

ODD SHOPPING CUSTOMS.

Misereous Bazaar and Their Patrons in the Market Places of Ancient Cairo.

The bazaars are the wonder places of old Cairo. A day among them gives the first keen impression of eastern life. Every group and shop front was a picture, gay in color or somber in shade.

Crossing and recrossing the Muski, every branch of eastern art was met. Competition seemed to be the soul of trade; for each class of merchandise or artisan had his separate quarter.

Among this babel of trade constantly passed the water vendor and the coffee maker. At a signal, the latter would stop and light his lamp, mix the sugar and dust-like coffee in a small copper pot, heat and serve it, receive his pay and move on.

WHY IT REFUSED A PASS.

The Japanese Noblemen's Views on Free Riding Upon Railways Without Paying.

Marquis Ito, the Japanese statesman, said, while in St. Paul recently, that of all the American customs that impressed him as peculiar the free transportation extended by the railroads of this country seemed most odd.

"Why," said he, "should a railroad give away tickets? Every bit of mileage to them is the same as a piece of cloth to a dry goods firm. In Japan everyone has to pay for his transportation. I never rode on a Japanese railroad for nothing in my life."

When the marquis and party decided to proceed east from St. Paul over the Milwaukee line, the officials of the road extended to the distinguished Japanese and his companions the courtesy of the line and informed Mr. Ito's private secretary that the tickets and the private car would cost nothing.

"I have no claim on your esteemed company," said the oriental. "I should not feel right in traveling over your most excellent road without paying for the great pleasure."

And so the Milwaukee officials were obliged to carry the marquis and his party over their line in the same way as if they were just plain, everyday Americans.

DEEP DRILL HOLES.

Curious Feature in Connection with the Work on One Near Johannesburg.

The drill hole on the Turf club grounds near Johannesburg, which is nearly two miles from the outcrop of the main reef, struck the main reef at 4,800 feet, or within 25 feet of the depth at which it was expected formation would be struck. A curious feature in connection with the sinking of this bore hole was the fact that the rods were left in the hole for 20 months while hostilities were going on.

"If I had an engagement with you," said the clerk, "it would be a date." And he gently placed a date with a peach.

"No," answered the pretty cashier, "it would be like this." And she laid the date beside the canned lobsters.—Baltimore American.

MOTOR-CAR IMPRESSIONS.

The Varying Sensations of an Automobileist While Riding Full Speed Through the Country.

Maurice Maeterlinck, the symbolist, in Harper's, gives a vivid picture of his sensations while riding an automobile at full speed:

"I am lost among the impassable corn fields, whose myriad cars press forward whispering eagerly, craning to see what my next step will be, while from amongst that undulating crowd the poppies nod their red heads and burst into a thousandfold laughter. The hippogriff revives, gives its first snort of life, and then departs once more, singing its song. I conquer the plains, which bow down before me. Slowly do I turn the mysterious 'advance ignition' handle, and regulate as well as I can the admission of the petrol. The pace grows faster and faster; the delicious wheels set forth a shrill and eager cry. And at first the road comes moving towards me like a bride waving palms, rhythmically keeping time to some melody of gladness. But soon it grows frantic, springs forward, and throws itself madly upon me, rushing under the car like a furious torrent, whose foam dashes over my face; it drowns me beneath its waves; it blinds me with its breath. Oh, that wonderful breath! It is as though wings, as though myriad wings that one cannot see, transparent wings of great supernatural birds that dwell on invisible mountains swept by eternal snow, have come to encircle my eyes and my brow with their vast freshness. Now the road drops sheer, and the machine speeds before it. The trees, that for so many slow-moving years have serenely dwelt on its borders, shrink back in dread of disaster. They seem to be rushing one to the other, to approach their green heads, and in startled groups to debate how to bar the way of the strange apparition. But as this rushes onward a great terror seizes them; they scatter and fly, each one eagerly seeking its own habitual place, and as I pass they bend tumultuously forward and their myriad leaves, quick to the almost insensate joy of the force that is chanting its hymn, breathe in my ears the eloquent psalm of Space, admiring and welcoming the enemy that has hitherto always been vanished, but now is triumphant.—Speed!"

