

THE GREAT RULER OF AHOORE

How a Noted Malay Rajah Lives and Governs.

A STRONG ADMIRER OF AMERICA.

His Government Conducted on Enlightened Principles—Singapore Women and Their Wonderful Ear Rings—in the Tropics.

Among the Malays.

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SINGAPORE, Feb. 27.—[Special Correspondence of THE BEE.]—Singapore is just eighty miles north of the equator.

Its climate is the same the year round, its sun rises and sets at the same hours each day the year through, and its flowers ever bloom and its trees are always green. Now, at the last of February, I am surrounded by the verdure of the tropics. Birds by the thousands sing in the trees and the air is that of a hot, moist July. The natives in many cases wear nothing but white cloth, and all Europeans are dressed in white duck coats and white pantaloons. They wear hats of pith or cork, the rims of which are as big around as a dish pan and which rise in two stories to protect the head from the sun. I attended church at the English cathedral last night, and listened to a service under forty great punkahs or fans, which were pulled to and fro by men stationed on the outside of the church. This cathedral had an audience about one hundred and twenty feet long, and it was, I judge, seventy-five feet from the floor to the roof. Below the ceiling there was a network of iron rods, and to these, ropes were fastened these huge fans, each of which was about four feet wide and eighteen feet long. They consisted of strips of wide cotton cloth, weighted and hung from black walnut poles, and it was by ropes attached to these poles and stretched over pulleys in the windows of the church, that the natives outside kept them going and cooled the interior of the church. The dining tables in the hotels have these punkah fans over them, and upon the steamers there are punkahs in the cabin, which are pulled during the meals. Some of the weather European residents have servants who do nothing but pull punkahs, and not a few have fans over their beds, which are kept going all night by manual labor. Just in front of the hotel, and along the shore of the sea, there is a tennis and cricket ground comprising several acres of lawn. Every afternoon these European nabobs of the east may be seen here by the scores. Each player has his servant with him, who runs after the balls and hands them to him. No one does any more than to look on, and the business hours are from 10 to 3.

THE ISLAND OF SINGAPORE.

Singapore is an island fourteen miles wide and twenty-seven miles long. It lies just half way around the world from New York, and it is the half way station between the Pacific and Indian oceans. If you will take your map of Asia and look up the straits of Malacca you will find this little island, lying at their entrance, just north of Sumatra and south of Indo-China, a little over to the left you will see Ceylon, and further still the Gulf of Aden and the Red Sea. To the right and north are China and Japan. Singapore is the center of the trade routes going by Ceylon and the Red Sea to Europe, and all of the great ships trading with China and Japan stop here. More than six thousand ships visit this port every year, and all of the great islands of this vicinity send their freight here for transshipment. It is four days and 800 miles from here to Hongkong, the capital of Siam, there are weekly steamers to Batavia; the capital of Java, 500 miles to the south, and you can in two days reach this great coffee island, which comprises a territory about eighty miles wide, and longer than the distance between New York city and Cleveland. Borneo is another great island at the eastward, and it is thirteen days from here to Cebu, the way of Burma. The result is that the population of Singapore is made up of the natives of all these countries and you will find here a mixture of yellows and blacks, of Hindoo turban and Chinese pigtail; of coffee-colored Malays and of pale, white Caucasians from Europe. The costumes are as strange as the skins, and all the nations of southern Asia jostle each other upon the streets and tramp upon one another's heels upon the highways.

VARIETIES OF FEMININE BEAUTY.

The women of Singapore are of a dozen different types, ranging from the rosy-cheeked English girl, in a suit made by Rodgers & Warren, to the black-skinned woman of Borneo, whose sole costume is a strip of cloth about the waist, which reaches to her knees and which is fastened by a knot at the pit of her stomach. I saw a Malay woman to-day who had holes in the lobes of each ear as big around as my thumb, and I noted that another woman used to wear a ring in each of her ears, and that she had a pair of gold holders. Both of these women were Kings and they came from southern India. They were straight, graceful, and by no means bad looking, but their ears were covered with rings like those of the Malay women, and they were put through the ears so that they were bound with pins of gold from lobe to lobe. One of the maidens had each of her nostrils riveted with these screw rings and a great ring of gold hanging down from the center of the nose. The maid who had the most brilliant against the blackness of the skin and the jewelry was the more prominent from the scantiness of her costumes. These were a single skirt fastened tightly around the hips and thighs and coming to the knees, and a sort of scarf of cotton which was stretched around the neck and fastened to one arm and tied in a knot at the side. Four yards of cloth would have made the whole suit and they were neither rich nor extravagant. I noticed another of these women who had a large pear-shaped pearl fastened to a rivet and hanging down from one nostril almost to her upper lip.

