COMPLICATIONS IN EUROPE.

Disquieting Rumors Afloat Concerning Salisbury's Policy.

TALK OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Continental Journals Agog Over the Visit of Lord Randolph Churchill to St. Petersburg--Foreign News.

Nearing a Crisis.

[Copyright 1887 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, Dec. 22.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the BEE.]—Strange, disquieting rumors are afloat in reference to the attitude now being taken by Salisbury's government towards Austria, Germany and Russia. How far these rumors are authentic I cannot say. It may be that it is my duty to inform you that they may give rise to important consequences. What one hears is that the ministry has been induced by Bismarck to give considerable countenance if not absolute pledges of support to the triple alliance; that Austria is confident that she may depend upon English interception in case she is attacked. One or two daily papers known to have access to official information have even gone so far as to put out feelers on the subject. The Times hints that England might possibly extend maritime aid to Italy or Austria in certain eventualities. Something of this kind was talked about last year, the object being, as it was then understood, to keep a Battenburg prince on the throne of Bulgaria. The secret story of that affair has not yet been written, but some day it may all come out. Ministerial organs give currency to reports which point to a similar mysterious understanding, with Germany and Austria against Russia.

At the same moment continental journals are all agog over the visit of Randolph Churchill to St. Petersburg. Is there any connection between the visit of the leader of the tory democracy to Russia and their approachment between Salesbury and Bismarck. Political clubs of other places resound with this question or questions growing out of it. Is it mere chance or caprice that directed Churchill's steps to Russia just as Salisbury was concluding a German alliance. It may be, and yet the visit may be of some moment in connection with coming events. Russia has no friend in the present government and she disposes to be very sore against England, believing that she has been ill used, particularly by Salisbury and the conservatives. She is of course aware that she gave great offense at the English court by an intrigue against Prince Alexander. It is not very safe for a public man of England to talk much about court influences, but it is a great mistake to suppose that they have no power or influence.

Prince Alexander came over to see the owner a few weeks ago. Many surmises are afloat as to the object of the journey. Some people have it that the friendly understanding with Austria and the adoption of a frigid attitude towards Russia dates from about this time. During the parliamentary recess no questions can be asked the ministers. There has been ample opportunity to cast the wires of the British foreign policy in a direction not anticipated, from which they may not be easily moved. If anything of this sort has been done tremendous significance is imparted to Salisbury's words at Derby warning the country that "if the thunderclap was to start to break it will give no warning, and if by an untoward chance you should be involved in it, your fate will depend upon the preparation you have made in the time of peace." I read in the light of the semi-official whispers about England sending her navy to the Mediterranean. These sentences have an ominous significance. The gravity of our position is greatly increased by the fact that the two great political parties here are by no means in accord with reference to Russia. Thanks chiefly to Gladstone's influence the liberals have been brought to the opinion that Russia means no harm to England and that an alliance with the colossus of the north would be highly advantageous. Active Russian agents always work London, disseminating these views through society or the press. Their exertions have been vain. Russophobia is dying out. Even the fear of Russian aggression in India is much weaker than at first seemed The probability was that if the liberal party had remained in power England and Russia would gradually have been drawn together, especially as the condition of Egypt and the results of English interference there had almost destroyed the entente cordiale with France. Gladstone seemed to be working with that end in view. Bismarck knew and suspected it and never failed to aim a side blow at Gladstone when opportunity offered. He hates him on general principles, no doubt, or he would not have entered that well attested saying: "Had I brought as much calamity on my country as Gladstone has on his I should long ago have sent a bullet through my head." But the prince hates him specially for his pro-Russian leanings.

With the fall of Gladstone a new chapter of Europesn diplomacy was opened. Germany and Austria renewed their advance to England. There occurred a phase of foreign affairs that became known as Battenburgism. It is said that at one time England had gone very far towards committing herself to the maintenance of Prince Alexander in Bulgaria. Perhaps the device broke down itself. Perhaps the service of unexpected circumstances had to do with the failure. Whatever the cause, the agreement with Austria practically came to nothing. Austria never gives up. She believed—rightly or not—that the retirement of Randolph Churchill removed a great impediment to her success. The negotiations went on from time to time. If they have been directed to no definite end the ministerial organs should certainly be instructed to be more cautious than to speak at such a moment as this about England placing its navy at the service of Austria. Time will soon show how far popular suspicion is well founded. Unless the czar looks upon this demonstration on the part of England as a direct menace, even the autocrat of all the Russians might well hesitate to enter such a combination against him as that of Germany, Austria, Italy and England. He may recoil from the prospect or may be disposed to believe that the government here would not be supported by public opinion in intervening in any manner in continental difficulties. Undoubtedly a hope of that sort must have inspired the effusive welcome so many Russian journals have given to Churchill, who look upon him as less hostile to their country than Salisbury, and think it just possible that he may willingly criticize the Austrian alliance in parliament and before the English people. Already they talk of Churchill going to Gatchina to have an interview with the czar. These echoes from Russia may be merely empty sounds or there may be much hidden meaning in them. Beyond any doubt they are exciting considerable commotion here. The sage of Howarden is on the qui vive to imagine what he could make of the ministerial imprudence. It is the foreign policy which happened to be unpopular and which was vigorously condemned by Churchill. To make England fight for Austria would be a stipendous error, and even to send her fleet to Austria to sustain her policy, with no actual intention of using it, would create much exasperation here. When Gladstone sent a fleet to Alexandria he had no thought of a shot being fired, but Alexandria was bombarded and the wars with the Arabs and the soudan ensued. The people have not forgotten this lesson. If, then, the official papers have been authorized to announce indirectly an approaching movement of our naval armaments, the whole aspect of the Irish question and every other question will suddenly undergo a startling change.

