The Sun.

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LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE PATH OF ENGLAND'S NEW PREMIER HEDGED WITH DIFFICULTIES.

His Enemies Predict his Downfall, but Gladstone is Confident—Bitter Comments on the New Cabinet—Ulster Leaders Order a Supply of Firearms—Exploits of David Nero, the Negro Swindler—Nihilists Hanged in Russia—Gossip of the Continent.

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LONDON, Feb. 6.—The enemies of Mr. Gladstone are now looking for the fulfilment of the grim prediction of his Tory brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, that "William will ruin England and die in a madhouse." The new Premier is hedged in by many militant elements. It would doubtless be improper to call the Queen an enemy to Mr. Gladstone, but that her Majesty regards his accession to the Premiership as a disaster is apparent from the effort made last week, to interpose with the help of Mr. Goschen a combination Cabinet with Lords Hartington and Salisbury as Premier and Foreign Secretary, and by the Queen's firm declaration that she would prefer abdication to the signing of a bill to repeal the Union.

Will Gladstone confound his enemies by achieving a successful reconciliation of the Irish people to English dominion? Nothing less will suffice. His best friends admit that his actual Cabinet is a thing of shreds and patches, incoherent, rickety, and facing tremendous chances of shipwreck between the Scylla of agrarian revolution and the Charybdis of Irish independence. Gladstone alone is serenely confident that he can satisfy at once the peers of Westminster and the peasants of West Meath, harness Chamberlain with Davitt, make Catholic Connaught embrace the Calvinist Aberdeen, and royalist Ulster take to her heart the Radical John Morley.

An important meeting of Irish Loyalists and their sympathizers was held at Hull last Friday night. The Duke of Abercorn presided, and made a speech which, though not encouraging to the Nationalists, was still so mildly phrased as to anger the Loyalists. The Ulstermen present loudly resented his Grace's language, and provoked angry demonstrations from the Yorkshiremen, which almost resulted in open hostilities. Earl Fitzwilliam will preside at another Loyalist meeting at Sheffield next Wednesday evening.

It is understood that the Ulster leaders have ordered 10,000 stands of arms in preparation for the civil war which they consider inevitable. A Loyalist leader affirms that Gen. Lord Wolseley, being asked whether the Queen's troops would fire upon Ulster Loyalists, as skilfully threatened in a recent speech by Thomas Sexton, promptly replied: "Any royal officer would resign his commission first." All of which confirms my judgment that English passion will prove as dangerous in the future as Irish organization is now.

Both the old and new Cabinets went to Osborne to-day, where, in the presence of the Queen, though not at the same moment, the seals of office were transferred. After this ceremony had been gone through with, unsuccessful Conservatives and successful Liberals forgot their differences and dined together with all the apparent joviality of city Aldermen. On Wednesday next they will meet again under the hospitable roof of the Prince of Wales, when to-day's festivities will be renewed.

The new Cabinet is as completely in the power of the Premier as the cabin passengers of an Atlantic steamer are in that of the commander. With a few notable exceptions, Mr. Gladstone's colleagues are, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gladstone's clerks. He alone is held responsible by the Queen for the acts of the Ministry, and he determined beforehand, in the choice of his assistants, that there should be none among them not as wax in his hands.

In conversation yesterday, one of the new Ministers actually said that, though home rule in Ireland was capable of being tolerated by the English people, it would really only avert a greater peril. When asked what greater peril, he replied: "French invasion is possible any day as a desperate resort to uphold the tottering French Republic." Such fatuity as is exhibited by the Minister's remark is the result of an obstinate blindness to the progress of Irish agitation. An honest study of Irish discontent and distress by ten capable British statesmen ten years ago might have averted the crisis which is now escaping from the control, apparently, of British statesmanship.

Nothing in American politics was ever more personal or bitter than the comments which are made on the new Cabinet by members of the opposition, or by the discontented followers of Lord Hartington. A leading Whig to-day attributed the adhesion of Earl Spencer to the new Government to the failure of his Northamptonshire estates to pay their usual rents. The appointment most applauded is that of Sir Farrer Herschell. On taking his seat in the Upper House as Lord High Chancellor, which dignity carries with it an elevation to the peerage, Sir Farrer will retain his family name and become Lord Herschell, thus following the example set by Lords O'Hagen, Macaulay, and Brougham. Curiously, Sir Farrer Herschell, fifteen years ago, thought of abandoning the law in despair, but was persuaded to persevere, with the result of finding himself to-day at the head of his profession and a peer of the realm.

The most criticised and derided of the new Ministers is Sir Wm. Vernon Harcourt, Chancellor of the Exchequer. When Sir William was a junior counsel on the northern circuit, over twenty years ago, and held the position of Steward, it appears that he failed to render a proper account of his stewardship. When questioned closely on the subject of his expenditures by one of the seniors, it is reported that he replied: "The accounts be d——d. The money is spent; the Lord only knows how!" It is suggested that this method applied to the Treasury would vastly simplify the procedure in that department.

