

Couch of the Sultan

The sultan rolled over on his couch and saw the glare in his eyes made by the fall back as though he had been struck with the scimiter which lay within his reach.

"I have sent you all as a plague!" he said. "Here have I lain for mortal hours, and sleep comes to mine eyes. Higher with the bolts! Can a man rest with the ruler's eyes searching jealously in every corner. Suddenly he

thought me that Christian page who brought to the palace yesterday! Every of the eternal sameness of the faces!"

The grand vizier, whose life was shattered beyond words by his master's killing for his presence, went to seek the boy, wondering how long he would be kept in the affairs of state if he was to keep awake all night as

the footed eunuch brought him to the page's side. The boy sat peacefully, although the tears were in his eyes. He was called home were scarcely on his cheeks.

The vizier woke him, not ungentle. "I have sent you all as a plague!" he said. "Here have I lain for mortal hours, and sleep comes to mine eyes. Higher with the bolts! Can a man rest with the ruler's eyes searching jealously in every corner. Suddenly he

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saw them gleam in the light, though he could catch no word of the conversation. He looked to see the audacious boy's head neatly swept off with the curved scimiter, but the sultan merely lay still.

"She never screams," said the page quietly. "She told me it was God's will I should come here, else you could not have taken me. She said I would find people here more unhappy than she or I could ever be, and I must t-t-try f-f-for her sake to be good to them. I think I would better not talk of her, though. Are you feeling better? You're not nearly so hot as you were."

"A weight grows on my lids," said the page. "Then I will put out the lights." "You can't sleep while they are burning," said the sultan. "You can't sleep while they are burning," said the sultan. "You can't sleep while they are burning," said the sultan.

He was so quick in his movement that only a frantic lunge on the sultan's part enabled the latter to catch him while he was still in reach. Drawn roughly back, the page faced around and saw that beads of cold sweat stood out on the sultan's forehead; that he was ghastly white with terror.

"May the powers of evil consume thee!" he cried sharply to the boy. "Let the lamps alone! Don't you know, you Christian fool, that as soon as the dark flows around me it lays in wait for me and comes creeping nearer and nearer? Its face is broken and bloody, and its eyes are filmy. But the arms—the arms are so strong! They want to close round my throat closer and closer. They want to strangle me. Ah, I see its shadow now!"

The sultan's breath came in hoarse gasps. His eyes were big with horror. The page stood by him manfully, though he was woefully scared himself.

"How could anything pass the guards?" he stammered, unable to keep all anxiety out of his voice. "Guards!" hissed the sultan. "Who trusts the guards? Look at the Christian rulers, whose followers profess such milky doctrines of gentleness. How do they rest? But if Allah sent me power to know my true servants, to read their souls like a mirror, that would not save me from it. Through them it comes and they cannot see it. My father died of it, died with no mark on him and his father before him. Nothing but light keeps it away. I have not been in the accursed dark for twenty years."

"Oh," said the page, with considerable relief in his voice. "I know what you mean now. Mother told me all about it." He quietly pushed his master back on the pillows, and while the sultan stared at him in open mouthed amazement he went on with absolute confidence.

"You see, it's fear you are afraid of. Fear stays in all kinds of places and sometimes it looks like one thing and sometimes like another, according to the person. And it can come anywhere it likes."

"Thou hast it," muttered the sultan, listening gravely to the clear, childish voice.

"And it's a mistake to think light can always keep it away."

"So it is. How knewest thou that? By the beard of the prophet, even in the daylight I have seen—"

The page interrupted him with a calm unconsciousness which would have paralyzed the vizier.

"There's only one thing can keep it away, and that is—"

"What? May Allah speak through thee!"

"And that's just to believe it isn't there. You mustn't shake your head. I've tried it, and I know. As soon as you believe there's nothing to trouble you the thing just shrivels up and goes away. It can never come back until you choose to believe in it again."

The sultan's hand, red with the blood of his fellow beings, lay lightly on the page's arm. The sultan's tiger eyes, which had seen unnumbered deeds which could blacken the infernal regions, looked as gently at the page as his own mother could have done.

"You may lower the lamps," said the ruler softly.

And he did not wince as the first darkness he had known for twenty years east its healing shadows around his couch. The page crept up beside him and shared his pillow. They talked no longer. Outside in the passage the vizier rubbed his heavy lashes, astounded, and whispered eloquently with the guards. But the page heard only the peaceful breathing of his bedfellow.

