MENELIK ALIVE, BUT POWERLESS

Dominated by Scheming Empress, Englishman Reports.

ABYSSINIAN REVOLT CERTAIN.

Death of Picturesque Monarch Signal For Tribal Uprising Is Prediction. Disease Slowly Killing Unscrupulous Ruler, Who Is Tenth Husband of Wily Consort.

F. Marquordt, who for three years was employed as general mining director by the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia, has just returned to England. His description of the state of affairs in Abyssinia is gloomy. In an interview he told an amazing story of the conditions that prevail at the court and the intrigue for power conducted by the empress.

"The emperor," he said, "is certainly alive despite the many rumors of his death, but for all practical purposes he is dead. For very many years he has been the victim of an insidious disease, which has played havoc with his mental faculties.

"Menelik at his best was probably never anything more than a somewhat astute aboriginal, and unfettered by ill health and domestic millstones about his neck he might have carried through the task of reclaiming the country from savagery. Now it is too late.

Revolt Seems Certain.

"When the emperor dies the majority of the tribes in the kingdom will instinctively rise up in revolt against the Abyssinian section, numbering about one-tenth of the population, and a new form of government will be established.

"At any moment Menelik II. may succumb to his malady. He has been at death's door many times in recent years, and on each occasion one has gleaned something of the remarkable precautions taken by the empress to remain one of the dominating powers in the land.

"The emperor, a tall, hard faced, but decrepit figure, played his cards very well until the empress crossed his path. She is one of the wiliest women I have ever met. Add to her cunning the whole gamut of unscrupulous devices and you will get somewhere near an approximate estimate of the lady's character. For diabolical subtlety the emperor cannot compare with her.

"He still wields sufficient influence, mainly armed, to carry his point when occasion arises, but for the rest he is cajoled into doing the bidding of the empress, whose domination is very hard to explain. She is neither young nor pretty.

Menelik Her Tenth Husband.

"Before she cast the bewitching spell of her dusky personality over the emperor she had been married some nine times, even according to her own reckoning. From the moment of this singular combination Menelik's power waned.

"The empress gathered around her a court clique, making her position secure, and thenceforth the emperor has had to pay due regard to the foibles of his royal consort in the matter of royal prerogatives."

Mr. Marquordt has a very low opinion of the morality of the Abyssinian.

"The capacity for thieving is the Abyssinian hallmark," he says. "The people thieve from the cradle to the grave and vary a career of dishonesty with almost every known vice.

"The king apparently enjoys the privilege of being able to dishonor his obligations, and the queen invariably tries to go one better. As general mining director to the emperor I developed one of his gold fields and showed that it would produce as much as nine ounces of pure gold to the ton, thereby ranking as one of the richest gold centers in the world. Love of gold is one of his majesty's weaknesses. I have seen in his treasure house no fewer than thirty bags of gold, each bag sufficiently capacious to hold a couple of hundredweight of coal.

Debts Are Repudiated.

"The gold was probably worth millions, but instead of regarding it as a national wealth Menelik, backed by his wife, perceived a source of danger in mining success. Every form of security was thereupon destroyed, all compacts denied and there was an end of the matter. The Abyssinian court enjoys the possession of immensely rich gold fields, but no one will invest a penny for their development. I have a deed bearing the emperor's personal seal, but the document is not worth anything beyond what a curio dealer would put upon it."

Mr. Marquordt is equally severe upon the legal system of Abyssinia, which he declares is as vile as any that can be found. He says:

"The person accused of theft is branded on the forehead; to be deemed a purveyor of court gossip ends in the culprit's tongue being cut out, and every one suspected of having overheard unpleasant truths is deprived of his ears. For various accusations, however ill founded, the punishment may mean either poisoning, decapitation, hanging or stoning to death.

"The cutting out of eyes or the amputation of hands and feet are also among the barbaric modes of meting out justice. When I resolved to quit the country a plot was formed by the court to have me assassinated."

