FATAL STAMBOUL.

More Revelations from the Bosphorus.

Abdul Aziz Murdered by a Greek Physician—Assassination of Ministers by Hassan Bey—Murad's Short Reign.

CAIRO, Jan. 24, 1880.

On the morning of May 30, 1876, the inhabitants of Constantinople were aroused by the firing of an imperial salute. During the previous evening events of the utmost importance had occurred. Hussein Avni Pacha had dethroned the Sultan, Abdul Aziz. The ex-Sultan had to be conducted in a small boat and under guard to the Kiosque at the Pointe du Serail. At about one o'clock in the morning a steam launch belonging to Hayden Pacha crossed the Bosphorus to the residence of Murad Effendi, on the Asiatic side. On board this steam launch were Hussein Avni Pacha, Khairolla Effendi, Sheik ul Islam, Kaiserle Pacha, Minister of Marine, and other high functionaries. They came to salute their new master, and to announce to him that the Ottoman Empire was now intrusted to Murad Padisha. The new Sultan's surprise at hearing this news was not unmixed with fear. He was afraid that this was a trap arranged by Abdul Aziz himself to cause his ruin. The day before, the very men who were now offering him the sceptre had been apparently the most devoted subjects of his uncle. Murad had the more reason for this opinion because, as has already been shown in a previous letter, the fate of Abdul Aziz was in no way the result of any political movement. His deposition was caused solely by Hussein Avni's fear of being denounced for having had a criminal intimacy with the ex-third bashkhodeen, who had been killed by her imperial husband.

MURAD BECOMES SULTAN.

Murad did not realize that he had become Sultan until he arrived at the Palace of Dolma Bagatchi. Here the most indescribable disorder prevailed. Terrified eunuchs rushed to and fro in the long corridors trying to get out—for the entrances to the Palace had been closed by Hussein Avni. The shrieks of the women filled the harem. The aides-de-camp of the ex-sovereign nervously awaited the turn of events, and the servants prepared the rooms for the ceremony of the Biat. The accession of Murad was announced in the streets by public criers. By nine o'clock all the higher officials, whether they lived on the shores of the Bosphorus or in the most distant quarters of the city, had made their bow to the new sovereign.

ABDUL AZIZ MURDERED.

Unfortunately this accession, which promised so many happy days to Turkey, was but the prelude to a reign as melancholy as it was short. Six days later Abdul Aziz died by the hand of an assassin, and the ex-fourth bashkhodeen, Hassan Bey's sister, died by poison. The fatal and direct influence of the third bashkhodeen in causing the falling of Abdul Aziz has already been related—and by a singular coincidence it was the influence of the new third bashkhodeen (Hassan Bey's sister, who replaced the one killed by Abdul Aziz) which brought about the fall of Murad. When this woman heard that her husband had been deposed, she knew that sooner or later she would also become the object of Hussein Avni's vengeance—if the Pacha delayed it was only for some personal motives. She was also afraid to appear before Abdul Aziz, and when the women of the ex-Sultan were to rejoin their master at the Kiosque of the Point du Serail, she, by means of various pretexts, contrived to remain away. On June 3 the Sultan ordered that Abdul Aziz and all his women should be transported to the Palace of Teheragan.

During the three days preceding his death Abdul Aziz was in a highly excited state and frequently gave way to the most violent outbursts of anger—he resembled those tigers which he had himself formerly taken so much pleasure in imprisoning.

On the 5th Abdul Aziz made an attempt to escape from a window. The guards discovered him and compelled him to return. He then went to the door of his room. A sentinel barred his passage. Abdul Aziz, eluding the sentry's bayonet, seized him by the throat and threw him upon the floor with such violence as to fracture the soldier's skull. The noise of the scuffle brought the relief guard, which was posted in an adjoining apartment, and the ex-Sultana was forced back into his room by the points of his guards, bayonets. The ex-Sultan Validether came and endeavored, in vain, to quiet her son. Abdul Aziz would scarcely notice his son Izzedeen, and merely held out his hand for him to kiss. As to his favorite son, Dejolleddeen, he had only seen him twice since he had killed his mother, and after his dethronement he refused to admit him to his presence.

To appreciate the events which follow it will be necessary to revert to an incident which took place about two months before Abdul Aziz was disposed. The importance of this incident will afterwards appear. At that time he was suffering from a carbuncle under his armpit. Various kinds of ointments had been used without effect. The carbuncle increased and caused much pain. The Sultan sent for his doctor. The doctor happened at the moment not to be in the palace. Abdul Aziz said: "Bring me at once the first doctor that can be found." As no doctor could be found in the palace an attendant went to the apothecary's shop adjoining the palace, where the chemist and the doctors charged with the service of the imperial household are usually found. Only one doctor happened to be there, a Greek. Brought before the Sultan he examined the carbuncle and took out of his pocket a lancet. This man, whose name will not be mentioned here, because he belongs to a respectable family, and for reasons which will be appreciated further on, did not know that it was forbidden even to touch the Sultan's person with a sharp instrument. Abdul Aziz then interrupted and said, "Let the man do as he pleases." A few moments after the operation the Sultan, relieved from pain, exclaimed, "All my doctors are asses. You have more intelligence than an ass—I make you a Pacha! The Doctor could scarcely believe his senses; but two hours afterward he duly received his firman as Pacha, together with his appointment as physician to his Majesty. This man was destined to play a most despicable *role*. Notwithstanding the gratitude which he owed to Abdul Aziz he was one of the first who came to congratulate Hussein Avni upon his success. Hussein Avni noted him well and pretended to believe the truth of the man's assurance of devotion. "You are intelligent," said Hussein Avni, "I accept your compliments with the belief that they are sincere, and I feel sure that you will be faithful to Murad, for it was only by chance that Abdul Aziz made you a pacha, and you do not owe your advancement to any intrigue."

