

A Modern Fable
From Our Continents.
They sat "neath a tree together,
In the sunny glades of the sun,
Mid the charm of the May-time weather,
And the English sky so blue.
From the daisies growing round them,
With their heads to the sun,
He gathered the largest and fairest,
Then pulled the leaves from one.
"What have you named your daisy?"
She asked him, with a girlish voice;
"Answer, sir, don't be lazy,
Who is the girl of your choice?"
His black eyes flashed upon her,
"Why, what a question from you!
Un peu; pas dit tout; beaucouper;
As! the daisy says beaucouper."
"What do you think I have named it?"
He said in tenderest tone;
"It is not a name, but a name of all others
I should care to call my own!"
Her eyes looked deep and dreamy,
And her cheeks grew softly red;
"I think you had better tell me,
She whispered with a girlish head.
"Well, if you will tell me," he answered,
Scattering the petals white,
"It's that black-eyed girl from Boston,
I walked with twice last night."

INGLEDEW HOUSE.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

Hitter shook her delicate frame. I was almost alarmed at her passion of grief.

"Do not tell me any more, Lady Blanche, if it distracts you so much," I said.

"I will tell you all," she replied; "But, Marian, if you will call me Blanche; if you knew the empty mockery of that title, you would never use it when addressing me."

"I will not do so again if it does not please you," I said, having smothered how many fine ladies would give all they hold dear to possess the title poor Blanche shrunk from near.

"Do not know whether my mother repented her marriage," she resumed, "but I am sure she never explained or murmured, but her sweet face grew sad, and she would sit for days together gazing on the sunny lake, with a wistful look in her eyes which I could not bear to see."

"I used to sit on her knee, content to be soothed by my head, and she would clasp me tightly in her arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

"I must not forget to tell you that once, when my father came from England, he brought with him a young man, a very handsome man, my mother took to him very much, and he was very kind to me. I remember his face and his eyes, and I remember how he would clasp me tightly in his arms and kiss me while my face was wet with her tears. Oh, Marian, I cannot linger on it; it kills me to talk of my mother. She pined away and died, and her heart was buried in the beautiful vale of Como, where the wind and rippling waves alone chant her requiem."

keeper attended us. I do not know what the servants thought of this late introduction of a daughter into a home where she ought to have been years ago. They were very respectful to me, and I have no doubt respected freely amongst themselves about the private marriage of my father. There was no concealment now; I was called by my father's name, Carleton.

"While we were sitting there in anxious suspense, awaiting every moment summons to my father, the door opened, and a young man entered, Marian, was Allan Douglas. It seemed to me as though my picture had come to life, and stood before me. I forgot that it was a stranger and he unknown to me. Had I not in my lonely hours kissed a hundred times those blue eyes and chestnut curls? The face was unchanged; it wore the same noble, open look I knew so well. It was as though an old and dear friend had suddenly appeared. I sprang from my seat and ran up to him; I clasped one of his hands in my own.

"You are Allan Douglas," I cried; "I remember you so well!"

"He smiled, and bending over me, said, 'Who have you seen me? I do not remember your face.' I answered, 'I never saw you until now,' I answered quickly; 'but it is your picture. I have had it ever since my father's death. When I was a child I used to think it was alive and talk to it as if it were a friend.'"

"When you were a child?" he laughed.

"Why, how old are you now?"

"Sixteen," I replied, rather offended that he should consider me so very young.

"But," he said, "my dear little girl, you are not what you know me so well, I have not the least idea who you are, or what you are doing here."

"I am come to see papa," I answered; "he is ill, and he wants me. My name is Blanche Carleton."

"Marian, he started back, as though he had received a sudden blow; his cheeks, many of his lips, grew white as death; he almost seemed to gasp for breath.

"Do you mean, he said at length, 'that Blanche is your father?'"

"Yes," I replied, as much surprised at this question as he was at my revelation, "of course he is."

"All further conversation was prevented by the entrance of a tall and stately lady; her haughty face and rich rustling dress startled me. She, too, was pale, and her lips quivered. She almost shuddered when she saw me. Going up to the young man she laid her hands on his shoulder.