The Green Lamp

A Story For St. Patrick's Day

By Clarissa Mackie

Daniel Delavan sat on the edge of his bed and clicked his heels in monotonous rhythm. Beside him on the counterpane there curled three one dollar bills. The wavy mirror above the bureau reflected a handsome face with worried lines around eyes and lips. At last he sighed heavily.

"It's the divil's own luck," he muttered bitterly, with a contemptuous glance toward the money on the bed. "Tomorrow's the 17th of March and Nellie's birthday, and me with nothing but a measly three bucks for her gift when I was planning to get that ring with the fine green stone and ask her—What's the use?"

He humped his broad shoulders more disconsolately as he recollected how he had so carefully planned months ago to buy the emerald ring for pretty Nellie Burns, who might be persuaded to wear it in token of their engagement, provided she gave him a favorable answer to the question that trembled on his lips.

He had selected the ring last October in a jewelry store and paid a small deposit on it, but shortly afterward there had come an appeal for help from a relative in the old country, and a goodly share of Daniel's wages had gone across the water to ease the last days of the aged uncle and finally to furnish decent burial when the days were numbered.

"She must have something for the day," decided Daniel, recovering his usual buoyancy, "if it's only a box of candy or the biggest pot of shamrock I can find, and maybe the one or the other will open the way to say what's got to be said, ring or no ring."

Daniel shrugged himself into an overcoat and left the boarding house determined to seek the lower part of the city, where in the vicinity of the big

"IT CAME AS EASY AS COULD BE."

warehouse where he worked as shipping clerk there was a florist who offered tempting bargains.

It was down on Fourth avenue that he saw the auctioneer's flag fluttering in the doorway of an antique shop. The window showed an array of brass and copper work, oriental goods of every description, among which were several delicate fans with sticks of carved ivory. One of these beauties might be purchased with the $3, and Nellie could carry the dainty toy to the ball on St. Patrick's night. He decided to ask the auctioneer to put up the one with green silken cord and tassels.

To Daniel's dismay the price on the fan went up and up. Several keen faced men who examined the fan with knowing eyes contemptuously overbid the young Irishman's $3, and at last it was sold for $15.

He turned away, disappointed, and was elbowing his way toward the door when the words of the auctioneer brought him to a stop. His imagination was fired and his soul was filled with a riot of speculation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," vociferated the auctioneer, "I now offer you a wonderful bargain. You see before you—what? A little battered vessel of brass so covered with verdigris that it is as green as the fellow who misses buying this bargain at his own price! What is it? A lamp, an ancient brass lamp—see, here is the place for the wick—which was found in a junkshop in the city of Bagdad, Turkey. You all remember the story of Aladdin and his wonderful lamp? Well, this is said to be the veritable lamp of Aladdin!" He beamed down upon the skeptical upturned faces of the crowd.

"No, sir! This is not a gravy boat. It is nothing less than the lamp of Aladdin, and whosoever rubs it hard will be attended by those—those mystical beings who granted every wish that young Aladdin desired.

"Why don't you rub it yourself?" inquired one skeptic.

The auctioneer grinned impudently. "The reason I don't summon the spirit of this lamp is because I'm afraid he'll realize the value of the bargain and run off with it as well as the whole shop. Now, gentlemen, who will give me a bid on Aladdin's lamp?"

It went up to 50 cents and stayed there while the auctioneer delivered another long argument concerning the value of the ancient lamp. The story of Aladdin was repeated to Daniel's interested ears. He had never heard it before, although some of the people there seemed familiar with the story and joked about it.

"Is that straight?" asked Daniel of his neighbor.

"Of course," returned the other, grinning.

"I'll take a chance on it, then," said Daniel grimly, and presently the lamp was sold to him for the sum of $1.50. As he walked out of the shop with the bundle under his arm a single word floated out after him.

"Stung!"

