THE DEVIL'S CURRENT.

WHERE THE SULTAN DROWNS HIS POOR VICTIMS.

Horrible Night Murders Which Have Sent Untold Men and Women to Death—Offending Harem Wives Wrapped in Sacks and Beaten With Oars as They Rise Struggling to the Surface.

Along Europe's most terrible stream, the Bosphorus, flowing dark, deep and swift from the Black Sea past the gilded minarets of Constantinople, there is one dread ribbon through its entire length known as the "Devil's Current." With inconceivable rapidity the water rushes madly down to the Mediterranean, leaving far behind, as a king of racers distances his fleetest runners, the flying currents on either side. Reddened with tragedy this ribbon of water has long been the scene of the most dastardly, cowardly and always silent crimes of the world. It has been the pet of successive Sultans, the shifty stage of Turkey's bloodiest dramas.

The Golden Horn, that famous, broad-bosomed harbor of the nearby Orient, divides Constantinople, or Istamboul, as the Greek Church called the historic metropolis, into two sections. Two bridges of iron bind together the two halves of the Sultan's town. To the northeast is Pera, the foreign quarter, the city, as good Mussulmans term it, of the Franks. Across the Horn is Moslemdom, properly Stamboul, and on the great rounded point where Horn and Bosphorus meet are the many palaces of His Majesty, the Padishah Abdul Hamid, Sultan, among them his seraglio of white and gold, that vast harem at which the entire civilized world looks askance. Most prominent of all, survival of the old Church of Byzantium, though now Mahomet's temple, the golden minarets of the Mosque of St. Sophia, visible far away on the Bosphorus, glitter at eventide from the rays of the setting sun.

Seraglio Point, on whose shores Horn and Bosphorus mingle their waters, is but a few rods distant from the "Devil's Current," which at this point nears the land, as if by some dread design. In the dead of night, its waters lit only by the pale stars, time and again swift, long black caiques have glided out with muffled oars pulled by black-garbed servants bent on their master's cruel bidding. Here crimes of a horror that it is hard to picture have been perpetrated unwitnessed. Plash, down in the deep, dark waters, struggling, but voiceless, unwept, uncoffined and unsuing, form after form has gone to death because of the caprice or hatred of the fretful, dark-eyed man in the palace on the height.

RED WITH INNOCENT BLOOD.

More corpses of men and women this grim current has borne upon its breast than any other stream in all the regions of the globe. As a watery cemetery of slaughtered innocence has been its history. All who have sank into its tide of death will never be known, but the ghastly whims of the Commander of the faithful have thrown to it dainty women, valiant soldiers, ardent statesmen and youths whose only fault was that they loved their country too well. In the embrace of this cold current has been stifled forever a large share of Turkey's patriotism, ability and womanly loveliness.

Abdul Hamid, though he seems from his presence to be the most relentless of all the Sultans, is but following in the footsteps of the Padishahs that have gone before him. These crimes have been going on silently, stealthily, fiendishly for centuries. But Abdul Hamid, his hands already stained with the blood of Armenians and other lawless acts committed in his domain, put the final touch, which has aroused the whole civilized world, when by his express orders within the past month he deliberately drowned like dogs a score of brilliant and patriotic youths whose one aim was the betterment of their country, and who belonged to that fearless, thoughtful, earnest band, the Young Turkish party.

Though the Mussulman potentate now cringes feverishly at the feet of all the powers of the Old World, asking pardon for his iniquities and promising lavish reforms, there is little question that during the past few years wholesale sacrifices to the "Devil's Current" have been going on with the virulence of seventy years ago, when, with one fell swoop, the Janizaries were wiped off the face of the earth. That was a crime some details of which have gone down to history.

Down by the water's edge, along the sea wall of the old city, and on the beach below the palace terraces, the little gate or door, with its arched top from which the Janizaries were thrown one by one after they had been bowstrung by order of the reigning Padishah, is still to be seen. When Janizaries were sent to their death a gun boomed forth as each body was cast into the Bosphorus, signalling to the imperial despot that vengeance had been wreaked on his enemies.

HAREM WIVES AND CHILDREN.

