THE SHAH IS JEWEL POOR

WITH ALL HIS TREASURE CAN HARDLY PAY CURRENT DEBTS.

Gardens and Pavilions at Teheran Peopled With an Army of Men and Women.

There is no court that combines splendor and bankruptcy in the same degree as that of Persia. The palace which Shah Mohammed Ali inhabits is stored with treasures of incalculable value. Yet the Shah finds himself nowadays almost without the means of paying his current expenses.

Under his predecessors the palace expenses were the first lien on whatever revenue the country produced. But nowadays there is a Parliament, and the appropriation made for the Shah and his household for the current year is only $500,000.

Though money goes a good way in Persia, this sum is not one-fifth enough to maintain the establishment on its present scale. All the officeholders stormed and the harem of Nasr-ed-Din, grandfather of the present Shah, went in carriages to the Palace of Baharistan to remonstrate. But the Parliament stood pat and when the Shah contemplated dissolving it and withdrawing the new constitution he found he would have too much trouble on his hands.

Just how he will deal with the expense acounts remains to be seen; he certainly has done nothing to reduce it. The train of servants and attendants, high and low, still numbers more than 1,500 men, and there are more than 1,000 women in the anderoun, or harem, with their numbers rather increasing than diminishing.

THE SHAH'S PALACE

is situated in the oldes tquarter of Teheran, called the Ark. It consists of a number of houses and pavilions built at various times and located haphazard among beautiful gardens.

The buildings used by the Shah himself are called the biroun. There the staff of court dignitaries are on duty all day. They number altogether from 600 to 700 men.

Across the gulistan or gardens, in the most remote part of the enclosure, the Kadje-Bashi or chief of the eunuchs holds sway with his regiment of dusky guardians of the anderoun. The gardens are divided into the men's enclosure and the women's into which no man but the master may ever enter.

The walls are lined with encaustic tiles, rippling brooks intersect green lawns and gorgeous flower beds. Shade trees hang over deep pools that cool the air. Songbirds in vast aviaries concealed by shrubbery animate the scene with their carolling, and hidden musicians play in the summer houses all day and late into the night, a fashion borrowed, it is said, from India.

The women of the anderoun have a double hierarchy. There are in the first place the official authorities. There is also the purely social hierarchy, at the top of which are the princesses of the Kadjar line, the Shah's own family, who have borne sons of rank to succeed to the throne. All women of the Kadjar race have undisputed precedence.

Next come the favorites of noble family and after them beauties of lower rank. Beneath these are the hundreds of attendants and companions, down to the kitchen maids. The system is much more aristocratic than the Sultan's seraglio, but any woman may secure a certain elevation by winning the notice of the Shah.

Some of the great princesses have pavilions all to themselves, with suites of attendance and servants. The other favorites live in groups with their households in common.

THE DRESS OF THE WOMEN

consists of a jacket or bolero, called the yal, which is sleeveless and fastened across the breast with frogs of gold lace. Beneath it is the diaphanous undergarment called pirahen. A skirt not much longer than a ballet dancer's and sometimes fluffed out in the same way with stiffened underskirts, is called zirjoume. It only reaches to the knee.

There are slippers for the feet, and a square fichu called tchargat is worn on the head and knotted under the chin. From under it the hair falls in luxurious curls to the shoulders.

All the women of the anderoun wear the same costume, though of course there are vast differences in material. The servants wear coarse linens and heavy mohairs; the princesses and favorites draw not only on the marts of Asia but those of Europe nowadays for their choicest fabrics.

Gorgeous ornaments of gold and precious stones are worn by the favorites and their favorites. The rig is enchanting on young women, but the few Occidental and a doctor or two who have had a peep into the anderoun speak with shuddering of the appearance of the old and middle aged women—especially as they say the Persian woman when she grows old grows fat.

The Shah spends only his nights in the anderoun. He leaves it every morning at early prayer time. He spends his day in hunting, sleeping, and eating, with occasional conferences with his Ministers or receptions to foreign representatives.

The rooms of the biroun, the equivalent of the Turkish selamlik, are all decorated with glass. The floors are tiled but the tiles are hidden under priceless carpets. The walls are panelled with mirrors or with moulded and engraved glass. Festoons of crystals hang from the ceilings.

THE PRESENT SHAH

is indolent and Oriental in his habits. Sometimes he will spend half the day smoking and dozing. Capriciously he will start off for one of his five hunting lodges near the capital, where he can find any sort of game from panthers down to a quail.

He takes his meals wherever he happens to be when the desire seizes him. His kitchens are always on the alert; there are 800 cooks and scullions in them.

