

CONFUSION IN IRELAND.

DUBLIN, Dec. — The town clerk at Kingstown presented Mr. Parnell with an address, expressing admiration of his "resolute resistance of the insolent dictation of Gladstone," and assuring him of support in his "noble work." The address contained this declaration: "The people will not accept any Home Rule scheme not giving to the people full control of the police and power to settle the land question." In his speech made upon his arrival at Mr. Kenny's house to those who had escorted him, Mr. Parnell said he was confident that with the youth of Ireland on his side he would win, and the common sense and judgment of the Irish people would rally in the true path and refuse to allow the country to be dictated to by anyone, however eminent. The Parnell Leadership Committee during the day presented Mr. Parnell with an address emphasizing in the strongest manner condemnation of the "miserable and contemptible position" the seceders had assumed. It said they had belied their own utterances, had been false to their pledges of fealty and to their constituents, and had ignored the principles with which under Mr. Parnell's guidance they had achieved the only success ever resulting to them from Parliamentary action.

While on the street to-day a hostile crowd threatened Mr. Healy, who was compelled to seek protection from the police.

"UNITED IRELAND" RECAPTURED.

Late to-night a strong party of Parnell's opponents made a descent upon and recaptured the offices of *United Ireland*. The invaders destroyed all the leaders, which had been prepared by Mr. Leamy, who was installed as editor by Mr. Parnell, and threw all the matter that they found set up into the fire. Then they took possession of the ledgers and other books and documents belonging to the concern. All this was done in the name of Wm. O'Brien. A strong posse from various laborers' societies has been left as a garrison with instructions to remain on guard day and night, and to resist by force any further intrusion by Parnell and his friends. It is stated that the suppressed edition will appear tomorrow.

AN IMMENSE PROCESSION.

Parnell consulted with his supporters during the greater part of the day. At 7 o'clock this evening he went to the Mansion House, where the procession was to form. There the crush and enthusiasm was so great that Parnell and his companions found a great difficulty in reaching the door. The crowd was enormous and the people were tightly packed and wedged together. After nearly an hour was spent in forming the procession, a start was made amid the crash of a score of brass bands and the waving of torches. Parnell rode in the lord mayor's carriage at the head of the line. Just as the procession started a score of enthusiastic men unharnessed the horses and took their places, dragging the carriage in triumph for the whole way to the Rotunda. Parnell received an ovation all along the route, and at the hall he experienced the greatest difficulty in making his way to the entrance. The hall had been packed almost to suffocation for an hour previous to the arrival of the procession. When Parnell got inside he found it impossible to reach the platform in any way other than on the shoulders of the crowd, and he passed to the stage over the heads of reporters, the audience pressing forward, sweeping aside the stewards, and clambering upon the platform after him. The cheering which began when he entered the hall was kept up for several minutes, during which Messrs. Kenny and Campbell, the two Redmonds, and others forced their way to the platform. When the tumult had subsided, the Lord Mayor was installed in the chair, and a vote of confidence in Parnell was passed amid great enthusiasm.

PARNELL'S ADDRESS.

Parnell said: I have been accused of absence from the field of battle, but I did not intend to plead to-night either excuses or reasons, believing that you, having confidence in me, would not put me to such an ordeal, but take me for what you have known me to be and for what, please God, I will prove myself to be in the face of Ireland and my fellow-countrymen. (Loud cheers.) There is need at the present crisis for discrimination and judgment against Irishmen. Well, I invite them. It is said I was absent from the fight. Gentlemen, when Wellington retired to his winter quarters within the lines at Torres Vedras, his officers did not seek to put a halter round his neck. (Cheers.) It is easy to make excuses for cessation and defection, but I tell you when the day comes for measuring the amount of my shortcomings—(cries of "No!")—and those of my opponents the balances will not be against me. (Shouts of "Down with the renegades.") I did not plead sickness, though, God knows, it was not the time when I was crippled in health and strength and felt doubtful whether I would ever again come before you—not the time to confront me with a movement of mutiny—(cries of "Bravo!")—stronger, more vindictive, disgraceful and cowardly—(cries of "Healy!")—than ever commander-in-chief was called on to face. Yes, they bided their time. They thought I was dead and that they might play around my corpse and divert the Irish nation from the true issues involved without reckoning with you and me and without taking into consideration the undying resolution of our race, that when they found a true man they would stand by him. (Cheers.) No, I suppose this is a great crisis. Who made it? (Cries of "Healy, Sexton.") It is me. (Cries of "No!") It is you or who? (Several voices: "Old Gladstone, the hypocrite.") We all shall see some day who did this deadly thing against our race. We shall know where to affix the stain they sought to attach to me.