A harem is a little world, in fact, by itself. Its constitution is peculiar and known by few. Into four classes the women and girls are divided. At the head stand the Kadines, who are more or less legitimate wives, though never officially espoused. It should be remembered that it is not the custom for the Turkish Sultan to marry, though instances of Padishahs having done so are matters of history.

Contrary to accepted belief, the Turkish harem woman is not altogether the indolent individual, spending all her days lolling upon cushions of silk, that she was several generations ago. Though the Sultan is cruel, though he has no conscience and shows little mercy, he allows the women much more personal liberty than might be imagined. Their faces hidden and their forms concealed in the regulation yashmak and feridje, they drive, pay visits, go to bazaars and are often seen on the Grande Rue de Pera, the great driveway of the Frank quarter of Constantinople, and other public promenades. Never, however, are they seen on foot. They have enjoyable times within the four walls of the harem, where many entertainments are given, and in the palace grounds is an exquisite little theatre in which all sorts of performances take place.

DROWNED IN A SACK.

Nevertheless this freedom is only a mock one. These women are continually watched by spies, and should they venture to cast even a look upon any man they might pass, their case is hopeless. According to the Sultan's views there is infidelity in a look. He orders but one punishment for anything of that sort, and that is death. Death in the "devil's current," tossed like a leaf in the arms of the wave.

It has always been the popular idea that the sacks in which these women are sewn up and then tossed to the mercy of the current are heavily weighted. But that is not the case. The account of an eye witness of the tragic death of one of the Sultan's harem favorites proves that the grim monarch of Turkey has no idea of extending even such mercy to the woman he has condemned to death. Painless and sudden sinking, a quick merging into eternity, is not for her—she must be tortured as she dies.

So far as is known this is the only authentic account of the terrible death that is meted out to the frail woman who has somehow offended her imperial master. The simple, dramatic narrative is given complete. The writer lived for many years in Constantinople, and knew the customs of the Turks, their mode of life and their opinions in all detail. He says:

"There is no romance in one of these frightful executions—all is harsh, unmitigated horror! The victim may, or may not, be young and beautiful; her executioners have no opportunity of judging. She may be the impersonation of grace, and they must remain equally ignorant of the fact, for she has neither power nor opportunity to excite sympathy, were she the loveliest houri who ever escaped from the paradise of Mahomet.

"I have a friend, a man in place and power, who had been detained in the palace of one of the Ministers until three hours past midnight, and who, on passing across the deep bay near the Castle of Europe, was startled by perceiving two caiques bearing lights, lying upon their oars in the centre of the stream. His curiosity being excited, he desired his boatmen to pull towards them, when at the instant he came alongside he discovered that they were filled by police officers; and at the same moment a female, closely shrouded in a yashmak and with the mouth of a sack into which her whole body had been thrust, tied about her throat, was lifted in the arms of two men from the bottom of the furthest caique and flung into the deep waters of the bay. As no weight had been appended to the sack, the miserable woman almost instantly reappeared upon the surface, when she was beaten down by the oars of the boatmen, and this ruthless and revolting ceremony was repeated several times ere the body finally sank.

"The ministers of death lingered yet awhile to convince themselves that the body would not reappear."

WHY IT IS BLUE.

Reasons Advanced for the Color of the Sky.

Prof. W. Spring, in discussing the question, "Why is the sky blue?" has approached pretty near a solution, says the Popular Science News, if he has not really reached it. After premising that, excepting nitrogen, the principal constituents of the air—oxygen, watery vapor, ozone, &c.—are blue when subjected to strong pressure, he points out that the course taken by the sun's direct rays is, nevertheless, too short to allow of their acquiring so intense a hue as that which we actually perceive. Assuming, therefore, that the all-pervading illumination of the heavens is produced by polarized and not by direct light, he offers the following explanation: The solar rays, after striking the earth's surface, are reflected from the latter in every direction. Passing upward they encounter atmospheric layers of gradually decreasing densities, by which they are more and more diverted from their normal pathway. The highest of these layers they will strike at so wide an angle as to be unable to penetrate them. This must give rise to the well-known phenomenon of total reflection, and the rays return to our level after having taken a much longer journey than if they were direct. In this way they reach us from far-off regions by a kind of celestial mirage, conveying the color, which, as said above, is blue, of the denser layers traversed.

