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THE SULTAN'S DRAFT

By GEORGE DALTON.

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

"Confound it, Hazleton," broke out De Loss, "I didn't intend to see the amount of that check. It fluttered my way and I couldn't help it. I had no curiosity and I never dreamed it was for such a stunning amount.

"Never mind, De," returned Hazleton, as he arose to stand before the window with his hands in his pockets, while he ran his eye far down the many-storied business Pueblo on the opposite side of the street gorge. "I didn't mind your seeing it." He wheeled about and rested his hand on his friend's shoulder. "De Loss, it's been on my mind a long time to tell you the story of the Sultan's Draft."

"The Sultan's Draft!" exclaimed De Loss; "the amount was princely. I knew you had done well, but——"

"Oh, I'm not speaking of the check. You didn't suppose I would, even if I were rich enough, give nearly $25,000 to the solicitor for the refugee fund?" Hazleton chuckled with pure joyousness. "I don't believe I have made enough yet to play that much against the Unspeakable Turk. At any rate, I know I wouldn't if it were not for the Sultan's Draft."

"The Sultan's Draft! In heaven's name what do you mean by the Sultan's Draft?" cried De Loss.

"Well, De Loss, we have been through a lot since we were boys, but you weren't in on this deal. It was when the panic caught me. For weeks I hung on by my eyelids while I tried to pull my business through. How I came out of it I never told you, and you may be sure Oshkosh didn't; not he. Yes, old 'Oshkosh' Raudebaugh, dead and gone to glory, peace to his great, big soul! He was at the bottom of it. It was tricky, and it was awfully risky, but old man Raudebaugh—God bless him—gave me the chance, and with American gall and good luck I did the rest.

"Oshkosh had allowed me an overdraft at his bank for far more than my standing would warrant. Unexpected things, one after another, dropped on me. Bills payable were fired into me without mercy, like bullets, and bills receivable were fired back to me, as worthless as paper wads. All the resources I had were strained to the uttermost to make one dollar fill the need of five. At last, after careful figuring, I found that I must have fifteen thousand dollars before thirty days or go up.

"Raudebaugh, you know, De, always treated me like his son, and I knew if he could do anything to help me it would be done; if not, and I had to let go, it was only fair he should know it and his bank should have the advantage of putting in its claim first.

"I went down to the bank as blue as that pennant over there on the dome!" went on Hazleton. "Oshkosh and I went through the business together, canvassing it bit by bit; the good old dog did his best to figure it out, but it seemed too tough a proposition.

"'Sorry for you, James, my boy,' he kept saying as he studied it, 'but it looks very bad. Fifteen thousand dollars—thirty days—thirty?——' and he'd look at me, and I'd nod my head.

"We sat a long time thinking it over, Oshkosh totally lost in it and checking off the things he was going over in his mind with his pencil on the blotting pad.

"'This bank is going to save you if it can, James, my son; but I'm afraid nothing can be done.'

"'At this oracular drone my heart went up and then sank down, though not so far down as it had been. After a bit Raudebaugh looked up slyly.

"'Don't you know somebody, James, you can draw on?'

"'What, for fifteen thousand dollars!'

"'Nobody?'

"'This is too serious for me to joke about, Mr. Raudebaugh.'

"'James, son, don't you know somebody you may draw on, somebody away off—a long way off?'

"Oshkosh began to fairly purr his temptation, and for a moment my hope leaped up as I caught his idea and the breath of relief it would give.

"'Somebody in Thibet, or Archangel, or up the Congo?'

"The sporting spirit that had been his dormant second self, or had been bound and captive through a long life of business integrity, raged in him on the mere thought of a flyer. I tell you, he fairly sang his allurement like a siren, and I, though sick with dread of its criminal trickery, sweetened to the idea."

"'No, but I mean it,' coaxed the old man. 'Now, suppose I draw—I dr-a-a-a-w——' and while I sulked in the despairing collapse that followed my second and better judgment of the thing—although I was even then paying debts like mad in my imagination on the money this impossible possibility might give me for a few days—Oshkosh scratched away on a block of drafts. He finished and tossed it before me on the extension leaf of his desk.