The discontent in Parliament at the distribution of places ferments. The extraordinary proposition published in one of the Government journals to-day that Lord Rosebery keep the Foreign Office warm only until Sir Charles Dilke, at present obscured by the Crawford scandal, has been whitewashed, and then put into the Colonial Office and that Lord Granville be then appointed Privy Seal, is equally polite to Lord Rosebery, Sir Charles Dilke, Lord Granville, and Mr. Gladstone.

The approval at Berlin of Lord Rosebery's appointment to the Foreign Office exasperates Paris, but Dilke's appointment would be popular at Paris and equally exasperating at Berlin. Lord Rosebery's acquaintance with Bismarck is recent, but he has long been familiar with the leaders at Paris. He is a member of two French clubs, is an accomplished French scholar, and would never play a game on any foreign power. He is specially friendly toward America. He knows and likes Mr. Bayard, and sent him sympathetic messages in his recent cruel afflictions. He will surely handle the fishery question fairly, taking no advantage of American blunders.

The staid burgh of Glasgow has been engrossed for a week by the escapades of David Nero, the negro preacher and adventurer, who is in custody there. Nero, who hails from Missouri, is astounded and disgusted by the discovery that his rascally transactions have been published in America through the agency of the Cable News. He was first apprised of this fact by a cablegram which he received last Wednesday.

The Glasgow police have accumulated a vast mass of evidence against the prisoner, and it is still coming. Many clergymen have voluntarily furnished details of Nero's preaching, and of his collections and other frauds. Papers in the possession of the police show that Nero first arrived in Scotland last June. He forthwith started preaching and publicly announced that he was the principal of the Sumner College, Kansas City, Mo. The directors of that institution had, he said, sent him on a special mission to Europe to raise funds to equip an expedition to evangelize the natives of southern Africa. He produced as credentials certificates from the Presbytery of Missouri and from Prof. Robertson, Secretary of the Sumner College. Nero began his crusade in Glasgow, enlisting the sympathies of many pastors of churches and chapels, who freely opened their pulpits to him. His preaching was fervid, flowery, and not without a rude eloquence which was very effective. He always inveighed against unholy cravings for filthy lucre, and pointed out the delight of giving to the Lord's servants for the spreading of His Word. By the collections which invariably followed his sermons he realized several thousand pounds in Glasgow alone.

Flushed with this success, he widened his field of operations and appeared successively in Edinburgh, Liverpool, Manchester, Sunderland, London, and Paris. His Glasgow success was repeated in all these places, and when he returned to America last October he must have been possessed of a small fortune.

Nero's trip to America was probably for the purpose of investing or secreting his booty. It was only a flying trip, and he was soon back in Glasgow, where he was welcomed with open arms by pious churchmen, matrons, and maidens. During the whole time of his stay in Glasgow he kept a succession of young and pretty white mistresses in snug private quarters in a suburb of Glasgow. The latest inmate of his harem fled when Nero was arrested, and is now being sought by the police. Although thus living in secret profligacy, Nero was admitted to excellent society circles in Glasgow, and positively became the rage among many dainty young ladies and blooming matrons, on whom he frequently called in the daytime. He thus became betrothed to three highly respected ladies, and with the full consent of their relatives. Each of these deluded spinsters was solemnly promised that she would be married by Nero on the eve of his departure for Africa, and would be taken there to aid in evangelizing the natives.

Among the papers seized by the police at Nero's dovecote were reams of stationery, all bearing the imprint of Sumner College, and hundreds of amorous letters from girls and women in various towns.

The Tory *St. James's Gazette* mischievously comments on the reappearance in London of Mme. De Novikoff, the Russian Egeria of Mr. Gladstone, which has already been mentioned in these despatches. Her motions are not without diplomatic significance, and, as she is a notorious intriguante for Greece, it is assumed that her present mission is pro-Hellenic. The Greeks are staggered by the cold shoulder turned to them by Gladstone. To-day there is a story that Russia has instructed Baron de Staal, her Ambassador here, to propose an alliance between the Czar, Premier Gladstone, and the unspeakable Turk to quiet the whole Eastern uproar, including the complaints of Servia and Greece.

Meanwhile the Nihilists in the Czar's dominions are awaking to an activity unparalleled in recent years, and the police are spurred on to phenomenal vigor. Accounts have just reached London of the execution of four Nihilists in the citadel of Warsaw. A Polish student of noble blood was the first one hanged. He died shouting: "Long live the Social Revolution!" Another of the condemned—a man named Bardowski—was taken with a fit on the scaffold, and was strung up while writhing in convulsions. The last of the quartet was a stalwart shoemaker named Ossowski, who suffered terribly and was choked to death after a long struggle.

