FOUL OUTRAGES BY TURKS

AWFUL DETAILS OF ATROCITIES INFLICTED ON THE ARMENIANS.

Hacked to Pieces, Burned and Buried Alive—The Eyes of Priests Gouged Out—Wild Orgies in Churches with Imprisoned Women—The Sultan Defies All of Civilized Europe—Awful Scenes of Slaughter and Bloodshed.

Ancient, medieval and modern history, should all their records be rolled into one, have no tale more dramatic and horrible than that of the outrages on the helpless peasants of Armenia at the hands of a ferocious Turkish soldiery. These atrocities stand forth in the annals of Christendom as the very essence of cruelty, and as an instance of what the still uncivilized Turk is capable of accomplishing.

In broad daylight the deeds were done. At dawn the little villages of Semal, Shenik and Aval were attacked by Kurds and by Turkish soldiers disguised as mountaineers. There had been no provocation, no excuse even for retaliation. The day before a few Kurds had stolen some of the villagers sheep, and the shepherds, naturally, had engaged in a hand-to-hand conflict with them to recover their property. Four to one the Hamidiehs, the Bakranlees, the Rishkotlees, the Khianlees and Zilanees, together with the disguised troops of the Sultan, outnumbered the Armenians. In terror the latter fled, leaving in their alarm the old and wounded behind.

It was then the atrocities began. It needed little discernment on the part of the Turkish troops to perceive that the Kurds were not warriors at all. Throwing off all disguise, the soldiers of the Sultan entered the villages, bayonet and sword in hand. The bugles sounded and the cannon boomed.

BURNED AND BUTCHERED.

With cries that were piteous, understanding nothing save that an awful calamity was now upon them, the old villagers who had been left behind came tumbling out of their houses as the soldiers with calm ferocity applied torch after torch to the buildings. These old peasants flung themselves pitifully at the feet of even the common soldiery, crying "We are loyal! See! These are our tax receipts. For God's sake spare us. We love the Turks. Oh, do take pity on us. Good God! Don't burn us alive!"

One white-haired old man, who, trusting in the Turks, had determined not to flee, brought out all the dainties in his house for the invaders—milk and honey, madsoon and cheese. Greedily were these viands eaten, but still the flames continued to rise. The loyal old man who had prepared this repast fell a few moments later, his family by his side, butchered by Turkish knives. The fate of the other villagers was quite as dreadful. Merrily roared the flames and every peasant was driven within his house, the doors were barred and barricaded, and there he was burned alive. A few managed to escape for the time, and to rush madly about the streets while the soldiers with fixed bayonets drove them here and there and finally within, spitting them before they reached the flames.

In the village of Semal hardly a peasant escaped; that is to say, the peasants who are old and infirm. By the time the conflagration had begun, the able-bodied men, women and children were well on their way in the surrounding country. It is a peculiar pathological fact that the Armenians are remarkably susceptible to fright. More than most peoples they are able to endure physical torture, but nervous terror drives them near to madness. It was a half insane procession indeed that went flying through the country from the villages just commencing to burn up to Mount Andok, now made famous. The sound of the bugles and the sight of the Turkish soldiery with their charging bayonets made all their courage vanish.

"Now, my lambs," had said the commanding officer of the Turks to the chiefs of the Kurdish tribes the day before the massacre, "is your time. You can exterminate these dogs of infidels." (It should be remembered that the Armenians are Christians and not Moslems.) "We, who are Government soldiers, cannot conveniently do the work. Therefore do you set about it without delay. We will shield you from trouble when it is over, and put it down to one of the frequent fights between you and your vassals."

LAUGHED, THEN DIED IN TORTURE.

But the Kurds had proved inefficient. It was the Turkish soldiery, therefore, who went in hot chase, their village-burning being over, after the fugitives. On the road to Mount Andok the bloodhound showed his fangs. A man named Hovseb had lagged behind. The soldiers stopped the runaway and commenced to joke with him. Despite the panic of his friends there seemed no cause for fear for him. The Moslem troopers laughed and chatted, and then a soldier took hold of each of his hands, stretching out his arms in the form of a cross. He laughed with them. It was not until two swords slashed down, cutting off both his ears, that he realized the helplessness of his position. A third blow cut off his nose. A fourth, a fifth and more followed. Held there tightly, he was literally hacked to pieces leisurely and with diabolical art, dying a slow, torturing death.