REMAINS OF SARMATIANS.

Interesting Find Unearthed in Russia Reveals Traces of Ancient Inhabitation and Culture.

The most interesting remains of the ancient Sarmatians ever discovered have been unearthed on the banks of the Rossi river, province of Kiev. At a depth of two meters were found traces of ancient incineration, and near several charred bones was picked up a smooth, thick ornament of gold wire, on which was represented a scene with a number of typical figures.

In the foreground sits a woman on a high-backed chair. She holds a round mirror in her left hand. In her right hand is a cup, from which a bearded warrior, in a kneeling position, is drinking wine. He is armed with a bow and sword. Behind these are a musician, with a lyre; a youth, pouring wine into a cup held by another youth, a priest in long garments, with a sword held in readiness to sacrifice a roving sheep, and a figure with a fan. The work is crude, but there are traces of Greek influence.

The Sarmatians comprised several tribes some centuries before Christ, and they were nomads, wild and savage in experience, excellent horsemen and archers, and dressed in leather armor. Their young women went into battle on horseback, and it is recounted, both by Herodotus and by Hippocrates, that none was allowed to marry until she had slain three foes. Few of them lived to be old maids, it is written.

These Sarmatians, who, in the second half of the fourth century, B. C., subjected the Scythians to their yoke, roamed over the wide plains of eastern Europe, from the Vistula and the Danube to the Volga and the Caucasus. Their empire lasted until the fourth century, A. D., when it was overthrown by the Goths. Shortly after that their name disappears from history. It is sometimes rhetorically used for Poland.

The native runner postmen of Natal are strikingly picturesque objects when on business bent. With their sandaled feet and head dress of dried leaves, which rattle as they run, and a military greatcoat, underneath which is a garment called the muctee, they travel for miles at a jog trot of four miles an hour, and receive a payment one pound (five dollars) a month.

In Holland the extent of the mail service route is over 30,000 miles. The uniform of the postmen is semimilitary in character, and they themselves are said to be a remarkably handsome body. In Austria the government gives to the postmen every year one tunic, one pair of cloth trousers, one pair of linen trousers, one waistcoat and a cap, while every second year a coat and blouse are given. Previous military service is considered as postal service, and each year of war counts double.—Detroit Free Press.

Village of Sculptors. In the Tyrol is a village which is inhabited solely by sculptors. It is St. Ulrich, and is situated near Windberk, on the river Eisack. All the men, women and children in the neighborhood live by sculpture.—N. Y. Herald.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

At Plogastel in Brittany the bishop of Quimper lately found 66 couples waiting to be married. After he had finished the mayor was obliged to repeat the civil ceremony as many times.

Paris is smoking cigarettes made of the leaves of the coffee plant. They are made of different strengths, and are said to make the man who smokes them never want to smoke tobacco again.

By the New Zealand census of 1901, Auckland has a population of 67,226, Christ Church 57,041, Dunedin 52,390, and Wellington 49,344. The whole population of the Islands, including Maoris, was 515,820.

French tenants have some rights after all. A Paris tradesman weighing 240 pounds hired a cottage at Freecamp, and on sitting on the balcony fell through and hurt himself. He sued for damages and won his case in spite of the defense that French houses are not built for persons of abnormal weight.

A portrait of John Bunyan, painted by Thomas Sadler in 1675, and the only authentic likeness known, with the exception of a pencil drawing in the British museum, has been acquired by the National Portrait gallery. It came from the Dowager countess of Cavan, whose family had possessed the picture since Bunyan's time.

Russia, according to the last census, has 19 towns with 100,000 inhabitants or over, 35 more with above 50,000 and 82 with 10,000 or more. The population of St. Peter-burg is 1,267,000, Moscow 988,600, Warsaw 614,800, Odessa 402,000, Lodz 314,900, Riga 283,000, Kiev 249,000, Kharkov 171,900, Tiflis 170,000, Wilna 160,000, Tashkent 157,000, Saratov, Kazan, Iekaterinodar, Rostoff, Astrakhan, Baku, Tula and Nishniew have 100,000 inhabitants.

