

STREET SCENES IN THE CAPITAL OF THE TURK

No City in the World Has a More Delightful Appearance from a Distance—Minarets of Slaty Mosques Crown the Hills of Stamboul.

(Special Correspondence.)

No city on the face of the globe has so wonderful or beautiful an entrance as that through which one approaches Constantinople from the Mediterranean. All the charms and loveliness of sky and sea, mountain forms, islands and verdure of indented coasts are gradually disclosed in this enchanting passage with an opulence and splendor of natural beauty impossible to describe.

Crossing the Aegean sea, then through the Hellespont into the sea of Marmora, this glorious panorama is but the fitting introduction to the true vision of Constantinople, as it rises from the waters, rich in color



Turkish Woman in Boudoir.

marked by gleaming minarets and domes, and the deep greens of its cypresses and pines and palms contrasting sharply with the varied tints of its crumbling walls and fortifications.

Calques without number fill in and out among the huge ships of all nations that lie about the broad roads, wharves and freighters, P. and O. steamers bound for India and the remotest coast, German vessels that later will seek African ports on the east coast, corn ships from Russia, sturdy logging merchantmen from America, picturesque feluccas from Greece, and the lion islands, and the yacht of millionaires and princes.

It is wise, but very different, from sheer eagerness, to behold the wonders of Constantinople at close range; to remain upon the steamer deck for half a day to fix in the mind a comprehensive idea of the city and its environs, all of which, in their chief features, are presented to the eye as a well-defined picture, apart from the petty streets and by-ways through which the various attractions are reached.

Upon the hills of Stamboul stand the great mosques, their ivory minarets and kiosks gleaming in the sunlight of clear day, or gilded, or reddened, to columns of gold or blood in the setting glow of the sun. Long processions of cypresses and clusters of palm and Oriental shrubbery mark the streets and gardens.

St. Sophia, with four white minarets and rose-colored walls rising in successive breaks to the vast dome that surmounts the wonderful pile of ma-

PRAIRIE DOGS STOPPED THE PROGRESS OF WAGON TRAIN

Every now and then one hears about invasions of grasshoppers that stop railroad trains. The old yarn was being unrolled the other night when a skeptic said:

"I have been through several grasshopper epidemics," he said, "but I never saw any such thing. But I did encounter an exodus of prairie dogs once, on what was then a prairie in Nebraska, that held up a long emigrant train for a day and night."

"It was during the rush for Pike's Peak," he said, "and I was in the lead miles and miles of covered wagons winding their way like an army toward what was supposed to be the best land."

"We had been out about two weeks from Omaha when one of the advance guard hurried back along the line with the information that the prairie dogs were coming and had been stopped. A temporary halt was made."

"No one supposed it would be of long duration, but darkness coming on, we rounded up for the night. The next morning the lead did not move forward, nor did it gain an inch all day."

"Then a few of us mounted our horses and rode forward to reconnoiter. When we got within a quarter of a mile of the head of the line we found the wagons all packed and had been stopped. A temporary halt was made."

"As far as the vision extended, north and south, it was the same. They were moving from the north to the south—the prairie dogs were. They were so close together that you couldn't have teased your hat between them. They did not seem to be panicked, but just moved on and on like a great cloud."

"It was the strangest sight I ever saw. Old plinemen said they never saw anything like it. When they were first seen we turned the dogs in the train loose upon them, but the dogs soon gave out. Maybe there is some kind of affinity between the little dogs and prairie dogs which prompted the former to strike when it came to exterminating their species."

"Anyways the domestic dogs just gave up the job. As for shooting the little dogs, that would have been folly. We hadn't the ammunition."

"The last night of the great exodus everybody tried out their watches. It gave up the job and sought rest wherever it could be found. The next day there wasn't a prairie dog in sight. We resumed our journey. As we neared our destination and the long line of prairie schooners began to disintegrate, men had something to say about the incident. The night was forgotten, I suppose."

"But I never forgot it, and now and then occasionally I have met some one who also saw the sight, and I know they were men who never drank or dreamed. I satisfied myself that I was not mistaken in what I saw. I remember it with the grandeur of prairie dogs looking for places to burrow. I know where some of them leaved, but where the devil did they come from?"

SIGHT OF DEAD ELEPHANT ROBBED HUNTER OF NERVE

There are a few big game hunters in New York, men who travel far into foreign wilds every year or two and risk their lives with the grand old kings and lions, says the New York Tribune. It is a pastime as expensive as it is dangerous, yet there is a fascination about it that is seldom satisfied.

