

COERCION OF THE SULTAN.

THE PROCESS HASN'T BEGUN, BUT EVERYTHING IS READY.

Europe's ultimatum to Abdul-Hamid has been delivered—Russia is still leader in the plans to make Europe's will respected—Belgium has become a hotbed of gambling clubs—Great Britain's efforts to root them out—The proposed British war of conquest in the Western Sudan—New Marine Propulsion by which a boat travels 24 miles an hour.

**Special Cable Dispatch to the Sun.**  
LONDON, Dec. 26.—Sultan Abdul-Hamid has managed to pass a fairly comfortable Christmas despite the fact that he is in the position of a criminal awaiting sentence. He has been told this week by his dear friend M. Nelidoff, the Russian Ambassador, that the time has arrived for him to make up his mind to do what the powers tell him to do or to make way for somebody more pliant. But he clings tenaciously to the belief that the ultimatum is no more in earnest now than upon scores of previous occasions when the situation, to all appearances, was as serious for him as now; and it is becoming daily evident that coercion, with all its perils, will have to be applied. It is alleged that it is in reality those perils that make the powers even now, at the last moment, hesitate to resort to the irrevocable act. The fleets are ready, the Russian armies are ready in Europe and Asia, Europe's ultimatum has been delivered, and yet decisive action is delayed.

It is suggested to-day that the powers fear that Abdul-Hamid will really consent upon the desperate expedient of declaring a holy war and perishing, if need be, beneath the ruin of his empire, and that the powers are not prepared for such a fearful contingency. France, in particular, is said to be displaying at this critical moment unexpected irresolution and vacillation. It is also reported that the Russian Ambassador, who is said to be displaying at this critical moment unexpected irresolution and vacillation, is said to be displaying at this critical moment unexpected irresolution and vacillation.

There is no truth in any of these reports. Russia is ready to do anything, and is not one single power prepared to say her nay in any course of action she may deem necessary to make Europe's will respected in Constantinople; and Abdul-Hamid's mind remains a confused mass of hope, fear, fanaticism, mendacity, and fatalism, absolutely without the least of any quality of candor or kindness.

Still, delay is undeniably and inquiries here in London elicit no reasonable explanation of it. The impression seems to prevail, however, that it is an internal part of Russia's plans to leave a Mohammedan rising in Constantinople against the Sultan, and that the powers are not prepared to permit the Turkish reformers to depose the Sultan and thus obviate the armed intervention of the powers. There may be something in this explanation.

Beyond a doubt Prof. Anthony Salmons and other refugees in London, who are in close touch with the Turkish party, expect a revolution to occur at any moment, and at a dinner of the members of the same organization in Paris, the other night, everybody was excitedly expecting what to the few outsiders present was described vaguely as stirring news from Stamboul.

Some months ago M. Gerard Harry, editor of *Independence Belge*, in Brussels, which is one of the best newspapers published on the continent of Europe, entered upon a campaign against the gambling halls recently established in a number of towns in Belgium, with pleasing results. He is already defendant in several big libel actions. A number of gaming dens have been closed by the police, and the Government is pledged to deal with the evil, which was fast becoming a grave scandal. M. Harry's campaign almost establishes a journalistic record in the history of the continent, and the rapidity with which it was conducted, and the rapidity with which results were achieved.

Within the last two or three years, and thanks mainly to a very loose kind of legislation, gambling halls styling themselves private clubs have multiplied in Belgium. There was little of the club about them, except the name, and anybody who cared to patronize them could gain access with the utmost ease. Not only had such health and pleasure resorts as Ostend and Spa their Cercles Privés, where roulette and trente-et-quarante were played upon a large scale, although the establishments were not really clubs, but in the most exclusive of the clubs, including Dinant, Rochefort, Chaud-Fontaine, Namur, Charleroi, and Erquennes. In one little village on the river Meuse there are two casinos, and another village just across the frontier from France has no less than three of the same line of business, thanks to its situation and vigorous advertising in the French newspapers. It was the unblushing manner of striking this establishment which first attracted the attention of M. Gerard Harry, and there is reason to believe that about the time the ultimatum to the Sultan was made at Brussels, he was by the French Government, whose national health was torn at the almost daily sight of train loads of French gamblers en route to that strategically placed hell.

In truth, all these Cercles Privés did well, and the proprietors were able to make a handsome fortune. When the *Independence Belge* and its illustrated morning sheet, *Le Petit Belge*, took them in hand, the extent of their prosperity may be gauged by the fact that the great Monte Carlo Company saw its receipts fall last season by five or six million francs through this Belgian competition.

SHOWLESS LOADED PISTOL.

CARELESSNESS OF THE FAMOUS BARRECKS RIDER COSTS A LIFE.

The Pistol Had a Patented Attachment to Prevent It from Going Off, and to Prove It, Showles Was Shot Down on the Bar—The Victim His Intimate Friend.