On the evening of June 6th the two agents of Hussein Avni entered the Palace of Teheragan—one affecting the duties of a physician, the other returning to his accustomed post. As late as two o'clock in the morning Abdul Aziz repelled his mother's caresses, reproached her for having been partly the cause of his fall, denounced her and his young son, and paced violently up and down his chamber. Finally, utterly prostrated and worn out, he removed his coat only and lay down—not on a sofa, as has been reported, but upon a Turkish bed. When the ex-Sultan was asleep the eunuch entered the room, followed by the physician. The eunuch was provided with a sponge saturated with chloroform, the odor of which was still in the chamber the next day. When the doctor considered that Abdul Aziz was thoroughly under the influence of chloroform he quickly rolled up the ex-Sultan's shirt sleeves and cut the two arteries. This done he placed the scissors on the floor, and the two accomplices disappeared. Abdul Aziz must have afterward struggled against the influence of the chloroform and loss of blood, for when his mother afterward entered the room he was at the foot of the bed, which, together with his own body, was bathed in blood. The story of Abdul Aziz having in the course of the night asked his mother for a pair of scissors to cut his beard is a pure fabrication. It was a political necessity to at least furnish some plausible ground for the belief that a suicide had occurred instead of a murder. It is true that Abdul Aziz had been in the habit of trimming his beard himself, and usually carried a pair of scissors about his person, and would often play with them while engaged in conversation. This fact doubtless suggested the *role* which the scissors have played in the matter.

SULTAN MURAD'S SUSPICIONS.

Although the two wounds on the arms were excessively small, accurately and scientifically made, and although it is practically impossible for a man to alternately cut so neatly the arteries of both his own arms, the certificate was duly drawn up and signed by the doctors and shown to the Sultan Murad. The Sultan Murad is still supposed to be ignorant of the manner of Abdul Aziz's death. When, however, Hussein Avni came to him afterward Murad was pale and trembling, and with tears in his eyes he said, "You have dishonored the commencement of my reign by killing my uncle." Hussein Avni exhibited the certificate of the doctors, but Murad never felt satisfied of Hussein Avni's innocence. Murad related this afterward, when, trembling for his own life, he resided, and still resides, confined in this same Palace of Teheragan. No one in Pera or Stamboul ever really believed that Abdul Aziz had committed suicide.

JEALOUSY IN POLITICS.

It is an error to attempt to make of Hassan Bey a sort of political hero, devoting himself to avenge his master's death, and killing the Ministers to punish those who should have been the stanch supporters of Abdul Aziz and not his assassins. It is doubtful if even the hope of avenging his sister's death would have induced him to undertake his rash act had he for a moment considered the consequences and realized that henceforward he would be deprived of all protection and have no more money to squander. The days succeeding the death of Abdul Aziz were passed by Hassan Bey—notwithstanding his sister's death by poison—in frequenting the public houses of the capital. Various undefined threats and revelations, which often proved true, uttered by Hassan Bey, reached the ears of Hussein Avni's police. Summoned to the Ministry of War Hassan Bey was placed in arrest for three days. On the fourth day he was to have been sent in exile to Bagdad. During these three days' confinement he formed his plan. On the morning of the third day he demanded of Hussein Avni—who, besides being Grand Vizier was also Minister of War—leave for three or four hours to make the arrangements necessary for his long journey. Hussein Avni, not suspecting anything wrong, granted the leave asked for. Hassan Bey left his place of confinement at about four o'clock in the afternoon. He went to his apartments. He armed himself with three revolvers, a Circassian dagger and his sabre. He put on the aiguillette, which distinguishes aides-de-camp from other officers. Over his uniform he wore the tabor, a military cloak—black, with red lining. He put on his military top boots, placed two of his revolvers inside of them, and sallied forth.

BENT ON MURDER.

