

MURDERED BY MURPHY.

A LEAF FROM THE TEMPERANCE ORATOR'S EARLY LIFE.

Proprietor of a Disreputable Hotel in Portland, Maine, Where He Killed a Man in a Drunken Quarrel—Converted Through the Efforts of Capt. Sturdivant.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

PORTLAND, Maine, Aug. 30.—Once upon a time, Portland owned Francis Murphy—and wasn't at all proud of her possession. Late in the '60s he kept the New England house. It was a queer sort of hotel. There may be readers of this who were on the search for wild life, and who happened to be in Portland in those days: if so, they visited it. I won't describe it, except to say that it was a place that respectable people steered clear of.

Proprietor Murphy had some money, though not enough to sweeten his reputation. He had ability, energy, foresight enough to make him as famous then in one way as he has since been in another. Plain-spoken and honest to the verge of brutality, he had a rough-and-ready humor that made a magnificent accompaniment to a drinking bout. When the man was sober he owned a caustic wit that burned and blistered like vitriol. Drunk or sober, he had the temper of a devil. It wasn't easily roused, but when it was—everybody stand from under!

Imagine what a bugbear Murphy was to the good people of this Puritanic town!

There was a time, however, when neither the man nor his hotel was disreputable.

He was born in Wexford, Ireland, in 1836. When he was sixteen he came to this country, promising his mother that he would be a good boy. He wasn't. In New York he began to drink; went to Montreal and drank harder; finally hid himself on a farm in interior New York and there married a beautiful girl who clung to him and lifted him up. For several years he was a sober man and a happy one. Then some impulse moved him to come to this "prohibition" town, against the wish of his wife, and open a hotel. While he let run alone the New England house prospered. Unfortunately, he didn't leave it alone very long and the hotel and the man went down hill together.

Everybody said, "I told you so!" when, one morning, there flew over the city the news that Murphy was a murderer. Rum had done it. A drunken rum in his own hotel had ended in his throwing a man down stairs and breaking his neck.

I have no doubt that some of the goody-goody people secretly congratulated themselves, then, that the halter was around Murphy's neck.

It was not so to be. Murphy was tried and acquitted. He still kept on drinking, and soon wrought himself into such a state that in the interest of the public safety he was again sent to jail. The world looked very dark to him then. He had told me since, "I had lost everything I had in the world. When I went to jail, I had no money, no reputation, no friends outside my own family. I was in despair."

At this point, however, Murphy's best friend came upon the scene. Capt. Cyrus F. Sturdivant, who died in Dorchester, last year—was then conducting the Allan mission, on Locust street. His methods were very like those that the Salvation army has since made familiar. The captain had any amount of energy and a faith that would remove mountains. To get hold of a hard case, did his heart good. Day after day he plodded around through the slums, trying to reach wretched men and abandoned women, and when he once got hold of them he never let go. A part of his plan of rescue work included meetings at the jail. It was there that he first met Murphy.

"I always liked Murphy," said Capt. Sturdivant to me, ten years after the time I speak of. "The man was thoroughly honest, in his way, even when he was at his worst. When he felt that his habits had made him the cause of another's death, his heart was very nearly broken. The law refused to touch him, but he had an idea, I think, that the best thing he could do would be to drink himself out of existence as soon as possible. He couldn't realize, for a long time, that there was mercy for him. He had taken hold of himself then and looked himself squarely in the face and he concluded that no fate could be too cruel for him."

To make a long story short, Murphy was converted under Capt. Sturdivant's ministrations. Before he left the jail he converted every other prisoner. Then he started on the great and successful work that he has since carried on.

His first temperance lecture was given in Portland City hall, on the evening of April 3, 1873. That very night he received more than 60 applications to lecture in other places!

In the last conversation I had with Capt. Sturdivant, he happened to speak of Murphy and another Allan mission convert, very similar in personal disposition, who is now Rev. S. F. Pearson. "We can never

be too grateful," he said, "that those two men were turned into the right way. They had the capacity to be great sinners or great saints. They would never have stopped at any half-way house on the road to hell or heaven. Just think of how many thousands they have saved! I call Pearson my Boanerges, and Murphy—why, Murphy is a dozen John B. Goughs rolled into one!" C. L. E.

