WAR'S ALARMS.

Gen. Wolseley Declares that a Hundred Thousand Men

COULD CAPTURE ENGLAND.

Lord Salisbury's Reply—What the Commander-in-Chief Thinks.

A last (Monday) night's London cable says: The House of Lords was crowded to-day with people who desired to hear Lord Wolseley's defence. The peers' and peeresses' galleries were filled. Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Stanhope, Lord Randolph Churchill, Viscount Cranborne and other members of the House of Commons crowded the steps of the throne. Lord Wolseley, who was seated on a cross bench, rose when the Duke of Cambridge entered and shook hands with him. Upon the appearance of Lord Salisbury, Lord Wolseley asked leave to make a personal explanation with reference to Lord Salisbury's complaint of his attacking the Government. He did not see how an unprejudiced person could construe his remarks into an attack upon the Government. He felt that he could not honestly assail the Government for negligence toward the army and navy. In the position which he occupied in the administration of the army, he could not fail to be fully aware of what Mr. Stanhope had done and was doing to render the army efficient. He felt deeply the necessity of keeping the forces efficient and was convinced that more might be done than had yet been accomplished. He admitted that the present Government had done much toward improving the defences. In the banquet speech referred to he said no more than he did in his evidence before the Commission of Inquiry. He still adhered to that evidence, word for word, and had nothing whatever to withdraw. As long as the navy was as weak as it was now the army could not hold its own. The defences at home and abroad were in a bad condition. The military forces were not organized as they should be. They did not guarantee even the safety of the capital. He did not want to create a panic, but he maintained that the condition of the country was such that if a force of 100,000 men succeeded in effecting a landing and were properly handled, there was no reason why they might not take possession of the country. He made this statement with a full appreciation of his responsibility. He had been tempted to resign on Saturday after reading what Lord Salisbury had said. The House could not take the initiative in the matter, but he placed himself in the hands of the Premier. He did not intend to cast a slur upon the Government. He had endeavored, to the best of his ability, to serve his sovereign and his country. (Cheers).

Lord Salisbury held that his strictures upon Lord Wolseley's statement at a recent dinner were fully warranted. At the same time he accepted Lord Wolseley's disavowal of any intention to attack the Government. He only hoped that if Lord Wolseley had occasion to assail the Administration in the future he would do so in the House. He trusted that Lord Wolseley would not take the matter too seriously. He should regret the General's leaving the service as the greatest blow that could fall on the military administration. Lord Wolseley's statements regarding the weakness of the country's defence would be seriously inquired into. Meantime he deprecated the practice of officers speaking over the heads of the Government and thus destroying the Ministerial authority and shattering the administrative machine. (Hear, hear.)

The Duke of Cambridge said that every now and then he and Lord Wolseley did not agree, but they disagreed without quarrelling. If these matters were to be discussed in open House between the Commander-in-Chief and the Adjutant-General it would be most detrimental to the interests of the public service. (Hear, hear.)

At a crowded meeting of citizens of London to-day resolutions were adopted urging the Government without delay to deal effectively with the national defences. A mass meeting was arranged for June 5th.

DROWNED OUT OF WATER.

Singular Cause of Death, the Only One of its Kind on Record.

A Cincinnati despatch says: One of the strangest cases of accidental death ever known, and said to be the only one of its kind on record, occurred here on Tuesday. The victim was Willie Ruehrwein, aged 2½ years. The little toddler went to a hydrant in the yard, and, standing upon his toes, managed to close his lips over the end of the nozzle of the hydrant. Then he turned on the water to its fullest force. The child's lips seemed glued to the nozzle with such cohesiveness that his little body hung suspended from it. Meanwhile the stream of water forced itself into his stomach and lungs, causing suffocation. His dreadful predicament was witnessed by his mother, who, when she attempted to lift him, found to her horror that she could not. Horror stricken, she fairly wrenched her babe from the spout, the violent separation tearing the skin inside the mouth. A stream of blood and water flowed from between his lips as she lifted him in her arms. A physician was summoned and found the child beyond aid. The little fellow died within five minutes, having literally drowned out of water. The theory advanced that obtains the most credence is that the sudden rush of water paralyzed the muscles of the throat so that the child could not open its mouth.

A Thunder Storm Panic.

A last (Thursday) night's Kingston despatch says: About 11.30 o'clock last night a violent rain storm, accompanied by heavy thunder and lightning, visited this section. People were suddenly startled by a flash of lightning, quickly followed by a clap of thunder which made the houses shake. Some received such a shock that they were unable to sleep for the rest of the night. Mr. Campbell, manager of the Electric Light Company, gave an account of the storm as affecting the lighting station. The wires were heavily charged, and the electricity could be seen playing freely on them. It ran along them to the station when the thunder was loudest. The room immediately filled with electricity and the dynamos began to blaze. The employees became frightened, stopped the engine, and ran out of the building. One called for the chemical engine, but when she arrived it was found that she was not needed. The only damage found was that one of the wires in the magnet of one of the dynamos had been burned. Several telephones were destroyed. Four men in one hotel rushed to the office frightened, and for a time refused to be comforted.

