

SALISBURY'S STAND.

England's Premier Preparing for the Coming Parliament.

BRINGING FORWARD BALFOUR.

The "Nephew of My Uncle" Being Pushed to the Front.

A POLITICAL WARMING PAN.

Intended as Temporary Commander of the Commons.

THE CROWN PRINCE'S CONDITION.

Germany's Heir to the Throne Declared to Be Suffering From Cancer and the Pillmen Quarreling As to the Manner of Treatment—Other Foreign News.

A Commoner's Letter.

London, Nov. 12.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the Bee.]—Sir Morell Mackenzie will be back here Monday and the crown prince will return to Berlin as soon as the inflammation in the throat has subsided. My accounts to-day from sure sources confirm by implication my previous dispatches. There is and there can be no greater change for the better in the prince's condition. All the medical aid under the sun can do little for him at present. It is very doubtful whether he will submit to the operation which the doctors are talking of. His cheerfulness is marvellous. To those who do not know his immense force of character, his iron will, his complete resignation to the fate which he has long seen impending, would have been taken by surprise by the announcement of cancer, but the sufferer has nothing which he did not suspect before. It is to be regretted that some purveyors of news cannot imitate the self-command of the crown prince. In Blowitz's dispatch, stating that the kaiser had faintly and almost unperceptibly demitted with that of the empress and crown prince, and making as clean a sweep of the stage as occurs in the last act of "Hamlet," deserves to be ranked as the wildest concoction ever sent to a great newspaper. Even the Times itself allowed its Berlin correspondent on Friday to utter bitter sarcasm on Mr. Blowitz's unimpaired romance. It has given great offence in high quarters, both here and in Germany. M. Blowitz should be warned that he often goes dangerously near making the Times' Paris correspondent the ridicule of Europe, and if he is now going to lose his head altogether, whenever something unexpected happens, he will be regarded as a nuisance by the public.

Even the crown prince's condition is not as immediately important from a public point of view as the tremendous slap in the face which Bismarck has delivered to Russia in ordering the Imperial bank of Germany to refuse to negotiate any more Russian securities. What a moment to choose for such a hostile demonstration—just as the coming to Berlin. Lord Salisbury's confident prediction as to the continued maintenance of the peace of Europe might soon be falsified if the czar only felt himself strong enough to encounter the new triple alliance. He will have to bear what he cannot resist.

But an additional element of disturbance has been added to the many others accumulating in Europe. If the French could not get up an alliance similar to the one existing between Germany, Austria and Italy, Lord Salisbury's reputation as a herald of peace would probably soon receive a fatal blow. The czar will merely bide his time.

In regard to English politics it may be positively stated, notwithstanding all rumors to the contrary, that Lord Salisbury has resolved to go on with his own government, and that his great merit, being entirely under his control. His nephew, Mr. Balfour, is to be pushed forward as much as possible and made the leader of the house of commons, temporarily as a warming pan. It is true that Mr. Balfour has never shown much brilliancy in the house or elsewhere, but he is a nephew of "my uncle," and therefore he is marked out for first place. Observe, then, that ministerial journals will henceforth lose no opportunity of extolling the firmness, courage and genius of the Irish secretary, his wonderful successes in Ireland, and his great superiority to the poor creatures tossed by fate into the tory party, and that the province that made Mr. Balfour to lead the house of commons will be proved true or false every twenty-four hours by journalists who derive their inspiration from his uncle's house. All very pretty, indeed, but there are three men outside the ministry that have ten times more popularity than the whole of the men in it—Lord Hartington, Lord Randolph Churchill and Mr. Chamberlain. It is safe to assume that the public will be willing to see these great leaders deliberately set outside in order that mediocrity may be put in the highest places.

Perhaps, but Lord Salisbury is above public whims as the monarch of old is above grammar. He would say ditto to the late Mr. Vanderbilt on that point. To have a comfortable ministry which would not expose or contradict you—thoroughly respectable and obsequious, ministers warranted never to have an opinion of their own until one is found for them—such is the ambition of the modern prime minister. Men of great originality and intellectual power like Churchill and Hartington are apt to have views of their own and even capable of devising a policy. They are very unimportant to work with when all you want is automation. A cabinet composed of the relations of those who have been useful and subservient to relations is the only one worth a straw. One of the family is your best and truest ally. Has Mr. Grey found it so? I should say, then, that the next session will begin as last—with a strong outside ministry and weak ones inside. How the arrangement will work remains to be seen. As surely the Gladstones and Parnells have no great reason to be dissatisfied with it.

