

THE SULTAN OF TURKEY, JUST NOW THE MOST CONSPICUOUS RULER IN THE WORLD.

The Boyhood and Youth of Abdul Hamid II—His Personal Appearance—Various Estimates of the Character of the Man.

Just now the much talked about potentate in the world is Abdul Hamid II, the Sultan of Turkey. Since the horrible atrocities in Armenia his Government has been threatened by the great powers of Europe, and his life has been threatened by his subjects.

By way of introduction to a sketch of his career, it may be well to refer briefly to the lives of his immediate predecessors. In 1839 Mahmud II, Sultan of Turkey, died, and was succeeded by Abdul Medjid, his son. This man reigned until 1861, leaving a brother and two sons. He was succeeded on the throne by his brother, Abdul Aziz, an ignorant bigot whose extravagance brought his country to avowed insolvency in 1875. The only remarkable thing that he did was to travel. No Ottoman Sultan had ever before left his own dominions, except for purposes of war, but Abdul Aziz ventured even as far as London. On the 29th of May, 1876, he was deposed, and on June 4 he was found dead. It was said that he had committed suicide, but the probability is that he was assassinated. He was succeeded by Amurath V., the son of Abdul Medjid, who within three months was removed as an imbecile. Then came Abdul Hamid II, the present Sultan.

He was born Sept. 22, 1842, and became Sultan on Aug. 31, 1876. On July 27, 1878, two weeks after the treaty of Berlin, Lord Beaconsfield said of him: "He is not a tyrant, he is not dissolute, he is not a bigot, or corrupt." But either Lord Beaconsfield was strangely deceived or he strangely tried to deceive the world, for it is not possible for a truly good man to be for nineteen years the absolute master of subordinates so tyrannical, so dissolute, so bigoted, and so corrupt as those who rule the Turkish people. It is only fair to judge the man by his works.

When he was a boy the present Sultan lived at the beautiful kiosk of Kythany, where he learned to ride on THE FIERCEST HORSES.

As he grew older he led a life of greater activity than was usual among Turkish princes; he was much in the saddle; he loved hunting; he enjoyed long rides into the forests and along beautiful rivers. He was of a thoughtful and serious nature, and spent much time in study. Political economy was a favorite subject, and after the reading of many books he was led to make a study of the methods of government, particularly in the Turkish provinces.

When he was called suddenly to the throne he knew more than most of his predecessors had known of Turkish history and the Government and resources of his country. There were many evils to be remedied, and it is said that under the direct orders of the Sultan many of them were remedied. When Abdul Hamid went on the throne the country was bankrupt; now its credit, though by no means the best, is at least measurable. Then there were only the torn and battered remnants of an army; now Turkey has many thousand well disciplined and well equipped soldiers. A year before his reign began it was almost impossible to publish a newspaper in Turkey. On the slightest provocation a paper was seized by the soldiers, who distributed the type in the waters of the Bosphorus. Now there are many newspapers, some of them edited with conspicuous ability; but the press is not free, because the editors may not discuss Turkish politics. The Sultan is credited with the desire to encourage arts and sciences and to develop the mineral, industrial, and agricultural resources of Turkey; but if there had been the will, the deed is still sadly lacking. The personal appearance of the Turkish ruler has been described as follows:

"The Sultan's general appearance is characterized by a sort of tired dignity, mingled with an expression of melancholic sadness. His black beard, now slightly tinged with gray, is short, thick, and trimmed almost to a point. The forehead is broad, lightly bulged above the eyebrows, hollow at the temples, and wrinkled all over. The lines running down to the base of the nose, which indicate profound and meditative thought, are accentuated. The eye is dark gray, large, well formed, pensive, slightly veiled, penetrating, kindly, very changeable, and anxious. The eye is that of a thinker, of a suspicious meditator, with a subjective will power. The nose is long and thin at its base, bony and strong at the nostrils. The mouth is large, and the teeth, rather yellow than white, and widely separated. The lower lip is stronger and thicker than the upper one. The expression is energetic and reveals a mixture of

and real kindness. The Sultan's hair is black and cut short. The skull recedes toward the top; the little brain is strongly marked. The ears are long and vigorously cut. The complexion is a darkish brown. The hands are fine and nervous; the finger nails rosy and cut short. The feet are arched and slender. Abdul Hamid's voice is sympathetic and sonorous. He speaks lower than his subjects, and smiles but little in the presence of strangers. He has an excellent memory for faces, but recalls names with difficulty.

