HOMES OF THE HOURI.

Lovely Dancers in the Shah of Persia's Harem—Women in the Orient—Her Intrigues and Amusements.

The seclusion which the Shah requires of his wives is shown by the quarters they occupy at the Ark or city palace. This is a vast enclosure, entered by a separate gate. In the centre of the court is an elegant garden. The ladies have each their own apartments in regular order in the quadrangular building, which in its general plan is not unlike barracks, although of course more ornate and attractive. No windows open on the street, but every apartment faces the court. Ventilation is gained not only by the open windows reaching to the floor, which in that delightful climate are open the greater part of the year, but also through shafts leading from the roof and connected with wind towers called badgers.

These towers form an important feature of Persian dwellings, and are often very gracefully shaped. They have apertures opening to the four winds of heaven. Not only are the wives of the Shah forbidden to gaze into the street, but neither must any other ladies of Teheran enjoy that cherished privilege. The flat roofs are surrounded by high walls, and thus while one may enjoy a delightful promenade toward evening on the roof of the house and contemplate the vast and lovely landscape, one can see no one nor be seen. These restrictions are much more rigorous in the case of ladies of rank than of the lower classes. The latter enjoy much greater freedom, and while obliged to keep the face well concealed when abroad are allowed much liberty, a liberty that there is no question results in adding to the corruption of morals. If a Persian wife cannot have the society of her husband she is likely to seek the society of other husbands. Intrigues are arranged by third parties, generally professionals, usually old women. The women being able to see the man while he cannot see her face until she makes the first advances, such intrigues usually commence by the woman first taking a fancy to the man. It is comparatively easy for the lovers to meet after all is arranged, owing to the disguise worn by the woman, which makes it exceedingly difficult to distinguish one woman from another, and somewhat hazardous even for a jealous husband to attempt to penetrate that disguise.

The wives of the Shah are not without entertainment at home, in spite of their apparent imprisonment. Many of them enjoy embroidering, and are capable of exquisite skill in the arts of needle work. Occasionally a lady is found in the Royal Anderoon who is inclined to intellectual pursuits, and interests herself in the study of languages, in composing poetry, painting or practising on the piano. Pianos, by the way, although carried over the mountain with extreme difficulty, are becoming quite common in Teheran.

If our Government had been more alert in protecting our interests in Persia and advancing our commerce there, doubtless American pianos would have found their way to that distant land before this. Not unfrequently these ladies give entertainments, to which the wives of most of the high dignitaries are invited, and one may judge from hearsay that these occasions possess many features of a romantic character. The afternoon is always the time selected.

The sod under the pavilions or the trees is spread with carpets embroidered by hand; the air is cooled by the spray of fountains tossing silver streams in every quarter of the shaded terraces. Amid these fairy-like scenes hundreds of ladies move, slightly clad, the costume resembling that of a ballet dancer without the tights and stockings. On such occasions a white cymar of embroidered gossamer is thrown over the head, giving almost an ethereal effect to the flesh tints underneath. Music on the zither, songs and dancing girls add to the attractions of the fleeting hours, and abundant refreshments, including unstinted confectionery, appeal to what some call the grosser senses. The kalian, with its aromatic fumes, lends a finishing touch to a scene which suggests the voluptuous episodes of the Arabian Nights.

But one form of diversion is forbidden these royal ladies; I refer to their interviews with the court physicians. Next to the sacred luxury of a confidential talk with a father confessor or a favored pastor, there is scarce any solace which possesses such attractions for the average woman as a sympathetic recital of her troubles and ailments to a trusted family physician. But neither one nor the other is allowed to see the wives of the Shah. No priest nor doctor can receive from them the soothing confession of sorrows and sins or the narrative of aches and pains.

Of course if she is ill then a wife of the Shah receives medical attention. But the physician may not obtain even a sight of her face. Behind a curtain, surrounded by her attendants, she responds to his questions; in extreme need she may show her tongue, but no other part of her features. Nor is the interview altogether attractive to the physician, especially if he be a native, for he must necessarily be extremely guarded in his language, and if the patient dies it may go hard with the doctor. He does not venture to prepare or furnish the drugs himself, and the medicines he prescribes must be compounded by servants of the palace to insure against danger of poisoning, as well as to protect the practitioner from suspicion.