Chickens Hatched in a Tree-Top.

A Cadiz (O.) despatch says: Mrs. Samuel Jones, of this country, discovered a hen a week or two ago sitting on top of an old snag in her door-yard. She supposed at the time that the hen was sunning herself, and dismissed the subject from her mind. Yesterday she heard a cackling in her yard, and, on going to the door, saw the hen on the ground with two young chicks. A "chirp, chirp," from the tree indicated there were more to follow. A young chick peeped over the edge of the nest, and, after some time spent in prospecting and conjecturing on the consequences of a fall, tumbled out and down to the ground. Much to the consternation of Mrs. Jones, the little leaper rolled over once or twice, arose to its feet and ran unhurt to its mother. This performance was repeated from the nest in the tree until a dozen young chickens were successfully landed on the ground. The top of the snag is twenty feet from the ground, and free from branches. When the old hen had counted her brood, and found all present, she clucked a satisfied cluck, and strutted around in a way that was proud.

Medicated Soaps.

According to Professor Shoemaker, soda soaps are more irritating than potash soaps. Soaps that contain free alkali are, in young children, the cause of many skin eruptions. Alum soap is good for chafing. Boro glycerine soap is useful in acne and rough skin. Chamomile soap is mildly stimulating, and is the best soap for dandruff. Naphthal soap is the best application for parasites on any part of the body. Salicylic acid soap is a non-irritating antiseptic soap, and is good for toilet purposes. Corrosive sublimate soap is serviceable for removing freckles, rough skin, for changing a muddy to a clear complexion, and in all kinds of itching.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes a great deal of her poetry while sitting in a rocking chair with a pad of paper in her lap. Very often, too, her black cat perches itself on the back of the chair and gazes gravely down at its mistress while her work is progressing.

PARNELL'S EIGHTY CLUB SPEECH.

The Irish Leader Didn't Approve of the Plan of Campaign—His Interview with Carnarvon—The Irish and the Pope.

A London cable says: The Eighty Club gave a banquet to Mr. Parnell on Tuesday evening. Mr. Herbert Gladstone, the Earl of Cavan and all the leading Parnellites were present. Mr. Parnell, on rising to speak, was received with prolonged cheers. He thanked the club for the honor done him, and said that the occasion would have a great effect in Ireland, reminding Irishmen that they were not alone in the struggle, and what was more important, that their responsibility was not the sole responsibility in this matter. With reference to Lord Carnarvon, he said: "His Lordship has sought refuge in evasion, but he has never denied any statement that I have made. I should not have referred to Lord Carnarvon in his absence had not Lord Salisbury attacked us in our connection with the Liberals as assassins, unfit to be entrusted with the government of Ireland. That, I think, entitled me to retort. The Conservatives have not always considered it derogatory to invite us to interviews and dinners and luncheons in order to consult us in regard to the manner in which Ireland should be governed. Lord Carnarvon had ample opportunity to deny the statements made by me three months ago by letter, but, instead of doing so, he waited until my friend, Dwyer Gray, to whom he made the communication, was dead before he attempted to contradict me." In further confirmation of Mr. Gray's statement Mr. Parnell then read the letter from Mr. Gray to Lord Carnarvon which was written a year after the interview, when Lord Carnarvon was no longer in office. In this letter Mr. Gray reminds Lord Carnarvon of the latter's decision that the Crossmaglen prisoners ought to be liberated, and asked him to impart that decision to the present Lord-Lieutenant. Lord Carnarvon replied, accusing Mr. Gray of a breach of confidence. Mr. Parnell then told of an interview between himself and Lord Carnarvon at the latter's invitation, at which Carnarvon agreed that it would be advisable to give Ireland a Parliament and to protect her industries, and Mr. Parnell admitted that in such an event the League should become useless and would be dissolved. "Lord Carnarvon," continued Mr. Parnell, "never denied these statements, and I never said he pledged himself to them. He admits, however, that Lord Salisbury knew beforehand that the interview was coming, and he was afterward informed of its tenor. He accuses me of a breach of confidence in having invited him to publish the text of his written communication to Lord Salisbury immediately after the interview." Mr. Parnell then proceeded to speak of the Popo's rescript. He said he approached the subject with unwillingness, and did not think it his business as a Protestant to vindicate the freedom of Catholics. He was convinced that Irish Catholics knew their political duty and how to vindicate themselves. They would not allow anybody, however high and influential, to influence them a jot in their political duty to their country, a thing that had been repeatedly tried from Rome, but had always failed. With regard to the Plan of Campaign, when that was instituted he was dangerously ill and compelled to refrain from all work. He confessed, however, that although the plan had benefited thousands and pacified the country, he would then have advised against it because it contained features inimical to the national situation, and would serve as a pretext for the Tories to inflict further coercion. When, in 1887, he was able to speak, it was too late. The Government had already struck at Dillon and O'Brien, and he thought it better to let the matter rest, but he stipulated that neither the League nor the Parnellite party should be identified with the plan, and that the sphere of the plan should be as restricted as possible. "While leaving to Dillon, O'Brien and others to deal with the rescript," he said, "I shall adhere to our custom of when the Government strikes an Irishman to fight for him whether he be right or wrong." He concluded with a long defence of political combination, and drew a comparison between law in England and law in Ireland. He predicted coming trouble in Ireland over evictions, which he believed the Government feared as much as did the tenants. He counseled his countrymen to keep strictly within the law as understood in England. In response to many calls, Mr. John Morley spoke briefly, concluding by proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Parnell.

