The Times,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY NOON BY

E. O. DEWEY,

OWOSSO, - - MICHIGAN.

TERMS:

One Year,	$1 50
Six Months,	75
Three Months,	40
One Month,	15

Strictly in Advance.

☞ For papers sent out of the county 15 cents extra will be charged to pay postage.

Business cards, three lines, per year, $3 00

Legals at Statute Prices. Terms for Business Advertisements made known on application at the office.

E. S. LEONARD, M. D.,

Physician & Surgeon,

OFFICE,—At Drug Store, New Brick Block on Main Street West, - OWOSSO, MICH.

J. L. SMITH, M. D. W. R. HALL, M. D.

SMITH & HALL,

Physicians and Surgeons,

VERNON, - - MICHIGAN.

OFFICE OVER THE POST OFFICE.

Office hours for treatment of chronic diseases Wednesdays and Saturdays from 1 to 6 o'clock p. m.

L. S. PORTER, M. D.,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Female Diseases a specialty. All calls in town and country will receive prompt attention. Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M., 1 to 3 and 7 to 8 P. M., Sundays excepted; then, 1 to 3 P. M. only.

GEO. H BEDFORD,

CARRIAGE AND SIGN

PAINTER,

OWOSSO, MICH.

BALL'S DIPHTHERIA

CURE AND PREVENTIVE.

A Sure Cure and Positive Preventive of this dreadful disease. The trade supplied. Ask your Druggist for it. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of price.

A. R. BALL, M. D.,

Corunna, Mich.

M. L. STEWART. W. M. KILPATRICK.

M. L. Stewart & Co.,

BANKERS,

Owosso, - Michigan.

—SUCCESSORS TO—

M. L. STEWART.

Collections Made and Remitted for Promptly on Day of Payment.

DRAW DRAFTS ON ALL THE PRINCIPAL CITIES OF EUROPE.

CORRESPONDENTS:

American Exchange National Bank, New York.

American National Bank, - - Detroit.

—{FIRST}—

NATIONAL BANK

OF OWOSSO.

CAPITAL STOCK $125,000.

WITH AUTHORITY TO INCREASE TO $200,000.

—OFFICERS:—

A. GOULD,	President.
T. D. DEWEY,	Vice President.
C. E. HERSHEY,	Cashier
F. H. GOULD'	Ass't Cashier.

—DIRECTORS:—

AMOS GOULD,	T. D. DEWEY,
L. STRUBER,	JAS. OSBURN,
A. H. BYERLY	C. P. PARKILL.

DEALERS IN ALL GOVERNMENT SECURITIES.

☞ Special attention paid to Foreign and Domestic Collections.

STANDARD

Food for Plants

ODORLESS.

For producing flowers and vigorous growth, it has no equal. Has stood the test for years, and always does all claimed for it. Is especially adopted for house plants and gardening giving a healthy growth and abundant flowers. Over 100,000 packages sold in '81. Awarded the medal at the Mechanics' fair in Boston.

Put up in packages at 10 and 25 cents each.

FOR SALE AT

DR. PARKILL'S Drug Store.

Please Leave Orders

—FOR—

WOOD

—AT THE—

OWOSSO PLANING MILL OFFICE.

In *all* cases have *Cash* accompany the Order. L. E. WOODARD.

JOB WORK

DONE PROMPTLY

—AT THE—

"TIMES" OFFICE.

THE TIMES.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 1, NO. 5. OWOSSO, MICH., APRIL 28, 1882. WHOLE NO. 153

HOW WE FOUND MR. LEE.

FROM MARASH TO THE COAST.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY REV. L. B. PLATT, AT THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, MARCH 5, 1882.