By the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of William A. Showles, Jr., known to three continents as the champion barreck rider of the world, the world's greatest showman, the Union Hotel, Red Bank, N. J., at 12:15 o'clock, yesterday morning, the bullet entered the right side of the abdomen, pierced the upper part of the left lobe of the liver, and lodged, it is supposed, in the muscles of the back. Twelve hours after he was shot, Croft died. Showles was immediately arrested at his home in Long Branch, charged with manslaughter, and locked up in the Mounouth county jail at Freehold.

Croft, who was 23 years old, was employed as a barkeeper in the Union Hotel, which is kept by his stepfather, Henry C. Hudson. For years Croft and Showles had been the warmest friends. The latter never visited Red Bank that he did not drop in to see Croft. It was only to see his friend that Showles went to Red Bank at all. From the time the season of the Barnum & Bailey show ceased in the fall, and Showles returned to his Long Branch home, Croft and Showles were almost constantly together until it was time for Showles to join the show in the spring.

Showles hadn't seen Croft for two or three days, and therefore on Christmas evening he concluded to drive over to Red Bank and pay a visit to the Union Hotel, accordingly he ordered a pair of road horses, which he keeps expressly for his own use during the winter season, and of which he is particularly fond, hitched up, while he prepared for his drive. It being a fine night and the sleighing good, Showles did not take the most direct road to Red Bank, but he took a more roundabout course, that he might have the longer sleigh ride.

It was not far from 10:30 o'clock when he drove up to the Union Hotel. The hotel faces the south and is but a short distance from the Jersey River. A pair of road horses, drawn from south to north, were in the parlor and another pair of road horses, which he keeps expressly for his own use during the winter season, and of which he is particularly fond, hitched up, while he prepared for his drive. It being a fine night and the sleighing good, Showles did not take the most direct road to Red Bank, but he took a more roundabout course, that he might have the longer sleigh ride.

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ON A RUNAWAY TRAIN.

WELL-KNOWN CHUBBEN TIMBERED ABOUT LIKE NINEPINS.

Their Little Game of Draw on a Long Island Special Train Nearly Broke Up—Mr. Knapp Claiming to His Three Kinmen—There was a Shooting Match a Week ago Yesterday on the Grounds of the Westminster Kennel Club at Baynton, L. I., and those members who took part went there from Long Island City in a special train consisting of Engine 92 and a single private car. Charles McKeever was the engineer, and he jumped the light train along to its destination in such a manner as to make the teeth of the shooters tingle. The three-eyes, which were covered in steady forty-three minutes, and the brevity of the journey seriously interfered with a quiet little game of poker in the private car. William R. Knapp, who, it is said, was considerably behind the game, and who had just opened a jack pot with a pat straight, protested because his companions wouldn't play out the hand.

"It's just my luck," Knapp grumbled. "The first hand I've had in a month. I'll travel on a slow freight hereafter."

McKeever leaped out of the cab and grinned as the party got out of the cab. Knapp shook his head at the sight.

"We'll do a little better going back," said the engineer, and turning to Fireman Shirreff he began to scold him for not keeping his steam at the proper notch.

The shoot passed off without a hitch, and the members of the party were in fine spirits when the cards were dealt and the chips were rattled on the board when Engineer McKeever backed No. 92 against the private car and made ready to start. By the time the train rolled out of the station Mr. Watrous had considerable difficulty in looking over the top of his chips. Mr. R. Knapp was a steady loser, and he urged the other players to play fast, so that he might have a chance to get even.

In the mean time the train was plunging along at terrific speed, and the private car rocked from side to side with the swaying of a Dutch cradle, but without its smoothness. The swaying of the train made the chips dance about like the cards were being blown about by a gale. The speed of the motion, for the game was at a critical point. When leaving Massapequa the players threw up their hands, and it was a natural jack. Hand after hand dealt, but no one was fortunate enough to draw open.

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TRIED TO KILL IN COURT.

Young Dreyfus Points a Pistol at Mrs. Markus in the Court.

In the Yorkville Court yesterday a young man, who was summoned to answer a charge of assault on a woman, pointed a revolver at the woman and tried to shoot the woman while both were standing on the bridge before Magistrate Wentworth. The would-be murderer was disarmed and locked up. He is Samuel Dreyfus, 24 years old, of 313 East Seventy-second street. The woman, who is Mrs. Markus, who lives at 210 East Forty-fifth street.

Mrs. Markus declared that two weeks ago, while she was in a butcher shop on First avenue, between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth streets, Dreyfus, who drives a fat wagon, entered and, without provocation, struck her in the face with a wooden handle of a revolver. She escaped the blow by ducking her head, but Dreyfus suddenly drew a revolver from his pocket and aimed it at her. Instantly the court room was in a commotion.

Magistrate Wentworth sprang from his seat in alarm, while two of the court officers seized Dreyfus by the arms and took him to the rear of the court. Mrs. Markus uttered a scream of terror when she saw the weapon pointed at her. After he had been overpowered Dreyfus kept shouting at the woman: "I want your blood!" A brand new dagger in a sheath was found in his pocket.

Dreyfus was locked again when the excitement had subsided. "Did you intend to shoot that woman?" asked the Magistrate. "I did," replied the prisoner. Then, turning to Mrs. Markus, who had been conducted back to her seat, he said: "I will wait for you and have your blood."