IRISH NEWS.

Carnarvon Replies to Parnell—Dillon Gets Six Months in Jail.

A London cable says: Lord Carnarvon, replying to the Parnell letter in the *Times*, says that Mr. Parnell's Irish Parliament statements are inconsistent. In giving his own opinions Lord Carnarvon says that three alternatives present themselves. The first two alone promised a permanent settlement, and he was greatly divided between them. The third offered a *modus vivendi*. The first alternative was a concession of a considerable amount of self-government; the second, the adoption of some form of Crown colony government, modified to meet the particular wants of the country, and the third, failing in these, a firm but generous administration on existing lines, with improvements in the law, increased power to the Viceroy and settlement of the land question. After examining these details, Lord Carnarvon says that the Government decided to adopt the third alternative, and in doing so had met with his cordial support.

The trial of Mr. John Dillon, charged under the Crimes Act with inciting tenants not to pay rent, was concluded to-day at Tullyvallen. Mr. Dillon was convicted and sentenced to six months' imprisonment without hard labor.

Farm and Garden Jottings.

Keep the ground around the roses well stirred and loose, and also keep a careful watch for the rose bugs.

June will be early enough to plant all kinds of beans. Nothing will be gained by getting the seed in before the weather shall have become warm.

Where the tops of young trees have been destroyed cut off the whole of the tops, if dead, and allow sprouts to grow out again from the main stem.

Salt should be placed where all kinds of stock can get it. At this season when green food is becoming plentiful, salt will be found excellent, as it will often prevent bowel diseases and stave off injury from the young grass.

Dr. Dunhoff states that in new comb the thickness of the sides of the cells is but the 180th of an inch. Such delicate work is hardly conceivable, and yet bees often make it in the dark on cool, cloudy days, or in the night, appearing never to rest.

The gooseberry is often sent to market green, and many cases of sickness occur from its use. It is soft when ripe, and the color is a brownish, or purple red. Cooking the green berries improves their quality, but if uncooked they should never be used unless ripe.

Plum trees will thrive well in a poultry-yard and be less subject to the attacks of the curculio. The trees will require the usual jarring, however, but the insects will be destroyed by the poultry, thereby lessening the liability of damage the succeeding year. All plum trees should be in poultry-yards.

The future pig must have more flesh and less fat. It must not be a mere lard keg. It must be fed upon flesh forming foods until grown and then fattened. It means that more clover, peas, oats, milk and such articles of diet must be used, and less corn. We will then have healthier and more palatable pork, and hog cholera will be come a thing of the past.

His Best Friend.

"I see," remarked the Duke of Toronto, looking over a New Jersey paper, "that Overdraft, the banker, is dead. He was your friend, was he not?" added the Duke kindly, seeing the tears gather in the American's eyes.

"Yes," said the exile, "he was. All that I have in this world I owe to that man. I was his cashier."

"Let's go and liquidate," said the Duke, breaking the long silence.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

An Indefinite Postponement.

It was a beautiful moonlight night as they left the theatre, and he had resolved to put the important question without further delay, when she said:

"I think we had better take a street car, Mr. Simpson, rather than walk. We will get home so much quicker."

Then they took a street car, and he postponed the important question.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Cats are the poets of the lower animals. They alone cultivate the mews.

STRADDLING THE BOUNDARY.

How a Sharp Yankee Bade Defiance to Canadian Constables.