The European physicians practising at the court of the Shah exercise somewhat greater liberty in the matter of drugs and prescriptions, but even they are obliged to proceed with great caution and never attempt any serious surgical operations when the patient is a Mussulman. In the matter of windows alluded to above I am reminded of a case growing out of the laws and customs regulating that question which gave me more trouble than any other which I had to deal with while at Teheran.

The missionaries had built a chapel in their own grounds, but adjoining the estate of Emir Sultaneh, a powerful courtier, who had been endeavoring to persuade them to sell the mission premises to him. As no price could be agreed upon they declined to sell, and he then entered on a series of annoyances intended to force them to sell at any price. Twice he raised a mob of his own servants, aided by some of the canaille, who by violence drove the men working on the chapel from the premises. By employing great urgency at the Foreign Office I succeeded in preventing a recurrence of such outrages. By the expressed wish of the Shah a conference was then held at the Foreign Office to agree upon a modus vivendi.

The plan I suggested proved entirely acceptable to the Shah and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and the Emir Sultaneh was instructed to accept it. While apparently doing so he yet raised difficulties, doubtless in part because a powerful faction opposed to the missionaries was behind him, and eventually he resorted again to his tactics of annoyance. One of these was the erection of a screen wall on a party wall between the two premises. In this addition he caused two windows to be opened, overlooking the grounds of our citizens. This was such a direct violation of the Persian law that, although not contrary to American customs, it could, under no circumstances, be accepted except as a gross insult, intended as an act of persecution. To allow it to pass unnoticed would be to invite further attacks on our rights. With some difficulty I succeeded in having the windows walled up. A few months later, during my temporary absence in the suburbs, the Emir Sultaneh hastily threw up a pavilion on a corner of the party wall and opened five new windows directly overlooking the girls' school of the American mission. The matter had now reached a crisis; the Minister of Foreign Affairs was either in league with or afraid of the power of the Emir Sultaneh, who seemed determined to invade the right to the quiet enjoyment of property awarded by the treaty. In this emergency I succeeded by *finesse* in obtaining a legal decision from Hadgi Mollah Alee, the head of the Mussulmans of Persia, and also Chief Justice and expounder of the law, which officially and emphatically announced the law on the subject, in language so strong that the aggrieved party was even given authority to shoot any one opening windows overlooking a neighbor's grounds without his permission. Armed with this document, which represented the highest authority in the land, I succeeded at last in bringing the Government to terms, and the offending windows were finally closed with masonry. The effect was at once seen in the quick redress given as soon after in an affair of far more importance to Selmas.

S. G. W. Benjamin,
Late U. S. Minister to Persia.

The Modern Methods.

We do not sigh for a return of the "good old days" when boys went barefooted until they were 21, and walked ten miles to and from school. There are now new and improved methods of "toughening" boys. They are about as tough, generally speaking, as they can very well be. But we do sometimes long for a little of the old-fashioned discipline and "trouncing" methods that made boys subservient to the will of their parents in some slight degree. Imagine a good, old puritan mother getting her son Waitstill or Godspeed up of a morning after this, the fashion of our modern mother. Fancy her saying:

"Waitstill, you getting up?" And fancy Waitstill surlily replying:

"Yes'um, by'n by."

"Well, I don't want any by and by about it. Hump yourself out of that now."

"Well, purty soon."

"It had better be pretty soon, young man, if you know what's good for you."

"Well, I reckon there ain't no hurry about it."

"I'll let you know if there ain't, about the time I come up there with a pan of cold water."

"Can't ye let a feller sleep half a minute?"

"'Half a minute!' I'd say 'half a minute' if I was you, when you've been in bed thirteen hours. Now you crawl out of that instantly!"

"All right."

Half an hour passes—Waitstill does not appear. His mother's voice cuts the air in the hall.

"You Waitstill Prosperity Dogood Winthrop!"

"Whacher want?"

