

The Daily Herald.

VOL. VIII.

FREDERICTON, N. B., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1903.

NO. 71

THE SULTAN'S PRIVATE LIFE.

Strange Existence of a Man Haunted With Terror.

ALWAYS ARMED WITH A REVOLVER READY FOR USE.

There appears in Pearson's Magazine for March a remarkable article dealing with the Sultan of Turkey. It is written by the son of a gentleman who was at one time an official at the Court of the strange personage who rules his Mohammedan Empire from within the walls of the Yildiz Palace.

It is a curious story—a story of a nerve-broken old man, who clings wildly to life, though through his fears life has long ceased to bring enjoyment.

Yildiz Kiosk is perched on a high hill overlooking the Bosphorus, and around its broad acres are drawn tall walls and strong fortifications. Within, mosques, pavilions, and chalets are scattered in the strangest profusion, varying in their styles of architecture with the restless caprices of their builder.

It is indeed a town in which are factories, arsenals, stables, and barracks garrisoned by 7,000 soldiers of the Imperial Guard and populated by some 5,000 creatures of an Eastern Court—wives and concubines, slaves and eunuchs, servants and musicians.

Near the centre is a simple wooden chalet, with some twenty-four rooms luxuriously if barbarously furnished, and here or in a little neighbouring kiosque, walled with cement, the Sultan of Turkey lives out his haunted life.

HIS READY REVOLVER.

Always he carries a revolver hidden somewhere within the folds of his robes—and when he is receiving anyone in audience, his right hand is never far from the place where the revolver lies. With painful anxiety he watches the slightest movement of anyone who is admitted to his presence. Lying in mortal fear of assassination, a brusque movement, a quick step, even a change of attitude is enough to make him start in terror, and to send his right hand to his revolver pocket—and often, overcome by sudden fear, he whips out his revolver, and shoots some wholly inoffensive man or woman.

When walking one day in the park at Yildiz, the Sultan came upon a gardener, kneeling on the ground, intent on his work. Suddenly becoming aware of his royal master's approach, the man rose up quickly, to assume a more respectful attitude. Fatal movement; for instantly startled by the man's sudden uprising before him, instinctively suspecting treachery, the Sultan drew his revolver and fired, and the man dropped dead at his feet. When searched no weapon was found upon him, save his gardening tools.

Abdul Hamid's groundless fears, though they do not always have such tragic sequences, invariably lead to unpleasant scenes. Only great presence of mind on the part of a suspected person will save the situation. Thus, a trusty minister, Hakin Pacha, was in the Sultan's room, and noticed that a draught was annoying his Majesty. His sudden movement, as he quickly rose to close the window was enough to send the Sultan's hand to the revolver that lay concealed beneath a handkerchief, and it was only by sitting down as quickly as he had risen up that he escaped a bullet from the revolver.

And once, one night when the Sultan was lying in bed, he summoned his chamberlain, Raghib Bey, in audience. Leaning over the bed to light a cigarette, at the Sultan's command, he happened to make a movement which sent his master into paroxysms of fear.

The Sultan imagined that his chamberlain meant to strangle him. Seizing his wrist, the terrified monarch held them fast until his wild shrieks brought the guards rushing to his aid.

FEAR OF POISON.

Of poison he has an equal fear to that which he displays against more open as-

saults. His private kitchen is a veritable fortress—a tiny chamber with barred windows and massive door. This is how the Sultan is served.

As the hour of dinner approaches, two high officials bear a little four-legged table, set with the Imperial dinner-service, before the Sultan—followed by a lacquey with a tray, on which are spread the dishes. These are totally enveloped in a black sheet, the ends tied and sealed with red wax by the Kelardji. Behind marches another servant, bearing bread, and a fifth brings up the rear with a sealed bottle of water.

All who encounter the imposing cortege bearing the dinner bow low before it as it passes to the Sultan's apartment. The dinner is received by the Kelardji, who breaks the seals in the presence of his Majesty with a solemnity fitting the occasion, and offers each dish in turn.

Merely touching one or two, Abdul Hamid—who is as abstemious as he is suspicious—orders the remainder to be carried to such courtiers as he desires to honour, for it is no light favour to be allowed to finish a Sultan's meal.

