

TALE OF TURKISH GUILE.

The Means Taken by Consuls of the Sultan of Turkey to Secure Their Pay.

The recall of Ali Ferrough Bey, the Turkish Minister at Washington, and the recent transfer of Mundji Bey, Consul-General of Turkey at New York, to The Hague, are involved in a tale of characteristic Turkish intrigue. Three years ago Mundji Bey succeeded Chepik Bey as Consul-General at New York. Since his transfer the business of the consulate has been temporarily attended to by Sidky Bey, secretary of the Turkish legation, pending the arrival of Aziz Bey, who has been appointed as his successor. There are several Turkish Consuls in other States but they are simply honorary officers, and only the Consul General in New York receives a salary, which amounts to forty Turkish pounds a month, or about \$200. There are also the fees received from issuing passports and the consular fees on shipments of goods to Turkey, all of which go into the pocket of the Consul-General.

Mundji Bey, during his stay in this city, found himself on more than one occasion in need of ready cash, for what with the neglect of the Sultan to pay his salary for months at a time and his expensive habits he found his consular fees inadequate to pay expenses. It was a blow to his dignity to be compelled finally to give up his apartments in the Waldorf-Astoria and seek the retreat of a bedroom in West Thirty-second street. About this time, it is alleged, he took measures to get the back pay due him.

According to the story told he approached J. M. Maloof, proprietor of Al-Ayam an Arabic paper published in the city, and the organ of the Young Turkey party in the United States, and pretended that he was a reformer and was going to resign his office as Consul General and throw himself heart and soul into the Young Turkey movement. He said he intended to establish a reform paper, to be published in the Turkish language and to be called Inkiraz which means 'decay.' It was to contain articles by the arch enemies of the Sultan. He even made a contract with Mr. Maloof to print this paper. In the meantime, to show just what kind of matter he was going to publish, he said that he was in possession of several articles written about the Sultan by a former student of the Imperial College in Constantinople, whose name was Ghalib Raschad Bey, who had been tortured in prison for his reformist utterances, but had escaped to the United States and was residing in Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Maloof at first believed Mundji Bey to be a spy of the Sultan's who wanted to gain information as to the doings of the young Turkey party, but the articles given him for publication, which were presumably written by Ghalib Raschad Bey, were so antagonistic to the Sultan's rule and so far exceeded in violence anything previously published in Al-Ayam that they were printed in that paper to the delight of its readers. In response to a request by Mr. Maloof to be introduced to Ghalib Raschad Bey, Mundji Bey explained that he alone knew of Ghalib's whereabouts and he alone handled his articles, and that Ghalib, fearing the Sultan's spies, had sworn him to secrecy. This seemed so reasonable an excuse for Ghalib's non-appearance in New York that Mr. Maloof's suspicions that Ghalib was a myth was set at rest and he was also convinced that Mundji Bey was not a spy, but a bona fide reformer.

Now here is where Ali Ferrough Bey comes into the story. As is known, Ali Ferrough Bey was recalled from Washington some years ago by the Sultan after occupying the high post of Minister of the United States for one year. He had been accused of permitting gambling in the apartments of the legation, whereby members of the British legation had lost considerable sums of money, thus compromising the dignity of the Sultan. He had no hope of returning to Washington, and being afraid of being punished by the Sultan as soon as he arrived in Constantinople he got up a scheme to avert the Sultan's anger.

Ali Ferrough Bey, like Mundji Bey, possesses great literary ability and is known as an author in Turkey. One of his works is a war drama entitled 'Hochank,' the scene of which is laid in Turkestan, which describes the exploits of the Tartar rulers prior to the founding of the Ottoman Empire. When he reached Paris, on his way home in disgrace, he published a historical drama entitled 'Karbala,' which referred to the imprisonment of Sultan Murad V. by his cruel brother, who usurped the throne. In heroic language he professed against the shame and misery

heaped upon Murad V. during the twenty-five years of captivity, and called that nation cowardly people who would not avenge such wrongs on the rightful ruler. Of course the names of the characters were not those of the Sultans, Abdul Hamid II, and Murad V., but no one could mistake the allusions.

A copy of the drama found its way to the Sultan, and Ali Ferrough Bey, being interrogated by his master, said that his drama was simply a story and didn't mean anything in particular. The drama was a veiled hint to the Sultan that unless the author was restored to favor he would infallibly go over to the young Turkey party and devote all his energies to the cause of reform. The Sultan saw the hint, and needing all the friends he could get sent Ali Ferrough Bey back to Washington as Minister as before. He further commissioned his representative to watch the Young Turkey party in the country and gave him a considerable sum of money to suppress Al-Ayam by bribery, and if possible discover who Ghalib Raschad Bey was, for the articles published in Al-Ayam had been sent him by his spies on this side of the Atlantic.