Parnell said that if Gladstone, instead of waiting nine days after the verdict, had whispered to him that his retirement was necessary he (Parnell) would have saved his comrades from the position in which they placed themselves by the Leinster resolution. He referred cynically to Gladstone's talk of resigning.

THE OPPOSITION MANIFESTO.

LONDON, Dec. — The anti-Parnell members of the Irish Parliamentary party

have issued a manifesto to the Irish people. In this they say:

Feeling bound to protect our country's cause at whatever personal sacrifice, we found ourselves under the sad necessity of terminating Mr. Parnell's leadership. It would have been easier to have left him undisturbed, but such a course would have left every man of us a traitor to his country. Mr. Parnell, disregarding our appeals to remember the country, evinced an ill-judged determination to maintain his untenable position, thus threatening to plunge Ireland into a conflict which may overwhelm her and cause her present fair prospects to disappear forever. It is the duty of Irishmen now, irrespective of all considerations of feelings either for Mr. Parnell or those differing from him, to adopt a course that will tend to save Ireland from destruction.

After detailing various reasons for their action, the signers of the manifesto add that whatever judgment Ireland may pass on the manifesto her cause hangs on the issue, and the signers will abide by that judgment, they being the nation's servants. They enumerate the charges against Parnell as follows:

- (1) He speaks as if he were the injured party, whereas he alone is responsible for the present deplorable situation.
- (2) He pledged himself to repel the charge in connection with the O'Shea case, but when the time came to do this he remained silent.
- (3) He does not hesitate to renounce and denounce the multitudes of English friends of liberty as English wolves.
- (4) But the English wolves and the Irish bishops express the same opinion of Mr. Parnell, and he cannot mend matters by calling nicknames.
- (5) The remainder of the Leinster re-election was the most ungenerous taunt ever uttered. The effort to sustain Mr. Parnell without playing Ireland false is made a cause of attack, whereas ought to be a vindication.

The signers' position before Ireland is dwelt upon at length. They set forth that Parnell's re-election was due to gratitude for past services, and his disposition to the fact that if he continued as leader the struggle might have been abandoned. The manifesto says Parnell must be aware that his personality obstructs efforts for freedom and leaves Ireland with nothing for many years but the abominable system imposed by the present Government.

The signers say they refuse to abandon Gladstone for Parnell or to insist upon the Liberal leader revealing his plans, which, they say, would be foolishly to give advantageous opportunities to Ireland's foes. The signers refuse to believe that Gladstone desired to dictate. He was bound to publish his conviction that the retention of Parnell in the leadership of the Irish party would wreck Home Rule. Why should a man of 81 waste the brief remnant of his life in a struggle foredoomed to failure? The signers offered Parnell an opportunity of temporary retirement with a view to his eventual reinstatement, but he never gave the faintest chance of a settlement. His fatal manifesto was an appeal to the hatreds between the peoples of Great Britain and Ireland, and makes it impossible for him hereafter to co-operate with the Liberal party.

The manifesto concludes: "Fellow-countrymen, the issue we submit to you is one upon which the fortunes of our country most depend. May God defend the right." There are 47 signatures attached to the manifesto, headed by Justin McCarthy.

DEFENDS HIS DEAD BROTHER.

Walter Barttelot Gives Stanley the Lie Direct in the London Times.

Walter Barttelot, brother of the late Major Barttelot, writes to the London Times: "All that Stanley said about me is untrue. It is also untrue that my brother wrote me to prevent Troup divulging anything, or that Stanley or his officers warned me not to publish my brother's diaries. Bonny told some, not all, of the stories, but at the same time told stories to the discredit of nearly every officer of the expedition, including Stanley. The latter's book and all subsequent accusations are irreconcilable contradictions and inconsistencies, largely made up of scurrilous and camp gossip." Mr. Barttelot concludes as follows: "Stanley has done this to cover his own culpability." He encloses a letter from Lieut. Baert, testifying to Major Barttelot's indomitable energy and courage. Lieut. Baert says that he was on the spot, but never heard of the accusations Stanley has made.