Inhuman Punishment.

Several people have a habit of punishing their children by sending the poor little things to bed without any supper. This is one of the most cruel things that any mother ever did, and any humane society would be justified in taking her child from her. Some time ago a well-known Montreal woman sent one of her children hungry to bed, and in the morning the tot was found delirious and in the most serious condition. A physician was called, and he found that the child's sickness was caused by starvation. This woman has gone unpunished, although the limit of the law, in my opinion, would scarcely be heavier than she deserves.

Durability of Bricks.

There is probably no building material so durable as well-made bricks. In the British Museum are bricks taken from the buildings in Nineveh and Babylon which show no sign of decay or disintegration, although the ancients did not burn or bake them, but dried them in the sun. The baths of Caracalla and of Titus, in Rome, and the Thermae of Diocletian have endured the ravages of time far better than the stone of the Collseum or the marble of the Forum.

Anglo Saxon Justice.

Among the Anglo-Saxons every portion of the human body had a monetary value. If a man in those days knocked out one of the front teeth of his neighbor he had to pay him 6 shillings as compensation, but if he destroyed his beard he had to hand over no less a sum than 20 shillings.

A QUEEN ROASTED ALIVE.

FRIGHTFUL CRIMES BY THE JAPANESE IN COREA.

So Say the Chinese Papers—Over a Hundred Women Burned to Death—They Were Soaked in Oil Then Burned, While the Men's Throats Were Cut—The Most Barbarous Nation on Earth.

Chinese papers brought by the steamer "Empress of China" to Vancouver, B.C., bitterly attack the Japanese authorities in Corea for the murder of the Queen. They say Japan, pretending to be civilized, is the most barbarous nation on earth. The Queen was hung up by the hair, it is asserted, in the rear of the palace, and after being otherwise maltreated, was tied hand and foot, soaked in oil and burned, her body being reduced to ashes so that all traces of her might be lost. Thirty of the Queen's attendants, it is alleged, were murdered, their corpses being left about the palace. When the palace was attacked of some 1,500 guards on duty only six remained at their posts and they were quickly despatched. According to Chinese reports there were fifteen women of title in the court, the Queen's mother and a hundred and fifty ladies in waiting. They were nearly all soaked in oil and burned, while the men's throats were cut.

The Japan mail of Nov. 5th says:

"Before the coup d'etat the Queen of Corea was secretly maturing a political scheme involving the murder of not less than a hundred and twenty persons of the opposition. A list of intended victims had been drawn up. After the wholesale massacres of her subjects, it was her purpose to reject Japanese friendly assistance and invoke that of Russia.

"The discovery of this scheme, though the most terrible part of it does not seem to have been at first known, led the Tai-Won-Kun and his followers to take a sudden and decisive step to prevent the intended revolution being carried out."

PERSONALITY OF THE QUEEN.

The Queen of Corea was one of the most remarkable women of the age, and her personality stands out with exceptional lustre among the nations of the East, where woman's plane is infinitely lower than in Christian countries. Her intellectual gifts, joined to a vigorus force of will and a rare degree of executive tact and astuteness, gave her a place that was indeed unique among the rulers of the Eastern races. Her striking individuality, however, while it earned for her a great influence over the King and a powerful group of adherents throughout the kingdom, tended at the same time to render her unpopular in certain quarters, and to concentrate upon her the relentless hatred of persons of weight and prominence in the nation.

The head and front of the forces that most violently opposed the Queen was the King's father, the Tai-Won-Kun. Just when Her Majesty's father-in-law first conceived his intense dislike of his son's royal spouse, or what was the first serious cause of the antipathy, are not definitely known to the outer world, but it is generally assumed that the Tai-Won-Kun, himself an ambitious and forceful man, grew gradually to resent the limitless influence that the clever Queen exercised over the sovereign. A woman of marvellous originality, she introduced at court customs that were at vivid variance with the conservative fashions of the country. She asserted her independence, we are told, in a variety of ways, and some travellers go so far as to say that she treated her husband with a haughty, imperious disdain, never inviting his judgment upon any public matter, and putting him in the light of a nonentity before his people. All her relatives of the princely Ming family were unwavering in their devotion to her.

