A SULTAN'S RESTLESS SLEEP.

Turkey's Luxuriant Ruler in Constant Fear of Assassination.

HIS IS A CROWN OF THORNS.

With Ten Millions a Year, Absolute Power and Hundreds of Beautiful Wives Abdul Hamid is Not Happy.

Sorrows of a Sultan.

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CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept 1, 1889.—[Special Correspondence to THE BEE.]—On the 22d of next September Abdul-Hamid will be forty-seven years old. He has an empire nearly half the size of the United States over which he is absolute ruler, and his word means life and death to more than thirty-three million people. He is the spiritual head of the great Mohammedan religion, and two hundred million lips speak his name in worship every day. Multitudes in India, North Africa, China and South Europe look upon him as the "Shadow of God" and like the Turks of Asia Minor regard him as the representative of Mahomet. He has an income of $10,000,000 a year. His treasury is filled with diamonds. His palaces are numbered by scores and he counts his Arab horses by the thousands. He has countless servanst to satisfy his every wish, and his harem, filled with the beauties of the Orient, is replenished each year with the fairest of the young female slaves of Georgia and Circassia. If physical comfort, sensual enjoyments and worldly power are the chief ends of life this man, now in his prime, ought to be the happiest man in the world. He is on the contrary

ONE OF THE MOST MISERABLE.

Every one of the roses of his life conceals a thorn, and in each of his palaces the skeletons of fear hide in the closets, stand behind the marble columns of the salons and poke their heads out at him through the perfumed steam of his luxurious Turkish bath. Having absolute control over millions of lives he exists in daily fear of the loss of his own, and he trembles as he spends his nights and days inside his great palaces surrounded by his guards. He moves among his people only when he is forced to do so by the religious observances which are incumbent upon him as the head of Mohammedan religion, and his only outing is on Friday afternoon when he goes in state to worship at the mosque.

This ceremony is one of the grand sights of Constantinople. The people would rise in insurrection if the sultan omitted it, and it takes seven thousand troops to guard him on his way from his palace to the place of worship. The favorite mosque of the sultan is that of Hamidiea. It was built by him and it s a beautiful structure of white marble with great minarets rising hundreds of feet above its airy dome and looking out over the Bosphorus, Stamboul and the sea of Marmora. It is near the sultan's great palace, called Yildiz, and it is in the English quarter of Constantinople, known as Pera. A wide, winding road leads from the palace to the mosque, and at the side of this a house has been built by the sultan for distinguished foreign guests. This house is just opposite the mosque and its windows command a fine view of it and the roads leading to it. Armed with the card of the American minister and accompanied by my Mohammedan guide I was received by the officer in charge when I called at this house yesterday. I was given a seat at one of the windows and for two hours preceding the ceremony I was interested in the massing of the soldiers and in the preparation for

THE COMING OF THE SULTAN.

First came a little army of carts drawn by donkeys and led by bare-legged men in turbans. These carts were filled with soft yellow sand, and this sand was spread over the road to the depth of several inches. The sultan's royal bones are too holy to be jolted over cobble stones or macadam, and whenever he goes out to drive the road over which he intends to march is covered with sand. After the carts came water wagons and the sand was sprinkled to make it softer and firmer. As time goes on the soldiers march up division after division and rank themselves along the highway. There are regiments of cavalry on the finest of Arabian steeds, each regiment having horses of the same color, and nearly every regiment uniformed differently. Here is a troop of Circassians with black caps six inches high, upon the crown of which are white crosses. They are dressed in European uniforms and upon their breasts are rows of cartridges. Below them are cavalry from Asia Minor, and coming down the hill in the distance are troops after troops of bronze-faced fine looking men in turbans and caps on the finest of Arabian horses. The soldiers are tall, broad-shouldered and straight. Down another road march long lines of infantry, some in the green colors of Mahomet and others in clothes of blue trimmed with red. As the hour for the coming of the Sultan approaches, the roads turn into