The remark of a new English Minister, already cited, about the tottering French republic is excused by the actual situation at Paris. The heavy vote in favor of the amnesty of criminals emphasizes the amazing proposition of Deputy Basly to legalize lynch law for murder. An ugly story comes from Saint Quentin—a town made historic as the scene of the tremendous defeat of the French by Philip of Spain in 1557—that starving workmen are in full revolt, and are filling the streets with barricades, across which blood will soon be shed. Threats are hinted against the Orleans princes. Ex-Premier Brisson, the man of September, reappears in the Legislature proposing their expulsion. This step indicates a decay of the confidence of the Republican leaders in the popular support, and correspondingly encourages the Royalists.

There is reason to believe that a marriage has been arranged between Crown Prince Charles of Portugal, now visiting France, and a daughter of the Comte de Paris, now in her 15th year. This fact, together with the recent marriage of Princess Marie to Prince Waldemar of Denmark, shows the confidence felt in royalist circles in the future of the Orleans dynasty.

There are rumors of a political crisis in Rome. Crispi, the leader of the opposition, is making a desperate attack upon the foreign policy of Di Robilant, as tending to make Italy subservient to the other powers. Di Robilant, however, enjoys to the utmost the favor and confidence of the King. Humbert relies upon Di Robilant because he is a Piedmontese, and loves the house of Savoy. He is only 42 years old. He is a gallant soldier, and lost an arm in service under Victor Emanuel. He is quick, resolute, and businesslike, and was a great favorite at Vienna when Ambassador there. While occupying that position he married the Countess Aldringen, a member of the highest Catholic nobility. It was through his influence, largely, that the Austrian court declined to receive Mr. Kelley as American Minister. The ground urged by him in that matter was that the rejection would be a vindication of Victor Emanuel from the attacks made upon him in some of Mr. Kelley's speeches. Di Robilant took a firm attitude in support of Bismarck and Salisbury in their recent note demanding Greek disarmament, and he has the resolute qualities to make a good fight against his opponents in Parliament. If he wins it is likely that he will soon succeed Depretis as Premier.

The strength of the support of bimetallism will be shown to a certain extent on Friday next, when Bismarck will ask the Landtag to pass the Alcohol Monopoly bill. He will need the help of the bimetallists to carry the measure, and its failure to pass might be further proof of the bitterness of the struggle on this question.

The Cologne City Collegium recently took up a resolution denouncing the monopoly of the manufacture and sale of alcohol by the Government, as threatening the ruin of independent citizens and of large interests. After discussion, the resolution was passed by a vote of 22 to 10.

The London *Times* this week gives a place to the programme of the German bimetallists, already cabled, indicating a remarkable change in the tactics of that paper on the silver controversy. An important meeting for the discussion of bimetallism will be held at Manchester on Feb. 16.

Minister McLane's usual Friday reception at Paris yesterday was abandoned as a mark of condolence to Secretary Bayard in his bereavement by the loss of his wife.

A recent entertainment at the Paris home of Miss Claretie, daughter of the poet, was enlivened by the recitations, "Bobolink," and the "Bird Song," by Miss Detchon of New York.

Another American party at the French capital was enlivened by the neat repartee of a fair daughter of the West. The hostess, criticising a compatriot, kindly observed: "She is a pretty girl, but she lacks style and what I call grand damoisiness," to which instantly rejoined the young lady: "I prefer the lack of that to your 'damgrandisiness.'"

WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT.

Superintendent Hudson Suspended.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 6.—Mayor Smith has sent a communication to Edwin Hudson, Superintendent of Police, saying that for insubordination in refusing to report yesterday for orders as directed, he is suspended from office. The Mayor has appointed Arthur G. Moore, superintendent of Police. This brings to a crisis the conflict between the Mayor and Police Commissioner, as the latter refuse to recognize the validity of the Governor's action in removing them from office.

Cigarettes

can now be enjoyed without staining lips or fingers. Every Cameo Cigarette is provided with a holder.—*Adv.*

WASHINGTON SNOWED IN.

SHIVERING IN CHILLY HOUSES, BUT THE SOCIAL LIFE GOES ON.

Brilliant Reception by the Chinese Minister—His Successor—The Coming Reception by the President—A Well-planted Stroke of Sarcasm—Social Events of the Past Week.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 6.—There are times of day when the best talker finds the weather subject uppermost in his mind, and when the ordinary mortal may be pardoned for making it the sole topic of conversation. Such days were upon the national capital this week, when the big snow storm brought first-class sleighing and housekeepers looked helplessly out on the banks and drifts several feet high before their doors, wondering what in the world they could do with all "this dreadful snow, you know." Washington is in appearance a winter city, and just now would rival St. Paul or any other Northwestern town where snow gives to the housetops a canopy a foot deep and to the streets eighteen inches on the level. "We can't beat this sleighing out West," said a visitor from the region where they beat almost everything, and making such an acknowledgment is the more powerful as an argument in favor of Washington's weather progress. "If things go on in this way you'll be building an ice palace here next season," he added. Strangers who have come here deluded by poetical notions of the "sunny South" are past words, and silently express in their faces the disappointment, not to say disgust, over the unexpected turn of climate.