A Montreal special says: Deputy High Constables Bissonette and Champagne have just arrived from United States territory, but not at all favorably impressed with the manner in which they were treated by the American authorities. Some time ago it was related in the *Empire* that John Tolmie, of Fort Covington, whose store was situated exactly on the boundary line, had purchased $1,000 worth of goods in Montreal, and, not wishing to pay for the same, had evaded all attempts at seizure by quietly moving the goods from the Canadian to the American side of the establishment. A few weeks since Tolmie, being in Montreal as a witness in a civil case, was arrested, but having previously claimed the protection of the court, Judge Doherty ordered his release and sent him back home under a police escort. The other day Mr. Bruneau, bailiff, who had been charged to make the seizure of the goods five years ago, obtained a new warrant against Tolmie and Messrs. Bissonette and Champagne left town on Friday evening to execute the same. The wide-awake, but not strictly honest, trader has his residence on Canadian soil, but his place of business is crossed diagonally by the boundary line. It appears that he has a good many men in his employ, so that the proprietor has very little work to do, and for the last month or two Tolmie, while in his shop, remained seated on the line which divides Canada from the United States. When coming into Canada to take his meals he is escorted by armed men, while other faithful watchers keep a sharp look-out for any one who might approach the house. The entry of the store is from American territory, but Constable Champagne on Saturday managed to get in by the back way, and seeing Tolmie seated on a bench an inch or two over the Canadian line was about to advance to execute the warrant in the officer's possession, when one of six armed men present on the other side of the frontier jumped up and cried out, "If you arrest him I will shoot!" It was thus made evident that Tolmie's arrest is impossible under present circumstances, and the two Canadians returned to Montreal. They state that one of Tolmie's armed guards asserted that he was an American deputy sheriff and was determined that the liberty of an American citizen should not be menaced.

Latest from Scotland.

Mr. Andrew Bryson, a native of Ochiltree, Ayrshire, has been appointed chief inspector of branches of Standard Bank of South Africa.

Wm. Kilworth has been fined half a guinea for going to a church in Bridgeton, Glasgow, on Sunday, and while one of the worshippers was bending at prayer demanding from him two days' wages alleged to be due his son.

The Earl of Mar and Kellie has lent the cradle of King James VI., a substantial article of carved oak with inlaid panels, to the Glasgow Exhibition.

Inverkeithing Town Council has regained its normal state. At a recent meeting Provost McDonald dashed his hat on the table and struck a fighting attitude, declaring with great warmth that ex-Provost Auld might frighten an old man like Bailie Bryce, or a cripple like Treasurer Brownhill, but Auld's —— nonsense would not do with him.

Glasgow has lost another honored citizen, Mr. Thomas Hill, of Merrylee, Renfrewshire, for some years Chairman of the Glasgow Railway Company, and identified with several other railway enterprises in the west of Scotland. He died at Cannes on the 26th ult., aged 75 years. For over fifty years Mr. Hill's name has been a prominent and familiar one in almost all social and business circles in Glasgow and the west of Scotland. Mr. Hill was a direct descendant of one of the oldest west country families, and his interest in the Barony parish was specially warm and personal, for the reason that his ancestor, Laurence Hill, was one of its early incumbents. The late Dr. Norman MacLeod and he were intimate friends.

Mrs. Fearn, the well-known farmer at Easter Urry, died recently. She will be greatly missed from the northern markets, which she had attended regularly for thirty years.

On the 18th ult. the marriage of Prof. Clelland, Edinburgh University, to Ada, daughter of the late Prof. Balfour, and sister of the present Prof. Bayley Balfour, Edinburgh, was celebrated in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh.

Mr. George McKervail, an elder of the church at Cumnock for forty years, died suddenly on April 15th. Six years ago he became partially blind, and latterly he had altogether lost his sight.

The marriage of Lieut.-Colonel Dingwall Fordyce, of Brucklay Castle, to Elizabeth, daughter of General Renny, was solemnised on the 18th ult. at London.

At a public meeting on April 25th steps were taken to have a Burns statue erected in Aberdeen.

The Glasgow citizens have by a large majority rejected the proposal to adopt the Free Libraries Act.

The total catch of four Dundee steamers employed at Newfoundland this season has been 66,900 young and old seals—compared with 51,650 last year, when five steamers were engaged.

The late Mr. R. M. Smith, Edinburgh, who was a director of the Ben Nevis Observatory, has bequeathed £500 to that institution.

Latest From Ireland.

Miss C. Davis, an old resident of Skibbereen, died the other day at the age of 90.

A new butter factory has been opened in Clonmel, Tipperary, by Mr. Charles Carrothers.

The value of the annual output of butter in Ireland is estimated at not less than £6,000,000 sterling.

Mr. Balfour is a very good performer on the violin, and, it is said, often surprises his friends by playing pathethic Irish ballads.

In Dublin a carcase was sold at a poulterer's as a rabbit, which Sir Charles Cameron, officer of public health, pronounced to be that of a cat.

On the 26th ult., at Skibbereen, Judge Ferguson disposed of the fixing of fair rents in 35 cases, giving an average reduction of over 30 per cent.

In Belfast the degree of D. D. has been conferred by the united faculties on Profs. Petticrew, Leitch and Robinson, and Revs. J. W. Whigham, Ballinasloe, and R. Ross, Londonderry.

Beauties of Mormonism.

A Nebraska City despatch says: In 1859 John B. Craddock and Miss Mary A. Wilkes were married in Brownell, Staffordshire, England. In 1864 they became converted to the Mormon faith, came to America and made their way to Salt Lake City, the wife going ahead with a waggon train of emigrant women. When Craddock arrived at Salt Lake he could find no trace of his wife, who, it seems, was kept in captivity several months by a Mormon elder. She finally escaped, and failing to find her husband returned to England in 1866. Craddock meanwhile was informed that his wife was dead and he again married, removing to this city. His first wife eight months ago learned of his whereabouts from letters written by Craddock to relatives in England. She came to this city recently and after talking the matter over relinquished all claim to Craddock and left yesterday for home.

