

## IS CLAIMED BY MANY WIVES.

New York.—(Special).—For five years at least Samuel Friedlander, a handsome, persuasive young man, has been wandering around the country marrying any woman he desired.

He preferred women with money, and it is said of him that he never failed to win the girl he coveted.

At present he is in jail in Long Island City. Wives to the number of ten have been unearthed and the list is growing momentarily.

Friedlander went under scores of aliases, but his favorite name was Ruben. He is incarcerated under the name of Isaac Ruben, but he has been Levi Ruben, Louis Ruben, Simon Ruben, Aaron Ruben, Moses Ruben, and himself only knows how many other Rubens.

In fact, he has been everything but a Ruben, as the word is popularly applied.

He made bigamy a business. In a little ledger he carried in his pocket when he was arrested in Boston a few days ago, the police found the names of scores of women.

Check marks after the names of some indicate from what the police have learned, those he married. Some names have interrogation marks after them, denoting doubtless that they were in doubt.

One name—that of a Mrs. Carnes—had the word October written after it. The police believe that he had arranged to marry this woman during the current month.

Friedlander married for the money of the women who fell victims to his power as a lover. This money, barring what he needed for living expenses, he sent to his only true wife, who lives with his four children at 284 Osborne street, Brownville, Borough of Brooklyn.

Living in a handsome home, surrounded by every comfort, Mrs. Friedlander enjoyed a pleasant existence while her husband went about marrying whom he might.

Friedlander was good to his wife, and now that he is caught she is willing to sacrifice her own honor and the good name of her children by asserting that she never was married to him.

It appears from all the records that Friedlander married in Russia about twelve years ago, when he had reached the age of 18. His wife was a mere child.

He landed in this city about six years ago and began his career of bigamy almost immediately. Doubtless the ease with which men of his race may marry girls who have accumulated small dowries opened up to his mind a vision

of a long career of successful operations. At any rate, he had not been here long when he married a girl who is known at present only as Pauline.

This Pauline was an East Side girl who had saved \$500. It is believed that Friedlander married her under the name of Stein. He represented to her that he was a planter in Brazil and took her to that country. In a few months he returned without her, saying she had died.

Pauline returned to the East Side about a year ago with an almost incredible story. She said that her husband, after taking her money from her had sold her into worse than slavery in Brazil. That she had been kept a prisoner for four years and had finally escaped through the good grace of a gentleman of wealth, who had become interested in her story.

After Friedlander's return from Brazil his movements were erratic and have been but faintly traced. It is known that he visited all the large cities in the country establishing installment-plan stores.

Women who married him say that he was irresistible when he began to make love, and the police believe that he has the sailor with a wife in every port distanced, in that he has several wives in every large city in the United States.

The first intimation the police had of the operations of Friedlander came to them early in September, when a complaint was made by Rosa Mintzner of Astoria avenue, Maspeth. Her story was as follows:

She married Friedlander, under the name of Isaac Ruben, on July 29, and went with him to Boston. She had a dowry of \$200, which she turned over to him, and for a month they were happy.

One day her husband shocked her by announcing that he knew a woman with \$500 who wanted to marry him.

"Now," he is reported by Rosa to have said, "you let me marry this woman and the first thing I will do will be to get her money. Then we will go to Chicago or Brooklyn and have a good time."

Rosa refused to be a party to such a scheme and Friedlander proclaimed that it made no difference to him; he was going to marry the woman with \$500 anyhow. At this point Rosa came back to New York and told the story of her marriage and its developments.

Philadelphia Press: "Well, what on earth did he marry for?" "For sympathy," "And he didn't get even that?" "Oh, yes, from his friends."

## WAS QUEEN OF THE DENVER BALL

Denver, Colo.—(Special).—Traveling on her shape, a young colored woman, Miss Jessie M. Jones of 320 East Dakota street, at the carnival ball, set the fastest pace of all, and hidden her mask her eyes sparkled with the fascination that made a dozen Denver swells her abject slaves. Even the judges who awarded her first prize as Columbia girl almost fainted with astonishment when in a secluded nook she lowered her mask in requirement with the rules and they saw a comely young mulatto.

None of her admirers was more assiduous than were two officers from Fort Logan, and their persistent attentions gave rise to the general rumor that she was the wife of a military man. Civilians prominent in society and commerce were rivals for her favors. Since they have learned she is not quite white, by bribes and threats they are trying to escape the "joshing" sure to follow. They are wondering whether their society friends will regard it as a cardinal sin. One young admirer has already made preparations for a trip east, and he will not return until the carnival ball is a dim and distant memory.