It is a fact which may not be generally known that although our missionaries have been laboring in central Turkey more than 50 years they have not yet succeeded in converting a single Turk, and only one Mohammedan. In fact they have about given up all hope of accomplishing anything among that class of people, under the present existing government, and in the face of a fanatical prejudice which is all ready to pitch upon the first convert as a tratior to his country and his religion and tear him to pieces by mob rio tence. In other words, when a Mohammedan Turk makes up his mind to become a christian, he must make up his mind also, to die at the same time. It is certain and inenitable, and when in addition to this fact you consider that from the time of the crusades until the present, the name of christian has been handed down from father to son with intensest hatred and contempt, such as only a barbarous people is capable of, and which has been newly awakened and aggravated by the semi-religious war Russia, and when you consider also that those nominal christians of the old Armenian church by whom they have always been surrounded—are no fitter representatives of genuine christianity than the wild Indians that roam over our western prairies are of American civilization, why then it is not to be wondered at that only now and then a man can be found sufficiently thoughtful and free from prejudice and withal enough of a martyr and a hero to stand forth before his fellow-countrymen and say "I am a christian—now do your worst with me." Only one Mohammedan has dared to do that in 50 years—and he was not a full-fledged Turk but a Koord, or as we more commonly call them, a Tartar. And this was what happened to him, as I have heard the missionaries tell at Marash. In the first place his friends tried to persuade and then to frighten him out of his new belief. That failing they shut him up in the house of a chief and began to torture him. They poured boiling water on his head, scalding his hair off. They put blocks of ice on his eyes, bound tight with a cloth. They took knives and worked the sharp points of them under his nails as you would pare an apple. Then they gashed and laid open his breast and poured in some mixture of liquid torment. His wife stood up for him like a true woman and they poisoned her to death. They brought the man out and asked him "Are you a christian now?" He said, "I am." They shut him up again and in the night a woman comes to him. She tells him that to-morrow he will be tortured again and what he has already suffered will be nothing to what she has heard them planning for the next time. She urges him to escape and get out of the country, and shows him a way. With her assistance he makes his way out of the house and stands alone under the night heavens, his flesh bleeding with the cut of knives, the first Mohammedan martyr for Christ's sake that God ever looked down upon in central Turkey. He stood there meditating. He had only to say I recant, I am no christian—and by to-morrow's sunrise he would be restored to everything, house and land, friends and public favor and admiration. But if not then—banishment forever; no home, no friends, no money—only the desert before him and no strength to drag his weary way across it. A great temptation comes upon him—a great struggle—shakes the poor man's soul and brings him down on his knees in prayer and tears. "God help me. What shall I do?" And then rising again and taking his staff he places his bleeding hand into the bleeding hand of one that was crucified on Calvary and starts out into the wilderness and night darkness. He has given up everything—this poor Mohammedan Tartar—but he has not given up the Lord Jesus Christ. He comes to Marash to the missionaries. He says, "I have heard of Christ, and I believe on Him as my Saviour. Will you baptize me?" "No!" they say, "not here in Marash—the Mohammedans will kill you. But the man insists and finally they take him up into the mountains 20 miles away, to the city of Zeitoun where there are no Mohammedans and where, strange to say, they have steadily resisted the Turkish rule and sent away or killed the governors which have been placed over them, and there they baptize him.

Under such circumstances it is not to be marvelled at, as I remarked before, that the public profession of the christian faith by a Turk is a practical impossibility. It is a crime against society and the government, no less odious than high treason would be with us, and punishable by death. But at the same time it is a well-known fact with the missionaries, which they are obliged to keep secret, that a considerable number of the educated higher class of Mohammedans are reading the Bible, and accepting its truths, You walk down the street with one of the missionaries and he will say to you, "Do you see that man coming?"

"Yes."

Well, he is a Mohammedan, but he has sent to us for a Bible, and now the Mohammedans complain that he is never seen in their place of worship. They don't know the reason and if they should happen to find out they would certainly kill him, and he knows it, and so we dare not come near him nor he us. But he seems to be trying to be a christian, and there are hundreds like him, and when the proper time comes, that is when England withdraws her hand from the support of the Turkish Government and lets it fall to the ground and the Moslem tyranny of belief falls with it, these men will come forth and make it known to the astonishment of all Turkey and the world that they are christians. And what the result will be it is not easy to foresee. That is what the Missionaries are waiting for and the whole christian world should be anxious to see, and it is bound to came. But to resume our journey. We spent about ten days at Marash, and started one Monday morning for Aintab. The night before although we knew that we must rise a t half-past two and have breakfast at three, in order to make the next day's journey of 57 miles before sunset, still, it was slow work getting to bed. And when after singing "My country 'tis of thee, Sweet Land of Liberty" and "I'm a pilgrim and I'm a stranger" the only hymns that we sang that really expressed our feelings and did us good all the time we were gone, and which we sang with more pathos the farther we got away from home, on the Pyramus and the Jordan, around the solitary tomb Noah, and from Dan, clear down through the country to Beersheba, we finally got off to bed, we had just time enough to find out how sleepy we were when the bell rang for breakfast. We were all on hand, even to the baby, ate our breakfast went out to look after the horses, and wake up the Turkish Government who was lying on the floor of the college recitation room, and about half-past three we had said "good-bye" and were going down the hill, through the sleeping city, in the full brilliancy of a moonlight night. Mr. Lee rode with us down the mountain until we reached the level plain.