A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

Convivial Meeting of Smith, Kilrain and Other London Sports.

[Copyright 1887 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, Dec. 22.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to the BEE.]—Another act in the Smith-Kilrain drama came on to-day in the sitting room of the Sporting Life office, from which flew English and American flags. An enormous crowd was outside and stopped all traffic for two hours. The first to arrive was Charley White, Jem Smith's manager, Fleming, Smith's trainer, Howes, his seconds, Harper and Baldock, and his friend Dick Roberts, who were cheered by the crowd until all were hoarse. Smith appeared well and laughed heartily at his reception, and is in fact now well, but the damaged ear was greatly swollen and covered with sticking plasters. The first performance was taking a photograph of Smith with Baldock and Harper at his side. The camera was fixed opposite in the front window of the Daily News office. The crowd outside, seeing faces at the open window, expected a speech from Smith. When they found what the process was they called freely:

"Throw us out some beer and cigars."

The next arrival was Arthur Cooper, the race horse owner and one of Smith's backers. Cooper was the favorite companion of the late Fred Archer. Many spicy anecdotes of how the company had been overcharged in Paris by jarveys and hotel keepers, kept all in a good humor while waiting for Kilrain and party. Cheers were shortly heard from up the street and Mitchell, wearing a silk hat for the first time in weeks, accompanied by Charley Rowell, was escorted by an enormous crowd crying;

"Bravo, Charley, you'r a berick!"

The pretty dog cart and pony of Mitchell was almost carried shoulder high in the enthusiasm. Another roar, and this time louder than ever before, heralded the arrival of Kilrain and Pony Moore, who were obliged to put their American buggy up some distance away, and all wanted to shake hands with Kilrain as he fought his way into the office. He remarked when he entered: "Oh, my back aches with their patting."

The room was now full and everyone applauded as Smith, with Kilrain, went to the window to appease the crowd. They were immediately recognized and as they stood side by side and shook hands, both laughing, the roar was loud and long. Such a reception has never been given any pugilist in London before.

The next and final arrivals were Jem Mace and Henry Bull, the latter wanting to back Sullivan to fight with Smith or Kilrain. Before business commenced both men talked pleasantly together.

Pony Moore opened the proceeding, saying to Bull:

"What do you want? Aare you going to back Sullivan?"

Bull—I am.

M.—Are you prepared to put your money down?

B.—Yes. I have it here by the thousands if you want it."

M.—Who will you back Sullivan to fight?

B.—Either of them.

M.—All right, then, I'll back Smith for a thousand to beat him.

Harding claimed he knew Sullivan had never thought of fighting either men. Pony Moore had great applause when he called the meeting to attend to the work on hand. Charley White said: "I will back Smith for a thousand," when Pony Moore rejoined: "We will put up a thousand each."

Smith settled everything by saying: "I will fight Sullivan for any amount."

The announcement was loudly cheered.

Pony Moore—I propose Mr. White take the chair, which was done.

Henry McEvoy—We have come here for the express purpose of settling the Smith and Kilrain fight.

Mitchell said: "Both men agreed mutually to a draw. Neither man wants to go any further."

Cries came for Smith, who said: "I am of the same opinion as Kilrain. Neither of us want to fight together again, but if Sullivan wants to fight me I am ready to fight him anytime."

Pony Moore—Gentlemen, I am sixty-two years of age and have seen over 100 fights, but I never saw two such game men in my life and I am prepared to back either to fight Sullivan.

The glasses were filled with champagne and the health of both men drank with mutual honors. The health of all the principals was then drank amid cheers for all. A fine reception was given to Mitchell's name. Jem Mace was the last name honored and the company settled down to talking freely in a good natured manner.

Pony Moore—As an American, gentlemen, when I looked around that ring side and saw the kind faces—all except two being Englishmen—I knew we would have fair play and I think it would result in the death of one of the men if they fought again. They are now good friends and no fight could possibly have ended in a more satisfactory manner.

Smith—This is the first time I have had a fair fight, conducted by a fair referee, and all the gentlemen who were present acted fairly. In conclusion, if I could have won I would have done so.