There were extenuating circumstances, however. There was no means of telling that the symmetrical form was covered with a mahogany skin. It was a democratic crowd and its theory of female beauty was that "to her who hath shape all other shortcomings may be forgiven."

Tragedy and comedy alike were veiled by masks, and if they had fallen without warning things that will remain secret till the end of time would have caused endless complications. It was a lottery, and a few men who followed in the colored belle's train believe even yet they drew a prize for the time being and are still wondering if it is possible for them to locate the statuesque beauty whose mature charms bewildered them on that one joyous night.

No one thought she was an ingenue. The Venus-like form developed to the dividing line between symmetry and embonpoint proclaimed its owner to be one to whom there were no mysteries in life. "A gay married woman" was the general verdict, and every man who saw her wished he was her husband. Her own husband, resting after his daily labors at his modest home at 320 East Dakota street, had no notion of the commotion his better half was creating at the carnival ball. Perhaps if he had even his placid disposition would have rebelled against the strenuous efforts some society men were making to induce Mrs. Jones to accept invitations to one future func-

tion or another in order they might be sure of not losing her. Like the man in the song, they were "glad they found her" and their hearts hang like leaden balls at the thought of losing her.

"If you were not married I would propose to you on the spot," said one man in the hardware line. He seemed to forget the rumor that he is engaged to a girl on Capitol hill and was almost delirious in his longing to raise the tantalizing mask.

"My husband is in the army," answered the mix, and in ten minutes the hundred or more who were wondering who she was had imparted to them in stage whispers the supposed fact that an officer's wife was honoring the ball with her presence. Her manners were perfect and the soft low voice deceived men who pride themselves upon being able to tell quality at a glance. Nature's own gifts overbalanced all lack of experience in drawing rooms, and the fact that her identity was concealed gave her the aplomb to pretend she was really a member of the smart set.

She enjoyed the deception like a Maud Muller made queen for a day. She assumed the airs of a grand dame and the capriciousness of a coquette. Men were exasperated by her unwillingness to accept an invitation to leave the ball room for a glass of wine, yet a gracious word mollified their wrath. Carriages, whose liveried footmen and coachmen fancy themselves in an upper class compared with that of the colored queen, were at her disposal upon that one night, but she disdained all their offers and remained to be queen of the ball. Just before the time to unmask and while she was undergoing a dangerous cross-questioning from an army officer she had admitted to that she was the wife of a military man, one of the judges approached her.

"Have you got your prize yet?" he asked.

"O, yes; I have two or three," she answered, thinking he was speaking facetiously.

"He is not joking—he means it and is one of the judges."

"O, no; he's just funning," responded the colored girl, and the use of the word "funning" amazed them both.

At length they made her understand she had really won first prize. The army officer did his best to be allowed to see her raise her mask, but she was inexorable in her resolution, and to this day he does not know that he and other men acquainted with the haut ton spent what they regarded as their valuable time in chasing fees for a colored servant girl.

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Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler

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New York, Jan. 3, 1901.

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Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife has been afflicted with spasmodic asthma for the past 12 years. Having exhausted my own skill as well as many others I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once obtained a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all symptoms. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

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ALEX. HILTON, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, BRYAN SNYDER, PASSENGER TRAFFIC MANAGER, SAINT LOUIS. Please mention this paper.

Hot water is used to sprinkle the streets in Boise City, Idaho. It is drawn from an artesian well.

SOME BOOK DEALERS

Have Refused to Handle the Novel

Chickens Come Home

To Roost.

On the Ground That the Story is Immoral.

John Wanamaker's (of New York.) reason for not keeping it in stock is that all the salesmen and salesgirls were always reading it.

The American News company have explained to their customers a half dozen false reasons for not supplying the book when ordered.

A dealer in New Jersey refused to pay for one hundred copies he had ordered because, he said, "it is a bad book."

He was sued for the bill, and a judgment was rendered against him. Judge Cutler, who tried the case, said: "This is a beautiful and well written story, daring perhaps, but of strong moral."

"This novel has had nearly one thousand press notices. Many papers have devoted columns; one paper recently a whole page, in describing its qualities. The Ohio State Journal says: 'The greatest novel of the century.'"

The New York Press: "Will be read as long as the flag floats."

The Chicago Inter Ocean: "Phenomenal for its beautiful word pictures."

Minneapolis Tribune: "Cannot be too strongly recommended."

Zanesville Courier and the Norwalk (Ct.) Sentinel: "The description of the horse race has no parallel in fiction."