WHERE IS MY LITTLE GIRL?

The Strange Question of a Saloon Visitor—His Story.

Was he mad with grief, or was he a lunatic?

That is the question that the frequenters of a King square bar-room have been asking themselves, ever since Tuesday night.

That evening, while a half-dozen of them were passing the bottle back and forth, a stranger entered. He was gaunt and gray, wan and wild, a long coat buttoned up to the neck, and clutched in one hand a disreputable glove. When he came in his eye swept over the lunch-counter, but he took nothing from it. The first warning the group at the end of the bar had of his presence was conveyed by the inquiry, made in a sepulchral tone of voice, "Have any of you seen my little girl?"

"What little girl?" the bar-tender asked.

Then the stranger entered into a long circumstantial account of his own life. He was an Irish gentleman. Coming to this country, a wild lad, he married an actress in Baltimore, and travelled over the continent with her company. A child was born to them in 1883. The wife, whose Bohemian instincts hampered her every movement, neglected that child, and the father was left to attend to it. The man and the baby grew very close to each other. In 1886, however, when the father's income was practically cut off by the Irish rent troubles, the actress-wife showed her hand. She had married for money. When it failed to be forthcoming, she used every means to harass the man whom she had sworn to love, honor and obey. Finally, she stole away his little daughter. He thought the child had been brought to St. John. Therefore, he was here.

The melancholy visitor described his baby. No one had seen her. He should search until he found her, he said.

Movements of Hon. Speaker Noyes.

Hon. Charles J. Noyes, speaker of the Massachusetts legislature, has been making a visit to St. John for the second time this season. On his first visit he left his wife and two daughters to enjoy the hospitality of the Dufferin and The Ferns, Mr. Jones' summer residence at the Bay shore. The speaker made a visit to Fredericton and returned on Wednesday. On Wednesday evening he and his family were the guests of Hon. James Holly, and Thursday was spent at The Ferns. The party returned to Boston by the Flying Yankee yesterday. Speaker Noyes has some work ahead of him. Tomorrow night he will start for Cleveland, O., in company with James G. Blaine, to do missionary work for the Republican party. Returning a week or two later they will proceed to Kansas. Speaker Noyes has seen service in every campaign for the last fifteen years. During the Garfield campaign, in 1880, he spent six weeks in campaign work in North Carolina and Florida.

He Wasn't a Priest.

E. J. Hodgson, Q. C., of Prince Edward Island, is one of the ablest lawyers in Canada. He is a fluent speaker, and a very agreeable and entertaining conversationalist. He visited St. John and Fredericton this week, and most every one who saw him took him for a visiting clergyman. His face was clean shaven and his garments were of that peculiar clerical cut. He is a very high churchman, report says, and the mistake is not unfrequent. This week's counsel is a great smoker. The writer saw him three times in one day, and upon each occasion he was puffing contentedly upon a huge Havana, the aroma of which made life worth living.

Timothy Cusick's Subscription.

Timothy Cusick's residence on Sydney street had a very narrow escape from being burned at the recent fire, during the progress of which the owner was beside himself almost and repeatedly encouraged and appealed to the firemen to save his property. A few days later some generous gentlemen who had property in that vicinity proposed a supper to the firemen and liberal subscriptions were put down at once. Timothy was asked to subscribe. He gave \$1 and broke a \$3 bill to make the change.

That Marks the Difference.

"How to tell a domestic cigar from an imported one?" repeated a dealer after PROGRESS. "I ought not to give it away, but seeing it's you I will. The customs label on a box of domestic cigars is always printed in black ink, while the label on an imported box is light blue in color. Put it in PROGRESS if you want to, but don't say I told you."

CARING FOR OUR POOR.

HOW THE \$8,000 GRANT WILL BE SPENT.

Some Idea of the Repairs and Their Progress—The Inmates May Be Furnished With Poor House Garments and Cleanliness Ensured.

