WAY OF THE EAST

TURKISH WIFE'S REVENGE ON FAITHLESS HUSBAND.

Subtle Poison Brought Quick End to Woman's Faded Romance—Revelation of a Tragic Secret of the Harem.

A Turkish subject who married an American man and lived in this country for six years has recently revisited the land of her birth. She has been describing for Appleton's Magazine some of her experiences. Here is one of them:

"Chakende Hanum was the daughter of Nazim Pasha. She was educated in the western fashion. She was as beautiful as an houri, and as good as Allah's own heart. She was given as a wife to Djamal Pasha, a young and dashing courtier. They were very much in love with each other, and he promised her that she should remain his first and only wife. Their marital life was blessed with two boys and one girl. Chakende grew more beautiful as happiness became her daily portion.

"One day, when she was returning with her retinue from a visit she had made in Stamboul, on the bridge of Galata, and in a closed carriage, she saw her husband in company with a foreign woman. That night when he came home she questioned him, and he only answered that the lady was a foreigner. Chakende Hanum understood that her husband did not wished to be asked any more questions. Early in the morning, however, she sent for her brother, and from him she learned what was generally known.

She took a few of her slaves and went to her country place. She stayed there for several days, giving the situation her whole thought; then she came back to her husband. She told him that she knew the truth, that she had thought the matter over and had decided to give him back his word as to her remaining his only wife. Thus he could marry the foreign lady. It was then that Djamal Pasha turned her from Allah. He laughed at her, and said that Mlle. Roboul of the French theatrical company was the kind of a woman that men loved, but did not marry. Chakende Hanum said nothing, but that very same day went into her garden and plucked roses from a laurel tree. You know, young Hanum, what you can do with those roses?"

A shiver ran down my back as I nodded.

A few nights later when Djamal Pasha was about to retire, Chakende Hanum prepared his sherbet for him. Her hand did not tremble, though her face was white as she handed it to him. It did not last long; Djamal Pasha died from an unexplained malady; but Chakende Hanum kept on plucking laurel roses daily. After a little while they put her in her little grave, too, five years ago."

We sat silent for awhile. The moon had traveled fast and was now near the water, bridging the Bosphorus with her moonglade. The garden, the hills and the water changed with the changing slant of the rays, and became more wondrously enchanting still, though that had not seemed possible before, and enthralled me with the fascination of the east—the east whose language and ways of dealing with right and wrong had been alien to me for six years.

What Were They Talking About?

The other day a deaf old woman was talking to a deaf old man in a country town. Each was leaning on a cane and shouting to the other, while a hand was cupped at an ear of each. The old woman was saying:

"That's just what Mirandy was tellin' me. She says she's got so she eats hern jest as good as if they were natcheral ones, but it took her a turrible while t' git ust to 'em. It was offe awkward at first, she says. Some nights she jest had t' lay an' bathe 'er gums in alum water th' whole night."

"Hey?"

"Some nights, I say, she hed t' wash 'er mouth with alum water all night long a'most."

"Well, well!"

"I've most made up my mind t' have these 'ns uv mine took out. Mirandy says when she had hern took out she hed 17 uv 'em pulled at a settin' an' never took a thing. I do'no if I could stand that er not. But I guess I'll hev 'em took out. If they was jest two er three a-achin' ye could hev 'em filled, but when they's eight er nine jest a-jumpin' ev'ry night, I guess it must be neurallogy, don't ye think so?"

The listener had got more than a block away by this time, so he could not hear quite as distinctly as before. But, though he hadn't heard anything mentioned, he felt fairly sure of the subject of the conversation.

Disaster Dogs Statesmen.

Another member of the Giolitti cabinet in Italy has fallen a victim to the fatality which seems to dog its footsteps. Sig. Majorana, the minister of the treasury, the youngest and most promising member of the government, who was publicly designated as his successor by Sig. Giolitti last summer, has fallen ill and has gone to Sicily, leaving his resignation in the premier's hands. Thus, in 11 months, no fewer than four out of 11 members of the Giolitti cabinet have died or resigned from ill health—a fact which has much impressed the superstitious who believe implicity in the evil eye.