RIVERS OF COLOR,

and along the side of them, back of the soldiers, are seen the curious characters of a Mohammedan crowd. There at the right is a patch of white, and you note that the hundred balloon-like bags of white cotton or silk, which seem to stand upright on the ground are alive, and taking your glass you see that out of each bag near the top peeps two black eyes and you know that these are the ladies of several Mohammedan harems, who have come out to get a view of the sultan. Now come the officers of the court. They drive up in carriages drawn by magnificent horses. Some of them come on horseback, and the breasts of all are covered with medals, while their clothes of European cut fairly blaze with gold lace. Each man wears a bright fez cap, which looks like a gigantic red tumbler inverted, and these caps crown the heads of the soldiers as well, making the whole crowd look like a great human flower bed of red.

There is a cheer from 10,000 throats and the music is heard in the distance. The cry goes up that the sultan is coming, and now around the corner preceded by a gorgeously dressed guard upon horseback, surrounded by officers, with swords drawn, comes a low barouche driven by the most magnificent black horses you have ever seen. These are driven by a coachman whose body is resplendent in a red velvet suit embroidered in gold. He has a fez cap on his head and as he holds the reins tight his gold sleeves hang down like those of the ladies' fashionable dress of some years ago. The carriage is black but its trimmings are gold. The lamps at the sides are gold, and the horses are resplendent in gold buckles and trimmings. In the carriage itself three persons are seated. On the front seat I note a fine, gray-whiskered old man. It is Osman Pasha, the hero of Plevna, and beside him is a younger man, a favorite of the sultan. On the back seat sits the sultan himself. He is more simply dressed than any one of the 10,000 people surrounding him, and his clothes are the morning suit of a gentleman, the coat cut high at the neck like that of an Episcopal clergyman when out of the pulpit. His coat is edged with red cord and he wears the same kind of a boiled shirt and turn-over collar that you do. His head is covered with a red fez cap which you could buy for $1, and below this look out a pair of large, liquid dark eyes through a face which is of the same sallow hue, and which has the same features as that of Jay Gould. Jay Gould's face is the

TWIN OF THE SULTAN'S.

The two men have the same nose and the same nervous-worn features. The sultan is perhaps a trifle taller than Gould, and I would judge that he weighed perhaps twenty pounds more. He is, I judge, about five feet nine inches high, and he weighs about one hundred and fifty pounds. His face is the color of old Jersey cream, and his eyes are large, black and restless. He has a high, narrow forehead, a long thin face, a nose just slightly inclined to the Roman, and he wears a full set of short, luxuriant, glossy, black whiskers. His hands are long and thin, and he has the look of a man who lies awake at night. He does not look like a happy man, and his eyes wandered here and there as he rode slowly over the sanded way to the gates of the mosque. As he passed the house of entertainment he looked up and raised his hand to his fez cap in salutation. He then drove on to the mosque and going up a private stairway was soon hid from view. As he entered the gate the soldiers all turned around in order that their faces might be towards him, and when in the course of an half hour he appeared again they resumed their old position.

The Sultan seldom goes to the mosque twice in the same way. Yesterday a magnificent riding horse was led behind the carriage and shortly after his majesty arrived a low carriage drawn by a pair of milk white ponies was driven up to the front of the mosque. The servants of the sultan had not been told as to how he proposed to go homeward and these three different equipments were present in order that he might ride on horseback, drive his ponies, or go back in his barouche

AS HE SAW FIT.

He preferred the ponies and I had a good chance to see him as he drove back up the hill with the ribbons in his hands. Behind him came several carriages containing ladies of his harem, and I noted that a dozen beggars followed these and that the ladies within them threw out handfuls of coin to them, over which they fought as it fell upon the sanded road.

