

WALES IN CORK.

Loyal Demonstrations on the Occasion of the Royal Visit—The Nationalists Show Their Hands and Succeed in Bringing on a Terrible Riot—The Police—Requests From the Mayor of Limerick.

LONDON, April 16.—Members of the Government yesterday expressed relief at the result of the Prince of Wales' visit to Cork. They consider that the failure to organize any alarming demonstration against the royal visitors indicates the real weakness of the Nationalist party.

There is general surprise as well as rejoicing here at the extent of the loyal feeling in Ireland, as proved by the comparatively warm welcome extended to the Prince in the very stronghold of the opposition.

The following is an official account received here of what occurred during the passage of the Royal Highnesses through the streets of Cork.

"As the Prince and Princess stepped from the train, they were met by a deputation of officials of the city, who presented them with an address of welcome to Cork attesting undying loyalty to the Queen and members of the royal family.

The Prince and party were then escorted by a strong force of military and police to carriages in waiting, and driven through the principal streets of the city along the route they were enthusiastically cheered.

Many buildings were profusely decorated, while across the streets at several points were stretched long lines of flags. At one point a party of young men began throwing stones at the Prince's carriage, out of mere bravado apparently, as he was out of striking distance.

A detective promptly arrested the man who threw the stones, surrounded the officer and tried to rescue the prisoner. The detective found it necessary to fire his revolver over the heads of the crowd, and in this way kept the mob in check until the prisoner arrived.

The prisoner was taken to court and remanded, but was afterward bailed out by the Mayor of the city. At another point an onion was thrown down at the royal carriage as it passed under the structure known as Parnell Bridge.

The missile struck the footman. Indignant yells burst from the people when this insult was witnessed, and efforts were made to discover the person who committed it, but he could not be traced in the crowd.

There was a good deal of confusion, and the friends and opponents of the Prince seemed pretty evenly numbered. A serious breach of the peace was attempted. This evening there was a large meeting of Fenellites in a public square. Vindicative speeches were made by leading members of the party, but in them could easily be traced disappointment at the ill-success of the attempt to create an effective demonstration against the Prince during the day.

A mob is in possession of the principal streets, and has repulsed several charges by the police. Several volleys have been fired by the police, but it is supposed that they are firing over the heads of the crowd.

THE TRUNK TRAGEDY.

Evidence Accumulating Pointing Directly to Maxwell as the Murderer and Preller as the Victim—The Antecedents of the Latter—Maxwell En Route to New Zealand.

St. Louis, Mo., April 15.—The Southern Hotel mystery is still impenetrable. In addition to the discoveries made yesterday, it is learned that a man answering the description of Dr. Maxwell told ten o'clock Monday morning, April 6th, rushed into the office of the Frisco line and purchased of Mr. S. A. Hughes a ticket for San Francisco.

He gave therefor a \$100 bill and a \$20 bill. He was given in return \$4 in change. He received a sleeping-car ticket good for Monday night. He appeared to know what his ticket would cost, and when the train left. His name was on the stub of the ticket that was found on his arrival there at the San Francisco passenger office.

Monday morning the same man called. He said that he had found that the trunk containing the steroiphone had not yet arrived, and besides he had received a remittance from England, and was no longer in need of selling. He displayed a large roll of bills, in which were \$100, \$500, and other bills of large denomination—just such a roll as had been shown by Preller at the Southern. He purchased a \$25 field glass and a pair of gold eye-glasses.

Sunday night, one of the Southern's attaches remembers Maxwell told him the trunk had gone to the country, and would not be back. Maxwell was under the influence of liquor at the time, and seemed to be greatly excited. He spoke of selling his clothing and adopting western attire. He also displayed two revolvers. To another attaché the same night, he said he had been suddenly called to Washington.

Monday morning Maxwell had his hair cut, and he was seen to have a new hat after the job was done. He thought he would be known. He also purchased a hat of peculiar make, and a pair of trousers to transform his appearance, and said that the transformation was what he wanted.

In the barber shop under the LaCade Maxwell showed his revolvers and two bow-knives. He said he had \$5,000 and was going to the Indian Territory to become a cowboy.

