

THE POISON LAWYER.

Dr. O'Sullivan Has the Queerest House in New York City.

MID SKULLS AND SKELETONS.

The Bones of Great Criminals in the Midst of Luxury.

THE COFFEE OF THE ARABS.

Dr. O'Sullivan Sometimes Imagines There Are Ghosts on the Premises.

The queerest domicile in New York is that of Dr. William J. O'Sullivan, the brilliant young lawyer-scientist who defied Carlyle Harris, Dr. Meyer and Dr. Buchanan, and will defend Mrs. Dr. Meyer, says the New York Press.

He abides on Washington place, a big old-fashioned mansion it is once upon a time the town residence of a notable family. Few visitors enter his



"DON'T SMOKE TOBACCO WITH MY NARHIHIL."

picturesque "den." The doctor prefers to live his social life on the outside of those heavy oak doors which give access to his veritable "cannibals of mystery."

Dr. O'Sullivan ought to have been born a pasha or a bey. His leanings in the matter of house furniture are entirely Oriental. Indeed, while at home he even assumes the dress of the Mohammedan. When I visited him it was to find his staidest figure becomingly clad in loose linen breeches and brided jacket, while on his head reposed a gorgeous turban which would not have disgraced a Bosphorus pasha or a mosque at Stamboul. His feet were encased in costly Persian slippers, the gift of Mir Asid Ali, a Teheran dignitary who met the doctor on one of his Eastern tours, and who shares with him a deep interest in the science of toxicology. On a lacquered table at his side—the table came from Alexandria—stood a beautifully ornamented mahogany or Turkish carpet, which he was in the act of puffing when I entered. The pipe is nearly two feet in height. Its long tube ends in an amber mouthpiece.

"I don't smoke tobacco with my narhihil," explained the doctor; "in fact, owing to the water in the pipe, an annoying smoke could hardly be obtained with the Virginia leaf. The Arabian tobacco is my Arcadia mixture." Tobacco is a sort of Turkish mixture. The Arabs smoked it many centuries before Sir Walter Raleigh brought tobacco from the Americas.



"THAT SKELETON WAS A NOTORIOUS MURDERER."

and in a bronze brazier burns, night and day, some subtle Oriental compound which spreads on every side a faint, pleasurable perfume. A large Egyptian pussy cat stalks demurely from room to room. His name is "Yussuf," and he is a very dignified cat indeed. Not too

Mercurial Poison

is the result of the usual treatment of blood disorders. The system is filled with Mercury and Potassium—more to be dreaded than the disease—and in a short while is in a far worse condition than before. The most common result is Rheumatism for which S. S. is the only relief where all else fails. Few bottles will afford relief from a severe attack of Mercurial Rheumatism, my arms and legs being swollen more than twice their natural size, causing the most excruciating pains. I spent hundreds of dollars without relief, but after taking a few bottles of S. S. I improved rapidly, and am now a well man, completely cured. I can heartily recommend your wonderful medicine to anyone afflicted with this painful disease. W. F. DALRY, Brooklyn Elevated R. R. Our Treatise on Blood and Rheumatism mailed free to any address.

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HIS LITTLE GAME.

Fuller Dust—I'm de tramp dat sleep in Mr. Astor's house—Mrs. Uperton—Come right in and laye lunch with me at once. Which brand of champagne do you prefer?

After he came home he discovered that one nickel was this gold piece. "Isn't that remarkable? My husband paid one by mistake to a conductor last evening. If my husband received your husband's gold piece?"

He believed the superstition. He had realized that a crisis was at hand, and had reached for his gun. His opponent had been too quick for him, and had shot him dead.

HAD NO FUN.

He had sent his wife away on a vacation. The gateman at one of the passenger depots in Detroit was approached the other afternoon by a tall and weary-looking man with beer stains on his vest and the strings of his russet shoes untied, and when he had come quite near he asked: "Any train Lansing yet?"

THE SILENCE CURE.

Women Hurt Their Nerves by Talking Too Much. New York Sun. "I have two or three patients who are ill with nervous prostration and who could be cured if they would stop talking."



AT THE BEDROOM DOOR.

rooms would be worth big money to Mue. Tussand's representatives in their brick palace on the Marylande road? Fantastic tales of an Irishman. "I should fancy," observed the writer, "that living among cadavers can hardly be agreeable."

FATAL RED SEVENS.

Poker Players Must Beware of a Jack Full on Head. "Death stalks alongside a poker game in the West," said John Maguire, the veteran tragedian of the Pacific coast.

A LONG CHANCE.

But the Gold Piece Came Back to the Owner. Chicago Record. Here is a story, the greatest merit of which is its absolute truth. The people concerned in the story have told it to their friends and have offered to back it up with affidavits, so there is no good reason for having any doubts.

A man boarded a street car to go to his home on the South side. He had in his pocket ten five-dollar gold pieces and several nickels. In paying his fare he was guided by the sense of touch, rather than that of sight, and so he gave a five-dollar gold piece to the conductor. He did not learn of the mistake until he had reached his home. Then he went to the car barns to find the conductor to whom he had given the gold piece, but he did not remember the number of the car. Neither could he exactly remember the appearance of the conductor.