As a rule the real hunters of big game are model sportsmen. They expect to be killed, and they expect to be killed by other men, whose specialty has always been elephants, and a fellow hunter who is not a sportsman and the leader's burden of an express rifle into the shining coats of man-eating tigers.

"I had a man had a narrow escape from a man's tusks," said the tiger hunter. "Tell me about it."

"Nothing much to tell," returned the other modestly. "It was a night of the gun and I aimed true enough, but there is no telling how to kill a mad elephant for sport. This one would kill and maul a man if he didn't press him. Well, I owe my life to a black man, but it's the last time."

"You had enough of elephant hunting," he said.

"No on account of my narrow escape, however," said the other hunter. "It was something that happened when I was coming over on the steamer."

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER THE RICHEST OF LIVING MEN

It is probable that the wealth of John D. Rockefeller has been estimated at too high a figure. Still, the estimate that by calculating from the size of the dividends he receives from the corporations in which he is interested it is possible to arrive at an approximately correct estimate of his fortune. A business man closely associated with Mr. Rockefeller and said to be in a position to know the facts, is quoted as asserting that Mr. Rockefeller is now by far the richest man in the world, worth more than twice as much as any other American citizen. His Standard Oil stock, at the market rates, is worth \$50,000,000 from which alone, for several years he has received a dividend of \$1,000,000 per annum, or a little less than \$1,000,000 a week. Besides this he has other sources of income that bring him in \$250,000 a year, so that his total income from all sources is not less than \$75,000,000 a year, as it has been for several years, and there is no suggestion of a check to the enormous inflow.

That is to say, Mr. Rockefeller's income for a single year is more than

Some Millionaire Babies.—A New York paper has published a list of millionaire children and their prospects: Margaret Carnegie, aged five, who has got a \$2,500,000 house on Fifth avenue; a Christmas gift; John Nicholas Brown, aged two, who is the richest baby in the United States, having \$15,000,000 invested in stocks; Isabella Rockefeller, aged six months, who will inherit many millions, and may get \$100,000,000; Coraly Kaye Whitney, aged five, who will receive millions from her father and more millions from her mother, who was a Vanderbilt; Baby Mackay, aged one, who will inherit a fortune of \$50,000,000.

Use Steam in Fishing.—Fishing in the month of August in Florida in the spring is done with nets operated from boats by steam engines. The record catch is 1,000 barrels of herring and shad at one haul.

Used Bogus Labels.—A Milwaukee (Wis.) tobacconist has been fined for using a label on the union label on cigars not made by union lab.

CITY FOUNDED BY PIZARRO FAILS ON EVIL TIMES

Once Gorgeous Capital of Peru No Longer the Royal 'City of Gold'—High-Sounding Name Conferred Upon It by Carlos V. of Spain.

(Special Correspondence.)

Pizarro, the ex-wineherd, must have been rather hard up for names when he dubbed his Peruvian capital La Ciudad de Los Tres Reyes, the "City of the Three Kings." It came about in this way: After he had subdued one of the royal brothers who claimed the Inca throne and treacherously strangled the other, he found little difficulty in convincing Carlos, the splendid "City of Gold," which was at that time the capital of Peru. As soon as he had his feet on the ground, a band of drunken adventurers whom Spain was glad to be rid of, had glutted themselves with the vast treasures of that place, they marched westward, not so much in search of new worlds to conquer as to find a more convenient spot in which to enjoy their ill-gotten gains. They did



Front of Cathedral.

not relish being surrounded on all sides by Indians who, although subdued, outnumbered them 100 to 1; but preferred to be within sight of the sea, the broad highway that led toward home.

This emerald valley of Rimac, with a river running through it, the ocean on one side and the towering Andes on the other, combined all the advantages they sought. So here they established the second Spanish city in South America, which soon grew to be one of the proudest and most luxurious capitals of those profligate days, and continued to be the seat of a central viceregal court for three centuries. It happened that Pizarro designated its site on Jan. 6, 1535 (old style), the day of the festival of the epiphany, and the manifestation of our Savior to the world, in King James version of the new testament are called the wise men. From the east, but are known in all the old Spanish traditions as the "Three Kings." Hence he made a tremendous evolution, set that feast of the epiphany and christened his capital accordingly.

Then Carlos V. of Spain sent over not only his benediction and congratulations, but also some complimentary words to its already ponderous title, making it "The Most Noble and Most Royal City of the Kingdom of Peru in the original charter, so that it was altogether too long a title for everyday use and so the easygoing Spaniards fell into the habit of calling it "The City of Rimac," the latter being the name of the valley in which it stands and also of the river that runs through it.