The dishes are passed from these to a grade of attendants who may be said to correspond with our footmen. These pass them along to the chamberlains, who may serve them if no higher dignitiary is on hand, but the highest official of the court who happens to be present has the right to present them to the Shah.

All the courses are served together. The staple dishes are rice with saffron, chicken fricassee, venison, and roast mutton cut in chunks, served en brochette and called kebab. Besides these a vast number of sweet creams, luscious pastries and delicious fruit are served. The Shah forges himself with sweetmeats as all Persians do, men and women alike.

If the Shah cares to fall back on the treasures of his palace he can keep the wolf from the door for many a year. Nobody knows the wealth stored up in it. In the building called the museum there are said to be bins of emeralds, topazes, rubies diamonds and pearls which have been accumulating for generations.

There are besides priceless articles of pottery and metal work, Japanese and Chinese, Indian, Sevres, Dresden china, gold silver and steel work from all parts of the Orient. The collection of ancient arms and armor is worth perhaps

A MILLION DOLLARS.

Then there are the gorgeous articles of barbaric splendor which make up the regalia. When the Shah appears in State he wears a tiara of brilliants, surmounted with an aigrette of precious stones. On his forehead shimmers the famous diamond known as the Mountain of Light. His epaulets are studded with emeralds, sapphires and topazes. His belt glitters with diamonds and his sword handle and scabbard are incrusted with rubies.

The terrestrial globe made by his grandfather's order shows all the continents and seas in precious stones, Persia being in diamonds. The celebrated peacock throne consists of a great square pedestal over which branches of foliage creep, all made of emeralds, with flowers in rubies and pearls.

The chair is of gold and seems to be splashed with blood, but is is only patches of rubbies. Above the back shines a sun of diamonds, so set on wires that they tremble with the motion of the occupant of the chair, sending flashes of light in all directions like the sun itself. This throne has been appraised as high as $40,000,000.

Besides his palace and his hunting lodges the Shah has several country houses with beautiful gardens, whither he goes to escape the heat, taking sections of the anderoun and regiments of servants with him. The present Shah has added automobiling to his pleasures.

THE MIGHT OF NATURE.

(By A. Banker.)

Year after year the tremendous forces of Nature are more and more being requisitioned and harnessed into our service. That mighty and potent energy, electricity, for instance, which in the earlier days of the present generation was practically unapplied, is now, notwithstanding the present cumbrous mode of extracting it from the earth and air, an indispensable necessity of civilization.

It would appear that the place of origin whence the electricity of this planet and of its atmosphere is derived is the sun. For when a severe electric storm takes place upon that luminary the electricity of the earth is more or less completely disorganized. Such a "storm" occurred a few years ago; so severe and so violent that for a brief period telegraphy was wholly thrown into disorder. An enormous rift or chasm, so deep and so profound that a number of globes equal in size to that of this earth could have been rolled into it, was rent in the blazing photosphere of the sun. Gigantic flames of incandescent metallic vapors and other gases surged and gyrated in fiery hurricanes of angry flame, a very whirlpool of palpitating wild-fire, now vibrating in throbs and convulsive pulsations from side to side; now, as though ejected by some tremendous internal convulsion, blazing vertically upwards a hundred miles into space, or now for a moment subsiding into comparative quietude.

In the midst of all this orgasm of fire—not however an unusual condition of our great luminary—a flash of light so intensely vivid and dazzling that it far surpassed the solar photosphere in brilliancy and in splendor, pulsated across the dark chasm—dark, however, only by comparison, for an apparently black sunspot is really more brilliant than any light, other than electricity, which we can produce—from one side of the chasm to the other. And the intensity of that convulsive electrical energy vibrated on and on through the ether until it reached our earth, paralyzing the artificially produced currents, and for a short time rendering the telegraphic wires in many districts altogether useless. And then, the solar disturbance subsiding, the normal condition of the current here below was rapidly re-established.

But how difficult it is to realize that He who first called into existence this mighty and potent force, Who even created the great fiery orb where, for our solar system, it is generated and evolved, was none other than the Saviour of the world, who, in order to restore us to Divine favor, resigned for a time His majesty and glory, and by living a life of penury and suffering here below, and then by giving His life for us, bore, as our Substitute, the punishment due to us. And all who come to Him for pardon and life will be made inheritors of His kingdom.

Small things worry small minds.

GRAVEDIGGER HEARD IT

MAN LIVED HALF-AN-HOUR AFTER BURIAL.

Thought Noise Coming from the Coffin Was the Dead Man's Soul Trying to Get Out.