The evening was rainy. Hassan went to the steps of Sirkedji-Iskelessi, where the government functionaries get on board the caiks to go to the Sublime Porte. These steps are situated near the railway station on the European side. Hassan ordered the caidji to take him to the Yali, the summer residence of Hassein Avni, situated on the Asiatic side. Arrived at the Yali he learned that Hussein Avni was dining at Midhat's, where he intended to sleep. Hassan was also informed that a Council of Ministers was to be held that evening at Midhat Pacha's residence. Hassan returned to Sirkedji-Iskelessi, mounted a horse and rode to the Konak—the winter residence of Midhat Pacha—which is situated at Stamboul, in the quarter of Mosque of Sultan Bajazed and faces on the small street running parilel to the main street in which are the tramways. Two small brick walls, surmounted by iron palings and having two small kiosques in the centre, between which is the entrance, separate this mansion from the street. On the right hand, upon entering is a large building, the harem, which is joined to the Salemelek, or reception hall, by a narrow wing. It is a fine residence, built in the Italian style.

HASSAN AMONG THE MINISTERS.

When Hassan Bey arrived two sentinels were stationed at the outside gate. They presented arms to him, he rapidly ascended the marble stairway and letting his aiguillette appear from under his cloak, asked for Hussein Avni Pacha. Being told that the latter was in the reception room with the Ministers, he at once proceeded thither. The attendants at the door of this room informed him that no one was to enter. Hassan answered that he came by order of the Sultan, and pushing aside one of the attendants, entered the room. Hussein Avni Pacha was seated in a corner near one of the windows. The positions of the other Ministers and secretaries were as follows:—On the divan, near the waiting room, were seated Djevdet, Halet, Cherif Hussein and Youssouf Pachas; on the sofa, directly opposite, Kaiserle and Riza Pachas; near the door leading to the harem, Reschid and Midhat Pachas; at the end of the room, opposite the windows, were the secretaries, Mahmoud Bey, Said Effendi and Mendouk Bey.

Entering the room Hassan walked straight toward Hussein Avni Pacha, seated, as before said, in a corner of the room near one of the windows. "What do you want here?" exclaimed Hussein Avni. "To kill you, you dog!" replied Hassan, and so saying discharged his revolver and shot Hussein Avni in the chest. The latter rose from his seat, but fell upon the floor. Old Kaiserle Pacha, Minister of Marine, in spite of his great age, seized Hassan Bey by the elbows and held him as long as he could. During the struggle a ball fired accidentally killed Rushdy Pacha, who, paralyzed with fear, had not left his seat. Midhat Pacha escaped by a door which led to his harem. This door Midhat Pacha carefully locked behind him with double locks. The other Ministers took refuge in the small waiting room. A terrible struggle then took place between Kaiserle Pacha, a man about seventy years old, and a strong, vigorous young man like Hassan. But Hassan, as usual, was under the influence of drink. Kaiserle, after receiving four wounds—one in the right ear, another over the temple and two in the arms—from the Circassian dagger which Hassan had unsheathed, managed to get away. It was only with difficulty, however, that he succeeded in inducing the other Ministers to open the door for him leading to the waiting-room by which they themselves had escaped, for as Midhat Pacha had locked the door by which he had escaped to the harem, so the other Ministers had gallantly locked the door leading to the waiting-room. The main door to the room had been closed before Hassan entered, and he himself came in by the door opening from the waiting-room. Hassan, now free to do as he pleased, fired two shots through the door through which the Ministers had disappeared and another at the door through which Midhat had escaped. He then attempted to set fire to the curtains, but they were so full of starch that they would not readily burn. He then put out the candles, and in the darkness awaited the final struggle.

HASSAN CAPTURED.

Not until ten minutes had elapsed did the soldiers appear upon the scene. There were about forty of them. A patrol watched the palace from the court and garden. About fifteen ascended the staircase and opened the main door to the room where Hassan Bey was awaiting them. As soon as the door was opened Hassan sprang from the darkness upon them and managed to get near the stairway. In the struggle he killed two of the soldiers and one of Midhat Pacha's servants. Overpowered by superior numbers, wounded by a bayonet and beaten down by blows from the butts of rifles—for the order had been given not to kill him—Hassan Bey was seized, gagged and carried to the prison at the Seraskerat.

THE ASSASSIN HANGED.

The punishment of this crime was not long delayed. Two days later Hassan was hanged from a branch, which had been stripped of its leaves, of the tree in the square of Bajazid, situated near the shops of the booksellers of that quarter of the city. When put to torture he only wore a shirt and linen trousers, such as are worn by the common soldiers. His feet were bare and he wore a fez. Exhausted by the torture which had been inflicted upon him to discover his accomplices, if there were any, Hassan Bey expired without repentance several seconds after the cord had been placed about his neck. He said to the sergeant who accompanied him;—"Give me an olive." [Mussulmans believe that a more favorable reception awaits them if they die with an olive in their mouths.] "Olives were not made for you," replied the sergeant. Hassan then asked: "What time is it?" The sergeant answered: "It makes no difference to you what o'clock it is, for you are about to die." Hassan replied; "It makes, of course, no difference to you what time it is, but it does make a great difference to the world to know at what hour Hassan Bey died." A stool was brought from a neighboring *cafetier*. Hassan mounted it and justice was done.

SULTAN MURAD'S INSANITY.