I have seen the sultan several times during my stay in Constantinople. I saw him twice at the mosque and I saw him when he made his annual procession across the Golden Horn to Stamboul to kiss the mantle of Mahomet, which is preserved in the old Seraglio. I have met some of the most noted of his officials and have had numerous conversations with men who have been connected with his palace for years. The sultan likes to wall his doings with secrecy, and only the barest details of his private life are known to the general public. Within the gates of his great palace only his intimate friends and his most trusted servants come, and I am told that he has such

A FEAR OF ASSASSINATION

that he has men continually on guard, both about his person, at his doors and about his watch towers. The palaces of Yildiz are all built upon hills. Their grounds contain many acres and they consist of ravines, through which flow babbling brooks, of forests and lakes, of parks and of gardens. They rise almost straight up from the beginning of the Bosphorous and the thirty or forty palaces which his majesty owns here all command views of the surrounding country. Notwithstanding this elevated position the sultan still fears plottings and assassinations. He trusts few people implicitly, and he seldom goes to bed at night. He sits up until 1 o'clock, amusing himself as best he can, and then throws himself into a cushioned chair and dozes on till daybreak, when he retires to his bed to sleep. He has those about him in whom he thinks he can confide, but the fate of his predecessors warns him to beware. During the thirteen years of his reign he has had several revolutions, and he was frightened almost to death when the czar of Russia was assassinated.

He has a number of other palaces outside of this one in which he lives, but he seldom occupies them for more than a few hours at a time. One of his largest palaces is that of Dolma Bagtche, which seems to rest on the waters of the Bosphorus and which is a great airy structure of stone and stucco, painted so it looks like marble. It is surrounded by beautiful gardens and parks, and is gorgeously furnished with rich carpets, crystal chandeliers and with all the beautiful things that money can purchase. This palace was that in which Sultan Abdul Azziz lived, and the upper part of it was devoted to his harem. When it is remembered that this man spent nearly

$3,000,000 A YEAR

on this part of his household alone, some idea of the grandeur of the furniture can be conceived. In one year Abdul Azziz spent $600,000 for pictures, and there was nothing too costly for his palace. I went through this palace by means of a special permit of the sultan, and I saw great crystal posts as big around as the body of a man, and more than six feet tall, on the top of which were immense candelabra, the prismatic crystals of which sparkled like the diamonds of Sinbad, the sailor, under the rays of the light. I passed through room after room finished in gold and walled with satin. I entered the most luxurious of bath rooms and spent some time in the grand audience hall where the sultan holds his receptions at Bairam or the Mohammedan Easter. I walked upon the court in front of the palace, along the beautiful waters of the Bosphorus, and looked at the yacht of the sultan which, with steam up, stands unused in front of the palace; and as I did so I remembered the story which one of the sultan's officials told me as to why his majesty never occupied this grand building over night. It is, said the official, because of a warning which the last sultan gave him. This sultan woke up one morning to find the gun boats, which he had built to guard himself, turned against him, and he advised Abdul Hamid never to occupy a palace which could be as easily stormed as this one.

The sultan of Turkey is

VERY FOND OF HORSES.

He has about two thousand in his stables, and these have been brought here from all parts of the world. His finest horses are of Arabian blood, and you will find nowhere in the world such horses as are seen upon the streets here in Constantinople. The street car horses have the finely arched neck characteristic of the Arabian, and in every troop of cavalry there are hundreds of horses which would bring the highest of prices in America. It is against the law of Turkey to export Arabian horses, and when Senator Palmer wanted a couple of stallions for his breeding farm near Detroit he had to get the permit of the sultan himself to buy them. The sultan himself is a good rider, and he is much interested in horse training and breeding. His stables cover many acres, and there is a great training place connected with them where his majesty sometimes comes and watches the exercising of his horses. He prefers the Arabian horses for riding horses, and his favorite mount is a beautiful bay. His rides are taken in the parks which surround his palace, and which are of a great extent. His friends often ride with him, and General Lew Wallace and he often rode toge her. He sometimes hunts upon horse back, and I am told that he is a good shot. He once told General Wallace that he had broken half a dozen vases with a revolver while galloping past them on horseback, and he often hunts deer and duck in his parks.