"At home, you know, we have our horses and sleighs, double windows, log fires, and all the comforts of life; but here we are ready and waiting for the sunshine, mild air, and dry, clean streets we had reason to expect, and only to shiver indoors and struggle with the snow on wheels outside. No, it isn't the Washington we've read of and had in our imagination," they say sadly.

It is odd, but true, that Northern families are more pinched by the cold weather here than persons who have been brought up in a mild climate, and it is quite as true that some of the handsomest and supposed to be best built houses are most comfortless in lack of warmth. Last winter the wife of a Northern Senator found it impossible to keep warm during a cold snap in the large and elegant house her husband had taken for the year. After firing up the furnace to its fullest capacity and adding grate fires she gave in, put on her sealskin cloak, and went to bed. She afterward decided that it was the one day when she was really warm. A few weeks ago, during the first very cold weather, one of the Cabinet families had an equally hard struggle, and, though not confessing it by talking to the winds to get warm, are suspected of having done so. They tell the tale of getting all of the furnace heat in one room by shutting it off from all the others, and then adding a big fire in the grate. But she could not coax the mercury to move above sixty. "And so," said Mrs. Blank, "we just wrapped ourselves in shawls and sat right before the grate piled up with red coals, and then we were not warm."

But this house, like that of the Senator's, is one of the really beautiful new houses for which the capital city is noted, and which are so attractive in exterior architecture and interior decoration. It is evident that builders, when building houses here, do not regard the winters, which are not warm, or the summers, which cannot be termed cold, and therefore they are most successful in building spring and autumn houses. An occasional exception gives a boom to a comfortably heated house that makes it the envy of all others. The family who have, so far as heard from, "weathered the "cold spell" this week in the bliss and unalloyed enjoyment of perfect flues and sufficient furnace heat is that of Senator Cockrell, who has a house on Q street. It is not a pretentious house, and the builder, strange to say, escaped the Queen Anne craze, which has turned the heads of so many to the degree of sacrificing comfort and convenience to get very much cut up angles and corners, toy fireplaces and make-believe furnaces. Senator Cockrell rents this plain house, and his wife has, with her good taste, furnished it attractively and made it a pretty comfortable home for their family of six children; and now that the chimneys and furnaces have so beautifully borne the test put upon them by the severe weather this week, their house bids fair to become known as one of the few Washington houses not found wanting in this regard.

On the other hand, the magnificent fireplace in Secretary Whitney's new ballroom, which is the admiration of all who behold it, won't draw, and as a chimney is the part doing the practical and very necessary work of drawing, the structure is quite disappointing, if not a failure. Were this beautiful room used only as a ballroom the difficulty could be gotten over, but it is furnished and used as a salon, and it is known that Mrs. Whitney delights in the reception, and entertains evening companies. There are a dozen or more paintings on the walls brought from Mr. Whitney's New York house, any one of which is fine enough to give genuine pleasure to lovers of art. Among the number is Millais's Sower, which alone would be a satisfactory gift, if the room should be shorn of its many other charming features.

Several Russian victorias, with yellow plumes and Russian bells, have appeared on the streets since the snow storm, and every train brings sleighing outfits from Northern cities. Some of the guests at the reception given by the Chinese Minister on Thursday to celebrate the Chinese New Year drove to the legation in sleighs. The jingle of bells and piles of snow thrown up on the curbs made a winter picture that would have fitted a first of January in New York, but was a decided novelty as a fourth of February New Year in Washington. By contrast with the scene outside the interior of "Castle Stewart," as the house occupied by the legation is called, seemed the brighter. The ballroom and spacious drawing rooms were gas lit, the gray daylight shut out, and pots of blooming Marguerites on the mantels. There were the silver-set side table decorations in pagodas, elephants, and fans of ices, creams, jellies, and salads, and in the centre was a high cushion of roses and tulips. Very delicious Chinese tea was poured at a round table, and wines and champagne were served with the refreshments. The Minister had given about 1,500 invitations, and it is said for the evening, but after the death of Mrs. Bayard the ball was given up, and the invitations transferred to the informal two to six reception celebration of the Chinese New Year. The Minister had the members of his Legation with him, his nephew, Mr. Cheng Hanson, and Mr. D. W. Bartlett, the American secretary, in turn presiding guests. Most of the attaches paid the Oriental dress, though Mr. Hanson and Mr. Lee have put on the conventional American suit. The Minister received New Year greeting with apparent pleasure, and smilingly returned good wishes through his interpreter. He seems much improved in health and stood near the drawing room door to welcome his guests. He has not been able to go out to official entertainments all this season and had seen but few visitors until Thursday. The ball was to have been in the nature of a leave-taking party, as the Minister expects to return to China in March, when his recently appointed successor arrives. As invitations were already out for a reception to gentlemen next week, he had not the alternative of postponing the ball till that time. This informal 2 to 6 was a reception elegant in all its appointments. Among the guests were the Chief Justice, Senator and Mrs. Mahone and their daughter, Mrs. Bayard, Miss Bayard and cousin, Mrs. Comings of Boston, the wives of Senators Hawley and Harrison, Miss Kate Foote, the wife of Speaker Carlisle, Justice and Mrs. Field, Miss Sherrill, Mrs. and Miss Ricketts, Mr. and Mrs. Lester, Mrs. and Miss Bartlett, Mr. and Mrs. Kearney, Warren Sevellon Brown, Mrs. and Miss Beck, Senator and Mrs. Dawes, the Venezuela Minister and son; the Hawaiian Minister, wife, and daughter; Judge and Mrs. McArthur, and Mr. and Mrs. Carey.