The ex-Sultan Murad is a man as honorable as he is unfortunate. The only happy existence he enjoyed ended with the death of his father, Abdul Medjid. After the accession to the throne of his uncle, Abdul Aziz, he became familiar with nearly every human misfortune. Deprived of the enjoyment of the money left him by his father, without any liberty of action, held reponsible for all the acts of his friends, interfered with in his personal movements, wishes and affections, the heir apparent to the throne of the Caliphs was virtually a prisoner of State. The Sultan, Abdul Aziz, forced him to live in his house at Haidaspacha (a village on the Asiatic coast, between Kadiken and Scutari), where he was watched by the police, and where only with the greatest difficulty he was permitted to receive his own friends. During the visit of Abdul Aziz to France and England in 1867 Murad and his brothers were compelled to accompany their uncle. Murad was so guarded during his journey that Kemal Bey, one of his most intimate and faithful friends, was obliged in order to see him at London to make use of a disguise. Abdul Aziz, moreover, took good care that Murad should always be in want of money, and never paid his debts until in a manner compelled to do so. For instance the Prince's tailor, a Frenchman named Mir, only secured the payment of his bills by the French Ambassador's personal application to the Sultan.

MURAD A FREEMASON.

To lessen the restraints imposed upon him Murad, the first of his race who had ever taken such a step, became a Freemason. He firmly and actively adhered to the liberal ideas and principles of this fraternity. He attended regularly the meetings of his lodge, and to do this he was forced to take most careful precautions and make use of frequent disguises. He sought in vain to free himself from the yoke placed upon him. From 1866 to 1870 the Prince Mustapha Fazil Pacha, then struggling against his brother Ismail, the Khedive of Egypt, formed an alliance with Murad. These two princes formed the "Young Turk" party. Their efforts only created additional and disagreeable embarrassments for themselves, and indirectly caused several scandals, in which beys and effendis were involved, to be brought up before the French tribunes and English courts. For instance, Zia Pacha, ex-Zia Bey, was the hero of a somewhat noted case which came up before the Bow street magistrate in London in 1869, the details of which may be found by reference to the newspapers of that year. Zia Pacha is to-day the Governor of the Vilayet of Adana—one of the most important Turkish Provinces. When Murad—in consequence of the successful plot of Hussein Avni Pacha—became Sultan he passed suddenly from a state of pecuniary want and forced confinement to supreme power. Murad never would have been Sultan had he not had the numerous offspring of Abdul Medjid to come after him.

MURAD SECRETLY DOOMED.

Murad, generous and kind-hearted to every one about him, was, as has been already stated, shocked to hear of the sudden death of his uncle. When a few days later the news of the assassination of the Ministers was brought to him he was most deeply moved, and relapsed into a fixed melancholy state, from which he could only be aroused with the greatest difficulty. Power had no longer the slightest charm or attraction for him. He became utterly indifferent to everything about him. He attempted to console himself with the use of stimulants—a habit which he had previously acquired from the persons whom Abdul Aziz had placed about him. He consumed vast quantities of absinthe and arrack, and soon was reduced to a state of mental and physical prostration. At this period the most groundless and infamous accusations were made against the Sultan's faithful physician, Dr. Capoleone. It was said that this doctor, whose character is in every way above suspicion, was in the habit of administering noxious drugs to the Sultan for the purpose of destroying his reason. This false charge was circulated for political reasons, which new for the first time have any important bearing upon events. Toward the end of June and the beginning of July the Old Turk party or, more correctly speaking, the party of Mahmoud Nedim Pacha—who was merely a tool of General Ignatieff—exerted an overwhelming influence on the Sublime Porte and palace. This party wished to get rid of the Sultan Murad and put in his place his brother, Abdul Hamid, whose religious fanaticism is beyond any doubt.

MURAD DEPOSED.

It was in vain that Murad desired to be invested with the sabre of Osman. Endless excuses were invented for postponing this important ceremony. The Sultan's health suddenly fell seriously ill. The slave who usually prepared the coffee for his Majesty was entirely in the interests and pay of Khairollah Effendi, the Sheik ul Islam. This slave was known to have administered enormous quantities of hashe-esh to the Sultan, already prostrated by his immoderate use of spirits. This was accomplished with ease, for it is not an uncommon habit in Turkey and in Egypt to drink small quantities of hasheesh mixed with coffee. The means by which the unfortunate Murad was ruined were scarcely less criminal and much more cowardly than the fatal steps taken by Hussein Avni to disembarrass himself of Abdul Aziz. Murad was daily plied with drugs, narcotics and spirits. The same method which Abdul Aziz used against him when a young man was now carried to its logical conclusion. When the Sultan had fallen into a state of utter imbecility the plot to overturn the Young Turk party, which now demanded a parliament and personal liberty for Massulmans greater than that ever enjoyed by the ancient Greeks, was put into execution. Murad had become so identified with the Young Turk party that his deposition was necessary—a deposition planned within ten days after he ascended the throne—and which was effected without the slightest difficulty. Murad accepted his fall with the utter indifference of a man thoroughly familiar with misfortune, which he had come to religiously believe to be his destiny.

