

## THEY FEAR HIS POWER.

THE MOSLEM RULERS ABHOR THE MAHDI'S WAY.

What General Kitchener's Victory Will Mean—The State of Affairs in Omdurman a Disgrace to Europe—Prisoners Will be Released From Confinement.

The destruction of the power of the Khalifa in the city of Omdurman is a great event in the Mohammedan world, for there is nothing which the Moslem rulers of the present day fear more than the establishment of the universal rule of the Mahdi.

According to Moslem theology, a ruler who shall be known as El-Mahdi, or "the rightly directed one, leader or guide," shall appear in the last days upon the earth. The people of Persia hold that this Mahdi has already appeared in the person of Abul Kasim, the twelfth Imam, who is believed to be concealed until the day of his manifestation before the end of the world. But the Sunni Moslem of India, Turkey, Egypt, Afghanistan and Arabia, say that he has not yet appeared, and consequently they are in expectation of the appearance of some great leader who will weld together the forces of Islam and conquer the whole earth.

The sayings of the Prophet on this subject are somewhat notable. For example, he is related to have said "The Mahdi will be descended from me. He will be a man with an open countenance and with a high nose. He will fill the earth with equity and justice, even as it has been filled with villainy and oppression, and he will reign over the earth seven years."

It was in accordance with this prophecy that Mohammed Ahmed, the Mahdi of the Sudan, asserted his right to the dignity of Mahdi. He was born in Dongo'o of a poor and obscure family, but said he was descended in direct line from Fatima, the Prophet's daughter. When a child he was taken by his father to Khartoum, where as a young man he gave himself up entirely to religious exercises. As the outcome of certain local disturbances he became an important leader of the people and eventually declared himself the Mahdi. His prestige, especially in the eyes of the Arabs, rose enormously, and letters were despatched in all directions proclaiming the fact that, according to the sayings of the Prophet, the Mahdi had appeared. And he was immediately credited with working such miracles as placed his identity beyond dispute. This was the man who imprisoned Gen. Gordon and was responsible for his death. The cruelties and atrocities perpetrated in the massacre which followed Gordon's death are beyond description.

But in the midst of this reign of terror the Mahdi was seized with typhus fever and shortly before his death he nominated Abdullah as his Khalifa, or Vicegerent. This man who is now being pursued by the British cavalry, and whose capture will probably put an end to the difficulties in the Sudan. Slatin Pasha describes him as a man of middle stature, with a light-brown complexion, a sympathetic Arab face on which the marks of smallpox are traceable, an aquiline nose, a well-shaped mouth, slight mustache, and a fringe of hair on his cheeks, but rather thicker on his chin, and with a row of glistening white teeth which are visible when he smiles. The Khalifa's pride and confidence in his own powers were indescribable, and he firmly believed that he was capable of doing anything and everything, as he said he acted solely by Divine guidance. After the Mahdi's death this Khalifa addressed a letter to the Queen of England, requesting her Majesty to submit to his rule and embrace Islam.

His character is a strange mixture of malice and cruelty. He delights to annoy and cause disappointment, and is never happier than when he is robbing families wholesale seizing and executing all persons of influence and authority. It was this Abdullah who gave the order for no quarter at the storming of Khartoum, and it was he, and not his master, the Mahdi, who authorized the wholesale massacre of men, women and children at the fall of the city. He has caused the deaths of thousands of innocent people, and Slatin Pasha says that when he was in prison the Khalifa had the right hand and left foot of a certain General publicly cut off in the market place because he had been unsus-

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## Hood's Pills

cessful in an expedition. But in spite of his tyrannical nature he is said to be devoted to his eldest son, Osman, who is now a young man of 25 years of age.

The Khalifa's harem consists of 400 wives. In accordance with the law of Islam he has four legal wives, but according to this law, he is allowed to have any number of concubines, who as Slatin Pasha says, vary in color from light brown to deepest black and represent nearly every tribe in the Sudan. These women are almost entirely cut off from intercourse with the outer world, and doubtless have hailed with joy the arrival of the British liberators.