The repairs on the Alms house are progressing rapidly, the contractors work being about finished. The large building which is to be used as a wash house and carpenter shop has been erected and now awaits a gravel roof and some finishing. The floors of the wards in the main building, which were in many cases worn through the boards, have been torn up and the plaster on the walls and ceilings removed. In putting these rooms in order again the commission is doing away with woodwork as much as possible, and making other changes that will tend to keep the rooms clean. When the rooms are fitted up for occupation, all the old beds will be destroyed and the better ones of them thoroughly cleaned and painted. Only the best bedding now in use will be placed in the wards again and this will first undergo a cleaning process. The inmates of the institution will also be looked after before entering their new quarters and the commission is now talking of furnishing them with regular suits, which will be made by contract and would in future be supplied to every one entering the institution. If this plan is carried out a steaming room will be furnished in the new building, where the clothes of the new comers will be put through a process and afterwards kept until they leave the house. The commission are aiming at having the place and inmates kept as clean as possible and although this will be quite a task, they hope to make a great change for the better in this respect.

The old wooden structure in front of the main building has been removed and besides making room for a garden will greatly improve the appearance of that part of the main building.

The large barn has been moved back about 80 feet and an addition will be built to it to give more barn room.

Commissioners Manchester, Knodell, Knight, and Hilyard and the secretary, Mr. Wetmore, visited the institution Wednesday morning, and inspected the work. They also made arrangements with Mr. Mooney to have the work of repairing the southern wing and a few other parts of the building done by the day. The greater part of the end of the southern wing will have to be rebuilt and a new roof put on. All the carpenter work is being done by the day and the plastering done at so much per yard.

The commissioners expect to have all the repairs finished by the last of October. It is a long time since such a change was brought about in connection with the alms house, and should it be made much more comfortable and inviting the building would have to be enlarged every year.

A New Firm's Card.

Messrs. Barnes & Murray, whose intention to start a new dry goods store was noted in PROGRESS a short time ago, have issued the following card to the public:

We announce with pleasure to our friends and the public that we have taken the premises, No. 17 Charlotte street, and intend opening on or about September 8th for the sale of staple and fancy dry goods.

During our long experience in this city, we have acquired a thorough knowledge of the requirements of this branch of the trade. Our stock is new and fashionable, and consistent prices will be a noticeable feature in our business. We shall give particular attention to the fancy work trade, and hope, by studious attention to business, to merit a portion of your favors.

Respectfully yours,
BARNES & MURRAY.

Mr. Barnes is son of the late Mr. Joseph M. Barnes, and has for the past three years held a responsible position in a large Montreal warehouse, having been employed previous to that in the London retail. Mr. Murray has been for nearly ten years with Daniel & Boyd and was lately the manager of their retail store.

The Lawn Tennis Tournament.

The annual tournament of the St. John Lawn Tennis club will be held on the grounds, Chipman's field, on the 16th, 17th and 18th instants. It is being eagerly looked forward to of course, as several cities will send their most skillful representatives and endeavor to capture the champion-hip. The tournaments have been great successes here and the same good play and attendance is anticipated this year. On these days the fairest of St. John's girls assemble and carry off the palm for grace and loveliness. Fredericton and Halifax will be represented and possibly other towns.

Where to Get It.

Flour and feed, and everything in that line, is advertised today by Messrs. R. & F. S. Finley, Sydney street. This firm makes it a point to get the output of the best mills, and to give it to the people at the best prices.

INCREASING EVERY DAY.

The Opera House Stock Being Rapidly Taken Up—A Meeting Tuesday Evening.

Energetic and systematic effort always effects something. A notable example of this is the success which has attended the canvass for stock subscriptions to the opera house. There are few men who do not like some kind of theatrical amusement and in most cases they are willing to aid any such work as the new opera house to the extent of their ability. The citizens so far have responded well to the calls upon them and the indications at present point to a complete stock list in a short time. The scoffers who devoted their leisure to circulating damaging statements about the site must have taken a spare hour and looked at the plans and the proposed situation for now nothing of the sort is heard. It seems to be accepted that the Dockhill property is the best available site in the city for the new building—in fact the stock has been subscribed upon that understanding and the question is no longer open for discussion.