When Ali Ferrough Bey had returned to Washington he sent for Mundji Bey to inquire about Ghalib Raschad Bey. Mundji Bey agreed to find Ghalib and suppress him, if paid for doing so. Receiving a sum of money he confessed that he was the author of the articles in question and that he had written them because his salary was not forthcoming. Ali Ferrough Bey laughed to find Mundji Bey playing his old trick. Mundji Bey soon after this left his lodgings in West Thirty-second street and once more took up his abode in the Waldorf-Astoria. He explained that he had made a large sum of money in Wall Street.

But still Mundji Bey was not satisfied, for he had still his claim against the Sultan for arrears of salary. About this time somebody here brought a quantity of revolvers, packed them as simple lots in several boxes, and in each box placed a letter addressed to a mythical personage purporting to come from a revolutionary agent in this country asking for further instructions. The boxes were sent to Smyrna and other places. About the time they arrived Mundji Bey sent telegrams to the Sultan and minister of war in Constantinople saying he had discovered a gigantic conspiracy against the Sultan and that boxes of revolvers had been shipped to certain places. The Sultan, finding upon inquiry that the revolvers had actually been sent, telegraphed his thanks to Mundji Bey as a loyal subject and sent him all arrears of salary and a honorarium besides. Mundji Bey, pushing his advantage, sent the Sultan a bill for hire of detectives, personal expenses in discovering the plot, etc., which was duly paid.

All this story having come to the knowledge of Mr. Maloof, from spies of the Young Turkey party here, he felt it was his duty to inform the Sultan of what was going on, particularly as he suspected again that he had been hoodwinked by Mundji Bey who had used his journal, Al-Ayam, to further his own ends. Letters were therefore sent to the Sultan describing the conduct of Ali Ferrough Bey and Mundji Bey, with the result that both of them have been recalled. Ali Ferrough Bey has been indulging in hopes that he might still be permitted to remain in Washington, but the appointment of Chakib Bey as his successor has dispelled them, and he has doubtless by this time resigned his post.

THE VOYAGE OF THE HOSTILIUS.

A Muleteer's Diary of a Return Trip From South Africa.

On July 31 the British ship Hostilius sailed from New Orleans with a cargo of 1,000 mules for South Africa. In addition to the regular crew there were fifty-two muleteers in the personnel of the ship's company. A majority of these men were from New Orleans, and not a few of them were from good families, who signed the agreement a return passage was guaranteed, and plenty of fun was looked forward to even should it be purchased at the price of hard work. Among those who shipped was Alva Holbrook, a young man who served in the Spanish-American war, and a rollicking young fellow who is always alive for any adventure. Another who took passage was L. G. Sheen, a son of a local drayman. Sheen went out as one of the three foremen of the muleteers, while Holbrook agreed to do his share of

all the rough work and be simply a muleteer, or one of 'Toby's nurses' as they were called. The story of the voyage is best told by Holbrook, who kept an interesting diary of the happenings, and who arrived in New Orleans last week on the German ship Karthago. With the help of the diary a connected story was obtained of the travels of the muleteers and their return to New Orleans.

'When we left there,' said Holbrook yesterday, 'we were under orders for Cape Town, where we were to receive further orders. There was little of interest on the trip. Our duties were to feed, water and generally tend the mules. Our food was coarse, but we had plenty of it. It consisted chiefly of curry, rice, stew, coffee and 'salt horses.' About the only sensation on the trip was that one mule fell through three hatches. When he was fished out he was as sound as any one of the lot. We were very lucky with the mules. We only lost eight of the lot on the trip. At Cape Town we anchored in Table Bay, and we were only there for four hours when we were ordered to East London. It was at London that we unloaded the mules, and our duties as muleteers were practically at an end. Returning, we arrived in St. Vincent Sept. 24, and three days later left for Key West, where we were to receive further orders. We never reached Key West. It was on that trip that we met with the accident that had us tossing about for fifteen days without enough to eat and not knowing just how long the hardship would last. To be accurate, it was Oct. 2 that the propeller shaft split and the Hostilius was a hopeless and helpless wreck. At the time we were 750 miles from Barbados, the nearest port. Fortunately, there was little or no sea running at the time, and the break must have resulted from some flaw in the big shaft. However, an examination revealed that repair was impossible and we were helpless.