Maxwell Monday morning took a trunk from the Southern which he was anxious to see to the depot quickly. It was sent there.

NEW YORK, April 15.—The night clerk of the Hotel Belvidere thus describes Preller, the victim of the St. Louis tragedy: "He was tall, slight of figure, most gentlemanly and refined. He had a Jewish cast of countenance, a prominent nose, curved lips, dark complexion, black curly hair, with slight but black mustache, and little mutton-chop side whiskers. He was thirty years old. He remained here three weeks, leaving March 24th. I never saw any one with him during the time he remained with us. He was always on a rush, as if he hadn't a moment to spare. He never came or went without quite a load of packages. He received a large mail every day. He was well dressed, and seemed to have plenty of money."

Richard W. Owens, an Irishman and an employe of J. Deming, who lives at 97 Clinton Place, was seen at No. 7, Seventh street, on the morning of the tragedy. He was about twenty-seven years of age, and was in appearance. He was of a contemplative cast of mind, caring nothing for society, and the last man in the world to take up with fast companions. He was dressed richly, but quietly, and often carried as much as \$500 about his person. He was of medium height, resembled a troika in his features, and wore a dark mustache. I gave him a letter of introduction to Rev. Dr. James Brooks, pastor of the Walnut Street Presbyterian Church of St. Louis. I know no other person in that city with whom he would come in contact.

MAXWELL IN SAN FRANCISCO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., April 15.—On receipt of a telegram yesterday from Chief of Police Harrigan of St. Louis, the police commenced to search for Maxwell, the alleged murderer of Preller. Investigation developed the fact that a man answering Maxwell's description arrived here at San Francisco on the morning of the tragedy. He only staid there one night, and it is believed he sailed in the steamer Sydney for Hawaii and Australia, on the morning of the tragedy.

CINCINNATI, O., April 15.—A worthless fellow named John Mehan, aged twenty-three, called at the house of Mrs. L. Hartt No. 208 Bar street this morning and asked for something to eat. Mrs. Hartt, seeing that the man was drunk, became frightened and attempted to close the door, when he forced his way in and drew a knife and plunged it into her back between the shoulders. He then fled, leaving the knife sticking in the wound. The woman screamed, brought the neighbors, and a physician was summoned. The knife inflicted an ugly wound.

ABSURD LIES.

The Falseness Which Are Showered Upon the Administration.

During the period in which the Democratic Administration has been in existence it has been the object of incessant misrepresentation by Republican newspapers, which, unable to understand how a Government can be conducted on strictly business principles, and with the sole object of the interests of the people in view, indulge in the most absurd comments on the few appointments to office made so far, and in fanciful stories of Democratic dissensions.

They would like to have the "every Republican his own success," introduced in the civil service rules, and the fact that an appointee or applicant is a Democrat be considered good reason for regarding him with suspicion. They talk flippantly about political machines and cry out against any one who is not a Democrat and honorably for the success of the Democratic party.

Capability and honesty have little weight with these partisan critics in their estimates of requirements for office. Their dread of the legitimate application of reform of the public service to those who gained office by the most scandalous and corrupt means and who have abused the power of office for indefensible partisan purposes, causes them to disregard the plainly expressed will of the people in this matter and to indulge in abuse and misrepresentation, which can only result in strengthening still more the confidence of the Nation in the Administration.

Of all the selections for office made thus far by the President and his Cabinet, there is not one that can be objected to on the ground of unfitness. Even the most rabid of the Republican journals are forced to seek objections in the fidelity of the nominee to the Democratic party and his regard for the security of his success, qualities which, surely, should not be considered a bar to preferment under a Democratic Administration.

The quiet and prudent course pursued by the heads of departments to make a Republican President for twenty-four years recognized and exercised this right? Have they not, in fact, regarded their obligations to party as superior to their duty to the public? There are certain offices closely connected with the political character of the Administration which ought to be in harmony with the President's political views and principles, and these should certainly be filled by Democrats.

The Administration can not otherwise secure the confidence of the people. The thousands of subordinate offices merit should go before politics, just as the interests of the country must go before the interests of any party.