"I want you to h'ist yourself out of that bed too quick! You hear?"

"I ain't deef."

"Breakfast was over an hour ago, and not one single bite shall you have in this house before dinner."

"I'll see about that."

"So'll I, young man! You crawling out?"

"Yes'm."

Another half-hour passes, and Mistress Temperance Prudence Piety Winthrop's voice goes ringing upstairs——

"You Wait!"

"Hey?"

"I'll 'hey' you, you idle thing, you! I'll tell your father on you."

"Tell away."

"You'll see what you'll get, Wait Winthrop. Not a single bite of breakfast do you get."

"Guess I'll stay in bed, then."

"I guess you won't, if I come up there; you out of bed yet?"

"Almost."

"Well, I'll help you the rest of the way with the broomstick if you aint out in five minutes."

Half an hour later he gets up. His breakfast has been kept warm for him. It is set on the table and a fresh cup of coffee made. His mother dances attendance on him during the meal, unmindful of all past threats and promises.—*Tid-Bits.*

A Peer's Compunction.

When near his end, Lord Northington was reminded of the propriety of his receiving the consolations of religion, and he readily agreed that a divine should be sent for, but when Rev. Dr. ———, not with whom he had formerly been intimate, was proposed, he said, "No, that won't do. I can well confess to him, for the greatest sin I shall have to answer for was making him a bishop."—*Glasgow Herald.*

A Colorado Sensitive Plant.

Colorado man—So you think the trouble with your boy is sensitiveness, eh?

Omaha man—Yes; he isn't fitted for knocking around in the world.

"It may be. I know all about that. My family is the most sensitive folks you ever seed; can't stand nothing. Why, I've got a brother that goes most crazy if he sees a collector coming with a bill he can't pay."

"I can sympathize with him. What does he do usually?"

"Well, he most generally shoots the collectors."—*Omaha Herald.*

CANNIBALISM IN HAYTI.

Decline of British Possessions—Facts About West India.

U. B. Powter, a resident of Kingston, on the Island of Jamaica, is at the Laclede Hotel. He is the manager of a company which is engaged in mining phosphate on the Grand Cayman's Island, near Jamaica, and shipping it to the United States, where it is used for fertilizing purposes. This phosphate is the remains of animal life, according to geologists, and is thought to have been left in the immense beds in which it now lies by the subsidence of some prehistoric sea. The deposits upon the Grand Cayman's Island are in masses from three to fifty feet deep and at some distance from each other, some of them sustaining upon them the growth of forests known to be more than one hundred years old. Upon the present commercial and social condition of Jamaica and the whole group of West Indian islands, Mr. Powter talks discouragingly.

"The islands and their inhabitants are retrograding rapidly," said he yesterday. "They are exporting less and less every year, and the natives are departing more and more from civilization. The reason I believe to be the abolition of slavery in 1824. The effects of that step were not felt by the white planters until the old slaves began to die, and the new generation had to be depended upon for labor. They would not work, not having been bred to industrious habits, and each old slave that died was so much loss to the quantity of labor to be obtained. Some of the planters resorted to the expedient of importing cooly labor and did very well, but a large number of owners did not do this, and estates on the island went to ruin fast. As time passed on it became more and more difficult to obtain laborers, and the evil effect of this unusual idleness was seen in yearly decreasing imports. The negroes need not work to get food and a house—these can be had for nothing—and the only reason why they work at all is that they may earn enough money to dress in expensive and gaudy colored clothes. That is the only use they have for money. If slavery had not been abolished, or if it could be re-established, the islands would flourish."

"What of the reports that the practice of cannibalism has been revived in Hayti?"