"It was a draft on the Sultan of Turkey for fifteen thousand dollars at sight.

"'Sign it, sign it,' Raudebaugh urged; 'in five minutes you shall have the money to your credit. This will be the cleverest piece of check-kiting ever done.'

"I signed it before I knew it, making a kind of plunge of it and with a feeling of a gamble on liberty and life at a throw.

"I buried my face in my hands when the old man went out to the counting-room with the condemned draft to be passed to my credit. Heaven only knows what the clerks thought.

"'It's all right, James, my boy,' said Raudebaugh, again at his desk. 'You may draw your checks, but remember the day of reckoning. Be ready with the cash to stand the return of the Sultan's draft.'

"I must have gazed at him as blank as a fish.

"'Oh, cheer up, James, we'll come out all right. Do you think you could 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.'

"'Maybe here's your chance,' said Oshkosh, and, taking up a letter, passed it over to me; then he turned to write, digging away with his pen at a wonderful rate on something that was evidently juicy to him.

"The letter was from a capitalist who was at the head of a syndicate that was offering to buy developed mining property. It was evident that they meant business and had millions back of them.

"While I was reading and Oshkosh was still writing like fury, a clerk slipped in with a basket containing the usual grist of papers that daily passes through a bank, all made up ready to sign and mail, and on the top of the heap was the Sultan's Draft. I give you my word of honor, De, I grew sick again at sight of it.

"The old man finished with a final skate across the paper as the clerk passed out.

"'Well, James, son, what do you think of it?' he said, wheeling around to me. 'I'm sure the Conqueror could be sold if the price isn't out of sight. If you can swing that deal, my boy, you can snap your fingers at the whole pack of your debts, and the Sultan's Draft, too. Your commissions on the sale would amount to five times the sum of your present needs. Do you think you can make it go through in six weeks? That's about the limit of time I'm giving to the return of this hoax.'

"'Oh, my God! We can't count on that in such a desperate emergency as this!' I cried, in a panic.

"'Keep cool, James! Keep cool. Sit on the safety valve and throw in your bacon and coal oil. You must beat in the race with some of your plans, and this offers another very good opportunity to win out. Now look here,' Oshkosh continued, taking the paper he had just been working over, 'that draft has to have something to go with it, and this is what I have made; but if any soul on earth can tell what it is, it's more than I can do. It did not contain a word to make it intelligible. But it was beautiful to look at. The pen strokes were decorative as Chinese characters, and seemingly as precise as German script. Any one might have told me it was Sanscrit, or Runic, or Cuneiform, or Aztec or Choctaw, and I would have believed it—or, for that matter, a design for an Oriental rug or an Arabian mural decoration; it would have been all the same to me. Why, De, what was intended to convey the idea of a signature and ended in that last almighty skate of Oshkosh's, beat Spinner's and was a masterpiece finer than that of the Sultan himself that they inlay in mother-of-pearl on the tops of tabourets. Heaven help the British Museum if it ever meets with that dummy document of Oshkosh's; savants will waste their lives trying to decipher it.

"Well, that worthless thing the old man fastened with a big bank pin to that worthless draft, and addressed it to his correspondent here in Chicago.

"'There you are, James, my boy; bid it good-by, but be ready to greet it with amount on demand when it comes back. Now go 'long about your business.'

"I did go about my business—you can bank on that. I fairly tore up the earth to be ready to meet the return of that draft. Why, I couldn't think of that infernal draft that I didn't imagine the banks it went through and the stir it must have made in some of them. Of the blooming young clerks that handled it—and reverently, too, good Lord!—and of the old-timers they appealed to, perhaps, who were afraid to take it seriously and afraid to take it as a joke.

"None of my schemes positively failed, but they tantalized me with numberless delays that ate into my nerves like lye. Still the return of the draft was providentially delayed. Then, when each day dawned with the dread that it would bring the crack of doom, the consummation of the Conqueror mine deal became assured. The final settlement of the sale that would give me money to burn ran neck and neck with the return of that dare-devil draft that would bring me ruin and disgrace.