A London young woman who attained notoriety two years ago by marrying Lobengula's son while he was on exhibition at the Earl's Court show, has applied for a divorce on the ground of her husband's cruelty and misconduct. She testified that he had given her black eyes and stabbed her with an assegai, when the judge, Sir Francis Jeune broke in with: "That was what you expected in marrying a savage, was it not?" The judge put off his decision, as he doubted whether it could be shown that Lobengula's domicile was in England. He said, too, that he had only behaved like a savage and that the petitioner had insisted on marrying him and now saw the result of it.

YAWNS OF A WAKING CITY.

Beauties of Sunrise as Viewed from the Top of the Washington Monument.

The journey began at the darkest hour before the dawn, in a weary climb through an echoing dungeon 90 fathoms into the sky, with no guide for my steps but the flicker from a smoke-dimmed lantern, and no company save the spirits of the night, already spreading their wings for flight, says Francis E. Leupp, in Scribner's.

At the top at last! The winding staircase ends in a square-chamber pierced with deep-recessed windows, like the eyes of a giant peering from under glowing brows. Through them may be seen a haze overhanging everything below, thickening in the west and south, where a dense mist marks the tortuous course of the Potomac. The lamps in the city no longer twinkle, but merely lend a yellow radiance to the veil of vapor above them. The only distinct points of light visible are the stars in an inky firmament. Yes, one other; against a background of black in the east glows a flame like a fixed meteor. Flowing curves which lead down from it, so shadowy as to seem like a phantom etching, suggest a cone-shaped dome. By degrees the contour becomes bolder as the stars go out and the colorless sky takes on a grayish tinge. Then slowly the rosy flush of morning rolls up from the horizon and overcomes the gray; the haze in the foreground melts away; the flame at the top of the dome vanishes like the light of a candle snuffed, and the mass of the capitol stands forth as a mammoth block of marble on a terraced pedestal of green—the detail of the facade barely visible, but the round outlines sweeping down and disappearing in a tangle of roofs and foliage.

Faint sounds float skyward from the streets—the first yawns of a waking city. They are presently drowned in echoes which come whirling up the hollow shaft. These repeat the exchange of greetings between the watchman mounting guard and the colleague whom he is relieving from a night's vigil. The morrow is here, and life is astir again even in the Washington monument.

Salve for the Sultan. The personality of the sultan of Turkey is much misrepresented. He possesses a sensitive nature and his domestic affections are strong. His powers of work are exceptionally great, and he never takes stimulants except an occasional cup of coffee and a cigarette. His dress is simple—a black frock coat cut in Turkish fashion and a white waistcoat, with a gold watch chain. No great display, yet when he gives you an audience on a Friday, after the ceremony of the Selamluk, he impresses you with his picturesque dignity and placid face. He used to be one of the best pistol shots in Europe.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Entitled to Consideration. The man who cannot make a speech, and knows it, is entitled to your kind consideration. Think of the men who cannot make a speech, and do not know it.—Acheson Globe.

VIOLIN IN THREE WARS.

Aged Instrument That Was Carried Through the Straits of 1812, Seminole and Civil Struggles.

A violin which has crooned out dainty minuets in the olden days, when the country was sparsely settled and before the revolution was fought, has become the property of C. B. Ensley, a well-known citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y. Besides its venerable age this violin has fiddled through three wars and was shattered by a bullet in the war of the rebellion, says the New York World.

It was pieced together, and the violin now gives sweet music mellowed by age. The warlike spirit has also entered into the instrument, and its tones are at times brave and deep and suggest the rumbling of the conflict.

The violin, whose maker is unknown, has an American record, however, which is second to none in the country. It is almost 200 years old, and it appears to be good for many more years.

It came to this country in 1705, when the land was young and the fiddle was the only instrument in vogue. It came with William Vines Bonner, M. D., who was born in Manchester, England. It was old and venerable then. Dr. Bonner heated the bodily ills of the settlers in Elizabeth City, N. C., while he played the violin to while away the loneliness and mental fatigue. Dr. Bonner married a Miss Farron, of that place, in 1740, and had two sons, Thomas and William.