The Sultan of Turkey owns some of the finest palaces that man has ever raised. One of them was reared at a cost of \$30,000,000, and yet so great is Turkish prodigality and superstition that but one Sultan has ever dwelt within it, and he was there but a single night. This was Abdul Medjid. He had an evil dream, quit the palace the next day, and neither he nor any successor occupied it thereafter. The Sultan's residence is at Yildiz Kiosko, on the apex of some beautiful hills. It

was built by Abdul Medjid, and is about two miles from the Bosphorus, which is nearly three miles wide at this point and sends its refreshing breezes up the hill. One who has visited the palace has given this description of it:

"Around it is a high wall, and the view from it is magnificent, with the beautiful Bosphorus winding in and out and around picturesque spots—the Seraglio Point, the Mosque of St. Sophia, the hundred of slender, gilded minarets and graceful domes gleaming out from among the dense green of the cypress and plane trees, the sad solitude of the cemetery at Scutari, the dim Princes' Islands in the distance, and even a faint shadow of Mount Olympus, far off in Asia, shows in the pure atmosphere of this charmed spot. The interior of Yildiz is beautiful beyond the power of words to describe. It is not crowded with ornament and bric-a-brac, but there are a few priceless vases, pictures, and magnificent rugs and carpets. There is an atmosphere of quiet and repose all through it. There are a few portraits."

The daily life of the Sultan is a simple one. He rises early, takes a light breakfast, and then gives consideration to the affairs of State. He reads despatches, dictates replies, confers with officials, and issues his orders. He works often until 3 o'clock with no intermission except for prayers and a slight repast. After the business of the day is over he either walks, rides, or drives about the grounds; sometimes he hunts a little, occasionally he rows on the lake. At 6 o'clock he dines in his private apartments. He eats little and drinks nothing but water. After dinner he

SMOKES AND REFLECTS and it is dangerous to disturb him then. On our Friday, which is the Turkish Sunday, the Sultan must visit the mosque, even if so ill that he has to be carried. The occasion is one of pleasure to the people. There is a military display and a sort of review of the troops as he passes. Various appeals are made to the Sultan and many of them are granted. Sometimes, on his journey to the mosque, the Sultan rides a white Arabian horse; at other times he sits in an open carriage. Foreign residents and visitors through the streets to see him as he passes. The fast of Ramazan, which lasts forty days, is as rigidly observed by the Sultan as by the poorest laborer in the kingdom. On the twentieth day of the fast he goes to the mosque where the most precious relics of Islam are preserved; the silver caskets are opened; the relics are taken from their places and the Sultan reverently kisses them. Of these relics, the one regarded as the most valuable is a piece of cloth about six inches square—all that remains of the mantle worn by the prophet. Another relic consists of a few hairs from the prophet's beard; a third is one of his teeth. After the relics have been kissed, they are put back into the casket and the Sultan seals it with his own seal. The casket is left exposed to public view during the remaining days of the fast; then it is locked up in the strong boxes until another year goes by.

Under the rule of the present Sultan the Ottoman empire has lost some of its fairest conquests. In 1877 the war with Russia began, lasting nearly a year. When the Czar could have taken Constantinople, and when, as is clear enough now, he should have taken it, England and Germany interfered. A treaty was signed by representatives of Russia and Turkey at San Stefano on March 3, 1878; but this was much modified by the treaty of Berlin, in which conference there were representatives of Great Britain, Russia, Germany, France, Austria, Turkey, and Italy. As the result of the negotiations the Sultan was practically deprived of Bulgaria, Bosnia, and Herzegovina in Europe, and Ardshan, Kars, and Batoum in Asia.

PHYSICIANS OF CORNWALL, ONT. RECOMMEND DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART.

Mr. Geo. Crites, a Government Official, Used the Remedy and is Cured.