"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 Frankfort, but when the Yildiz closed its iron gates upon it its 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 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.

FADS AND FANCIES.

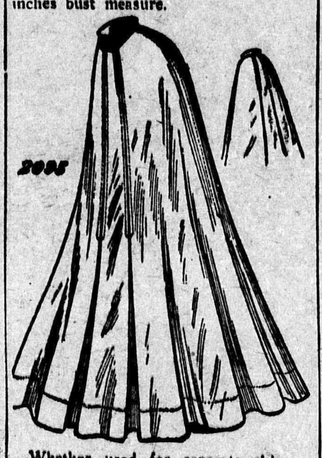
MINNA SCHATT CRAWFORD.

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. A constant respect for the changing fashions is no longer regarded as an evidence of shallowness or vanity. Quite the contrary; it serves rather to emphasize a progressive spirit, a mind alert, coupled with cleverly busy fingers.

The woman who does her own sewing has much the advantage of her sisters who declare they "hate the sight of a needle." With the aid of a really good paper pattern she cannot only have prettier frocks than the average, but can remodel her last year's dresses and bring them properly up to date.

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. It is a charming model for any of the summer fabrics, such as organdie, swiss, mulmul, dimity or challie. The pretty bodice can be made with or without a lining. The skirt is a nine-gored model and very simply put together. The waist pattern 1943 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. The skirt pattern No. 2090 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26 and 28 inches waist measure.

The liking for Eton coats seems to increase as the season advances. The design here illustrated is one of the prettiest yet shown. It is collarless, and fitted to shape to the figure, and has the popular elbow sleeve. It is a delightful model for separate coat of black or colored taffeta, or as part of a costume. When made of linen or Shantung silks it is usually left unlined. Many are wearing white linen Eton coats this season. They supply all the demand for a wrap that can be easily carried or worn and as less bulky and warm than the longer coats, hence are more popular and more generally worn. The pattern No. 2098 is cut in sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure.



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. The model here shown is cut in six gores, which makes it easy to handle and does away with all tendency to sag. It is in round length and perforated for walking length. Pattern 2095 is cut in sizes 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure.

To secure any of these beautiful styles state number and size of patterns desired and enclose fifteen cents for each pattern wanted. Address all communications to

FASHION CORRESPONDENT,
6032 Metropolitan Bldg. New York City.

Easily Satisfied

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. It was afterward learned that the owner had some time before the boom vainly endeavored to sell the land for a few hundred dollars.

The offer was at once accepted. When he demanded the cash in hand, the agent smilingly suggested that the best course would be to leave the money in the bank, taking in cash whatever sum present needs might call for.

After some palavering, the native made known his wish to have a farm of fifty acres with a house. The cost of the whole was only a few hundred.

"What else?" asked the agent.

"Kin I have a hoss, saddle and bridle?"

"Certainly."

"And a rifle?"

"Yes."

"And some provisions?"

"Yes."

Here the native stopped. His eyes kept widening in wonder. He could for the moment think of nothing more.

"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 [illegible]

"Is there m[illegible]et?"

"Yes."

"Well, give [illegible] a plug of tobacco an' set me down w[illegible] the fish bite all day, an' you kin hav[illegible] the rest."

Happy Thoughts.

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 tu[illegible] trumps in the game of life.

Consider the lo[illegible]age stamp, is the advice of Jo[illegible] and learn the secret o[illegible] to one thing until it g[illegible]

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 usese.

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.

A Butting Property.

William Jennings Bryan tells the following story on himself:

"Once out in Nebraska, I went to protest against my real estate assessment, and one of the things of which I particularly complained was assessing a goat at $25. I claimed a goat was no 'real' property in the legal sense of the word, and should not be assessed. One of the assessors, a very pleasant faced old man, obligingly said I could go upstairs with him, and together we would go over the rules and regulations and see what could be done.

"We looked over the rules, and finally the old man asked:

"'Does your goat run loose on the roads?'

"'Well, sometimes,' said I, wondering what the penalty was for that dreadful offence.

"'Does he butt?' again queried the old man.