We rode silently together, it was a time when one thinks a great deal but says nothing. We both tried to arrange a plan for meeting again, sometime, somewhere, but there was a feeling withal that very likely we should not. At last we must separate, said he. If you meet Miss Doane on the way, tell her it is all arranged that she is to come and live with us, and we shall be glad enough to see her. And when you get back to Owosso, and the people ask you about us, you have seen how we are situated and you can tell them everything. If they ask you how we like it, you can say that we didn't come here so far from home and friends and country because we expected to like it. I think we came for a higher reason than that. There is a great work here to be done, as you have seen yourself, and we are going to stay and do it, and you may say that we are not sorry we came. Give my love to them all. Good-bye! We rode nearer together to shake hands, and as he turned and went back slowly toward the city and disappeared in its gloomy streets, I could not help looking after him with a mingled feeling of sorrow and admiration. Sorrow at the great sacrifice which I knew he was making in burying himself with all his talent and tastes completely out of this present world, as it seemed to me, and admiration at the noble heroic spirit in which he made that sacrifice for Christ's sake. I could not help saying to my-self as far as I could see him, Lord bless you, and then there came to me the words of one who had set the example of all self-sacrifice. He that loseth his life in this world, shall find it unto life eternal.

It was now about four o'clock, and the night was growing darker and more ghostly as it approached the morning. It was a good time to think about something else if possible, but it's just the time when a man *never can* think of anything else but boogars and spooks and hob-goblins, and all terrifying things that his imagination can create for itself out of sounds and shadows and awful silences. It called to mind that August night eight years before when three of us were riding in single file as we were that night, softly and warily through an enemy's country on the Kansas prairie. I thought of all the stories of robbers that I had heard the missionaries tell. How that only last fall, an old white-haired doctor of divinity was traveling to Constantinople, and was set upon by robbers. They took his horse and money and all that he had, and the old missionary stood up bravely and began to preach them a sermon. He took for his text "thou shalt not steal," and as he went on with his discourse, they began to give back one thing and another until he mounted his own horse again and rode off, leaving the robbers sitting by the roadside ashamed and confounded. They had never been to church before, or, probably the sermon would not have had such a marvellous effect.

I remember another instance of a missionary in similar circumstances. They stopped his horse and ordered him to get down. Then they began to ask questions. "What are you doing in this country?" He told them. "Well, what part of the world did you come from?" Said he, I came from the most wonderful country you ever heard of, and the most wonderful people, and then he began to tell them stories, how people travelled in that country, without horses or mules or camels, and yet went like the wind on flying wheels. Marvellous stories about running under mountains and talking across oceans, and riding through the air, and finally, said he, if you lose a leg in that country they put on a new one, if you lose an eye, they give you another, if you grow old, and all your teeth fall out, they make you a new set, and you are just as happy as you were before, and if you don't believe it, look there!" He put his hand to his mouth and pulled out his false teeth, and he said those fellows couldn't have been more frightened if he had held a pistol to the head of every one of them. They surrendered up everything they had taken from him, and were glad enough to get rid of him, and the missionary went on his way rejoicing, and he carries those teeth with him now everywhere. He prefers them to a Henry rifle. He says he feels safer. Unfortunately we were entirely destitute of any such natural means of protection. We couldn't scare up a wooden leg nor a false tooth, nor a glass eye in the whole party, and we never realized before what a misfortune it is to be without any of these things when you really want them. So long as we kept the open plain we we were comparatively safe. We were only startled a little now and then by the shout of some muleteer, or the sudden apparition of a huge camel, lunging out of the darkness right in front of us, with that peculiar, "here's my head and my heels are coming" gait of his and he never seems to know what to do with his head until his feet have come up and held a consultation with it. He stands squarely in the road, no matter how narrow, and if you try to squeeze past him, he turns his head in an absent minded way to look at you, and next thing you know you are gone to grass feet uppermost, and the camel looks down at you and never seems to know how it happened. But when we left the plain about eleven o'clock in the morning and entered a deep cut between two high walls of perpendicular rock, honeycombed with caves enough to have given shelter to all the robbers in Central Turkey, and when we learnen also that this had been in fact a sort of robbers paradise, that it was famous throughout that region as the terrible Bekja Pass, and an outpost of Turkish soldiers had been established there by the government, and when we saw too, how impossible it would be to attempt any resistance in a place so cramped that a horse could hardly have turned in it, and so rough with great stones and obstructed by boulders and fallen trees, as if purposely by the robbers, that we could scarcely make any headway on foot leading our horses by the bridle. I say, in view of all these considerations it is not surprising that we should not have been altogether happy, and that there should have been a silent but earnest contest among us to see which could keep the farthest behind, and form the rear guard. However we got through without any accident except the fall of a horse which was not serious, because the young man who rode him was providentially furnished with long legs and a small horse so that the horse could fall down while he stood astride of him like a Colossus of Rhodes and waited patiently for him to come up again. We took our lunch and the usual cup of Turkish coffee at the outpost and toward evening after a ride of 57 miles, having been in the saddle from 3 o'clock in the morning until 6 at night, we arrived in sight of Aintab, and saw three missionaries coming out to meet us. They introduced themselves as Mr. Fuller, Dr. Stevens and Mr. Riggs.