There was much disappointment over the giving up of the ball by the many who had anticipated a brilliant evening and the pleasure of the handsome ballroom, which was up to the creation of Mr. Whitney's ballroom, second only to that of the British Legation. Party dresses were made expressly for the occasion, and the advent was looked forward to with the more interest as it was the first formal party given by the Minister to ladies and gentlemen together. Mr. Cheng Tsao Ju has given several receptions to gentlemen, but never included ladies, for the reason that Mrs. Cheng Tsao Ju could speak no English and could not receive the company. On his visit to Chicago last spring he took Mrs. Cheng and the baby born in this country home with him, and he left them there. The little "Mi," or American, as the daughter is named, is now about a year and a half old. Mrs. Cheng Tsao Ju never appeared when visitors called, but the baby was often brought down by her nurse, and good-naturedly allowed the gaze of curious eyes. Praise of her would bring beaming smiles to her father's face, who seemed fond and proud of his American-born daughter. The child's round brown-pink cheeks and soft, dark eyes were like her mother, who is a pretty woman and not above twenty. Chinese etiquette rather than ignorance of our language, no doubt, kept her secluded. The Minister speaks but a few words of English. He has always depended on his interpreter, and has never gone about without this useful person at his elbow. Before his illness he was most indefatigable in making calls, and no society woman in official circles was more faithful than he in making the round of daily receptions and going to evening parties. He is fond of social life, and would gossip as vigorously over a cup of tea as any woman, keeping up his end of the talk through his interpreter without losing ground. The tea must be good to be above his criticism, and it was not an unheard-of act of politeness on his part to send a present of tea to the families of President Arthur's Cabinet. Of course his compliments accompanied the tea, but it was taken no less as a hint to the ladies that he did not hold their tea in too high estimation. Mr. Cheng Yin Wan, the newly appointed Minister from China, will leave Pekin the middle of the present month for this country. Upon his arrival here Mr. Cheng Tsao Ju, the present Minister, will return to China. An extensive change in the personnel of the legation is anticipated, as it is probable that the new Minister will be accompanied by several attaches.

Miss Prescott of Massachusetts, a granddaughter of the historian, is visiting Mrs. Endicott, and on Monday was given a tea party by Mrs. Schuyler Cronninshield at her home, 1,823 Jefferson place. It was one of the prettiest teas of the season in simple appointments. There were long-stemmed Jiequeminot roses in jars, scenting the parlors, and a basket of them ornamented the tea table where the wife of Capt. Wheeler poured tea. Miss Prescott received with the hostess, and Mrs. E. M. Stanton, with Miss Lowry, joined in entertaining the guests. Mr. Richard Rogers of Boston and Mr. Davies, son of the late Prof. Davies of West Point, with his wife, were of the company.

On Wednesday the Misses Cross, daughters of Wm. Cruger Pitt of New York, who has taken the Carroll house for the winter, gave a lunch party to young ladies, who were chaperoned by the Countess Esterhazy.

An instance of refreshing courage was illustrated the other day at the house of a prominent official whose wife showed a complacent pluck not often seen nowadays. It was her reception day, and among the callers were several ladies who had attended a large private party given on the previous evening at the house of a millionaire whose wealth makes his wife envied by half of the women in Washington. But on the day following her party she was made the subject of criticism at this reception, and was quite picked to pieces by these particular callers who had accepted her hospitality the night before. Finally they appealed to the hostess to know if they were calling, evoking her to acquiesce, and by directly put questions compelled an answer.

"Well," she replied with the most serene repose of manner and in a tone of calm sweetness, "I have never eaten of her bread and salt, and, of course, know nothing of her as a hostess. But if I had accepted her hospitality I should know nothing unkind of her either as a hostess or a woman."

It is needless to add that the visitors did not prolong their call.

Many official and private entertainments are promised for the coming week. The President's postponed dinner to the Justices of the Supreme Court will be given on Thursday evening, and on Friday evening he will give a reception to the diplomatic corps. There will be no cards of invitation, and the diplomats will be invited through the Department of State. The officers of the army and navy will be invited by the Secretary of the Navy, and the judiciary by the Attorney-General. Members of the Senate and House will be notified by the general announcement of the reception, which is to be in all things similar to the official reception given by the President soon after his inauguration last spring.