Turn out rascals; get rid of barnacles; no more appointments to office by a party which is not thoroughly capable and honest. But all other things being equal, a Democratic President will naturally prefer a Democrat to a Republican.—N. Y. World.

BE PATIENT. No occasion for Democrats to exhibit Demoralizing Impatience. There is no occasion for Democrats to exhibit impatience over the slow progress which President Cleveland is making in the work of turning the rascals out. The President is new in the business, his constitutional advisers are without experience in the work to which they have been called and they are properly cautious in so important a matter as changing the public functionaries.

They probably reason that after they have done their best, they will be unmarredly dealt with, it is the determination to make the investigation so thorough that no injustice shall be done, and that really valuable public servants, high and low shall be protected. Would it not be wiser and more patriotic for our Republican contemporaries to cease their unjust and foolish cavilling and encourage the Administration in its noble work of reforming the government?

The contentions of the people by their persistent opposition to the improvement of the public service and all their acts of misrepresentation are of no avail in the presence of the good work done by the President and his cabinet in selecting honest, efficient and faithful subordinates, in order to assure permanency and stability in the executive system. They might as well make up their minds to accept gracefully the new era of a great and noble government, with its signal and striking changes, which the American people have inaugurated and have entrusted to the Democratic party the grateful duty of making a lasting success.—Albany Argus.

THE DIFFERENCE. An Instructive Comparison of the Expenses of the Democratic and the Republican Senate. The lower house of the Congress just expired was Democratic, with the Senate Republican. The Congress preceding it was Republican, both House and Senate. It will be instructive to compare the expenses of the Government under the two administrations, and the one in which the popular branch was controlled by the Democrats. The amount of money appropriated by the former, in their own report, was \$239,329,828, and by the latter, in which the Democratic house controlled the Republican Senate, the appropriations were \$310,067,534. The difference between the two is the expense of the Government, and the one in which the Congress had the benefit of a Democratic house.

REFORM.

The Object of Civil-Service Reform and What It Really Means.

The World has suggested that the new Secretaries ought to set to work promptly to remove the "barnacles" which the long Republican term of office have fastened themselves on to the National Treasury. Many a Senator, Congressman, influential politician or shoddy aristocrat who has been troubled with a worthless relative has managed to get the black sheep gathered into the official fold. Dissipated creatures who have disgusted even New York society and been turned out of clubs and had private doors shut in their faces have been pensioners on the Government through the "influence" of their relatives or friends, until the Washington Departments are not without a number of characterless drones.

We do not doubt there are many capable, honest, faithful men in the Washington Departments. We do not believe it would be in conformity with Civil-Service Reform principles to turn such men out.

Surely it can not be so difficult to understand what real Civil-Service Reform means. Its object is to insure just as thoroughly capable, efficient and honest a service in all the public offices as is to be found in a well-conducted private business. To accomplish this bad men must be tolerated, faithful and useful men must be rewarded for their fidelity, and only capable and honest men must be appointed.

A President who is nominated and elected by a political party also owes something to that party, subordinate of course to his public duty. When a position becomes vacant by the expiration of the term of the incumbent or from other cause, he has a perfect right to select a man of his own party, provided the appointee is as well qualified and as deserving as any opposing applicant.

In a political sense this is not only his right but his duty. Republican Presidents for twenty-four years recognized and exercised this right? Have they not, in fact, regarded their obligations to party as superior to their duty to the public? There are certain offices closely connected with the political character of the Administration which ought to be in harmony with the President's political views and principles, and these should certainly be filled by Democrats.