"In the main they are true. Hayti, of all the West Indies, is the most marked example of the decay of the islands. When the French left it, in 1772, they left a superficially, at least, religious people, with churches, factories and roads. Now there is not a church or factory in the island, and but one road, while the Catholic religion has been abandoned for the Obi or fetish worship, and cannibalism has again sprung up. The island is a black Republic, and no whites are allowed to own property. In fact, the only whites on the island are a few European traders, who conduct the financial affairs of the Government and lend it money. The island is not communicated with by the people of the other islands, and the negroes are left to devour one another as fast as they please. Their human flesh eating is not that of the past century. They do not eat the flesh of those who have died, and having nobody to war with they can take no prisoners to cook and eat. They eat the flesh of children, taken when young, penned and fattened for the feast. Sometimes they steal children from the neighboring islands and fatten them for their tables. They are drifting back into complete barbarism, and there is no inclination on the part of other islanders to interfere with their gradual extinction."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

The Scotch Wheelbarrow Craze

The wheelbarrow craze underwent a new and novel phase on the morning of the 31st ult. in Crieff, where at 10 o'clock a tailor named Robert Cowper, with a wooden leg, started from James' Square with an ordinary one-wheeled barrow, "from Crieff to the Cross of Glasgow and back." Robert was advertised to leave the Cross at 9.45, at which hour the town's bell was rung. He was attired in a grey coat, open vest with white front, and his only foot adorned with a light spat, while his head-gear was a sou'-wester cap. On proceeding along to James' Square the pilgrim was received with cheers and much laughter, numerous jokes being passed with regard to this the latest phase of the barrow mania. After receiving a considerable sum of money, which was dropped into a collection box placed on the barrow, Robert started on his journey, passing down King street followed by a large crowd, while both sides of the street were densely crowded by spectators, who laughed and cheered by turns. Robert passed through Stirling on the afternoon of the 1st inst. He had experienced a strong head wind and heavy roads all the way. He complained at Stirling of having been illiberally treated so far. On the night of the 3d inst. a Glasgow reporter awaited the arrival of Robert, who reached the Post-Office at 1.15, and when he entered the building to get the office postal stamp placed on his book he was awaited on the outside by a large and enthusiastic crowd. The barrow-pusher was attired like a seaman ready for a storm, as he wore a sou'-wester and an oilskin coat. He appeared cheery, and not the least fatigued.

A Novel Dress.

A novel suggestion in connection with a gift to the Queen on the occasion of her jubilee comes from South Africa. Shortly before Christmas the Eitenhage *Times*, a Cape paper, suggested that a present be made to Her Majesty the Queen of a robe, dolman, fan, etc., made of South African ostrich feathers, contributed by South African ostrich farmers. The conditions were that no person contribute more than three feathers, so that all might participate in the demonstration of esteem for Her Majesty. In a few weeks the names of one hundred and seven farmers willing to contribute were received by, and published in the Eitenhage *Times*, the proprietors of which paper undertake to have the articles made up and forwarded to Her Majesty. A rare collection of feathers will doubtless be got together, and some valuable and unique articles of dress made up.

—Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Brantford, has received £200 from the Free Church of Scotland for the Home Mission Fund.

—A politician should have tough vitals. Lord Iddesleigh provoked his fate by accepting office. He had heart trouble, and doubtless when he was broken of his office his heart broke, too.

A VERY DEADLY NEEDLE.

Hypodermic Injections Which Cause Death in Many Cases.

Opium has been known as a drug from a remote period, and is produced as an article of commerce in India, Persia, Egypt, and Asia Minor. In China opium is used to an enormous extent by all classes, the mode of taking it being to smoke an aqueous extract in a peculiarly formed pipe. Opium smoking began in China in the latter half of the seventeenth century, and in spite of all the efforts of the government to prevent it rapidly spread till now it may be called a national practice. That the drinking and smoking of laudanum and opium are not unknown vices in New York any physician will affirm. But there is a practice which is even more deleterious, the use of the hypodermic syringe. To estimate the growth of this evil, it is only necessary to take the testimony of druggists and dealers in surgical instruments. The fact is, it has become a problem with which social reformers must deal. Acquaintance with this method of taking opium is made innocently enough, it generally having been prescribed by the family physician to alleviate some temporary ailment. The effect is observed by the patient, and too often when the doctor goes the syringe stays. There have been many stories of large quantities of opium taken by those addicted to the habit without producing a fatal effect. An Englishman lately residing in this city was known to consume sixty grains each day. Prominent up-town druggists declare that they sell more needles to their general customers than to the medical profession. Equally conclusive as to the prevalence of the habit of subcutaneons injection is the fact that, whereas druggists' customers used to buy in quantities of from 60 to 120 grains in the crystalline form of the muriate, the sulphate, or the acetate, the sale now largely consists of the solution in quantities of from one to six ounces. A reporter talked yesterday with a prominent physician upon this topic. "Many medical men," said he, "are unaware that the use of the hypodermic syringe is always attended with danger of instant death. The cause of this danger is not well understood, but the fatal accidents that have been recorded were not due to the taking of larger doses than usual by mistake, nor to the culminative effects of the drug. Cases have occurred in which persons have taken large doses for months without producing a single unpleasant symptom, and have died in a few minutes from the effects of a quarter of the habitual quantity taken in the usual manner and at the regular hour.

