be that one of the nuns retired in falling killed two priests. This was taken as a sign that Allah was displeased with his particular house of prayer, so destroyed it.)

USELESS WAR VESSELS.

The waters of the placid Golden Horn teem with a life indescribable. Boats of every size and description are continually moving every way imaginable. And in their midst stand out in distinct contrast some six or seven elegant motor boats, the most beautiful of the hotel look indeed formidable. They are in fact the very reverse of formidable, however. The fact of the matter is they have remained in the harbor in the position since the time they were delivered to the Turkish government by a ship building company in the United States, some seven or eight years ago. Their machinery has gone to rust, their hulls have become clogged with barnacles for no crew is kept on any of them, and no one but a lone watchman is there to direct the ramps from making their homes aboard.

LEAKS IN THE NAVY.

Immense sums of money are appropriated for the maintenance of an efficient navy, but there are so many leaks in the channels through which these sums must pass that nothing ever reaches as far as a vessel. Report has it that the sultan's private yacht has become clogged with barnacles for no crew is kept on any of them, and no one but a lone watchman is there to direct the ramps from making their homes aboard.

TOLD ONE BETTER.

They tell the story that the sultan having heard the tale from a foreign ambassador of how a certain dervish could swallow a sword without seeming to feel at all, was about the matter answered, "Why that is nothing, you should see Hadin Bey, my minister of marine; he swallows whole armored cruisers with more complaisance than you dervish swallows a sword in a decade."

SEEING THE CITY.

Dinner as well as the beautiful view being digested, I set out to improve my acquaintance with the city, and to the Grand Rue de Pera, the main thoroughfare of the European quarter, where better class Greeks and Armenians also live, and the street where most all the embassies are located.

FOR WILLIAM'S SAKE.

This street is sufficiently like the streets of other cities to merit no more than a casual look. It is interesting, however, to note the highland manner in which it was converted from a narrow, ill-smelling alley to the comparatively wide and decent looking street it is now. The Germans of Constantinople really have Kaiser William to thank for this change. After the Kaiser's first visit to the city a remark he made about the narrow streets of the city reached the Sultan's ear. Now in order to show the Kaiser in what esteem he is held by the Sultan, the Sultan ordered the street to be widened to a mile of property on the Rue Pera, had the houses torn down and the street repaved for the Kaiser to pass through to the German embassy. Thousands of people were totally ruined by this arbitrary action of an absolute monarch, but no doubt the Mohammedan conscience was soothed by the fact that they were all Armenians and Greeks. Even had they been Turks it would have been looked on with that same stolid indifference to the feelings of others that characterizes the Moslem.

A CABLE TUNNEL.

At the beginning of the Grand Rue de Pera is an evidence of modern progress hardly to be expected even in the European quarter of a Turkish city. It

is a tunnel in which a cable road runs down the hill from Pera to Galata. It was built by an English company and is making them a pile of money.

GALATA BRIDGE.

With this cable road I was whisked in a minute or two into the Galata station from where through mud, crowds and dogs I found my way to the Galata bridge before mentioned.

Everybody has read countless descriptions of this famous bridge with its crippled beggars, vendors and many colored throngs that crowd its wooden planks. Except that the weather was in every respect just what I expected. It has perhaps changed in this regard since the now venerable Mr. Clemens first wrote his book in 1885. I had no reason to believe that for no number of beggars could make it more interesting than it is now. One could stand by the hour and watch that ever moving kaleidoscope of people from practically every nation and clime under the sun that makes the life on that bridge.

HETEROGENEOUS MASS.

Elegant open carriages roll by, making the old boards rattle, and jolting their feeble owner in a terrible manner. Closed hackes pass with Turkish ladies of quality, but never a peep at them does one get through the tiny air holes which take the place of the windows in more Christian equipages. One sees every costume imaginable from the latest frock coat out of the London tailor shops to the turbaned fez of the honored Mohammedan who has made at least one pilgrimage to the holy Caaba.

VEILED WOMEN.

Here the women of the middle and lower classes pass on their way to the shops of Galata, dressed in black and veiled so that the barest suspicion of nature is discernible. From the nature of their costume and the fact that no hat is worn, the dress coming from the waist over the head, makes them look not unlike walking black glasses, or sacks of wheat with a string tied around the middle.

Turkish women have a reputation for great beauty. They must naturally have, being veiled. But from the few I saw in the street, I am inclined to believe that the reputation is not well founded (when doing shopping). I came to the conclusion were no handsomer than (if so handsome as) their Christian sisters. There are exceptions and these exceptions being seen in Turkey have no doubt given rise to their reputation; particularly as homely women will never throw their veils back and handsome women will do so on every occasion.

STAMBOUL SIDE.

On the Stamboul side and directly in front of the bridge, rise the gray-white walls of the sultan's Valide mosque, decorating the steps of which were the usual unaccountable dogs and ragged beggars.

Once in Stamboul, everything European and Christian is left behind. This is the Turkish city—as far removed from anything western as the heart could wish. No European lives in this quarter and furthermore it is said no European is safe within its precincts between sunset and sunrise.

THE SULTAN'S PORT.

From the Sultan's Valide it is no more than a ten minutes' walk to the sublime porte. First, however, one must go through muddy streets, the houses of which are entirely of frame and have never had the luxury of a touch from a paint brush. A good half of the windows are closed in with fine wooden lattice work through which it is impossible to see the interior, although the windows may look into the streets. Such windows denote the apartments of the females of the family who also have an entrance separate from that used by the male members. These corridors to what are known in the wealthier houses as the harem apartments.