"'Yes, I answered, 'he butts.'

"'Well,' said the old man, looking at me, 'this rule says—tax all that certain property running and abutting on the highway. I don't see how I can do anything for you. Good-day, sir.'"

Feminine Graces.

Accomplishments That Are Attractive to Men. A Source of Income.

It is practically the duty of every one to learn some accomplishment. We owe to society something in the way of entertainment for what it offers us. We are enabled to give pleasure and prove of benefit in numberless ways if possessed of some accomplishment, and last of all, but by no means least important of all, the accomplishment learned to while away idle hours frequently proves a means of livelihood in times of misfortune.

The wise girl will find out what accomplishment she is best adapted for, and then really endeavors to shine in that. She will make it an unending source of pleasure to others and win many friends through it, and when the hour comes that finds her alone in the world and without means, she has a source of income ready to hand.

The majority of girls so situated imagine that they are not sufficiently proficient to make use of their accomplishments. They lack the courage to make the most of a little knowledge, and endeavor to add to it.

The girl who can play or sing immediately casts about in her mind for probable pupils. These may not readily materialize, but in the meantime numberless women are only too glad to have some pleasant girl help entertain their friends with music; accompanists are at a premium, but for singers and players upon stringed instruments benevolent institutions and certain hospitals are only too glad to pay some one to play for inmates of such places when music cannot be had free, and there are schools without number, both private and public, which need a pianist, not as a teacher, but to accompany the singing of the pupils, their marches and many of their physical exercises. The girl who can play just a little has a wide field in which to earn a living.

Singers and players upon stringed instruments have much the same field, except that theirs is more restricted, and the singer is ever in demand to help with jolly topical songs at small entertainments, and to sing at funerals. This last is very profitable.

Then there is the girl who learns just a little painting and drawing. She, too, feels hopeless about getting enough pupils to support herself if suddenly left to do so without any preparation for such a task. Few of these girls know that original designs of very simple kinds are profitably sold to manufacturers of fancy articles, decorative embroideries and lace houses. There is always a large demand for original menu cards, dinner, tea and luncheon favors, cotillion favors, entertainments where decorated cards can be used for special purposes, the cards being appropriately decorated to suit the occasion; lamp and candle shades of all kinds, fancy boxes for candy, stationery and an infinite variety of other things, to say nothing of the vast variety of silk and satin articles decorated with painting, the screens and panels and fancy bits of useful prettiness which may be so easily decorated with brush or pen.

China painting offers a large field for artists in that branch of painting, and almost every millinery and dressmaking establishment finds use for a girl who can paint flower decorations upon gowns and their accessories. Designing for wall papers, carpets and the like requires a special education, which is not hard to get, but the amateur artist will be more successful if she does the simpler forms of decorative work which require originality of design and harmony of color rather than correctness of drawing or carefulness of execution.

A girl who has no gift for singing, playing or painting may always learn the art of entertaining, than which few, if any feminine accomplishments, are more appreciated. We all love the girl who has a charming manner; who is ever ready with a clever or amusing story, and has the tact of knowing just when to tell it; who can recite something to suit our every mood and who has the knack of getting congenial spirits into conversation. Such a girl is ever in demand in society, and if she is ever thrown upon her own resources to make a living she can make capital of her art of entertaining, and very few will ever know that she is being paid for her accomplishment of aiding some hostess to a successful evening.

Such a girl can also get any number of engagements to engineer entertainments of various kinds for charitable and benevolent pu poses, for club affairs and the like. Women on committees are only too thankful to employ the services of one who can attend to matters that vex the souls of most people and make things run smoothly to a successful conclusion.

The girl who has learned to read well is possessed of a rare and delightful accomplishment. Almost every one loves to be read to, and aside from the good that can be done through this accomplishment a girl who reads well can al-

ways get a number of [illegible] her services for certain ho[illegible] or evening, and may also [illegible] in the graceful art of r[illegible]tainingly.

The woman who is an [illegible] housekeeper seldom realizes [illegible] just the one thing that num[illegible] holds covet, and that her li[illegible] easy places if she only turns [illegible]plishment to account in [illegible] channels.