The Sultan is thoroughly posted on all matters relating to horses. He keeps track of the military affairs and is posted on all new inventions in arms. Not long ago there was sent to him from America a set of the Meybridge photographs, consisting of instantaneous pictures of the horse in action. The American minister and the men of our legation looked at these pictures, but did not see much utility in them. The moment the sultan saw them he grasped at the advantage they would be to horse training, and he explained to the minister what they meant. He afterwards offered Mr. Straus a present of a couple of fine Arab horses but the minister explained that he did not think it would be right for him to accept presents and he declined the gift. He gave presents to General Grant and to several other Americans and he has made some presents to Abram S. Hewitt. He is

VERY FOND OF AMERICA,

and I am told that he is very anxious to have American capital brought into the development of his country. When Vanderbilt visited Constantinople he gave him an audience and proposed to him the investment of some of his millions in Turkey. Mr. Vanderbilt explained he had other uses for his money just at that time and it was the same with Stanford. Senator Stanford, however, told the Sultan he would be glad to build railroads in Turkey if he were a younger and poorer man, and that he would ask nothing better than the chances which the Turkish empire offered for American money making.

It will be seen from this that the sultan is interested in the development of his country. He would, I doubt not, make an able ruler if his people and his creditors would let him. Through the extravagances, however, of the sultans of the past Turkey is loaded down with debt and the empire is practically bankrupt. The foreign bondholders regulate the collection of the taxes and foreign officers sit at the seat of customs The sultan never sees the tribute which Egypt pays to him yearly, and his every act is tempered by foreign influence. Surrounded as he is, he does the best he can, hoping against hope, and he is much more of a ruler in fact than is generally supposed. He does a great deal of work He looks over a great part of his correspondence and dictates matters to his various officials. He has the veto power on all things relating to his people, and he now and then takes matters into his own hands and countermands the acts of his grand vizier. He has the absolute appointment of all the officers in the empire, but he has to trim his sails very carefully for fear he will get the fanatical party of Turkey down upon him. The grand vizier is his premier and he has his cabinet of advisers as has the president at Washington. He reads the Turkish newspapers and has men who translate such articles from the foreign papers as bear upon Turkey. He wants to know everything that is said about his country, whether it is good or bad, and he was lately very much interested in an article on his kingdom published in the New York newspapers. He gives his people ample chance to bring their grievances before him and every time he goes to prayer

PETITIONS ARE PRESENTED TO HIM.

They are held out by the petitioners and one of his aid-de-camp takes them and his majesty looks over them when he returns to his palace. Such as merit inquiry are investigated and their wrongs are righted.

The most interesting thing in connection with the sultan, however, is his life inside the royal palace. The stories of his harem, of how his wives are chosen and of the ups and downs of married life in Turkey will always be new to the people of the christian world, and of these I will treat in my next letter.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Can You Tell Me?

Written for The Bee.

Can you tell me why this should be,
In every land, on every sea,
Why sun should always shine for some,
And shadows over others come?
Can you tell me?

Can you tell me why honest toil
Should be defrauded of the spoil;
Why poverty, and grief and gall
Should be so great, and sweetness small?
Can you tell me?

Can you tell me why buds unmade
Should blossom, and then droop and fade;
Why little children, pure and free,
Should sinful men and women be?
Can you tell me?

Can you tell me why woman's lot
Is so ill-cast, and man's is not;
Why she, the weaker of the pair,
Must still the greater burden bear?
Can you tell me?

Can you tell me when all is done,
The curtain dropped at set of sun,
Why man of man speaks words of praise
When he needs not the wasted lays?
Can you tell me?

JOHN G. TEMPLE.

Denver, Sept. 20.

A MONSTER GOLD BRICK.

The Largest Bar in the World Turned Out at Helena.

The largest gold bar ever cast in the world was turned out at the United States mint here last night, says a Helena special. The bullion came from the Spotted Horse, Drum Lummon and Jay Gould mines, and the work was done under the supervision of Superintendent Braiden. The largest crucible would hardly hold the enormous charge, and with the hottest furnaces it took a long time to melt the precious metal. Sixteen men were engaged in the task, and, after eight hours' work, the mass was finally successfully poured into the large mold specially prepared. It took all night to cool, and even at 10 this morning the great brick was still warm.

