

THE ARMY ADVANCES

TROOPS OF YOUNG TURKS NEAR SULTAN'S PALACE.

CAUSE A PANIC IN THE CITY

Not Known at Present Time What Are the Intentions of the Constitutional Leaders.

Constantinople—Heavy rifle firing has been in progress since 4 o'clock Friday morning, with the occasional rattle of the artillery surrounding Yildiz Kiosk. Indications are that an engagement is in progress between the advancing Salonkin troops and the Yildiz garrison.

The advance of the concentrated army of investment began Friday afternoon. While the favored troops of the Constantinople garrison were giving homage to the sultan on Yildiz hill there was a forward movement of the constitutional forces on that side Pera to within two and a half miles of the Yildiz Kiosk. Cavalry went out to reconnoiter, and squads were sent to picket the bridges across the Sweetwaters. A party of fifty American tourists, just arrived, who were driving in carriages in that direction, were turned back by horsemen. Infantry was then observed advancing, and rumors spread throughout the city that the army was about to enter the capital and fighting was inevitable.

There was a veritable panic, with much running to and fro and cries of alarm. Shop keepers in a large part of Pera put up their shutters. The British ambassador, Sir G. A. Lowther, was caught in the swirling crowd near the embassy, and hundreds of frantic persons poured into the embassy compound, imploring asylum. The gates of the embassy were closed with difficulty, but it was late in the afternoon before the refugees were assured and sent homeward. The outposts of the invaders remained within about two miles of the palace at night. On that side the city is entirely open, the fortifications having been planned to resist an approach by water.

It is impossible to say at the present time just what are the intentions of the leaders of the constitutionalists, who represent two factions, the radicals and the conservatives. Evidently the constitutionalists are of two minds with regard to the ruler of their country. The parliamentary deputies, who held meetings at San Stefano, seem to be in favor of his deposition, but the splendid reception which was accorded the sultan on his appearance in public was a graphic demonstration of the fact that his majesty retains a strong hold on the hearts of his people. He was acclaimed by thousands on his way from the gates of the palace to the White mosque outside the Yildiz Kiosk. Picked detachments of troops in their brilliant uniforms lined the line of march and stood at salute.

No guarantees of any kind have been given to the sultan by the constitutionalists, either with regard to his retention on the throne or the security of his person. The constitutionalists have practically control of the government and are taking up a passive attitude toward the sultan Tekwif Pasha, the grand vizier, and his associates in the cabinet have agreed to carry out the wishes of the parliament.

An Aged Pensioner Ill.

Washington.—Mrs. Sarah E. Thompson, aged 79, who served as a spy during the civil war, and is said to be the only woman carried on the pension rolls as a soldier, was so severely injured here by being knocked down by a street car near the capitol that she may die. She rendered conspicuous service to the Union cause during the civil war by the discovery of the whereabouts of the noted confederate general, John T. Morgan. Mrs. Thompson was a native of Tennessee and was employed in the postoffice department.

COLLIER DIES SUDDENLY.

New York Publisher Expires Suddenly of Apoplexy.

New York.—Peter F. Collier, founder and publisher of Collier's Weekly, died suddenly of apoplexy at the Riding club. Mr. Collier's illness came on suddenly and he died before a physician arrived. Peter F. Collier was the founder, chief owner and editor of Collier's Weekly. In this he was associated with his only son, Robert J. Collier, who with the widow survive him.

Little Change in Business.

New York.—Bradstreet's says: "Trade conditions are without much change, and irregularity is still the leading feature in business and industrial lines. Results of spring business are as a whole disappointing. There is, however, more doing in wholesale lines for next fall and winter."

Murderer's Case Transferred.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Owing to fears of violence, Judge Vermillion in the district court here decided to transfer the trial of John Junkin, the confessed murderer of Clara Rosen, to Centerville, Ia. Junkin is now in Ft. Madison penitentiary for safe keeping.

Lake Navigation Opens.

Ashland, Wis.—Navigation on the south shore of Lake Superior was opened Friday by the arrival of the steamer Charles O. Jenkins at Ashland.