Thomas died in 1807 and William Vines Bonner, Jr., fell heir to the aged violin. He joined the army in 1812 and fought against the English. Like the minstrel boy of the famous song, he went to war with his violin slung across his shoulder. Before Quebec the instrument played "Yankee Doodle" and other patriotic songs. It inspired the boys on the march and cheered them in camp. Many a camp dance was enlivened by its strains, and Mr. Bonner was discharged from the army with honor and died in 1815.

The instrument descended to his eldest son, William Vines Bonner III. Mr. Bonner was also a physician, and, like his father, practiced about Elizabeth City and other villages in North Carolina. He joined the army during the Seminole war and took his violin to the front again. He played in the everglades of Florida and the wild strains of the violin could be heard on many a sultry night. In 1850 he died and left the instrument to another son of the same name. The violin descended to a William Vines Bonner IV.

He joined the confederate army and again the violin went through an arduous campaign, this time being the first in its history against the union forces. But the violin is not ashamed of that. It believed, like its owner, in its state and played and crooned for a cause which was thought just. Many a dreary campfire of the brave confederate army was brightened up by its strains. It played "Dixie" with just as much vim as it had drooned out "Yankee Doodle."

Gen. Lee was serenaded often by the owner of the violin and often asked young Bonner to come up to the tent and play for him. One night young Bonner was affording the general pleasant entertainment when a spent picket's bullet struck the instrument and slightly injured it. This was the day before the battle of Chancellorsville, and the violin was struck right in front of the little frame house which was used as a headquarters by Gen. Lee. In all of its campaigning this was the only time the old instrument was wounded in any way. Just before the battle, the day after the violin was shot, the instrument was buried in the cellar of a house. A week later Dr. Bonner secured the old instrument.

At the battle of Kingston, N. C., Dr. Bonner and the violin were captured by the federals. The violin played as sweetly in captivity as it did in actual warfare and completely won the hearts of the northern men. Dr. Bonner was handled carefully by the northerners and received many kindnesses, which made him think well of the boys in blue.

After the war Dr. Bonner went back to the practice of his profession and is now a revered and respected practitioner at Wysocking, Hyde county, N. C., only a few miles from his ancestral home. He is 74 years old and is the last male member of his family. Mr. Ensley's folks are neighbors of the Bonners in the southern state. As a boy Mr. Ensley used to steal away from the strong influences of a Methodist father and learn to play the violin. Dr. Bonner being his instructor. He learned to love the violin because of its history and associations, and on his last trip south brought it back to Brooklyn with him. It is now at his home, 137 Penn street, where it holds the place of honor in the music room. Mr. Ensley is a lover of music and has many historical instruments. All are second, however, to the violin with the colonial and war histories.

Demands of Business. Mistress—I am surprised. You say you were married six months ago, divorced three months ago and remarried to your husband last night.

Domestic—Yes'm. You see, at the first place he had they wanted a married man, so we got married, but at the next place they wanted a single man, so we got divorced, and I came here. Now he's found a place where they want a man for gardening and wife to cook, so we got married again, and I'm going to live with him.—What-to-Eat.

Relief Cure for Smallpox. The girdle of the Blessed Virgin, which is preserved in the convent at Vatopedi, is now being carried about the province of Salonika by two monks in order to combat the diseases which are prevalent, more especially smallpox.—Constantinoupolis.

PRISON ON THE DEAD SEA.

Grim and Solitary Home of a Thousand Monks That Dates Back to the Fifth Century.

The most awesome, most repellent dwelling place in the world is the grim fortress monastery of Mar Saba, on the Dead sea, where thousands of monks live in grim and melancholy austerity.

These monks are the most rigorous of any in the Greek church. Their lives are passed in penance, with no hope of pleasure this side of the grave, and not one cheerful incident to brighten their existence. Day after day, amid gloomy surroundings that would drive most men melancholy mad, they go through the same unvarying routine, and yet surrounding them are the remains of such true romances as only medieval times could produce.