Many striking instances are cited of the royal lady's methods of proceeding in enforcing her will upon the King, regardless of the established customs of the country. The King, for instance, once grew insistent upon his ancestral right to

KEEP A HAREM.

This the Queen protested against, and made it a habit whenever a new favorite was introduced into the palace to visit the newcomer's quarters during the night and assist at the assassination of her would-be rival.

The enmity between the opposing forces reached its climax when the war between China and Japan was begun. The Queen was a determined opponent of what she believed the aggressive designs of the Japanese, while the Tai-Won-Kun was the most enthusiastic ally of Japan in all Corea. When Japan became victorious the regin of the Corean Queen was doomed. Gradually her hold weakened upon the throne, and her mighty enemy, the King's father, became the real ruler of the nation.

The Ming faction, headed by the Queen, made a desperate effort to retain its high place in the state, but fate seemed against it. On Oct. 8 last the bitter struggle was practically brought to an end in Seoul. The troops rallied around the Tai-Won-Kun, who marched in force upon the palace. The guards posted there made only a feeble show of resistance, and soon dispersed. The old prince King, and what was really a coup d'etat was thus quickly accomplished.

It was on this fatal day, and almost as an instant consequence of the entry of the forces of the Tai-Won-Kun, that the Queen was set upon by the Prince's adherents, and led to her death.

A few days later the widowed King issued an extraordinary proclamation in which he credited his late spouse with obscuring his intelligence, robbing his people, confusing his orders, and doing countless other things subversive of the national welfare, on account of which he then and there deposed her and degraded her to the level of the common people.

THE LATE QUEEN

was one year older than her husband, and was in her forty-sixth year at the time of her death. She was of medium height and pleasing appearance, her face bearing every sign of high intelligence, energy and vivacity. She was of lighter complexion than the majority of Coreans, and her eyes were described as dark and full of sparkle. She is said to have dressed chiefly in European fashion, wearing skirts of costly materials, but often disdaining both shoes and stockings. She carried no jewellery beyond a diamond-studded American watch.

In the latter years of her life the Queen is said to have been in constant dread of assassination, "because she knew she had done so much wrong," the Prince Pak explained it in speaking of her. It was her custom to sit up all night and she never went to bed until five or six o'clock in the morning. She is said to have had several bedrooms in the palace, so that no one knew where she slept except her own intimates. Under her bedchamber there was a trapdoor, with steps leading to a guard room below, where she kept always on guard forty fleet-footed couriers, with a vehicle ever in readiness so that she could fly at a moment's notice.

With all her precautions, the unfortunate woman was unable to escape her terrible doom. In Corea her memory will be treasured by some persons, but probably be anathematized by many as long as her life-long enemies hold sway. In any event, she cannot be easily forgotten, and in the history of Corea she will figure as no commonplace sharer of the throne.

SOUTH AFRICAN GOLD.

An Estimate that 8000 Stamps Will be Running Five Years From Now.

The actual output of gold from the deposits of the Rand in the Transvaal constitutes one of the most remarkable phenomena in the history of mining. The far larger deliveries, however, which are expected in the near future, seem likely to have a marked effect upon the ratio of value between two precious metals. We find in a late number of "Nature" a trustworthy account of these immense auriferous beds, which offers grounds for believing that by the end of fifty years the Transvaal region will have exercised a greater influence upon the gold market of the world so far as the influx of the yellow metal is concerned, than has been exerted by the Western hemisphere during the four centuries since its discovery.

In what kind of rock are the gold deposits of the Rand encountered? It seems that the southern, western, and middle parts of the Transvaal, or South African republic, are covered with the shales, sandstones, conglomerates and limestones which make up what is known as the Cape formation. The gold of the Witwatersrand, to give the auriferous region its full name, is obtained exclusively from beds of conglomerate, known as "banket," carried by the Cape formation. These are composed mainly of pebbles of white or gray quartz embedded in matrices consisting originally of sand, but now completely cemented to an almost homogeneous material by a later deposition of quartz. We are told that the pebbles as a rule, do not carry any gold, the mineralization being confined to the matrix. The aveage yield of the conglomerate stamped last year was 13.16 pennyweights of fine gold, or $14 per ton. As to the origin of the ore bodies, none of the hypotheses mooted has thus far obtained general acceptance on the part of competent mineralogists. What is of most practical importance to the world, the persistency of the banket deposits in point of depth and the uniformity of the metallic contents, has been established by deep borings. In 1894 the Rand Victoria bore-hole was 2500 feet deep. Several shafts have been sunk, encountering the auriferous conglomerates at depths of 600 to 1000 feet.