ABDUL HAMID ASCENDS THE THRONE.

When Abdul Hamid ascended the throne all those who sided him to obtain the title of Caliph and to wear the sabre of Osman were sacrificed to his selfishness. The present Sultan lives in the Palace of Yldiz Kiok, surrounded by soldiers. All who took a prominent part in the various acts of the tragedy, whether acting in the interests of Abdul Hamid or against his interests, were, with equal impartiality, removed from power or exiled. Khairolla Effendi, the chief of the old Turk party, and Midhat Pacha, the chief of the Young Turk party, were both exiled. It is as much as Abdul Hamid can do to keep himself on his throne. He has surrounded himself with Ministers who, like Mahmond Nedim are, for the present, most enthusiastically Russian in their proclivities; but at heart he is a fanatic and the instrument of the 30,000 Softas who come every year to Constantinople to disseminate throughout the provinces the words of the Sheik ul Islam, and is more under the influences of the sect of Wahabees, or Moslem Puritans, than is generally supposed.

DO FISHES ADMIRE PRETTY WOMEN.

In a paper by Mr. Faraday, a member of the Manchester, Eng., Anglers' Association, the author tries to prove that some little fishes are admirers of human female beauty.

"It was the blennies who manifested that appreciation of feminine beauty to which I have alluded. They were generally indifferent to the presence of spectators. On the occasion in question I had the horor of conducting a number of young ladies, pupils from one of our principal schools, round the exhibition. It is necessary to say that the young ladies were merging into womanhood and where exceedingly good looking. No sooner had we arrived before the blenny tank than one of the fish, happening to turn his head, caught sight of the unusual spectacle and instantly rushed to the front. Other blennies, attracted by his sudden movement, turned round and followed, and speedily every blenny in the tank (there were some hundreds in all) was pressing his nose against the glass, and a row of gleaming eyes was seen, expressing such intense and unmistakable admiration and amazement that some of my fair companions actually blushed."

A CHEAP VEGETARIAN DINNER.—The experiment of giving a cheap vegetarian dinner to poor children, which has been tried with much success in other English towns, was repeated at Manchester recently, when nearly 500 of the poorest boys and girls to be found in the city were served with a good dinner in the large hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. The provisions consisted of soup, bread and plum-pudding. Each child had four ounces of bread with the soup, which consisted mainly of peas, onions, flour and water, seasoned with pepper and salt. The total cost per child was two and one half pence. The Executive Committee of the Manchester Vegetarian Society have the credit of providing the repast, which was heartily enjoyed by the children. As they left the hall each boy and girl was presented with an orange.

—Three young Zulu women are now at the London Aquarium. One of the three dusky ladies claims Cetywayo for her father, and wears her hair somewhat longer than that of her companions, in evidence of her royal descent. The names which they bear are musical, and express qualities or relate to some incident, after the fashion of the old Hebrew names. Thus, of the three names—Unolala, Unomadloza and Unozondaba—one refers to the owner's mother having passed through some trial or suffering, and another means that its bearer is as sweet as honey. The ladies share with their more civilized sisters a taste for personal adornment. Their manners are gentle and prepossessing, and their demeanor is in marked contrast with that of the exuberantly gay and noisy masculine members of the troupe. It is noteworthy that the men do not allow their female companions to eat with them, the subjection of woman being carried out among the Zulus. The husband buys his wife, paying her father so many cows, but the ladies appear to have secured for themselves the important right of refusing or accepting the lover.

—The New Orleans *Picayune* thinks that all dinners are remembered according to their deserts.

THE FAR WEST.

About one hundred and fifty cars laden with steel rails for the Canada Pacific railway which were detained on the St. Paul. Minneapolis and Manitoba railway, owing to the snow blockage, are now being forwarded, the obstruction having been raised.

The latest information from the Souris coal fields brings the news that the miners have struck, at the depth of sixty feet, a vein of coal seven feet thick, which is the same thickness as the Baby mine, forty miles west of Bismarck, Dak., and 150 miles south of the Souris discovery. The latter coal is used an the Northern Pacific locomotives.

A new shipyard is being established on the Lake of the Woods, near Rat Portage, by A. J. Frazer, of Londonderry, N. S. He intends constructing steam tugs and sailing crafts for which a number of orders have been obtained.

Three thousand dollars have been subscribed for the proposed new Baptist College at Rapid City.

Mr. Justice Ryan will deliver judgment in a few days in the celebrated case of "Thomas Ryan vs. Wm. H. Herchmer," Captain of the Northwest Mounted Police at Shoal Lake. It will be remembered that Judge Ryan declined to try this case a year ago, on the ground that he had been interested in reinstating the plaintiff; and so referred it to Colonel Richardson for trial. In the absence of the latter, his judgment will be read by proxy.

A number of emigrants from Ontario and Nova Scotia have passed along the North Trail recently, bound for Birtle and the surrounding country.

F. G. Head, of Minneapolis, is going to print a paper called the *Times* at St. Vincent. He wants to be ahead of the times.