To leave politics let me mention as an early piece of news that Mr. Bancroft and his wife will shortly publish recollections of their thirty years' experience upon the stage. This will be one of the most interesting theatrical works which have ever seen the light, for the Bancrofts have known everybody worth knowing and their anecdotes of other actors and authors, as well as celebrated people in social life, are innumerable. Much information will be given about Tom Robertson, author of "Casey,"

who had a very hard struggle for many years and died as soon as he began to taste the sweets of prosperity. The changes that have taken place in the stage management of theatrical life generally, also supply materials for most interesting chapters. These memoirs, which you must not look for till the beginning of the next year.

M. Verestchagin will soon take his collection of pictures to Paris. In spite of the adverse tone of many papers and the malice of some artists the paintings have made a great impression on the public mind and are admitted to be quite unappreciated. For fidelity of nature and a weird kind of power Verestchagin is a remarkable man and has chosen his own line as an artist. I understand his pictures found a temporary home in the Rosener gallery at the simple request of the Prince of Wales, who first saw the collection at Copenhagen, and was so much struck with it that he advised Verestchagin to bring it to England.

Lord Randolph Churchill has gone to-day on a visit to Lord Hartington, at Hardwick Hall, in Derbyshire.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

THE BERLIN BUDGET.

An Anxious, Wearysome Week for the Whole German Empire.

Berlin, Nov. 12.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the Bee.]—This has been an anxious, wearysome week for the whole German empire, especially so for Prussia. There was an unexplainable superstitious belief amongst Germans high and low that the crown prince would die before the kaiser had in any way prepared the matter for the news from the crown prince. But very few expected that had news would come this winter, and still fewer anticipated serious effects from the prince's illness on the emperor and empress. In Berlin and elsewhere throughout Germany nothing has been talked of except the crown prince, and many complications are resulting from his illness. Even the houses of parliament have less felt than has the anxiety for the prince. In Berlin it is now strongly felt that the crown prince's death, if it occurs, would be quickly followed by those of the kaiser and kaiserin, while war might follow almost before Prince William was firmly seated on the imperial throne. Three deaths and war are not encouraging prospects, as this is what the emperor craves. Berlin expects from day to day and it would not be easy to shake their gloomy faith. The crown prince receives any amount of rough-tongued abuse, which is not to the credit of German politeness. It has become an article of faith, even in good society circles, that the princess self-willed belief in English doctors and in her own ability to select methods and medicines for the cure are largely responsible for what has occurred to the prince. It is hard and unfair judgment which has thus been given, but one not apt to be changed very quickly.

Aside from the crown prince, there are only a few items of general interest. Prof. Becker's painting, bought recently by the Corcoran art gallery at Washington for 16,000 marks, was shipped this week from Bremen. The picture is a large canvas, about seven feet long, with a dozen or more figures. Pope Julius II sits scanning the just recovered Apollo Belvedere. Near him are cardinals and priests, to one side Raphael, in the background Michel Angelo and near Vittoria Colonna, the latter the best painted head of them all. In the foreground stands the statue painting negotiator for the peace of Westphalia.

Mr. B. E. Guernsey and family, of New York, have left the Hotel De Lempsie. She will shortly go to Monte Carlo.

Miss Woodhouse, of New York, has arrived from Spain with a southern fever and is ill at the Hotel De Lathanie.

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years ago, has consented to receive subscription for the erection of a new church here.

THE FRENCH SCANDAL.

The Political Atmosphere Charged With Electricity.