USED BIBLE AS CIPHER.

Verse from Solomon Told of Marriage Engagement.

When she left her home in the small town to come to New York to take up a special course of study, her pet sister was fast reaching the crisis of a love affair, says the Tribune. The pet sister was a most winsome young lady, and had long kept a goodly train of suitors a-sighing. Was this affair to be the grand affair? The older sister hoped so, for she liked the young man cordially—thought he was just the sort to make a proper brother-in-law.

But the weeks passed and not a bit of definite news about the progress of the affair did the older sister receive in her city boarding house. She became anxious. Louise, she thought, must not go on recklessly trifling in such important matters.

Then one night about ten o'clock just as she was going to bed, came a telegram. The servant brought it up. The older sister was country girl enough to be thoroughly frightened by the pale manila, black-inked envelope. How ominous it looked. At length she gathered courage to open it. This is what she read:

"Solomon six three. Louise."

Solomon six three! Whatever in the world. Oh, why, yes, stupid, it of course means the Songs of Solomon, sixth chapter, third verse. But—and her cheeks flushed with shame—she had no Bible!

There was a great scurrying about the boarding house to find a copy of the sacred book. The girls were routed out in vain. On all sides the cry arose: "Who's got a Bible?" Just think of the sister trying to sleep that night without knowing what that verse was! It would have been just like a woman to lie down to pleasant dreams, content to know that she could satisfy her curiosity in the morning—not!

The landlady, good soul, came to the rescue. She was no heathen. She had a Bible. Up to her room with it flew the sister, and shut the door. Such a turning of pages by eager, nervous fingers! Solomon six three. She found it, and then she cried: "Hurrah!" and laughed, for the verse was:

"I am my beloved's, and my beloved is mine."

An Embryo Genius, Surely.

A private school for boys on Madison avenue boasts of a pupil who undoubtedly is destined to high rank as a literary genius, says the New York Press. For some infraction of discipline this boy was sentenced to remain after hours and write an essay of 200 words on birds. This is what he wrote:

"I do not like birds, for in the morning when I am trying to sleep they keep me awake with their twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering, twittering." And so on to the extent of about 25 words more. "And when I get mad and turn over and try and try and try and try and try to get to sleep they still continue to chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp, chirp." And so on as before. "Birds, too, are awful greedy things. They don't do nothing all day but fly around and peck, peck, peck, peck, peck, peck, peck, peck." And so on until the required number of words was completed.

The Real Obstacle at Panama.

The white man at Panama must avoid that which he cannot endure. We have proved that he cannot allow mosquitoes to bite him, and now it must be acknowledged that he cannot allow the sunlight to strike his unprotected body.

We eliminated the mosquitoes, but we cannot eliminate the sun. The soldier who deliberately and unnecessarily exposes himself to bullets when he could take cover is not only a fool, but he is not a true soldier. His fatal recklessness only weakens the army.

The engineer who can work all day in the open in Michigan or New York should not do it in Panama, writes an army surgeon, Maj. Charles E. Woodruff, in Harper's, and if he attempts it he is injuring the work instead of helping it along.

Times Had Changed.

"Did you and pa start with plenty of money?" asked the daughter.

"We lived upon very little else but love, dear?" was the mother's gentle answer.

"But I suppose pa soon got lots of salary?"

"No, dear, it was a great struggle at first."

"Then how did you manage? Pa had a little in the bank?"

"Not a farthing."

"O, my George is in just the same position, and we love each other, and—"

"If that penniless adventurer ever dares to enter this house again, I will tell him what I think of him! Go to your room at once!"—Stray Stories.

German Military Training.

