

Democrat Watchman

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 3, 1896.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, O ye children,
For I hear you at play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.
Ye open the eastern windows
That look toward the sun,
Where thoughtful singing swallows
And the brooks of morning run.
In your hearts are the birds and the sun-shine,
In your thoughts the brooklets flow,
But in mine is the wind of autumn
And the first fall of snow.
Ah, what would the world be to us
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
More than the dark before.
What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,
That to the world are children,
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.
Come to me, O ye children,
And whisper in my ear,
What the birds and winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.
For what are all our contrivings
And the wisdom of our art,
When compared with young careases
And the gladness of your looks?
Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said,
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead. —Longfellow.

Misery of a Monarch.

Lying in Lavish Luxury, but in Constant Fear of Assassination.—A Visit to the Sultan.—Turkey's Ruler Takes Countless Precautions Against Poison.—His Wives Are Selected From Precious Stones and Gems of Gold Plate in His Treasury.—Mosque Where his Bones Will Rest.

I saw the Sultan of Turkey in Constantinople six years ago. Through our American Legation I was able to go through many of his palaces. I visited the Treasury and saw the pecks of precious stones which are there stored away. I was present when the Sultan took his way to the Mosque across the city, where his Majesty must go once a year to see the mausoleum of Mahomet. I stood with one of his private secretaries within 10 yards of him during his going to and from his palaces. I visited the mosque near Yildiz palace, and I had that day the honor of a salute from him in response to my bow as he rode away. During my stay in Constantinople I had a number of interviews with the men closest to him, much of which could not be published, and secured, I believe, as good an idea of Abdul-Hamid's character as could be gotten. I was told that even then the great fear of his life was assassination. It was whispered to me that he never went to sleep at night for fear that a violent death might creep upon him in the darkness. He had watchmen stationed about his palaces and on the towers to warn him of any approaching crowd. He never went out without he was accompanied by soldiers. There were 10,000 troops present the day I saw him go to prayers and when he took the tour across the city to kiss Mahomet's mantle, the cavalry galloped like mad through the streets to clear the way for him, and his road from the palace to the mosque was walled with soldiers.

PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN.

With a wealthy Mahometan, I sat in a second floor room, the windows of which overhung the street, and saw this man riding along with his then most famous general, Osman Pasha, and with perhaps a hundred carriages containing the favorite ladies of his harem, following behind. His saddle horse and another carriage were in the procession and until the last moment it was not known whether he would come to Stamboul by boat or across the Golden Horn by bridge. The Sultan has never allowed any one to know of his movements beforehand. He has only trusted those closest to him. I was told that he ate no food but that cooked in his own kitchen, and that every dish was tasted before he partook of it. He had no confidence in any of his palaces except that of Yildiz, which he thought he had so fortified that revolution could not attack him. He was frightened almost to death when the Czar, Alexander II., of Russia, was assassinated some years ago, and his life has been one of continuous unrest. He has, all told, fifty palaces, and a number of which are on the banks of Bosphorus. Yildiz is situated on a hill, and its grounds contain acres of ravines of forests and lakes, of parks and gardens. Not far from it is the great palace of Dolma Bagtche, where Abdul-Aziz, the brother of this Sultan, committed suicide by firing a bullet into his own breast, named Murad, might be raised to the throne. Murad was pulled down by other conspirators, who charged that he was crazy, and it is said that he is pining in the dungeons of one of the palaces along the Bosphorus.

SPENDS MONEY LIKE WATER.

Abdul-Aziz furnished this Dolma Bagtche palace. He spent \$3,000,000 a year on his harem, and within twelve months expended \$500,000 for pictures alone. I went through the palace while he was in Constantinople, through a special permit from the Sultan. It has scores of rooms walled with satin. It has crystal pots as large around as the body of a man, and more than six feet tall. It has luxurious couches and magnificent furniture, but Abdul-Hamid has feared it because it was too near the water, and he is only used it for public receptions. It is said that Abdul-Aziz warned him to keep out of it if he should become Sultan, and the result is that he has confined himself to the palace of Yildiz. But let me tell you how Abdul-Hamid looked as I saw him on his way to the Mosque about six years ago. He sat in an open carriage drawn by magnificent black horses, and driven by a coachman whose body was resplendent in a red velvet suit, embroidered with gold. The Sultan sat on the back seat, and was more simply dressed than any one of the ten thousand soldiers about him. There was a red fez cap on his head the tassels which hung almost to his

shoulders. He wore a suit of black clothes, the coat cut high like that of a preacher, save that the coat was edged with red cord. He wore a white shirt and turnover collar, and there was no sign of sword or pistol about him.