SULTAN'S TOMB.

Before reaching the outer walls of the Old Seraglio one passes the tomb of the Sultan Ahmed, and also the drinking fountain erected by him some time in the eighteenth century. Its stone carving, which is like fine lace, and its mosaics, are wonderfully beautiful. As far as the sublime porte itself is concerned, it is in no way startling, and derives its fame more through its name than anything else, as everybody knows.

THE AYE SOPHIA.

Only a step or two from the sublime porte and one stands in the shadow of that most wonderful specimen of medieval architecture with its long history as a Christian church and a Mohammedan mosque, the Aye Sophia. As with St. Peter's, until one is near and comparisons with familiar objects may be made, it is quite impossible to judge of its high proportions.

HOUSE OF PRAYER.

While studying its bowl shaped domes and giant portals, a high pitched monotonous cry from above reached my ear. Though repeated from time to time, in vain did I search for its origin. However, when I saw many people going to the adjoining fountain to remove their shoes and wash their feet before entering the mosque, I realized it was the hour of prayer. Then as I turned my eyes in its direction, I perceived high up in the circular balcony of a minaret a diminutive turbaned figure, whose voice it was I heard. It was the muezzin calling the hour of prayer.

The whole scene was enchanting—like the page of a story book made to live. I remained till late in the afternoon, when I was forced to retrace my steps to Galata before the setting of the sun.

AGAIN THE BRIDGE.

Once more on the bridge I stopped, this time to view the sun as it sank behind Stamboul in a blaze of fiery clouds that brought out the city's outline in

The Blues

are generally the result of some form of stomach trouble.

Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation, Nervousness, Headaches, Kidney and Liver Complaints, induce an "all gone" feeling, depressed spirits, loss of sleep and appetite. Don't feel blue. Be healthy and happy.

Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

(A LAXATIVE)

makes healthy stomachs. Get a 50c or \$1 bottle at your druggist's to-day. It will make you your old self again.

A trial bottle sent free if your druggist hasn't it.

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY
Monticello, Ill.

distinct contrast to the hazy dusk that was settling on the ships and boats lying at anchor in the Golden Horn. Nor could I leave that fascinating place

till dusk began to turn into darkness and the last golden streak of day had vanished. —SPENCER CLAWSON, JR.

AN INTERESTING OLD CHURCH AND MANSE.



The church and connected parsonage in the picture are on the Pentland hills at Collinton, Scotland. The grandfather of Robert Louis Stevenson, Mr. Balfour, was minister of this parish, and the novelist spent much of his boyhood at the manse. These buildings are now being demolished.

XXXX Coffee Chums

McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee

Better than Any Other Coffee at the Same Price

The largest exclusive coffee roaster in the world import this coffee direct, blend it, roast it and pack it in full weight sanitary packages.

Think of the profits saved by this direct dealing. This saving is put into the extra quality of McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee, and you get the benefit.

The handy air-tight package and the glazing of pure sugar keeps this coffee clean and fresh—protected from dust, dirt and foul odors.

McLaughlin's XXXX Coffee is Sold by All Good Dealers.

Tired and Sick Yet Must Work

"Man may work from sun to sun but woman's work is never done."

In order to keep the home neat and pretty, the children well dressed and tidy, women are often obliged to suffer in silence, drifting along from bad to worse, knowing well that they ought to have help to overcome the pains and aches which daily make life a burden.

It is to these women that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, comes as a blessing. When the spirits are depressed, the head and back aches, there are dragging-down pains, nervousness, sleeplessness, and reluctance to go anywhere, these are only symptoms which unless heeded, are soon followed by the worst forms of Female Complaints.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

keeps the feminine organism in a strong and healthy condition. It cures inflammation, ulceration, displacements, and organic troubles. In preparing for child-birth and to carry women safely through the Change of Life it is most efficient.

Mrs. Augustus Lyon, of East Earl, Pa., writes:—Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—For a long time I suffered from female troubles and had all kinds of aches and pains in the lower part of back and sides. I could not sleep and had no appetite. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and following the advice which you gave me I feel like a new woman and I cannot praise your medicine too highly."

Mrs. Pinkham's Invitation to Women

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Out of her vast volume of experience she probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

We Eat to Live

CONSTITUTION

should not be treated with powerful and dangerous cathartic liver pills, purgative waters, loosening salts, or poisonous minerals. Try taking a gentle vegetable medicine for the liver—Thedford's Black-Draught.

But Indigestion

dogs us, if we eat not wisely but too well. And when indigestion keeps our stomach clogged, with the poisons of fermenting and decayed food, we suffer the frightful pangs of self-poisoning, which cause colic, headache, stomach-ache, constipation, biliousness, nervous irritability, dyspepsia, poor blood, pimples, wrinkles, rheumatism, etc. Quick relief and cure come from taking

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

a pure, vegetable, stomach and liver medicine. It purifies the stomach, liver, bowels and blood, cleanses the entire system from the poisons of undigested food, and lubricates the digestive machinery, so it works smoothly and naturally. There is but one genuine, purely vegetable, Black-Draught liver medicine. It is "Thedford's." Imitations are injurious. See that you get the genuine. Its reputation of over 70 years of success, is assurance that its use will never disappoint. Try it.

At all Druggists, 25c and \$1.00