Even more terrible was the fate of Dono. About this peasant's neck hung a tiny boy of two years, his father's hope and treasure. Handicapped with this burden and worn out besides, Dono had difficulty in keeping up with the other fugitives, but he reached the slope of Mount Andok. He breathed freer, for he felt that safety was almost at hand. Then a bullet struck him in the leg, cutting an artery and, bleeding, he fell. He tried to rise, but only dropped back with a groan. Not a bush, not a tree, not a rock was near to shield him. The Turks came up on the run, and the foremost aimed a sharp cut at the curly-headed boy. Quick as a flash the father's arm guarded and dropped back, cut to the bone.

In a circle about these two the fiendish troopers stood. One pushed his sharp bayonet gently into the child's stomach, swinging him aloft, spurred on by the delighted yells of his comrades. The boy shrieked in agony, and the dying father, though hardly able to move, kissed and hugged the blood-stained feet of the Moslems, praying them to spare his child. He grovelled for but a few moments. Promptly he was transfixed with a bayonet, while on the other bayonet, over his head and before his eyes, the soldier swung the child, the point sinking in more and more until at last both were cold in death.

"The tiniest pool of water is an ocean to him who drowns therein," says an old Armenian proverb. To these peasant Armenians in the hitherto placid district of Sassoun this was the end of the world. With but one desire to put off the terrible fate that came near them, men, women, and children rushed madly to the friendly rocks, caves and bushes far upon Mount Andok. The awful terror of that frantic flight can hardly be depicted. But one touch of it is necessary, that women brought forth children on the road and lay down to wait until the soldiery should come upon them. Even then they were tortured.

ATE RAW MUTTON.

Yet withal they would not have retaliated and even had they been fully armed and numerically superior to the Turks they would not have fought them. Defending their property against the rapine of the Kurds was all very well, but to the Government and to the Sultan they were faithful. "We cannot fight against the Padishah's troops," they said and as the musket and bayonet were levelled against them there was but one course, and that flight. On Mount Andok, half-armed, half-clothed, half-fed, almost half-swept off the earth, these wretched creatures encamped for several days. Fortunately they had managed to drive a number of sheep before them. But constantly fearing attack, they dared not light a fire and so killed their sheep, cut them up with their daggers and spread the pieces out in the sun to dry. They ate the raw mutton without salt, washing it down with the milk of ewes, and varying their diet with nuts that lay rotting on the ground.

The most terrible act of the tragedy was yet to be played. High up on the mountain in a ravine of almost inaccessible rocks, a youthful priest prayed with his people and implored them to hope and to trust in divine aid. He—Der Ohannes— became but a few days later a martyr to his faith, and the one great conspicuous figure and chief sufferer in the remarkable massacre of Ghellyegoozan.

The troops had plundered and ravaged until there was nothing more in the Sassoun district left. Disgusted with this, they attempted a devilish strategem on the simple peasant folk, and they succeeded. They sent men up on the mountain, promising imperial protection, and saying that henceforth it was the Sultan's will that Kurds and Armenians should bury all differences and live in harmony. These messengers furthermore declared that if the villagers would come down from Mount Andok and lay aside their arms the troops would guarantee their lives and property against the hostile tribes.

There was but little time to choose. The road to Diarbekir, a coign of safety, was closed, and if the fugitives continued on the mountain they would perish from starvation and exposure. Der Ohannes, the parish priest, of Semal, weighed the question carefully, and finally decided, for his own part, to lead the villagers down back into their lands. Many of the fugitives refused to go. They distrusted the Turks, for treachery often lurks behind open friendships in the dominions of the Byzantine.

But very many—the majority of those upon the mountain, in fact—some hundreds followed Der Ohannes down to the village os Ghellyegoozan. There the bulk of the troops that had invaded the district was stationed, and as the fugitives came into camp ominous signs were apparent. The bugles sounded and the grim minions of Sultan glared and looked menacing. It seemed that only the word of command was needed to make them start again.

THE PRIEST'S EYES GOUGED.

The road back was closed. There was no escape. Soldiers surrounded the village and camp on every side and a shudder of terror and despair struck deep into the hearts of the Armenians who had trusted when they saw the detachments, of the troops were being told off to dig pits, or, rather, colossal graves.

Slowly the sun set, and hour after hour the thought grew that something ominous was about to happen. Once again the bugle sounded, and companies of marching men formed. The Armenians had been asked to point out the most influential man among them, and they naturally had named Der Ohannes, the priest. The sun was just setting when Der Ohannes was seized by two soldiers and marched out before the troops. His arms were held out in the form of a cross, and the officer in charge commenced the torture by catechising him with brutal wit.