STRONGLY RESEMBLES JAY GOULD.

The Turkish cap has no brim, and I got a good view of his features. They were almost Hebrew in cast, and they reminded me much of those of the late Jay Gould. His complexion was yellow, and the lower part of his face was covered with short, luxuriant, glossy, black whiskers. His eyes were large, black and lustrous, the white about them having that yellow tinge which indicates a derangement of the liver. These eyes shifted to and fro as he rode toward the mosque, and it seemed to me that I could see the fear in them. He looked as though he had lost sleep, and he was nervous and worn. As he rose to get out of the carriage and go into the mosque, I noted that he was about 5 feet 3 inches high and he weighed, I judge, about 150 pounds. I could see his hands as they rested on his knees. They were as long and as thin as the hands of a Chinaman, and I saw that one of them was doubled up into a fist. When he came out of the mosque he took a different vehicle to ride back to the palace. His favorite saddle-horse was present, but he passed this by and stepped into a pony-carriage, taking the lines into his own hands, and walking the ponies until he got outside of the crowd. The road to the mosque was covered with well-watered sand about six inches deep, and the streets through which the Sultan rides are always protected in this way in order that his royal bones may not be jolted in going over the cobble stones and macadam.

THE SULTAN'S FAMOUS HORSES.

During my stay I chanced to see some of the Sultan's horses. He has about 2,000 in his stables, and among these are specimens of nearly every breed in the world. His finest horse is of Arabian blood, and his favorite mount was a beautiful Arabian bay. He often took rides in the grounds of his palace, and when General Lew Wallace was Minister to Constantinople, he and the Sultan often rode together. The Sultan is a good shot, and I was told that he could break a dozen rascals with a revolver while galloping past them on horseback. He has always been particular as to the horses of his army, and each of the regiments which accompanied him to the mosque was mounted on Arabian horses of one color.

During a talk I had with General Wallace not long ago he spoke very highly of this Sultan, saying that he was a much greater man than he had been generally supposed. I was told that he did a great deal of work, keeping track of foreign affairs, as well as those of his own country, and that he had foreign newspapers translated for him. He has been so surrounded, however, by officials and spies that it has been difficult for him to know what has been going on in his country, and it is a question whether he has ever been able to control the factions which make up his government. The whole Turkish empire is honeycombed with spies, and Constantinople is a city of intrigues and intrigues. It is doubtful, in fact, whether the Sultan can command good faith on the part of his harem, and he does not prove that his favorite wife may not prove false to him.

PIPES SET WITH DIAMONDS.

There were pipes set with diamonds and one case contained the costumes of the Sultans of the past, each of which blazed with precious stones. Of the gold plate, there were dishes of solid gold big enough for a baby's bath-tub, and there were plates, cups and saucers, tureens and pitchers, massive and heavy, a many branched royal family, and all the collection filled a number of rooms, and it must be worth many millions. It contains the accumulated treasures and relics of the Sultans of the past, and when the Turkish Empire is finally divided up among the rulers of Europe, there will be a great scramble for these treasure vaults.

After leaving this treasury, I visited the tombs of the Sultans. These are to be seen in one of the mosques at Constantinople. They are made of marble, and each tomb is surrounded by a fence of wrought silver and covered with the most precious of Cashmere shawls. The fez cap of the sultan beneath, studded with diamonds, is placed on top of his tomb, and out side the fence, on racks of ebony inlaid with pearl, are the manuscript Korans used by the Sultan and kept there as an evidence of his fidelity to his religion. There are a number of such tombs in this mosque, but there is room for more, and the present Sultan will eventually be laid here to rest.

Treated by Schlatter.

Railroad Receiver Huston Says He Has Been Much Benefited by the "Healer."

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Dec. 28.—Francis Schlatter, the "healer" is at present in the vicinity of Fort Wingate and Gallup, the Atlantic and Pacific railway. A party of men who saw him at Cabzon on Christmas day have returned to this city. They were E. H. Huston, of Evanville, Ind., who is receiver there, the Peoria, Decatur and Evansville railroad; J. W. Snyder, a business man of Paris, Ill., and L. H. Stanley, a Chicago commercial traveler. Mr. Huston was suffering from partial paralysis of one arm and side. He was treated by Schlatter and is much improved. He says: "I have traveled all over America and Europe, and I have consulted the finest physicians in the land. They did me no good. I am much benefited by the 'Healer's' treatment and will be completely cured in a short time." A number of persons are here from Colorado and the East in search of Schlatter. He told the men who have just returned that he was going to the Southwest to begin a long retreat, and thought he would go to Central America.

Chamois skin is used for dress trimmings in a variety of ways.