Baldock—Gentlemen, when Smith fights again I hope to be present as his second. I ask you all to drink his and his family's good health, and wish both Smith and Kilrain a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

He then spoke highly of Kilrain and ended by hoping to enjoy his life-long friendship.

Mitchell, on behalf of Kilrain, responded in a few words and sat down by wishing success to both men and that they would now reap the monied success they so richly deserved.

Chairman White told how he had first met Smith, whom he called his "boy" and how he had been at the back of him from his first moment.

Pony Moore was greatly applauded when he proposed, after the method of Jefferson, in "Rip Van Winkle," Mrs. Kilrain, Mrs. Smith and their families' health, and next he added, "The whole American press."

The speaking was ended by Manager Fleming saying: "Gentlemen, when the fight was first proposed, I pledged myself to Mr. Fox and Mr. Atkinson that I would do my best to bring this fight off satisfactory. I am sure Smith is the gamest man who ever entered a ring, and as for Kilrain he is a marvel and deserves the greatest credit."

Refused to Disrobe in Jail.

DUBLIN, Dec. 22.—Father Ryan declined, when placed in prison, to divest himself of his clerical attire and the Catholic warders sustain him in his refusal.

Russian Troops in Poland.

ST. PETERSBURG, Dec. 22.—It is semi-officially denied that Russia has informed the powers that the movements of Russian troops in Poland have ceased. It is a fact, however, that no further displacement of troops is expected during the present winter. Russian diplomats seriously expect some action on the part of Germany, Austria and Italy to induce Prince Ferdinand to withdraw from Bulgaria.

Russia Wants No Prussian Singers.

VIENNA, Dec. 22.—Herr Viennes, the tenor who is under engagement to sing in St. Petersburg, has received from Prince Dolgorouki a note informing him that it is unadvisable at present for him to appear in Russia, as the government has prohibited the exportation to Prussia of stone used for building forts.

United Ireland's Censure.

DUBLIN, Dec. 21.—United Ireland censures the language contained in the letter which Bishop O'Divyer, recently sent to the papers, as that of the London Times, Balfour, Goschen and Huntington. It also announces that Sir Michael Morris, lord chief justice of the court of common pleas, Ireland, has started for Rome to assist in the conversion of the pope to approval of coercion.

A Priest Sentenced.

DUBLIN, Dec. 22.—Father Matthew Ryan, of the town of Hospital, County Limerick, one of the projectors of the plan of campaign, has been sentenced to one month's imprisonment without hard labor for inciting the people to commit illegal acts.

Intrigues Against the Crown Prince.

BERLIN, Dec. 22.—The Tageblatt declares that there exists a small but influential clique which seeks, by representing that his condition is critical, to bring about the resignation of the crown prince in favor of his son. The Tageblatt hopes the crown prince will continue firm and refuse to submit to an operation.

Millions For Defense.

BUCHAREST, Dec. 22.—The chamber of deputies has sanctioned the expenditure of $2,000,000 in the purchase of repeating rifles and $1,000,000 for forts.

Summoned to a War Council.

SOFIA, Dec. 22.—Prince Ferdinand has summoned all the generals of his staff to attend the war councils in Sofia.

TOPOLOBAMPO BAY.

Facts About the Colony's Mismanagement

San Francisco Chronicle: Among the passengers of the steamer Newborn, was C. D. Read, of the Topolobampo colony, in Mexico. Mr. Read was one of the first to go to Topolobampo and remained at the colony nearly a year, leaving the place with his wife and two daughters, accompanied by eighteen other colonists, on November 8. Speaking to a reporter he said that he had not yet seen a fair statement in regard to Topolobampo matters, and he believed that the colony had a good future before it if it can be brought under good management. The plans of the enterprise were good, but the men placed in charge by Mr. Owen as directors were inexperienced, incompetent, hence the failure of the enterprise so far as it has gone. His stricture on the mismanagement of the affair carry the more weight that he disclaims being one of the disgruntled.

"After arriving at the bay it was voted that $3 a day in credits should be the wages of men and women for ten hours a day for the first three months, and after that eight hours should be a day's work. Had the management then been what it should have been a great deal more might have been accomplished and success assured. The first mistake was made at that time in separating the colony into camps—one at the Haskell ranch and another at the Haskell shops and another at the Fuerte river, a mile above the shops. The largest part was left at the bay, where the terminus of the railroad was to be. At one time there were, all told, 418 men, women and children in the different camps and at the present time there are about 140 left at the bay and at the river.

"The concessions from the Mexican government obtained by Mr. Owen and ex-Governor Rice for the Credit Foncier company and colony were very liberal, but certain conditions were attached to them and a certain specified time to fulfill them in order to hold the property was imposed in the contract. The failure so far to carry out a part of the contract by the colony necessitated a visit to the capital of Mexico by Mr. Owen. He has obtained an extension of a year longer, in which time he hopes to build the thirty-five miles of railroad and save the concessions and grants to the colony. Then he will construct a ditch to irrigate the 85,000 acres known as the Mochis ranch, and make other improvements.