A signal was given. The priest's eyes were gouged out, and while, writhing in agony, he implored for death, a copy of the Psalms was held to his blood-stained face and he was, with mock respectfulness, requested to read a few selections. Then the imperial commander ordered the soldiers to make a couple of holes in the throat, and the order was executed with many gibes. Water was fetched and poured into Der Ohannes's mouth. It flowed out of the holes, the soldiers the while plucking out his beard by the roots.

Such other tortures as he was subjected to cannot be set down here. Yet this was only the commencement of the massacre. Before the priest's spirit had gone above, the fugitives gathered within this human corral of heathenish military were slaughtered with a passion that seems incredible. As mice are played with by cats, so were the wretched Armenians played with by the dogs of war. Wild fanaticism reigned. No pandemonium was ever worse.

WOUNDED IN A PIT FOR DEAD.

Blood and headless bodies, mangled women stretched upon the ground, children with their skulls crushed to a pulp and even without heads, men and boys with their stomachs and chests blown away by gunpowder—those were frequent incidents of the massacre of that night. Another priest, Der Arakel, had his eyes gouged out and was made to dance at the point of the bayonet, reeling and howling in pain. Men were held by soldiers and hacked into pieces bit by bit, children were lifted by their hair and their throats leisurely cut, the head tossed one way, the trunk another. Scores upon scores of men and women not killed, and who might possibly have recovered, were flung into the pit along with those that were dead.

One such lay under a heap of dead with upward of thirty bayonet wounds in his body and head. He, strange to relate, was one of the few that escaped, contriving in some miraculous manner to get himself out from under the bodies and hide behind bushes, finally making his way to Moush, where he appeared before the Commission.

From the scene of the slaughter a woman was fleeing with her child. A soldier overtook them. With his dagger uplifted he snatched the infant from the woman's arms, killed it with a single blow, tossed it carelessly aside and then and there outraged the mother. Sarkiss, a peasant farmer, was caught by the soldiers while trying to flee though incapacitated by a severe wound. He was thrown on his back and a hole as large as a saucer made in his stomach with a dagger. This hole was filled with gunpowder and then, the crying wretch being allowed a little respite, touched off with a fuse.

Limitless seemed the cruelty, devilish and unbounded the rapacity of the troops. Previous to the commencement of the slaughter the women were "rounded up," and the prettiest of them, married or unmarried, set apart as prizes of war for the Turks and the Kurds. What became of some of these is unknown, but their fate may be guessed from the fact that few of them returned with the troops.

The destiny of those that remained was even more frightful. Marshaled in file they were sent into the church of Ghellyegoozan. Behind them followed the soldiers, as many as the little village house of prayer could hold, and then the doors were fastened and guarded. Thereupon commenced and continued for three days a series of wild orgies. Again and again, times without number, the women were violated and forced to dance around the alter in a wild Bacchanalia spurred on by their drunken and impassioned captors. No witness of the actual scenes of those three days in the church has yet appeared, but none is needed to testify in detail. Upon the conclusion of the orgy the church was set afire and as the women and girls poured out of it, their clothing hanging about them in shreds, they were stabbed and shot upon the sacred threshold without an exception.

SHE KILLED HERSELF.

Nor does this brutality stand by itself and alone. There were at least two other instances of ravishings by wholesale within churches, each scene being ended by the killing of the victims. But one maiden is known to have saved herself. She was marched down a line of soldiers, having been told that she could pick the man she desired for her lover. She stopped before the ugliest brute, leaned over with a coquettish smile on her face, pretended to whisper something to him, and then, snatched his bayonet and killed herself.

Three Pits of Death remain in the Valley of Ghellyegoozan. The Commission of the Powers visited them and found in the fragments of clothing and the exhalations from the bodies that had been carelessly tossed in and barley covered with earth a sufficient indorsement to absolutely condemn the sublime Porte.

VISCOUNT HAMPDEN.

The New Governor of New South Wales.

Viscount Hampden, the new Governor of New South Wales, in succession to the late Sir Robert W. Duff, is the son of the late Viscount Hampden, who was Speaker of the House of Commons from 1872 to 1884.

The new Governor was born on May 2, 1841, and, after being educated at Rugby, entered the Coldstream Guards. He was promoted to be lieutenant and captain in

VISCOUNT HAMPDEN.

1863, and two years afterward retired. He entered Parliament as member for Hertfordshire in 1868, and represented that constituency in the Liberal interest until 1873. He was unseated the following year after having been elected member for Stroud, but was returned again for that place in April, 1880, and represented it until 1885.