In shape the brick is a section of a pyramid, the base being 18x7½ inches, height 7½ inches, and top surface 17x6 inches. Its weight is 6,945 ounces, or about five hundred pounds avoirdupois. Its value is a trifle over $100,000. The bar is to be the center piece of a mineral monument, which will be placed on exhibition at Minneapolis and New York. The display will consist of four bars of lead for the base of the monument, four bars of copper for the second course, four bars of silver for the third, on top of the whole to rest the $100,000 gold bar, and the monument will be surrounded by specimens of quartz and ore from all parts of Montana.

The Coal Supplies of the World.

In view of the question which has suggested itself on more than one occasion as to how long it would be before the old world coal deposits would become exhausted, the Deutsche Handels-Museum supplies some interesting figures relating to the world's coal fields outside of the North American continent. According to these, the low countries, Switzerland, Denmark, Germany and Bohemia, possess coal mines of a surface area of about fifty-nine thousand square miles. Russia alone has 22,000 square miles. The deposits of the island of Formosa amount to something like 10,000 square miles, some of the coal veins ranging up to ninety-six feet in thickness. The coal fields of Austria, Spain, Portugal, Italy, Greece, Turkey and Persia cover about thirty-nine thousand square miles, those of India 35,000 and those of Japan 6,000 square miles, while those of China are estimated at the enormous figure of 400,000 square miles. But these are not all. The Falkland islands, Patagonia and Peru, are very rich in coal, while the southern part of Chili is one immense deposit. In Brazil veins varying in thickness from seventeen to twenty-five feet are found in numbers, and in the United States of Columbia there is an abundance of the mineral. Mexico and the Vancouver islands are also well supplied, there being probably not far from 20,000 square miles, while the deposits thus far discovered in Tasmania, New Caledonia and Natal are estimated to cover 100,000 square miles, the larger number of these deposits not yet having been worked. Without reckoning the immense stores of coal in the United States, and merely relying upon those given above, there seems to be but little prospect of a coal famine for some years.

Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of these with a few doses of Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm.

Razor, Morphine and Revolver.

A razor, morphine and a revolver were the means adopted by William K. Lente, of Seville, Putnam county, to kill himself to-day, says a Sanford (Fla.) special. He first cut an artery in his arm, then drank a vial of morphine and finally shot himself in the head. Financial difficulties are supposed to have been the cause of this, as he had run through his own money, and rumor has it also of his mother's fortune. His father was Dr. Frederick R. Lente, a well-known New York physician. At his death, in 1884, young Lente organized a company to start a town south of here. He was also interested in railroads and was well known throughout the state.

Applied to the Wrong Place.

The following result is significant as to the result of the prohibitory laws:

WATERLOO, Douglas Co., Neb.

Willow Springs Distilling Co., Omaha, Neb.: You will please send me a catalogue of your "temperance drink." Have you any "Peach Cider" and "Bee Bee?" If not, please recommend us to some one who does keep it.

Yours truly, W. A. ROGERS.

Query: What has the distillery to do with temperance drinks?

Moral: Buy "Kennedy's East India Bitters."

One Hind Button Gone.

Out of 246 men passing along Main street in Cincinnati on a recent afternoon, 210 had lost one or more of the hind buttons off their coats.

SAYINGS OF THE FUNNY MAN

Some Waifs from the World of Wit and Humor.

HOW HE GOT HIS EXERCISE.

This Sprinter Had a Baby—A Heartless Girl's Revenge—A Big Draw—Jokes from Over the Ocean.

A Very Definite Answer.

Tagliche Rundschau: The examiners of military candidates for the rank of ensign attach a certain value to smartness in the replies given by the students. Not long ago a teacher of geography asked a candidate the startling question:

"How wide is the Seine near London?"

The reply came without a moment's hesitation: "As wide as the Thames near Paris."

Great Curiosities.