A New Crusade.

Frances Willard, the apostle of temperance and dress reform, has started a crusade against children's dolls, which she denounces as "wretched and heathenish." No well-behaved baby will play with a doll after reading Frances' denunciation. But New York landlords go further than Miss Willard. They regard the children themselves as "wretched and heathenish," and will not rent a house to a family possessing such encumbrances.—*Norristown Herald.*

Salvation Army Charity.

A most admirable charity is that of the Salvation Army in London, which has opened a restaurant where a meal may be bought for a farthing. The small coin pays for a bowl of soup or a half loaf of bread, and two farthings secures a cup of coffee or cocoa and a slice of bread and jam. Thus for about two cents a wholesome meal can be bought. Threepence brings meat and potatoes and a halfpenny a dish of rice.—*Chicago Herald.*

The old "Red Horse Inn" at Sudbury, Mass., made famous by Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn," was sold at auction Tuesday afternoon. It dates back to 1686, and was in possession of the Howe family for generations.

RUSSIA'S "FAIR CITY."

George Kennan Gives a Description of Nizhni Novgorod.

A City Utterly Deserted at one Season of the Year and Swarming With Busy Multitudes at Another Time—Curious Contrasts.

To a traveller visiting Nizhni Novgorod for the first time there is something surprising, and almost startling, in the appearance of what he supposed to be the city, and in the scene presented to him as he emerges from the railway station and walks away from the low bank of the Oka River in the direction of the Volga. The clean, well paved streets; the long rows of substantial buildings, the spacious boulevard, shaded by leafy birches and poplars; the canal, spanned at intervals by graceful bridges; the picturesque tower of the waterworks; the enormous cathedral of Alexander Nevski; the bourse; the theatres; the hotels; the market places—all seem to indicate a great populous centre of life and commercial activity; but of living inhabitants there is not a sign. Grass and weeds are growing in the middle of the empty streets and in the chinks of the travel-worn sidewalks; birds are singing fearlessly in the trees that shade the lonely and defaced boulevard; the countless shops and warehouses are all closed, barred and padlocked; the bells are silent in the gilded belfries of the churches, and the astonished stranger may perhaps wander for a mile between solid blocks of buildings without seeing an open door, a vehicle or a single human being. The city seems to have been stricken by a pestilence and deserted. If the newcomer remembers for what Nizhni Novgorod is celebrated, he is not long, of course, in coming to the conclusion that he is on the site of the famous fair; but the first realization of the fact that the fair is in itself a separate and independent city, and a city which during nine months of every year stands empty and deserted, comes to him with the shock of a great surprise. The fair city of Nizhni Novgorod is situated on a low peninsula between the Rivers Oka and Volga, just above their junction, very much as New York city is situated on Manhattan Island, between East River and the Hudson. In geographical position it bears the same relation to the old town of Nizhni Novgorod that New York would bear to Jersey City if the latter were elevated on a steep terraced bluff 400 feet above the level of the Hudson

AN EPHEMERAL LIFE.

The Russian fair city, however, differs from New York city in that it is a mere temporary market — a huge commercial caravansary where 500,000 traders assemble every year to buy and sell commodities. In September it has frequently a population of more than 100,000 souls, and contains merchandize valued at $75,000,000, while in January, February or March all of its inhabitants might be fed and sheltered in the smallest of its hotels, and all of its goods might be put into a single one of its innumerable shops. Its life, therefore, is a sort of intermittent commercial fever, in which an annual paroxysm of intense and unnatural activity is followed by a long interval of torpor and stagnation. It seems almost incredible at first that a city of such magnitude—a city which contains churches, mosques, theatres, markets, banks, hotels, a merchants' exchange and nearly 7,000 shops and habitable buildings, should have so ephemeral a life, and should be so completely abandoned every year after it has served the purpose for which it was created. When I saw the unique city for the first time, on a clear frosty night in January, 1868, it presented an extraordinary picture of loneliness and desolation. The moonlight streamed down into its long empty streets where the unbroken snow lay two feet deep upon the sidewalks; it touched with silver the white walls and swelling domes of the old fair cathedral, from whose towers there came no clangor of bells; it sparkled on great snowdrifts heaped up against the doors of the empty houses, and poured a flood of pale light over thousands of snow-covered roofs; but it did not reveal anywhere a sign of a human being. The city seemed to be not only uninhabited, but wholly abandoned to the arctic spirits of solitude and frost.

A BUSY MULTITUDE.

