

THE SULTAN'S DRAFT

By GEORGE DALTON.

The outer door of Hazleton's office was closed, leaving him and his friend in silence that was urging each man just his thoughts to what had just happened, and to what should be said.

get an option on the Conqueror mine for anything like a reasonable price? "Well, it hasn't been for sale," said I, dully, "but if any one can buy it at a fair figure, I suppose I am he. If the cash were coming to pay for it."

FADS AND FANCIES.

MINNA SCHATT CRAWFORD.

The style and character of a woman's clothes have come to such importance in life that she is a brave woman indeed who dares ignore the cult of fashion and defies criticism in garments that are passé.



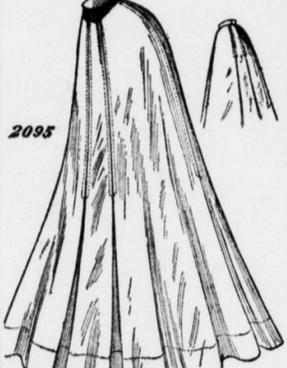
2098

The woman who does her own sewing has much the advantage of her sisters who declare they "hate the sight of a needle."



1943

The dainty little evening dress here pictured is so effective and yet so simple of construction that any woman who knows enough of sewing to hem a pocket handkerchief can follow the easy instructions printed on the pattern and put it together.



2090

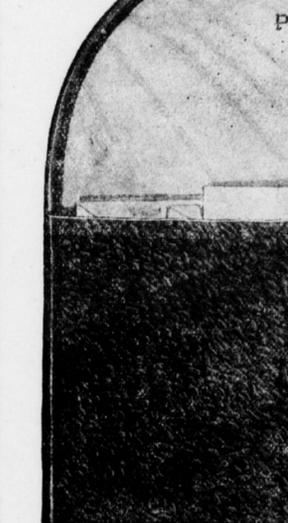
Whether used for separate skirt or part of a costume, no distinct style in a long time has approached the vogue of the modified circular skirt with front and back gores laid in inverted plaits to give the fashionable and becoming panel effect.

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A New York man, the head of a company working phosphate fields in the South, tells the following in connection with the phosphate boom in Florida some years ago.

The New Yorker's company was desirous of obtaining a tract of land in a section of Florida inhabited by easy-going people, and offered the owner ten thousand dollars.

"At last a bank messenger came down to the works to tell me Oshkosh wanted to see me immediately. It was a thoughtless thing for the old man to do—he knew my condition—why, I thought of suicide as I went up town!"

"Old Oshkosh was waiting for me in his private office, looking as usual, fatherly and kindly serious. But the door had hardly closed on us when he flew at me and beat and pounded me on the back, and shouted an undertone of some good news into my ear; I couldn't make out what.

"Look, look, James, my boy!" he cried, snatching up a bit of paper, "The Sultan's Draft, the Sultan's Draft!"

"The engraved voucher swam before my eyes, but I giddily saw enough—James Hazleton—fifteen thousand dollars—the Sultan's Draft had been paid!"

"Well, what do you think of that?" marveled De Loss.

"From that on it seemed that everything came my way," resumed Hazleton. "More than a hundred thousand came pouring in on me in the next few weeks. But Raudebaugh and I never tired of speculating on the reason the Sultan honored the draft. I spent a good deal trying to clear up the mystery. Of course, the Sublime Porte received it through the usual channels, London and Frankfurt, but when the Yildiz closed its iron gates upon it his story was lost. Members of the Young Turk party, strung across the continent of Europe, all bitter against the Ottoman administration, tried to help me, but without success. Maybe it was Oshkosh's hieroglyph that did the business. At all events, the draft was paid and no bother taken with consular or diplomatic go-betweens.

"The fifteen thousand dollars didn't belong to me, yet how could it be returned? As the years passed, and it kept growing, with interest, I thought of giving it as conscience money to a dozen charities. I was still looking for a place to put the despot's money where it would do the most good when the Armenian massacres gave me an ideal chance."

"I'd like to have seen Oshkosh's document," said De Loss, as the two friends contentedly lit their cigars with the same match.

The Photograph Handkerchief.

Now it is the photograph handkerchief. Already some very pretty collections have been made, and besides, scores of pretty articles of house decoration have been constructed out of them. The photograph handkerchief lends itself to a variety of uses.

As its name implies, it is a photograph on a handkerchief. Although for some little time heads have been reproduced on satin cushion covers for screens and the like, not until now has it been possible to go into a photograph gallery and have one's picture taken on a handkerchief.

The uses to which these handkerchiefs may be put are many, not the least interesting of which is to make the cover of a sofa or divan cushion in one's own room of squares of linen on which the likenesses of one's best friends appear. Or there may be a series of poses of just one person.

Quite a bit of sentiment attaches to the fad. The exchange of handkerchiefs, as well as the making of collections of them, is likely to become as popular as the collecting of postal cards.

"What else do you want?" resumed the agent.

"Sixty dollars for the old woman to buy things for herself and the kids," answered the owner, preparing to walk away.

"Anything else?" "Is there more yet?" "Yes."

"Well, give me a plug of tobacco and set me down where the fish bite all day, and you kin have the rest."

There's no argument equal to a happy smile.

The black sheep in every family was once the most petted lamb.

Did you ever notice that the size of trouble depends on whether it is coming or going?

People who can "turn their hand to anything" seldom turn up trumps in the game of life.

Consider the lowly postage stamp, is the advice of Josh Billings, and learn the secret of success. It sticks to one thing until it gets there.

Happy Thoughts.

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