From 1885 to 1886 he was member for the Mid, or Stroud, division of Gloucestershire, and in the latter year unsuccessfully contested Cardiff. He was appointed Surveyor-General of Ordnance in January, 1883, and held office until the ministry resigned in June, 1885. He became Viscount Hampden on the death of his father in March 1892, and is co-heir to the Barony of Fitz-Hugh. He has been married twice, his first wife, who died in 1865, being the daughter of the late M. Jean Sylvain Van de Weyer, Belgian Minister to England.

His present wife, whom he married in 1868, is the youngest daughter of the late Lord George Henry Cavendish. Viscount Hampden is a J. P. for Hertfordshire and a D. L. and J. P. for Sussex.

A New Park in London.

London is constantly adding to its park area, and Lincoln's Inn Fields has at last been secured as public property, and it is to be transformed into a public playground. The price paid for this area was £12,000 down, and £1 a year rent for the remainder of the time for which the lease of the Fields has still to run—a period of some 600 years.

THE FARM.

Top-Boarding a Stone Wall.

Many of the pastures in the older parts of the country are bounded by stone walls which are rarely built so as to turn sheep

and not always cattle. Driving stakes beside the wall and nailing a top board to these does not bring the board in the right position over the top of the wall. The cut shows how this may be done by using strip of board for stakes. When these strips have been fitted at the top, after being driven into the ground, a bit hole is bored close to the ground through the strip and a round pin driven through. This being done upon both sides, the board cannot be pressed either way, where the ground is soft. In firm ground such a pin is not needed.

Home Dairy.

One of the strongest arguments against the home dairy is that the time of home manufacturing is past; that the tendency of all manufacturers has been toward the factory in a small way at first, but gradually combining and consolidating until everything is manufactured on a large scale, by companies and corporations with almost unlimited capital, says Mr. King.

No one can doubt this, but the question is, has it been to the best interest of the farmers and consumers that manufacturing has been turned over to these huge corporations? I question it very much. The writer is yet a young man comparatively, yet he has pulled the flax, spread it to rot, beaked, scutched and hackled it, and helped to weave it into cloth for family use. Also, he has a distinct recollection of how a tow shirt and a pair of tow pants felt when first put on He has also shorn the wool from the sheep's back, washed it, when dry helped to pick it, then it was taken to the wool factory, where it was carded and made into rolls from which it was spun into yarn, then woven into cloth for use. The cloth intended for mens' wear was taken to a fuller and fulled and shorn, the clothing cut and made at home, by hand, and a suit of clothes thus made did not fall to pieces of their own weight, but wore like buckskin.

This was the days of home manufacturing. They were also days when people were prosperous and contented. There was plenty of work for all, and the devil had hard work to get men to work for him. Strikes were few and far apart. Tramps were an unknown luxury; bread riots were unknown; the anarchist with his deadly bomb was yet unborn; the wilful destruction of other men's property for wages' sake was never heard of. All these latter evils have come to us in the same ratio as the manufacturing passed out of the hands of the individual into the hands of corporations, these forming again into combinations and trusts.

I know that it is not popular to write thus, or give expression to the theory (or fact) that when the people let go of home manufacturing they paved the way on which combinations are to-day driving over them rough shod, without fear of law, and when the people turned over the manufacturing interest of this country they laid the corner-stone for the structure in which to-day they are prisoners.

But perhaps I am getting too far from the question to get admittance into the dairy department, and our heading would not look well in the social, economic, and educational column. The dairy interest is the only one that has not as a business, passed out of the hands of the people into the hands of corporations, and I am sure that it is not best that it should, and from the very nature of the business it will be a long time before it will. It is yet largely in the hands of the people and, in a small way in the hand of small manufacturers, but it is also true that the tendency is toward combinations, and when it once passes into their hands, we will see this great industry squeezed as never before.

But there is one more fact that I wish to note right here—that hand-made or home-made goods of all kinds command a premium over factory or machine made goods. Hand-made clothing sells for 50 per cent. more than factory goods. Wagons, buggies, harnesses, etc., all bring from 30 to 50 per cent. more when hand-made than when made in factories. The same is true of butter. It is the home dairyman that gets the long price for his goods. People will pay more money for butter made right, when they know how it is made and by whom, than they will pay for factory goods.

The Care of Milk.