When I saw it next, at the height of the annual fair in the autumn of 1870, it was so changed as to be almost unrecognizable. It was then surrounded by a great forest of shipping; its hotels were full, the atmosphere thrilled with the incessant whistling of steamers; merchandise to the value of 125,000,000 rubles lay on its shores or was packed into its 7,000 shops; every building within its limits was crowded; 60,000 people were crossing every day the pontoon bridge which connected it with the old town; a military band was playing airs from Offenbach's operas on the great boulevard in front of the governor's house, and through all the streets of the reanimated and reawakened city poured a great tumultuous flood of human life. I did not see the fair city again until June, 1885, when I found it almost as completely deserted as on the occasion of my first visit, but in other ways greatly changed and improved. Substantial brick buildings had taken the place of the long rows of inflammable wooden shops and sheds; the streets in many parts of the city had been neatly paved; the number of stores and warehouses had largely increased, and the lower end of the peninsula had been improved and dignified by the erection of the great Alexander Nevski cathedral.—*George Kennan in the Century.*

Warned of His Death in a Dream.

A. F. McNeal, a well-known citizen of Rawson, died yesterday after a short illness, and now comes a weird story connected with this fact, which is as fully authenticated as his death. On the night of the 28th of January of this year he, like Joseph, "dreamed a dream" that he died and went to heaven. In his dream the date of his death, April 26th, was firmly fixed upon his mind. In "the beautiful city, whose maker and builder is God," he dreamed that he met Mr. Manlon Povenmire, of Ada, an old acquaintance and friend, and asked him when he had died and left the earth. Povenmire replied that he had died and come to the eternal world a week before. There were other striking circumstances in the dream equally as strange, and the next morning when McNeal awoke he reduced the details to writing. He was then in excellent health. His wife found the manuscript a few days after it was written, and it worried the wife a good deal, but she said nothing to her husband concerning it. Yesterday, April 26th, McNeal died, while Povenmire joined the silent majority one week ago yesterday. The case is a remarkable one, but it cannot be laughed down, for every word of it is true, and the substance of McNeal's dream is in manuscript, just as he wrote it three months ago.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

Chauncey Depew and the Cemetery.

A few days ago Mr. Depew, one of the prospective candidates for the United States Republican Presidential nomination, made a speech in Detroit, in which the following funny passage occurred: There is one thing about a Western town—I mean away up in the Northwest—that pleases me beyond anything in the United States. I do love in the annual tour that I make to strike, away up a thousand miles from here, a booming town where everybody has got rich in reality, and profoundly rich in imagination, where lots are selling at $2,000 the front foot one day and $4,000 the next day. I stood last fall in one of those towns up near the Arctic circle, upon a lot which had sold the day before for $4,000 a front foot, or more than they charge on Fifth avenue in New York. The proprietor of it took me out on the lake to show me the city, for, he said, "the mud is so deep in the streets I cannot show it to you in any other way." (Laughter.) And as he was pointing out this lot and telling me the marvellous prices they had brought, I said to him: "You seem to have everything but a cemetery. Is it because land is so scarce here that you throw your dead into the lake?" "Oh, no," said he. "Where you see that solitary white stone up yonder was the cemetery, but it became so valuable we had to dig them up and plant them over the hill. But it was not an unmixed evil, for the principal avenue ran right by my lot and made it a corner one. I had to take up my wife, but, dear old girl, she would have enjoyed it if she could have known about it, because she was always wild about the growth of the town." (Prolonged laughter.)

An authority says we should never eat when we are angry or ill-humored unless we wish indigestion and dyspepsia all in one. And yet we know lots of men who could hardly digest a dinner without the satisfaction of grumbling at it.

GLADSTONE AND INGERSOLL.

The Great Statesman Discusses the Famous Infidel's Anti-Christian Screeds.

In the May number of the *North American Review* W. E. Gladstone defends the Christian faith against Col. Robert G. Ingersoll's attacks. The ex-Premier describes himself as listening from across the broad Atlantic to the clash of arms in the combat between Col. Ingersoll and Dr. Field. He pleads guilty to not having "the personal knowledge which assisted those doughty champions in making reciprocal acknowledgments, as broad as could be desired, with reference to personal character and motive. Such acknowledgments are of high value in keeping the issue clear, if not always, of all adventitious, yet of all venomous, matter.

"Destitute of the experience on which to found them as original testimonies," he says, "still, in attempting partially to criticize the remarkable reply of Col. Ingersoll, I can both accept in good faith what has been said by Dr. Field and add that it seems to me consonant with the strain of the pages I have before me. Having said this I shall allow myself the utmost freedom in remarks, which will be addressed exclusively to the matter, not the man.