Exchange: The spur of a moment.
The horns of a dilemma.
A nick of time.
A bone of contention.
Parliamentary whips.
A man of straw.
A man of truth.
The thread of stories.
A ship of state.
A fly on a wheel.
A bee in a bonnet.
The point of a joke.
The dark horse.
A political warming pan.
A circle in which men argue.
The historic sword and pen.
The silver tongue of an orator.
The features of a plucked candidate.

The Exact Locality.

Judge: Two of the seediest-looking tramps that you could possibly meet in a long day's drive were brought up in the police court.

"Where do you live?" asked the magistrate.

"Nowhere," replied one of the vagabonds.

"And you?"

"Me? Oh, I room on the floor above my pal."

What Would Happen.

Merchant Traveler: "Humph," said Brown to Jones, "that's a nice way that fellow Diogenes of whom I was just reading spends his time."

"Do you refer to his practice of hunting for an honest man?"

"Yes."

"Well, nobody does such things nowadays."

"No; if Diogenes were to try any such thing as that in New York to-day he'd get run in by a bunko steerer before he'd been out two hours."

In Union There Is Strength.

Puck: Teacher—Now, children, you have seen how strong a bundle of sticks is and how weak each stick is by itself. This experiment illustrates the motto, "In union there is strength." Now, who can give me another illustration, one that relates to the American nation?

Patsy O'Hooligan (son of an alderman)—Oi kin. The Amerikyns divides theirselves inter republicans, an' democrats, an' prohibitionists, an' mugwumps, an' all sorts o' things, phile the Oirish sticks together an' gits all the orfices.

A Modern Epitaph.

Aristine Anderson.

We bury his Fauntleroy collar,
His Fauntleroy suit and sash;
While our tears flow swift and steady
For our beautiful dream so rash.

We thought the sweet lord so lovely,
And that Tommy would look and say,
"Dearest," just like the darling;
But he wasn't built that way.

A Sad Predicament.

Le Figaro: "Well, Marquis De Calinaux, have you had a pleasant journey?"

"I was ill the whole of the time; I cannot bear traveling by rail with my back to the engine."

"You ought to have changed places with one of the other passengers."

"Impossible. I was all alone."

Good Exercise.

Boston Budget: Friend—So you have another race booked. I haven't seen you taking the regulation exercise spins to get yourself in condition, while I have met your opponent religiously preparing himself for the encounter.

Famous Sprinter—Oh, I take my exercise at night.

Friend—Where and how?

Famous Sprinter—At home. The baby gives me all the exercise I need, and more too.

The Chicago Man Got There.

Washington Post: A St. Louis man and a citizen of Chicago were discussing the location of the world's fair in front of the Ebbitt house last evening.

"I don't see why St. Louis should want the fair, anyway," said the Chicago man; "she already has one of the most important features of a fair."

"To what do you refer?" asked the St. Louis man, deeming this some sort of a compliment.

"I refer to the price that is charged for admission to the town."

And everybody present who had paid the St. Louis bridge fare smiled audibly.

Why He Became a Bachelor.

New York Mercury: A young lawyer, who had been instructed that when a witness declared that he was this or that, it was essential that he should be made to tell when and for what reason he became so, thus utilized his instructions when trying his first case with a witness that he had under cross-examination:

"Are you a married man?" he asked.

"No, sir; I am a bachelor," was the answer.

"Then, sir," said the young lawyer, in a stern tone, "will you please tell this court how long you have been a bachelor, and what were the circumstances that induced you to become one?"

Making Rapid Progress.

Time: Tucker—I saw your son in the country to-day, Parker. He had his camera with him, I believe.

Parker—Yes; he went out to take some views, I suppose. Was he making good progress?

Tucker—You bet he was, and dust, too. Somebody's red bull was after him.

A Zealous Functionary.

Freisinnige Zeitung: A new road was about to be made in a certain parish in the Bohmerwald. The surveyor came, took his observations and, with considerable care and exertion, staked out the road. When this part of the work had been done he went to the mayor of the parish and said: "I must ask you to see that the poles are not stolen over Sunday." On Monday morning the surveyor came back. Sure enough the stakes had gone. The mayor had locked them up for safety in the town hall.

An Absent-Minded Professor.