The Malay women, so far as I have seen, are not so good looking as the Indians, though this country was originally populated by them and there are more Malays than any other Asiatics except the Chinese. The Malays live, as a rule, in the poorest of one-story thatched huts and there is a Malay village within three miles of this village which is passed on the way to the steamer. It is the prettiest of the poorest and most primitive of the Malay villages. The Malays will not work, and they live like savages. Slowly but surely the Chinese are crowding them out of their own country, and there are more Chinese than there were in Singapore. The population of the city is 120,000, and the Chinese, the Indians and the Europeans do the business. Every day I go I find that John Chinaman is pushing his way to the front. Within the past few years the Chinese have begun to emigrate, and the line that came to America from the various parts of the world who went to Australia, and who are now pushing themselves into the various countries, and islands of the Pacific. They gain a foothold wherever they go, and they make money where they starve. One of the worst elements of their emigration the United States has not yet felt, and that is their inter-marriage with the women of the countries to which they go. Siam is already half Chinese, and the Chinese are slowly swamping up the Siamese. It is the same here, and it is the same everywhere. There have already been inter-marriages of Chinese and Americans, and I have seen the ability of the Chinaman to make money there. I have no doubt that in case they are freely admitted to the United States we would in time have a class of semi-civilized Americans. The Chinese here are rich. They have large estates on the island and one of the finest carriages I have seen in Singapore was that of a Chinaman.

A MONSIEUR RACE.

There are ready a number of these half-Chinese, half-European, and half-Asiatic due to the sins of Europeans rather than Asiatic fathers. There are over two thousand white men in Singapore and there are

found the date a very pleasant companion. With liveried coachman and footman we were driven, with a spanking team, through the roads in and about this little tropical city of Singapore, and I had a chance to learn considerable about the kingdom. We visited a saw mill which would do credit to the pine regions of Michigan, and which was steaming away cutting great logs into boards on short notice. "The sultan," said the date, "is the most advanced man of his race. He is administering his government on EUROPEAN PRINCIPLES. He has a council of state, a department of public works, of the treasury, of prisons, of medicine and of immigration under him. He has a postmaster general, a system of schools, of police and a government printing office. He believes in the development of the country, and his extensive travels and education, together with his natural ability, make him a very good ruler. In religion he is a liberal Mohammedan, but in politics he is a European. He has a residence at Singapore as well as here, and he is always traveling."

After a long drive and a visit at the date's, after fifteen weeks taken to his majesty's steam launch and thus in state across the straits and thence in our carriage back through the jungle to Singapore.

Love's Problem.

Why am I always glad when thou art near, Why seems the breeze so soft, the sky so clear, What is it makes my pulses leap, and thrill My swelling heart with joy so deep and still; Why should the warm blood moult and tint My cheek And flood my soul with ecstasy so sweet

TWO HUNDRED GIRLS.

A Kansas Skeleton's Fourth Matrimonial Attempt.

Two hundred husbandless women, the greater number of whom reside in New York and its suburbs, have been busy for ten days writing loving letters to J. W. Coffey, who for the past few years has been living at the residence of Richard Wainwright, No. 1,504 Vine street, and who is in search of a wife, says a Philadelphia special to the New York Journal.

Plants in Witchcraft.

Occasionally when the dairy maid churned for a long time without making butter, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain ash, and beat the cow with a large branch of white witch's spell, says a writer in the Popular Science Monthly. But, to prevent accidents of this kind, it has long been customary in the northern counties to make the churn-staff of ash. For the same reason herd boys employ an ash-twig for driving cattle, and one may often see a mountain ash growing near a house. On the continent the tree is in equal repute, and in Norway and Denmark rowan-branches are used to put over stable doors to keep out witches, a similar notion prevailing in Germany. No tree, perhaps, holds such a prominent place in witchcraft as the mountain ash, which has been having rarely failed to render fruitless the evil influence of these enemies of mankind.

How to Remain Young.

True Flow: Take frequent recreation. Preserve the feelings and habits of youth. Keep free of intense excitement. Keep a clear conscience and lead a life void of offense. Insist upon an abundance of regular sleep. Avoid excesses of all kinds whether of work, pleasure, eating or drinking. A man cannot keep young who gives up all the active, health giving exercises of youth. It is the intense excitement, the excitement of social life, the ball room, the theater and the various forms of social dissipation that make our American girls fade so rapidly.