Horrible Wife Murder in Paris.

A London cable says: Madame Lacassin, wife of a workman who had recently been released from jail, refused to maintain marital relations with her husband. Her refusal enraged Lacassin, who upon meeting her on the street to day again requested her to live with him. She refused, whereupon Lacassin drew a revolver and fired four shots into her body. The woman fell to the sidewalk, and her husband drew a knife and attacked her with fanatical ferocity, horribly mutilating her. He then attempted to kill himself.

Killed by a Falling House.

A Brooklyn despatch says: During the high winds this morning a two-story and basement brick building, owned by Chas. B. Butler and being erected at the corner of Fifth street, near Sixth avenue, was blown down. It fell on a one-story brick structure occupied by one Nicholas Deplino, an Italian shoemaker, and his wife and two children. The family were buried in the ruins. All were rescued unhurt, save Rosina, a 13-year old girl, who was killed. The damage is \$6,000.

The King.

Jack Dempsey, next to Sullivan, has been the pugilistic marvel of the age. Never but once in his career as a fighter has he been beaten, and then by what is termed a chance knockout blow. There is an impression in some quarters that Dempsey is about to meet his Waterloo. On January 14th, at New Orleans, he will battle with Fitzsimmons, the long-armed Australian middle-weight who has created havoc with the fighters since he landed in America.

Dignity Rebuked.

Puck: "You've got into me for all I'm worth," remarked the Stooking to the Jumping Jack. "All the same I'm in a hole," replied the Jumping Jack. And when Santa Claus heard them talking in that way he broke the Jumping Jack and took the Stooking for a nosebag for one of his reindeer.

It is stated that Clarence Greathouse, United States Consul-General of Japan, has resigned in order to accept the appointment of Prime Minister of the Korean Government.

KILLS AS WELL AS CURES.

A Point in Which Koch's Cure Does Not Differ from Others.

A Berlin despatch says: Many medical men who came here from abroad to study the Koch treatment are leaving with their hopes of its success abated. Some specialists continue their demonstrations of the treatment, but the others have ceased to inquire for facilities. Prof. Bergmann, upon concluding his demonstrations, announced that he had made injections in 200 cases, but would not pronounce definitely upon the results or the methods of the treatment until a year had elapsed. Nevertheless, he reaffirmed his belief in the value of the remedy.

The *Herald* publishes an interview with Prof. Virchow on the Koch remedy. While admitting that Koch had made a most important discovery, Virchow said wholesale inoculation with the lymph was absurd until exhaustive experiments had proved its nature. It was clear to him that the lymph was dangerous for children and persons in an advanced stage of consumption. He declined to admit that it afforded a certain diagnosis, and said he believed its efficacy in the treatment of lupus still needed proof. He thought experiments covering two or three years ought to be made.

The reaction against the Koch treatment has increased in violence. Eight patients have died soon after the injection of the lymph, and this, combined with the fact that there has been no verified cure, has intensified the public feelings against the experiments. A number of hospital patients here and in Lyons, who have been undergoing Koch treatment, have refused to submit to further trials. Owing to the public furor, the commission, headed by Prof. Nalopean, which is testing the remedy, has decided to maintain absolute silence as to the result until the tests have been completed.

A man in Madrid suffering with consumption, who was inoculated with the Koch lymph, has just died. For several days before his death he breathed with difficulty, and his pulse was irregular. A post-mortem examination revealed the usual consumptive appearance and a pericardial swelling.

How to Accept Presents.

At the holiday season the giving of gifts is prevalent. Now, everybody can give sweetly, graciously and lovingly. How many can accept in the same spirit? I felt last year that there was a thread of coarseness in the girl who, looking at a fine book that had been sent her by a friend, said: "Oh, dear, I suppose I shall have to get something in return for it!" That's a barter and exchange. It isn't giving. Nothing was to be sent in return for the book unless it were the sweetest of thanks, and the mere fact of the acceptance of a gift does not force upon you its return.

