

A MENACED MINISTRY

Galsbury and His Sattolites Scrupulously Threatened.

PROGRAMME OF THE OPPOSITION

Gladstonians Preparing to Four in a Raking Fire.

CHANGING THE PRESENT RULES.

The Number Necessary to Enforce the Closure to Be Reduced.

SNOBS DRAWING HIGH SALARIES

An Appalling Number of Useless Appendages Attached to the Army and Navy—The Day of Judgment at Hand.

A Parliamentary Outline.

Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett. LONDON, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—Gladstonians are getting ready to pour in a raking fire upon the ministry. By an old custom both houses of parliament present an address to the queen in response to her speech. An hour and two suffices for this formality in the lords. A short night's debate used to satisfy the commons. Last session over three weeks were consumed. The opposition purpose to keep the debate going quite as long this year. The imprisonment of the Irish members, interference with the meetings in Trafalgar square and mismanagement of the navy will all be brought forward in turn. Ireland alone is expected to swallow up three weeks before any real business is even approached. Such an opposition programme, I have good reason to believe, will not be carried out. The ministerials will rally in force. They have their clear majority of over a hundred, and the closure can be put in action the very first night of the session if the ministry choose. It is more than probable that the second night at the furthest will see it descend on the opposition and away will go all plans, locking the wheels of the government machinery.

But what next? Cannot the nationalists bring up their grievances any night? Well, under the present rules they could, but some sweeping alterations are to be proposed, reducing the numbers necessary to enforce the closure and giving the speaker greater authority than he now possesses. Despite the Standard's denials, each sitting will be limited to half an hour after midnight. The Standard opposes this because it thinks Lord Randolph suggested it, and it has a bitter personal grudge against the ex-chancellor. Mention his name and it goes mad. In reality the ministry recommends shutting up at the reasonable hour and the vast majority of a whole house will approve. The Standard will once more show how little it knows of the feeling within its own party.

Mr. Parnell is against obstruction. Some people think he no longer has any influence with his party. Wait till the ball opens and you will see that even in those talking days it is often the silent man in the background who makes the puppets dance. The feeling in the country is red-hot against obstruction. That has done all it can. Now it is a brittle weapon. The government will break it up. Parnell has foresight and never wastes time on useless struggles. He invented obstruction and knows better than some of his fiery followers the point where an invention must be superseded by new appliances. The rules then will be tightened, and members who create disorder will be summarily and severely punished. But people who suppose Parnell will be able to summon the Irish spectre upon the floor of the house whenever its appearance may be deemed requisite, little know the man they have to deal with. His main object now is to drive in wedges between the various sections. Unless this session will be divided et impera. His skirmishers will harass the ministers and get up outdoor demonstrations. He will watch for the little cracks which may possibly become yawning chasms. The Tory gentlemen may rebel, or, if they are soothed, the liberal unionists must be offended. Then will be the time for the silent man to strike. We shall undoubtedly have great excitement over the triumphant exception which released the Irish prisoners. I have heard some radicals express the hope that there will be a row—even a riot—but they are mistaken. Public discord is certain to help the ministry at large with their opponents. Trafalgar square would have won the election had the ministry dissolved that month. It will be very bad for the nationalists if the session begins with broken heads and looted shops. Peaceful processions, headed by William O'Brien and Timothy Sullivan, are hoped for by Irish leaders, but they may arouse opposition and London roughs cannot be bridled when once they break loose. It is whispered that Mr. Parnell declines to countenance these demonstrations, not seeing that they are likely to do any good. They will be held all the same.