NEBRASKA NEWS AND NOTES.

Items of Interest Taken From Here and There Over the State.

Hemingford recently voted water bonds that will soon be put on the market.

The Smith Bros. circus of Norfolk, formerly the Lemon Bros. circus, has been sold to parties in Sioux City.

Master Perry, the 4-year-old son of Riley O'Keefe, is laid up at his home in Humboldt as the result of being bitten by a pet monkey.

The whistle on the old Nebraska starch works is now heard again, after five years. The building is now used as an alfalfa plant.

Ira Riggsby pleaded guilty in the district court at Beatrice to the charge of criminally assaulting Mabel Myers, 15 years old, and was sentenced to 30 days in jail by Judge Pemberton.

Relatives of ePter Miller, who was fatally injured by falling from a Union Pacific train near Havana February 24, 1908, have just been paid \$5,000 damages by the railroad.

The Misses Mary and Barbara Goracke, who left Johnson county several years ago to join the Benedictine order of nuns, have taken the final vows of the order at Atchison, Kas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Parker of Konrad, aged 83 and 78 respectively, passed their 59th wedding anniversary. Both are cheerful and enjoying quite good health.

John Dale, who has been in jail in Pawnee City for robbery, having stolen clothing from the Hotel Murphy in Table Rock, pleaded guilty and was sentenced by Judge Raper to the penitentiary for eighteen months.

The supreme court of the state has affirmed the judgment of the district court in which Carrie Baynard was awarded \$3,000 damages against the city of Franklin for an injury.

Rufus Crowder died at his home southwest of Guide Rock. He was accidentally shot by his brother while hunting April 4. He leaves a wife and six children.

By working three shifts on the pile driver the Burlington succeeded in getting a temporary structure over the place where ten spans in Platte county were burned and traffic was resumed.

Edith Loper, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Loper of Guide Rock swallowed about an ounce of carbolic acid and is in a critical condition. It is not known whether the girl took the acid by accident or not. She is about 15 years old.

Ernest F. Wright, wanted in McCook for several forgeries, was apprehended at Oxford and brought to McCook by Deputy Sheriff Ernest Osburn. It is quite probable that Wright will have the charge of robbery to answer for.

The board of public lands and buildings went over the plans for the stock judging auditorium for the fair grounds, approved them and decided to advertise for bids, the last day for receiving them being set for May 11.

The man who was struck by a Burlington train and killed between Louisville and Cedar Creek was believed to be Lou Walker of Council Bluffs. William Miller, the injured man, is reported as resting easy at Cedar Creek, and hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Fighting the prairie fire that devastated a portion of Cherry county around Merriman, Mrs. Henry Ganow, alone, except with the aid of her four children, saved her house by making a firebreak with a pair of oxen and a wooden plow. The fire split at Peter Madsen's, a mile southeast.

Mrs. Shallenberger is coming in for some of the praise the governor is receiving for signing the 8 o'clock closing law. Last week she received a gold pin with the inscription, "8 p. m." engraved in a monogram. Written on a card was the following: "This little souvenir represents the sentiment of four-fifths of northwest Nebraska. No higher honor can come to the governor of the state."

Rev. Thomas Warden, rector of St. Andrew's Catholic church of Tecumseh, has a fine mare which gave birth to a standard-bred colt. Before the colt was a day old it had been sold to Col. Ben Miller & Son of that city for \$250. The colt is a male and comes from the bluest blood of trotting lines. His sire, Constantine, owned by Col. John Doniphan of St. Joseph, Mo., sold for \$27,000.

The mystery of the systematic thieving and robbing of stores in the neighborhood of Greenwood during the last three months was cleared by the arrest there of Andrew Bloom, who subsequently confessed. Among the articles Bloom confessed to stealing was a trunkful of valuable Irish linen lace, worth \$2,000, belonging to Miss Fitzgerald of Lincoln. The lace and a large amount of other stolen property was found in Bloom's house.

Leroy Roby of Tilden, aged 12, sent a bullet into his right temple rather than submit to punishment at the hands of his father for a mischievous misdeed. The lad was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. George E. Roby. The father had told the boy to go home and had forbidden him of punishment to be administered a little later. The boy went directly home and fatally shot himself.