Miss Van Vechten of Albany arrived at the White House last evening.

Senator and Mrs. Sherman gave a reception on Monday evening, and on Thursday evening Secretary and Mrs. Whitney gave the first of their series of February receptions. There has seldom been so quiet a week in the season as this following the death of Mrs. Bayard. With the closing of the Cabinet houses there were also fewer day receptions by families of other officials. The Secretary of War and Mrs. Endicott have issued invitations for a reception to the officers of the army, navy, and marine corps on Tuesday evening, at 9 o'clock. This is the first entertainment given by the Secretary's family this season, and is eagerly anticipated, as their home is an elegant one and well adapted for affairs of this nature.

SCHOOL CHILDREN ON STRIKE.

A Demand of High School Graduates for More Commencement Tickets.

The thirty-two members of the graduating class of the Paterson High School have struck. The commencement exercises were announced to take place in the Paterson Opera House on next Wednesday evening, and elaborate preparations have been made for the event. The young ladies of the class have provided themselves with fascinating toilets, and the young men have practised their orations. There has been a large demand for tickets of admission to the Opera House. On former occasions there has been complaint that the School Commissioners gave out so many tickets that the theatre could not hold all who came. There are about thirteen hundred seats in the building, and this year the members of the Board of Education decided that only about 1,300 tickets should be given out. This curtailed the allowance to the individual members of the Board and to the graduates. Last year fourteen tickets were allowed to each graduate. Of these, eight were for the parquet and six for the gallery. This year the graduates demanded eight for the parquet and eight for the gallery. The Commissioners figured the matter out, and found that it would not leave enough tickets for themselves and other grown persons who, they thought, ought to be invited. However, the committee in charge of the matter decided that each graduate should have sixteen tickets, but that there should be only six of them for the choice seats down stairs, and that the other ten should be for the gallery. Word to this effect was sent to the graduates.

The graduates held a meeting on Friday night. They came to the conclusion that they furnished the performance and should have something to say about the disposition of the tickets. The committee had hired the Opera House, and they certainly could not get along without the presence of the graduates. The School Board Committee was in session at the time in the City Hall, and the graduates appointed a committee to wait upon them. This committee consisted of Miss Nellie Allison, Miss Minnie Rauchfuss, Master Hugh Masterson, and Master Henry L. C. Paul. They waited on the Commissioners, and with all their eloquence advocated their claims for a better distribution of the tickets. One of the Commissioners got angry, and asked who were running the schools, the Board of Education or the graduating class? The response to this was that the Board of Education might be running the schools, but the graduates meant to run the commencement exercises. The School Board Committee threatened to give up the engagement of the theatre and abandon the whole thing, if the graduates did not acquiesce in the arrangements of the Commissioners.

The Graduates' Committee replied that the threat did not terrify them in the least. On the contrary, if the Commissioners did not acquiesce in the demands of the graduates, they would not come to the commencement at all. They said that all of the thirty-two graduates had made up their minds not to graduate rather than withdraw from the stand they had taken.

The School Board then told the Graduates' Committee that they would take the matter into consideration. The committee returned to the class meeting, and was warm and more resolutely decided by the graduates that they would not graduate at all unless they could have eight tickets for the parquet and eight for the gallery.

Last night the School Board Committee decided to rescind all the arrangements if the graduates did not abandon their demand. It was stated that had been awarded to them. They said they did not propose to be bulldozed by a lot of children.

The members of the graduating class will hold a meeting on Monday night. Individual members say that they are resolved not to give in, even at the risk of losing their parchments.

A lawyer in Paterson says the young people have the best of it. A High School diploma is nothing whatever, he says, except a certificate that the holder has passed through a certain course of studies satisfactorily, and, since the members of the class have done this, the courts will compel the Board of Education to grant such certificates to them. An implied contract entered into when they prepared themselves for and entered the High School. Their appearance on the stage of a certain opera house is no part of such contract, the lawyer says. They were entitled to certificates at the expiration of their course of studies, and their parents, who expended money for them while they were completing their course, under an expectation that diplomas would be awarded, may bring suit.

Closing the Sunday Theatres.

CINCINNATI, O., Feb. 5.—James E. Pennessy, manager of Heuck's Opera House, pleaded guilty in the police court to-day to the charge of the Law and Order League of giving a theatrical performance on Sunday, and promised to close his theatre on Sundays. Sentence was suspended. The indications are that there will be one, as the latter refuse to recognize the validity of the Governor's action in removing them from office.

"I Done It for Them."

Do it again, Sam'l Johnstone. Use Neuralgine, with plenty "Sadie" Massage. Neuralgine is for sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.—*Adv.*

GONE FILIBUSTERING.

Fourth Warders Sail to Descend on Honduras.

TURK'S ISLAND THE RENDEZVOUS.

Gatling Guns Said to Have Been Shipped as Merchandise.