[Copyright 1887 by James Gordon Bennett.] Paris (via Havre), Nov. 12.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the Bee.]—Great agitation continues on the boulevards at the chambers. The political atmosphere is charged with electricity and public indignation is fanned into a flame by a perfect wave of intrigues, scandals, falsehoods and frauds must soon like a thunderbolt find vent somewhere and precipitate a crisis. Just as the Caffarelli trial, so is now the Wilson inquiry developing into a public impeachment of Grey. Parisian and the swarms of political creeps of the boulevards are already snarling, growling and snapping their teeth at the president of the republic. At all the street corners are displayed hundreds of caricatures, depicting in rainbow hues M. Grey, M. Wilson and the interior of the Elysee palace, transformed into a broker's shop or a gambling table. The Ploier, a sort of wild cat or illustrated paper published at Mont Martre, publishes an enormous cartoon entitled "Chasses du Paradis." It represents God standing on the steps of paradise, brandishing in his hand a drawn sword, on the blade of which is inscribed "France." Paradise is labelled "Elysee Palace" and bounding down the steps, playing before the rays of the Amity, are two lugubrious robbers, intended to represent M. Grey and M. Wilson. Beneath this cartoon is printed in flaming letters the second verse of the third chapter of the Book of Genesis.

"And the woman said unto the serpent, 'We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the garden.'"

Other caricatures and lampoons displayed by every illustrated newspaper in Paris and either too blasphemous or too indecent to describe. The situation is getting worse and worse. M. Grey has announced in unmistakable language to his political friends that he will not think of resigning until Wilson has been actually tried before a tribunal and his guilt clearly established. Then and then only will he retire. M. Grey's friends meanly while remain silent, but their enemies breathe forth smoke and fire.

To-day M. Paul de Cassagnac writes in "Austere" and rigid Grey scatters to the winds all the traditions of the republics of antiquity. He forgets Virgilus, who slew his only daughter because she had been dishonored. He forgets Manlius Torquatus, who killed his own son for disobeying orders. Instead of following the precept of the Roman republic, Grey lavishes pardon and indulgence, and actually covers with his presidential cloak the dishonored son-in-law, who committed robbery to the benefit of Grey's own family.

So Grey will remain president if for no other object than at least to be able to pardon in case the tribunals of France convict him of felony.

For the moment chaos seems to have seized upon the administrative authority of the country. A parliamentary inquiry is going on trying some of the persons accused. The perfect of police conducts still a third investigation and he himself is pursued by each of others, and in the midst of all this Boulanger emerges from arrest and will come prancing on the stage in the midst of the general convulsion.

POINTS FROM PARIS.

A Good Many Americans Sojourning in the French Capital.

[Copyright 1887 by James Gordon Bennett.] Paris (via Havre), Nov. 12.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the Bee.]—Mr. Blaine continues to spend a great deal of his time with ex-Congressman Alley at the Hotel Chatham. One of Mr. Blaine's physicians—who, in conjunction with Dr. Orr, of St. Thomas' hospital, London, has made the most thorough examinations possible of Blaine from his head to his feet, making the most minute examination of his kidneys—pronounces Blaine to be in perfect health and equal to any emergency. Blaine's friends thought he looked ill recently, and he often complained of head trouble, so Blaine came to Dr. Macgravin, of Paris, and said: "Doctor, I want to be assured that I am perfectly sound and equal to political excitement that may occur." A few days ago Dr. Macgravin examined Mr. Blaine that he is sound in mind and limb.

Jay Gould will arrive at the Hotel Bristol this evening.

Mrs. John A. Lowery, of New York, will leave Paris for Pau next week.

Mrs. Buchanan Whitrop will leave Bristol for Pau on Friday.

Mr. K. H. Holman, of Baltimore, is stopping at the Hotel De Lempsie. She will shortly go to Monte Carlo.

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of the present season has just been completed by Worth for a Russian princess, Troubetzko. The ample train in gross grain velvet is caught back to show the side breadth in satin of the palest possible green, made very full and caught up slightly. The side of the dress is made of a pale green of pale green satin, set by the skirt with scarcely any fullness and embroidered down the center with a cluster of ostrich feathers—three in each group—and worked in gross grain floss silk and silver beads. Around this skirt front runs a ribbon pattern in gross grain velvet, outlined with silver spangie, the whole front being edged with silk embroidery.

A very beautiful and artistic evening dress for the Marquis de Gallifit is in white fluted skirt front cut in deep scoops and edged with a fringe of silver beads. This skirt front is veiled with silver spotted tulle, edged with fringe, silver beads and drawn up at one side with a branch of yellow roses, with buds and foliage, a longer branch of the same color being set at the other side of the skirt. The back is composed of plain full widths of the silver spotted tulle and at each side fall a long sack in pale yellow satin ribbon.