Now let us look at the data relating to the present and prospective output of these mines. The delivery of gold from the Witwatersrand has risen, it appears, from 23,000 ounces in 1887 to 2,023,198 ounces, valued at nearly $35,000,000 in 1894; while the return for the first nine months of 1895 was 1,711,337 ounces, which would give a value of about $40,000,000 for the current year. The Transvaal now produces one-fifth of the world's supply of the yellow metal, and it is calculated that, at the present rate of progress, the output of the Rand mines will have reached by the year 1900 an annual value of $100,000,000. When the author of the article in "Nature" visited the region in 1892, there were 1970 stamps running; in June of the present year there were 2642. During the last three years the work of extraction has been pushed more vigorously than ever before, and from the sixty mines near the outcrop of the main bed 5,000,000 tons of ore were taken in 1893 and 1894. Five years hence there will be 8000 stamps running. The present average crushing capacity is over four tons per stamp per day, but it is pronounced probable that shortly, through technical improvements, the average will be raised to five tons per diem. Assuming that the average amount of gold yielded per ton should not exceed 10 pennyweights, which according to the local experience is a low estimate, the total output in 1900 should be 6,500,000 ounces. The average cost of mining and treating the mineral is not expected to exceed the present figure of $6 per ton. In view of all these facts it is a safe forecast that the total production of gold from the Witwatersrand within the next half century will not fall short of 3,500,000,000.

From the view point of probability it is plain that Mr. Rider Haggard made no mistake in his location of "King Solomon's Mines."

Best He Could Do.

Mr. Gotham—The doctor says I need rest and quiet and must move to the country. I want to find a small house in a perfectly quiet neighborhood, where there are no noisy children, no barking dogs, no crowing roosters, no disturbing sound of any kind.

Suburban Agent (thoughtfully)—Let-me-see. Hadn't you better buy a cemetery lot and build on it?

Trust reposed in noble natures obliges them the more.—Dryden.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity and constantly increasing sales. It perfectly and permanently cures catarrh, rheumatism, scrofula, salt rheum, in fact all blood diseases.

"Before my husband began using Hood's Sarsaparilla he was nervous and had scarcely any appetite, but when he had taken it a week he felt better, and by the time he had taken one bottle he was entirely well." MRS. G. A. PARKINSON, Mendon, Mass. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A Prince Edward Island Lady Speaks for the Benefit of Her Sex.

Had no Appetite, Was Pale and Easily Exhausted—Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness, and Other Distressing Symptoms.

Tignish, P.E.I., May 30th, 1895.

To the Editor of L'Impartial:

Dear Sir,—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling, being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to drop where I would be. During these spells of dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long revived. I ordered more and continued taking the pills for three months and I must say that to-day I am as well and strong as ever and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you this that others may be benefited by them.

A Dizziness Would Overtake Me.

Mrs. William Perry.

After reading the above letter we sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband, William Perry, and her father, Mr. J. H. Lander, J.P., and fishery warden, corroborated her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make pure, rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred or ounce, are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and perhaps dangerous.

A City of Champagne.

Epernay, France, is a vast subterranean "city of champagne." For miles and miles there are streets hewn out of solid chalk, flanked with piles of champagne of all blends and qualities. There is no light in this labyrinth of streets, crossings and turnings, except what the spluttering candles afford. All is dark, dank and damp, with the temperature away down about zero. The largest champagne manufacturers in Epernay have underground cellars which cover forty-five acres and contain 5,000,000 bottles of wine. There is a whole street in Epernay lined with fine chateaux, the proprietors of which possess similar establishments. The whole town is honey-combed with these underground galleries for the manufacture and storage of champagne.

Berlin's Race With Paris.

Berlin threatens to eclipse Paris. It now has a population of 1,736,739, and the early annexation of some suburbs will increase this to 1,980,000. Vienna is not far behind, having 1,500,000.