Of course the Gladstonian party all round will watch the Hereford incident closely. Naval men are greatly stirred up about it. The main body of the public are quite lethargic to observe that only a very thinly attended meeting could be brought together to hear Lord Charles in the very heart of London, and in his own constituency the chairman and leading men of his own committee were all absent—ominous signs, as Hereford would find, if he had to seek re-election. The navy and war office administration are rotten to the core. We spend over £200,000 per year for clerks in these two departments. The work could be better done for one-quarter the money. Lord Randolph knew all

this, but in trying to get reforms was thwarted and practically driven from office. The admiralty is never ready for war, but we have 223 admirals on the retired list drawing close upon £130,000 annually for doing nothing. Our navy pensioners cost the country over £2,000,000 annually. Bad contracts and jobs run away with as many millions more. Who will clean out this Augean stable? Not people who find snug quarters in it. Those who resign are set upon by all the official class and party hacks and driven into the wilderness. This ministry is intruded behind the union question. Anybody who leaves it is stamped as a traitor.

Hereford is let off easily because he only held a subordinate office. Perhaps he will help to accelerate the day of judgment which must overtake departments crammed with jobbery and corruption. Meanwhile he has made many new enemies and lost some old friends. Thus we stand waiting for the signal to begin. Some dashing combatants will bite the dust before six months are over. There are three men whose plans are shrouded in mystery and who may bring about a vast change in the present aspect of affairs—Gladstone, Churchill and Parnell. What have they got in reserve? Each has something, beyond a doubt. The others will be quite ready to take their cue from either of the other two. A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Interesting Works Just Issued and in Press.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—Among the new books comes one by T. Edgar Pemberton called "Dickens and the Stage," a record of his connection with the drama as playwright, actor and critic. The book contains chapters on Dickens as an actor, Dickens as a dramatist, the stage in his novels and the stage in his letters, and is illustrated with character portraits of Jennie Lee as poor Joe Irving and Toole.

Another sensation comes from the low courts. Justice Bowen having published a rhythmic version of Virgil's "Elogues" and six "Eclogues" in a new metre, of which let these couplets illustrate:

With joy to the heavens They lift their glorious voice, All those untamed mountains, While rocks break forth and rejoice.

The novel readers are clamoring at the libraries for "An Adventuress," published yesterday by the author of "For Love and Honour." In it dramatic incidents, coupled with terse sketches from human nature, abound.

The second volume of Henry Irving's "Shakespeare" will be in the hands of the public on Saint Valentine's day. It contains the second and third parts—"Henry VI," "Taming of the Shrew," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Richard II," also a condensed version of three parts of "Henry VI" as arranged for the stage by Charles Kemble from a unique copy in the possession of Irving. The introduction and notes to "Richard I," extracts from the tragedy of "Richard II," one of the MSS plays in the Edgerton collection in the British museum, are given; also some account of that comparatively unknown play, as to the authorship of which the editor does not hazard any conjecture.

The February number of Clement Scott's dramatic magazine, called The Theatre, has a most interesting paper on Actor Chippendale, who was in his zenith at the old Park theater fifty years ago, and, as convincing evidence that an actor need not feel what he portrays, for several years before quitting the stage, then eighty years old, he played without being conscious of what he was representing. For instance, Mrs. Compton, nee Virginia Bateman, acted with him in his last days, when very feeble, and it was pathetic, she says, to hear him say very gently, when fully dressed for Sir Peter Teazle, Sir Anthony Absolute, or Mr. Horncastle: "My dear, what piece are we acting to-night?" "O yes, no one perceived anything."

TURKEY'S FINANCES.

The Sultan's Appeal to German Bankers For Assistance.

SULLIVAN IN TRAINING

John L. Doing the Honors at Windsor in the Queen's Absence.

NOT OCCUPYING THE PALACE.

The Great Slugger Satisfied With Less Pretentious Quarters.

A CHAT WITH THE CHAMPION.

Perfectly Confident of His Ability to Paralyze Mitchell.

TEN MINUTES FOR MAXIMUM.

His Opinion of the Smith-Kilrain Fiasco—England a Century Behind in the Matter of Plastic Science.

American's Physical Pride.

Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett. LONDON, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—During the queen's absence John L. Sullivan appears to be doing the honors at Windsor. The public may be surprised to learn that he does not reside in the place. John takes only an indifferent interest in the palace. He enjoys himself vastly more down at "Chippy" Norton's generally known saloon, Adelaide hotel. In these original quarters Sullivan has been installed since he began training, as already mentioned in the Herald. A Herald reporter this afternoon found him out doing his afternoon spin, but several members of the company were found enjoying a quiet game of nap while awaiting the master's coming.

The Sullivan company comprises four trainers and business manager Holke. The order of exercises in the pugilistic community consists first in amending to John L. and second in talking about him. John rises at 7 a. m. and after a light breakfast starts out for a walk, accompanied by two trainers. For so large a man he walks rapidly, making eleven miles easily in two hours. In the afternoon the same thing is repeated, so that he now averages about twenty miles a day. These walks are always followed by an elaborate process of rubbing down, which requires the united efforts of two assistants. In the evening, after a substantial dinner, Mr. Sullivan strolls about town, to the edification of the natives, and finally he ends his day's labors by retiring promptly at 10 o'clock. He has turned aside resolutely from the flowing paths of ease and Captain Brewer says John never in his life worked so hard as he is doing now. He told us the other day that he was going to finish Mitchell up in ten minutes. The words "light and substantial," as applied to Sullivan's breakfast and dinner, are to be taken in a special sense. His breakfast consists of six or eight nutton chops, with buttered toast and tea. "At dinner," Holke says, "John disposes of a leg of mutton or two chickens."

"There are none of us very slow at eating," remarked Jack Ashton, gathering in the cards. "I don't believe there's a man in the place who can't get away with a pound of beefsteak at the lowest. Why the other night I gave 'Cap' there a piece of steak as thick as this pack of cards and as big as the top of that stove and he never winked."

The captain modestly replied that his gastronomic capacity only faintly indicated that of John L. "Does Sullivan use a sandbag very much?" he was asked. "No," replied Holke, "he practices with a rubber ball instead. You see, the ball gives the speed of the stroke and that's all John needs. He's solid enough on force, ain't he Jack?"

"You bet your life he is," replied that gentleman with an accent which carried conviction. "If he hits Mitchell once, only once, mind, he'll knock his head off." The game continued, but the players' thoughts and conversation were never long away from the great John. Presently he arrived in person in fine glow after nine miles over the hills. He seems to be in magnificent condition.

"Oh, yes," replied Sullivan, "I'm feeling first rate, a little lame and sore, of course, just a start, but that will soon wear off. We came down here to Windsor to be quiet, and I am refusing all invitations to dinners and am not smoking or drinking, and I am doing my best to get in good shape. I shall fight at about 190 pounds. Jem Mace came down to see us last Sunday and we all went off for a horseback ride. I think I could learn to ride a horse, but just now I am not a champion at it, am I boys?"

"You did better than Ashton and Barnet, just the same, John," said Holke. "You know they started out the other day to follow the bounds. The bounds crossed a ditch, but Barnet and Jack didn't. They stood right in the middle of it and came home with mud and water."

GAY PARISIAN SCENES

Mme. Carnot Reviving Customs of the Mac Mahon Regime.

DINING WITH THE AMBASSADORS.

The President's Wife Anxious to Eclipse Former Social Seasons.

LOUISE MICHEL NOT MUCH HURT

One of the Bullets Discovered in Her Bonnet.

SHREWD COLONEL LISBONNE.

How He Adroitly Explained a Visit to the Elysee and Pacified His Fellow Anarchists—M. Eiffel's Wonderful Tower.

FEBRUARY LITERATURE.