George Crites, Esq., Customs officer, Cornwall, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with severe heart complaint for several years. The slightest excitement proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest, so that I was entirely incapacitated for business. I was under a doctor's care for over six months, and not receiving the benefit I had hoped for, and hearing much of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, I asked my physician about taking it, which he advised me to do. The use of the remedy brought results I had scarcely dared hope for and I am now able to attend to business, and do most heartily recommend this remedy to all who suffer from heart complaint." Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, relieves in 30 minutes and thus has been the means of saving thousands of lives. Sold by W. E. Richardson.

A Beautiful Oriental Demon.

In person the Begum Somru was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiseled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation spirited, sensible and engaging. But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, while she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favorite officer, she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the Nautch dances were held, and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the Nautch girls to come out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account—denied by some of those who have investigated the story—the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

A FAMOUS REFORMER.

Rev. C. J. Freeman Speaks of His Life and Work.

He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic—Recently the Victim of a Peculiar Affliction from Which He Was Released in a Marvelous Manner.

From the Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson St. South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph.D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anacosta, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date, he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says:—

"Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water.



Rev. C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph.D.

At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exertion, precluded me from any duty whatever, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for taking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough.

"It is now quite three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limb, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of 41 years.

"Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was very poor balm for a sick man. But the best thing he did say was this: "Did you ever see Pink Pills?" I said, "Who in the world is he?" He said, "Why do you not try Pink Pills?" He said good bye, very affectionately, so much so that doubtless he thought it was the last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and I said can any good possibly come out of those little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was suspicious of Pink Pills, and I remembered the old proverb: "Sospetto licentia feda." "Suspicion is the passport to faith." So Pink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better. I could enjoy food and I had a free quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and to-day I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and do all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than

I am to-day, and that I attribute it to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way, and feel sure that any one who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always wish and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always cherish a deep feeling of gratitude to the friend who first said to me buy Pink Pills. I have tried them and know their value, and am truly glad I did, for I have found them from a good experience, to do more than is actually claimed for them."

Very faithfully yours,

C. J. Freeman, B.A., Ph.D.,
Late rector of St. Mark's, Montreal.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give a new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervousness, headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50— they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Very Affectionate.

Wife—You do not love me.

Husband—I do, and I want to love you more.

Then why do you rush off to the club?

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, you know.

DANGEROUS RESULTS SURE TO FOLLOW

Neglect of Kidney Trouble—South American Kidney Cure is a Remedy that Quickly Eradicates Kidney Trouble in Any of its Stages.

It is an unfortunate blunder to allow disease of the kidneys to obtain a hold in the system. The disease is of that character that leads to many serious complications which too often end fatally. The strong point of South American Kidney Cure is that it drives this disease out of the system, whether taken in its incipient stages or after it has more nearly approached a chronic condition. The medicine is a radical one, easy to take, yet thoroughly effective, and what is encouraging to the patient, the results of its use are made manifest almost immediately. As a matter of fact this medicine will relieve distressing kidney and bladder disease in six hours.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

Society Hard Pressed.

Little Miss de Fashion (meeting noted author)—How-de-do, Mr. Finemind! Mamma is awful glad you is comin' to her reception.

Great Author—I am delighted to learn that she is pleased.

Yes, she says you is the biggest society lion of the season, and she's so glad she got ahead of that Mrs. De Style. Mamma has told everybody that you are comin', and they is all worked up 'most to death. Mamma's head aches awful this morning.

Um—to what work do you refer, my dear?

Why, you know, Everybody is nearly killin' theirselves tryin' to read your books, so they can talk to you about 'em.

RHEUMATISM RELIEVED IN SIX HOURS.

South American Rheumatic Cure Gives Relief as soon as the First Dose is Taken, and Cures Ordinary Cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia in from One to Three Days—What a Grateful Citizen of St. Lambert, Que., Has to Say.

For many months I have suffered the most excruciating pain from rheumatism and had despaired of getting permanent relief until South American Rheumatic Cure was brought to my notice. I procured a bottle of the remedy and to my surprise received great benefit from the first few doses. In fact, within six hours after taking the first dose I was free from pain, and the use of a few bottles wrought a permanent cure. It is surely the best remedy of this kind in existence.