"The land is good and would be productive if watered and cultivated. I never saw vegetation grow so fast and to such a size as it does in the country around Topolobambo. The greatest pest of the country is the ants. There are about six sizes of them, and the largest work nights, destroying many plants and young trees if not watched closely. I was surprised to find so few venomous insects and reptiles. In manp of the states there are more than in that part of Mexico, at least. The winters are delightful. The summers are a long spell of hot weather, the mercury ranging from 90 to 103 degrees for several months. In the winter the lowest I saw it was 44 degrees above zero.

"After one becomes acclimated, if properly fed and housed, there would be very little inconvenience from the summer heat, but a large part of us lived in tents during the winter and summer and experienced more or less discomfort from the heat and other things. It was expected when we went there that houses would be built for all, but through lack of money, bad management, etc., few got inside the buildings that were put up. Some of these were built of adobe and some of stone, with dirt-covered roofs, and were a very poor shelter in a heavy rain.

"When the provisions ran out so that there was little to eat for a time except vegetables raised in the garden mentioned, all, or nearly all, became discontented, and the worst side of every one's nature was brought out to its fullest extent. All who had the means to go went back again to the states. There were few, however, who had the means at hand, Many of those remaining have since obtained money from the states, and have gone from the colony from four to twenty or thirty at a time. A party of seventy-two went away on one occasion. The directors and those claiming to be faithful to the cause assert that the enterprise will finally succeed, and when the disheartened ones criticise the management, they are called "kickers," and are treated by the leaders with disrespect, and sometimes almost with inhumanity. Such treatment does not encourage the disheartened ones as to the future of the colony.

Last year there was but little rain and in consequence corn was scarce and high, from $2 to $3 per 100 pounds being the price until this year's crop was matured. The crop now is good, there being plenty of rain in most part of the country this year. Corn is the principal food of the natives from one year's end to another. They make it into what they call tortillas. The natives were quite friendly to the colonists and viewed with curiosity our women and children. Women and children, too many of them for pioneering, was one of the great mistakes in going to Topolobampo. It is realized now, and Mr. Owens has made a call for 100 able-bodied men with $100 each and a year's supplies to come and push things. If they respond to the call I don't see why the colony should not succeed, as there is no doubt that the concessions to the Credit Founcier company are of undoubted value.

NEW ENGLAND'S FEAST.

The Puritans Have a Merry Time at Exposition Hall.

Five long tables in the Exposition building last night presented a tempting array of clam chowder, roast turkey, chicken pie, baked beans, codfish balls, pumpkin pies, doughnuts and other accompaniments of the New England kitchen. The feast had been specially prepared for the members of the New England society of Omaha and their invited guests, who gathered to celebrate forefathers' day in a manner befitting the occasion. As early as 7 o'clock the gay company began to arrive, and for two hours thereafter the time was most pleasantly whiled away in past recollections of early days in New England by the old, and conversation on more modern subjects between the young folks. Prof. Franko and his orchestra were posted in the gallery, and rendered several charming selections in capital style.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the company marched to the tables and began the assault on the many "goodies" prepared for them. The eatables were served in family style, and the scriptural teachings, "Do unto thy neighbor, etc," were fully demonstrated. The titles of the toasts were handsomely printed and artistically arranged, and to each toast was a selection from the writings of the several great poets. Owing to the absence of the president of the society, Hon. James W. Savage, Hugh G. Clark, Esq., presided, and Councilman W. H. Alexander acted as toastmaster in a happy and humorous manner.

The toast, "Our Forefathers," was eloquently responded to by Rev. Henry C. Crane.

An octette from the Apollo club sang very sweetly that stirring song, "Landing of the Pilgrims."

Dr. W. S. Gibbs answered to the toast, "Maine," in capital shape. He referred to its salubrious climate, and said her people did everything first class. The harbor of Portland, the doctor ventured to say, was "What we Maine-ack dote on." The doctor's reference to James G. Blaine was greeted with applause.

Homer P. Lewis, Esq., spoke on "New Hampshire" in a sprightly and pleasing way.

Mrs. H. D. Estabrook sang "Weaving" in tender and sympathetic tones.

Rev. W. E. Copeland spoke intelligently in responding to the toast, "Literature of New England."

Hon. John M. Thurston responded to the toast, "Vermont," in his usual eloquent and humorous style.

The toast "Massachussetts" called out Nat M. Brigham, and the great commonwealth was well cared for.

The "Sword of Bunker Hill" was sung in an inspiring and patriotic manner.

W. O. Taylor, Esq., did himself proud in his response to the toast, "Rhode Island."

Mayor W. J. Broatch represented "Connecticut's" interests in an acceptable and cheerful strain, after which the banquet closed by the singing of "The old Oaken Bucket."

SOCIAL SESSIONS.

Pleasant Parties Given Last Evening By Various Organizations.