Germany, through the thrift, intelligence, and prosperity of her people, illustrates to mankind the advantages of training in youth her manhood to the use of arms; the habits of discipline and the order and cleanliness of person are carried into after-life by all classes of modern Germans; this permeates the whole nation, and is to-day recognized as a national characteristic. The womanhood of the nation looks with reproach upon the man ignorant of military training.—African Monthly.

QUIET EDWIN GOULDS

MEMBERS OF FAMILY WHO SHUN GILDED SOCIETY.

Long Since Wearied of Smart Set, They Live Unostentatiously at Ardsley, Which Mrs. Gould Says Is the "Rest Spot" of America.

New York.—How little is heard of the Edwin Goulds! Of the many members of the Gould family they are the least often met in the public prints, and the remaining few quiet, old-fashioned members of the 400 genuinely honor them for their unobtrusiveness. Edwin Gould is essentially a man of retirement, and one who never looks for homage for his millions. He is unlike the vast majority of the social stock to which he belongs, in that he estimates his fellows by their mental worth and not by the weight, size and fullness of their coffers. But how much of his success is due to the wise influence of his wife? Those who know the man best say it was a fortunate day for him when he wedded Sarah Shrady. The Goulds live without ostentation most the year in Ardsley. They have long since tired of European travel; they are among the limited few of our multimillionaires who see beauties in our country equal to the best the Alps or any of the garden spots of the continent can afford.

Mrs. Gould is a nature lover, and she finds ample opportunity to invite her inclination in this direction in and around Ardsley. Her favorite pastime, however, is golf, although occasionally she is seen on the Ardsley tennis courts. If golf ever is to resume its sway among the smart set it will be due largely to the influence of Mrs. Gould and the little circle of which she is the leading figure. Ardsley is a nook that simply drives the resident afield for athletic sport. In this it is the reverse of Newport, sitting lazy by the sea, and with its level stretches of highway luring one to the listless luxury of the upholstered automobile. It is only in the early spring and the late fall that the Newport atmosphere is really bracing, while every month

MRS. EDWIN GOULD.
(Member of Famous Family Who Leads a Quiet Life.)

in the year there is snap and life in the Ardsley air. The place draws coolness from the Hudson, and it is saved from monotony by its well-wooded hills. It is not strange that it has been necessary to draw restrictions tighter to keep the Ardsley reservation from being overrun with restless millionaires and their families seeking a haven.

It was Mrs. George Gould who, after a visit to the Edwin Goulds, said that Ardsley was the "rest spot" of America. Of course, it might be said that Mrs. Gould spoke only for the wealthy; the poor find cramped area of a park; still her opinion is of interest as indicating how little of rest and content is the lot of the men and women with limitless money to spend. Probably what Mrs. Gould meant was that in Ardsley there was no suggestion of prodigal outlay, no rivalry of millions, no ridiculous competition in absurd entertainments. Not long before the George Goulds sailed for Europe a young matron complained of wearness as a result of the endless round of the winter season. "Go to Ardsley," was Mrs. Gould's advice, given laughingly, but with a good deal of earnestess. And "Go to Ardsley" bids fair to pass into a slogan among the 400, if a slogan ever could find refuge in so poor a haven. The so-called elect of the 400 are born imitators, or rather mimics, and within a week, through all the different layers of the odd social fabric, every mention of headache or ennui was followed by the call "Go to Ardsley!" Well, there is more in the remark than the thoughtless may discover. The secret is known to the Edwin Goulds, and Mrs. George Gould probably had more than an inkling of it when she gave such apt expression to Ardsley's rural charms and decided to forsake Lakewood.

But how long will Ardsley stand against the northward march of the city? How long, too, will the William K. Vanderbilts and the Harry Payne Whitneys stand against the spread of the city monster toward their Long Island estates? The millionaire brethren it must be known will not wait until the real estate dealer comes knocking on their gates. They will take flight at the first sign of the invading speculator.