Mar Saba is at the end of the barren Wady en Nor, or Kedron valley, near the Dead sea, and its very location is enough to send a chill down one's spine. It is the only oasis in the wilderness of this region, a destroyed stronghold of the Crusaders and the tomb of a nomad chieftain, that of Sheikh Messaf. The wearied traveler is glad to behold this fortress-like pile of the ancient monastery way down in the dark valley, even though he experiences a presentiment of some hidden danger lurking in that forbidden place.

It is the most romantically situated monastery, the oldest and undoubtedly the most genuine in the world, says a recent writer, according to the Detroit Free Press. It is built on the abrupt terrace of a dizzy gorge, at the bottom of which, 600 feet below, the torrent Kedron seethes in winter. The rock falls away so perpendicularly that huge flying buttresses had to be constructed in order to afford the very moderate space occupied by the monastery.

In the early part of the fifth century it was inhabited by the Sabaites, an order of monks of whom San Sabas was the superior, and who also built the greater portion of the monastery. San Sabas was born about 439 in Cappadocia, and at eight years of age he entered this monument, which was originally founded by Euthymius. As the reputation of San Sabas for sanctity increased he was joined by a great number of anchorites, all of whom could not find shelter in his monastery, and it is said that 10,000 of these holy men were living in rock caves in the mountain opposite.

Thousands of caves, once inhabited by these hermits, look from the side of the mountain, many having mosaic floors and decorations upon the walls, and the story has every semblance of truth. About 4,000 monks inhabited the monastery proper, and in the seventh century the Persian hordes of Chosroes routed them all and plundered the monastery, and for centuries its wealth attracted marauders of all kinds. The last time it was pillaged was in 1822 and 1834 by Bedouins. After the very first attack it was fortified, just as it is today. Two castle-like towers, which serve as battlements are the first evidence the traveler has of the existence of the living tomb. One of the ponderous towers is of very picturesque lines.

The fair Empress Eudoxia built it in order to be close to her ideal of manhood—Euthymius. Euthymius was noted for his sanctity throughout Palestine, and his learning and great moral endowments attracted the empress. She loved him with great devotion, but Euthymius, true to his trust, refused to see her. When her devotion to him did not cease, he fled to the Moabite desert, beyond the Jordan. The empress watched daily from the tower for his return. After much persuasion he was dragged back to the monastery by his companion, Theoctestus, and the empress wept with joy. She remained there a few years longer, during which time she caught only a casual and infrequent glimpse of the object of her love. Finally she left the place with her court attendants, never to return. Now the tower is used as a "lookout," and a watchman is stationed there day and night, who scans the mountains and valleys far and wide to see whether any danger threatens the monastery.

A Good Witness. Several days ago there was a trial in one of the courts, and a lawyer was engaged in endeavoring to shake the testimony of an old lady who was one of the principal witnesses for the plaintiffs. Finally he asked:

"Who have you talked about this case to?"

"Nobody."

"Didn't Col. Blank, the lawyer, speak to you about it?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't Mr. Smith, the plaintiff, ask you what you would testify to?"

"No."

"Do you mean to tell this jury that you have talked to nobody about it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how did they know what you would tell?"

"They knew I'd tell the truth."—Memphis Scimitar.

His Object. "You say you object to Herbert," said the fair girl. "I do," said the man who likes to play draw poker. "You still say you object to his calling here?" "I do." "Why?" "Because every time Herbert calls he's got me beat."—Washington Star.

When to Ring Off. If you must tell your troubles to a man, ring off when he commences to look at the wall.—Acheson Globe.

GIRDLES AND TUCKING COMES.

Swiss Belts Are Among the Very Latest of the Frivolities of Fashion.