During his residence at Omdurman the Khalifa conducted the public prayers five times a day according to the injunctions of his religion, and immediately after the night prayers he would sit in the niche of the mosque and receive visitors. On these occasions several thousands would be present and the Khalifa would be very careful in selecting persons whom he desired to honor.

Every Friday at midday prayer the Khalifa would preach a sermon in Arabic, beginning with the salutation, "Peace be upon you, O friends of the Mahdi."

The Khalifa is really a Wahhabi in his religious sentiments, and consequently he regards many current customs of Islam as idolatry. Smoking is forbidden, as well as the wearing of silken garments and gold ornaments.

After the fall of Kartoum the Mahdi selected Omdurman as a temporary camp, but the Khalifa made it the sacred city of the Moslems and regarded the tomb of the Mahdi as equal in point of sanctity to the tomb of the Prophet at Medina. The city covers the length of about six English miles and consists of thousands and thousands of straw huts.

The great mosque is a brick building about 500 yards long and 350 yards broad. The Mahdi's tomb is a domed building white-washed and by no means a structure of beauty. South of the tomb is the great inclosure of the Khalifa's palace, which is surrounded by a high wall built of red brick.

The town of Omdurman is built for the most part on fairly level ground, but here and there are a few small hills. The population of the city is distributed entirely according to tribes. The Arabs live in the southern quarters and the Nile Valley people in the northern portion. A number of new wells have been dug, and while those in the southern quarter of the city are mostly brackish, there are a few wells ninety feet in depth which yield very good water.

The common city prison is that in which Charles Neufeld has spent so many years, subject to the greatest privations, and merely kept alive by the occasional supplies which reached him through the black servants he brought with him from Egypt. With the exception of Sister Theresa Grigolini, the Roman Catholic missionary, succeeded in escaping, but the British conquest of the city has brought freedom for both Dr. Neufeld and Sister Theresa.

The state of things in Omdurman for the last ten years or so has been a disgrace to Christian Europe. If the great powers of Europe could act as one man against the combine influence of the semi-savage armies of the Sudan such a condition of things as that which has existed in Omdurman would not be endured. But as matters now stand, the armies of Christendom do not show a united front, and consequently, every Mohammedan ruler in the world, whether he be the sultan or Turkey, the Bey of Morocco, the Ameer of Cabul, the Shah of Persia, the Sherif of Mecca, the Sultan of Zanzibar, or even the Mahdi himself, considers it his first religious duty to pray and work for the subjugation of the world to the religion of the Prophet. Gen. Kitchener's victory over the Dervishes will strike terror into every Moslem army and will be a set-off against the conquest of Tessaly which undoubtedly induced the Moslems on the Afghan frontier to combine for the destruction of Christian power in Central Asia.

## Firmly Resolved.

A pathetic story is told of a brave soldier who was in the hospital, and who in spite of his sufferings, always took a cheerful view of the situation. One day, when he was recovering, a visiting minister approached his cot and tendered him a pair of home-made socks.

"Accept these," said he. "I only wish the dear woman who knitted them could present them to you in person."

"Thank you very much," said the hero gravely, "but I have decided that I shall never wear another pair of socks while I live."

The preacher protested, but to no pur-

pose; and finally he sought out the man's sister to tell how foolishly the invalid had behaved.

"Why," exclaimed she, "didn't you know? Both his feet have been shot off!"

## A BULL AND HORNET DANCE.

The Lively Steps of Mrs. Dodge and Miss Fairchild in Winyah Wood.

The other day Mrs. Frank Dodge, the wife of the scene painter of the Herald Square Theatre, has for a guest at her home in North Pelham a Miss Fairchild of New York. Until the other day she professed to admire the country. To-day she doesn't. This transformation may be laid to a red bull belonging to Farmer Patrick Walsh and to a swarm of hornets whose ownership no one desires to claim.