Lock of Napoleon's Hair.

An interesting relic of Napoleon Bonaparte has been placed in the Nottingham Castle museum. It consists of a lock of hair of the emperor which was cut off about an hour after his death.

CALLED JUDGMENT OF GOD.

Thief's Death at Hands of Child Whose Parents He Had Robbed.

The New York Sunday World's correspondent in Budapest sends it the following account of a recent tragedy in the village of Kaposvar, Hungary:

Janos Verga, a stock farmer, sold some oxen for 900 crowns and concealed the money in his house. Ferenez Gal, a ne'er-do-well of the village, knew of this transaction and determined to get the money. He watched the house until he saw Varga and his wife leave it. Then he entered and had no difficulty in finding the money, which he pocketed.

As he was about to leave he noticed sitting in a corner, staring silently and intently at him, the Vargas six-year-old daughter. Realizing that she had watched his theft, he determined to get rid of this witness against him. He threw a rope over a beam in the ceiling and tied a noose in one end of it. Picking up the little girl, he tried to persuade her to put her head into the noose, saying it was a nice game.

"How?" she asked.

"I'll show you," said the robber, laughing.

Gal put down the little girl, drew up a chair, stood upon it and put his head through the noose.

"Like this," he said, again laughing, is if it was all a game he was playing with the girl.

The child pulled the chair away suddenly; the robber fell, his neck in the noose and was strangled to death.

The child watched her victim's death struggles until they ceased, then went outside to await for her parents. When they returned she took them to the room where the dead thief still dangled and told them in great glee what had taken place. The 900 crowns were found in the pockets of the robber and the six-year-old child is now the heroine of the village, where the event is called a "judgment of God."

New Orleans Cities of the Dead.

"New Orleans has several miniature cities within its boundaries, and they are the cities of the dead," said Louis W. Le Branc of the Crescent City.

"I mean," he explained, "that every cemetery in New Orleans is a miniature city. They are built above the ground and laid out in streets, just as the larger city. Every house is of marble and some of the tombs are miniature. In them are buried many men who won fame under the dominion of Spain and France. In them, too, are to be found inscriptions that tell of sweet Creole romances, such as that of Jeanne Laclede, the popular singer of nearly a century ago, who died of a broken heart.

Certain days are set apart, according to the old French Catholic custom for visiting these miniature cities, and on these days they are crowded all day long. As they were built so long ago they are now in the center of the city and at night low weird indeed. Long ago it was found necessary to build the cemeteries above the ground, because of the fact that the city itself is below the level of the Mississippi river."

Voice of Experience.

A young girl recently went to her aunt on a momentous occasion. She explained that a gentleman was coming to see her.

"I am sure he likes me," she sobbed, "and—and I think he means to propose. I don't like to ask mother how I should act under the circumstances, but—"

"Do you like him?" interrupted aunty sternly.

"Very much," observed her niece.

"Enough to marry him?"

The girl blushed and replied in the affirmative.

"Then," said aunty, with an air of authority, "don't let there be any shilly-shallying. When he pops, don't turn red and look down at the carpet. Just throw your arms around his neck, look him full in the face and begin talking about the furniture."

A Korean Romance.

A romantic little story comes from the Ckuk San district, says the Korea Daily Times. One of the residents having died of illness, his only wife declared her intention of killing herself. Arguing that it was not right for a woman to remain alive after her husband was dead and that she would be far happier if she followed him she put her plan into execution and committed suicide the same night. She was only 20 years of age.

A Difference.

"Why should my anxious breast repine because my youth has fled?" she sang with great feeling in the hotel parlor.

"Were you married to the youth or only engaged?" asked an impudent debutante who stood near the piano.

Unconsciously Frank.

Mrs. Brown—How do you do, Mrs. Miller? Why haven't you been to see me? It is six months since you last called.

Mrs. Miller—Dear me! Can it be possible that it is six months since my husband has given me any diamonds?

