

The Sultan's Keeping.

The food for the sultan is cooked by one man and his aide, and none others touch it. It is cooked in silver vessels, and when done each kettle is sealed by a slip of paper and a stamp, and this is broken in the presence of the sultan by the high chamberlain, who takes one spoonful of each separate kettle before the sultan tastes it. This is to prevent the sultan being poisoned. The food is almost always served up to the sultan in the same vessels in which it was cooked, and these are often of gold; but when a baser metal, the kettle is set into a rich, golden bell shaped holder, the handle of which is held by a slave while the sultan eats. Each kettle is a course, and is served with bread and a kind of pancake, which is held on a golden tray by another slave.

It requires twice as many slaves as there are courses to serve a dinner to him. He usually sits on a divan near a window, which looks out over the Bosphorus, and takes his ease and comfort in a loose pembazar and gegelik, with his sleeves turned up. After he has eaten all he wants the sultan takes his coffee and his chilbuck and lies back in an attitude of enjoyment and quiet reverie, which he calls taking his keif. Who he is to the one who comes to disturb it.

The food being cooked outside of the palace makes it necessary to have bell shaped felt covers to clap down tightly over each kettle, which has been placed on a tray. For the sultan and royal family there are magnificent velvet covers which go over the outside of those, embroidered with gold and silver threads and pearl, coral or turquoise beads. Those for others are not so handsome.

The sultan is served first, and he always eats entirely alone, never under any circumstances deigning to eat with any one, and as soon as he has begun to eat the harem is served. The sultan never uses a plate. He takes all his food direct from the little kettles, and never uses a table and rarely a knife or fork. A spoon, his bread or pancake or fingers are far handier. The whole household is at liberty to take meals where it suits him or her best, and thus every one is served with a small tray, with a spoon, a great chunk of bread, and the higher ones only get the pancakes.

After the harem the officers of the imperial body guard, the eunuchs, the chamberlains and other high functionaries are fed, they usually being seated around a table, and the kettles are offered each one, who helps himself to one or two spoonfuls of the contents of each. It is not etiquette to take more, no matter how nice the dish nor how hungry, but as the number of dishes is always so great no one need go hungry.

After all the officers and others of high degree are fed the soldiers and servants get their food, and at the same time all the men employed in the imperial stables have theirs, and during the progress of the meals any stranger, whoever he may be, is at liberty to come in and seat himself and eat. As a general rule three hundred persons are fed every day who have no earthly right except what the laws of hospitality give. It is a sort of perpetual free lunch, and beggars as well as rich men avail themselves of this royal bounty.

The sultan has a number of very large farms, some of them covering miles in extent, both in European Turkey and Asiatic Turkey, and these are intended to supply all those things which farms can produce to the palace. One of these farms is near Tchatchalja, where the Government is now about building a fortress, and another at Ali Bey Keni, both of these within easy ride from Constantinople. There are two others at Kouhoukchikmedje and Boyoukhoukmedje. These are all near Constantinople. The others are in Asia Minor. On these much of the grain and food of the horses are raised. They are or were tilled by the compulsory labor of the Bulgarians, large numbers of them being obliged by conscription to serve so many months a year on these farms. They were tied together like cattle and brought by force and treated like brutes. This was a sort of tax duty which they were obliged to pay in labor. It may not be so now, but probably is.

The soil of Turkey is very fertile and productive, and from these farms annually are brought on donkeys and in boats tons upon tons of vegetables of all kinds, milk, butter and cheese, mutton, eggs, poultry and fruit, and the amount in the aggregate is stupendous, and yet it is not a quarter enough for the needs of that household. Nearly all the tobacco, however, comes from these farms, and is of the finest quality.

They do not grow rice, and, in consequence, buy nearly one ton of rice per day for the inevitable piffaf, 600 pounds of sugar, as much coffee, to say nothing of the other groceries, fruit, vegetables, and meat. Rice, mutton and bread form the greater part of food for the majority of Turks; yet, aside from these they get away with one ton of beef and half a ton of veal per day, to say nothing of other viands and fish, sweetmeats, confectionary, nuts and dried and fresh fruits. The waste and extravagance in the kitchen are enormous, and enough is thrown away every day to maintain a hundred families. Much of this is gathered up by beggars, and the dogs eat the rest.

The estimate is that it costs per year to supply the food for the sultan's household, horses and animals, aside from the value of the product of the vast farms, very nearly if not quite \$5,000,000; cost of furniture, bedding and carpets, \$3,000,000; drugs, women's clothes, jewels and cosmetics, \$10,000,000; carriages of all kinds, \$15,000,000; sultan's clothes and bedding, \$2,000,000; sundries, presents and servants' wages, \$4,000,000; plate, gold and silver dishes, \$2,000,000; carriages, 474 of them, \$474,000. Total, 41,474,000. That is a snug little sum, but it is an under rather than an over estimate, as every one who has lived long in Turkey and had means of judging and seeing the reckless extravagance of the royal household will concede.

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Paten's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure, and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

Think naught a trifle, though it small appear; sands form the mountain, moments make the year.

State facts with clearness, urge arguments with calmness, and relate stories with truth and brevity.

Gettysburg Memories.

A brief but graphic picture of the fight at Gettysburg was given in the course of an address delivered at Walton, N. Y., by Colonel W. W. Badger, from which we quote. Colonel Badger speaks of events with the authority of one who can say, "quarum pars fui."