A dinner dress intended for a recent Parisian tulleau is in rose pink, French felle, long full train, parting in front over a wide shirred blouse of the material. The collar is filled with a shimmering reverse of pink gauze, and has puffed elbow sleeves of pink gauze. The waist is encircled with a dirre-toire.

The Prince Leaves San Remo.

[Copyright 1887 by James Gordon Bennett.] SAN REMO, Nov. 12.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the Bee.]—Prince William left San Remo at 9 o'clock this morning, traveling in a special carriage, accompanied by several members of his suite. I was standing on the platform of the station when the prince arrived with his mother, the crown princess, his sister, Count Seckendorff and two German doctors. The future emperor is a hard-favored, manly but unsympathetic young man of middle height, clean shaven, long tawny moustache, hawty and rather forbidding. He studiously acknowledged the courtesy of the Italian officials who had turned out to meet him, but he said nothing to his fellow-countrymen, who stood bowing and scraping in the waiting room. The prince wore a brown tourist suit. I noticed that his right ear was stuffed with cotton. The crown princess looked sunburnt and healthy. She wore a dark blue woolen costume and blue straw hat. The prince kept the train waiting some time while he chatted with his family. He was about to get into the waiting room when he was playfully reminded to a Prussian noble who had been presented to him: "Also Ich Reise noch nicht nach Monte Carlo."

The Doctors Look to Kill Him.

Berlin, Nov. 12.—Dr. Schroeter declares that the disease from which the crown prince is suffering is cancer. He proposes to perform the dangerous operation of tracheotomy and completely extirpate the cancer. This, he thinks, will prolong the patient's life three or four years. Dr. Mackenzie is in case the tribunals of France convict him of felony.

Police Brutality Winked At.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—Constable Thompson, of Limerick, has resigned as a protest against the treatment of O'Brien. An encounter took place between the police and a woman, many of the policemen were injured by being hit with stones. The local magistracy is inquiring into the affair, exculpated the police.

M. Wilson in Court.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—M. Wilson, who is charged with complicity in the Caffarelli scandal, appeared before the examining magistrate to-day. He affirmed that the disputed letters are authentic. Madame Limouzen persists in her declaration that they have been tampered with.

O'Brien Stays in Bed.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—O'Brien wore his own clothes yesterday. While he was in bed last night his clothing was removed from his cell and replaced with ordinary prison garb. O'Brien refuses to dress himself in uniform.

Fifteen Leaguers Sentenced.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—Fifteen members of the National league were sentenced at Kilrush to-day to one month's imprisonment at hard labor.

Aberdeen's New Rector.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The Rt. Hon. George Joachim Goschen has been elected to the rectory of Aberdeen university by a vote of 455 to 314 for Rt. Hon. John Morley.

THE DULUTH BANK ROBBERY.

Found to Have Been Committed By an Employee—His Arrest.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—Pinkerton detectives to-day arrested a young man named F. E. Bickell for the theft of \$34,000 from the Union National bank of Duluth, Minn. This robbery, it will be remembered, occurred about noon of September 16 last and was a most mysterious affair as it occurred while the cashier was at his desk. Detectives shadowed employees of the bank after the robbery and soon discovered young Bickell acting very mysteriously. A short time ago he resigned, saying he was going to Portland, Me., but he was tracked down and arrested. He took a very wandering route and only got as far as Chicago yesterday.

When arrested, Bickell confessed to the crime and gave up all of the money except \$150 which he had spent. The robbery was committed in a unique way. Bickell had noticed that the cashier frequently read a paper during meal times in the day and always held it in front of his face. Bickell watched his chance, and on the day of the robbery skipped into the vault, took five packages of currency and soon after to dinner, carrying them in his overcoat carelessly for dissection and they were taken well protected. At last the directors consented to allow the remains in the hall was due to the fear of the owners that the police would revoke their license to sell liquors in case it should be done. This the owners deny. The question of the primary disposal of the dead anarchists was settled this afternoon. They will be taken to Waldheim for dissection and they wanted them well protected. The committee represented to the directors of the cemetery that the vault in Waldheim, being lately constructed and on improved principles, was the strongest near Chicago. Mr. Stauber told the directors it was feared by the families of the anarchists that a determined effort would be made by physicians to get possession of the remains for dissection and they wanted them well protected. At last the directors consented to allow the bodies to be placed in the vault, but reserved their decision as to whether they would sell to the committee a plot of ground in which to bury the remains.