"Oh, Allan, my poor boy," I can hardly bear it."

"Mother," he asked, in a trembling voice, pointing to me, 'did you know this?'"

"Never until this minute," she replied; 'you uncle has just told me, and told me. Oh, Allan, my heart is breaking, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"It is not that so much," he said, impatiently; 'why has there been such concealment? why have you had such hopes and expectations that were utterly false? My uncle had every right to please himself. But not to deceive me.'"

"The lady resumed something to him, and then she turned to me, and said, 'I am sorry to hear that you are here, but I am glad to see you. My heart is broken, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"What you will, she said, in a trembling voice, pointing to me, 'did you know this?'"

"Never until this minute," she replied; 'you uncle has just told me, and told me. Oh, Allan, my heart is breaking, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"It is not that so much," he said, impatiently; 'why has there been such concealment? why have you had such hopes and expectations that were utterly false? My uncle had every right to please himself. But not to deceive me.'"

"The lady resumed something to him, and then she turned to me, and said, 'I am sorry to hear that you are here, but I am glad to see you. My heart is broken, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"What you will, she said, in a trembling voice, pointing to me, 'did you know this?'"

"Never until this minute," she replied; 'you uncle has just told me, and told me. Oh, Allan, my heart is breaking, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"It is not that so much," he said, impatiently; 'why has there been such concealment? why have you had such hopes and expectations that were utterly false? My uncle had every right to please himself. But not to deceive me.'"

"The lady resumed something to him, and then she turned to me, and said, 'I am sorry to hear that you are here, but I am glad to see you. My heart is broken, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

"What you will, she said, in a trembling voice, pointing to me, 'did you know this?'"

"Never until this minute," she replied; 'you uncle has just told me, and told me. Oh, Allan, my heart is breaking, after all my hopes and dreams, to see you disappointed at last.'"

came absorbed in them. My name grew famous among the leading men of the day. I do not excuse myself. I acted wrongly, not wickedly; but true it is that every day seemed to weaken the ties that bound me to my father. In my mind, miserable as I felt, I regretted my marriage. My length my poor wife died—died without a murmur or complaint, and I sent for my child. I returned then to declare my marriage and bring her home; but I delayed it so long, that every day I felt more and more reluctant. One great reason was, Allan, that having brought you up as my heir, I could not bear to disappoint you. I have loved you, boy, as though you had been my own son.

"Allan touched my father's brow with his lips, and said, tenderly, 'I am your son in love and affection.'"

"I could not utter the thought of telling you, Allan, that a poor little girl must marry your father, said my father; 'but I dare not die without doing so. I sent little Blanche to the old dowry house, Inglede House it is called, a gloomy mansion, built many years ago by one of the lords of Carleton, who hated his kind. It had furnished for my daughter and heiress. I gave the control of it into the hands of the faithful nurse who attended the little one from her birth. I selected a governess who could effectually educate Blanche. I ought to have done more; but, alas, now I see it all—my sin and folly! I stilled my heart to love with which my heart yearned at times for my child; it has now become remorse.'"

"You can atone for my dear boy," he said, Allan, soothingly.

"At your expense, my father," I said.

"I can, and must. I will soon see Lord Carleton. Allan, I shall not see another sunset. But with the title there goes only a very small portion of the estate; only Hulme Hall. My father, which is, you know, a very large one—must go to Blanche."

"It is only right and just, uncle," said Allan.

"Heaven bless you, Allan, for those words," said my father, "but what he means is your dream? How can you buy back again the broad lands of the Douglas, that has been the hope of your life and of your mother's?"

"I must relinquish it, uncle, or trust to time," he replied.

"Nay," said my father, eagerly, "I have a plan, by following which you can still accomplish your wish. I say a plan, Allan, but it is more than that. It is my command, my entreaty, my prayer, my last request to you, who have been to me as my own son."

"You have the title and Hulme Hall with it; Blanche will have the large fortune that is not entailed. I have willed it to her. If you marry her, Allan, all will well. My dear boy, will you consent?"