Quay would rather be boss than be president.

had had many wives for whom he has paid as high as \$5,000. Blonde beauties with blue eyes and transparent skin, usually bring high prices, but black girls are sold for a song. I was told that the buying and selling of slaves still go on in Constantinople but that of late years such sales have been "under the rose."

VISIT TO THE SULTAN'S TREASURY.

The papers are full of the poverty of Turkey. The debt of the country runs high into the hundreds of millions, and all things are taxed. They are paid to the foreign bond-holders, and the tribute from Egypt goes almost directly to England. His Majesty is supposed to be poor, but his private expenditures, have amounted to many millions of dollars, and there is a vast amount of money tied up in the jewels of his treasury. It was through the private secretary of the Sultan that I got access to this treasure. Guarded by Turkish soldiers and accompanied by officers whose swords clanked over the marble floors, I wandered about room after room filled with jewels and precious stones. I feasted my eyes on cases loaded with enough gold plate to have broken the backs of half a dozen government mules, and I broke the Tenth Commandment many times as I examined the jewels, which, by the way, are kept behind glass. There is at least a peck of big diamonds in this treasury. There are also pearls of all shapes and sizes, from the little seeds as big as the head of a pin to the great iridescent beauties the size of a hickory nut. There is one famous emerald which is as big as your fist, and there are enough watches, which are set with pearls and diamonds, to fill a two bushel basket. There is a golden cradle covered with precious stones, in which the children of seven different Sultans are said to have slept, and I counted a dozen hand mirrors with frames of gold and settings of emeralds, rubies and diamonds.

ARM CHAIR OF SOLID GOLD.

There is one armchair as big as that in which your grandfather sits, which is of solid gold, set with precious stones, and which has a satin cushion upon it which is embroidered with pearls. This chair is kept under a glass case, and it has a little gold table in front of it. There is a toilet table, the top of which is made of lapis lazuli, and the feet of which are claw shaped, the claws being made of diamonds, emeralds, rubies and caruncles. Big diamonds hang down from the top of the table and along the edge of it there is a deep fringe of diamonds. Another wonderful thing is the collection of bed-quilts, which are embroidered with pearls. Take the quilt of a wide wedding bed and cover it with pearls of all sizes from those as big as a pin to some as large as the fattest chestnut. String thousands of such pearls into all shapes so that they cover the quilt with embroidery, and you have some idea of the kind of things that are in which the most famous of the Sultans of the past have slept. And then the collection of armor! There are numerous swords, and upon one sword-hilt I counted 15 diamonds, each of which was as big as the top of a man's thumb, and there were other swords set with all kinds of jewels. There were saddles embroidered with pearls, and stirrups of silver.

Great Reduction in Time to California.

Once more North-Western Line has reduced the time of its trans-continent trains, and the journey from Chicago to California via this popular route is now made in the marvelous short time of three days. Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping cars leave Chicago daily, and run through to San Francisco and Los Angeles without change, and all meals en route are served in dining cars. Daily Tourist Sleeping car service is also maintained by this line between Chicago and San Francisco and Los Angeles, completely equipped berths in upholstered Tourist Sleepers being furnished at a cost of only \$6.00 each from Chicago to the Pacific coast. Through trains leave Chicago for California at 6.00 p. m. and 10.30 p. m. daily, after arrival of trains of connecting lines from the East and South, however, all routes, etc., apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address: H. A. Gross, G. E. P., 423 Broadway, New York. T. P. Vailie, S. E. P., 112 South Fourth street Philadelphia, Pa.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

G. A. R. COMMANDER
JAS. S. DEAN, Gen. Grant Post, Rondout, N. Y.
—CURED OF DYSPEPSIA—
Commander Dean writes: "As Chief U. S. Mail Agent of the U. S. D. R. I got sick with indigestion. I found myself, however, all run down with Dyspepsia. I doctored and doctored, but I grew worse. I suffered miserably night and day for fully two years. My case was pronounced incurable. I chanced to meet Dr. Kennedy about that time, and told him of my condition and he said, try a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY—
take it morning, noon and night, and it will cure you. I took the medicine, as directed, but had no confidence in a cure, as my case had been tried by so many. After using it a week I began to feel better, and in a short while after that I was entirely cured. That terrible distress, everything I ate, breaking up sour in my throat had all gone and I have not had a moment's discomfort since. To-day there isn't a healthier man and my appetite is grand."

THE SUN.

The first of American Newspapers,
CHARLES A. DANA, Editor.

The American Constitution, the American Idea, the American Spirit. These first, last, and all the time, forever.

Daily, by mail, \$6 a year.
Daily and Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year.