One of the latest and most charming frivolities of fashion has to do with belts, for whether of leather, ribbon, satin or elastic silk they are all studied or treated with imitation jewels. It is perfectly impossible to say just now whether wide or narrow girdles are most in vogue, for woman-kind has generously decided to patronize all widths and alongside the careful creature who wears a finger wide strap of gilded snake skin, piped along both edges with white kid and fastened in front with a small flagree gold catch, can be seen an equally fashionable figure whose slim middle is spanned by a Swiss belt. Perhaps the latter is a tiny bit more modish than the first mentioned because it is the more showy of the two, says a fashion authority. Its three satin straps, studded with mixed jet and steel nail heads are held by two truly gorgeous buckles worked in mingled steel and jet and matrix opals.

Cut coral nail heads, each one surrounded by a thread of the minutest steel beads and applied to a Swiss belt of white silk fastened with steel and coral ornaments is a belt highly esteemed by the well dressed, while the woman whose waist measure is large, whose waist line is short and yet whose determination to follow the fashion is fixed, wears, instead of a Swiss girdle, a belt of elastic black satin cut in one piece. This is wide in the rear, tapering to a point in front and treated with two handsome buckles and two equally nice slides, all set with gems. The wily stout woman usually orders gun metal buckles for her elastic belt and the gun metal is either frosted with diamonds or studded with the semi-precious pink opals, aquamarines, etc.

All the spring novelties for the hair are here, and chief among them are jewel topped tucking combs from the ends of which fall a shower of brilliants, or stiffly upstands a diamond feather. The most charming tiaras of cut jet and brilliant have come over from Paris with dog collars of the same. A tiara and dog collar is usually sold as a set and sometimes a set includes also a single bracelet for the upper arm made of broad plates of shining jet linked by a row of flashing paste jewels.

Another most exquisite hair ornament for the evening consists of three fine gilt chains, treated at short intervals with pretty real formed pearls. The ends of the chains are fastened to the tops of two long gilt hair pins that are caught deep into the coils pinned low on the back of the head. The pearl string chains are drawn like a fairy net over the coils and display themselves and the hair beneath to marked advantage.

HOUSEHOLD ODDS AND ENDS. A Budget of Domestic Lore for the Scrapbooks of Progressive Home-Keepers. Some of the newest lamp shades are finished with a fringe of glass beads either in natural colors or tinted to match the shade. Grape fruit marmalade suggests an agreeable change from the ordinary varieties, particularly at this season when the fruit is at its best. The marmalade is made in the same way as orange marmalade. Corn sets are the latest addition. Slender platters with plates to match decorated in an Indian corn design comprise the sets. Glass and silver enameled in colors is now included in modish tableware. To prevent damp and rust catching the wires of a piano tack a small bag of unslaked lime inside just underneath the cover, and it will absorb all moisture. If burned milk is put immediately into a jug and then placed in a basin of cold water until it is cool, the burned taste and smell will disappear. Leather furniture may be cleaned and polished by the use of a mixture composed of equal parts of vinegar and linseed oil. Apply with a flannel cloth and polish with a soft duster. A log of mutton holder is the latest invention in the interest of the household and is designed to keep the joint in position while the carver exercises his or her skill. The holders have horn handles and nickel mountings and may be classed among the inexpensive conveniences. Game shears for the manipulation of joints that are not easily reached by the usual carving knife represent another invention of the day. Wooden bowls make the best receptacles for washing fine glassware which requires careful handling. If two bowls are employed the results are apt to be more satisfactory, using one for washing and the other for rinsing purposes. Heavenly Wash. Select 12 medium-sized oranges of good shape and color. Cut a small circular piece from the stem end of each and remove the pulp in small pieces with a spoon. To the pulp add one small can of pineapple (sliced), two ripe bananas, quartered and sliced, one-quarter pound of seeded Malaga grapes. Sweeten to taste. Fill the orange shells and garnish with candied cherries.—Good Home-keeping. Spanish Pastry. Roll out a sheet of puff paste one-fourth of an inch thick, spread it over with a thin layer of apricot jam, then cover it with the following mixture: Mix well together one-half pound of powdered sugar, one-half pound of ground almonds, and five well-beaten eggs, spread it with a spoon over the paste. Cut in small squares, and bake in a moderate oven to a light brown. These are delicious.—Home Magazine.