Now and again the Sultan is seized with a fit of suspicion, and, pretending that he detects poison in a dish, suddenly orders the Kelardji to taste it, narrowly watching the effects of the experiment.

Another precaution that he takes is to surround himself with a number of cats and dogs, throwing them scraps of food, and seeing that they survive before he ventures to eat himself.

Fond as he is of sheep's feet stewed in sauce, and all kinds of piquant dishes, the Sultan holds boiled eggs in esteem above everything, considering that they are less likely to convey poison than anything else.

LOVE OF ANIMALS.

In this curious character we find some startling manifestations. He is very fond of animals. There is a menagerie in the palace and well-built kennels for his favourite dogs. His stables contain magnificent horses, conspicuous among them a superb white charger, a present from the Czar. He has many birds—parrots, pigeons, and some rare specimens presented by the Mikado of Japan.

Stranger still is his love for flowers. His gardens have been well laid out and are kept by many gardeners. Yet this same Nature lover can be guilty of the blackest inhumanity. We read:

"Several of the kiosques in Yildiz are set apart as prisons and courts of justice. The Sultan's secretaries usually act as judges, and try the cases of those whom the spies have accused of conspiracy against the throne. The Sultan, hidden behind curtains, often takes part in the proceedings.

Tortures are applied to extract confessions or the denunciation of accomplices. One horrible instrument of torture was invented by the Court jeeter—a device for pressing and crushing all the most sensitive parts of the body, causing frightful pain, but not death. Another favorite method of torturing a prisoner is to place boiling eggs in his armpits. Deprivation of sleep is a punishment often put in force, with the inevitable result of madness. A hundred other barbarities are commonly practised in Yildiz, ranging from the most refined to the most bestial tortures."

At the end of this article we find a picture of this horror haunted man when darkness and silence fall on the world outside the palace walls. With the doors locked by his own hand and the lights ablaze, it is not until the night is far spent that he seeks his bed.

Lulled at last to sleep by the music of the band, the tramping of the guards' feet, and the crooning voice of the reader, the Sultan passes a few moments of unconsciousness, only to wake with a start from a terrifying dream, and hastily to summon some trusty councillor, who will banish the vague terrors that haunt his uneasy mind; or to call his soothsayer to his bedside, to give the interpretation of his dream.

Thus, with fitful slumber, broken by horrible dreams, from which he starts shrieking in terror, the Sultan passes the night watches, until daylight comes again, to bring comfort to the faint heart of the old, sick man of Turkey, whose maxim is "The State I am—and after me the deluge!"

When washing greasy dishes or pots and pans, Lever's Dry Soap (a powder) will remove the grease with the greatest ease. as

TROUBLED WATERS.

A Defender of the Loyal Canadian Club at Millville.

A well known resident of Millville sends the Herald the following with a request for publication.

The Loyal Canadian Club of Millville which was organized last fall was started up again with great vigor over a month ago with seven members, and since that two new members have been added. The officers are G. Hedley Maxon, president, S. Z. Earle, sec. treas., Herman Estey, librarian, Sterling Flemming, musician, Hedley Hallett, janitor and Alfred Lockard, cor. sec'y.

The object of the club is to have a place to spend the evenings in, instead of loafing around the village, the circulation of the best literature of the day, consisting of periodicals, magazines, and papers, to help one another, and to keep the blood circulating by gymnastic exercises of various kinds.

But sad to say some in the village are jealous because they are not admitted, and as the building is locked, and no one but the members are allowed to enter, one, or some of them got so curious to know what was in the club room that they forced an entrance and took some small articles away with them, but they must have seen something terrible in the club for they did not mention it to any one.