We stayed two nights at Aintab, enjoying the generous hospitality of Mrs. Fuller and the cordial friendliness of all the missionaries, such as missionaries only know how to bestow on all who visit them whether strangers or not, if only from their own country. They showed us about the college buildings and the Hospital, and the city (a place of perhaps 60,000 people, and so compact that Owosso would have more than covered the ground it was built on), but comparatively clean, and altogether a pleasant looking city, especially when you view it from a distance and think that you havent got to live there.

On the second morning we were off again, Mrs. Fuller decorated each of us with a button-hole boquet, asked us to call in again anytime, and of course we said we would. The missionaries accompanied us out of the town and then turned back with farewell wishes and we went on together, happy with the thought that to-morrow we should meet Miss Doane, and perhaps hear something from home.

Now it happened that there were three separate roads by which her party might have come from the coast to Aintab and we had telegraphed them to take a certain one of the three and manage to camp if they could on a certain night at a place called the Great Khan or Hotel and we would meet them there.

On the afternoon of that day, as we were beginning to have misgivings whether, after all, we should meet them, there came in sight a party of mutileers—driving their animals ahead of them—and as we came nearer, we saw trunks strapped on the mules with the old familiar initials, U. S. A. We asked how far the party was behind. They said "about 20 minutes." It was a smooth road and we started on the full gallop. We turned one bend of the mountain and then another, expecting each time to come face to face with them and surprise them suddenly, until at last we caught sight of them where they had just crossed the ford of the river about a mile away, and we were not long in getting there. It was a go-as-you-please, with the lines on the horses necks; nose, neck and tail straight out, with that reckless speed that an Arab horse likes better than his dinner.

They said they took us for Bashi-Bayouks, coming at such a rate—with faces tanned as black as Arabs. An Armenian in front rode forward to meet us, with a double-barrelled shot gun. We said, "Halloo! How are you!" And left him standing and looking after us. There was a party of seven or eight missionaries altogether—five of them ladies—all of them going to Harpoot. Miss Doane was among them and we visited together as long as we could, which was only a short half hour, but we improved it as much as possible by all talking together about everything and everybody at home that we could think of, and when we had separated going in opposite directions, it was such a sudden, strange meeting under such unforeseen and romantic circumstances, in so outlandish a place that it seemed to me then, and does now, more like a dream than an actual occurrence. We learned afterwards by letter from Mr. Lee, that Miss Doane arrived safely, having come through Aintab with some difficulty on account of the missionaries there determining to keep her now that she was in their hands. Which by the way is the one great trouble with missionaries, they will steal from each other when they think they can get a good thing. And a letter which I received a few days ago from Mr. Lee says that she is making remarkable progress with the language and unlike most missionaries who are obliged to sit down and wait a year before they can do anything, she has commenced already to give instruction in music, and with such success that the Turks and Armenians outside of the mission have invited her to teach their children in their own public schools. And, as I have had occasion to remark more than once in the course of these lectures, there is nothing in which these people are more deficient than in music. They know music when they hear it and they like it as well as anybody, but they don't know how to *make* it. And until they do, their religious worship will lack one of its most important elements. And in supplying this want Miss Doane is doing probably as much good for that people as the oldest missionary in the field, and that too, as I said before, at the very outset when it is usually expected that missionaries will do nothing but learn the language and become acclimated.

But to take up our line of march again. That evening as the sun was dropping down behind the mountain wall which separated us from the Mediterranean Sea, we came to a little village of Khoords, and as there

(Continued on Third page.)