J. Fredeau, St. Lambert, P.Q.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.

But Probably Late.

Jagway—I remember on one occasion I cured a terrible headache by soaking my feet.

Jambis—Case of 'next morning'?

Jagway—No, it was a case of same evening.

THE WISDOM OF GRFY HAIRS.

Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, Ont., a Well-Known Retired Presbyterian Minister, Has Used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and Testifies to its Benefits.

The cautious conversation that is characteristic of Presbyterians, and especially of those who have seen years of service in the church gives weight and influence to any recommendation that they may make on almost any matter. When we find a clergyman of the years of the Rev. John Scott, D. D., of Hamilton, one of the church's most esteemed ministers, speaking favorably of a proprietary medicine we may rest assured that it possesses genuine merit. Mr. Scott tells of the benefits that have come to him from the use of this medicine, because he is able to speak from an experimental knowledge, having used the medicine himself. Of its benefits he has testified over his own signature.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. G. Detchen, 44 Church street, Toronto.

Sold by W. E. Richardson.



Weak and Nervous

Whenever the body has been weakened by disease, it should be built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this:

"About two years ago I suffered with a very severe attack of inflammation of the bowels. When I began to recover I was in a very weak and nervous condition, and suffered intensely with neuralgia pains in my head, which caused loss of sleep, and having no appetite, I

Became Very Thin and weak. Fortunately a friend who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla with great benefit, kindly recommended me to try it. I did so and a perfect cure has been effected. I am now as well as I ever was, and I would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla in my house for anything." Mrs. G. Kean, 245 Manning Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

TWO BRUTAL HUSBANDS.

One of Them Threatened With Lynching by His Neighbors.

The wife of William Madigan, a longshoreman, 45 years old, of Williamsburg N.Y., gave birth to a child on Friday. Madigan went on a spree, and nothing was seen of him until Sunday evening, when he returned. After upbraiding his wife, he put out his four children. Then he ordered his wife to leave with the new-born babe. She begged him to let her alone. Madigan then dragged her and the child out of bed and in the hallway he ordered her to leave the house. As she dragged herself along, Madigan, it is said, kicked her in the side. Then he pulled her down two flights of stairs. When she reached the street she was insensible. She lay near the gutter in front of the house. Madigan returned to his rooms on the third floor and locked the door.

Mrs. Madigan revived and staggered down the street. Some children who knew her ran into the house in which she lived and told other inmates. Dr. Ashley Webber, who was attending the woman, was summoned, but he was unable to learn where Mrs. Madigan had gone. He went up to her rooms and found the four children huddled together on the stairs. He rapped on the kitchen door and asked Madigan where his wife was. Madigan threatened to kill the Doctor if he attempted to enter. Dr. Webber went to the police station and demanded the arrest of Madigan. He said that Mrs. Madigan's condition was extremely critical and that death might result from exposure. A policeman was sent to the house. When he got there, he found the hall filled with neighbors who were making threats against Madigan. The policeman went up to Madigan's rooms, but Madigan refused to let him in, and the kitchen door was forced open.

Madigan attacked the policeman, who subdued him with his club. On the way down the stairs the crowd became so indignant that one after another struck the longshoreman, and on the street another crowd shouted to lynch him. The policeman kept back the crowd with his club and finally succeeded in getting his prisoner to the station house, where he was locked up on a charge of intoxication. Mrs. Madigan was found in a neighbor's house and carried back to her home. Dr. Webber said that she might die.

Thomas Meehan, a peddler, aged 50, of 210 Bond street, Brooklyn, N. Y., came home drunk on Sunday afternoon and began to abuse his wife. When she went to the window and called for a policeman he seized her by the neck and dragged her back. While she was struggling to release herself he picked up a flatiron and knocked her down with a blow on the head. He then kicked her on the face and body several times, and was engaged in this brutal work when some of the neighbors rushed in and overpowered him. His victim was beaten almost to insensibility, and when taken in an ambulance to St. Peter's Hospital it was found that her right leg was broken and that she was severely injured otherwise. Meehan was locked up in the police station.

At Home for Once.

Caller—Is Mrs. Gadabout at home?
Servant—Yes'm, she's home to-day. She's sick abed.