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LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

THE TORIES BAIT A TRAP FOR MR. PARNELL, AND HOPE TO CATCH HIM.

Offensive Americans who Misrepresent their Country—The Sultan Alarmed by the Royal Hobnobbing in Russia—Boulanger on the Road to Recovery—President Carnot's $10,000 Banquet—Censuring Bismarck for Forcing the Little Servian Crown Prince from his Mother's Arms—King John's Affectionate and Pious Letter to Queen Victoria—Interesting Gossip

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LONDON, July 14.—The Government now pretends to offer Mr. Parnell the opportunity which he asks of clearing himself before a special Commission of the charges made against him through the London *Times*. That the offer, however, is not a sincere one can be clearly shown. The Tory interest demands an incessant fostering of public mistrust of Parnell and the Irish leaders generally to counteract the fast growing sympathy with home rule. Those members of the Government who are personally acquainted with Parnell know that to charge him with being an accomplice of murderers is the most utter absurdity, and those who know him in a political way only must be equally certain of the impossibility of proving the charges against him, for they know him to be the most cautious and clever of politicians, a man absolutely incapable of the gross stupidity of deliberately signing himself an accessory to murder, as the *Times*, with its forgeries, would have us believe he did.

The Government has, therefore, no notion of convicting Parnell, and it certainly contemplates no such suicidal display of fair mindedness in helping to clear him. It was necessary to do something, as Mr. Parnell had a right to demand an investigation. So bold Mr. Smith thought he would be a very clever spider, and he prepared a web for Parnell to walk into. The idea was first to appoint an anti-Irish committee of Judges, and then to spread the investigation over all the trumped-up *Times* charges, and by raising a fog of conflicting evidence to divert attention from the Parnell forgeries and render the Irish leader's vindication hopeless.

Mr. Parnell, however, will not play the fly, and declines to walk into spider Smith's parlor. He demands, as is perfectly just, that the parliamentary or judicial inquiry be restricted to the questions affecting members of Parliament, and that Chief Justice Coleridge and Justice Stephen, notoriously hostile to him, be excluded from the Commission. The Government, it is safe to assume, will adhere to their plan of preventing Parnell from having a fair hearing. It would, of course, suit them to force Parnell into refusing the Commission offered, as it would enable them to howl about his being afraid to face any investigation in court or in the House. There is no doubt that to many outsiders the Tories appear to have decidedly the upper hand, but to one who sits much in the House of Commons it soon becomes clear that the handful of Irish leaders possess infinitely more brains, quickness, and cleverness than all the rows of slow, rosy-faced Tories opposite them, and I do not doubt that a way will be found to spoil the Tory Government's little game.

Mr. Parnell's position at this moment should have been long since clearly understood by every American of moderate intelligence, and I have only dealt with it thus at length after hearing numbers of Americans here who ought to have known better wisely wondering why Parnell didn't come out in court and prove it if the *Times* letters were forgeries, overlooking in placid ignorance the fact that a jury could not be formed in this Tory city to give a verdict for Parnell against the *Times*, though a row of saints five miles long should come down to testify for the Irish.

If there is one specimen of humanity more offensive than any other it is the American who comes over here, picks up an imperfect English accent and some titled Tory acquaintances, and practises with the former in assuring the latter that representative Americans—"our aristocracy, don't cher know"—care nothing about home rule or the Irish, and are more sick of them than you are over here. This sort of American, I am sorry to say, is getting more and more numerous, and I have thought frequently of mentioning by name several samples with tiny political aspirations who at home would sing quite a different song. The worst of it is that these creatures are accepted as representative Americans and their misrepresentation of American sympathies as truth.

As political blunderers the Tories continue honestly to earn their place in the front rank. They have already made enemies of the publicans by withdrawing their proposition to compensate those deprived of licenses, simply because the temperance folk wanted it withdrawn, and about all they have accomplished this week is to mortally offend their next best friends, the city magnates. At the bidding of the Liberals they have deprived the fat city men of their ancient and most cherished prerogative; and at the spectacle makers' banquet last night everybody, including the speakers, mixed tears with his champagne when Sir Richard Fowler told how the glory of the city was going down, and the bottom was knocked out of ancient prestige when the Tories, whom they supported, deprived them of their privilege to elect judicial officers. The Government is not doing well for itself. Without any Irish obstruction to complain of, it is far behind in its business, and will be compelled to fill its grouse-shooting supporters with rage by keeping them at work through nearly all the hot weather. And even then it will not get through with the work in hand.

For the Irishmen this is good. It must soon become plain that one body of men cannot find time to legislate on every little detail of a vast empire's workings. Decentralization in some shape has got to come very soon, and the first step in the direction of decentralization, the division of legislative labors, is to let the people across St. George's Channel manage its own particular interests, which means to give the Irish home rule.