The story has been translated into the German language, is being brought out in Paris, has been dramatized for the stage and has been selling at the rate of 1,000 copies per week for the last 50 weeks.

Now, if you cannot get this great story from your dealer, news agent, train boy or jobber, sent to

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OHIO SUPPLY COMPANY, Detroit, Mich., O. Please mention this paper.

Returns from the city election at Indianapolis show that the colored voters fought nobly for the republican ticket. The shrewd managers of the campaign touched the hearts of the colored brothers and sisters by planting luscious watermelons there and gratitude did the rest.

## SMALLEST KINGDOM ON EARTH.

London.—(Special).—The smallest kingdom in the world is within sight of the British Isles, yet not yet absorbed by that most imperialistic of nations.

True, it would not add greatly to the glory of his majesty King Edward VII. should he dispatch his deputy, Mr. Atkinson, to conquer this smallest kingdom, inasmuch as it has a population of but twenty-seven, and could be wiped out of existence in half an hour.

More ancient than that of any king in Europe is the lineage of the sovereigns of this lonely island.

The name of the island is Yngs Enle, but King Edward knows the kingdom as Bardsley, and marines steer clear of it under the name of Bards Island.

It is at the northern extremity of Cardigan Bay, in latitude 52 degrees 45 minutes north and longitude 4 degrees and 47 minutes west.

It stands high out of the sea, a rocky inhospitable coast, and over one-third of its 370 acres of surface is hilly. Bardsley Island is separated from the Isle of Man by only a few hundred yards.

Way back in 516 Cadfan, the Norseman of the South, the stately oak among the forest pines, hunted by his enemies, sought Bardsley island as a refuge. He was the first king, and the boatload of loyal subjects which he brought with him became the ancestors of the inhabitants of the island of this day.

It was a safe refuge for him then, because no one ever came that way.

There was only one harbor, and that was on the southeast coast, and was only deep enough for a boat of forty tons burden.

Its entrance was guarded by rocks running far out into the open sea, and the pathway leading through these rocks leading up to the safe harbor was so winding, and so dangerous that no one would dare to follow him.

And to these rocks, the sentinels of Bardsley island, is due today the seclusion of the smallest kingdom in the world.

The currents wind through them in the form of whirlpools. The waves beat against them, and breaking into spray spring high in the air. The sailors dread them with all the fear of sudden death, and the island, with its small population and its miniature king and queen, live on, century after century, a happy little family, unmoved by the turmoil of the outside world.

Up on the north coast of the island, standing out in black relief against the brilliant sky, are the ruins of St. Mary's Abbey, founded, some say, by Cadfan.

The stout masonry has long since been hidden beneath the ivy vines which nature planted, but the roof is fallen in and the woodwork is decayed, and the crumbling walls of the old ab-

bey are all that is left to remind the people of their founder.

On the southern end of the island is a lighthouse 129 feet above the water.

Like the old abbey, it too is archaic and instead of the revolving light we find in all modern lighthouses, this beacon is equipped with a fixed light which points the way through the rocks and the currents to the harbor.

The lighthouse, however, is comparatively a modern invention, having been placed there about seventy-five years ago by the International Navigation company to warn its Dublin steamers from the rocks.

The smallest kingdom in the world is really a republic.

So far from being the purple-robed potentate which we might imagine, the present ruler of Bardsley island frequently strips down to his shirt-sleeves and stoops to the proletarian labor of digging potatoes and gathering crabs which abound on the rocky shores, whenever the craving for food requires it.

His queen, like all the other women of the island, assists at these prebent tasks and carries the crabs and potatoes home after her lord has dug up or captured the same.

Nevertheless the people live sumptuously on home-grown barley bread and luscious butter and milk, and the king is their friend. When he lays aside the regal duties of the kingdom he acts as doctor, schoolmaster and registrar of births, marriages and deaths.

So busy are they with their own affairs, and so far away from the outside world that it is doubtful if they do at this day know that Queen Victoria is dead. If they do know of it, certain it is that they have sent no telegrams of condolence, for the very good reason that there is not a telegraph pole in the country.

This is an era of experiments in food. Scientific investigators in Europe, after thorough tests of a horse-flesh diet, say that this sort of meat, when the use of it is continued for a time, tends to lessen the weight of the consumer, whether man or beast. These physiological sages have come to the conclusion that the choicest steaks and roasts from the fattest coits and fillies are inferior to beef or veal, mutton, lamb or ham in sustaining vital force and preventing a decline in strength. This is puzzling, because horses are as clean feeders as cattle or sheep, and much cleaner than pigs. How can it be accounted for?