Once a young doctor went [illegible]vising all his patients to do [illegible] "Why don't you learn to e[illegible] said he. "It is just the [illegible]quire to occupy your min[illegible] taxing it, and it does n[illegible] effort. It is much better [illegible] exciting yourself, readi[illegible] about brooding over your [illegible]

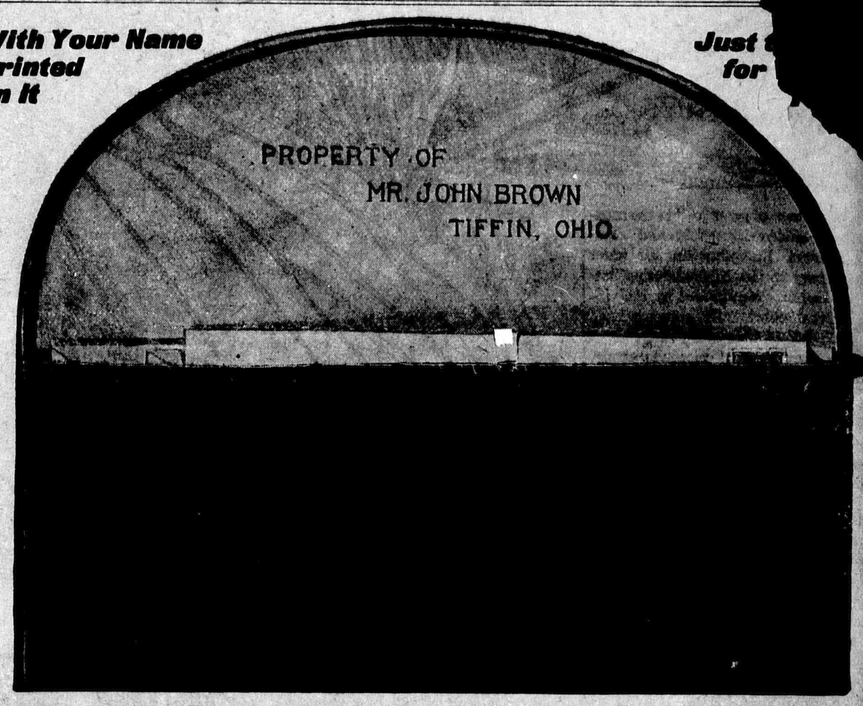
Presently all the women [illegible] were industriously making [illegible] on linen centerpieces. T[illegible] as being the triumph [illegible] Then some of them began [illegible] the doctor's reasons fo[illegible] broidery. "Crochet is [illegible] said they, "and not hal[illegible] It was discovered that [illegible] just married a charmi[illegible] who did the loveliest em[illegible] able, and that pink rose[illegible] were her specialty.

If the man of scien[illegible] in a skein of silk or a [illegible] worsted, men of all [illegible] thralled by the girl wh[illegible] songs in a sympathet[illegible] hearts are instantly r[illegible] they begin to fancy [illegible] be at the side of a [illegible] could sing a coon [illegible] would dispel the blue[illegible] purpled mortal.

Not one man in [illegible] against the fascina[illegible] can play such musi[illegible] stand and enjoy. [illegible] can and does und[illegible] of great composer[illegible] pathetic hand, lik[illegible] dies played by s[illegible] the spirit of the[illegible] and body and [illegible] the wings of musi[illegible] ment and sweet so[illegible]

The girl who ent[illegible] if she is really symp[illegible] tivates all hearts. [illegible] be entertained, and t[illegible] derstands how to do [illegible] apparent effort is qui[illegible] singer and she who [illegible] vinely upon instrumen[illegible] stringed.

With Your Name Printed on It — **Just [illegible] for [illegible]**



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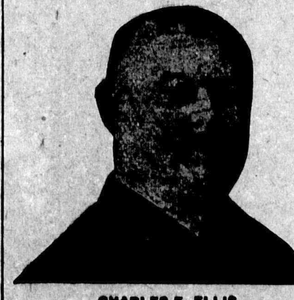

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