"I do not remember ever to have read a composition, in which the merely local covering of particular and even very limited sections of Christianity was more systematically used as if it had been available and legitimate argument against the whole than in the reply before us. Col. Ingersoll writes with rare and enviable brilliancy, but also with an impetus which he seems unable to control. Denunciation, sarcasm and invective may be said to constitute the staple of his work, and if argument or some favorable admission here and there peep out for a moment, the writer soon leaves the dry and barren heights for his favorite and more luxurious galloping grounds beneath. * * * The paper, noteworthy as it is, leaves on my mind the impression of a battle-field where every man strikes at every man, and all is noise, hurry and confusion. Better, surely, had it been, and worthier of the great weight and elevation of the subject, if the controversy had been waged after the pattern of those engagements where a chosen champion on either side, in a space carefully limited and reserved, does battle in behalf o feach silent and expectant host. The promiscuous crowds represent all the lower elements which enter into human conflicts. The chosen champions and the order of their proceeding signify the dominion of reason over force, and its place as the sovereign arbiter of the great questions that involve the main destiny of man. * * *

"I do not deny that a person who deems a given religion to be wicked may be led onward by logical consistency to impugn in strong terms the character of the author and object of that religion. But he is surely bound by the laws of social morality and decency to consider well the terms and the manner of his indictment. * * * Are not such methods of proceeding more suited to placards at an election than to disquisitions on these most solemn subjects. * * *

"I venture on remarking that the doctrine on evolution has acquired both praise and dispraise which it does not deserve. It is lauded in the skeptical camp because it is supposed to get rid of the shocking idea of what are termed sudden acts of creation; and it is as unjustly dispraised on the opposite side, because it is thought to bridge over the gap between man and the inferior animals, and give emphasis to the relationship between them. * * *

"As in ordinary conduct, so in considering the basis of belief, we are bound to look at the evidence as a whole. We have no right to demand demonstrative proofs, or the removal of all conflicting elements, either in the one sphere or in the other. What guides us sufficiently in matters of common practice has the very same authority to guide us in matters of speculation; more properly, perhaps, to be called the practice of the soul.

"The reasoning faculty is, therefore, wholly extrinsic to our moral nature, and no influence is or can be received or imparted between them. * * * It is not difficult to see that while the reply aims at uplifting human nature, it in reality plunges us (p. 175) into the abyss of degradation by the destruction of moral freedom, responsibility and unity. For we are justly told that 'reason is the supreme and final test.' * * * Let us try this by a test case. A father who has believed his son to have been through life upright, suddenly finds that charges are made from various quarters against his integrity. Or a friend, greatly dependent for the work of his life on the co-operation of another friend, is told that that comrade is counterworking and betraying him. I make no assumption now as to the evidence or the result, but I ask which of them could approach the investigation without feeling a desire to be able to acquit? And what shall we say of the desire to condemn? * * * According to the reply it must be a mistake to suppose that there is anywhere in the world such a thing as bias, or prejudice, or prepossession; they are words without meaning in regard to our judgments, for, even if they could raise a clamor from without, the intellect sits within, in an atmosphere of serenity, and, like justice, is deaf and blind as well as calm.

"In addition to all other faults, I hold that this philosophy, or phantasm of philosophy, is eminently retrogressive. * * * With complication, introspection has largely extended, and I believe that, as observation extends its field, so far from isolating the intelligence and making it autocratic, tends more and more to enhance and multiply the infinitely subtle, as well as the broader and more palpable modes, in which the interaction of the human faculties is carried on. Who among us has not had occasion to observe, in the course of his experience, how largely the intellectual power of a man is affected by the demands of life on his moral powers, and how they open and grow, or dry up and dwindle, according to the manner in which those demands are met?"

DRIVEN TO THE GRAVE.

How a Penurious Employer Drove a Sweet Scotch Girl to the Grave.

The "Pilgrim's Progress" reporter of the *Telegram* heard a pathetic story last evening. It's true every word of it, and was told by the pastor of a Fifth avenue church.

He said: "I conducted the funeral of a young girl who died of consumption the other day. It was one of the saddest funerals I ever held.

"Katie was a working girl, a member of my church, industrious and good. She and two other young girls had a room on Washington square, and went out regularly every morning to work.

"The brute for whom Katie worked refused to heat his building last December.

"Katie caught a terrible cold, which developed into consumption. She was forced to go to a hospital and was afterward taken to her aunt's, where she died after weeks of great suffering.

"The parents are now dead and the remaining children are widly scattered, some in the west. The only one at the funeral was a younger sister. She was inconsolable for the loss of her little mother.

"The presence at the funeral of two Chinamen touched me very deeply," the clergymen continued. "They were Katie's scholars at the Spring Street Sabbath School. As the Chinamen passed by the coffin and looked at her for the last time their eyes filled with tears.

"Now, I had not thought of that girl as doing anything special for the Master, and I felt rebuked. Doubtless she felt too much exhausted with the week's work to attend our own Sabbath School in the morning, but she had faithfully given her Sunday afternoon to teaching in the Chinese school.

"It's not easy work teaching the Chinese, although they are intensely grateful, and will do anything for a teacher who gains their confidence. One in a class is the usual number, and a teacher who can interest two is doing remarkably well.

"It impressed me as a forcible suggestion of the promised Christian unity among all nations and peoples the presence of those two Orientals as mourners at the funeral of that poor Scotch girl."—*N. Y. Evening Telegram.*

Easily Pleased.

She (just through playing)—"I fear, Mr. Sniggles, my music is too poor to give you enjoyment."