Preparations for the Funeral.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—It was definitely decided this afternoon that the remains of August Spies should not be laid in state in the Aurora Turn hall to-morrow. The state representative, Frank Stauber, who is at the head of the committee of arrangements, says the refusal to allow the remains in the hall was due to the fear of the owners that the police would revoke their license to sell liquors in case it should be done. This the owners deny. The question of the primary disposal of the dead anarchists was settled this afternoon. They will be taken to Waldheim for dissection and they wanted them well protected. At last the directors consented to allow the bodies to be placed in the vault, but reserved their decision as to whether they would sell to the committee a plot of ground in which to bury the remains.

MARRIED HER MANAGER.

CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG IS NOW MRS. CARL STRAKOSCH.

ELKHART, Ind., Nov. 12.—Clara Louise Kellogg and her manager, Carl Strakosch, were married at this place Wednesday night, at the close of an entertainment given by the company.

Mrs. A. C. Barney, of Cincinnati, and Miss Platte, of Dayton, O., will go to Pau.

Miss Cooper, of New York, has arrived at the Binda.

Minister and Mrs. McLane will open their usual weekly reception on the 1st of January.

M. Bonnat is at work on two portraits which are destined for Americans. One is that of Mrs. Fairchild, of Brooklyn, the other Mrs. Carter Brown, of Providence.

Among the passengers who left Paris yesterday to sail on the Champernon to-day are Mr. and Mrs. G. F. McCandless and Miss May McCandless, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Mitchell, Mr. Peabody, Mrs. General Berdon, Mrs. Chas. Dana, Mrs. Paul Dana, Mr. Raphael Weill and Mr. and Mrs. Walker.

One of the most magnificent ball dresses

PREPARING FOR THE GRAVE.

The Bodies of the Dead Anarchists Viewed By Friends.

DETAILS FOR THE FUNERAL.

The Remains to Be Borne to Their Last Resting Place Without Banners, Without Speeches and Without Music.

The Dead Anarchists.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—"Oh, Albert, Albert, they have murdered you!" cried Mrs. Parsons, when she was permitted to see the face of her husband for the first time this morning. At Parsons' house, when his body was brought in, Mrs. Parsons acted very wildly, and when the cover was lifted from the coffin she rushed in and threw herself bodily upon the coffin and then fell in a faint upon the floor before her friends could catch her. As soon as Mrs. Parsons had recovered sufficiently to walk she ran again to her dead husband, crying and calling his name. She again fainted before her lips touched the face of her husband. This time friends carried her away and would not let her see the corpse again.

The home of George Engel there has been a solemn throng passing in and out since morning. The door of the little carriage store where Engel was managed since the arrest of her husband, was draped in mourning. In the back room lay the bodies of Ling and Engel. The haggard face of Mrs. Engel as she passed through the room frequently was pitiful.

The bodies of Engel and Ling were in their coffins and no one was permitted to take more than one look as he passed along. That portion of Ling's face which was shattered by the fulminating cartridge had been filled with white and black wax. A bandage hid the wound from gaze, otherwise the face was well preserved. In the front of the coffin was a waxen figure of a man, which must have nerved the bomb maker to put the candle in his mouth. The wax figure of a man, which must have nerved the bomb maker to put the candle in his mouth. The wax figure of a man, which must have nerved the bomb maker to put the candle in his mouth.

At 10 o'clock the casket containing the body of Engel was taken to the home of his wife. Around the house was a great crowd of women and children. Mrs. Fischer was at the head of the line of neighbors who were carrying into the house she was escorted there by two female friends. She was suffering from a severe cold and her face was what hysterical. She stopped occasionally and threw her arms around one or the other of her friends and wept bitterly.

The bodies and windows of Chris Spies' house, where the body of the dead anarchist lies, were barred and would not be opened to-day. Long strips of white and black wax swung from the door bell. At the top of the symbols of mourning was a large black rose, also made of wax. From the middle of which a ribbon of white and black wax swung from the door bell. At the top of the symbols of mourning was a large black rose, also made of wax. From the middle of which a ribbon of white and black wax swung from the door bell.

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