But Daniel did not hear it and walked downtown with a pleasant sense of possessing something that was wrapped in mystery. All his life he had dwelt among the most practical people, and the hard knocks he had received as he made his way in the new country had vanquished all the pretty romantic fancies that attend every man, woman and child born on Erin's isle.

A block away the elevated trains rattled and thundered along. All around him was the busy hum of traffic, and, unseeing, unhearing, Daniel Delavan walked along in a dream of fairies and friendly giants, who combined to hasten his wooing of Nellie Burns and bring it to a happy termination.

At the florist shop he awoke long enough to buy a pot of shamrock tied up in green crape paper, and from thence he proceeded to a confectioner's, where he found a large box of candy tied with an emerald green ribbon and adorned with shamrock leaves. That finished the $3.

The rest of the afternoon he spent in accumulating some of the necessary cleansing materials with which to brighten the lamp of Aladdin. He decided to wait until he was with Nellie Burns before he touched the verdigris. If there was anything in the story the man had told—of course there wasn't anything in it, but Daniel had heard some mighty queer stories that bore a grain of truth—the most he hoped for was a stroke of good luck to attend his asking of the question.

The next afternoon was a half holiday for him, and he went up to Harlem, with his packages under either arm. He had telephoned Nellie of his coming, and she greeted him at the door. He thought she had never looked so charming as she appeared in her white dress with a green ribbon twisted around the heavy coil of her black hair.

"And whatever have you got in there, Danny?" she cried when she had exclaimed over the shamrock and the box of candy.

"It's Aladdin's lamp," said Daniel solemnly, slowly unfastening the string and exposing the lamp. "I suppose you've heard all about this Aladdin fellow, eh?"

"Of course," laughed Nellie, examining the lamp with interest, "but that all happened hundreds of years ago, so you can't joke me like that, Danny Delavan. Sure, I won't believe your old fairy stories."

"There might be something in it," returned Daniel doggedly.

"Smells like oil," sniffed Nellie, with her pretty nose at the aperture.

"I mean something in the story. The fellow said you had to rub, rub hard, and the genius or whatever you call it would come out and grant every wish."

"Do you believe that, Danny?" asked Nellie seriously, her soft black eyes meeting his for a confused moment.

"I'd like to believe it," said Daniel promptly, with a wistful glance at the lamp.

"Why?"

"Because I want to make some wishes."

"They will come just as true without the lamp," suggested Nellie skeptically. "You needn't try to fool me, Danny Delavan! You bought that lamp because it was green and because today is my birthday as well as St. Patrick's, and you know very well you don't believe that rubbing it will do the least bit of good—so there!"

Daniel smiled sheepishly. "It might be something like that, Nellie, but I was all carried away with the story and so beset by hopes I was fool enough to buy the lamp. I thought I'd go home and rub it and wish on it. I'm a fool!"

"You are not!" flared Nellie. "I like you for having fancies like that, Daniel. I'll admit I have a sneaking belief in fairies myself. Now, let us rub the lamp and make wishes. Who knows what will happen?"

She opened the box of paste he had bought and found a piece of flannel. They sat together on the sofa while Nellie solemnly rubbed the paste on the coat of verdigris. The spot she rubbed grew brighter and brighter.

"Now wish!" she said suddenly.

Daniel grew red and nodded his head affirmatively. Nellie was thoughtful for a moment and then bent seriously to her task.

Nothing happened.

Suddenly Daniel snatched the lamp from her hands and flung it aside. "I'm a big fool," he said bitterly. "I'm too tongue tied ever to get anything in this world."

Nellie blushed beautifully and stood beside him. "What did you wish, Danny?" she asked softly.

"That you'd marry me," flashed Danny, whirling around. "What did you wish, Nellie?"

"That you'd ask me—why, Danny!" Her radiant face was buried on his shoulder.

"It came as easy as could be," he whispered to her after he had related his doubts and fears and the loss of the emerald ring.

"It's all that blessed old lamp," sighed Nellie. "We will always have that on the parlor mantelpiece, and we will always believe in fairies and giants, won't we, Danny?"