The First Congregational and the German Congregational churches of Hastings will this year put up new houses of worship.

Sheriff Fenton of Richardson county too George McKee from the poor farm to the asylum at Lincoln, the Grand Army of the Republic having failed to get him into the Soldiers' home on account of insanity.

The little son of Mr. and Mrs. Bert Pinkley of Lyons was badly scalded. The mother was washing and the little fellow pulled a boiler of hot water over on him, scalding his legs and back.

SERIAL STORY

THE LOVES of the LADY ARABELLA

By MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL

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SYNOPSIS.

At 34 years of age Admiral Sir Peter Hawkshaw's nephew fell deeply in love at first sight with Lady Arabella Storch, who captured his attention. The lad, an orphan, was given a berth as midshipman on the Ajax by his uncle, Giles Vernon, nephew of Sir Thomas Vernon, because the boy's girl. They attended a theater where Hawkshaw's nephew saw Lady Arabella. Vernon met Philip Overton, next in line for Sir Thomas Vernon's estate. They started a duel which was interrupted. Vernon, Overton and Hawkshaw's nephew found themselves attracted by pretty Lady Arabella.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The Frenchmen thought they had us. We heard afterward that a prize crew was already told off to take us into Corunna, but no man or boy on the Ajax dreamed of giving up the ship.

The Ajax was cleared for action in eleven minutes; and, with four ensigns flying, we headed for the ship of the line, which was waiting for us, with her topsails shivering. The Ajax had been lately coppered, and, with all sail to royals set, logged it at a lively gait, in spite of the heavy sea, which occasionally caused our lower-deck guns to roll their noses in the water. As we wallowed toward the ship of the line, which was the Indomptable, the frigate, the Xantippe, was maneuvering for a position on our starboard quarter to rake us. Seeing this, the Ajax came up a little into the wind, which brought our broadside to bear directly on the Xantippe, and she hedged off a little.

The steadiness, coolness, and precision with which the ship was handled astonished my young mind. I knew very well that if we were defeated Sir Peter Hawkshaw would stand no show of leniency, for there was no doubt that, owing to our new copper, we could easily have outailed the Frenchmen; but Sir Peter preferred to outfight them, even against desperate odds.

The officers and men had entire confidence in Sir Peter and in the ship, and went into action with the heartiest good-will imaginable. The people were amused by two powder monkeys coming to blows in the magazine passage over which one would be entitled to the larger share of prize-money. The gaiety of the men was contagious. Every man's face wore a grin; and when the word was given to take in the royals, and send down the yards, furl all staysails and the flying jib, they literally rushed into the rigging with an "Aye, aye, sir," that seemed to shake the deck.

The admiral, who had been on the bridge, left it and went below. Presently he came up. He was in his best uniform, with a gold-bilted sword, his order of the Bath on his breast, and he wore a cocked hat. As he passed me, Mr. Buxton, who was stepping along briskly, said: "Pardon me, Sir Peter, but a French musket wants no better target than a cocked hat."

"Sir," replied Sir Peter, "I have always fought in a cocked hat and silk stockings, as becomes a gentleman; and I shall always fight in a cocked hat and silk stockings, damme!"

Mr. Buxton passed on, laughing. Now, I had taken the opportunity, after we had sighted the Frenchman, to run below and put on my newest uniform, with silk stockings, and to get out several cambrie pocket handkerchiefs; and I had also scented myself liberally with some attar of rose, which I had bought in Portsmouth. Sir Peter, putting his fingers to his nose, sniffed the attar of rose, and, speedily identifying me, he surveyed me calmly all over, while I blushed and found myself unable to stand still under his searching gaze. When he spoke, however, it was in words of praise.

"Nephew, you have the right idea. It is a holiday when we meet the enemy, and officers should dress accordingly."