The club members soon found out that the club had been broken into and set out to find the guilty persons or persons. Suspicion fell on a young man, James Campbell, and he on being closely examined admitted that he knew who it was that did the evil deed but refused to give any names. The club having pretty good evidence by this time that James was one of the party, entered a complaint against him before Mr. Thos. Purvis, J. P., whereupon said James quietly took his flight for parts unknown at present, but if ever he comes back the club intend to push the prosecution against him as far as the law allows, but they are content to have him out of the place as everybody can get along without him very well, and in this they are fully sustained by the prominent people of the place. But alas some of the people and one in particular are very wroth over the action of the club in this matter and have a lot to say about it, as they aver that the club is composed of a lot of young men not far removed from rouths themselves and also that they perform scandalous actions while in the club room. Right here the members want to say that if any respectable and fair minded man wants to investigate into the doings of the club the members are willing that they should do so. However the people who are casting stones at the club know nothing at all about what they are saying and ought to take home the precept that, 'A still tongue maketh a wise head.' Meanwhile the club pursues the even tenor of its way undisturbed by the wagging of idle tongues.

Whisky Medicines.

The temperance press is emphasizing the danger to the home in the use of "medicines" which are loaded with whisky or alcohol. In this respect, as well as in the remarkable character of their cures, Dr. Pierce's medicines differ from other preparations. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and "Favorite Prescription" contain no alcohol, whisky or other intoxicant, and are equally free from opium, cocaine and other narcotics. Every family should have a copy of the People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, sent absolutely free, on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing and contents. Send 31 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth binding. Address: Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

CENTENARIAN FARMER.

In a picturesque homestead high up among the hills on the heart of Northamptonshire there lives England's oldest farmer in the person of John Radburne, who attained his hundredth birthday on Saturday.

He is a bachelor, non-smoker, total abstainer, and except for some physical feebleness he shows none of the signs of his great age.

He attributes his longevity to his abstemious habits and open air exercise, for until quite recently he was out on his farm almost all day supervising the work of his farm hands.

To show how he retained his agility, it was his curious custom every birthday

to jump a brook at the back of his farm, and he continued this up to his ninety-sixth birthday.

For nearly seventy years he attended chapel twice every Sunday with remarkable regularity, but on reaching his ninety-eighth year he was obliged to give up the evening service, although he continued to attend the morning right up to a few weeks ago.

Mr. Radburne is an enthusiastic politician and temperance worker. At the last general election, when he was over ninety-seven years of age, he presided over one of the meetings in support of the Hon. C. R. Spencer, M. P., and made a speech in which he recalled personal recollections of the day of the battle of Waterloo and the time when bread was 6s. per loaf and agricultural laborers' wages 6s. per week.

Advertising Canada.

The Grand Trunk Railway System have completed arrangements for an extensive exhibition depicting the beauties and attractions of the several summer resorts located along their lines, including the "Highlands of Ontario," the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay and other districts that are becoming popular for the great army of tourists that are now looking towards Canada as the objective point for spending their summer holidays. The space secured at the International Forest, Fish and Game Exposition, Cleveland, Ohio, is about 1000 square feet, and the travelling exhibit that the Grand Trunk are operating through the Southern States, including Texas, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, etc., will be transported to Cleveland and installed in time for the opening of the Exhibition on March 24th, and will be on display there for the ten days that the Exposition will run. This exhibit will, no doubt, be an excellent advertisement for Canada and her several summer resort districts.

Completely Fagged Out.

The world is full of sickly, despondent, tired, enervated people, all hoping to be well some day. The surest road to health is along the way of taking Ferrozone after meals. Ferrozone is a great appetizer and enables one to eat plenty of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the rapid formation of an abundance of red vitalizing blood, which will restore the nerves, increase flesh and vigor, and nourish and feed every organ of the body. Ferrozone is a tonic of unequalled merit that anyone can use with benefit. Price 50c. per box or six boxes for \$2.50, at Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A good story about J. Pierpont Morgan has just come to light. At the notable dinner that P. A. B. Widener gave to Mr. Morgan last winter in Philadelphia it happened by some unfortunate oversight that the guest of honor had no oyster fork. In commenting good-naturedly on this accident Mr. Morgan said: "I am reminded of an anecdote my father used to tell about a certain Mrs. Murphy. Mrs. Murphy, it seems, was dining out, and had no saltspoon. The hostess called her butler's attention to this fact. 'William,' she said, 'Mrs. Murphy has no saltspoon.' 'Madam,' William answered gravely, 'the last time Mrs. Murphy dined here we lost a saltspoon.'"