Tymko Novak, a Galician peasant, who owned a small farm in the village of Mackowica, in Austria, lived through the greatest tragedy of his life after his funeral, thanks to the criminal carelessness and stupidity of three people.

Tymko, an elderly man, died in his cottage home and was buried in the neighboring churchyard, with all the pomp and ceremony so dear to the Slavonic mind. His family and friends, having shed their tears over him, went home. Only the gravedigger remained and he hurried to fill up the grave before nightfall. Suddenly he was horrified to hear a dull sound come from the earth he had just thrown in. It stopped, and, thinking his nerves were getting the better of his reason, he went on with his work. Again the noise began, and this time he felt sure that it sounded as if the dead man's soul were trying to get out of the coffin.

Instead of uncovering the earth and opening the coffin,

HE GAVE A SHRIEK OF FEAR.

threw down his spade and ran to the head of the village to ask what he was to do. Unhappily, the head of the village—a man named Kusek—was as stupid as the gravedigger. All the advice he could give was, "Nobody is allowed to open a grave except by special permission of the gendarmes. You must go to the gendarmes and ask them for their permission. But our friend, Tymko Novak, must have committed a great sin if his soul cannot rest quietly in that coffin."

It seems incredible that all this happened only a few miles from Vienna. The gravedigger took Kushek's advice and set out to the gendarmes' station, which lay a mile or so distant in the next village. By this time it was dark and the gravedigger hurried on, thinking he was being pursued by poor Tymko's soul, which had got out of the coffin By the inn he met an excise-man, Jan Wenger, and told him the story. Wenger, without waiting to hear the theory of Tymko's soul, pulled him along and hurrying to the cemetery, began to uncover the grave as fast as he could.

When they finally got the coffin up and opened it, a terrible sight met their eyes. The corpse now lay on one side The left arm, instead of being crossed with the right over the breast, was under the head.

THE FACE WAS DISTORTED

with the agony of this terrible death; the whole of the clothing was torn into shreds, the flesh bruised and cut from the unfortunate man's efforts to get out of this living grave.

All efforts to restore any signs of life were now in vain. The doctors who were called said he had been dead half an hour—and an hour had elapsed since the gravedigger ran to Kusek.

The functionary whose business it is in Galician villages to give the death certificates is a kind of uncertified ordinary surgeon. He had pronounced life extinct two or three days before the funeral. The gravedigger was too sunk in ignorance and superstition to guess at the true cause of the sounds which had come from the coffin, and Kusek rules the village. The worst aspect of the matter is that nobody is punished but the unhappy victim and his relatives.

INDIAN DETECTIVE TRICK.

Fright Causes Criminal Sudden Loss of Appetite.

A very old Indian detective trick played its part in the arrest of the Bengali youth Khurdiram Bose, who threw the bomb which killed Mrs. and Miss Kennedy at Muzufferpore.

He was seated in the railway station at Waini, some twenty miles from the scene of the crime, and was eating a meal of rice, when two constables approached him. One of the constables noticed that the youth's saliva had ceased to flow, apparently through fright at the sudden appearance of the policemen; and that, in spite of his nonchalant air, he was unable to continue his meal. The constable toyed with his man for a while, and then, having his suspicions confirmed, seized him before he could fire the revolver with which he was trying to shoot himself. This system of detection, it is stated, is traditional among the Indian police.

A suspected person will be placed with others and a native inspector will mutter some gibberish over an old four-cornered rupee. Having thus worked upon the fears of his auditors he will give each of them a handful of rice and instruct them to eat it as fast as they can. The guilty one, it is averred, will be unable to eat, and the strike of the salivary glands is regarded as furnishing a prima facie case for arrest.

A HARD SCHOOLING.

"Popley is quite an entertainer. I heard him last evening at a small company."

"Yes, he developed that talent in the nursery."

"What! so young?"

"O! you misunderstand me; I mean his children's nursery. He's had so many to entertain there."

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PRACTICAL ILLUSTRATION.

Stubb—"Who is that in the next yard, Martha?"

Mrs. Stubb—"Why, that is Brown and his young wife beating the carpet in unison."

Mr. Stubb—"Ah, I see. 'Two hearts that beat as one,' eh?"

Two visitors in the country were disturbed one night by the hideous howls of a prowling dog. "Isn't that a sign of death, Tom?" asked one mournfully. "Yes," replied the other savagely; "it is if I can get hold of a gun!"

"I don't know that man," said Miss Vane; "but he's been telling everyone how wonderfully fresh my complexion is." "Yes?" replied Miss Cutting. "Perhaps he's an agent for it."

It is estimated that at least 32,000 beggars in Vienna are making better livings than workmen.