He (assuringly)—"Oh, indeed! I do enjoy it. It does not take much to please me in the line of music, you know."—*Judge.*

Rain at a funeral is an excellent sign; it cools the passage into the unknown world.

A woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the spare bed-room. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home or had better go home.

PLAYGOING IN JAPAN.

Odd Experiences of a European Visitor—Tickets Three Feet Long—Plays that Last for Weeks—No Admission Till You Take Off Your Boots and Have Them Checked Away.

"The theatres and the dramatic literature of Japan are far in advance of those of China," said Joseph Arthur, manager of the "Bell Alarm," who spent over a year in the island empire, to a New York *Tribune* reporter. "The first surprise that awaits the foreign visitor to a Japanese theatre is the ticket he receives in exchange for the money he hands in at the box office. This is a stick of wood about three feet long, and incised with some native characters. The man who receives this adds it to a pile in the corner of the auditorium, and the audience, if they wanted to, could 'count the house' almost as readily as the manager does. Another surprise is the demand for the visitor's shoes. No one is allowed in the theatre with his shoes on, but all move about in their stocking feet. The floor is of beautifully polished wood, or covered with a fine grass matting, and I must say the leaving of the shoes is a plan that works well, though I don't suppose it would be easy to get our people to adopt it. Those who are already in their seats are not disturbed by the footstep of late comers, and there is no rustling of programmes, as they are printed on soft rice paper. A check is given for your shoes, and you can use that as a check to pass in or out, but if you once regain your footwear, there is no re-admission without repayment. However, as the streets of the principal cities are marvellously clean, the natives often go into the streets in search of refreshment, and I and friends with me have followed their example. Prices of admission range from 1 to 50 cents. The theatre is generally provided with one balcony. In the older houses access to this was gained by means of a ladder, but in the more modern structures there are staircases. The balcony is the 'swell' part, and here one is allowed to smoke. A very singular custom prevails of allowing a visitor who pays a small extra fee to stand up, and the unfortunate individual behind him has no right to remonstrate or to rise and try to get a peep at the stage. He may hear, but he cannot see. This is far worse, you perceive, than the ladies' high hat nuisance which is so vigorously protested against here. Another peculiarity in that the extravagantly disposed visitor may purchase the right to sit upon the stage whenever he likes, and the actors go on with their parts in apparent unconsciousness of his presence. I have seen a broadsword combat fought all around a visitor, and he never showed any disposition to budge. It is singular how this privilege of sitting upon the stage has marked the early history of theatres in nearly every country.

"The stage is not as much raised above the floor of the auditorium as is usual with us, the elevation being probably two feet. Their stages are often 70 or 80 feet wide, but not usually of any great depth, a fact due to the same lack of sense of perspective in their stage settings as is conspicuous in their paintings. All changes of scene are made in full view of the audience, no curtain being used, and the work of the carpenter and property-man being considered as much a part of the entertainment as the efforts of the actors. I have seen a couple of lovers come out of a house and take their seats upon the stage, and remain there while the carpenters pulled down the house and built a garden scene around them. When it is desired to convey the idea that the moon is rising, the property man carries a lighted moon across the stage, and, on reaching the further side, stops and blows out the light. All these things seem very absurd to the foreign visitor, but, doubtless, we have conventionalities and traditions in our theatres that would be almost as surprising to the Japanese. Still, they are not above taking valuable hints, and in some of the theatres of Yokohama many of our modern stage effects are being introduced. Much of their scenery is very beautiful. It is generally painted on rice paper, but they use curtains and hangings a great deal more than we do. The Japanese plays are almost as long as the Chinese, and some take weeks in performance. This is due, however, more to the interspersed entertainments than to the story of the play. In many cases the plot of a piece will be entirely suspended during a week's performance, while some grand fete, in which singing, dancing, music, acrobatism and jugglery are the principal features, will hold the stage. As a rule performances begin in the morning and last till midnight. There are refreshment stands in the auditorium, but, as I said before, you can go out on your feet and pass in on your shoes.' The Japanese actors are extremely clever, as may be imagined when I tell you that nearly every man in the company can play women's *roles*. There are no actresses. The power of the best actors over their audiences is extraordinary. I have seen the whole audience weeping with the sorrows of the heroine or rising *en masse* to threaten the villain. Their dramatic literature is very extensive, as they have tragedies, comedies historical plays and even farces."

Negro Superstitions.

The sun shining bright on the wedding day indicates storms after marriage, as pleasure cannot always last.

Never, even in basting, put a stitch of black thread in a white garment, or that needle will ere long be wanted in making a shroud

If a person carries an ax, hoe or spade into the house on his shoulder, the house is doomed thenceforth unless the culprit walks backward out of the house.

A garment accidentally put on with the seams outside must be worn so till it is no longer fit to be worn, or else presented to a friend, provided always that the friend is not a relation.

There is a beautiful belief extant among them. They believe when our earthly course is almost spent, and the death dews are