Kansas City Star: The remark of Bishop Shaffer of the African Methodist church that the work of colored pastors is to teach their people how to live on earth as well as how to get to heaven may be supplemented by the suggestion that the one is an excellent preparation for the other.

## THE RICE BIRD SEASON OPENS.

Charleston, S. C.—(Special).—Thousands of rice birds are being slaughtered daily in the fields around Georgetown to supply the markets of the east. The season, which opened auspiciously for the bird dealers, has been profitable, and one firm in Georgetown has made the largest shipments ever recorded in this section. Some time ago a dealer in Philadelphia offered to buy the entire output of the Georgetown dealer, regardless of price and the number of birds shipped. The Philadelphia said he could easily handle 75,000 dozen at once, which gives a clear idea of the enormous demand for this toothsome dish. During the past week the Charleston buyers had great difficulty in getting birds, as the price has jumped from 50 to 75 cents per dozen. But this increase has not stopped the sale here and the city is feasting.

Daniel Crowley, a well known hunter at Georgetown, has a novel way of handling rice birds and he has amassed a small fortune from his labors. None of the little flyers sent out from the Crowley establishment are filled with shot, and on this account Crowley gets a larger price for his product. This week he had 25 negroes picking feathers from the birds which were captured near his home.

"I have found that the shot birds are not easily sold," said Mr. Crowley in speaking of his business, "and for that reason I never allow a piece of lead, however small, to tear the flesh. We have a good idea of the places where the birds roost and at night I send out a crowd of negroes with flaming torches. The birds are blinded by the light and there is no trouble in raking in barrels of the living ones. They are easily caught and are killed by having the skull gently crushed between the forefinger and the thumb."

After the thousands of rice feeders are sent to the picking room and killed, negroes are employed to clean them of feathers, and from the picking room they are sent to the coolers. Boxes containing twelve birds, all of which have the heads intact, are put under pressure sufficiently powerful to freeze them, and in that condition they are shipped by express to the markets of the country. Within the past year Mr. Crowley has practically created a rice bird monopoly, although the prices are fixed by the popular demand, and not by this Georgetown bird king. There are many other shippers from the rice field section, but their methods of killing and packing differ from Crowley's and they are less successful for that reason. The novel sight of the night scenes when, with flaming torches, the fields are invaded by the bird catchers, is only surpassed by the other picture in the picking room, where hundreds of little negroes are cleaning the feath-

ers from the meat.

In a few weeks, when the rice bird supply around Georgetown is weak, the eastern markets will be flooded with an imitation rice bird which differs but slightly from the real article. These fakes are "coots." The feathers are black, where the feathers of the rice bird are of a canary color, and the bill is longer. But after the feathers and heads have been removed there is no way in which the difference can be detected and the difference in flavor can only be noticed by the expert. The coots are caught without difficulty and can be bought from negroes for a trifle. Coming as they do at the tag end of the rice bird season, they command a ready sale, and unscrupulous dealers have found that money can be made by selling the fakes.

TALK ABOUT WOMEN.

Sarah Grand, the novelist, lives on the simplest food, chiefly fish, meat and toast, and seldom touches fruit, sweets or vegetables.

Mme. Labori, wife of M. Labori, who defended Dreyfus, will spend part of the coming winter with relatives in Montclair, N. J. Mme. Labori has a number of American relatives. M. Labori has been offered \$150,000 for 100 lectures in this country.

Miss Mary Lee Nevin is at present acting treasurer of Franklin county, Pennsylvania. Her father, who held the position, was stricken with paralysis a few days ago, and the girl, who is just 18 years old, took hold in his place.

An observant Chicago girl, recently returned from an extensive tour of Europe, and was asked what impressed her most during her stay abroad. She answered unhesitatingly that it was a picture in Madrid advertising a bull-fight to be given in aid of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

Miss Mary McLaughlin, of Lake Forest, Ill., is the only woman in that part of the country to hold the office of postmaster. More than that, Miss McLaughlin has just passed the fourteenth year of her service, and so satisfactory has been her work that there are but two people to be found in her district who want a change. Of these person one is a seeker after the office and the other is his friend.

The archaeologists, who have made so much progress in recent years in uncovering the evidences of ancient civilization, now tell us that the Caliph of Bagdad owned and operated a paper factory before the year 800 A. D. The material is not stated. It is hard to believe that the paper was made by our modern pulp process.