What the English Magazines Furnish Their Readers.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—February literature is pleasantly set forth on club and library tables for Londoners who are now returning. The most notable articles in the reviews and magazines are the following: A paper on "Cobden's life of Emerson," in Murray's time-honored quarterly, that is Bostonian in his enthusiasm for the poet-philosopher. Also a paper in the Fortnightly Review by Charles R. Lowell on "English and American Federalism," and another which will be welcomed by all women for their brilliant sister, Frances Power Cobb, entitled "The Education of the Emotions." There are two contributions to the Nineteenth Century, on "The Constitution of the United States," by Minister Phelps, and a delightful satire by Mrs. Lowell on "The Reign of Pedantry in Girls' Schools." In the Contemporary appears an appropriate review of King Lake's "Crimean War," by Bull Run Russell, an Honoric article by Gladstone, and a sort of political omnium, "Has the Liberal Party a future." It is by a member of parliament, Graham, who is now in Holloway jail for his fight in favor of the right of public meeting in Trafalgar square. Chamber's Journal contains a paper on "The London Police," following another which treats of "Female Government Clerks in America." The Army and Navy Magazine continues its biography of General Washington for European readers, who, having exhausted their home supply of heroes, now turn their attention to the land of the free and the home of the brave. In time the best paper is on "The Art of Conversation and Paris Salons," by a mademoiselle who has the odd name of Blaise de Barry, and all anxious to perfect that art should read the article. In the Westminster Review is a contribution entitled "Imperial Federation—Canada and the United States," giving both sides of the questions as to federating colonies. It was expected that Murray's Magazine would contain, as appropriate to both Byron's publisher and centenary, some Byroniana, but the pages are silent as yet. This magazine seems not all to have answered in rivalry the expectations excited by its appearance. Indeed many booksellers assure me that Scribner's or Harper's magazines each have a London sale equal to that of any three of the home magazines. In the February Murray the Duke of Argyll touches with a heavy hand the life of Darwin, far different from the clever paper on the same in the Macmillan's. Tinsley's magazine, which had recently been suspended, is revived with this month and contains a charming paper by the Hon. Mrs. Armitage Man on "English Mansions and Their Mistresses." Blackwood will be notable to scholars for the paper on "Shakespeare and Bacon," by Sir Theodore Martin, husband of Helen Faucit, in which he pool-holes the St. Ignatius of doubters.

The Alva at Nice.

Copyright 1888 by James Gordon Bennett. NAPLES, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—The yacht Alva has arrived.

Hungary's Presidential Policy.

Pesth, Jan. 28.—In the lower house of the Hungarian diet today Premier Tisza, replying to the interpellation of Herr Helfert, emphatically declared there was no ground to doubt the bonafide reciprocity of the powers allied for the preservation of peace and for their own security. In consequence of the marked displacement of Russian troops the government, without doubting the Czar's pacific declarations, considers it its duty to see that necessary measures are taken to assure the safety of the frontier and the efficiency of the army in case of an emergency. The alliance of the central European powers was purely defensive and foreign to any aggressive action.

Earl Grey on English Politics.

LONDON, Jan. 28.—Earl Grey will soon publish a volume describing his experiences in English and Irish politics. He maintains that the union was a success until 1865, but since that year Ireland has been used for party ends.

Mme. Carnot Reviving Customs of the Mac Mahon Regime.

Mme. Carnot is endeavoring to revive the customs of the Mac Mahon regime.

DINING WITH THE AMBASSADORS.

The President's wife is anxious to eclipse former social seasons.

LOUISE MICHEL NOT MUCH HURT

One of the bullets discovered in her bonnet.

SHREWD COLONEL LISBONNE.

How he adroitly explained a visit to the Elysee and pacified his fellow anarchists.

FEBRUARY LITERATURE.

What the English magazines furnish their readers.

Paris, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—For the last week we have looked twice spring and winter. Fogs and sunshine have alternated in a way that is bewitching to Paris beauties. To-day we are having wet, mist and cold all together and ladies bound for balls at the Hotel de Ville and the opera are having a cheerless time of it.