"There is a danger of fatality against which no vigilance can guard. The symptoms are not always so severe as to produce coma, unless arrested. They occur about once in one hundred administrations, and prove fatal at least once in ten. That is to say, a man who uses the hypodermic syringe at the rate of ten punctures a day, which is a very moderate average, should encounter the symptoms and their attendant danger of death once in every ten days on the average, and the probability is that they will prove fatal within six months after the habit is formed. The danger that he may be found dead is thus always a real one with the habit of the hypodermic, a danger that may at any moment involve a coroner's inquest and the imputation of suicide."—*New York Mail and Express.*

An Old Masonic Scandal.

So much has been said from time to time in relation to the Morgan affair of 1826 that I have been induced to give particular attention to the affair. Half a century ago most of the men connected with the affair were alive and willingly gave me their statement of the facts. Some time in 1824 a man calling himself William Morgan, a stonemason, came from Canada to Rochester, N.Y., and settled there. He was a disreputable, worthless fellow, but smart and forward. He brought with him what purported to be a Masonic diploma, and he succeeded by its aid in visiting the lodge there. A few months later he began to travel among the lodges of Western New York, and in 1826 removed to Batavia. Here he was detected as an impostor and publicly exposed. This so exasperated him that he announced his purpose of publishing an expose of the secrets of Freemasonry, and actually began, in company with one Miller, a printer, to prepare such a work. Some of the more thoughtless Masons threatened him with grievous penalties if he did not desist, and the public gave credence to the idea that he was in peril of his life. Gov. De Witt Clinton, who had long been Grand Master, concerned for the honor of Masonry, took the lead in raising money to induce Morgan to go back to Canada. A committee of most respectable gentlemen took the matter in hand at Clinton's request, and on September 10th, 1826, Morgan started for Canada, where he had promised to settle down near Hamilton, and his family were to be sent to him. But free, and with money in his pocket, he pressed on to Montreal and all trace of him was lost. He may have been murdered for his money by the roughs with whom he associated, or, which to me is more probable, he may have shipped before the mast on a European-bound vessel. At any rate he absolutely disappeared from the pages of history.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Tired of Giving Away Neckties.

"I don't mind giving up my neckties before they're half wornout," said a society young man yesterday, "because they look pretty in crazy quilts. But I'm going to draw the line on my married lady friends hereafter." "Why?' asked a friend. "The last lot of scarfs I gave to Mrs. —— her husband has been wearing ever since. Do you blame me?"—*Buffalo Courier.*

Doctor—Your heart is in a normal condition. Nervous Old Lady—Goodness! And is it fatal? Doctor—It's beat is iambic. Old Lady—It's just dreadful! Doctor—Were it trochaic, or even spondaic—" Old Lady—Doctor, don't keep me in this horrible suspense. Give me some medicine at once. Doctor—My dear, there's nothing the matter with your heart. Old lady—Oh! there isn't? Why didn't you say so, then?

—The young woman who was reported cured of paralysis in the legs by faith has now lost the use of her tongue.

TRICKING A DUKE.

Forced to Remain in an Antique Chair by a Mechanical Contrivance.