There is little to say about the general state of affairs on the Continent. Every one is waiting to see what will happen at the impending meeting between the Czar and the new German Emperor. The most likely thing seems to be that nothing will happen worth mentioning except many formal embracings, exchanges of compliments, and similar pompous and comical goings on. Bismarck is not to be with the Emperor's party, and when Bismarck is not there Germany is not there, and nothing much can be done in her name. The old Emperor William always took his Chancellor along to stage manage him, so to speak. The present Emperor, unless Europe is deceived, is also Bismarck's tool, and would, no doubt, have taken the family stage manager with him had he not known that he was booked to play a most unimportant engagement—a mere formality.

It is needless to observe that, in this state of general European expectation, the poor Sultan of Turkey is the gentleman most worried. He, of course, is not sufficiently enlightened to realize that young William II. is only gratifying his desire to act like a real Emperor, and go travelling in state. The visit to the Czar means something to him, and he is frightened. Turkey hates and fears Russia in equal proportions, and has always had a tendency to follow the lead of Germany, believing that her interests were all anti-Russian. Now to see the Prussian eagle and the Russian bear playing at the millennium and visiting peacefully together is for the Sultan a very nervous thing.

It seems decided that we shall go on hearing of Gen. Boulanger forever. America has heard all about the stupid duelling encounter between two sane men of middle age, the desperate struggle of respectable statesmen to prick each other's vitals with sharp swords, and the result of the tussle. Of course the newspapers, particularly the English ones, are announcing that Boulanger has killed himself politically, and that he will be dropped and heard of no more; and, of course, nothing of the sort will happen. Boulanger needed a sensation to revive popular talk, and he has it. It would have been better for him to have killed Floquet, but the attempts to make him out ridiculous will not succeed, as after all he simply ran his own neck accidentally upon the point of Floquet's sword, and was vanquished, not by his antagonist's skill, but by his own too great enthusiasm. Displays of ardent devotion to Boulanger have already taken place since his defeat, and the Boulangists have not been slow to point out that the finger of Providence must have guided Floquet's rapier, which penetrated five centimetres between the jugular vein and the carotid artery without touching either. They fail to explain, however, why the finger of Providence, if it really did take an interest, allowed the rapier's point to wander into such a dangerous region at all.

There seems no reasonable doubt of Boulanger's recovery within a fortnight or so, although his wound appears to threaten him with all sorts of unpleasant complications, such as lockjaw, or the less familiar complaint of embolis, caused by clots of blood in the bronchial tubes, or, still rarer, suffocation by hematuria in the respiratory channels.

While the French statesmen, as individuals, have been making themselves ridiculous by fighting, they have shown more common sense than the rest of Europe in regard to the imperial meeting. Their only hope of military alliance is in Russia, and any agreement between that country and Germany would be fatal to France's hope of revenge. But Frenchmen, who know it does not all amount to much, observe that Russia, with all her peace talk, is hurrying on the increase in her army and navy, and so look on philosophically. In fact, France just now is principally occupied with the big celebration of July 14, and with the tremendous feed, to cost 50,000 francs, which the President offers to 2,000 Mayors of France as a set-off, and a most successful one, to the Comte de Paris's circular to the same Mayors asking them to bring him back to power and be happy.

The case of Queen Nathalie of Servia has furnished a very emotional topic to the European press, and unstinted abuse is poured out on Bismarck for tearing the young Prince from his mother's arms, driving the helpless woman from Germany, &c. There is no doubt that King Milan is a polished villain of a monarch, deserving any amount of hard luck, and quite unfit to be intrusted with the education of his twelve-year-old boy, but there is no especial reason for abusing poor Bismarck. His business is to look after the interests of Germany and her allies, and he cannot afford to be influenced by the particular woes of one female, no matter how deserving. Besides, Queen Nathalie did interfere in politics, and schemed to have Russian influence predominant in Servia. If the Russians can they will make Servia Russian, but Austria will do all she can to keep the little country independent, as a buffer between her and Russia; and so King Milan wisely keeps in with Austria. Austria wants the coming King of Servia to follow in his father's footsteps, and so Germany, to oblige Austria, has turned the Prince over to his papa.

In reply to the accusation that he has sent the little boy to be brought up in opposition to the wishes of his mother, the Queen, Bismarck can reply that it is to the boy's interest, as the future King needs to be brought up in such a way as to keep hold of his future kingdom, and the Prince, if left with his mother, would have imbibed Russian tendencies that might later lose him his throne.

Last fall when war was apparently about to break out between Italy and Abyssinia, the British Government made an acceptable offer of mediation, and sent a young fellow named Portal, Second Secretary of Legation at Cairo, with two English assistants, on a special mission to King John. The official correspondence respecting this mission is issued as a Parliamentary paper to-day, and it makes one of the most interesting blue books ever published. Mr. Portal had a rather exciting time, so exciting, indeed, as practically to spoil all the pleasure of the romantic trip. His guides and muleteers purposely misled the party and then deserted them. For twenty-seven hours they were without food or water. Their chief interpreter died of exhaustion and thirst. Their baggage was looted, and for ten days they were kept close prisoners in the camp of Ras Alulu, King John's chief General, while that worthy discussed with his chiefs whether they should cut the throats of her Britannic Majesty's mission, or simply put them in chains.