Giard is still prime minister of France but it looks as if he would not be much longer. The weakness of the cabinet in the municipal quarrel has been bad for its prestige already and President Carnot is looking forward to the delights of another ministerial crisis. Who will be the next premier? The race seems to be between two candidates, Goblet and Floquet. M. Hane, grand wire-puller-general of the opportunists, regards Floquet's victory as certain, but his rival oracle in the debates, scoffs at the idea. Chaf, president of the chamber, is a rather a pompous nonentity. Mme. Carnot is doing her best to make this Paris season more brilliant than the last few. Reviving the courteous customs adhered to by Mac Mahon, the president and his wife are dining out with the ambassadors. Wednesday evening they were the guests of Countess Hoyos at the Austro-Hungarian embassy. The state salons of their hospitable mansion are lavishly decorated with flowers and ferns in honor of the occasion. During the dinner at which the president and chief of state sat at the head of the table, artfully hidden behind banks of palms, azaleas, old tokens and manillas. The costumes were all brought out to give the free charm of local coloring. All the ambassadors will have the privilege of entertaining the president in turn and Paris dressmakers are delighted at the prospect of all the money which will roll into their coffers.

Louise Michel was not hurt much after all. She was the other night, only scared. One of the two bullets fired at her by Lucas, while she was spouting anarchy, had turned up in her bonnet. The surgeons never thought of looking for it there and were already talking solemnly of pyemia. The recent presence of Colonel Lisbonne, the communist at the Elysee reception greatly scandalized the reds and rowdies of Montmartre. A meeting of the colonel's old associates was called. He was requested to give a public explanation of his undemocratic conduct, but the colonel was equal to the emergency. He braved it out. "You want to know," said he, "why a child of the revolution set foot in the gilded halls of the president? Citizens I want to see how the president would treat the people. I assure you he treats them well. As you may ask should I go rather than another democrat, citizens, I will be simple and frank with you. I went because I happened to have a dress coat." Yelled an indignant citizen. "No aristocrats for us." "I wore it years ago," answered the ingenious Lisbonne, "when I was actor and manager of the Bouffe du Nord. My old woman had taken good care of it, but it was old and stained and I had to clean it with essence. Citizen Carnot's guests tracked me all over the Elysee by that essence and one of them remarked: 'Queer idea of that man's to scent him with petroleum. If any citizen care he can have that dress coat for a night and see the president's buffet for himself,'" said Lisbonne. Several of the most revolutionary citizens present instantly accepted. Before the brethren had recovered from the enthusiasm excited by his offer, Lisbonne vanished.

A great sensation was made yesterday in Paris by the rumor that Tour Eiffel was threatened with collapse. Some said it was slipping, others that it was settling. Dautremes, a minister, widely telegraphed to the Champ de Mars. I thought best to see M. Eiffel. I was ushered into his study on the first floor of a charming hotel in the Rue de Provy, a luxurious room, a well stored book case running round it, while at one end, facing the door, was a desk covered with papers. Seated at the desk was a pale, resolute, middle-aged gentleman, of middle height, carefully dressed, with a ribbon of the Legion of Honor in his buttonhole.

"M. Eiffel, I suppose?" "Yes, it was M. Eiffel, the man who had defied the heavens; the inventor of the giant tower. He looked as if he meant to finish it, too." "You have no doubt heard what people are saying of your tower?" said the visitor. "What are they saying?" quietly answered the engineer. "I have not time to read many papers."

"That there is something wrong; that it is tottering, slipping, falling in." "I know there was some wild story about it in the chamber of deputies yesterday, but I have made inquiries of my foreman in the

Champ de Mars and can assure you that there is not an item of truth in it.

