

BLOODY WORK.

"Capt." Phelan Fatally Stabbed in O'Donovan Rossa's Office.

A Tragedy Which Created Intense Excitement in New York on Friday Night—A Tale of the Infernal Machinery.

New York, Jan. 9.—At a late hour this afternoon several men rushed out of 12 Chambers street, in which building is located the office of O'Donovan Rossa and the United Irishman. A few seconds afterwards a man covered with blood tottered down the stairs to the hallway and sank on the front steps, while the blood covered the sidewalk in a stream. Intense excitement at once took place and crowds flocked to the scene. Several officers rushed up, and seeing a few men making toward the city hall the police followed them. One of them was captured and brought back to where the dying man was lying. "Was this the man who stabbed you?" asked an officer. "Yes, that is the man," said the bleeding man, "but, by heavens, if I'm going to die I'll die easy and there will be two of us." Before the bystanders could realize his intentions he drew a revolver and fired two shots in quick succession at the man standing before him. One of the balls took effect in the thigh of his would-be murderer. This still further increased the excitement and the neighborhood became wild with all sorts of rumors. The man who was stabbed proved to be "Captain" Thos. F. Phelan, of Kansas City, aged 49, and his assailant gave the name of Richard Short, of 861 Third avenue, New York. Short, who is a butcher, denied all knowledge of the stabbing. He acted as one offended by his arrest. When asked how the blood came to be on his hands he replied insolently with a strong Irish accent: "Sure, didn't I tell you I was a butcher. That's bloody work, you know. Phelan was taken to the hospital dying. He is stabbed in the neck and breast and several other places. Phelan arrived in the city only three hours before he was attacked. When he reached here he went to F. Kearney's house and the two went at once to Rossa's office. A few minutes after he entered the office he was attacked. A printer who has a composing room on the same floor next to Rossa's office said: "While at my work I heard a noise in Rossa's office, with the upsetting of a table, followed by loud angry words and curses. This continued for some seconds, when something heavy was thrown against the wall. A man cried out something that sounded like 'help!' The door was banged open and four men ran down stairs, each trying to push the other out of his way. Blood was trickling down the face of the last man." The printer could not say whether Rossa or Joyce was among the four men who hurriedly left Rossa's office. The police claim to have a letter from Rossa, to the wounded man telling him to come to New York in the afternoon, but he had important business for him to attend, and it is said the intention to kill him had been premeditated for weeks, for giving away secrets of the Fenian organization. Phelan was asked if he wanted a minister or priest. "No," he replied, "I don't want anybody. I don't believe in religion. I am a follower of Bob Ingersoll." The news of the stabbing and shooting spread rapidly and inquiries were made on all sides as to who Phelan and Short were. Phelan appeared to be known to many men and identified with several revolutionary movements. Rossa was condemned by a number of his compatriots for giving publication in his paper this week to an interview printed in the Kansas City Journal purporting to be had with Phelan, giving a detailed account of the operations of the dynamites in England. Threats were made against Rossa's life, and it was said that his immediate friends had determined to form a bodyguard to protect him. Short came to this country with the man who in the summer of 1882 shot at Jim McDermott in captain Ryan's barroom in Chambers street. He is said to be a native of Cork, where he was one of the principal leaders of the movement directed by Rossa. A long interview in the Kansas City Journal was published by Phelan lately. It is said that in June, 1883, Phelan started on a voyage to Ireland. His absence was made notable from the fact that during his sojourn in Ireland, Carey, the informer, alias Powers, was shot by Patrick O'Donnell, a description given of O'Donnell tallied almost identically with that of Phelan, and for several days it was believed here that O'Donnell was the alias for Phelan, and that the "captain" himself, who is noted as one of the crack rifle and pistol shots of the west, had been selected to follow and kill the infamous Carey. Phelan returned safe and sound, but came nearer to being transported for life during his absence than many of his friends had any idea of. In the interview he gave away the account of the attempt to blow up the steamer Queen at Liverpool, and also the attempt to blow up the Caledonia railway station in Glasgow. He mentioned the names of the men who were into these jobs. He also gave away the manner in which the mechanical forces were used. He mentioned the names of John F. Kearney and Wm. Powers or Wallace. He said remaining in mid-stream on the Mersey and lusting passengers ashore alone prevented the work. He said Kearney showed him where the acid from the machine which was to explode the dynamite had eaten through the lining of his coat, and told him the following story of his failure to accomplish the undertaking: "The plan was to take place after all the passengers had left the boat, and about two hours after he had landed at the dock. He had taken with him fifteen pounds of dynamite—enough to blow up the pyramids—and had placed it in a dark place in the hold of a vessel below the main deck, stuffed behind some boxes, and between the two knees of the vessel. The dynamite was sewed up in a sack, a percussion cap was in its place and he intended to attach a little brass machine with the acid which explodes the cap. Just before leaving the boat and during the ex-

