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 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.

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.

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.*

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.*

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 this 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 hot, dusty 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.*

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.*

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 n possession of the Howe family for generations.

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.*

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 become a thing of the past.

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 ome 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.*

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.

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

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 "Still 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 is 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 gathering on brow and lips, the departed soul can bear a message to friends on the other side.

If the young moon is at first seen through the branches of a tree, the beholder is in danger unless he or she will immediately turn three somersaults in the air, which agile feat is rather hard to accomplish, especially by some of the corpulent negroes of the present day.