The first annual ball of the Patriarchs Militant of Ezra Millard Canton, No. 1, was held at Masonic hall last evening and was a distinguished social affair. The Odd Fellows and their guests numbered over 200 persons. The dance was preceded by a drill of the patriarchs in full uniform, and some fine evolutions were displayed. Twenty numbers were danced, and the dashing uniforms of the patriarchs with the elegant dresses of the ladies made the scene in the ballroom a brilliant one. An elegant supper was served about midnight at Lewis.' The master of ceremonies was Captain N. B. Heim, with A. J. Eaton, C. C. Fields, K. S. Fisher, G. A. Bennett and G. Thorspecken as floor committee.

Last night the Elks held their first meeting at their new quarters in the Continental block, corner of Fifteenth and Douglas streets. This evening the rooms will be thrown open for the reception of their guests. The club occupies the entire fourth story and their suite of rooms are the finest in the city.

The North Star club held their second social dance of the season at Metz' hall last evening. About twenty-five couples were present and the party proved a most pleasant affair. Twenty numbers were danced. Hoffman's orchestra furnished the music.

Personal Paragraphs.

C. R. Tevs, Fremont, Neb., is in the city.

J. B. Allen, of Defiance, Ia., is at the Barker.

J. W. Worl, of Sterling, Neb., is at the Millard.

J. H. Burroughs, Wahoo, Neb., is at the Millard.

H. P. Foster, of Lincoln, Neb., is at the Millard.

H. P. Ross, of Lincoln, Neb., is at the Millard.

John Bratt, of North Platte, Neb., is at the Millard.

John Snodgrass, of Springfield, Neb., is at the Arcade.

W. A. P. McDonald, of St. Joseph, Mo., is in the city.

A. W. Hadd and wife, of Albion, Neb., are in the city.

J. B. Thomas and wife, of Cheyenne, Wyo., are in the city.

D. A. Burke and wife, of Blue Springs, Neb., are at the Millard.

Twenty-seven members of the Bostonians are registered at the Barker.

Wealthy S. Carpenter, of Buffalo, N. Y., arrived at the Barker last night.

Assistant United States District Attorney Robert Patrick, is in New York.

Manager Jones, of the Grand Opera house, left for St. Paul for a few days absence.

Henry Voss left last evening for St. Louis, Mo., and New Albany, and will be absent a week.

James T. James, attorney-at-law, and Mr. Walker, of the firm of Steele & Walker, of St. Joseph, Mo., are in the city.

Dr. J. Gerth, state veternarian, is in the city accompanied by James C. Birney, of Crete, a member of the live stock commission.

C. F. Bouffier, connected with Fred Krug's brewery, left last evening for a vacation of several weeks which will be spent in New York in a visit to his mother and several brothers who reside there.

L. C. Wakely, of Chicago, assistant general passenger agent of the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy railroad, is in the city to pass the holidays with his father, Judge Wakeley.

W. F. Fitch, general manager of the Fremont, Elkhorn & Missouri Valley railroad, left yesterday for New York, to be absent until January 10. A street rumor to the effect that Mr. Fitch had resigned could not be traced to a reliable source.

Internal Revenue Collections.

Yesterday Mr. Ballcaine, the internal revenue collector for Nebraska and Dakota, received $7,678.76 from the manufacturers and sellers of tobacco and liquors.

Strange Craft on the Missouri.

Chicago News: A strange craft was that which came down the Missouri river early the other day and tied up a short distance below Hariem, near Kansas City. It consisted of a primitive log raft, upon which was piled a chaotic mass of poor furniture, bed clothing, and half-broken queensware. The craft was about twenty feet long and not half that wide, and upon it a man, his wife, and five children have floated down the Missouri all the way from northern Nebraska. The man's name is Jule Tillson, and his destination is Arkansas, whence he emigrated a year ago to what is known as Niobrara county, an unsettled region in northern Nebraska. He squatted on a claim, but was forced off when the legitimate settlers came along. This left Tillson without means, and, gathering his few effects together, he put his family on the little craft, which he has christened the Arkansaw Traveler, and started on his long voyage. The family has been on the water over six weeks, and the trip has been without incident, except the death of one of the little ones. The child was about six years old, and prone to somambulism. At a point near Sioux City the child was found missing, when the family awoke one morning, having walked into the water during the night.

SAVED BY A DEMIJOHN.

An Episode of Old-Time Western Justice.

MUSCLE BETTER THAN BRAINS

Lynching of a Murderer That Was Interrupted to Give a Lawyer a Chance—Whisky That Pleaded For the Wrong Side.