A Fresh Clerk.

Customer—What have you got that is strictly fresh?

Grocer—One moment, please. Here, Johnny, wait on the lady.

HIS GREATEST DEED

EVANGELIST TELLS OF VICTORY HE PRIZES.

Story of a Woman with a Secret, and Two Souls Brought to Grace—Chief Flower of His American Campaign.

Gipsy Smith, the English evangelist who sailed for home recently, preparatory to a campaign in Australia, told the story the night before he left at a dinner given in his honor, of the greatest conquest, in his opinion, he had made in this country on his tour of seven months.

He said he had preached 450 times, had answered innumerable calls of various kinds and had seen thousands stand up to profess a Christian life. The convert of whom he was most proud was a fashionable woman in a western city who had come to his meetings with a secret that was eating out her heart. He said:

"This woman was not yet of middle age and her life apparently had been given up to frivolity. She led a society life. She was extravagant in her dress and thoroughly worldly. It must have been the dreadful secret that she carried that attracted her to my meetings.

"Her friends were surprised to see her go in. At the first meeting she attended she was visibly shaken. She came again and the storm broke.

"She sought me out and unburdened her soul. There was a motherless little girl in another city for whom she longed. Her conscience was stirred.

"For all her married life she had been concealing a great sorrow and sin and she had gone into worldly affairs to attempt to forget it all. She asked me what she should do.

"'How can I ever tell my husband?' she asked. 'It may destroy our home. It may kill me.'

"'Where is your husband?' I asked.

"She told me he was in Philadelphia and I said I would talk to the pastor of the church that they attended occasionally.

"That man had a long head. He told the woman to telegraph for her husband to come home at once. She did so and he responded. She met him with tears in her eyes but a smiling face, for she had been wrestling in prayer, and asked him to come to my meetings.

"He was surprised at first that he should be called home for such a purpose and was not inclined to like it. He saw that his wife was worked up over the matter and he yielded to her entreaties to listen to me because he feared the effect if he disappointed her. He attended half a dozen meetings and the fervor reached him and he became a real convert.

"In his enthusiasm he asked if there was anything he could do to prove his faith.

"'Can you stand a great sorrow?' asked that pastor.

"'Yes,' he said, 'gladly.'

"Then with great tact the preacher told about that motherless little one, while the wife sat by sobbing as if her heart would break.

"'Wife,' he said, 'let us take the first train to-morrow and get that child. I have sinned in the same way myself. I thank God for this day.'

"And now," said Gipsy Smith, "there is a happy household out there in the west, and openness where there was secrecy, and love where there was deceit and sharing the happiness of that couple is a little girl who never before knew a mother's love. I tell you if I had accomplished nothing more than that on my trip over here my work would have been more than repaid. That case alone I regard as the chief flower of this campaign."

The Slow Gordon Setter.

Years ago the Gordon setter was quite a favorite and much in use by sportsmen of this country. In later years, however, this really good dog was displaced in greater part by the pointer and English setter.

The Gordon, says Ed. F. Haberlein in Dogdom, is the largest and heaviest of all bird dogs, more clumsy and usually slow. Where most hunting is done in woodland and thickets and a slow working dog is needed so as not to get "lost" almost continually he fills the bill well—works close to the gun, has good nose, is steady on point, and, if properly trained, a very good retriever from land and water.

The Gordon is easily trained and retains his training well, is also of good, pleasant disposition and admirable companion. At this age, however, when so very much stress is laid on speed and wide range, the Gordon is not "in it" because he is a slow, pottering dog as a rule.

A Loud Habit.

A well-known comedian met a fellow actor the other day in Herald square.

"Hello, Jack!" he said. "Anything to do this evening?"

"Nothing special," replied the other.

"Well, let's go to the Hotel Astor and hear the newly rich eat soup."—Harper's Weekly.

Pretty Good Guess.

Teacher—James, what is the ruler of an empire called?