'As soon as the accident happened we were put on half rations and an effort was made to proceed under sail. Some sails were bent and others were made out of tarpaulins. We had floated about for seven days when the captain called us to the bridge and made a speech. In effect, it was that we were far out of the course of both sailing and steam vessels, and that since the accident we had made only 170 miles in seven days. This distance was made in the first few days. As a matter of fact, we had scarcely moved for a considerable time. He said that he had arrived at the conclusion that the only way help could be had was by the launching of a small boat. He would send his first officer, Mr. Applegate, and two able seamen who had volunteered. At that time L. G. Sheen promptly volunteered to be one of the party, and he was accepted.

'As the little party went over the side into the little yawl they were wished God-speed and heartily cheered. Seven days' provisions were sent with the brave little party, and the long journey to Barbados began. It took them just six days to reach the harbor of Barbados. Providentially there was no stormy weather, and as they sailed alongside the British ship Indefatigable the little party and the little craft were none the worse for wear. The situation was quickly explained to the master of the British ship, and within eighteen hours the disabled Hostilius was taken in tow and was heading bravely under the powerful escort for the harbor of Barbados.

'This speedy rescue was not entirely due to the prompt action of the Indefatigable. When the little yawl left the disabled steamer with her brave little crew the breeze freshened and within four days after the leaving of the yawl the steamer sailed 300 miles. It had taken seven days to drift 170 miles, and this improved condition gave us all new hope. Then again we were cheered shortly after leaving the yawl by sighting a sailing vessel, the Petunia of Nova Scotia. She supplied us with some sorely needed stores, and we were all in the best of spirits when the Indefatigable sighted us the evening of Oct. 16. She stood off until morning when they were taken in tow and brought to Barbados, which port we reached Oct. 18.

'From Barbados we were given passage to New Orleans on the German steamer Karthago. In this luck was with us again, for the Karthago only touched Barbados by chance. She had picked up the wreck of a sailing vessel, and made Barbados as the most convenient port. She was bound for New Orleans, and we were given the passage. I understand that the German made a handsome thing in salvage on the sailing vessel, and as the passage of the muleteers was paid, the visit to Barbados was a decidedly profitable one.

'At Barbados a pompous-looking negro interviewed several of us for a local paper. The story he published was a dream. He told in glowing headlines of a wreck of a ship with a cargo of fifty mules and mule-

teers mixed, but as a matter of fact, the whole horror of the story as it appeared in the paper he represented was that a cargo of fifty mules had been wrecked.'

TOLD BY THE OLD CIRCUS MAN.
The Great Giant in a Novel Contest With a Local Champion.

'As I have told you before,' said the old circus man, 'the old man, the grand boss of all the show, was forever on the lookout, wherever we went, for a chance to enter our giant, the greatest of all giants, in some sort of competitive exhibition, in which the stupendous proportions and the enormous capacities of this truly colossal specimen of the genius homo would be emphasized by contrasting him in some manner with men of ordinary stature.

'But it kept the old man busy finding things for the giant to do, because we didn't like to repeat too much. We discovered new things all the time, if we could and when we could, things that were for some reasons or other peculiarly of local interest. Of course the old man always read with the greatest care the local newspapers of the towns to which the show was coming. He got no end of hints from them, and one day he says to me in the office of a hotel where we were sitting handing me over a newspaper as he spoke.

'Cephas, what do you think of that?' 'What he called my attention to in this paper was a challenge to a pie-eating contest issued by a local champion named S. Puntarch von Boozington, which I thought then, and I've always thought since, was one of the oddest names I ever came across. This pleased the old man greatly. It was something new and different and unusual, a thing in which our man would shine all the more, and while it was a challenge to all comers there was in it a particular defi to the pie eaters of some two or three neighboring counties, who would be sure to come with crowds of friends to spread the fame of the giant and incidentally of the show. So the old man went around right away and saw Mr. Von Boozington, entered his unknown and put up the money for him for the contest, which was to be a sweepstakes, the match to come off on the following day, the day of the circus.

'Ten o'clock in the morning was the hour set, and I suppose we might safely say that none of the contestants had eaten breakfast that day; they would break their fast on pie. There were five of them there, altogether, when we came up; the local champion, Von Boozington, three men from other places, and one other man besides Von Boozington from the local town. They were to eat from a long wooden table like a sort of picnic table, that they'd got set up in an open lot right next to the circus lot. They had pies stacked up in six piles, for the six contestants; and the five were all there, with the starter, scorers, and timekeeper and judge, and everything all ready, waiting only for the unknown entry from the circus, but they didn't have to wait long for him. The old man brought him over on time to the minute.