Gift giving is like love, the desire is supposed to come from the heart, and no gift is worth anything unless it is sent with that feeling, and that only. But then you think you are to accept and never to return? My dearest girl, we never know how we return things in this world, but everything does equalize itself. You have been a charming companion and have brightened many a moment to a woman whose purse is better filled than yours. She sends you, when a Christmas Day comes, some dainty present, some pretty trifle that she knows you will like, a book about which you have talked, or a picture that you have admired; and the return you make should be your thanksgiving, and that is all. Your gift of a joyful presence was made long before the material one. I do not mean by this that the woman who is not rich must not give—God forbid it—but I do mean she must not think of attempting to return as once the gift that has come to her. It is vulgar, my dear. Wait until another gift day comes round, and then give something that expresses yourself, the child of your brain and your fingers, rather than of your purse. After all, Emerson struck the keynote of gift-giving when he said, "Our gifts are for the most part expressionless. Let the sailor bring a sea shell, the poet a poem and the painter a picture," and these are the gifts that, being part of yourself, may be received as of greater value than anything which money could obtain. —Ruth Ashmore, in *Christmas Ladies' Home Journal*.

The Largest Locomotive.

What is said to be the largest locomotive in the world has just been turned out at the Schenectady Works. The locomotive is for the Michigan Central. It is a ten-wheeler, with six driving wheels, each six feet and two inches in diameter. The shell of its boiler is 68 inches in diameter, and the locomotive weighs 62 tons; with loaded tender, 102 tons. The locomotive is called "compound," from a device by which there are only two exhausts to a revolution, instead of four as in ordinary engines. The Schenectady works turn out nine locomotives a week; the Baldwin works, twelve. The "improvement" to be derived from this whole matter is the advance in the rate of manufacturing locomotives. Twenty years ago it took a "gang" a month to turn out a locomotive; now the works turn out 36 in a month of 28 days. Time is saved, skilled labor has progressed immensely, capital has been enlarged and workmen have steadily earned good wages.

How She Remembered Him.

Husband—How did you get along while I was away, my dear? Wife—Pretty well. Every night I got out some of your old clothes and strewed them around the floor, tracked mud all over the stairs and swore at myself occasionally, and it seemed really like home.

The Man He Wanted.

Munsey's Weekly: Applicant (to proprietor of great newspaper): Have you a vacancy on your staff, sir? Proprietor—I need a circulation affidavit editor, but I don't know that you would suit. "I think I would, sir. I have been a census enumerator at Minneapolis." "The place is yours."

An English fox hunting scene has been added to the first act of "Almost a Crime." Real foxhounds are used and the act is said to be very effective.

THE DETROIT TRAGEDY REPEATED.

Masquerading Students in Flames—Two Fatally, Others Seriously Injured.

An Akron, O., despatch says: At a birthday celebration in Buchtel College last evening 30 lady students were gathered in the society's library building. They were entertained by eight others, who wore masks and loose flowing garments, with high hats also covered with cotton. The hat of Miss Aurelia Steigmier, of Utica, N. Y., caught fire, and the fire was communicated to the entire party. Every effort was made to save the young ladies, whose screams were heard throughout the great building, and whose blazing costumes seemed to fill the room. Miss Mary Stevens, of Clifton Springs, N. Y., had every particle of clothing burned from her body and rolled over and over in the centre of the room, where a little group tried to extinguish the flames. Miss Steigmier was burned from head to foot. Both will probably die. Two holes were burned in the floor, but the fire was extinguished. The others injured are: Miss Mary Baker, of Fort Plain, N. Y., neck, face and chest charred to a cinder; Aurelia Warwick, of Storm Lake, Ia., severely burned, also Diana Haynes, of Albetene, Ks.; Myrtle Baker, of Peru, Ohio; Eva Dean, of Storm Lake, Ia.; Addie Buchtel, of Columbia, Kas., niece of John R. Buchtel of this city, founder of the college; Estelle Mason, of Magdora, O.; Dora Merrill, of Williamsport, Pa. The dormitories of the college were turned into hospitals, and a corps of physicians called in.