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BUSINESS-LIKE. President Cleveland Has Economic Ideas and Will Enforce Them. President Cleveland was no sooner well installed in the White House than several super-serviceable employes were dismissed. Following the lead of his chief the Secretary of the Treasury has vacated a number of places in his department. The President has set the example of early breakfast and a day's work. Applying the axiom, "like master, like man," the officials and employes of the Government will be found earlier and later at their tasks than heretofore and applying themselves more diligently to their duty. This is as it should be. Many positions held at Washington within the late years have been nothing less than sinecures. Favorites of "influence" have had an easy time of it. Their pretense of work has been a mere disguise. Mr. Mulberry Sellers' candle in the stove, which gave only the appearance of heat. It is almost certain that the weeding out process will be applied in all departments, the force in each being reduced to the minimum. Government employes will not be so numerous, but the work will be just as well done, while the expense will be lessened. Employes will not have so much time for idling, but they will be more useful. The example of the President will be imitated by Government officials throughout the country, and thus the cost of operating departments will be lessened. Evidently Mr. Candidate Cleveland did not make promise of reform to the public ear to break to the faith. As President he will prove himself the friend of the people, the tax-payers. His is to be a business administration of economic ideas. Wherefore let the Nation be glad.—Indiana State Sentinel.

THE TYPE-WRITER. A Labor-Saving-Machine Which Springs Immediately Into Popularity. The click of the type-writer is one of the most familiar sounds to the frequenters of down-town offices. In nearly every large office one or more of these little machines can be found in constant use and they are still growing in popularity.

About ten years ago the first type-writer was invented. It was patented by two Detroit men who soon sold their rights to the machine, but drew a royalty on it for some years. One of the first to come into the market was a crude machine, very different from what it is to-day. The foot was brought into operation in it to pull back the carriage upon which the paper was rolled, somewhat like a sewing machine. There were various other clumsy appliances connected with it, and the machine was regarded by the public more as a curiosity than as a practical writing instrument. A few large offices, however, began the use of type-writers, and the advantages of the instrument were seen where a large number of manifold copies were required and it was desirable to have a very plain and easily deciphered copy. Improvements were made from time to time in the mechanism, and as the machine was gradually being perfected it became more and more popular.

Meantime its success prompted other inventors to apply themselves to the subject of writing machines. One of the first to come into the market was Sweden and patents obtained upon it throughout Europe. The principle of this type-writer was radically different from that of the American machine. Instead of the type being arranged in a circular pocket, as in the American machine, in the foreign machine the type and keys were arranged like pins in a pin-pan and the instrument was in the shape of a hemisphere. With the keys sticking out all over its surface it very much resembled a porcupine. This machine was very small and could almost be carried in the pocket. It had many advantages over the American machine, and likewise many disadvantages. Hardly had the foreign machine been upon the market than another American machine came out upon some of the principles of the first machine, the patents upon which had expired. This was followed by an altogether different plan, the type being made of rubber and all together on a little pad. When writing the letter is brought over a small hole in a plate and the other types at the same time taking up a supply of ink. On the other machines an inked ribbon is brought between the type and the paper, and the ink takes the shape of the letter pressing against it.

READING FOR THE YOUNG.

LITTLE MISS BRIER. Little Miss Brier came out of the ground; she pulled the worms and scratched every thing round.

"I'll just try," said she, "How bad can be." At pricking and scratching there's few can match me." Little Miss Brier was handsome and bright. Her eyes were dark and deep, her bowers were pure white; "Were you who came nigh her? Were so worried by her? They'd go out of their way to keep clear of the Brier."

Little Miss Brier was looking one day at her neighbor, and said just over the way; "I wonder," said she, "That no one pets me. While all seem so glad little Violet to see." A sober old Linnet, who sat on a tree, heard the speech of the Brier, and thus answered her; "The not that she's fair, For you may compare In beauty with even Miss Violet there."

"But Violet is always so pleasant and kind, So gentle in manner, so humble in mind, She would never ill treat, For you may compare And to how bad can be and butterfly always is sweet." The gardener's wife just then the pathway came down. And the mischievous Brier caught hold of her gown; "Oh, dear! what a tear! My gown's spoiled, I declare! That troublesome Brier has no business there; Here, look at the worms at her feet. And that was the end of the ill-natured Brier."—Mrs. Anna Baese, in Little Christian.

HOW THE SPOONS WERE SAVED. Two Remarkable Brouze Dogs and a Boy Who Was a Sort of a Hero. "Yes," Philip Howard was saying, "I'll tell it to you ten times more, if you say so. It is as true as preaching. Every time those bronze dogs on Uncle James Monroe's steps hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

"Pooh!" said Earnest Weston. "I don't believe it. Bronze dogs can't bark." "I didn't say they could," replied Philip. "I only know these do every time they hear that bell."