"Sure! Because if it hadn't been for the lamp of Aladdin I might not have been engaged to you this moment," said that happy young man.

PLATTED CLAIRMONT

For E. C. Ward and Now Wants Pay For His Services.

A case filed in Circuit Court Monday has to do with the claim of S. A. D. Hungate against E. C. Ward, for services, the sum asked judgment for being $120. The claim made in the petition is that the defendant employed the plaintiff and then refused, or neglected, to pay for the service, for which judgment is asked.

The work performed was the survey of a part of what is now called Clairmont, with the platting of the same, lying in the Caufield D. L. C. Dimick & Dimick are attorneys for plaintiff.

SPRING MILLINERY.

Shapes Are Going to Be Sensible and Becoming.

ONE OF THE MEDIUM SIZED HATS.

Small and medium sized hats are to be the approved shapes in the spring and the model illustrated is a smart representation of the prevailing type of millinery.

The hat is of light blue hemp straw covered with white dotted mallines. Tiny pink gardenias with their foliage are wreathed about the hat.

Business Women's Don'ts.

When starting out to earn your own living don't think you know it all; there are a few who know very nearly as much as you do.

If your employer tells you a secret, keep that secret; store it away in a little recess of your mind and let it lie there until he asks you about it. If he doesn't ask you, it won't matter.

When you enter an office or business house for the first time do exactly as you are told; don't ask too many questions; use your eyes and see what is to be done.

Don't visit with your employer; he doesn't hire you to entertain him; his wife can do that.

Be on time—if you lose an arm to do it; get to business on time above all else, and don't be two minutes late.

Don't have friends constantly calling you on the telephone; the instrument was put into an office for business, not for visiting.

Don't think because you have read somewhere that a man has married his stenographer that your employer is going to marry you; sometimes he is married before you enter his employ.

Don't think that because your employer is sitting at his desk and apparently doing nothing he wants you to talk to him; sometimes his mind is on a weighty problem and he doesn't need your help in planning it out.

Be pleasant as soon as you step inside the office; nobody wants to know about your own troubles; your time is not your own now; it belongs to someone else, and he doesn't hire you to look gloomy.

Be loyal to the man or woman who employs you; if you know he is doing wrong don't censure him; make as good an impression on him as you can; one human being cannot judge another.

The New Peasant Waist.

Very odd and new is the waist illustrated of soft finished taffeta in a rich shade of grass green, a fashionable color of the spring. It is made on

IN GRASS GREEN TAFFETA.

peasant lines, with tiny buttons set in rows on front and sleeves. The arrangement of pin tucks in front gives fullness over the bust and is a good idea.

Crocheted Purse.

Here are simple directions for crocheting a purse with wool or silk. Commence with thirty-seven chain, always taking three chain to turn. Turn and work one treble in each chain, turn and continue the same till you have the required length. Remember that the work has to be doubled from beginning to end to form two sides.

When you have the length desired, start decreasing one stitch at each end until all the stitches are done. This point forms the turn over flap.

Double the work and sew neatly on the wrong side, turn back and sew a patent fastener to the under side of the flap, which fastens to the purse itself.

If you wish to fasten the purse around your neck, fasten your thread at one end of the purse and work eighty chain and attach the opposite side. Buy a brass ring and double crochet around it, catching it into the eighty chain in the center. Pass the cord to go around the neck through this ring and the purse is completed.

THE DAY OF THE TRUMP

By M. QUAD

One evening after supper Silas Wiggs picked up his hat off the floor and walked out of the house without a word. Mrs. Wiggs did not ask where he was going. She knew. Every week day night for years and years Silas had gone down to the village to loaf and gab for two or three hours. Every night he inquired for mail at the postoffice, and every night he received a shake of the head.

On this evening, however, Silas did something he had never done before. He stopped for a moment to look at his wife and children, as if bidding them farewell.