"Allan had grown pale, and looked distressed beyond expression. My father looked at him anxiously.

"I know," he said, "that you have loved Gabriel d'Este; but, Allan, she is only Gabriel d'Este's mother. She has been betrothed more than a year to the Russian Prince Scholsky. Nothing under a duke or a prince would satisfy her. There is no hope for you there. My little Blanche, if she really loves her mother, will make you a good wife."

"Still Allan answered not; his mother looked anxiously on.

"You cannot hesitate, my son," she said, at length; "you will make your uncle happy, and redeem the lands of the Douglas!"

"Uncle," said Allan, in a low, hoarse voice, "are you quite sure of what you say about Gabriel?"

"Sure, Allan," he replied; "I signed one of the marriage bonds six months since. I was one of the principal witnesses. Everything was prepared for the wedding then, and the Prince Scholsky's mother died, and it was deferred until the end of this year."

"And all this time she has led me on to love her," said Allan. "Oh, why is it not warmed before?"

"I have learned your secret," said my father. "She is lovely, I grant; but I never believed you in danger from such a thorough coquette as Gabriel d'Este."

Allan buried his face in his hands; my father, who seemed every minute to grow weaker, said, "You will not refuse my last request, Allan? you will not refuse me, who never refused a request of yours?"

"I will not, uncle," he replied. "I will marry Blanche."

"Thank you, my dear son," said my father. "Add one favor more—promise me that my eyes shall be gladdened by seeing the wish of my heart fulfilled. Let the marriage take place here to-morrow morning."

"So soon," said Allan.

"Yes, I shall die happier for it," was the reply. "I shall leave my little girl in safe hands. You will be kind to her for my sake alone, and for the wrong I did her mother."

"I will uncle," replied Allan, solemnly.

"I have some dim recollection of Lady Douglas taking me in her arms, and calling me her daughter—of Miss Tirrell leading me from the room; then there is a blank of several hours. I awoke from the long sleep or swoon—I cannot tell which it was. I was alone in my own room. I was in my father's house, and he lay dying. I was the promised wife of Allan Douglas."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

An interesting list of British annuities and pensions has just been issued. Over and above payments of the civil list, members of the royal family receive 161,000 for pensions for naval and military services the Government pays 38,162; for political and civil services 20,434; for judicial services in Great Britain, 41,222; for judicial services in Ireland, 22,467; for diplomatic services, 8,188; and miscellaneous pensions, 9,983; and hereditary pensions, 6,184. Of naval and military pensions there is 5,000 of Earl Nelson and the 4,000 of the Duke of Marlborough are intended to run to the end of time, like the 984 of the Duke of Schomberg's heirs, the 1,200 of the heirs of Capt. Garth, and the 4,000 of the heirs of William Penn. The Duke of Wellington's 2,000 ceases after the death of the next holder of the title. Lord Eversley draws 4,000, Lady Elgin 1,000, Lady Mayo, 1,000, Mr. Milner Gibson 2,000, Mr. Spencer Walpole, 2,000, Lord Clarence Paget, 1,950, Mr. Charles Villiers, 1,950, Earl Cairns, 5,000, and six retired Judges and a number of ex-County Court Judges draw various sums.

THE SULTAN'S SERAGLIO.

How the Great Establishment on the Bosphorus is Conducted.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and whom he cannot disarm or propitiate. A Turkish Minister who is advised to begin reforms may promise all that an ambassador demands, but he well knows that any innovation he attempted would diametrically interests which might happen to be defended by some Circassian favorite of the Sultan's, or by some insolent baltadji, the confidential servant for the time being of the Sultan.

The Sultan's Seraglio, whose buildings stretch to the north and a half, within a mile from Therapia, contains more than 3,000 inmates, and is a city in itself. Here the Government of the empire is carried on chiefly by women and children. The viziers and ministers are for the most part these secluded creatures, and although at times a statesman, supported by a strong palace clique, may wield real power, he seldom does so for long, nor is his power very great. From the moment when he enters office he is secretly assailed by a host of enemies whom he does not see, and