FAINTED UNDER THE LASH.

An Assaulter of Children at the Triangle—Punishment Postponed.

A Montreal despatch says: For nearly a year at short intervals horrible outrages have been committed upon children, and for the most part the perpetrators went unpunished. One at last was caught and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary with the infliction of 40 lashes in two instalments. One of these he has received, and an attempt was made this morning to clear off the score. The criminal's name is Joseph Cusson, and he effected his purpose by entering houses in the guise of a friar. This morning at 7 o'clock he was taken from his cell into the western corridor, where the triangle was arranged. The frame stood upright at an angle, and the victim was quickly bound to it by straps, and his arms fastened around the posts. The instrument was of the usual kind, a twelve-inch handle with twelve thongs of stout knotted cord. Turnkey Lalonde, an accomplished operator, was to administer the punishment. Everything was prepared in a business fashion in the presence of a dozen people. The surgeon gave the word, and the first blow fell with stinging force, leaving well-marked livid ridges across the back. The man instantly fainted—at least the surgeon declared it was a case of syncope, though it looked more like a piece of mockery. The punishment was stopped and will be tried again in January.

Christmas in a Lighthouse.

Have you ever thought what it must be to spend a Christmas Day in a lighthouse? For fifty years my Christmases have been there. To you landmen and women, a snowy Christmas generally means that the day is complete; but to the lighthouse keeper it is too often ushered in by a northeast gale. As far as the eye can reach under the light, I see nothing but the fast-driving flakes, while the sea dashes white on the rocks and is a visitor at my windows, knocking noisily every few minutes. The wind shrieks through this old house, rushes through the lantern with a noise like the shrill whistle of a steamboat foretelling danger, and even round the doors there is a chorus as if an army of fiends were attacking us. But with all this against us in the elements, in my girlhood days we had many jolly Christmases, for we were a large family of boys and girls, and liked, just as I do to-day, the pleasant giving and receiving of gifts, which marks the birthday of Christ. Now, with only my brother Rudolph left, we make the day as jovial as can be, and my dinner with its turkey and "fixings" of celery and cranberry sauce, its mince-pies and plum-pudding, I should like to share with you all.—Ida Lewis, in the *Christmas Ladies' Home Journal*.

Hot-Water Remedies.

Headache almost always yields to the simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

A towel folded, dipped in hot water, wrung out rapidly and applied to the stomach acts like magic in cases of colic.

There is nothing that so promptly cuts short congestion of the lungs, sore throat or rheumatism as hot water when applied promptly and thoroughly.

A towel folded several times and dipped in hot water and quickly wrung and applied over the toothache or neuralgia will generally afford prompt relief.

A strip of flannel or napkin folded lengthwise and dipped in hot water and wrung out and then applied round the neck of a child that has the croup will usually bring relief in ten minutes.

Hot water taken freely half an hour before bed-time is the best cathartic possible in the case of constipation, while it has a most soothing effect upon the stomach and bowels. This treatment, continued a few months, with proper attention to diet, will cure any curable case of dyspepsia.—*Hall's Journal of Health*.

In Hard Luck.

Thirty-seven young ladies of the congregation had in mind thirty-seven pairs of slippers for the minister for Christmas.

But one young lady made known her intention.

And when the day arrived young Mr. Thumper received one pair of slippers and thirty-six dressing-gowns.

It Would Be Useful.

"I'd like to borrow one of your longest hose," said a girl to the captain of a fire company.

"What do you want it for?" asked the fireman in surprise.

"I want to hang it up for Christmas."

"What is pleasure?" asks the *Tro Press*. To be able to make others happy.—*Palladium*.

THE SELIVERSKOFF MURDER.

Padlewsky Confesses to Shooting the General—His Escape.

A Paris cable says: The Anarchist De la Bruyere, has written a letter to *Le Clair*, in which he states that he assisted Padlewsky, the Russian Pole suspected of murdering Gen. Seliverskoff, to escape from Paris after the crime was committed. Padlewsky, De la Bruyere says, made his way to Trieste, where he embarked upon a vessel and sailed for South America.