An amusing story concerning the Duke of Edinburgh is being told. While at Chester His Royal Highness was shown, at his own request, by Canon Tarver, an establishment where antique furniture might be picked up. The foreman who waited on them was all unconscious of the quality of the Duke, and on His Royal Highness noticing a peculiar antique chair, asked him in jocose manner to try it. The Duke sat down, and immediately his arms were imprisoned by a mechanical arrangement of the chair. The Duke struggled to get out, but could not do so until the shopkeeper released him, after giving him a certain amount of polite chaff. The Duke asked the price of the chair and bought it. The shopkeeper asked where he was to send it, and on being told that he was to send it to Canon Tarver's for the Duke of Edinburgh, the shopman was literally dumbfounded at the familiarity he had used. The Duke afterward remarked that never had he seen a man so frightened in his life.—*London Exchange.*

Some Old England Gossip.

The old Crown Court Church, Covent Garden, once and for long the scene of the labors of the Rev. Dr. Cumming, of prophetic memory, is now the Church of the Highlanders resident in London, with services in Gaelic.

The two copies of the Bible used at Queen Victoria's coronation are still in existence. One is an heirloom in the family of the late Dr. Sumner, Bishop of Winchester, and the other is preserved in the Cathedral at Norwich.

Lord Herschell, addressing the young men at Aldenham Institute, said that for a long part of his life he workedon most days of the week sixteen hours a day—a fact to be borne in mind by any one ambitious of reaching the woolsack.

Lord Mostyn has intimated his intention of presenting the Happy Valley, Llandudno, to the town as a pleasure ground in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee.

Mrs. Harriet Kemp, Manchester, who died recently, has left £1,000 to the Wesleyan worn-out ministers' fund, £500 to their foreign missions, and about £4,000 to pay off the debt on Victoria Wesleyan Chapel, Cheetham, and to capitalise the ground rent.

A Singular Fact.

It is a singular fact, almost without exception, the most successful literary men have always been those who did very little reading. This seems unaccountable in an age when the world is flooded with cheap and attractive publications. Some one asked a French writer what books he read. He replied, "I never read anything but my own works: when I want to read a novel I write one!" Sublime assurance, you will say. There is something in it, nevertheless. Dickens was very much like the Frenchman. When he wanted to have a jolly good time it was his custom to lie down and read "David Copperfield" or "Pickwick," and laugh himself into fits.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Snug Little Fortunes

may be had by all who are sufficiently intelligent and enterprising to avail themselves of the opportunities which occasionally are offered them. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, have something new to offer in the line of work which you can do for them, and live at home, wherever you are located. Profits immense and every worker is sure of over $5 a day; several have made over $50 in a single day. All ages; both sexes. Capital not required; you are started free; all particulars free. You had better write to them at once.

Observing the Proprieties.

At dessert: One of the guests has been speaking of rather a lively song which has made a hit in the Latin quarter. "Oh, sing it to us," says the Countess de Santa Grue. "Impossible, it's really too naughty." "Well, then," persists the countess, "give us only the words."—*Paris Figaro.*

Strictly True

In every respect and attested by the testimony of thousands that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a sure and painless cure for corns. The claim that it is just as good made by those endeavoring to palm off imitations for the genuine only proves the superiority of "Putnam's." Use only Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless.

The Utmost Depth of Misery.

At the Club: "Upon my soul, Dodson! you are the dismalest company I know of since that Brown girl gave you your congi. I never saw a fellow take the mitten so wretchedly." "Wretchedly! Haw! Wretched isn't a name faw it. You can, aw, fawncy how wretched I am when I tell you, I, aw, don't cayaw a wap how my, aw, bweeches fit me."—*Town Topics.*

The chilling wintry winds develod rheumatic affections, for which the surest cure known is McCollom's Rheumatic Repellant, prepared by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tilsonburg, and sold by druggists at $1. Sample bottles 25 cents each.

E. W. Rau, a German compositor of Baltimore, told Warner Rieve that when he died he wanted his body sold to a medical college and his debts paid with the proceeds. He died on Wednesday, and Rieve obeyed his friend's wish and sold the body for $10 to the Maryland University. Rieve was greatly surprised the next day when he was arrested for dealing in dead human bodies.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address.

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