"Yet even M. Dautremes was alarmed." I know he was. So was M. Berger, the director of the exhibition works, but there is no foundation for the report. No, there have not even been any infiltrations at the base of the tower. It is a hoax from beginning to end. A short time ago there might have been some reason to feel anxious about possible accidents, but we have conquered the chief difficulties. The pillars which uphold the structure are in position. We are going on splendidly and now it would take a catastrophe like a earthquake to undo our work." "You are confident of completing your tower?" "Certainly. It is all plain sailing now. We have carried out our programme so far. The supports were to be ready by the beginning of January. Well, they are ready. By July 14 we hope to have reached the second floor, where the restaurant will be built. The summit will be finished by the end of December and a week or so more should see everything ready."

AMONG THE ARTISTS.

The artistic event of the week has been the opening of the annual exhibition at Bright, a little club in the rue Valenciennes, popularly known as the Cicerone. The show is a particularly good one this year. Bonnat, Henner, Lefevre, Carolus Duran, Francois Flaming and many other favorites being well represented. The pictures on exhibition are Carolus Duran's marvelous portrait of a saucy little English girl with flowing locks and velasquez hat and bright blue eyes.

Brizman contributes a dainty portrait of his wife. Weeks sends a brilliant Indian scene—a Hindoo maiden at a stall of Bombay. Henner does very badly with conventional landscapes, all blues and browns. Hougueurean does even worse with a nubby study of a bare-legged girl at a brook.

BRILLIANT PARISIAN BALLS.

Dazzling Spectacles of Pencers at the French Capital.

PARIS, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—Paris is ablaze with light to-night. Balls are going on in every direction. The Place de l'Opera is a moving mass of picturesque mummies on the way to the masked ball, while at the Grand hotel round the corner the Austro-Hungarians are footing it to the music of their pet "Tziganes." But the chief interest to-night centers in the first municipal ball at the Hotel de Ville, which, when I left, was a dazzling spectacle. Nearly eight thousand guests have thronged the splendid rooms of the edifice since the doors of the Hotel de Ville opened a couple of hours ago. Among the earliest arrivals were President Carnot and Mme. Carnot, who drove up in a handsome carriage and pair about 10 o'clock. Ascending the grand staircase lined with gardes de Paris in full dress, they entered the reserved reception room, stopping on the way to exchange bows with their hydrant-headed host. The municipal council present wore the insignia of the Legion of Honor. Mme. Carnot looked imposing in a velvet dress of her favorite color—red—richly trimmed with lace. Her head-dress sparkled with diamonds. The public was extraordinarily mixed, with very few pretty faces, and judging from the ultra-democratic manners of the crowd most of the guests might have been masquerading as maschands de vin and fish-wives from the neighboring market place. The ball rooms, especially Salles St. Jean, were charmingly adorned with red and gold drapery, tricolor trophies, flowers, and hundreds of crystal chandeliers. Glittering electric lights shone down on the motley dancers, and when the conductors of the two bands struck up the opening waltz the scene was most effective.

A Treaty With Mexico.

PARIS, Jan. 28.—In the chamber of deputies to-day a treaty of commerce between France and Mexico was adopted.

American Pilgrims at Home.

ROME, Jan. 28.—The pope to-day received 300 American pilgrims and gave his blessing and addressed a few words to each in private.

GOT INTO THE SEWERS.

Serious Damage Threatened By Burning Naphtha in Binghamton.

BINGHAMTON, Jan. 28.—A large quantity of naphtha escaped from a pipe line this afternoon into a sewer in the business portion of the town, and caused several explosions in business blocks. The naphtha became ignited in the sewer and it is burning furiously at the outlet. The fire department has been called out several times. All business blocks and buildings connected with the State street sewer are filled with the odor of the naphtha, and further explosions are feared. An employe of the gas works, whose clothes became saturated with the naphtha accidentally, went into a farmer's house at a railroad crossing to warm himself. His clothing ignited and he was fatally burned.

Eastern Roads Still Blocked.

NEW YORK, Jan. 28.—Advices from the upper part of the state to-night show that traffic is still held fast. Hundreds of freight cars are laid up at East Syracuse and live stock is being unloaded to save it from starvation and freezing.

