

# THE OMAHA DAILY BEE.

NINETEENTH YEAR.

OMAHA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 26, 1889.

NUMBER 37.

## QUEEN VICTORIA'S PITTANCE.

The House of Commons Considering the Last Royal Request.

## MANY BRILLIANT SPEECHES.

The Members and Audience Spellbound By the Matchless Oratory of Gladstone—Labouchere's Thrust at Chamberlain.

## The Royal Grant.

[Copyright 1889 by James Gordon Bennett.]  
LONDON, July 25.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—At last the lethargy which has so long hung over the house of commons this session is to be broken up. That was evident to the eye the moment one entered the chamber this afternoon. There was an unusually large attendance at prayers, not indicating in any way a devotional outbreak among the members, but merely their desire to secure a seat for the remainder of the sitting. The liberal benches were fairly well filled, and among the chaplain's congregation was M. Labouchere, who is very regular in his attendance at prayers when there is anything to be got by it. He secured the corner seat below the gangway, which is a good deal to gain.

Three-quarters of an hour were muddled away over questions, and then the real sport began. The noble birds had flock to the space reserved for them. The stronger had been almost fighting for places. The gleam of ribbons and bonnets shone from beneath the grating of the ladies' gallery. Every place was occupied.

What a chance for Labouchere to tell the truth! He seemed rather over-weighted by such an opportunity can only occur once or twice in any private member's life, and there are many chances against his being able to make the very utmost of it. He may be too long; he may be half submerged in his own waters; he may lose the attention of his audience. These fatalities dogged Labouchere's steps this afternoon. He had built up his case as Robinson Crusoe built his boat-on-to great a scale. His speech ought to have been condensed and rearranged and one-third of it thrown bodily away. As it was, after speaking an hour and a half Labby left his audience jaded and listless. The effervescence had already subsided. Even O'Brien looked bored, and Dr. Tanner, fresh from prison, with a fine new beard, could scarcely get one laugh out of Labby's jokes. Smith's speech on the question—it was Smith—an slow grave, tones disjointed—but plain and to the purpose.

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A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

Englishmen Buy Cigar Factories.

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## AN IMMENSE ICEBERG.

Steamship Saale's Passengers Treated to a Magnificent Sight.

[Copyright 1889 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, July 25.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—The steamship Saale has been fortunate enough this season to provide her passengers with phases of excitement unknown to those who have traveled on the other ocean lines. On a recent trip from Europe to America she made such a narrow escape from demolishing an iceberg that the hair of such passengers as had an inherent tenderness of icebergs stood on end and refused to lie down so long as any ice remained in sight. Icebergs of the first class are seldom to be found so late in the season in the lanes most frequented by the Atlantic racers. One of magnificent proportions was seen under the most favorable and favorable circumstances by those who took passage at New York July 17 on the Saale. The passengers were in mood for such a sight, as on the third day a fireman rushed out of the torrid furnace room to the deck and threw himself overboard. The Saale was put about without loss of time and every possible effort made to save the man, but his body was never seen after he took his plunge. The unfortunate man was a stowaway who was transformed into a fireman that he might work his way. He was a German, name unknown. On the fourth day out, while the passengers were at dinner, the word was passed around that an immense iceberg was in sight. The iceberg furnished more attraction than the dining room. It was described by Captain Blanke and his officers to a Herald correspondent as the largest they ever saw. It seemed to be about 500 feet high, its two immense glistening spires reminding the spectators of a magnificent cathedral sheathed in silver. Its length was estimated 1,800 feet. The berg was sighted by the lookout early in the afternoon, and the Saale was safely kept at a long distance from the gleaming mountain. That night the captain went on the bridge, for the ice monster was followed by several satellites, small in comparison, but large enough to be dangerous, and it was thought possible that there was a vanguard and a rear guard.

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## The Czar's Uncle Dying.

St. Petersburg, July 25.—The czar's uncle, Grand Duke Constantine, is sinking.

## BROUGHT INTO COURT.

### A Preliminary Step in the Trial of the Cronin Defendants.

Chicago, July 25.—[Special Telegram to THE BEE.]—This afternoon the five defendants in the Cronin case—Boogs, O'Sullivan, Coughlin, Woodruff and Kunze—were taken before Judge Horton by order of State's Attorney Longenecker, and the question, "Are you ready for trial?" put to each of them. All but Coughlin replied, "I am," and after a little discussion of the case were remanded back to jail. The answers of some of the defendants were unique. Kunze, for instance, after stating that he was ready for trial, was asked by Judge Horton if he had a lawyer, and replied, "I have none." "None," said the judge, "and you are a scoundrel." Boogs was of the same mind, but was charitable enough to give his reasons for not wanting an attorney. He said: "I haven't got a lawyer and don't know as I want any. I had considerable experience with lawyers lately and it hasn't done me any good." Boogs wanted to know what would happen if Mr. Keefe, Coughlin's lawyer, was not notified, and O'Sullivan said he wanted to confer with Mr. DeGrauw, who has been looking after his defense.

Chamberlain, who, as usual, was imitating Lord Hartington's passive demeanor, started as if a serpent had stung him. The little artifice of his assumed sleep wore at once broken down, and then the stentorian and rapturous cheers of the entire radical and Gladstonian party welcomed the stroke which had dealt him at it. A man might pretend that he did not care what Labouchere said, but it would be almost impossible to feign indifference to wild outburst of cheers from those who three years ago were one's intimate political associates and friends.

Chamberlain's face flushed, and the compact group of radicals who had planted themselves just behind Labouchere—Storey, Pitton, Lord Compton, Wilfred Lawson and Ellington—rubbed their hands with delight over the discomfiture of their foes.