An Unpleasant Kentucky.

New York World: Police justice in France from Kentucky who has offered bail for a friend—Have you an incumbent on your farm? "Yes." "What is it?" "My wife."

Diarrhea, nausea, drowsiness, distress after eating, can be cured and prevented by taking Dr. J. H. McLean's Liver and Kidney Pills (little pills.)

A MOTHER CRUELY MOCKED

She Receives a Skeleton Dressed in Her Lost Boy's Clothes.

TURNING GRAY BEFORE HER TIME

A Nebraska Woman's Pathetic Letter to a Wyoming Sheriff—Still Hopes to Atter Searching Vainly Five Long Years.

Sent Her a Box of Bones.

Sheriff Martin, says the Cheyenne Leader, has received this remarkable letter:

"CRAWFORD, Neb.—Sir: I take the liberty of addressing you this letter for information about a matter that concerns me very much. About five years ago I separated from my husband and went to Sidney, Neb. While enroute there my boy was lost or stolen. I have every reason to believe that the latter was the case, as I have lately heard that he was in Cheyenne and going to school there."

"Soon after my boy's disappearance I received a skeleton represented to be his remains. It was accompanied by an unsigned communication which set forth that the body was that of my son, and had been found on the prairie near Cheyenne."

"The skeleton was clothed with the suit worn by my boy when he was stolen from me, but the bones were much larger than could have been those of my son, who was but seven years old. Here is a description of the boy: "Age, twelve, complexion, fair; eyes, brown; hair dark; had a scar on the forehead almost exactly between the eyes and extending downward toward the nose. His name is Albert Conly."

"I sincerely hope that you will do all you can to discover whether he is in Cheyenne or not, and thereby assist a mother in learning the fate of a lost child. The anxiety and worry is nearly killing me and I am becoming old and gray before my time. I will answer all questions and give you all the information you desire if you will write me. I am, sir, yours very respectfully and in hope.

There is a tale of ghastly romance and intense human interest for you. Family quarrels, separation, abduction, grave robbing and continued silent deceit to the misery of an unprotected woman all enter into this strange story. Woven into a crude letter by a loving and heartless but uneducated mother, these ingredients make a weird novel, rivaling that from master pens. Who can imagine the agony of this distressed woman, robbed of the light of her life. Who can devise a punishment sufficiently severe for the cruel mother of her misery—a hardened wretch who robs a grave to add to the cup of bitterness of her whom he has estranged by violation of the holiest of contracts.

The mother would be frantic, but she must be punished for leaving him. In her great affection for her boy the mother would search for him. She returns to Crawford, where she has acquiesced in her own crime, and she comes into play. He resolves to convince his wife that their son was dead. He will forcibly impress the fact upon her mind, and she will cease searching. A husband is hunted for. A skeleton dressed in the boy's clothing shall be sent with the information that the remains were found on the prairie near Cheyenne. Walks are taken to the cemetery in the day time and the resting place of some mother's darling selected. At night the grave yard is stealthily approached. A desperate companion has been enlisted and the pair nervously dig, each blow sounding many times louder than necessary. The pick strikes a box. A few more shovelfuls of earth are thrown out, the outside case removed, coffin opened and body thrust into a sack. This is carried to some vacant house or rendezvous selected for the occasion. A receptacle as much unlike a coffin as possible has been secured. The skeleton was thrust into the clothes of the living boy, the box sealed and the terrible night's work completed. Next day the box was bodily carried to the express office and billed to the anxious mother.

Mrs. Conly's unimpaired recital is a revelation of woman's character. How she must have started back in horror after seeing the contents of the mysterious box. Then she wept hysterically and refused to be comforted. Recovering, she sent the skeleton to her mother, offering that the skeleton was not that of her

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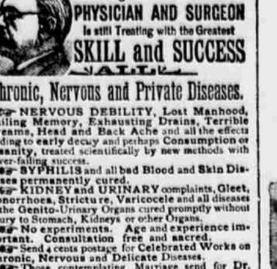
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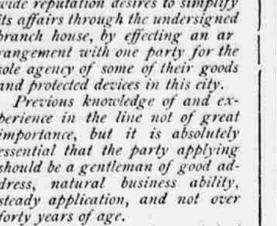
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