IS IT SOTO'S EXPEDITION?

Pistols Distributed to the Men Aboard the San Domingo.

Some of the Fourth Warders Conclude that Fighting is Ahead and Won't Go—One of Them Brings Off a Navy Revolver as a Memento—David Wallace Embraces Tearful Marian Ray Aboard the Steamer and Sails for Glory or a Grave—Brooklyn Elevated Men Go Too—Teddy Dunegan of James Street Tries to Dissuade Brother Chris, but Chris Would Go—Supposed Destination of the Forces is Central America.

When the steamship San Domingo of the Clyde line sailed for South America at twenty minutes before 6 on Thursday afternoon she carried a queer set of passengers, about whom there hangs an interesting odor of romance. It is averred that there were in the cargo arms shipped as lard or other merchandise, so that the company could not know what it was carrying, and the queer passengers were twenty-five rather tough-looking citizens of this land who had been engaged to do a little filibustering among the South American republics. Some of them know what they were going down there for, but most of them did not. This is the story:

Three weeks ago Stephen Brodie, the newsboy, a well-known citizen of the Fourth Ward, who has been a professional walker, and who is now a member of the Tammany General Committee of the Second Assembly district, was leaning against Martin's liquor store on the corner of East Broadway and Catharine street, talking to his wife, and waiting for fortune to blow his way. Instead of fortune there came an individual named James Halliday, and with him a young man well known in South street, who out of consideration will be spoken of as Smith. Brodie knew Mr. Smith, and courteously asked if he desired to go through an opium joint or see the town, a little pleasure which the newsboy occasionally furnishes to his friends. Mr. Smith said no, but that Brodie was just the man he wanted to see.

INVITED TO GO PICK RUBBER.

"The fact is," Mr. Smith went on, after introducing Mr. Halliday, "that we have discovered a rubber field in South America. There's millions in it." [Brodie grew interested.] "And we want men to go down there and pull the rubber. You are just the man to find the men for us. We will give them their board and $30 a month."

That, as Brodie knew, was a fine offer in this combination of bad weather and hard times, and he promised to bring half the men in New York; at the same time inquiring why they came to him instead of advertising, since an advertisement would bring them more men than they knew what to do with. Mr. Halliday answered this question.

"The moneyed man, who is running the thing," he said, "will not let us advertise for fear it would be made public. He does not want the snap given away, and then an ad. would bring us a gang of worthless bums. We want good men. In fact, to be frank with you, we want tough men, men who are not afraid to fight. If you could fix it, we want men out of jail, men who do not care what they do, men whose lives are of no value to them."

Brodie explained that the latter class of men were very rare, and inquired why we should fighting blood was wanted. It was explained to him that the countryside full of Indians and bad men, who wanted to keep all the rubber to themselves, and who would fight. Mr. Brodie said that Indians were nothing; according to what he had read one New York boy could kill a tribe, and that if the job was such a good one he would send his brother Tom, who had proved to be a fighter at work.

"Good," exclaimed the young man called Smith. "I'll make him a Second Lieutenant."

"Of what?" said the newsboy. "This isn't crooked, is it?"

His suspicions were allayed, and he promised to be on hand in front of Nash & Crook's restaurant early the next morning with a gang with six men, including his brother Tom.

He was there, and these are the six men who were with him, ready to "pull rubber" and fight Indians: Wm. Doran, 22 years old, of 456 Pearl street; James Bogan, from the Howard House on Chatham street; Sandy Dick, whoHas no other name, and who came with Bogan from the Howard House; Dutchy Gleason, who lived in James street, and could be heard from at Case's liquor store; Johnny Connors of the Howard House, and Tom Brodie, the newsboy's brother.

A RENDEZVOUS IN OLD SLIP.

Mr. Smith, the young gentleman, and Mr. Halliday were on hand, but it was announced that the expedition had been delayed by a failure to make certain arrangements. Other meetings were held, until at last, on Wednesday, the day before the San Domingo sailed, Brodie got a note from Mr. Smith telling him to be at 147 Cherry street at 7 o'clock that evening. Brodie was there with his men and his brother, and was put off for the last time. Mr. Smith failed to appear, but sent word for Brodie to be patient, and meet him at 10 o'clock next morning in the office of Jones & Williams, shipping agents, at 23 Old slip. Brodie was there, and everything was all right. A lot of other men were there, who had been brought together by Mr. Halliday, and when they had all signed their names, they were marched down to 147 Cherry street, which is the home of Mr. Williams, one of the firm, who is better known as Taff Williams, a lover of game fowl. It was as a cock fighter that young Mr. Smith first made Mr. Williams's acquaintance.

While the men were at the office of the shipping agents remarks were made that caused Brodie to suspect there was something in the wind. A reckless desire was shown to get the men away which looked bad, and Brodie kept asking himself over and over again:

"Is there anything crooked in this?"