The party were better treated when they at last managed to reach the camp of the Ethiopian potentate; but their reception was by no means effusively cordial, and they were glad enough to get back to Massowah with whole skins. The mission was a complete failure, as King John would listen to no proposals for peace which would not involve conditions precedent to the annihilation of the Italian army.

King John appears to be quite a model of a polite letter writer. The blue book contains several of his letters to Queen Victoria, of which the following gives a fair specimen of his Majesty's modest and deeply religious style:

"In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, to Him be praise and glory, from Johannes, anointed by God, King of Zion and King of Kings of Ethiopia, to the most glorious and famous Queen Victoria, by the grace of God Queen of England and Ireland, defender of the Christian faith, and Empress of India.

"Since writing my last letter I hope your Majesty and your army have been well, and I pray to God that you may always continue so. I and my army, thank God, are very well, and may God, by the Holy Stones of Zion, forgive me and preserve me from all evil in this world and in the next. Since I wrote to you, how are you? For myself, I and all my kingdom are well, by the grace of God and by the intercession of our Mother of Zion. May God exalt all the saints. I am well, and may the mercy of God endure forever.

"I have received your letters of the 12th Thekent and the 16th Hedar with reference to making peace with the Italians. To say truth, I have never done anything, and have never committed any offence against you or against the Egyptians. When the treaty was signed between me and England and Egypt, it was laid down that no arms were to pass Massowah except by my permission. But they have not complied with the treaty, but have passed weapons and sold them to the Hadowa, and these have made great disturbances in my country. As for the complaints the Italians made that they had been badly treated, the fault was on their side, and they began the quarrel by stopping the Abyssinian merchants and by occupying Saabi and Wia and taking possession of them.

"'Why did they stop the trade and come into my country,' I wrote to them. 'If you have come with authority from the Queen, show me her signature, or if not, leave the country,' and they answered me, 'No; we will not.' On account of that they fought with Ras Alula and many were killed on both sides, thought we had in no way injured them.

"How can you say that I shall hand over to them the country which Jesus Christ gave to me? That would be as a command to me unjust on your part. If your wish were to make peace between us, it should be when they are in their country and I in mine. But now on both sides the horses are bridled and the swords are drawn. My soldiers in number, like the sand, are ready with their spears. The Italians desire war, but the strength is in Jesus Christ. Let them do as they will, so long as I live I will not hide myself from them in a hole.

"I have received your letters of the 12th Thikent and the 16th Hedar by the hand of your honorable servant, Mr. Gerald Portal, and I have also received through him two gold-mounted swords, one good gun, and one telescope, which you have sent to me as a sign of friendship. I have received these, and I thank you very much for them. May God reward you.

"Ashangi 28th Hedar, 1880."

The royal people of Europe, always interesting, have been rather quiet this week, so that there is not very much to tell about them. The infant King of Spain has gone to summer at San Sebastian with his mother. While there he will go in for quiet and sea bathing. It is rather funny to see the fuss which Spanish etiquette demands should be made over the travelling infant, and there will be, no doubt, curious tales of his experiences with the ocean at San Sebastian. The garrison has been increased, a new civil Governor appointed, and a large force of detectives especially imported, so that the infant King will be able to enjoy a feeling of security. The Queen of Spain, who is a very good mother, and spoils her royal child as little as possible, has been going in for economy in her household, thereby causing much disgust in aristocratic circles. She is going to do without various well-paid officials who have nothing to do, and has reduced to three the number of her paid chamberlains.

The gossip about King Milan of Servia, who is trying to get rid of his wife, is that after the divorce comes off he will try to marry one of the Austrian Archduchesses. Count Kalnoky is supposed to favor the scheme as a means of bringing Servia and Austria still more closely together.

The Persian court has gone through a very exciting time because his Majesty the Shah has had a tooth out, and everybody before the operation was in a great state of mind as to what would be the result should the operation not go off successfully. A Swedish dentist, who must have been plucky, undertook to pull out the tooth, and all the great court functionaries were commanded to be on hand and see the Shah suffer. With commendable wisdom they began by laying heavy gold purses at his Majesty's feet and then waited to see what should happen. If the dentist had pulled out the wrong tooth or pulled out only half of the right one or any similar accident had happened, it is probable that everybody, including the dentist, would have been slain. But the dentist got hold of the right tooth, and got it out all right. Then the great functionaries were probably sorry that they were so free with their purses of gold, for the Shah having presented one purse and a shawl to the plucky dentist, kept all the other purses in order to console himself for what he had gone through.