"When I went west in '53," said Mr. Cunningham to a Chicago Herald reporter, "I was past thirty-five years old. I was born and raised here, and didn't begin to study law until I was on the shady side of thirty. I worked at the business for a year and then found myself with $100 remaining, and with every prospect when that was gone of eating my shirt, if I had one left, or starving. A good many Philadelphians had already gone west, and a few still left for California every little while. I went out with a party of three others—Frank Wilson, Frederick Ermbauer and Aleck Worrell. All four of us were poor as church mice, scarcely able to rake and scrape enough together to get us out there. All we depended upon was an invincible determination to get along somehow should we once set foot on California soil. In 'Frisco we separated, and I've never seen anything of the others from that day to this. For my part I worked my way on toward Vallejo. I entered the town in the wet season close to the end of the year. Vallejo at that time consisted of about 100 houses, a quarter of the number being made up of saloons and gambling hells. There weren't more than 300 people in the whole town. For all that it was as lively a 277 man and twenty-three woman town as could be found along the Sacramento. I had by this time found that very few lawyers, unless they had as much muscle as brains, were of much use in a California community, and had already begun to suit myself to the circumstances. Nevertheless, I thought it would be just as well for me if I looked up what legal lights the place boasted. So about 5 o'clock on the afternoon of the day of my arrival I dropped around to the office of Squire Runcle, who combined in himself the offices of magistrate, judge, coroner and everything else. His office was close to Harry Williams' saloon, and not a square from the old capitol building. It was a one-roomed frame building, with a window at each end. The window jambs were perforated with bullet holes, made by the squire in keeping order in court.

"Runcle himself was a character weighing close to 300 pounds, short, red faced, looking as if he were dazed by constant liquor, yet sharp as a whip, smoking a pipe when he wasn't asleep, a big-calibred revolver strapped around him at the junction of trousers and red shirt. Squire Runcle, when business was dull, used to sit in an easy chair made from a sawed out half barrel lined with hide with the hair on. There he would sit, hour after hour, in his barrel, wheezy, fat, his bulldog face red as a beet, his little eyes taking in all that passed. The squire was the most respected of any man in Vallejo, and a judge who'd get more justice out of a case by dint of of sheer horse sense than anybody else in California. I had introduced myself and Squire Runcle had given me ten minutes of sound but profuse advice of how to make my way in Vallejo, when a chorus of yells sounded from up the street, and the next minute a crowd of a couple hundred men came running by the office shouting, 'Hang him! lynch the gambler!' and in their midst, hands tied behind his back, a lariat around his neck, a tall, middle-aged man, who wore in his red shirt front a single diamond that was a beauty. Although he was nearly 300 pounds weight and was over fifty years old, the squire rose from his barrel spry as a boy, reached for his gun, drew it from his belt, stalked out and faced the lynchers.

"'What the ——are you about?' asked he.

"The men nearest him drew back and answered:

"'He's the man that killed Jim Hoopes on the Benicia road last night.'

"'And you're going to lynch him, hep?' inquired 'Squire Runcie. He brought the revolver to bear and said slowly:

"'I am the 'squire and I'm the court in Vallejo. If there's any hanging to be done I'm the man to do it. Bill Haines shall have a square and fair trial, or some of you won't see to-night. Take him into my office.'

"And they obeyed without a word of protest.

"'You, young fellow,' said the 'squire indicating myself, when he was seated back of the railing in the office, 'will defend the prisoner. Bill Sergeant, you'll be foreman of the jury. Harry Burns, you'll be juryman, and you, and you,' picking out eleven men from the crowd, who took their places inside the railing.

"'Jim Hoopes was my friend,' cried a youngish man standing beside the prisoner. 'It's my right to hang his murderer.'

"'We'll see whether you'll hang him,' returned 'Squire Runcle grimly. He hitched his revolver closer in his hand and added: 'But you kin be the prosecutin' attorney all the same. Now, you young lawyer fellows, I'll give you just fifteen minutes to work up your case.'

"Of course I was astonished at my appointment as lawyer for the defense, but the 'Squire evidently wanted to give me a chance, and I wasn't one to back out. In my fifteen minutes I learned just how the case stood. My client, Haines, was a lately arrived gambler. He was already a crony of Harry Barns and Bill Sergeant, who were both professionals with the cards, and of the 'squire, who liked a game as well as the next man. That was the reason the latter was determined he should have a fair trial. Hoopes, the dead man, had been rather prominent in Benicia, seven miles up the road. The two men had quarreled in Vallejo the previous night, and had left Harry Williams' saloon together. When dawn broke, six hours later, Hoopes was found dead in the Benicia road, two miles out, with two bullet holes in him. His money was untouched. The bullets fitted Haine's revolver, of which, at the time of his capture, three chambers had been discharged. My opponent in the case was Robert or "Bob" Hillman, of some little repute as a lawyer in the Vallejo, and, as he had said, a friend of Hoopes', the dead man.