Cramps Are Like Burglars.

They come unexpected and when at least welcome. Be armed with a one-minute cure in a bottle of Nerviline, which relieves cramps and stomach pains in five minutes. In Colic, Summer Com. plaint, Indigestion and Nausea, Nerviline is a remedy of remarkable potency and acts promptly and satisfactorily at all times. The composition of Polson's Nerviline expresses the highest medical progress of the age, which accounts for its superior merit. Price 25c. Hamilton's Pills Are Good Pills.

"Who was that poor fellow that the mob tarred and feathered, rode on a rail, horsewhipped and threatened to lynch?"

"Why," said the leader of the mob, "that's the chap who wrote to the papers that the citizens of this town had no respect for law and order. We showed him that we were law-abiding citizens, you bet!"

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

SPRING AILMENTS.

The Blood Needs Attention at this Season—Purgatives (Should be Avoided).

Spring is the season when your system needs toning up. In the spring you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. With new blood you will feel sprightly, happy and healthy. Many people take purgatives in spring, but this is a serious mistake, as the tendency of all purgatives is to further weaken the system. The one and only sure way to get new blood and new strength is to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, rich, red blood—they are the greatest spring tonic in the world. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily banish all spring ailments. Miss Belle Cohoon, White Rock Mills, N. S., says:—"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a splendid spring medicine. I was very much run down; the least exertion exhausted me, and I had a constant feeling of languor and sluggishness. My appetite failed me and my sleep at night was disturbed and restless. After I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, there was a speedy change for the better, and after taking a few boxes, I felt stronger than I had done for years."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any dealer in medicine, or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not let any dealer persuade you to take a substitute. Substitutes never cured anyone—the genuine pills have cured hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world.

SANDYVILLE.

(Special Correspondence to the Herald.)

March 24.—Messrs. Lawson & Mitchell, the well known Penniac lumbermen, passed through this way yesterday en route for the celestial.

Mrs. Benj. Stewart, of Zionville, is spending a short time with relatives at this place.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman Cochran have recently taken possession of the parsonage. We wish them all the joys of house-keeping.

Mr. C. McConaghy has just been adding some of the latest tips to his bake-shop, and can now show to the public that he means business. Much credit is due Mr. C. Burns, who did much to assist Mac in his profession.

Mrs. William Grant, Miss H. Lawson and Isaac Lawson spent Sunday at this place to attend the special meetings held by Mr. Trafton of St. John.

Miss Sadie Steele is the guest of her old friend, Mrs. E. Stewart.

Inflamed Nose and Throat.

And such diseases of the respiratory organs as Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Cold in the Head, and Nasal Catarrh, are treated with marvelous success on strictly scientific principles by Catarrh-ozone. The medicated vapor of Catarrh-ozone quickly traverses every air passage possible to be reached by any treatment. All soreness, pain, congestion and inflammation are at once dispelled, and by means of the healing powers of Catarrh-ozone the vitiated tissues are quickly restored. Where Catarrh-ozone is used colds last only ten minutes, coughs half an hour, and Catarrh, Consumption, Asthma and Bronchitis flee as from fire. A trial will convince anyone of the startling merit of Catarrh-ozone. Costs \$1.00; small size 25c. At Druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cure Constipation.

A curious sight presented itself when the dead horses were found in the burning coal mine at Glace Bay, N. S. Stretched out among them, and fast asleep was one of the stable boys. He snored on most peacefully with all the dead creatures around him. One of the horses was being driven by a boy through the smoke. The horse dropped suffocated, but the boy escaped without difficulty. It is a well known fact that horses are much easier victims to suffocation than men.

Corns Cured in 24 Hours.

When Putnam's Painless Corn and Wart Extractor is used, Corns, Warts and Bunions can be removed in one day. No pain, no bother, no suffering. Try "Putnam's."

"You mean old thing, now! You said you wouldn't tell Maude about me being engaged, and you went and did, so there." "I didn't do any such thing! I didn't tell her at all! I just asked her if she knew!"

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets. This signature *E. W. Grove* on every box, 25c.