The *Tribune* tells of Mr. Roger Cook, of Winnipeg, who lost his way in a snowstorm near Headingly last week, and had a narrow squeak for his life. He struggled against the storm for a long time, and when nearly exhausted came across a house, where he was taken in and attended to. Both of his feet were frozen, and it is feared he will lose some of the toes of his left foot.

PORTAGE.

The Hudson Bay Company and Messrs. Stobart, Eden & Co. both intend erecting fine stores at the west end of town.

Large amounts of lumber are being brought into the village, and building is expected to assume lively proportions as soon as the spring opens.

"Where is the telegraph?" is now the street cry, and the whole population are already beginning to put on airs on the strength of "our telegraph;" but where the concern is going to be located is at present a mystery.

Wheat and oats come in rather slowly. The roads are much drifted.

A large sale of over 5,000 bushels of wheat took place the other day to some milling men. The price attained was 85 cents per bushel, but the wheat was stored and had various expenses paid upon it.

MORRIS.

We are now experiencing the dullest times we have had since winter began. Farmers have marketed the bulk of their grain, although a few are holding back for higher prices. Mr. W. A. Russell has his large storehouse, which he built in November last, completely filled with grain. Mr. Wm. Gallie has also a large amount stored, awaiting the opening of navigation.

At the annual school meeting Mr. John Lane was elected trustee, Mr. T. Mulvey retiring. It was also determined to erect a new school building, and the trustees were instructed to issue debentures to the amount of $2,500 for that purpose; and also to engage a first class teacher, for which they were authorized to assess the district the sum of $600.

Of late there has been quite an excitement over the appointment of postmaster and the location of the post-office, which has culminated in the appointment of Mr. G. A. Glines.

As an indication of what is intended in the way of building in our town during the coming season, we mention that one of our business men has contracted for the delivery of 500 loads of sand, which has to be hauled a considerable distance from across the Red River. A number of other parties are also having quantities hauled while the ice bridge lasts, preparatory to building when spring opens.

RAPID CITY.

[From the Enterprise, Feb. 14th.]

At Bird Tail Creek the settlers oppose annexation to a man.

Mr. Justice Ryan returned from his visit to Minnedosa on the 11th inst.

Mr. James Muckle returned from Ontario with his bride several days since.

The South Trail is now the most popular route between here and the Portage.

A pair of oxen of medium quality changed hands on Wednesday at $130 the yoke.

A number of emigrants from Ontario and Nova Scotia have passed along the North Trail during the past week, bound for Birtle and surrounding country.

Dr. Burwarh, whilst out shooting on Thursday, had the misfortune to break into the Little Saskatchewan River, but escaped with a slight ducking.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

(From the Marquette Review, Feb. 14th.)

The contractors, Messrs. Lyne & Green, have commenced work on the county buildings, and will have everything in readiness to erect the building as soon as the snow leaves.

The prospects seem bright for the lumbermen, as several buildings are already under contract, and there are more to come. From present appearance we will be ahead of our rival, the "Gateway" town, in new buildings, by next fall.

A strong feeling seems to exist in favor of the member for High Bluff's amendment to the License Act, which reduces the licenses on ale and beer, and a great many think that a stringent liquor law, truly carried out, will be more effective than the passing of the Scott Act.

Roberts is in town, on his way to the Little Saskatchewan, with his "little tay kettle,' as he calls the boiler for his mill. He will have to remain a day or two, as the roads will be too rough for a while yet, owing to the blustering weather we have been having lately.

We have the telegraph and we begin to feel a town. The office is in the Post Office building. Mr. Pratt has laid a line of wire to his own house on the river bank, and intends putting in a telephone, so that communication can be had between this village and his warehouse.

A FIFTEEN MINUTES COURTSHIP.

(Louisville Courier Journal.)

About two years since Sister Mary Funk, a young lady of most respectful parentage and a devout Catholic, came to this city from Frankfort, and was admitted to the convent at the corner of Chesnut and Shelby streets, and was after this a sub-teacher in the school at the corner of Webster and Washington streets. Some time after this there came a request for the services of a sub-teacher in the convent in Jeffersonville, and Miss Funk, still under the direction of the prioress, accepted the situation, and performed her work well and faithfully.

During all the time that she was connected with the convent here as a lay sister, those associated with her now speak of her as a true woman, in the strictest sense of the word. She never complained, went straight forward in the performance of the duties assigned to her, and at times seemed perfectly satisfied with her life, and, like the other members of the noble sisterhood, she was always ready to sacrifice her own happiness and comfort, and, if necessary, her life, in order to alleviate the sufferings of those who were in distress.