Milk from a healthy cow, fed on good fodder, is unquestionably perfect, and it is appalling to think of the amount of money wasted by the careless handling of this product of the "mother of the earth." Leaving out of the question those filthy milkers who sit down with unwashed hands and grab the teats of cows covered, maybe, with dung, and then squirt a little milk in the hands to moisten the teats—leaving out these and all similar disgusting, but yet, I regret to say, not uncommon habits—I shall only take up the dangers which the perfect milk meets in the average dairy stable. The first is that of meeting a colony of bacteria which have found a congenial home in the few drops of milk always left from the last milking. Let the stable be kept ever so clean there is always danger of some of these active little "critters" getting in at the opening of the teat. As the first milk is the poorest in fat, it would not be an unreasonable precaution, if perfect milk is desired, to keep the first three or four "squirts" separate or even throw them away. The next danger is that as it goes foaming into the bucket the milk may carry with it bacteria floating in the air. This danger is minimized by the careful airing of the stable just before milking, after cleaning it and feeding the cows. Then comes the danger of unclean buckets. Never use a wooden bucket, always see that the soldering of the tin bucket is perfect and smooth and that after cleaning it has been rinsed with boiling water, or, better still, been boiled in a large boiler or steamed. The next danger is the bacteria-laden dust and dirt which is apt to fall from the bag and side of the cow. To minimize this danger we must not only brush the udder and flanks of the cow before milking, but moisten with clean water (not enough to allow it to dip), so as to hold the enemy back while milking. If these precautions are taken we have a bucket of milk which is as free from contamination as is possible in practice, but we are not out of the wood (or barn) yet. The custom of straining the milk from the milking buckets into other vessels in the stable is not to be recommended. 'Tis true, as long as the milk is warmer than the air, there is not much danger of it absorbing odors, but even in the most carefully ventilated barn there are dust particles floating around which drop into the milk. For this reason we ought to have the cans outside, or, at least in a room partitioned off from the stable and then strain the milk carefully. For this purpose I like to use, first, a common fine metal strainer, and then a piece of light flannel. The latter is preferable to muslin, as it is far more effective. It must be kept clean, of course, and it must be renewed rather often, as it will felt together so as to strain the milk too slowly. It is my conviction that in spite of these objections it pays well to use it. In straining milk from a large number of cows it is, however, necessary to clean the strainers now and then, or else the cure may prove worse than the disease. Supposing, for instance, that you have an accident—accidents will happen you know—and a splash of dung gets into the milk. You strain this and the strainer shows its effectiveness by displaying a large layer of multi-colored "matter." Good; you have certainly improved that bucket of milk, but if you then go on using that strainer without cleaning it you will virtually partly clean the strainer with every bucket of milk you pour through it. Of course, you know this, but the trouble is you do not always remember to think of it.

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

How It Was Found By a Lanark County Lady.

She Had Suffered for Years From Weakness and Pains in the Back—Sciatica Complicated the Trouble and Added to Her Misery—Her Health Almost Miraculously Restored.

From Brockville Recorder.

On a prosperous farm in the township of Montague, Lanark county, lives Mr. and Mrs Joseph Wood, esteemed by all who know them. Mrs. Wood was born in the village of Merrickville, and spent her whole life there until her marriage, and her many friends are congratulating her on her recovery to health and strength after years of pain and suffering. When the correspondent of the Recorder called at the Wood homestead, Mrs. Wood, although now not looking the least like an invalid, said that since girlhood and until recently, she was troubled with a weak back which gave her great pain at times. As she grew older the weakness and pain increased, and for nearly twenty years she was never free from it. About a year ago her misery was increased by an attack of sciatica, and this with her back trouble forced her to take to bed, where she remained a helpless invalid for over four months. Different doctors attended her and she tried numerous remedies said to be a cure for her trouble, but despite all she continued to grow worse. She was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but she had dosed herself with so many medicines that her faith in the healing virtues of anything was about gone, and she had fully made up her mind that her trouble was incurable. At last a friend urged her so strongly that she consented to give the Pink Pills a trial. Before the first box was all used she felt a slight improvement, which determined her to continue this treatment. From that out she steadily improved, and was soon able to be up and about the house. A further use of the Pink Pills drove away every vestige of the pains which had so long afflicted her, and she found herself again enjoying the blessing of perfect health. Eight months have passed since she ceased using the Pink Pills, and in that time she has been entirely free from pain or weakness, and says she is confident no other medicine could have performed the wonder Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for her. She says, "I feel happy not only because I am now free from pain or ache, but because if my old trouble should return at any time I know to what remedy to look for a release."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and eradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, old and young, a burden. Dizziness, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prostration speedily yield to this wonderful medicine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Life in the Suburbs.

Little Son—Mamma, there's a tramp coming in the gate.

Mrs. Suburb—Mercy me! You go up stairs and stamp around so he'll think its your father, and I'll put some tobacco on the stove.

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.