Mr. Buxton, who was standing near, sneaked off a little. He had on an old coat, such as I had never seen him wear, and had removed his stock and tied a red silk handkerchief around his neck. He certainly did not look quite the gentleman. The Indomptable, being then about half a mile distant, bore up and fired a shot to windward, which was an invitation to come on and take a licking or give one. The Ajax was not misled into the rashness of coming on, with the Xantippe hanging on her quarter, but tuffing up suddenly—for she answered her helm beautifully—she brought the frigate directly under her guns; and that fetched the Indomptable as fast as she could trot. The Ajax opened the ball with one of her long twenty-fours, Sir Peter himself sighting and

pointing the gun; and immediately after the whole broadside roared out. Had it struck the frigate full, it would have sent her to the bottom; but by hauling quickly by the wind, she only received about half the discharge. That, however, was terrible. Her mizenmast was cut off, and hung over her side in a mass of torn rigging; her mainmast was wounded; and it was plain that our broadside had killed and wounded many men, and had dismounted several guns. Her wheel, however, was uninjured, and in an inconceivably short time the wreck of the mast had been cut away; and wearing, with the wind in her favor, she got into a raking position on our port quarter, and gave us a broadside that raked us from stern to stem.

The savage which dwells in man had made me perfectly indifferent to the loss of life on the French ship; but when a man dropped dead at my side, I fell into a passion of rage, and, I must honestly admit, of fear. My station was amidships, and I recalled, with a dreadful sinking of the heart, that it was commonly known as the slaughter house, from the execution generally done there.

I looked down and saw the man's blood soaking into the sand, with which the deck was plentifully strewed, and I, Richard Glyn, longed to desert my station and run below. But as I turned, I caught sight of Giles Vernon, a little distance away from me. He was smiling and waving his hat, and he cried out: "See, boys! the big 'un is coming to take her punishment! Huzza!"

The Indomptable had then approached to within a quarter of a mile, and as a heavy sea was kicked up by the wind, and all three of the ships were rolling extremely, she luffed up to deliver her broadside; and at that moment three thundering cheers broke from the 900 throats on the Ajax, and they were instantly answered by a



We Were So Near That Every Shot Told.

cheer as great from the Frenchman. Owing to the sharp roll, most of the French shot went a little too high, just above the heads of the marines, who were drawn up in the waist of the ship. My paroxysm of fear still held me, but when I saw these men, with the one proud word "Gibraltar" written on their hats, standing steadily, as if at parade, in the midst of the hurricane of fire, the men as cool as their officers, shame seized me for my cowardice; from that on, I gradually mastered my alarms. I here mention a strange thing; as long as I was a coward at heart, I was also a villain; for if one single shot could have sent the Frenchman's body to the sea and his soul to hell, I would have fired that shot. But when I was released from the nightmare of fear, a feeling of mercy stole into my soul. I began to feel for our brave enemy and to wish that we might capture him with as little loss as possible.

The cannonade now increased; but the wind, which is usually deadened, continued to rise, and both the heavy ships were almost rolling their yards-arms in the water. The Indomptable's fire was exceedingly steady, but not well directed, while, after ten minutes of a close fire, it was seen that we were fast shooting her spars out of her. The frigate, much disabled by the loss of her mast, had fallen off to leeward, and never got close enough again to be of any assistance to her consort.

The Ajax's people began to clamor to get alongside, and alongside we got. As we neared the Indomptable, occasionally yawing to prevent being raked, his metal began to tell, and we were much cut up aloft, besides having been hulled repeatedly; but we came on steadily. The man at the wheel had nearly all his clothes torn off him by a splinter, but with the spirit of a true seaman, he stood at his post unflinchingly, never letting go of the spokes for one moment. When we were within a couple of pistol-shots, the Frenchman opened a smart musketry fire. Sir Peter had left the bridge for a moment and was crossing the deck, when a ball went through his hat, knocking it off and tearing it to pieces. He stooped down, picked it up, and then called out to a powder boy who was passing: "Go to my cabin, and in the upper drawer of the locker to the left of my bed-place, you will see two cocked hats; bring me the newest one. Hanged if I'll not wear a decent hat, in spite of the Frenchman!"