The younger members of England's royal family are being utilized in the work of laying foundation stones and so forth. The Queen won't do it, the Prince of Wales has too much to do, and so Prince Albert Victor is declared old enough to take a share. He has several functions on in the next month, and will give to the inhabitants of Bridlington and Bristol, whom he has to visit, entirely new ideas as to the possibilities in cravats and cravat knots, of which he has made a special study. Prince Henry of Battenberg and his wife are also used in the business of laying foundation stones, and they had an almshouse affair to manage in Greenwich the other day.

The Emperor of Brazil, whose speedy recovery has surprised every one, and particularly his physicians, who predicted his death, leaves Aix les Baines this week, and will go from Lisbon direct to Rio Janeiro. His idea of visiting England has been given up, and his grandson, Prince Pedro of Saxe, will go instead and stay with the Comte de Paris. It is expected that he will go away as the intended husband of Princess Helen of Orleans, the Count's second daughter. I wrote to you of Nusrat Pasha, who was removed from his command for daring to ask for the back pay due to himself and his men. When he started for Bagdad on a war ship it was not expected that he would arrive there alive, but he is a good Marshal, and the Sultan evidently desires to keep him for future use. He arrived safely at his destination to learn that he was deprived of his rank, since which time he has been guarded day and night.

It is not generally known that Wilfrid Blunt, who was imprisoned by Balfour for his plucky speeches in Ireland, is one of the most successful horse breeders in England. There are some wonderfully fine animals among the Arabian mares and stallions to be disposed of at his sale in the annual sale at Tattersall's.

Lord Randolph Churchill has been rather dropped by the British public lately. No one has talked much about him, and Lord Randolph appears to be disgusted. At least he announces that he is not well, and is going abroad for rest. He is worried at the readiness shown in forgetting him as soon as he ceases doing extravagant things, and he will probably think out some striking plan during his absence for awakening the public interest.

We shall probably hear more before long from Cecil J. Rhodes, the man who recently presented $50,000 for the furtherance of the home rule cause, and to whom Mr. Parnell addressed a letter favoring the continued Irish representation in the Imperial Parliament. Rhodes's history, which I learn to-day, is certainly interesting. He is a man of good education, an Eton and Cambridge man, but self-made financially, so thoroughly self-made that two months ago when the shareholders of the company he had brilliantly managed wanted to present $50,000 to him he was able calmly to refuse. He went to seek his fortune in South Africa with a brother. They took out a diamond field claim and worked it together until the brother died of thirst on a hunting expedition. Rhodes developed great financial ability, became possessed of wide mining interests, and is to-day enormously rich. Since home rule is his hobby, and he is very ambitious politically, being only 22 years old, he ought to be a valuable recruit to the home rule cause and get somewhere high up.

An interesting marriage, just announced is that of Dr. Butler, Master of Trinity, with Miss Agnata Ramsay. Both are senior classics, but Dr. Butler is 56 years old, while Miss Ramsay is a senior classic of last year, and only 22. Dr. Butler is very clever, but rather feeble in appearance, and a widower. He first married a granddaughter of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliott, once Governor of Madras. Miss Ramsay is very pretty as well as remarkably clever, and deserves all the more credit for falling in love with Mr. Butler's learning. The union of two senior classics was never heard of before.

Col. Hughes Hallett has been again reminded that his peculiar form of villainy is not easily forgotten, even in the case of a highly respectable Tory M. P. A general circular had been sent to the members of Parliament inviting them to a garden party to meet all the clerical delegates now engaged in the Pan-Anglican Conference at Lambeth Palace. Attention was called to the incongruity of the Archbishop of Canterbury receiving a man of the character of Col. Hughes Hallett. The result was that the Archbishop's secretary wrote to the gallant officer explaining that the invitation was sent by inadvertence, and requesting him not to use it. Mrs. Hughes Hallett, the American lady who was unlucky enough to marry such a peculiarly unpleasant type of an Englishman, was at Mrs. Phelps's reception yesterday looking tired and careworn. Society, which knew her married life to be not over happy, made sure she would seize the opportunity to obtain a separation, and continues to marvel at her forbearance in not doing so, particularly as it is she who has the money. Her position is rendered peculiarly disagreeable by her husband's lack of tact, which seems even to exceed what might be expected from a man of his sort. A lady who felt deep sympathy for Mrs. Hughes-Hallett said to me: "I called upon her, feeling sure that the Colonel would not have the audacity to appear in the drawing room, but he did, and actually broached the subject of his disgraceful scandal. Of course I could not go there again."

The formal entrance of the new Duchess of Marlborough as such into London society was made at Mrs. Oppenheim's ball on Monday. Great interest was felt in the event. This is what was written by a lady very learned in social things, who goes everywhere and remembers all about the dresses in your correspondent's interest. Her impressions may be taken as fairly representing those of the average English woman:

"No one knew exactly what to expect, but everybody thought that, being American, the Duchess of Marlborough would at least have been gayly and successfully dressed. Instead, however, of any ravishing costume, she appeared at the ball in a white dress crushed and crumpled as though it had lain under a heavy load in a sea chest a long voyage. She had diamonds, but they were surpassed by many others in the room. She was led into the ballroom by the Duchess of Roxburgh, sister of the Duke, and thereafter stood on the top of the staircase bowing to those introduced to her with a stereotyped smile. The Duke, leaving his wife in the hands of her sister-in-law, went careering around the room, making himself generally agreeable, and amusing himself according to his right."