One walks about the streets of Lima as in a dream, oppressed by a multi-



Municipal Palace.

tude of historical reminiscences that crowd upon the memory. Here a half wide, they were forced to the most independent power, not only over the territory that now constitutes the Republic of Peru, but also the vast provinces of Chile, La Plata, caused by the grandeur, including the modern divisions of Ecuador and Bolivia.

Here, too, were centered the prodigious riches of Potosi and Cerro de Pasco-Puno, Castro and Veldein—those Eidorados about which legends are equally as wonderful as the facts. In 1681, I think it was, La Plata, then viceroxy of Lima, rode through these streets on a horse whose mane was strung with pearls and whose shoes were of pure gold, over a broad pavement made of solid blocks of silver. To its sea gate, Callao, came the galleons, the great bringing silks and spices from Cathay and the Philippine islands; and flowing fast in their wake came the buo-

Why Conductor Thought Women Should Not Have Seats.—How many-sided and how funny is the life lead in a city street car. Not long ago a woman gave the conductor of a street car the "slap" for not giving her a seat. She said: "Don't suppose you want a ride free?" She made another mental calculation and blushing subsided. As she moved toward the rear platform she was heard to grumble: "And then's the things as wants to vote."

Wid Quod Causes for Divorce.—The widow of a large estate owner in Germany, who recently married a count of small means, has obtained a separation from her second husband on exceedingly novel grounds. After the marriage the bride discovered that her husband wore a wig and received such a shock at the sight of his bald head that she took a violent fancy to a dollar bill. On receiving the bill she immediately gave him a separation from her second husband on exceedingly novel grounds. After the marriage the bride discovered that her husband wore a wig and received such a shock at the sight of his bald head that she took a violent fancy to a dollar bill. On receiving the bill she immediately gave him a separation from her second husband on exceedingly novel grounds. After the marriage the bride discovered that her husband wore a wig and received such a shock at the sight of his bald head that she took a violent fancy to a dollar bill.

A Cure for Dropsy.—Seigwick, Ark., June 12d.—Mr. W. S. Tor of this place says: "My little boy had Dropsy. Two doctors—the best in this part of the country—tried me he would never get better, and he had been given up. Else would have said they were right. His feet and limbs were swollen so that he could not walk nor put on his shoes."

"When the doctors told me he would die, I stopped giving him their medicine and began giving him Scott's Kidney Pills. I gave him three pills a day and at the end of eight days the swelling was all gone. He is now a healthy, happy child, running and dancing and singing. I can never express our gratitude."

"Todd's Kidney Pills entirely cured our boy after everybody else had failed, and all, had given him up to die."

Adeu to France.—Paris on this port and day, Rochelle: "The sky-line over the city is a sight to see. A great break that means the land. How long it will last, I can't tell. Ere this scene will come back to me!"

The hours feet fast, and on the mast soon will be about the porting sail. Soon will the water be passed. How long it will last, I can't tell. Ere this scene will come back to me!"

What does meet, my heart will beat. For France, the aborigine and gay; She ever will be memory meet. Be present to my mind away. Hope whispers my return to me, And this should be my latest view. Salut a la France, salut! "John Hunter-Duvar."

Costly Skipping-Rope.—A skipping rope has been presented by a fond Pittsburgh millionaire to his six-year-old daughter. The handles are gold, studded with an odd jewel, while the cord, the finest procurable, cost more than a dollar per inch. When the child grows a little older she will be able fully to appreciate her papa's gift. At present she treats it as if it were an ordinary rope.

The milder virtues may be as masterful as the wilder virtues. If you wish beautiful clear, white clothes, look for Blue Bull Brand. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

When people make fools of themselves by using inferior soap, they feel that no one is noticing it.

So says Mrs. Josie Irwin, of 325 So. College St., Nashville, Tenn., of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Never in the history of medicine has the demand for one particular remedy for female diseases equalled that attained by Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound, and never during the lifetime of this wonderful medicine has the demand for it been so great as it is to-day.

From the Atlantic to the Pacific, and throughout the length and breadth of this great continent come the glad tidings of woman's sufferings relieved, and thousands upon thousands of letters are pouring in from grateful women saying that it will and positively does the worst form of female complaint.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women who are puzzled about their health to write her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Such correspondence is seen by women only, and no charge is made.

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