A meeting of the stockholders is called for next Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at President A. O. Skinner's warehouses, King street. Now that the interest of the citizens is awakened and more than \$10,000 worth of stock subscribed, the attendance should be large. It is said that the directorate will be altered and the new body will, it is to be hoped, be all active energetic men. Much of the success of the venture depends upon it. Once established the opera house should pay and no business like or unpopular methods should be laid at the management's door. Many of the special and heavy expenditures which attend the coming of every company at present should be reduced to contract prices with the new management. Everything should be conducted with the taste of the public in view, and if the right men are in the right place the money in the opera house should pay at least six per cent. But honest and capable management are required.

A further list of subscribers is appended:

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|------------------------|--------------------|
| 51—W. L. Harding, | 76—R. A. Payne. |
| 52—C. M. Gaudet, | 77—A. E. DeForest. |
| 53—W. Magee, | 78—W. A. R. Allan. |
| 54—Geo. C. Weldon, | 79—D. Churchill. |
| 55—C. Noble, | 80—E. S. Skinner. |
| 56—F. A. Murray, | 81—F. A. Groves. |
| 57—R. M. Barb, | 82—F. H. Miles. |
| 58—H. P. Wetmore, | 83—W. Striling. |
| 59—Joseph Taylor, | 84—F. A. Estey. |
| 60—F. W. Roach, | 85—W. Robb. |
| 61—T. W. Carpenter, | 86—F. A. Linton. |
| 62—H. N. Gentes, | 87—W. Ritchie. |
| 63—Morven L. Harrison, | 88—E. S. Hatfield. |
| 64—Wm. H. Murray, | 89—C. S. Schmidt. |
| 65—Wm. Finly, | 90—T. Littlejohn. |
| 66—F. A. Gaudet, | 91—W. B. Ganong. |
| 67—E. B. Nixon, | 92—A. Hunter. |
| 68—E. E. Mott, | 93—J. Magee. |
| 69—Frank Pittfield, | 94—N. Scudling. |
| 70—H. N. Gentes, | 95—E. Barber. |
| 71—G. Wetmore Merritt, | 96—R. Blackhall. |
| 72—E. A. Goodwin, | 97—E. J. McEvoy. |
| 73—Chas. D. Corey, | 98—H. L. Munk. |
| 74—G. W. Campbell, | 99—A. McInnis. |
| 75—Wm. Cummings, | 100—E. Benton. |
| 76—H. C. Cooper. | |

They Do Sound Alike.

Oh my! Conductor, con—due—tor! Is this Westfield?" and a frantic-appearing, middle-aged passenger thrust her head out of the window.

"Yes, madam."

"Oh dear me! Come, Maria. Come, Jane. Be quick. Bring all the parcels. I've got the valise. Bring my parasol and the lunch basket, and my gossamer, and Jane, don't forget your own things. Just to think, and I was almost asleep!"

By this time the lady was on the car platform, when with a rush and a bound she reached the station platform, as the conductor sang out, "All aboard!"

"Wasn't your ticket to Welsford?" he asked.

"Yes. Yes. Isn't this Welsford?"

"No. It's Westfield."

One frantic grab at the slowly-passing rail, and puffing, panting, but voiceless and subdued, the woman found her daughters and her seat again. When she recovered she was too mad to talk.

Accidents Will Happen.

The best of men will sometimes make mistakes—even an Italian count with a street piano and fortune-telling birds. Saturday night, the company which is honoring the city with its presence was in full blast. Everybody was peering into the past, present and future through the medium of a very green and sleepy-looking canary. The thing was a grand success until a small boy paid his five cents, and got an envelope containing a "fortune" that predicted a very prosperous future for a married woman.

Brick Buildings Replace Wood.