One of the Marlborough family was asked by the Duke to make things pleasant for the new Duchess, as she was served very badly by her own relatives in New York. "Why should I do that?" replied the surly relative. "Her own people there must know her better than I do."

Your correspondent, who does not pretend to be a judge, saw the American Duchess looking on at the great Eton-Harrow cricket match at Lord's this morning and could find nothing in her appearance to criticise physically. Mr. Hamersley's widow is far ahead of the average Duchess, and I feel convinced that the present lot of Dukes would have been much better off if their ancestors had created more such Duchesses. Gossips are already wondering whether her Grace will be received at court. This is rather premature, as no drawing room will be held until next year, but there is every reason to believe that her Majesty will not visit the guilty frolics of the Duke upon the head of the Duchess. She has Scriptural authority for making it socially hot for any little Dukes that may come along, but none for punishing the Duchess.

Walter Besant, the novelist, is ill, broken down from overwork, and has just gone abroad for a long rest.

Two new books of interest to be published in the autumn are the experiences of George Augustus Sala and the family life of Henry Ward Beecher. The latter, if complete, will be peculiarly interesting.

The books of the late Mrs. Proctor, Barry Cornwall's widow, are to be sold next week. They comprise many of great interest to bibliophiles, including signed copies of works by Swinburne, Robert Browning, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Frances Anne Kemble, Hardy, the novelist, and Lord Houghton.

Mr. Hare will open his new theatre, the Garrick, very soon. He will produce Jerome K. Jerome's play "Woodbarron Farrow," and also contemplates giving the English version of "La Tosca," with which Bernhardt, at the Lyceum, is just now thrilling even those who do not understand French. It is reported that the only difficulty in Mr. Hare's way is to secure an actress for the title rôle, but he has one ready to hand in Miss Eleanor Calhoun. My neighbors at dinner two nights ago were Mr. Pigott, the licenser of plays, and Mr. Robinson, chief editor of the *Daily News*. Mr. Pigott declared his conviction that Miss Calhoun was the best actress in England to-day, and Mr. Robinson agreed. They are two good authorities.

On Monday a rare cricket match will be played, actors and journalists against actresses. The men are to play left-handed. They are not interesting. The female eleven will include Miss Norreys, Miss Annie Hughes, Miss Cadmore, and a lot of others, captained by Miss Dasent. Maude Mullett was to have played, but won't, a lucky thing for the man who bowls, as no one could possibly have the heart to bowl straight at her. She had a very big score last year.

I am told that lively and attractive Phyllis Broughton, whom Viscount Dangan now basely refuses to marry, demands damages to the tune of $100,000. I have reason to fear, however, that a private settlement will be made, and thus Miss Broughton will be deprived of a useful advertisement, the public of an entertaining story, and the Viscount of well-deserved exposure.

Lord Allesbury has requested the Jockey Club to allow him to return to the turf. He had an answer by return mail—a curt negative. Jockey Wood, taking advantage of the verdict of the jury in his case, has applied for a renewal of his license to ride, but he obtained no more satisfaction than Lord Allesbury. Two blacklegs treated as they deserved, is the popular verdict. George Littlewood has just challenged the world for a 6 days' match, the race to take place in London in September, so as not to clash with a New York fixture at the end of November. Very likely it will come off. The American team of bicyclists, which has been accomplishing great things in Holland, will return to England next week. Temple then trains for a match with Fred Wood of Leicester, which will take place on July 28. It will be his last race in this country. Other members of the team, however, will probably take part in the international bicyclists' tournament in Glasgow. The whole party will sail for America on Aug. 21.

Wheat in the early part of the week was held stiffly, and some advance was realized, but since yesterday trade has relapsed into a calm, with the tendency in the buyer's favor. Corn has been steady, but to-day is again quiet.

On the Stock Exchange American shares opened strong on Monday, and continued firm at a slight advance until the fortnightly settlement, which commenced on Tuesday, had been adjusted, when a decided improvement manifested itself on buying orders from the Continent, the receipt of higher prices from New York, and improved harvest prospects in America. The advance has been well maintained, and prices leave off at about the highest, showing an improvement of three to five per cent. on the week. The rise has been led by Louisville and St. Paul, the latter showing a considerable short interest.

35,650 New Italians in a Month.

From the 12th of June to the 12th of July 35,650 Italian immigrants were landed at Castle Garden.

A Handsome Premium for Votes.