His suspicions increased after the men were gathered in the house on Cherry street. They were there surrounded by a cloak of mystery until the ship was about to to sail, and then they were taken down to the San Domingo, which lay at Pier 36, East River, two at a time. Tom Brodie, the newsboy's brother, was made a sort of marshal to escort the couples and keep them from running away.

MARIAN RAY WEEPS FOR DAVID WALLACE.

At the ship things were very queer and romantic indeed. Ten of the men were booked as cabin passengers and fifteen as steerage passengers. Brodie went on board, and was astonished to see the first nightgown that met his gaze was Mr. David Wallace, rigged out with most gorgeousness, including a suit of bright blue with a silken stripe down the trousers, and a jaunty travelling hat of heavy cloth to match. Mr. Wallace is the young man on whose account young Mr. Ray, who was living happily at 1,097 Manhattan avenue, killed himself, and endeavored to kill his wife, Marian Ray.

Mr. Wallace was not alone. Quite the contrary. His mother was there, and so was Marian Ray, the wound made by her husband's bullet not yet healed. She evidently knew that Wallace was going to pull a very reluctant sort of rubber, and was grieved to see him go. Mr. Brodie, whose word can be trusted, declares that she hung upon his neck, crying, "Good-by, sweetheart," in a way that quite disgusted him with the newsboy; so much so that as soon as he saw his wife he told her that if she ever did that to him he would cut her in pieces.

"And," said Brodie afterward, "I would."

While on the ship Brodie went with his brother Tom into the cabin of Halliday, and all indulged in wine.

In the cabin, besides Halliday and the Brodies, were Tom Loftus and Fred Perry, who are among the important members of the expedition.

After the wine was drank, Loftus handed to Tom Brodie a big revolver of the bulldog pattern, and said: "Here, take this. There is only one man to kill."

This did not make Tom feel cheerful. He ran out after his brother, who had just gone up stairs, and demanded an explanation. The newsboy did not give any, but said:

"Tom, you had better jump off this thing and go home."

Tom did so, abandoning his clothes, which, he says, were worth $22.

THE SAN DOMINGO SAILS.

When the ship pulled out on her interesting trip there were twenty-five men aboard. Ten of them who were in the cabin knew pretty well what they were about; these in the steerage had only a vague idea. They had pledged themselves to fight Indians, and, in a general way, to pull rubber in spite of everything. This list gives an idea of some of the men who went, and what they were. Among those in the cabin who travelled as first-class passengers were:

David Wallace, the lover of Marion Ray, who understood that he was to be a sort of Lieutenant, and who looked very swell.

John Perry, a conductor on the Brooklyn Elevated Railroad, of whom it is said that he was a very smart young man, and belonged to a good family, &c.

John Perry, who in the course of his adventurous career has been a professional walker, and was beaten in a 27-hour walk in Philadelphia eight or nine years ago by Brodie, the newsboy, who was a walker then also. When asked how he came to be in such a crowd, Perry replied, just as he was about to start:

"I got into it because I was a d—— fool, and I'm too deep in to get out now.

James Halliday, the leader among them all, was, of course, a first-class passenger, too. He would be much more than a little private when he gets under command of Gen. Delgado, who has been cruising around the Honduras coast of Central America on the steamship City of Mexico looking for a landing, and whom it is supposed this party is to join. Just who Halliday is no one seems to know. It is he who had most to do in getting the little band together, and he was rendered attractive by the fact that he was provided with $1,000 to spend in making himself popular and keeping up his men's spirits. Mrs. Ray knew Mr. Halliday quite well, it seemed, and kissed him good by.

Then there was Tom Loftus, already spoken of, who will be in charge of the ammunition, and who will be expected to be in the steerage a good deal, as to keep the subalterns cheerful and resoluute by comforting words of promise. His duty will also be to explain to them gradually just what they are going down for. Mr. Loftus is known by every one in Cherry street, and will be very badly missed.

Thomas Frazier from Boston is also travelling toward victory and glory in first-class style. He will be expected to work the gatling guns that are said to form part of this outfit.

Another of the lucky ones is an Englishman named Ball, who used to carry newspapers in Rochester. Mr. Ball is described by friends as an extremely solid and dangerous personage, admirably calculated to capture a small South American republic all by himself.

Among the steerage passengers are:

James Gleason, called "Dutchy," of 98 Monroe street, William Austin, of Oliver street, young William Doran, called the "Kid," of the Franklin House, 456 Pearl street, and Johnny Connors, 22 years old, of the same place; also Alexander Dicks, nicknamed Sandy, and big James Bogan, called Ryan, both of the Howard House, Bowery and Roosevelt street.

Doran is a printer, and Connors used to work in Walsh's newspaper mailing agency in Frankfort street. They both left the Franklin House about a week ago.

Bogan and Dicks were employed as compositors in Scott's publishing house, in Park row. They came to the Howard House together on last Friday, and on Saturday night were put out for coming in drunk and raising a disturbance. Bogan was registered at the hotel under the name of Ryan.