citement attending this disembarkment the machine was arranged to run for two hours. He afterward got the dynamite off the vessel by informing an officer. The officer said that the plot had been telegraphed from New York. Phelan was one of the originators of the skirishing fund, and was at one time suspected of being the famous 'No. 1' mentioned by informer Carey. He has been an Irish nationalist all his life, and has been always prominent in Irish revolutionary movements. Short is said to be an English detective, who was driven to this country by the treachery of 'Jim' McDermott, of Brooklyn, who is now believed to be in the pay of the British government as a spy. At the hospital, Phelan said he was of Irish descent. His clothing was cut in several places and the four stabs in the back were slight, and the two just below either shoulder were two inches deep: the seventh was in the right side of the neck and another penetrated the chest, and each arm had received a thrust. The right arm was almost severed at the shoulder. The patient showed great fortitude during the dressing of his wounds. Coroner Martin came to the hospital to take the wounded man's autopsical statement. Phelan said he would give a true story and proceeded: "On last Sunday week the interview between myself and the local editor of the Kansas City Journal was published in the journal. I afterwards received a letter from John T. Kearney asking me to come to this city. It telegraphed him that I would be here on Jan. 8. When I arrived today I called on Kearney and together we went to Rossa's office. Rossa was not in. A man called 'Rocky Mountain' O'Brien came in while we were there. He shook hands with me in a friendly way and asked how I was. He then left and a man whose name I think is Barker came in with a knife in his hand. He immediately approached and struck at me about the chest. I was seated in a chair at the time and warded off the blow. He made more thrusts and stabbed me several times. I sprang to my feet and ran down the stairs. Barker cut me again and again. On the street Barker was brought before me. I recognized him as the man who stabbed me, and supposing he would stab me again I shot him. I first met Barker on my return from Europe in August or September last in Rossa's office. I met him there afterward. Kearney and two other men I don't know were present when I was attacked. "The identity of the two men spoken of could not be established. They, with Kearney, fled when the butchery began. O'Donovan Rossa's offices are on the third floor of the building, which is an old structure, and occupied by people of various occupations. Rossa has two rooms. The assault occurred in the larger room. The police found the knife with which the crime was committed on the top of the second flight of stairs. The blade was five inches long and was tapered at both edges. The handle was twisted with twine to give a firmer grasp. Three letters were found in Phelan's pockets, but cannot be seen. Rossa came to his office afterward and pretended ignorance of the whole affair. When told a man had been hacked to pieces in his office he smiled incredulously. Afterwards he showed consternation and asked for all the particulars. He was told to go to the station house for information and suddenly locked his door and disappeared. The shot fired by Phelan at Short struck the left side of his abdomen and its force, after penetrating the clothing, was too far spent and Short was only slightly injured. He was locked up. In the interview above alluded to, Phelan says: "Before leaving New York I became acquainted with a number of leading Irish agitators. Among them was John F. Kearney, who arranged the explosion in the Caledonian railway station at Glasgow. Kearney blew up the station and part of the works in that city. Rewards were offered by the British government for the apprehension of Kearney, and he was obliged to escape to this country. I sailed in the steamer Belgrave, and Kearney was to follow me three days after in the steamer Queen. I know at an attempt was made to blow up the Queen two hours after she landed, but did not know the details of the plot." After describing the arrangements made for their meeting in Edinburgh Phelan says: "On my arrival at Glasgow I looked eagerly every day for news of the arrival of the steamer Queen, and in every paper I picked up expected to see heralded in glaring headlines the destruction of the absent vessel. He then describes his failure to meet Kearney in Edinburgh, where he fell in with an English detective, who ingratiated himself into his confidence, claiming to be a nationalist. Learning his true character Phelan eluded him and returned to Glasgow, where he met Kearney, who described the failure to blow up the steamer as above related. Phelan in the interview minutely described the mechanism of the machine. He says: "It is a simple affair but does its work with fatal precision. The machine consists of a reservoir of acid, which drops drop by drop on a little hollow tube or funnel. Around the funnel are wrapped sheets of tissue paper. It takes the acid a minute to eat through each sheet. The explosion is timed by sheets of paper, although the flow of acid is so regulated that it comes from the reservoir. In this case 120 sheets of paper were wrapped around this little funnel. When the last sheet is eaten through, the acid enters the tube and runs down to the end, directly under which the cap is placed, and then the deluge. The machine makes no noise, is not liable to get out of order, is as innoxious as death, and seldom stops until it is demolished in the disaster it has caused." When Phelan learned that the dynamite had been left on board the Queen, and that Kearney had not placed the machine in position, he obtained from the latter a woman who knew the location of the explosive, and determined to go to the vessel and inform the officers of its presence, as he feared the explosion might occur through the rolling of the dynamite when the steamer was at sea and many innocent lives be sacrificed. He went on board the steamer and made known the object of his visit to the officer, informing him where the dynamite was secreted. With the officer he went to the spot and found the dynamite was not there. The officer then