Messrs. Dockhill propose erecting a brick building as soon as possible upon the site of the one destroyed by fire. The people in that vicinity will be glad to learn this and it may be noted that it removes many strong objections which have been made to the choice of the site adjacent for an opera house.

The Sale of "Progress."

Joseph Irvine, for the first time since he sold PROGRESS, went by the 500 mark last week, and captured first prize. McCarthy was close upon his heels, however, and secured second money. Stanton came to the fore and won the third prize. The street sale eclipsed all previous records, being 2,006 papers.

GOOD BYE, ST. SWITHIN!

YOU HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE WEATHER.

Although Some People Think You do—Facts and Figures From Our Weather Sage Prove the Contrary—Let the Superstition Die.

"What has St. Swithin to do with the weather, anyway?"

"Don't you know that St. Swithin's day is the 15th of July, and that if rain falls on that day it will more or less every day for the next forty days?"

This fragment of conversation between two ladies caught the ear of one of the iconoclasts of PROGRESS. He was painfully alive to the fact that St. John has had more than its share of rain and fog for the last six or seven weeks, and if this was due to St. Swithin, the saint—like a personage who is not a saint—should have his due. The best authority on the subject (rain, not saints) is Mr. Gilbert Murdoch, who knows more about bad weather and good weather than any man in the country. To him the iconoclast hastened.

"I don't know anything about St. Swithin, except that I believe he is dead," was the remark of the weather sage. "I can tell you about the July weather, however, if that is all you want. How far back do you want to go. Half a century?"

Not quite so far, the iconoclast thought. Let us see what the showing is since 1880.

A big book was brought out and its big pages covered with figures and hieroglyphics showed the following facts:

Rain fell on July 15th, 1884. It was one of the days included in a rainfall of 41 hours, and the summer of that year was the wettest on record. The rainfall for July alone was 9¼ inches. Despite of all these circumstances in favor of the St. Swithin theory rain fell on only nineteen of the 40 days following the 15th.

Rain fell on the 15th in 1885, and it was present on thirteen of the next 40 days. The next year had a wet St. Swithin's day, and rain fell on nineteen of the 40 days following.

No rain fell on the 15th of July, 1887, but it did fall on nineteen of the 40 days following.

What about this year?

Well, no rain fell here on July 15th this year, though plenty of people think it did. It began to rain between 2 and 5 a. m. on the 16th and every one knows what the weather has been since then. As a matter of fact, however, rain has been recorded on only nineteen of the 40 days following the 15th. The rest of the bad weather has been fog with occasional showers when the precipitation was not worth measurement.

It would seem to be a pretty good theory that rain will fall on not more than nineteen of the 40 days following the 15th of July, whether rain falls on that day or not.

"Do you know of any year in which rain fell for 40 consecutive days?" asked the iconoclast of the sage.

"There was one year, but I cannot give the date without hunting it up. Perhaps you can fix it by an event which took place. It was the year the ark was built."

Swithin, who was King Alfred's tutor has been dead for the last 1026 years. His bones lay where he wanted his grave until they were removed to be placed in a more imposing tomb on July 15, 971. It was then that he is said to have shown his displeasure by sending a deluge. Those who place faith in the superstition lose sight of the fact that the 15th of July, old style, would be the 26th of July in the style of today.

If the subject were worth the trouble of research, it would probably be found that rain had fallen upon a larger number of July and August days in years when St. Swithin's day was dry than in years when it was wet.

There is a Lesson in It.

A city lady lost her purse Wednesday evening, coming from the ferry boat. She did not advertise it though it contained quite an amount of money, trusting to the fact that within it was her card, and if the person who found it was honest the property would be returned. Thursday morning a gentleman doing business in that vicinity was politely requested by a foreign captain to tell him whose name was on a bit of pasteboard. He did so and the property was restored at once to the owner.

Will be the Best Yet.

The Gripsack for September will devote considerable space to the interests of the commercial traveller, but not to the exclusion of interesting matter relating to other phases of travel. Among other features of interest will be an excellent portrait of Fred Birks, president of the Dominion Association. Beginning with this month, The Gripsack will be enlarged to 80 pages, and it is probable another enlargement will take place before the snow flies.