THE SINEWS OF WAR.

Apprehension Caused By the Recent Enormous Military Loans.

REFUSES TO BE QUESTIONED.

Germany Will Keep Her Purpose From the Public.

SMARCK TO HELP IT THROUGH.

Herr von Tisza's Speech in the Hungarian Diet.

HE TRIED IT ON THE PREACHER.

A German Peasant's Novel Method of Determining Whether His Pigs Had Trichinae—News From the German Capital.

Looks Ominous.

BERLIN, Jan. 28.—[New York Herald Cable.—Special to the BEE.]—The extraordinary size, 280,000,000 marks, of the extra military credit caused a sensation when the figure was officially announced Thursday. People quietly held their breath in amazement and anxiety. Not until to-day has clamorous gossip about it begun. Two opinions worth quoting are: A person said in conversation: "The amount is frightfully ominous considering the large extra military credits given during recent scares. It is a bad sign that the war minister refuses to declare, as he did when the septennate bill passed, that no more extra military credits will be needed! But the worst are also the best signs to together, namely, that the minister refuses to declare, for military reasons, the way in which this vast sum is to be expended and that he will be able to continue this reserve in spite of all parliamentary attempts to question him. Germany's military government is really the security for Europe's peace. If Germany were a constitutional country like France or England, three parliamentary questions concerning the real purpose of this extraordinary and unexpected appropriation would produce almost an instant declaration of war by at least one great nation."

Said another patriotic German, this time of the military party: "Thanks to French stupidity during the septennate scare, we have a reichstag which will silently give Germany all the money demanded by the unsettled state of Europe. It is a large sum, but it will be granted as it should be and no questions answered. Prince Bismarck is coming to Berlin to help the matter through. It will be as pleasant to see him as it has been to see the various Balkan statesmen who have stopped recently here on route for Friedrichsruhe. But he is not necessary. German patriotism and the Paris papers insured Germany for some years against parliamentary meddling."

Trichinae are still greatly dreaded by the Germans. The latest case is an odd one. A peasant was arrested for not having his pigs examined before selling their pork. "Oh," he said, "but that's not necessary. I have a perfectly certain method of settling my pigs' condition." Under fear of punishment he stated that his pastor was always hungry and so he made up the first sausage from each pig for him and sent it as a present. "I know he eats it at once. Then after a week I go and inquire about his health. If he is well I can safely sell the pork and can save examination fees too."

An old resident of Berlin has offered \$50,000 toward the construction of a handsome, centrally located Presbyterian church to be controlled by the American Presbyterian board subject to being considered both here and in America so that Berlin may soon have two American churches under construction.

RUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

Herr Tisza's Speech Conclusive of Hostile Intentions on Both Sides.

BERLIN, Jan. 28.—Herr von Tisza's statement in the lower house of the Hungarian diet to-day has confirmed the conviction that war between Austria and Russia is accepted by both sides as inevitable. Each is simply lying in wait for the first chance to strike. Reports received at the war office from agents on the Polish frontier intimate a renewal of activity among Russian troops. Austrian war officials suspect the real object in view is the invasion of Bulgaria. The sinews of war have been obtained by the Russian treasurer by a loan arranged in Amsterdam, the amount of which is said to be £4,000,000. Herr von Tisza has concluded his negotiations with Frankfurt Rothschild for a loan of 20,000,000 florins.

The debate on the anti-socialist bill was resumed in the reichstag to-day. In the discussion after the debate the consensus of opinion was that the government would be defeated if they persisted in attempting to pass the bill. Prof. Virchow in a letter discussing the last phase of the crown prince's illness, says he is of the opinion that the disease is not a cancer.

German Anarchists Must Go.

BERLIN, Jan. 28.—The Bundesrat has ordered the expulsion from Germany of Anarchists Ehrenberg, Schopin, Ignaz, Meizer and Haupt.