Every voter and every person who wishes to know four months before election who is to be our next President, can have this information and a $4 "Bachelor" Fountain Pen by sending 25 to the Cass's Ink and Pen Company, 185 Broadway, New York. For full particulars regarding this generous offer, see Sun of July 8, thirteenth page.—adv.

E. & W.

E. & W. "Wichita." Inquire at your furnishing store for this, the new design in colors. E. & W.—adv.

Established in 1863. Grattan & Co.'s Belfast Ginger Ale is the best.—adv.

A BIG FIRE AT OPHIR FARM.

MR. WHITELAW REID'S MANSION BURNED TO THE GROUND.

A Granite Building that Burned Like Wood—Four Hours' Hard Work by an Army of Willing Hands Fails to Save It.

Word came into White Plains village at 11½ o'clock yesterday morning that the old mansion on the Ophir Farm was in flames. The farm consists of 900 acres, and is in the present possession of Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who had just about completed fitting it up for a summer residence. The big granite building that has outlasted the ruin of one generous fortune and has swept away another seemed perfectly safe from fire.

The alarm came over a telephone wire, and the clanging village bell rang the summons for the firemen. White Plains is poor in fire apparatus, but rich in willing men. Union Hook and Ladder Company was soon trundled into the street, looking like a plaything in comparison with the great ladder trucks of this city. Dan Dusenbury, a livery stable man, came rushing up with a team eager to earn the $5 that the company offers for the first team on hand. Then Jake Crawford, a carman, hooked a team on Hope Engine Hose. Another team was harnessed to Independent Engine, and the rolling stock of the Fire Department went clattering to the scene of the fire with men clinging all over it. Chief Louis C. Platt and Foreman John Emberson of the hook and ladder company gathered their men in a hurry, and in a few minutes the entire Fire Department, to the number of 150 men, was bound for the famous Ophir farm. The entire village was in a high state of excitement, for past events had taught the villagers that anything connected with the old Holladay house was bound to be of stirring interest. Vehicles of all descriptions were got out, and those who hadn't vehicles started for the fire on foot. The village was soon deserted, and the road up to Mr. Reid's place was soon black with hurrying men and boys. The roads are very bad. They lie under oceans of dust, and the passage westward is almost a steady climb. The horses were lashed and yelled at, and they struggled so desperately that in thirty minutes a cloud of smoke and red sheets of flame could be distinctly seen above the tops of the trees. Five minutes more and the men were on the ground, having covered the three miles and a half in 35 minutes. It was killing work, both for men and horses.

There are three cisterns on the farm near the house, but the water was so low in these that the hose would not reach it. Three hose was screwed together, and one end was dropped into a pond several hundred feet away, and the firemen began working the hand engine and forcing a thy stream of water upon the burning building. An alarm had also been sent to Port Chester, also three miles and a half away, and the Port Chester Hose No. 1, with thirty-five men, soon appeared and went to work, too.

The fire had apparently been burning an hour or more before it was discovered, and, despite the fact that the building appeared to be one solid mass of granite, the flames had found plenty to feed upon. Its origin is a mystery. Mr. Reid had taken the 9:47 train for New York, and Mrs. Reid had accompanied him to the station. She had just appeared on the drive leading up to the house on the return journey, when a workman William called her attention to a streak of flame that was stealing along the wall near the third story window. Pat Martin, a farm laborer, saw it, too, and screamed "Fire!" so loudly that he scared the other servants, so that for a spell they were helpless. Inspector St. Leger Smith went to the villages of White Plains and Port Chester, and then he telephoned to Mr. Reid to come home as soon as he could. There were sixteen female and six male servants in the house besides Mr. Reid's two little children. Mrs. Reid got the children out and took them to a frame building in the grounds, while Butler Tostman and the other servants did all they could to save the household effects. The building faces the south, and on each one of the north corners are two wings. The main building was 70 by 75 feet, and was three stories in height. The wings were about 35 by 50 feet, and were two stories high.

Mr. Reid came into possession of the place last February. He immediately began fitting it up. He had it lighted by electricity that was produced by a water motor. An army of mechanics had been busy in the place for weeks, and they were just finishing up their work. There were a few painters and plumbers still at work, but it was expected that they would be through to-morrow. The fire broke out, it is thought, between the floor and the ceiling on the top floor, and right underneath the tank room in which there were 1,400 gallons of water. Before this water could be used, the floor gave way, and the heavy tank dropped through to the cellar.

The flames ran along the wall to the south side, where they were helped by a draught in the tower on the southeast corner. Then they flared up and burned along heavily until they came to the wing on the east side. This was the original part of the building, and it had been standing ever since old Ben Holladay made his wife in stage coaching twenty years ago. Whatever wood there was there was as dry as tinder, and the flames licked it ravenously. This wing was used as bedrooms, and in a short time the walls tumbled apart. The firemen, giving up hope of saving the entire building, started in to save a portion of it. They dashed through the big hall and ran through the main building and began tearing the handsome hard finished doors from their fastenings. They worked so hard that in a short time every door was out of harm's way. Mrs. Reid's jewel case was found and taken care of. Everything movable that could be saved was carried out, and then the firemen fought to save the wing on the northwest corner. This included the kitchen, the butler's pantry, and a number of bedrooms. The flames got into the main building and began their work of destruction.