Turn About is Fair Play.

The congregation of the Baptist church, Carleton, listened last Sunday morning to an excellent discourse by Rev. Ingram Bill. In the evening Rev. "Bill" Ingram preached.

THEIR FIRST JOURNEY TOGETHER.

Billing and Cooling in the Passenger Car of a Local Express.

The tone of the following communication is somewhat amusing, considering that the writer is a popular and good-looking bachelor who seldom airs any grievances—indeed, it is doubtful if he has any to air:

"I was comfortably seated," he writes, "a few evenings ago in the rear car of a local express train. It contained more passengers than usual, most of whom appeared middle-aged, respectable, well-to-do people. There were two exceptions who proved amusing, annoying, exasperating and, if I must speak truth, disgusting, before my journey ended.

"She was young—about 21—and very pretty, almost beautiful. He was a sturdy, handsome fellow of 25, who had lots of dash, energy and good nature in his face. They occupied a rear seat and the only passenger who faced them was myself. The other passengers consulted their own comfort and rode facing the locomotive. Before ten minutes had passed I knew that a married couple a few hours old were before me and it was with a good deal of interest that I speculated upon their probable happiness and unhappiness. Indeed, absorbed in this musing and building imaginary castles about the couple, I did not note their actions for a time.

"I was aroused by the nervous, jerking act of a little old man, who sat upon the cross seat behind them, reading a newspaper. All at once he threw the sheet down, raised his glasses, and peered forward with a fiendish look upon his face. The newly-married couple were actually indulging in the fancied security of the passengers' backs and were kissing each other!

"Now, I don't object to such a performance. I never did, and I fancy there could be less said about a man kissing his wife, except in an open car. I couldn't blame the old man. How could he read his news paper—such a commonplace occupation—when a pretty woman and a handsome man were billing and cooling, unconscious of his presence, not a yard away?"

"To make a long story short, all the passengers soon knew what was going on. Several couldn't bear it. They left the car, and fought with mad laughter in the baggage apartment. But the ladies! Poor things! They had to remain, and feel that something quite out of the way was going on. I became quite nervous, and all my castles fell to the ground. Why should they make such unconscious fools of themselves! It was fortunate they were strangers. Some one said they came from Halifax. At any rate, I know one who saw that some who is several degrees farther removed from matrimony."

Are We Unappreciative.

"Oh Look! Father. Harry Look! They're falling up."

The speaker stood upon the rear platform of the Fredericton train as it was crossing the Cantilever bridge, and his excited calls brought a kindly faced gentleman and his son out of the car at once. They looked upon the smooth placid waters 100 feet below—it was slack tide—and their faces expressed nothing but wonderment and astonishment.

Several natives on the platform were amused and for a time puzzled by the expression "they're falling up," but at last they realized what was meant and began to discuss their indifference to what the American gentlemen thought so strange.

And from this arises the question: Do we appreciate the sights about us?

An Indication of the Times.

"August is one of our dullest months in stores. The people do not think then of fall and winter, and the sale is correspondingly slack. But looking over my books, yesterday, and comparing this month with that of 1887, I find the sale increased 50 per cent. Yes, I think times are improving." That's what a stove merchant says.

Be Prepared to Shave Yourself.

"Since the Sunday shaving law went into force, a good many of my daily customers try to shave themselves on Sunday, and as a rule their smarting, cut faces remind them of the operation for days. They are used to having their faces cared for when shaved here, and because they have no wash at home they suffer considerably, and take the rest of the week to get in shape again. The washes I prepare will remedy all this. Scores of men who shave themselves come to me regularly for their 'face wash,' which is put up in any sized bottles they desire. The prices are moderate, and once used, they won't do without them. Many men who never patronize a barber-shop would pay willingly for a good wash, if they could get it. I prepare the best used and guarantee satisfaction. The same with head washes, which keep the scalp clean and the hair soft."

Let everybody who would be comfortable follow the above advice and call upon D. J. McIntyre, the King street barber saloon opposite the Royal.—Advt.