Blumenlese: Professor C—— had gone to spend the evening at a friend's house. When he was about to leave, it was raining cats and dogs, wherefore the hostess kindly offered him accommodation for the night, which he readily accepted. Suddenly the guest disappeared, nobody knowing what had become of him, and the family were about to retire for the night, when Professor C—— walked in, as wet as a drowned rat! He had been home to fetch his night shirt!

Hideous Revenge.

London Tid-Bits: A well known citizen, who is something of a performer upon the piano, recently passed an evening at the house of a young lady. The company was agreeable, and he stayed somewhat late.

As he rose to take his departure, the young lady said: "Pray, don't go yet, Mr. H——, I want you to play something for me."

"Oh, you must excuse me to-night. It is very late, and I should disturb the neighbors."

"Never mind the neighbors," answered the young lady, quickly; "they poisoned our dog yesterday."

On the Free List No Longer.

Chicago Tribune: Citizen—"Hello, Jake! Still in the fruit business, are you? Those peaches look——"

Jake (menacingly)—"Keep your dirty hands off'n them peaches. If you want any, you buy 'em. You're not a p'liceman now."

A Big Draw.

Calendario Toledario: "Dear me, hyw sad you look!"

"I have a horrible toothache."

"Do you come from the dentist's?"

"Yes; he has just drawn four——"

"Four molars?"

"No, four shillings."

Astonishment Overcame Him.

Judge: In Washington: Stranger—"I would like to see General Greely."

Weather bureau official—"General Greely can't be seen, sir. He's sick."

Stranger—"Nothing serious, I hope."

Weather bureau official—"Yes sir, but it is. His prediction for yesterday came true.

Her Little Game.

Drake's Magazine: Mrs. Gall (in dry goods store)—"I wish, if you please, that you'd give me samples of six or seven different patterns in surah silks, and a few samples of colored velvet; a friend of mine would like them; and I'd like a sample of this green India silk. I want a dress of some kind and—a sample of this figured silk, too, please, and one of this pink satin. Thanks. I'll decide soon about the dress.

Mrs. Gall (outside the store)—"One, two, three, five, eight, eleven, fifteen—nineteen perfectly lovely samples in all! Six or seven more as large as these will make a whole block for my new crazy quilt. I'll go around to Ribbon & Linnen's and get them before I go home.

No Rebate.

Arizona Kicker: We desire to state in the most explicit manner that no rebate will be allowed to any one of our subscribers who may be obliged to leave town for the benefit of the community, or who may be hanged and buried for the same reason. In several late instances friends of such subscribers have called on us and asked us to cash up for the unexpired term, but we have invariably refused. Subscriptions to the Kicker run for one year. We contract to deliver the paper for that time. If the subscriber is arrested, driven off, or hanged, it is no fault of ours. Please bear this in mind and save yourselves trouble.

The Best Qualification of All.

London Exchange: A good many years ago a farmer not far from Dunblane had a son whom he was anxious to have trained for a lawyer. He went to Dunblane one day to see Mr. B., with whom he was very intimate, to know if that gentleman would take his son as a clerk. The following conversation ensued:

Mr. B.—"Well, John, what qualification has your son?"

John—"Weel, he's a clever boy, a guid scholar, and gran' in the uptak'!"

Mr. B.—"Are those all the qualifications he has, John?"

"Na, he has anither; the fiend himsel' couldna' haud the candle till him for leein!"

Mr. B.—"Send him in, John, send him in."

Saved a Life.

Time: Solomon Isaacson—"Ha! you heard the news, Shacob, dot I haf safed dhose lifes oaf Reuben Cohen dhis morning alretty?"

"Nein, mine friendt, how was dot?"

"He fell off de dock und couldn't schwim."

"Und you schumped in und helluped him oud?"

"Ach, du lieber! I schreams, 'come oud und I pays you dot $10 I owe you', und he climbs dot water oud like a doock,"

Talking Shop.

Puck: Miss Chiff—Would you believe it? Old Mr. Grump, who is thought so reserved, told me last night that he was a believer in first impressions.