The walls of the first and second floors were covered with expensive cloths, and all the floors were finished in hard woods. The fire swept across the dining and reception rooms, and then crossing the big hall, eat its way into the parlor and library. After the fire had burned steadily for several hours, the big Mansard roof fell in with a crash, carrying the granite walls as far down as the second story with it. This partially smothered the flames, and the firemen went to work with renewed energy to save the northwest wing. This they succeeded in doing, but not until it was badly scorched. On the east side of the house an extension gallery 40 feet long and forty feet deep had been building. This was badly injured. Mr. Reid and his family moved into the building early in June, and only a small portion of their valuable household effects had been moved into it. Had the fire occurred a fortnight later the loss would have been much heavier. Mr. Reid reached his burning home early in the afternoon. He commended the firemen's work, and took things philosophically. He said he was insured to the extent of $100,000, but that his loss was much greater. He promises to go to work and rebuild. The total loss will probably foot up somewhere in the neighborhood of $250,000. A number of the farm laborers who had finished their work were present during the fire. They had been told by John Logan, the superintendent of the farm, that there was no more work for them, and they were disinclined at first to help fight the flames. But they thought better of it afterward and worked with a will. Mr. Reid and his family took up their quarters in a frame building on the farm. That gives the impression among the country folk of being haunted. All the plumbing work had been torn out of this building, by thieves it is said, and Mr. Reid tried yesterday to induce the plumbers to remain over night and put things in some kind of sanitary shape. But the plumbers were New York men, and preferred this city to the country on Saturday night.

When it was certain that the fire had been subdued, but while it was still smouldering, the firemen from White Plains and those from Port Chester left for home, as the latter had to travel there by night, and so they packed each other loudly by a general admission that they all did the best they could any way. Mr. Newell, the proprietor of the Oratsuipum Hotel at White Plains, sent up sandwiches to the firemen. Among the men who fought the hardest were C. H. Brown, John Gibson, and another fireman from White Plains. Gibson was slightly injured.

The burned building stands on a high hill, from which the Sound, five miles away, can be seen. No other dwellings are near it. It is surrounded by a farm of 900 acres, and its history has been a very unfortunate one. When Ben Holladay, who won fame and fortune through his stage coach route from Omaha to Salt Lake City, died, his widow married, and made her fortune. He returned to his native place and bought the farm, on which he proposed to erect a castle finer than any one ever heard of. This was twenty years ago. It took him eight years to erect the east wing and the main building, and it proved so expensive, rumor has it, that it crippled him financially. His wife was an exceedingly devout woman, and right on the edge of the Purchase road she built a chapel. Young Ben Holladay was a wild young man, and his sisters were fond of show. Stories of the old man's great wealth went abroad, and two needy French noblemen wooed and won the daughters. Old Ben had transferred to his brother in the West certain pieces of property that grew rapidly in value, and when he found himself in need of funds he sued his brother for the property, and he was still engaged in this legal warfare when he died. He was buried in Oregon. His wife died at her grand home, and her body was placed in the chapel. When the daughters died they, too, were buried here. It was found after old Ben's death that his castle-building project had ruined him. The Mutual Life Assurance Society of this city held a first mortgage on the property for $100,000, and August Belmont held a second mortgage for a like amount. Two years ago the society foreclosed its mortgage, and the property was sold to the late John Roach for $100,000. August Belmont's mortgage was worthless. It was a long time before Mr. Roach procured a clear title to the place through the perverseness of young Ben Holladay. Finally this was granted, and Garnett Roach went there to live. During his occupancy of the place young Ben died, and Garnett Roach reluctantly consented to permit the burial of his body in the chapel on the farm. When Garnett Roach died the place was sold again, and early in the year Mr. Reid became its owner.

MR. RANDALL'S CONDITION.

He has Rallied from the Effects of the Hemorrhages, but is in Great Danger.

WASHINGTON, July 14.—Between the hours of midnight and 2 o'clock this morning Mr. Randall suffered from several slight hemorrhages. After that time he got some much needed sleep. Dr. Mallon, with Mr. Randall's personal attendant, remained with the patient until 5 this morning. He returned at 10 o'clock, when he met Dr. Lincoln, and a consultation was held. As a result it was decided that powerful styptics should be applied, which, it is hoped, will check the hemorrages for a time, at least until the patient can gain strength.

Dr. Lincoln was very conservative in his expressions of opinion as to the probable result of these remedies. He believed that their effect would be to check the bleeding for a time, but would not go further in his forecast. There was danger of stubborn bleeding, which would be difficult to control.