The duties of Mr. Dodge call him to the city each day, and in fine weather it has been the custom of his wife and Miss Fairchild to go with him to the railway station. To-day, attired in bicycle costumes, they went with him to the station as usual and waved farewell as the train disappeared. They started to walk home, but the intense heat caused Mrs. Dodge to suggest that they take a short cut through the woods owned by Col. Richard Lathers and known as Winyah Park. They reached the middle of the park, and were congratulating themselves over their wisdom in seeking the shade of the trees, when a curious clanking sound was born to their ears. They stopped to listen.

"It sounds like a loose sprocket chain," remarked Miss Fairchild, and they waited to see who the wheelman was. Then the atmosphere was shattered by Miss Fairchild's shrieks as she saw a huge red bull bearing down upon them. To the bull was attached a chain about fifty feet long, by which it had evidently been picketed. Either the sight of the bull or the shrieks of Miss Fairchild paralyzed Mrs. Dodge. She seemed rooted to the spot and paid no attention to Miss Fairchild's appeals to be saved. Meanwhile the bull advanced at a rapid pace that meant business. Miss Fairchild was the first to recover her senses, and she cut across between the bull and Mrs. Dodge. The bull must have thought it was playing 'cross tag,' as it deserted its chance at Mrs. Dodge, who was still unable to move, and started after Miss Fairchild.

Then Mrs. Dodge, too started running and crossed the path of the bull, who again showed his playful spirit by ceasing to chase Miss Fairchild and following Mrs. Dodge. The chase continued in this way both women dodging behind trees and making for the stone wall inclosing the park. Several times they reached the wall, but before they could climb over the bull was so close at hand that they had to run again. This continued for three-quarters of an hour, the report says.

"I can't run another step," finally gasped Miss Fairchild. But no sooner had she spoken than she gave a scream and with much waving of the arms dashed on harder than ever. Mrs. Dodge looked on in amazement.

"Hornets!" shrieked Miss Fairchild in explanation as she ran. "Oh! why did I ever leave New York?"

As the bull by this time had devoted his unwelcome attentions to Mrs. Dodge, she did not answer Miss Fairchild's impassioned inquiry. The two women were thoroughly exhausted when they saw a break in the stone wall ahead that was stopped only by two strands of barbed wire. Mrs. Dodge squirmed between the strands in safety, but Miss Fairchild, to whom the bull was particularly attentive just then, had no time to do anything but jump. She cleared the top wire all right, but fell into an excavation fully ten feet deep, partially filled with broken bottles. She received a number of cuts and her bicycle dress was ruined.

Just then Farmer Walsh appeared on the scene, contemptuously chewing a wisp of hay. The terrified bull ran up to him and was petted. Mrs. Dodge and Miss Fairchild started to give him a piece of their minds, but he merely laughed indulgently.

"Bliss yure swate herats," he said. "An' wor it th' bull yez wor scairt av? Woy, he wudn't hurt a babby. He wor a roonin' froom th' fleas, bad cess to 'um. Oi towld him niver to chase anny leddies an he promised he wudn't."

Mrs. Dodge and Miss Fairchild were speechless with wrath. They were taken home by Mrs. Lawrence, into whose yard they had jumped. When seen later it is reported Miss Fairchild was loud in her praises of a rational costume.

"But for our short skirts," said she, "that bull would have caught and killed us. I am sorry I can't wear a bicycle dress all the time."

"Which was the more pleasant?" queried the reporter, "to be chased by a bull or pursued by hornets?"

"Well," replied Miss Fairchild with a rueful smile, "the bull didn't catch up to me—but the hornets did."

"Where are those political rogues we hear so much about, papa?"

"They are always in the opposing party, my son."

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## IN LONDON THEATRES.

What the Play Goers of the Metropolis Will See This Fall.