All the same, Labouchere was too long. Dreadful to relate, Mr. Storey, who seconded his amendment, tried his very best to beat the record, and not entirely without success. Labby had excited a laugh without meaning it. As he sat down he had proclaimed the unity of the liberal party, though too obviously he had his tongue in his cheek. As he uttered the words the house roared and spoiled Labby's oration. Labby had brought the question down to a tolerably low level.

Mr. Storey kicked it a little lower. He actually talked of the queen's blacking brushes and dusting cloths. The house of commons can stand a great deal, but it could not stand that.

It murmured and began to empty, and in ten minutes to 7 Mr. Storey tardily came to the conclusion that the part of the wise man was to sit down. Unfortunately he did not see this soon enough.

Then rose Mr. Gladstone—brisk, energetic, smiling, clad in evening dress, ready to go out to dinner, a red rose in his button-hole. He had not said a couple of dozen words before everyone was struck with his immense elevation above the preceding speakers. All his sentences were well timed and pronounced with dignity of manner, the style and manner being all-perfect of their kind. It was a strange and interesting spectacle. Gladstone, the bete noire of the conservative, was standing on the radical side of the house, delivering an out-and-out, true blue and thoroughly conservative speech, and conservative cheered, but with scarcely a response from his own political supporters. The stern ranks of the radicals were plunged in a noisy silence or exchanged dissatisfied whispers with one another. The conservatives plauded their most formidable enemy till the house rang with their cheers. Harcourt and Morley evidently thoroughly disagreed with much that their chief had laid down. He insisted that the plebeian cause should be applied for during her reign was absolutely final, as final as if it were written upon parchment and stamped with the royal seal. Morley shook his head. Harcourt glanced at his leader, but the old man went on in his own way, rising to still higher and higher grounds, until the house found itself listening, almost breathless, to a most noble and pathetic conclusion. He had done his duty to the people, the aged statesman declared, but he would never be ashamed of the fifty years' service he had given to the illustrious occupant of the throne.

He spoke leaning half across the table. His voice trembled a little, and he seemed for once almost afraid to trust himself. His talk of politics as one may, it must be admitted that no living man but this one can soar to distant heights which are beyond the reach of common mortal and which no breath of vulgarity ever disturbs. Then came Ellington and dinner and everybody rushed off the scene. It is a pity that the vision of Gladstone boldly avowing his attachment to his monarch, as well as his love of people, should be displaced by any other figure. The right had

many other speakers, but the man of seventy-nine reigned supreme.

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## AN ELECTION EVERY YEAR.

Cronin's Funeral Held at a Public House.

## ALL WHITECHAPEL WAS THERE.

Curious Crowds Watch the Procession as it Winds Past the Scenes of the Various Murders in the District.

It was a Gala Day.

[Copyright 1889 by James Gordon Bennett.]

LONDON, July 25.—[New York Herald Cable—Special to THE BEE.]—The funeral of Alice Mackenzie, Jack the Ripper's latest victim, took place from the Tower public house, in Artillery street, yesterday afternoon. It was a typical Whitechapel funeral. All the streets, courts, alleys, doorways and windows which commanded a view of the scene were crowded. It was rivers of heads and tides of human beings in all the bicker-brack editions of humanity in Morocco bindings that Whitechapel offers. There were walls of faces, male and female, old and young, ruddy and gin-stained, fair to look at and unpleasant to see. Well-to-do homes sent well-dressed delegates; nocturnal rats and much less neatly dressed. There were children, others with babies, ragged bags with bottles, and more ragged bags with bottles. All had an expectant, awe-struck look, mingled with more less excited expression, which indicated that it was an unusual occasion. The crowd was, however, sent out by Tower in 1875 to make a thorough examination and report. The police, who were particularly numerous, had purchased about twenty thousand acres of mineral land near the lake. Years were required to get them into shape, and it was not until 1881 that Mr. Tower had the readiness for the construction of a railroad. He laid out a line of road from the lake to a point on Lake Superior, about thirty miles northeast of Duluth, called Two Harbors. Mr. Tower bought property, constructed docks, depots, houses, and so forth. The mines were opened and a force of men set at work digging one. Meanwhile the railroad was being built. All through the winter of 1881-82 a force of 1,500 men were laboring on the Minnesota woods, falling trees, grading and laying tracks. The expenses were enormous, but Mr. Tower was equal to the demand upon his resources. Hundreds of thousands of dollars were expended and lost in the timbering. In 1883 the value of '84 the work was pressed with vigor and late in July the road was completed. On July 31, 1884, the first train load of ore passed from the million lake to Lake Superior, where it was shipped to Cleveland. Before the close of the year 65,000 tons of ore had been shipped from the mines, and by 1887 the annual output had been increased to 400,000 tons. On June 5, 1887, Mr. Taylor sold his interest in the Vermillion to a syndicate.

The Vermillion came to a standstill.

Inside the public house it was also black.

The low-celled apartment was rather dark, and the car compartments were crowded to their utmost capacity. In a small room adjoining, on which a door opened from the bar, were the mourners. They were nine women from Ennepay's lodging house, where the victim lived, and three men. The women were all in black, with grape hats. The vehicles were black, the drivers' clothes were black, hats were black, streamers were black, and the inside of the hearse was without a blossom to relieve the blackness of the long something, with a black ball over it, which represented the fragmentary remains of the murdered woman.

The mourners entered the two carriages and the procession moved. It wound, as usual with Jack the Ripper's list of funerals, all through Whitechapel, touching on the scenes of all the other murders. It passed Dorset street, crossing Commercial street into Hamburg street, and past Number 29, where the Ripper slew his fourth victim and wrote the prophecy on the door; went down near the morgue whether all the victims have been taken, and out Baker's row, passing the top of Buck's row, the scene of murder number three.

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