The woman's complaint the prisoner was held in the jail for a week. Mrs. Markus said that Dreyfus's father is an assistant foreman there. Young Dreyfus was arrested by a woman who lives in the same company in First avenue. Her husband used to be a butcher. Young Dreyfus was arrested by a woman who lives in the same company in First avenue. Her husband used to be a butcher. Young Dreyfus was arrested by a woman who lives in the same company in First avenue. Her husband used to be a butcher.

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ANOTHER KENTUCKY LYNCHING.

The Sixth Incident of the Kind in That State in Six Days.

OWENSBORO, Ky., Dec. 26.—Alfred Holt, colored, alias Alexander, the murderer of Police Officer W. A. White, was taken from jail by a mob at 2:30 o'clock this morning and hanged to a tree in the Court House yard. This is Kentucky's sixth lynching since Monday. About 2:15 o'clock two men knocked at the jail door, and in response to a question of Deputy Jailer John Ashby, Jr., said they had a prisoner they wished to lock up for safe keeping. Young Ashby opened the door only to face two big revolvers. He was overpowered and the keys were taken from him.

A signal from the two men thirty or forty others poured into the jail. Proceeding up stairs, several of the mob held Jailer John Ashby captive, while two others moved on to the cell where Holt and the five other negroes imprisoned with him were asleep. They were not aroused from their beds till the keys rattled in the key hole. Then they pleaded for mercy.

The leader said Holt was the guilty man, and he alone was wanted. Pleading for his life, Holt was taken out of the jail, through the Court House yard to the east side, facing the West Kentucky Hotel. Time to pray, and then a rope was placed about his neck. In ten minutes the rope had been strangled to death. Holt had never been brought here a few days ago from Louisville, where he was taken for safe keeping.

Small Boys String Their Heads to the Major's Sled and Have a Fine Time. CANTON, O., Dec. 26.—Major McKinley found an unusually large correspondence waiting him this morning, and he was kept very busily engaged during the greater part of the forenoon. Just before luncheon, however, he took a long walk through the residence part of the city. He went out unaccompanied.

Several little boys were on the street with their sleds, and the Major called them to him. They were not slow to accept the invitation, and the President-elect enjoyed it as much as the boys themselves. Major McKinley had no call of importance to-day. None is expected until Monday, when the members of Congress will begin to return to Washington.

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SENIOR ANDRADE AND MR. STORROW BACK FROM VENEZUELA.

Everything Ready Now to Negotiate the Hat's Action of the Treaty—Mr. Storrow Says Venezuela is Matched—Friendly Feeling There for the United States.

SEÑOR José Andrade, Venezuelan Minister to the United States, and James J. Storrow of Boston, counsel for the Venezuelan Government before the Boundary Commission, who went to Caracas a month or more ago with the protocol of the Venezuelan agreement for the settlement of the boundary dispute between England and Venezuela, and to secure its ratification by President Crespo and the Venezuelan Congress, returned yesterday on the steamer Caracas. They were met on their arrival in Brooklyn by the Venezuelan Consul-General and an attaché of the legation at Washington. They left shortly after their arrival for the capital.

Both Señor Andrade and Mr. Storrow returned to make a definite statement, but it was gathered that the Minister returns with the protocol approved by President Crespo, and that he is ready to negotiate its ratification with Great Britain.

As to the alleged disapproval by Venezuela of the clause in the agreement which falls to recognize the sovereignty of the country by giving it direct representation on the commission, and the fifty-year occupation provision, it was explained that these contentions did not arise from the government, but from a few sensational and irresponsible newspapers, which were clearly ignorant of the true meaning of the document. When the agreement was fully understood by the people, the matter would be settled. The government had indicated it, and advised its qualified approval, and there was a wave of applause throughout the country. It was understood that the United States had a friend in whose hands she would lose nothing.

Mr. Storrow said that he had been very happy when he stepped from the steamer. "I have written and telegraphed," he said, "all I have to say to the government, and in America. I cannot say anything more on the question just now."

It is said that Mr. Storrow is now empowered by President Crespo to sign the treaty on behalf of Venezuela. It was explained that these contentions did not arise from the government, but from a few sensational and irresponsible newspapers, which were clearly ignorant of the true meaning of the document. When the agreement was fully understood by the people, the matter would be settled. The government had indicated it, and advised its qualified approval, and there was a wave of applause throughout the country. It was understood that the United States had a friend in whose hands she would lose nothing.

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WHICH DIED WORTH \$20,000?

Goldsmith, Who Was Married with His Wife, Was Insured for Her Share.

There is going to be an interesting litigation over \$20,000 of insurance on the life of Aaron Goldsmith, taken out in favor of his wife. He, his wife, and their three children were burned to death last Sunday. His brother, Louis Goldsmith, of Chateaugay, N. Y., was appointed administrator of his estate and the executor of his will. Goldsmith left two other brothers and a niece.

The question is whether Goldsmith or his wife died first. Relatives of his wife contend that the money came to them, and that the administrator of her husband will have nothing to do with it. The insurance policy was taken out by Goldsmith, and the beneficiary was his wife. The insurance company is now disputing the claim.

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