On the following day his wife went shopping with a woman who lived in the same neighborhood. They made some purchases at a department store and the neighbor in making payment handed the salesman a five-dollar gold piece. "Oh, those dreadful gold pieces," remarked the wife of the man who had been unfortunate. "Don't say that," said the neighbor; "my husband received this in change last evening on a street car. He gave the conductor a quarter and received, as he supposed, four nickels in change.

STILLWATER NEWS.

MANY CANDIDATES FOR JUDGE LEHMICKE'S PLACE.

The Prison Population Larger Than It Ever Was Before—Saturday's Events.

The question of who will succeed the late R. Lehmicke as judge of probate of Washington county is a mooted one, a number of candidates being in the field for the office. The candidates are Orris E. Lee, F. W. Gall and E. G. Butts, and each man has made application to the governor for the appointment. There are outsiders who would like to secure the plum, and leading Democrats of the county think that the governor should appoint a Democrat, inasmuch as the late judge was a pronounced Democrat.

The prison population reached 510 yesterday, and is now larger than at any time in the history of the institution. The prisoners received yesterday were John Day, Kandiyohi county, robbery, three years; James Shaw, Stearns county, grand larceny, two years; Julius Miller, Inceest, eight years; George Dyar, grand larceny, one year; William Zuke, grand larceny, one year and six months; Charles Meyer, grand larceny, one year, and Arthur Ball, grand larceny, reformatory plan. The five last named are from Freeborn county.

The Wisconsin Central Railroad company has evidently not given up its idea of reconstructing the main line and building it through this city, for surveyors are again at work deciding upon the most feasible way of carrying it here. This improvement, which would be highly gratifying to residents of Stillwater, has been contemplated for years, but whether or not it will ever be done remains to be seen.

The funeral of the late Judge R. Lehmicke occurred yesterday afternoon from St. Andrew's Episcopal church, the services being conducted under the auspices of the Stillwater lodge of Masons, of which he was a member. The funeral cortege was large, many being in attendance from out of the city.

The Elias ball, given at the Grand opera house last evening, was a greater financial success than at first supposed, and it is understood the net receipts will not fall much short of \$500. A great many tickets were sold that were not used.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Hofer surprised them Thursday evening, the occasion being the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Several handsome silver gifts were left with them as a token of the esteem in which they are held.

The action of D. M. Sabin vs. J. C. O'Gorman, to recover \$50,000 for stock in the Iron Mountain and Iron Range company held by O'Gorman, was dismissed by the court yesterday for the want of prosecution.

Members of the Grand jury will enjoy a musical and social entertainment arranged by members of the company at theatory next Thursday evening.

A musicale was given at the home of Mrs. H. T. Murdoch Friday evening for the benefit of the Presbyterian church.

Hon. H. W. Cory, of St. Paul, attended the charity ball given by the Elks of Stillwater Wednesday evening.

James Mackey, of West Superior, Wis., was a guest of relatives in this city during the week.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Parkhurst, of Waukegan, Ill., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. L. Sargent.

Frank Lehmicke arrived yesterday from Spokane to attend the funeral of his father, Wednesday evening.

Col. W. G. Bronson returned Monday from a business trip to Hot Springs, Ark.

David Bronson has returned from a visit in Chicago.

H. C. Fogle spent a few days in Chicago the past week.

W. A. Hersey has returned from a trip to Chicago.

H. H. Harrison has returned to Hot Springs, Ark.

Well to Remember This.

You can return anything bought at the "Elysian" after Christmas (before) and get your money back. Seventh and Robert.

Florence Nightingale.

Miss Florence Nightingale, at the age of seventy-four, is enjoying excellent health. She is a rich woman, having, besides some private means, the \$250,000 publicly subscribed for her by the English people at the close of the Crimean war. Quite recently she confided to a friend her intention to settle the money as a trust for the benefit of nursing wounded soldiers should her country ever again be engaged in a war with a European power.

Only Allowed 3,338 Wives.

In Ashantee no man is ever allowed to see one of the king's wives, and should he happen, through accident, to catch a glimpse of one of the "sacred creatures" he is forthwith put to death. The law of that country allows the king to have 3,333 "helpmates" and no more. These wives all live on two long streets in the city of Coomassie, the Ashantee capital, the quarters occupied by them being locally known by a word signifying heaven.

An Insuperable Obstacle.

The fair Chicagoan had refused the young man's offer with scorn, and he had gone back to his home a broken-hearted man. "My child," exclaimed the mother, "why did you do that?"

Papa Took the Hint.

"Papa," remarked the M. P.'s daughter, looking at the clock. "What is it, Lou?" asked papa, who had lingered in the parlor with the young people. "It is 10 o'clock; at this time George and I usually go into committee."

The Retort Cousteaus.

Just as the eminent tragedian, Mr. Barnes Torner, was in the midst of "to be or not to be," some irreverent person threw on the stage a large, cold snub. "I am very grateful," said Mr. Torner, "but I have already dined."

WE STRUCK THE NAIL ON THE HEAD!

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