The statement of the Anarchist De la Bruyere that he assisted Padlewsky, the supposed murderer of Gen. Seliverskoff, to escape, largely engrosses the attention of both the police and the public. The prefect of police and the public prosecutor held an extended conference to-day as to the advisability of arresting De la Bruyere until the accuracy of his story could be tested. According to De la Bruyere's letter to *Le Clair* newspaper, Padlewsky confessed to him that he killed Gen. Seliverskoff on the spur of the moment after he had had a long conversation with the general. The general had tried to pump him regarding the frequenters of Bernhoff's house, where Padlewsky was employed, and concluded by proposing that Padlewsky act as a spy. This proposition Padlewsky had resented by shooting the general, and had escaped as his victim fell on his desk, face downward. Three nights later a woman visited De la Bruyere and implored him to assist Padlewsky in leaving the country. De la Bruyere says he assented on the ground that it was a political crime. He relates how he disguised the fugitive by changing the color of his complexion and hair, and afterwards accompanied him to Trieste. De la Bruyere assigns as a further motive for his action that he desired to show that French reporters were not behind American and British newspaper men in journalistic enterprise.

Facts About Greenland.

In 1721 Hans Edge, the apostle of the Esquimaux, landed in Greenland.

Hall was the first Englishman who laid his bones on the shore of Greenland.

It has been found impossible to penetrate for any distance into the vast interior. The natives believe it to be inhabited by enormous malignant beings.

There is nothing but a white world supporting a blue vault. From far below one's feet there comes the moaning noise, the voice of rivers flowing far beneath.

It is 320,000 square miles in extent, the whole being a mass of ice. A Danish professor in 1820 made his way for thirty miles inland, and described the scene he saw.

Occasionally there are loud reports from the opening of a cleft, a vast mass of water pierces its way into the ice down to the underlying granite itself, for thousands of feet.

A wonderful sight is that of the colossal rivers, deep and broad, which flow between tall blue banks and pour at the end of their course down a cleft with a might cascade, which is conspicuous from a distance by a cloud of mist which always hangs above it.

On the strips of the land near the coast the Greenland flora, though scanty, is very pleasant to the eye. Vegetation covers the ground in thick masses, forming turf in the level places, while it fills the chinks and crannies of the rocks and creeps over the surface of the stone, giving a bright appearance to the land in summer.

Girls Understand Markets.

"Did you ever read the news about the markets?" said Mand to Minnie.

"Oh! sometimes—especially the dry goods advertisements; I think they're useful real often."

"Oh! I don't mean that! The rises and falls, and the bulls and bears, and Wall street and all such things."

"Yes; I know. They talk about watering railway stock, don't they? I never understood until just the other day what they meant by that."

"What does it mean?"

"Why, when I was coming in on the train, they stopped for awhile and I heard a gentleman say that the engine was taking water."

"Well, what of that?"

"Well, of course you know they call the engine an iron horse sometimes. And if you had ever been in the country you'd know that horses are stock, and so that explains everything just lovely, doesn't it?"—*Washington Post*.

A Sign of Laziness.

Canada *Presbyterian*: There are two reasons why reputable ministers do not change pulpits often. One is because frequent exchanges are looked upon as an outward and visible sign of laziness—we beg pardon, inertia. Another is that in almost every congregation there are a few thoughtless people who are in favor of changing everything on the earth beneath, and every change in the pulpit ministers to their morbid craving for something new. There is not much in these objections. Congregations should be ministered to in the interest of the sensible people, not in the interest of a few featherheads who may be connected with them. As regards laziness, if a congregation has the remotest cause for suspicion that their minister is lazy he ought to resign at once. Humanity seldom takes on a more odious form than it does in the person of an idle, lazy, selfish minister.

The Ship's Yule-Log.

Judge: "Be careful of that," said the captain of the ship, as he gave the record of the day to the first mate, Christmas night.

"Is it specially precious, sir?" asked the mate.

"Yes, it's the only Yule-log we have on board."

Stopped the Row.

New York *Herald*: Sane—How did the police manage to put down the students' riot?

Rodd—They threw a football among the boys and they immediately began to maul each other to death.

Baby veils are likely to have the same popularity enjoyed by the Hading veil. They are worn with large hats, but instead of being gathered in under the chin they cover the head, hat and face and fall over the shoulders.