The sultan slept.

Once more the chronic pessimist, thinks he has lived in vain; He raves from morning until noon, And from noon till night again, Because his last year's hat of straw, Is not a stylish, high-priced Panama.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Afraid She Will be Acquitted.
New York, July 28.—The state authorities are puzzled as to a satisfactory disposition of the case of Nina Danforth, the deformed girl, who killed A. J. Emery and is now in the Cambridge House of Correction awaiting trial, says a Boston special to the Press.

Attorney General Parker feels that because of the pitiable circumstances of the case a jury would acquit her. Yet, by her own admission and by the testimony of eye witnesses, she killed Emery as he stood in the doorway of his home in South Framingham. It is the fear of having a verdict of not guilty which causes the attorney general so much trouble. He is afraid the traditions of the Massachusetts courts will be violated by the return of a verdict in direct opposition to the evidence.

The authorities are said to have at least reached the conclusion that the best ending of the case would be an arrangement which the state could accept without establishing a bad precedent and which would let the girl out of the house of correction under restraint or watch which would not be so close as to threaten her already weak condition of mind. This may be accomplished by a verdict of manslaughter with a light sentence from which will be taken the time already spent by the prisoner in the house of correction.

Noted Detective Dead
Paris, July 26.—Emile Houlier, a famous French detective, whose exploits rival Sherlock Holmes', has just died at the age of 49 years from congestion following drinking iced beverages while hot. Among his feats was the capture, alone and unarmed, of the six Wilkines, British desperadoes, whom Houlier handcuffed in a railway compartment of a speeding express after a terrible fight in which he was twice nearly thrown out.

He traced the celebrated murderer, Eyraud, to Havana and arrested him there. He arrested, with three assistants, a whole secret meeting of dangerous anarchists.

It was Houlier who found the clew which led to the arrest of Arton, the Panama briber, after he had eluded the whole police of Europe. Houlier had just returned from America, where he had been to investigate the Humbert affair. He was the terror of criminals. His pluck, intelligence

and physical strength were unmatched among detectives, while his cleverness at disguise and in the use of the criminals' slang was marvelous. Three times he took part in hazardous burglaries in order to remain unsuspected and to gain possession of important secrets.

Education for Hangman.
England has a school for the education of hangmen. This latest adjunct to civilization in Great Britain was established as the result of bungling work by executioners during the last few months.

The work of a hangman is light and the pay high, so there are already a number of pupils at the school, which is in London. A session there is an interesting sight. One of the pupils acts as the subject the attendants taking turns playing the role of the condemned. Hanging consists not merely in placing a man over a trap door and launching him into space by releasing a bolt. There are various nice preliminaries to be gone through.

First the condemned must be artistically pinioned. Then he must be supported on his way to the scaffold in order to avoid painful scenes. After that there is the rope to be adjusted quickly and without fumbling, in order that the agony may not be prolonged on the scaffold. The rope must be strong enough to bear the weight of the condemned, but not so thick as to slowly choke the condemned to death.

Indian Social Function
Arkansas City, Kansas, July 28.—A special from White Eagle, thirty miles south of the Kansas line, says the Ponca Indians are indulging in their annual spring festival, the green corn dance. About 700 teepees have been erected. Osages, Kiowas and Otoes are joining with the Poncas in the dance, which began yesterday and will last three days. This is said to be the biggest dance given in Indian Territory in late years.

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Escape Is Complete.
Chicago, July 28.—Two prisoners, Fred Ennis and John McQuig, and Sentry William Treet of Company M, Twenty-first Infantry, who was guarding them, have disappeared from Fort Sheridan and no trace of the missing men has been found.

Searching parties sent out in every direction have scoured the woods and ravines, but have failed to secure a clew.

Whether the guard has deserted with his prisoners, or whether the sentry was overpowered by his charges and lies in some deserted spot, bound and gagged, or perhaps murdered, is a matter of conjecture, although trustworthiness of the soldier is ground for the belief than an encounter occurred.

\$50 Reward.
Stolen Sunday, June 8th, one malamute dog, very dark grey, white breast, light chops, light grey stripe running from point of nose up between eyes, front legs white, hind feet white, extreme tip of tail white, belly light color, always carries tail curled over back or left side, nose very small like a fox or coon. I will pay the above reward for any information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the thief and recovery of dog.
Answers to name of Prince.
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