Mr. Randall's condition this forenoon was fairly comfortable. At about 1 P. M. he fell into a quiet and refreshing sleep, and continued sleeping until half past 2, when he awoke and some liquid nourishment was administered to him, which he retained.

There have been no recurrences of the hemorrhages since the consultation of the physicians this morning, and the patient has had quite a good day. The application made by the doctors has had the effect of checking the flow of blood, and it is believed that it will prevent a recurrence of the hemorrhages for several days. Should this hope be realized, Mr. Randall will have an opportunity to recover some of his strength and vitality and be better able to withstand any future attacks. The chief danger to be apprehended is from the weakness and debility which would be caused by a loss of blood, and there is not thought to be much liklihood of any sudden termination of the case.

Dr. Martin, the specialist, who has been treating Mr. Randall for several months past, arrived this afternoon and had a consultation with Drs. Lincoln and Mallan at 10 o'clock, explaining to them his treatment of the case. They found the patient improved since morning, and, while hopeful of the best, were not disposed to commit themselves to his chances of complete recovery. He holds his strength fairly well, considering the state of his health at the time of the attacks. Mr. Randall is a very good, tractable patient, obeys the physicians well, and this is in his favor.

ANOTHER DYNAMITE CONFESSION.

More Evidence Against Hoge—A Plot to Blow Up a Bridge.

CHICAGO, July 14.—Bowles, one of the men arrested on the charge of being concerned in the dynamite plot against the "Q" road, has made a confession, in which it is said he has revealed facts that will insure the conviction of Hoge. The officers of the road took full notes of Bowles's confession up to 5 o'clock, when the taking of the remainder was postponed until to-morrow morning.

It does not differ materially from the history of Bowles's handling of the dynamite given by District Attorney Ewing in presenting the case on Friday. It has the advantage, however, of being in shape to be sworn to by him, and thus is more valuable in the case against Chairman Hoge. In detail, Bowles's confession adds more to the testimony against Hoge, and has furnished some very valuable pointers, which Inspector Bonfield's men are now using.

NEBRASKA CITY, July 14.—Officials of the Burlington road here claim to have unearthed a plot to blow up the new bridge over the Missouri River with dynamite shipped here for that purpose, it is claimed, by striking engineers.

The dynamite, it is asserted, has been located, and the persons in possession of it are under detective surveillance, and will be arrested when sufficient evidence is adduced.

The officers also say that dynamite was shipped to Plattsmouth and Rulo for a similar purpose. Startling developments are looked for.

Another Boulangist Row.

PARIS, July 14.—President Carnot attended a grand review of troops at Longchamps today. On his arrival on the grounds he was greeted with cries of "Vive Carnot!" followed by "Vive Floquet!" and "Vive la Republique!" When the review closed there was a noisy demonstration, in which the friends and opponents of Gen. Boulanger took sides. A number of arrests were made.

Gen. Boulanger's Condition.

PARIS, July 14.—A bulletin issued this evening says: "Gen. Boulanger passed a quiet day despite his difficulty in breathing. His pulse is almost normal."

The crowds which have collected in the streets are orderly and no serious attempt at a political demonstration has been made.

Robert Garrett's Return.

Robert Garrett, formerly President of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, is a passenger on the steamship Umbria, which was sighted off Fire Island at 10:10 last night, and will arrive in the city this morning. Since his departure last summer, after the sale of the Baltimore and Ohio telegraph and express properties, and his own retirement from the active management of the railroad, Mr. Garrett has been around the world, on a tour that was undertaken for the benefit of his health. He was reported much improved in health and spirits when the Umbria sailed from Liverpool.

Mr. Garrett comes home sooner than he had intended, the accident by which his brother lost his life in the Patapsco River having made necessary a change in his plans. His sister, Miss Mary Garrett, Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, with her three sons, and Mr. Garrett's secretary, A. B. Crane, are at the Brevoort House awaiting Mr. Garrett's arrival. They will accompany him to Baltimore.

Gov. Ames Gaining Strength.

BOSTON, July 14.—A still further advance toward recovery is reported in the case of Gov. Ames. His strength is materially increasing, as is also his appetite, indications which are hailed with satisfaction. The cool weather is said to be doing much for him, and his removal is looked forward to in a few days.

Pursued with Bloodhounds.

CHATTANOOGA, July 14.—Within a day or two four convicts have escaped from the prison pens at Grassville, Ga. They were pursued with bloodhounds, but only one of the poor wretches was captured and he received fifty lashes on the bare back.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

Eleven hundred persons passed through Kingston yesterday en route for the Catskill Mountains.

Fred Palmate, the Naugatuck Railroad brakeman who was assaulted on Friday in a Bridgeport saloon by Samuel Laughlin, died early yesterday morning.

By the explosion of a ladle of molten iron at Emaus's pipe foundry in Allentown, Pa., yesterday, William Stauffer and Jeremiah Reiss were fatally burned, and Jac