said to Phelan: "We found that dynamite fifteen minutes after we landed. We had a telegram from New York saying it was here and describing the exact location. Phelan described his efforts to shake off the detectives who hunted him afterwards and who tried by every means to induce him to turn informer. He finally escaped to Rotterdam, after assisting Kearney to escape to Paris. Continuing Phelan says two detectives learned the dynamite was on board the Queen. I could not conjecture, as Kearney said none knew of the fact except Rossa, Kearney and myself. When asked what was Kearney's object in attempting to blow up the steamer he said: "Just to get up some excitement and scare England and a little." O'Donovan Rossa could not be found this evening. A friend of his said he had lately heard talk of treachery among certain parties, but was surprised that men should so far forget themselves as to fight. He was sure Rossa knew nothing about the affair, and if Rossa had been present the stabbing would have been prevented. At a late hour tonight Phelan's condition had not improved. The physicians think he will die. New York, Jan. 10.—At 2 o'clock this morning the surgeons entertained some hopes of Phelan's recovery. Three additional wounds were discovered in the patient's head, making twelve in all. Kansas City, Jan. 9.—The news of the stabbing of Captain Phelan created a stir of excitement here. His absence was not generally known and only a few friends were aware of his visit to New York. Drive away all poisonous humor from the blood before it develops in acrofolia or some chronic form of disease. Burdock Blood Bitters will do it. 2 Salt Rheum. Salt Rheum, Pimples or Blisters can be thoroughly removed by a proper application of Burdock Blood Bitters. The cure is simple and a few doses of McGregor's Scurvy Cure for Impure Blood. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared by McGregor & Jarke Sold at 25 cents at George Rhyndas' Drug Store. An Honest Confession that Came Unexpectedly. "Good morning," greeted a traveling man, as he came into the editor's sanctum. "How d'y," said the editor. "The day," continued the man. "Yes; what do you want I pursued the editor, tilting back in his chair to receive the latest news. "Oh, nothing, nothing at all." "That so?" "Well, a man told me you didn't know anything, but I'll be darned if I thought you'd acknowledge it yourself." The traveling man scratched his head and wondered what ratch an editor had to catch him up on a little conventional-ity like that. A Settled Fact. It is a significant fact that Hazyard's Yellow Oil is the best household remedy for internal or external use in cases of rheumatism, lameness and inflammatory complaints. An Oyster Whips a Duck. A rough-and-tumble combat between a wild oyster and a duck occurred here the other day. The duck was a large and full-grown one that had recently come from the north to enjoy our winter climate. It was one of the diving species which inhabit the bays till spring, when they return to the north. When the oyster feels it opens its shell wide till the full oyster is plainly visible. A sight of such a morsel was too much for the duck. He made a headlong plunge, inserting his bill between the oyster's open shell. Like a flash, and with the power of a vise, the shell closed on the duck's bill. Then came the struggle for life. The oyster, which was quite a large one, was dragged from its bed, with three smaller ones clinging to it, the cluster being heavy enough to keep the duck's head under water. In this way the duck drowned. His buoyancy was sufficient to float with the oysters, and thus drifted near the dock, where it was captured. When taken out of the water the animal heat had not left the duck. The oyster still clung to the duck's back. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most potent blood purifier, and a fountain of health and strength. Be wise in time. All baneful infections are promptly removed by this unequalled alternative. Home Testimony. Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and give proof of the great value of Robson's Nervine as a pain remedy. Try it. ATHOL, Feb. 20.—We hereby certify that we have used Nervine in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy.—LUKE COLE, J.P. ELISHA COLE, J.P. Buy a 10-cent sample bottle at Wilson's drug store. Large bottles 25 cents, by all druggists. Dyspepsia in its worst form will yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills, aided by Carter's Little Liver Pills. They not only relieve present distress, but strengthen the stomach and digestive apparatus. 1m The People's Livery JOHN KNOX, Proprietor. The subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with The Finest Rigs AT REASONABLE PRICES. CALL AND SEE US—Opposite the Colborne Hotel, Goderich, Feb. 14th. 1885—5m