—THE SUNDAY SUN—

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world.

Price 5c a copy. By mail, \$2 a year. Address: A. G. PALMER, Superintendent, Philadelphia, Pa.

Comfort no Longer a Consideration.

From the Tyrone Times.
Time works many changes. Twenty years ago boys, and especially country boys, would not think of going to school in winter unless they had a first-class pair of stogy boots, extra heavy and double soled. A boy in shoes was considered a freak. Now bootied boys, with their pantaloons stuffed down in their boots, are the curiosity, and the sleek urchin in knickerbockers, wearing a collar, a flaming tie, a small piece of flannel called a cap on the back of his head is the proper thing. Truly time works many changes.

A KEY FOUND.—My neighbor B. has found a key—a key to health it is, says he. He is troubled with lassitude, constipation, biliousness, sick or nervous headache, cold feet, chilly sensations, fullness at the stomach, or any other of a long array of complaints, he takes Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are so small, so easy to take, so prompt and thorough in their operations, and cost so little that they are sure to grow in favor with all who use them. In glass vials, 25 cents.

Talmage—I have finally discovered why emigration is always toward the west.
Crandall—Well, why is it?
Talmage—Because the earth, you know, rotates toward the east; and the people try to keep on top, of course.

SUPERIOR TO IMPORTED WINES—ALFRED SPEER, Prest., 29 West 42nd St., New York, Dec. 11, 1895.—Dear Sir:—I can say emphatically that I like your wines far better than any of the imported wines. Your Claret, Sherry and Sauterne are very fine and agreeable. Your letter is my favorite.

I am yours truly,
S. F. HOWLAND.

"De man dat does de mos' talk in 'n' growlin' 'bout de snow," said Uncle Eben, "gin'rally 'pears ter do de leas' shovelin'."

BARACHE—Salva-ces is a prompt and complete cure for this most troublesome complaint. Place a lump of it in the ear and cover with a wad of cotton or wool; then put your head on a hot water bag with the painful ear next to the bag. The pain will cease immediately and will not return. It is also the best remedy for cold in the head, in fact the only one, that will cure this distressing complaint quickly and promptly.

Tourists.

The Pilgrim. (Holiday Number.) Full of bright sketches—poetry and illustrations—by bright writers and artists. Entirely original, new and entertaining. Mailed free to any address on receipt of six (6) cents in postage stamps. Write to Geo. H. Heathford, Publisher, 415 Old Colonial building, Chicago, Ill.

Central Railroad Guide.
CONDENSED TIME TABLE.
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New Advertisements.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Letters testamentary on the estate of George Eckle, deceased, late of Pine Grove Mills, Centre county, Pa., having been granted the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against it to present them, properly authenticated for settlement.
J. H. MILLER, Adm.
Rock Springs, Pa.
40-47-61.

THE ACCIDENTS-OF LIFE.
Write to T. S. QUINCY, Drawer 156, Chicago, Secretary of the STRAN ACCIDENT COMPANY, for STAR ACCIDENT information regarding Accident Insurance. Mention this paper. By so doing you can save membership fee. Has paid over \$200,000.00 for accidental injuries.
Be Your Own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED
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COW AND POULTRY FOOD.
The American Poultry Food, is the best ground ground grain food that can be had for feeding chickens.
Ground Oyster Shells, Meat Scraps, Ground Bone, Crushed Flint and concentrated Poultry Food to make hens lay.
Cotton Seed Meal \$1.25 per 100 lbs. \$22.50 per ton of 2000 lbs.
Linsed Meal \$1.25 per 100 lbs. \$22.50 per ton of 2000 lbs.
One pound of cotton seed meal or one pound of linsed meal is equal in nutrition for feeding cows or other stock to two pounds of corn meal. The feeding of either should be used with a mixture of bran.
Quaker Chop at 1 cent per pound in bags of 50 lbs.
The above feeds, quality considered, are the cheapest and most valuable for the money if mixed feed now in use in this vicinity.
40-45-3m MOCALMONT & CO.

SLEIGH'S AND SLEDS.
BOYS FLEXIBLE FLYERS.—The most desirable boys sleds in the market are the Flexible Flyers of which we have a large stock.
PORTLAND CUTTERS AND SWELLED BOILED SLEIGHS.—A large stock of the best made and finest finish. We have a rigid inspection.
BOB-SLEDS—for farmers and other use.
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RIGGERS for use on spring wagons and other vehicles.
ROBES and Horse blankets in great variety.
WHIPS.—We sell a baker's dollars worth for eighty-five cents.
SNOW SHOVELS.—All steel and wooden shovels, steel tipped.
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