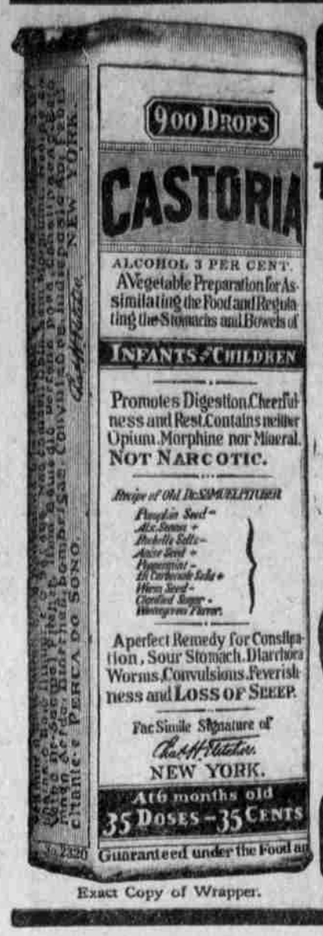
Jimmie—A emperor.

"Of a kingdom?"

"A king."

"And of a principality?"

"A-a-a principal, I guess."



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BONANZA POKER.

A Game That Staggered a Haughty Commercial Traveler.

Poker, say those who can remember back to the times of the old west, has seen its best days. No longer are such royal battles waged over the green cloth as when the newly fledged mining millionaires met with money to burn and with plenty of sporting spirit to burn it.

"It was in the famous Silver Bow club at Helena, Mont., that they used to play big poker," says a man who remembers. "At the game one night sat Marcus Daly, Senator Hearst and J. B. Haggin when there burst in a radiant New York drummer who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and politely asked if he might take a hand.

"'Why, yes; come right in,' said Daly.

"The drummer threw a hundred dollar note on the table. 'Let me have chips for that,' he said gravely.

"He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"'What's the matter, gentlemen?' the traveling man haughtily inquired. 'Ain't my money good?'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Daly. 'Hearst, give the gentleman one white chip.'"—Sporting Book.

Strong Influence.

Friend — You have great influence over your husband. He never left your side all yesterday. How did you manage it? Wife—Oh, I just sat firmly on the tails of his coat; that's all.—Meggendorfer Blatter.

He who despises small things never becomes rich.—Danish Proverb.

ORDINANCE NO. 46.—To levy taxes for municipal purposes for the year, 1908.

Be it ordained by the Council of the City of Marion, State of Ohio:

Section 1. That there be levied and collected for municipal purposes for the year 1908 on each dollar of the valuation of the real estate and personal property, within the City of Marion, returned on the grand duplicate and subject to taxation, ten mills (not exceeding ten mills.)

Section 2. That the levy above authorized for municipal purposes be and the same is hereby apportioned as follows:

For public health purposes 15-100.

For public safety purposes, 2 mills.

For public service purposes, 7 1-2 mills.

Total (not exceeding 10 mills) 9 5-100 mills.

Section 3. That there be levied and collected on each dollar of the property aforesaid for the year 1908 the following additional sum:

For library purposes (municipal) 40.00 mills

For sinking fund and interest, 5 mills.

Grand total corporation tax, 15.05 mills.

Section 4. That the clerk is hereby directed to certify the above levies to the Auditor of Marion county to be placed on the tax list and collected according to law.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after the earliest period allowed by law.

Passed June 17th, 1907.

S. R. RAUHAUSER,
President of City Council.

Approved by the Mayor,
LOUIS SCHERFF.

Attest: WILLIAM FIES, City Clerk.

Approved by the Tax Commission June 24, 1907.

S. T. QUIGLEY,
Secretary.

Star 7-1-8-07. Mirror 7-2-9-07.

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Our prepared chick feed contains the proper amount of grits for the little fellows to keep them healthy and growing rapidly. They thrive better when fed with this mixture.

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