COUGHS AND COLDS that we so frequently neglect, and which so often prove the seeds sown for a harvest of consumption, should have immediate and thorough treatment. A teaspoonful of ROBINSON'S PLEASANTLY-FLAVORED Syrup whenever the Cough is troublesome, will relieve the patient, and persevered in, will effect a cure in the most obstinate cases. 2w Great Discovery That is daily bringing joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure. Guaranteed. Trial Bot-tles free at J. Wilson's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00. (6) FOR THE COMPLEXION.—For pimples, blotches, tan, and all itching troubles of the skin, use Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap. 1m In the history of medicines no preparation has received such universal commendation for the alleviation it affords, and the permanent cure it effects in kidney diseases, as Dr. Van Buren's Kidney Cure. Its action in these distressing complaints is simply wonderful. Sold by J. Wilson. The following is from J. W. Polony, of Winnipeg: "I am a main buyer for William Gillespie, of Hamilton and Grimsby: 'I was cured of my Biliousness and Bile, Nervousness, Blonness, and ultimately Dyspepsia. I suffered very much and tried many different medicines, which gave me only temporary relief and then I was as bad as ever again. I was recommended to try McGregor's Scurvy Cure. I did so, and it was not long before I felt like a new man, and I have enjoyed excellent health ever since. I first commenced taking it February 17th, 1879. Sold by Geo. 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MISS B
BY GEORGE MANTON
CHAPTER
TWO OLD FRI
"My dear Jack!"
"My dear Tom!"
"Then a sturdy grip at
of hand-shakings, the
old fellows each resting
friend's shoulder; and t
steadying themselves w
shaking with the rig
not steady their voices,
husky and deep; and th
ous twinkling look in t
little moisture that did
as the above words we
and again.
"His like old times, T
grip of your fist," said Dr
"Why, Jack, you mak
laid; and I begin think
and tubs, and—oh, dear
years ago!" cried Mr. Th
of Sergeants' Inn.
"By George! it is, old
doctor. 'I'm beginning t
an impostor. She don't u
I'll swear. Thirty seem
very like ten. Only I s
some lively parting you
"Hah! humping! yes,
solicitor, bump a thin
his shiny bald head wh
which changed to a smile
"Rather frosty up atop
though, Jack."
"Eh? frosty? By Geor
the doctor, giving his sh
a rub which seemed to
all over in silver flames
years ago, Tom. Bu
Thought I'd give you a
you out of your pounce
Left my patients to Bee
to have a week's raking
you dog. We haven't l
together these thirty ye
"Humph, no!" said I
shaking his head. "No
eyes wandered round o
over ancient volumes b
supposed to be sheltere
from sooty London dus
tea-leaf green; over b
with people's flames in
and here and there the
and, altogether, Mr. P
seemed the very last p
to go raking, as his vi
visitor, the hearty, di
breezy aspect of the co
as he stood glowing, in
of the dingiest cha
Inn of Court.
"Humph, no!" rep
shaking his head, and
growing more yellow a
looking. Then his e
flower in his old frid
They rose to his rudd
bright, clear eyes, a
that a flash came into
of memories of early n
him; the wrinkles in
deep, the crow's-feet
his eyes were strete
creases on either sid
deeper and were jout
seemed to improve hi
raising his hand from
or, he slapped it dow
"Why, it was bot
we dined at the Win
"To be sure we did
Princess's afterward
"Wrong, you dog!"
"It was the Adolph
Bedford, and MaJar
Woolgar."
"Of course it was,
afterwards to Evans
look here; we'll do
tonight."
"No," said the l
head. "Evans is r
"I'd forgotten, or
never mind. We'll
and see."
"The Green Bus
lad; the green bus
past. Wright and
dead; so are Buck
stor."
"But not Celeste
"I'm not sure
Woolgar is acting s
"Tem, we must b
the doctor; 'but I
"Jack, we are gr
lawyer; 'and I do
God, I have a son.
"And, thank God
said the doctor.
"And we live as
said the lawyer.
"But I shall die
"food," said the doc
had a long railway
"Well, I ought n
"I'm draughting," s
"Oh, hang it! I
"But it is rat
verus Clinks. M
brief."
"Has he? To be
getting on. Bar
"A rising man; i
yer, promptly.
"Is he, though?"