Waterloo was but child's play when compared with Gettysburg, and has no comparison to Leipsic, which sent Napoleon to Elba, and yet it is a shrine of the whole world's pilgrimage. Both the armies there engaged, with the Russians thrown in, were not equal in numbers to our army of Gettysburg; and our magnificent parks of artillery would have outnumbered theirs ten to one. Those frantic charges of the French cavalry upon solid squares of English bayonets seem ridiculous in the light of modern warfare. One park of our Gettysburg cannon would have demolished those squares in half an hour. Our army formed no squares, and we seldom threw men on horseback against solid ranks of either bullets or bayonets, when a cannon ball or shell could get there so much quicker, do the work so much better after it got there. It was my fortune to see three of the notable events of the war, Sheridan's ride at Cedar Creek, the fall of Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville, and Pickett's charge at Gettysburg. I can give but a word here as to the latter.

More than seventeen thousand gallant men, the flower of the Southern army within a mile of us, started together in three columns to pierce the centre of our left wing on Cemetery Ridge. As our cannon shot smashed the heads of those columns, they deployed in three lines to scatter our fire, and still advanced in quick time. They had imagined our artillery was silenced by their previous pounding of two hours from one hundred cannon, but the superb Hancock was in fact reserving his fire for shorter range, and had just ordered up full caissons of fresh ammunition at three o'clock in the afternoon when this charge began. Nothing could have been more opportune for us. As they came within a half and quarter of a mile of our line, our grape and cannister from our two miles of front them down like grass; their own artillery then had to cease firing from fear of hitting their own men, and as they could not retreat under our terrible fire, our one hundred cannon had them entirely at our mercy. Over two thousand of them were killed in twenty minutes, only one hundred a minute. They could not even stop to reload their muskets, and had only to come on in a mad rush to get through that artillery fire, for their only chance was to bayonet our cannoners at their guns, but somehow they couldn't get there, and as they rushed boldly to attempt it, up rose behind those 20,000 veterans infantry and poured in their fire, and instantly advanced until every cannon was guarded by at least one hundred Union bayonets. Then the cannonade ceased except on the flanks, and the bayonet and musketry work was begun, with such effect for thirty minutes as no other battle has ever shown.

Every general officer in that charge except Pickett himself, was killed or wounded, and he only escaped by stopping at a farmhouse half way up the slope, and more than a quarter of a mile distant from our line. Of the 17,000 men only a part of Armistead's Brigade, about 500 men, actually crossed our line, and all of them were killed or captured with about 3,000 more who came within three hundred yards of our line. About 8,000 more dead and wounded were left on the field, and the rest all mangled and torn retreated as best they could, and all that was done within one hour. At four o'clock our greatest battle was over and the great victory won. General Garner reached our line and fell dead at the stone wall. The only general officer who crossed our line was Armistead, whose conspicuous courage was almost a guarantee of death. He leaped the wall among the very first of his men, and shouted, "Now boys, give them the cold steel." Within twenty steps of the wall he received in his breast the hot lead, and not a man of them actually got his cold steel in our bosoms. He was borne dying into Hancock's headquarters, about the time that Hancock was brought there with a serious wound.

Our own loss was terrible; on July 1, about six thousand men killed or wounded; on July 2, about ten thousand; on July 3, about four thousand and the enemy's much greater, and we buried all the dead on July 4. Ah, what a fourth of July that was! I was then captain in the line, and with my little company was detailed all day in burying the dead. The wounded had mostly been brought in during the night, and all that day our little squads of four, each carrying a stretcher or blanket, were rolling dead bodies upon them, and with a man at each corner of the blankets, were thus carrying them into the common trenches for burial. No man who has ever done work of that kind will ever want any more war.

The whole Revolutionary war of seven years did not kill so many men as were buried there that day. It was war reduced to science, at least on our side. For the South, it was only despair, they had to do it, or else retreat ingloriously from a fight which had marched two hundred miles to find. We could wait as we had for weeks, but they could not stay and had only to fight or go home.

Armistead's monument should stand upon the place where he fell, as such heroic courage belongs only to the noblest of mankind. His blood there paid the penalty of treason, and washed all his faults away. It should draw to that shrine a just admiration for his character, in the admiration of all his world. As we hope for mercy ourselves, let us not extend enmities beyond the grave, nor seek for punishment after death. What truer courtesy can we extend to Southern hearts than to say, your true heroes shall have a place also in our Valhalla? The cause is lost, but lost with such distinguished valor and heroism as the world has never before known. Let those monuments rise to all the Southern heroes, till every battlefield shall become a shrine of patriotism. Already some three hundred noble monuments now decorate that field, and thousands more should yet arise till it become our national shrine and cradle pride of North and South alike. What better could illustrate our three cardinal virtues—fraternity, charity and loyalty.

Mrs. Murphy—"And how is your husband to-day?" Mrs. McGinty—"His share, it's bad he is. He's wastin' away wid the consumption. If he keeps on gettin' thinner and thinner he'll make a poor corpse, I'm thinking."

A Million of Years.

To the human understanding the vast stretches of time involved in geological history are utterly incomprehensible. It is not easy, indeed, to form an idea of what a period even a million of years is, though Croll tells how a striking impression of such a lapse may be conveyed to the mind. Stretch a piece of paper eighty-three feet four inches long around the walls of a room somewhat over twenty feet square, recall the events of life to give some conception of a hundred years, and then consider that a mark one-tenth of an inch broad at one end of the paper represents the century, while the whole strip gives place for only a million years! This illustration is worth trying.

Could we stand, continues the author of "Climate and Time," upon the edge of a gorge, a mile and a half in depth, that had been cut out of the solid rock by a tiny stream scarcely visible at the bottom of this terrible abyss, and were we informed that this little stream had been able to wear off annually only one-tenth of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conception be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled on finding that the stream had performed [this enormous amount of work in something less than a million of years.

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