And this man was ruled by his wife! We have to about a cable's length from the Frenchman, and then the fight began in earnest. We were so near that every shot told. The Frenchman made great play with his main

deck battery, and our sails and rigging soon were so cut up that when we came foul, a few minutes later, we were jammed fast; but nobody on either ship wished it otherwise. The Frenchman's main-yard swung directly over our poop, and Capt. Guilford himself made it fast to our mizen rigging. The Frenchman, however, was not yet beaten at the guns, and the firing was so heavy on both sides that a pall of smoke enveloped both ships. This was to our advantage, for the frigate, having got some sail on the stump of her mizenmast, now approached; but the wind drifted the smoke so between her and the two fighting ships, that she could not in the dim twilight plainly discern friend from foe, especially as both were painted black, and we swung together with the sea and wind. When the smoke drifted off, the gallant but unfortunate Xantippe found herself directly under our broadside. We gave her one round from our main battery, and she troubled us no more.

Of my own feelings, I can only say that I welcomed the return of my courage so rapturously, I felt capable of heroic things. Occasionally I recognized Sir Peter as he flitted past; he seemed everywhere at once, and I perceived that although Capt. Guilford was technically fighting the ship, Sir Peter was by no means an idle spectator. My gun was on the engaged side all the time, and several of the guns on that side became disabled, and officers were wounded or killed; it brought Giles Vernon quite close to me. Through the smoke and the fast-falling darkness, lighted only by the red flash of the guns and the glare of the battle lanterns, I could see his face. He never lost his smile, and his ringing voice always led the cheering.

Presently the Frenchman's fire slackened, and then a dull, rumbling sound was heard in the depths of the Indomptable, followed by a roar and streams of light from the forechamber. The forward magazine had exploded, and it seemed in the awful crash and blaze as if all the masts and spars went skyward, with the rags of the sails; and a solemn hush and silence followed the explosion.

In another instant I heard Sir Peter's sharp voice shouting: "Call all hands to board! Bontswain, cheer the men up with the pipe!"

And then the clear notes of the boat-swain's pipe floated out into the darkness, and with a yell the men gathered at the bulwarks. On the French ship they appeared to be dazed by the explosion, and we could see only a few officers running about and trying to collect the men.

In another instant I saw Mr. Buxton leap upon the hammock-netting, and about to spring, when a figure behind him seized him by the coat-tails, and, dragging him backward, he measured his length on the deck. The figure was Giles Vernon.

"After me," he cried to the first lieutenant; and the next moment he made his spring, and landed, the first man on the Indomptable's deck.

As soon as the ship was given up, we hauled up our courses and ran off a little, rove new braces, and made ready to capture the frigate, which, although badly cut up, showed no disposition to surrender, and stood gallantly by her consort. In half an hour we were ready to go into action again, if necessary, with another ship of the line.

We got within range—the sea had gone down much—and giving the Xantippe our broadside, brought down the tricolor which the Frenchmen had nailed to the stump of the mizenmast. She proved to have on board near a million sterling, which, with the Indomptable, was the richest prize taken in four years preceding.

The admiral and captain got £11,000 sterling each. The senior officers received £2,500 sterling each. The juniors got £2,000 sterling, the midshipmen and petty officers £1,500 sterling, and every seaman got £700 sterling, and the landsmen and boys £400 sterling in prize money. And I say it with diffidence, we got much more in glory; for the two French ships were not only beaten, but beaten in the most seamanlike manner. Sir Peter ever after kept the anniversary as his day of glory, putting on the same uniform and cocked hat he had worn, and going to church, if on shore, with Lady Hawkshaw on his arm, and giving thanks in a loud voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

RABBITS ARE HARD FIGHTERS.

The Charge of Cowardice a Slender—Defeat of a Ferret.

Tell a man that he hasn't the pluck of a rabbit and if he doesn't disprove it by hitting you he is certain at any rate to be extremely annoyed.

Yet the taunt is a libel on the rabbit. A doe rabbit will fight like fury in defense of her young. She will charge like a battering ram and use those long sharp incisors of hers to capital purpose.