After some time, and for what reasons no one knows, Miss Funk became dissatisfied with her life, and concluded to marry. The more she studied about the charms of double blessedness the more she was convinced that she wanted to marry. As no one knows the secrets of the human heart, it is only just to say that no one has a right to criticise her acts. It is said that she stated to a friend that if she could find a man who suited her tastes she would marry him in fifteen minutes. The friend happened to know a "fifteen minute man," and aman who bears a splendid reputation, and the two people who wanted to marry were introduced, and in just fifteen minutes a contract to cling together "for better or for worse" was entered into, and the young sister, with affecting solemnity, bade an affectionate adieu to the walls of the convent, hung her veil on the fence and launched out on the stage plank that leads to the good ship matrimony, and she is now gliding down the river of life by the joyous light of the honeymoon.

The wedding occurred about fifteen days since. The gentleman she married is named Hillebrand, and he has for some time been employed at Aterburn's place, on the Bronsbore road. This is a remarkable case, as a sister who once enters a convent seldom leaves it, but prefers to leave the world with its joys, its sorrows and its myriad of sins behind her. Miss Funk had not entered the fina order of sisterhood, and if she saw proper to change the life she had started out to lead with the best of intentions, it certainly is a credit to her to come out openly and act her part as she has, and if she is happy and contented the world will find no fault with her conduct.

"A TOURIST FROM INJIANNY."

We first saw him from the deck of the Unser Fritz, as that gallant steamer was preparing to leave the port of New York for Plymouth, Havre and Hamburg. Perhaps it was that all objects at that moment became indelibly impressed on the memory of the departing voyager; perhaps it was that mere interrupting trivialities always assume undue magnitude to us when we are waiting for something really important; but I retain a vivid impression of him as he appeared on the gangway in apparently hopeless yet, as it afterward appeared, really triumphant altercation with the German-speaking deck hands and stewards. He was not a heroic figure. Clad in a worn linen duster, his arms filled with bags and parcels, he might have been taken for a hackman carrying the luggage of his fare. But it was noticeable that, although he calmly persisted in speaking English and ignoring the voluble German of his antagonists, he, in some rude fashion, accomplished his object without losing his temper or increasing his temperature, while his foreign enemy was crimson with rage and perspiring with heat, and that presently, having violated a dozen of the ship's regulations, he took his place by the side of a very pretty girl, apparently his superior in station, who addressed him as "father." As the great ship swung out into the stream, he was still a central figure on our deck, getting into everybody's way, addressing all with equal familiarity, imperturbable to affront or snub, but always doggedly and consistently adhering to one purpose, however trivial or inadequate to the means employed. "You're sittin' on suthin' of mine, Mi...," he began for the third or fourth time to the elegant Miss Montmorris, who was revisiting Europe under high social conditions. "Jist rise up while I get it—'twont take a minit." Not only was that lady forced to rise, but to make necessary the rising and discomposing of the whole Montmorris party who were congregated around her. The missing "suthin" was discovered to be a very old and battered newspaper. "It's the Cincinnatty *Times*," he explained, as he quietly took it up, oblivious to the indignant glances of the party. "It's a little squashed by your sittin' on it, but it'll do to re-fer to. It's got a letter from Payris, showin' the prices o' them thar hotels and rist'rants, and I allowed to my darter we might want it on the other side. Thar's one or two French names thar that rather gets me—mebbee your eyes is stronger," but here the entire Montmorris party rustled away, leaving him with the paper in one hand—the other pointing at the paragraph. Not at all discomfited, he glanced at the vacant bench, took possession of it with his hat, duster and umbrella, then disappeared, and presently appeared again with his daughter, a lank-looking young man, and an angular elderly female, and so replaced the Montmorrises.

When we were fairly at sea he was missed. A pleasing belief that he had fallen overboard, or had been left behind, was dissipated by his appearance one morning, with his daughter on one arm, and the elderly female before referred to on the other. The Unser Fritz was rolling heavily at the time, but with his usual awkward pertinacity he insisted upon attempting to walk toward the best part of the deck, as he always did, as if it were a right and a duty. A lurch brought him and his uncertain freight in contact with the Montmorrises, there was a moment of wild confusion, two or three seats were emptied, and he was finally led away by the steward, an obviously and obtrusively sick man. But when he had disappeared below it was noticed that he had secured two excellent seats for his female companions. Nobody dared to disturb the elder, nobody cared to disturb the younger—who it may be here recorded had a certain shy reserve which checked aught but the simplest civilities from the masculine passengers.

A few days later it was discovered that he was not an inmate of the first, but of the second cabin; that the elderly female was not his wife as popularly supposed, but the room mate of his daughter in the first cabin. These facts made his various intrusions on the saloon deck the more exasperating to the Montmorrises, yet the more difficult to deal with. Eventually, however, he had, as usual, his own way; no place was sacred, or debarred his slouched hat and duster. They were turned out of the engine room to reappear upon the bridge; they were forbidden the forecastle, to rise a ghostly presence beside the officer in his solemn supervision of the compass. They would have been lashed to the rigging on their way to the maintop, but for the silent protest of his daughter's presence on the deck. Most of his interrupting familiar conversation was addressed to the interdicted "man at the wheel."