Mr. Wiggs had come to be forty-eight years old. He had worked all his life. He hadn't broken his back at it, but he had done fairly well for a man who hated work. There were days when he was hoeing corn for some one for $1 a day that he got so mad he jumped up and down and whooped. He wanted to take life easy, but he couldn't. He wanted to have a whole sack of flour and three pounds of butter ahead of the appetite of the family and then go fishing, but the day had never come.

Neither the village postoffice nor the grocery nor the drug store saw Silas that evening nor for many long evenings to come. It was remarked that something must have happened to him. Something had. On leaving the house he had walked in the opposite direction from the village. He had walked all night and all the next day. In fact, he kept on walking until he was 100 miles away. Then he stopped and got work in a hotel barn for a few weeks. He finally found the man he was looking for, and after several interviews with him Silas put fifty more miles between him and home. Then he sat down in a hamlet in the midst of a rich farming community and got his breath. As soon as rested he announced himself as Abijah, the prophet. He had come there to warn sinners and all others that the last trump was about to sound. He set the day for it to sound. The date had been given him in a dream.

Silas' hair hung down to his shoulders, and he had a venerable appearance and a deep voice. No one around there had ever seen a prophet, but it wasn't long before everybody was agreed that Silas at least looked like one. At first he was laughed at and ridiculed, but that only made him the more earnest. He spoke from the steps of the tavern, and he went from house to house and from farm to farm. He spoke to the women more than to the men. In two weeks he had half a dozen of them with him. Then he found male converts. This was in May. The last trump was to sound on the 4th of August.

In four weeks two-thirds of the population of a county were converts. In six weeks there were only a few outsiders. The weekly papers scoffed at Silas and his dreams and predictions, but he silenced them by asking, "How do you know that this thing won't come to pass?" They didn't know it. They couldn't declare it impossible. They couldn't sneer at the last trump business without offending their Christian subscribers. It was the same with lawyers and doctors. They jumped on Silas to jump off again.

"You believe there is a heaven, don't you?" he would ask.

"Oh, yes."

"Ever been there?"

"Of course not."

"Ever see any one who had?"

"No."

"Then why do you believe?"

"Because the Bible says so."

"But it also says there shall be a judgment day."

"Yes, but why on the 4th of August?"

"Why on any day? Why not on that day as well as another?"

"If the last trump is to sound what of our property?"

"It will be destroyed with the earth, of course," was the reply.

That suited some, but not the majority.

All day on the 3d of August the county held its breath. Farmer and villager put on clean shirts and did no work. It was said that children forgot to cry and that never a rooster crowed. Hundreds of people sat up all that night, going to their doors now and then to consult the heavens.

On the morning of the 4th there was a gathering on hills and knolls and a farewell shaking of hands. People spoke in whispers, and husbands and wives held hands. It was so up to 10 o'clock, to noon, to midafternoon, to sundown. Then Silas Wiggs stood up and said to the people around him:

"It has not come and we will disperse, but to hold ourselves in readiness for a week yet. It may be that Gabriel has mistaken the date."

Did they swarm for him? Did they bring out a rail and tar and feathers? Did they go to the courts and cast him into jail? Nothing of the kind for Silas Wiggs. They allowed that there was a mistake somewhere, but it might be Gabriel's fault instead of Mr. Wiggs'. He hung around for a week and then withdrew by daylight, as an honest man should. He said he would dream again and try and have the thing come off on time.

Silas hasn't worked any since. He doesn't have to. His share of the plunder permits him to go fishing all the time, and he never comes home empty handed.

APRIL FOOL PARTY.

Girls of the Congregational Sunday School Giving Boys Hard Chase.

The girls of the Congregational Sunday school, who are in a contest with the boys in an effort to raise funds for the new Sunday school piano, announce that they will hold an April Fool party on the first day of April.

They announce it this early so that their friends may know in time and put this date on their calendars for the benefit of the girls. These Congregational girls are certainly "up and doing"—and the boys will need to stir themselves if they are to win.