"The trial began. Things looked decidedly black for the accused. I had but one trump and played it. I got Harry Williams on oath, and he swore that Haines had returned within twenty minutes after leaving the saloon, and had been there all night. It was a pretty good alibi, for no one could make four miles in twenty minutes, admitting he had run both ways. I don't believe I spoke more than five minutes, but I appealed directly to Bill Sergeant, the foreman of the jury. Squire Runcie summed up strongly in my client's favor, and the jury discussed the question half an hour. There were, unluckily, three men on the jury who were dead against the gambling fraternity in Vallejo, and they were determined to hang Haines. After awhile the jury said they wanted to deliberate, and the squire, with an expressive glance at Sergeant, ordered the crowd out, put Haines in charge of the constable, who was on hand at this time, locked the door, appointed a deputy to guard it, and went over to Williams' to bet on 'Cocked Hat.' The constable took Haines to the old Capitol building and locked him in the janitor's room. In the adjoining room lived a young artist, a relative of Commodore Farragut's wife. That individual could give the best imitation on a violin of an old-time Methodist preacher saying the Lord's prayer of any man I ever heard, and for two hours, while Haines was awaiting the verdict, the artist droned out the Lord's prayer. I hung about the squire's office, waiting for the door to open. It was 8 o'clock and very dark when I saw Bob Hillman, the prosecuting attorney pro tem, approach the deputy at the door. He had a gallon demijohn in his hand, and I, not five feet away, saw him give the deputy a bottle and whisper to him. Then he sat the demijohn before the door and walked away. Then I rushed to the demijohn and pulled out the cork. The purest Kentucky bourbon it was, and smelt rich. There was a slip of paper on the handle. I guessed what it was, tore it off, drew out a piece of yellow wrapping paper I had in my pocket, and with a pencil stub wrote:

"'Compliments of the defense.'

"I fastened it to the handle and got out of sight. A second later Bob Hillman approached the door and tapped gently. It was opened, the demijohn was carried in and the door was shut. Hillman walked off, the deputy returned, and I crossed to Williams' saloon to read my stolen slip of paper. I was right.

"'Compliments of the prosecution,' it read.

"Half an hour later the verdict was arrived at. The 'squire took his place, the prisoner was brought from the capitol, the crowd surged in, and, while both Hillman and I looked smiling and confident, 'Squire Runcle asked:

"'What's your verdict, gentlemen, guilty or not guilty?'

"'Not guilty,' returned Sergeant."

THE PRICE OF A BEST MAN.

Colonel Nicholas Smith Charges $180 to Act in that Capacity.

New York Journal: A new and serious difficulty has jumped to the front in the face of young people about to be married. It is a question of the gravest moment and concerns not only the society belle and her fashionable pretender, but persons in every condition of life.

Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky, and Mr. E. J. Ovington, of Brooklyn, are the actors in the new comedy, which came about in this way: Mr. Ovington, who is some sixty-five years of age, and the father of a very beautiful daughter, wanted to get married. He had his eye on one of the most lovely young ladies in Louisville, Miss Georgie Maze, an orphan, and sought the good offices of a mutual friend, a Mrs. Faulds. This lady negotiated the affair with the utmost tact, and with the assistance of Mr. Ovington's daughter, who was an intimate friend of Miss Maze, brought the matter to a happy conclusion.

Miss Maze was nineteen years of age, and Miss Ovington a trifle over twenty, and both were sensible, sweet and charming girls. Mr. Ovington was a tall, handsome man, and a millionaire. His head was white, but he had money enough in the bank to melt the heart of a stone, and he lived in Paris, although he did business in Brooklyn and Chicago.

One fine morning the day was fixed, and then the next question was as to the best man. Mrs. Fauld suggested Colonel Smith, and although Mr. Ovington had only a slight acquaintance with the brave Kentuckian, he accepted him.

Colonel Smith was a great society man, and as accommodating as he is courageous and handsome, accepted the trust. Colonel Smith, though a native of Kentucky, is a resident of New York and he has traveled all over the world. He is over six feet high, has an abundance of flowing white hair, and is a great favorite in society. He goes into the best at home and a road and is a remarkable man, whether he walks the streets of New York, London or Paris. He is quite a sight dressed all in white in summer, and is said to wear corsets.

Colonel Smith was obliged to leave Louisville immediately after the marriage of Mr. Ovington to Miss Maze and did not meet the parties again until several days later in Cincinnati. He then called at the hotel where they were staying and sent up his card. Mr. Ovington came down stairs to meet him, and the gallant colonel asked the man of money to indorse a note for $1,000 and save him the trouble of going to New York.

Ovington refused and the colonel left him. A week after that the married pair returned to Brooklyn and the colonel to the Astor house. As he was settling up his accounts one day the colonel sent his bill for expenses incurred by the best man business in Louisville to Mr. Ovington. It amounted to $180, and the bridegroom, deeming it excessive, cut it down $80 and sent his check to the colonel for $100.

Both men were furious, and angry letters passed between them. Mr. Ovington held that it was outrageous to charge him anything for such service, and Colonel Smith insisted that the practice is common among gentlemen. Mr. Ovington consulted fifty of his friends, prominent society men in Brooklyn, and they all declared that no one ever heard of such a thing as charging for such a job. Colonel Smith, on the other hand, brought forward as many gentlemen in New York of equal social eminence, who uphold his view of the case, and say that Ovington still owes $80 to the colonel. Ovington says that this $80 is the price of a suit of clothes, and he sees no reason why he should be compelled to pay for it. He sent the $100 to cover Colonel Smith's expenses, and that he thought liberal, as the fare to Louisville was only $25.