Hitherto I had contented myself with the fascination of his presence from afar, wisely, perhaps, deeming it dangerous to a true picturesque perspective to alter my distance, and perhaps, like the best of us, I fear, preferring to keep my own idea of him rather than to run the risk of altering it by a closer acquaintance. But one day when I was lounging by the stern rail, idly watching the dogged ostentation of the screw, that had been steadily intimating, after the fashion of screws, that it was the only thing in the ship with a persistent purpose, the ominous shadow of the slouched hat and the trailing duster fell upon me. There was nothing to do but accept it meekly. Indeed my theory of the man made me helpless.

"I didn't know till yesterday who you be," he began deliberately, "or I shouldn't hev been so onsocial. But I've always told my darter that in permiskiss trav'lin a man oughter be keerful of who he meets. I've read some of your writins—read 'em in a paper in Injianny, but I never reckoned I'd meet ye. Things is queer and trav'lin brings all sorter people together. My darter Loueze suspected ye from the first, and she worried over it, and kinder put me up to this."

The most delicate flattery could not have done more. To have been in the thought of this reserved, gentle girl, who scarcely seemed to notice even those who had paid her attention, was—

"She put me up to it," he continued, calmly, "though she, herself, hez a kind o'prejudise again you and your writins—thinking' them sort o' low down, and the folks talked about not in her style—and ye know that's woman's nater, and she and Miss Montmorris agree on that point. But thar's a few friends with me round yer ez would like to see ye." He stepped aside and a dozen men appeared in Indian file from behind the roundhouse, and with a solemnity known only to the Anglo-Saxon nature, shook my hand deliberately, and then dispersed themselves in various serious attitudes against the railings. They were honest, well meaning countrymen of mine, but I could not recall a single face.

There was a dead silence; the screw, however, ostentatiously went on; "You see what I told you," it said. "This is all vapidity and trifling. I'm the only fellow here with a purpose. Whiz, whiz, whiz; chug, chug, chug!"

I was about to make some remark of a general nature, when I was greatly relieved to observe my companion's friends detach themselves from the railings, and with a slight bow and another shake of the hand, severally retire, apparently as much relieved as myself. My companion, who had in the meantime acted as if he had discharged himself, of a duty, said; "Thar ollers must be some one to tend to this kind o' thing, or thar's no sociableness. I took a depyytation into the Cap'ns room yesterday to make some proppysitions, and thar's a minister of the gospel aboard as ought to be spoke to afore next Sunday, and I reckon it's my dooty, onless," he added, with deliberate and formal politeness, "you'd prefer to do it, bein', so to speak, a public man."

But the public man hastily deprecated any interference with the speaker's functions, and, to change the conversation, remarked that he had heard that there was a party of Cook's tourists on board, and—were not the preceding gentlemen of the number? But the question caused the speaker to lay aside his hat, take a comfortable position on the deck, against the rail, and drawing his knees up under his chin, to begin as follows:

"Speaking o' Cook and Cook's tourists, I'm my own Cook. I reckon I calklilate and know every cent that I'll spend twixt Evansville, Injianny, and Rome and Naples, and everything I'll see." He paused a moment, and laying his hand familiarly on my knee, said, "Did I ever tell ye how I kem to go abroad?"

As we had never spoken together before, it was safe to reply that he had not. He rubbed his head softly with his hand, knitted his iron gray brows, and then said meditatively, "No! it must hev been that head waiter. He sorter favors you in the musstache and gen'ral get up. I guess it was him I spoke to."

I thought it must have been.

"Well, then, this is the way it kem about. I was sittin' one night, about three months ago, with my darter Loueze—my wife bein' dead some four year—and I was reading to her out of the paper about the Exposition. She sez to me, quiet like—she's a quiet sort o' gal if you ever notissed her—'I should like to go thar.' I looks at her—it was the first time sense her mother died that that gal had ever asked for anything, or had, so to speak, a wish. It wasn't her way. She took everything ez it kem, and, durn my skin of I ever could tell whether she ever wanted it to kem in any other way. I never told ye this afore, did I?"

"No," I said hastily. "Go on."

He felt of his knees for a moment and then drew a long breath. "Perhaps," he began deliberately, "ye don't know that I'm a poor man. Seein' me here among these rich folks, goin' abroad to Paree with the best o' them, and Loueze thar—in the first cabin—a lady, ez she is—ye wouldn't believe it, but I'm poor! I am. Well, sir, when that gal looks up at me and sez that—I hadn't but twelve dollars in my pocket, and I ain't the durned fool that I look—but suthin' in me—suthin', you know, away back in me—sez you shall! Loo-ey, you shall! and then I sez—repeatin' it, and looking up right in her eyes—'You shall go, Loo-ey', did you ever look in my gal's eyes?"

I parried that somewhat direct question by another: "But the twelve dollars—how did you increase that?"

"I raised it to two hundred and fifty dollars. I got odd jobs o' work here and there, over-time—I'm a machinist. I used to keep this yer over-work from Loo—saying I had to see men in the evenin' to get pints about Europe—and that—and getting a little money raised on my life insurance, I shoved her through. And here we is. Chipper and first class—all through—that is, Loo is!"