An old buck rabbit is not to be lightly tackled by weasel, stoat or even ferret. On the sanded floor of a small public house near Chestnut a ferret of long experience was matched with an old lop-eared buck, the property of the landlord.

The ferret made straight for the rabbit's throat, but the latter was in the air before master ferret could reach him, and leaping clean over the ferret's head let out with those powerful hind legs of his a kick which hurled the ferret bodily against the wainscot. Twice the ferret returned to the attack and twice he missed his grip and went hurtling through the air.

The third repulse was enough for him. He knew he was beaten and could not be persuaded to stand up for a fourth round. — Pearson's Weekly.

PERUNA

For Catarrh of the Throat of Two Years' Standing.

"I was afflicted for two years with catarrh of the throat. At first it was very slight, but every cold I took made it worse.

"I followed your directions and in a very short time I began to improve. I took one bottle and am now taking my second. I can safely say that my throat and head are cleared from catarrh at the present time, but I still continue to take my usual dose for a spring tonic, and I find there is nothing better."—Mrs. W. Pray, 260 Twelfth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

POTATO MAKES PROUD BOAST.

Humble Vegetable Used for Many Other Purposes Than Recognized Dinner Essential.

Whenever you lick a postage stamp you partake of me, since all lickable gums are made from dextrine, one of my products.

Your neck caresses me all day—for the starch that stiffens your collar is made from the potato.

The bone buttons on your underwear are probably "vegetable ivory"—compressed potato pulp.

My leaves, dried, make a good smoke. You have often smoked them "unbeknownst," mixed with your favorite brand.

Potato spirit is a very pure alcohol. It is used to fortify white wines. Many a headache is not so much due to the grape as the potato.

I yield a sweet syrup. In this form I am often present in cheap cocoa, honey, butter and lard.

Let the corpulent try as they will, they cannot escape yours truly, THE POTATO.

BABY'S WATERY ECZEMA

Itched and Scratched Until Blood Ran—\$50 Spent on Useless Treatments—Disease Seemed Incurable.

Cured by Cuticura for \$1.50.

"When my little boy was two and a half months old he broke out on both cheeks with eczema. It was the itchy, watery kind and we had to keep his little hands wrapped up all the time, and if he would happen to get them uncovered he would claw his face till the blood streamed down on his clothing. We called in a physician at once, but he gave an ointment which was so severe that my babe would scream when it was put on. We changed doctors and medicine until we had spent fifty dollars or more and baby was getting worse. I was so worn out watching and caring for him night and day that I almost felt sure the disease was incurable. But finally reading of the good results of the Cuticura Remedies, I determined to try them. I can truthfully say I was more than surprised, for I bought only a dollar and a half's worth of the Cuticura Remedies (Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills), and they did more good than all my doctors' medicines I had tried, and in fact entirely cured him. His face is perfectly clear of the least spot or scar of anything. Mrs. W. M. spot or scar. Mrs. W. M. Comer, Burnt Cabins, Pa., Sept. 15, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Question of the Hour.

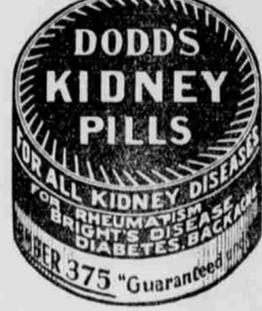
"We are really at a loss to know how to punish Earle," she said. "We have tried all the punishment in our kindergarten list without effect. We have reasoned with him and told him that he will cease to be our pretty pet and will grow up to be a bad, bad man, and—"

"Madam," interrupted the gentleman of the old school, who was visiting them, "you will find on the trunk in my room a very excellent strap that I shall not need temporarily."

But, of course, he didn't know anything about modern methods.

Table Talk.

A story in which Webster is said to have figured: The statesman was once asked by a woman at a dinner given in his honor, how he varied in his eating and what he generally ate. "Madam," the answer ran, "I vary in eating in this respect: sometimes I eat more, but never less."



Cedar Shingles

—unequaled for wear and appearance. Require no dressing every year as do prepared roofings. Last much longer and look better. The best WASHINGTON RED CEDAR SHINGLES bear this mark, remember the name.