Smith's friends are urging him to demand the $80 in satisfaction. He went to Kentucky yesterday, and from what a friend of his said in the Astor house last night it is highly probable that Ovington will receive another kind of communication before the week is out.

There was no end of gossip yesterday about the matter. Colonel Nicholas Smith is the son-in-law of Horace Greeley. The general opinion of men conversant with social usages was unfavorable to the colonel. The standard books on etiquette, while they define the duties of the best man at weddings quite minutely, say nothing on the subject of his being paid for his services. Mrs. Sherwood's society text book, the "Bazaar Book of Decorum," "Good Manners" and "Social Usage in New York" are silent on the subject.

Sheehy Stripped By Force.

LONDON, Dec. 22.—A telegram from Connell received to-night says that Sheehy, M. P., who was sentenced yesterday to one month's imprisonment for inciting resistance to evictions, was to-day thrown to the floor by the jail warden, who then tied his hands and removed his clothes.

THE USE OF A GLASSEYE.

A San Francisco Merchant's Experience With a Bogus Optic.

There are various uses to which the glass eye can be put, says the Alta California. It partially cures the defects of misfortune, and makes a sightly optic out of an unsightly wound. It enables prudent persons also to sleep with one eye open. This has always been regarded as a very meritorious achievement. The man who does this is always looked upon by his neighbors as up to "snuff."

A distinguished merchant in conversation with a reporter the other day remarked casually that he owed his success in business to a very singular circumstance.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. You must know I have a glass eye."

"I never remarked it."

"No, nor are any of my acquaintances aware of it. It is a triumph of art in its way. My people in the store haven't the remotest idea of anything of the kind. But the eye serves a useful purpose, nevertheless. Its unwinking stare will bring the truth out of a fraudulent clerk when nothing else will."

"One day," continued the gentleman, "I had reason to believe that a certain person in my store had got into tricky ways and was defrauding me. I first arranged my eyes at a certain angle and walked over near his counter, pretending to be examining a pile of goods. The defective optic covered his surroundings. He was waiting upon some customers at the time, and soon became noticeably uneasy at the furtive glare which encountered his eyes when he raised them. I soon discovered that he was growing very nervous, and I moved to another place where my angle of vision still apparently kept him in view. By this time—he had been under fire perhaps half an hour—I saw that his nerves were fearfully shaken, and his hands trembled visibly as he did up the packages. There was a white look upon his face that denoted intense agitation. I kept him under fire perhaps an hour in all, and then went to another part of the building. The next day I brought the young man again under the influence of the glass eye. This time his agitation visibly increased, and he began to wear a harrassed and hunted look that under ordinary circumstances would have appealed to my sympathies. But I kept him in view and was resolved to see the outcome of the experiment. By the end of the week he was the most demoralized man I ever saw in my life. When he had reached this stage I called him into my private office, and fixing the glass eye so that it would meet his look fairly, I awaited the interview. He was very pale and his hands trembled nervously. I looked at him curiously for a moment and then inquired:

"Have you not something to tell me?'

"He hesitated for a moment, and then stammeringly replied:

"'Why, no, sir! What should I tell you?'

"'Return to your work, then.' But as he turned away I remarked to him, quietly, 'I think you had better tell me.'

"This evidently broke him up. He came back and sank into a chair. His face was pale as death and his eyes full of tears. 'Oh, sir,' he cried, 'pray forgive me!' and then it all came out. He had been pilfering, but so ingeniously that the thing might have escaped detection for years. But the glass eye broke down all the barriers of his cunning, and brought him to book as perhaps nothing else could have done. There is something so uncanny in the steady, unwinking glare of a glass eye that few nerves can resist it."

"But this is only one instance out of many. I got the reputation among people of seeing everything that was going on. My brother merchants and traders give up trying to impose on me. They perceived from the steady look in my eyes that I saw through their maneuvers, and dealt with me fairly.

"There is another instance I will relate to you, where it served a good turn. One night in a crowded car a pickpocket was industriously but skillfully pursuing his calling. He glanced up and saw that my eye was fixed upon his proceedings. Of course, I didn't see his robberies, but he thought I did, and, passing me quickly, whispered in my ear, "Don't peach!" and fled from the car.

"I took in the situation on the instant, and, calling to my fellow-passengers, gave pursuit and captured the thief. We found in his possession a half a dozen valuable purses and some jewelry.

"I have grown so accustomed to the effect my glass eye produces that I am now constantly on the lookout for the influences it exerts.

"A bully at a ward meeting once undertook to frighten me by threatening demonstrations, but I encountered his furious glances with so steady an eye that he became demoralized in turn and humbly apologized for his vulgarity and abuse. He had scared me nearly to death, for I