Miss Keenan—Why, don't you know he's a dealer in etchings?

A Moneymaking Scheme

Life: Tawker—How can you afford to send your family to Saratoga when you told me only last month that you were broke?

Cawker—Oh. I'm in a new business now. I have started a drop-a-nickel-in-the-slot-and -ascertain - the-machine-is-out-of-order-company.

Didn't Come to Work Overtime.

Birmingham Post: Chief (to industrious clerk in government office)—Why didn't you dot the "i" in the last word of your report last night?

Industrious Clerk—I beg your pardon; but you see the clock struck 4 just at that point, and I didn't care to work overtime.

His Choice.

Tom Mason in Life.

"Where do you think," said she,
"The Worlds' fair ought to be?"
He drew her to his side,
And hugging her, replied,
"I'm satisfied, my dear,
To hold the fair right here."

A Republic's Gratitude.

Republics are not always ungrateful. President Kruger, whose valor against the English founded the Transvaal republic, wanted $35,000 the other day for a business operation, and the Transvaal parliament lent it to him at 2½ per cent instead of the legal South African rate of 10 per cent.

Arabs in the United States.

There are altogether about 17,000 Arabs in this country, and not 10 per cent of them have a settled home or any other means of support than peddling.

For ladies, the best and purest tonic is Angostura Bitters. It effectually cures dyspepsia, and tones up the system. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, M'frs. At druggists.

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The original purchaser in Omaha of the formula for Dr. Stinaus' Local Anæsthetic for the PAINLESS EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

The ONLY METHOD whereby teeth are extracted without pain or danger, and without using chloroform, gas, ether or electricity. The patient remains perfectly conscious of all that transpires, but feels no sensation of pain.

No soreness of the gums after extracting, as is the case with so many so-called anæsthetics. Many who have been suffering from badly decayed and broken teeth and roots, have visited Dr Bailey and had them removed painlessly.

After having used this anæsthetic for two months for nearly every tooth extracted in this office, the FIRST PERSON is to be found that is not entirely satisfied with its merits. Some dentists may try to prejudice you against visiting us; do not allow them to do so. Make us a call whether you desire dental work or not; we are always pleased to see any or all who may choose to come.

Special attention given to FILLING teeth, thereby preserving their usefulness many years. DO NOT LOSE TEETH THAT CAN BE SAVED.

TEETH WITHOUT PLATES, Bridge Work, Gold and Porcelain faced Crowns, GOLD, ALUMINUM, SILVER, CONTINUOUS GUM and RUBBER PLATES at lowest rates.

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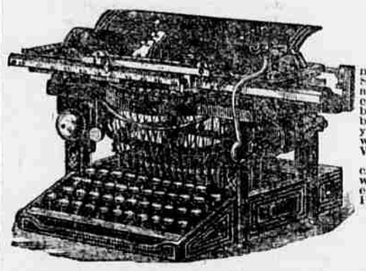

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No watch like this was ever advertised in a paper before. No such bargain ever offered. This is a genuine Gold plated Watch, made of two heavy plates of 18 karat solid gold over composition metal and warranted to wear for years. It has solid bow, cap-crown and thumb pieces beautifully engraved, decorated and finished by hand. The movement is a fine Waltham style, full jeweled, quick train, expansion balance, patent pinion, accurately regulated and adjusted and warranted for 10 years. A guarantee is sent with each Watch. These watches are sold everywhere for $25—we have been getting $12.50—but for the next 60 days to introduce them we will sell them for $5.65. Send 65 cents in stamps as a guarantee of good faith and we will send you the watch by express C. O. D. subject to examination, if perfectly satisfactory you pay the agent the balance, $5.00, otherwise nothing. GRAND OFFER.—Order immediately, sending $5.65 in full with order, and if prompt in the first order from that town we will give you the exclusive agency of your county and send you FREE in addition to the watch a valuable sample outfit of fine solid jewelry, consisting of rings, chains, pins, charms, etc., etc. (Capital $100,000.) THE CHICAGO WATCH CO. 142 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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