'You might have thought that when the others saw what sort of man the unknown was they'd all have skipped, but they didn't, only one man gave up, that was the other local man; but Von Boozington and the three visitors stayed in. Some of them perhaps, because they liked to be seen in grand company, some because they thought to themselves that the battle was not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift—there was a chance to win. Puntarch, certainly, who turned out to be a very nice sort of a chap, and an able man too, in spite of his odd name, figured these chances out, and really saw a possibility of winning as against the giant. You see the giant had a much longer distance to reach for his pies, down to the table—all the contestants ate standing—and then a much longer distance to carry them up to his mouth than the others had, all this taking time. Not much, to be sure, but some, and no end of things might happen besides. So Von Boozington went in with an actual hope to win.

'But my eskes! there never was a minute when Von Boez or any of the rest of them had the remotest sort of a chance to win. The giant made no mistake, and he did not forget. He was a polite man, the giant, and he let the others, all four of them, get ahead of him at first. They had one feature in this match that I never saw in a pie eating match before or since. Not one in ten of the people that wanted to see it could get near enough to see it actually. So they had sort of an announcer, who called off at short intervals the number of minutes elapsed, and the number of pies eaten so far by each contestant. And at a short time after the match opened the local champion Von Boozington was well ahead with the giant next, and the others scattering. At the next call the giant had closed up some, but Von Booz was still the leader, and the people cheered wildly; but gracious me! Why the giant could

eat, you know, more pies than all of them put together, and this you understand without any hurrying or anything of that sort, but just in his common regular orderly method of eating. The next call in fact showed him pies ahead, and he won in a nibble.

'Then the old man did what he always did in a case of this kind. He returned the stakes; betting on the giant in anything like this was betting on a sure thing, and the old man didn't believe in that besides he'd get out of the tree ad, that the match gave us a good deal more than the stakes amounted to. So he just invites all four of the ex-champions to come and sit together in a body at the show, and he starts himself for our next show town, to think up something new.

Dizziness and Nausea

CAUSED BY OVER-STUDY AND CLOSE CONFINEMENT.

How a Popular School Teacher Suffered—And How Acting on a Friend's Advice She Tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and Was Restored to Health and Strength.

'About the most thorough and popular teacher we have ever had here,' is the opinion expressed by the people of Canaan, N. S., of their present young lady school teacher, Miss Nellie Cutten. Miss Cutten is possessed of keen intelligence and engaging manners, and has been peculiarly successful in her chosen profession. At present she looks the picture of health, and one observing her good color and buoyant spirits, would never think of associating her with sickness. It was, however, only last autumn that she was almost hopeless of continuing in her work on account of her ill-health, and her condition was a source of alarm to her friends.

'Yes,' she said to an Acadian reporter who called upon her recently to learn the particulars of her case, 'I suppose it is a duty I owe to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, that I should make public the wonders they worked for me, but perhaps I would not have thought of it if you had not called.'

'You see, in addition to my teaching, I had been studying very hard over my 'B' work, and then I was attacked with whooping cough, which did not leave me for a long time, and so I became pretty well run down. I was always considered the embodiment of health at home, but last autumn I was really alarmed over my condition. Sometimes in the schoolroom I would be seized with dizziness, and often I would faint away. I would take vomiting turns also, and had a feeling of nausea and languor all the time. I lost my color and became thin and pale, and it seemed as if my blood had turned to water.

'This condition of things was so different from anything which I had previously experienced that I sought medical advice at once. I was informed that I was suffering from anemia, and I at once put myself under medical treatment. But although I tried several bottles of prescriptions, my condition seemed to be getting worse all the time. When I went home for my Christmas vacation, I was almost in despair. It was when I was at home, however, that my friends advised me to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Acting upon their advice, I took up their use. The first box made its effect felt, but I used four or five and then the cure was complete. Ever since then my health has been excellent and I have felt my real old time self, and am able to attend to my duties, which are by no means light, without the fatigue and languor that made the work irksome. You may depend upon it I will always have a friendly word to say for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.'

If your dealer does not keep these pills in stock, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

From a Modern Mother's Diary.

Today I had occasion to whip my son Clifford, and again it was borne in upon me how unfit I am to be a mother.

For I had to wait for a doctor to come and administer anesthetics. Thus much of the moral effect of the whipping was lost.

Now I accuse myself in that I have not long ago learned to administer anesthetics myself. And how wretched I am tonight.

Sure.

'Yes, sir,' said the sad looking man. 'I am one of the few people who can tell with accuracy how the stock market will go.'

'How do you manage it?'

'Easily. I get interested in a stock and put up my money—Then I can sit down and feel morally certain that it will go the other way.'

WE CONVINC SCEPTICS.

Colds, Catarrh and Catarrhal Headache Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Here's one of a thousand such testimonies. Rev. A. D. Buckley, of Buffalo, says: 'I wish all to know what a blessing Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is in a case of Catarrh. I was troubled with this disease for years, but the first time I used this remedy it gave most delightful relief. I now regard myself entirely cured after using it for two months.'