The preliminaries of the London Autumn and Winter theatrical season are now in full swing, and both the houses where an annual melodrama is a great feature of the London amusement year are now actively rehearsing their forthcoming plays. "The Gypsy Earl," at the Adelphi, being set down for production on Aug. 31, and "The Great Ruby," at Drury Lane, for a date in September, probably 15. The latter play's title was announced this week, and it will be in four acts and twelve scenes, with close upon a hundred speaking characters, according to Clement Scott. Of the cast thus far made public, Mrs. John Wood and Birdie Sutherland, the latter a tall and very handsome graduate from the Gaiety burlesque ranks, are the best known. The play is the joint work of Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, and the first act takes place in a West End jewelry shop, where a sensational robbery of the wonderful gem around which the plot is woven takes place. Act two shows a village street, through which a four-hand coach passes on its way to a race course, and there are scenes in a well known country hotel at Lord's Cricket Ground, and at the Royal Military Tournament at the big Agricultural Hall at Islington, the latter being the final scene of the play. "The Lane's" last drama "The White Heather," will be a difficult one to surpass scenically, but the forthcoming one will certainly run it close.

Another Drury Lane item of interest is that Amelia Stone who came over with "A Stranger in New York" Co. and who is now singing at the Alhambra has been engaged for the important part of "Principal Girl" for this season's pantomime. It will be something of a cosmopolitan show, as the "Principal Boy" will be Nellie Stuart, a young and handsome Australian. Before Miss Stone goes into pantomime she is apt to appear in Albert Chevalier's "Land of Nod" venture at the Royalty Theatre, and she has also had an offer to sing a short season in a leading Berlin music hall.

There is, by the way, a remarkable condition of affairs on the Board of Directors of Drury Lane, for, after paying a dividend of 20 per cent for the first year of the new company they cut down their own annual fees from £431 per head to £200. According to the articles of agreement the directors have a right to a fifth of all profits after ten per cent dividends have been earned, and this year they were each entitled to £431. They announced that each would take £300, and that they wished the articles of agreement to be altered so that in future £200 would be the limit for each man. The stockholders gasped with amazement, but passed the resolution with alacrity and by an unanimous vote.

The plot of "The Gypsy Earl," which is by Geo. R. Sims, runs through a prologue and four acts and has for its theme the struggle between the wandering Romany people and the upper classes. In the prologue the young son of an Earl so detests his stepmother that he plunges into a river to drown himself, but is rescued by a gypsy and decides to change his name to Pharaoh Lee and lead a gypsy life. This part will be played by Fred Terry, and his wife Julia Nelson, will be Naomi, the gypsy maid, who loves him and is loved in return. There is a lot of killing of gypsies and villains in high life and humble life, and there is a sensational escape by the hero on the revolving arm of a big wind mill before the end comes when Naomi is revealed to be the kidnapped daughter of a baronet, and the gypsy Earl coming to his titles and estates leads her to the altar.

## MEN HIT IN BATTLE.

Observations of a Soldier Who Fought in the Great Rebellion.

"If you want to know how men die in battle, ask some of those who have been at Wilson's Creek, on one side or the other," said Judge David Murphy of the Criminal Court.

"I was in Totten's Battery, and I saw them, wounded and dying, falling thick and fast around me. You may say that I saw not one man flunk in the face of death on that terrible day of fight and bloodshed."

## A Martyr to Diarrhoea.

Tells of relief from suffering by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There are many people martyrs to bowel complaints who would find Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry a wonderful blessing to them. It not only checks the diarrhoea but soothes and heals the inflamed and irritated bowel, so that permanent relief is obtained.

Mrs. Andrew Jackson, Houghton, Ont., sends the following letter: "For the past two or three years I have been a martyr to that dreadful disease diarrhoea. I tried every remedy I heard of and spent a good deal of money trying to get cured but all failed until I happened to read of a lady who was cured by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I purchased a bottle and commenced taking it according to directions and was cured in a very short time. I cannot praise the remedy too highly for what it did for me."



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