"I don't understand it. Of course I know well enough that it's a trick, but I can't see through it," said Richard Monroe. "Say the whole thing over once more, slowly, won't you, Philip?" Philip spoke with great distinctness: "You know, I presume, the house on Euclid avenue, where Mr. James Monroe, who has the honor of being my uncle, lives?"

"I ought to," said Richard, doubtfully, "for I live there myself, if he is the Mr. James Monroe who has the honor of being my uncle." "Exactly the same," replied Philip. "Well, you are aware that beside the steps before that house are two dogs made of bronze. Many a time and oft have you and I played circus upon their backs, and you have pretended not to understand me when I say that every time they hear the Fourth Ward fire-alarm they jump down and bark."

"Did you ever see them do it?" persisted Richard. "No," said Philip, "but I have seen them do it many a time—your own eyes never noticed them." Philip admitted the fact with some reluctance. "I never remember, though, being at your house when the Fourth Ward fire-alarm sounded. You must have been there lots of times—your eyes never noticed them."

"One question more and I'll stop," said Richard. "Have they always done so?" "Always; just the same as now," was Philip's prompt response. "And Richard, pausing only to say: 'I know it's a trick and not the truth, and I'll find out before I'm done,' walked slowly away from the boy and towards his own home."

"Did you tell him?" said Earnest to Philip. "He'll bother me if ever so long." "But he'll puzzle it out before he stops," said Philip, proudly. "He is a smart little fellow, if he is my cousin; and he thinks I'll get things worked out every time."

On the steps leading up to the front door Richard stopped to look at the dogs. They were certainly quiet, as their kind are liable to be; "If they jumped down to bark at first, they were very careful to jump back in exactly the same place. It was very provoking to be so puzzled by what he knew perfectly well was only the twist of some word; though he repeated Philip's sentence over and over without getting the least idea of what the catch might be. The next Wednesday he was awakened in the night from a sound sleep by the noise of a door, slamming violently, and started up in his bed, listened and heard the ringing of the Fourth Ward fire-alarm bell. Then, if ever, was the time for proving that dog story. He was forbidden to go to the door, but Tom, who was grown up and did business with a lumber company, always went. He had slammed the door, which Richard knew would be unbolted until his return. Richard had never been told that he must not go into the garden to hear the dogs on the step bark at fire-bells, so hastily slipping on shoes and clothes he made his way quietly down the stairs and out the door. Richard was in the usual position, but Richard knew that Philip had some foundation of truth to his declaration; so he waited for the bell to ring again. He leaned upon one of the dogs—a dangerous proceeding if the animal performed as Philip predicted. But Richard knew that if the rush of the hose-caused a trembling, or if the wind or echo sounded in their throats the gentlest noise that could be exaggerated into a bark, he should be in a position to hear. But there was neither motion nor sound. Again and again the bell sounded, and each time the dogs failed to jump, or bark, or be in the slightest degree affected. He was so interested in his experiment that he did not notice Tom, who, finding the fire far distant from his lumber-yard, had returned after a few moments. The slipping of the bolt on the inside of the door roused Richard to the fact that he was locked out. When he thought of ringing the bell, and so gaining admittance, he had for the first time grave doubts as to whether the heads of the household would altogether approve his performance, even if they had not forbidden it. Moreover, he felt that he would not enjoy explaining his motive; he realized as he had not before the utter foolishness of imagining even that those dogs would jump and bark, and he did not care to expose his folly. He walked around the house, but he had no hope of getting in. He came back, resolved to wait quietly until the servants came down in the morning, and then go in by the back door. He seated himself in a sheltered corner of the porch, where it was comparatively warm. The last stragglers from the crowd returned, and it seemed as if but a few minutes had passed, when he was startled by the sound of steps upon the porch. Somebody was trying softly to open the front door, then each of the side doors. Richard did not act upon his first impulse, which was to run, nor upon his second, which was to scream, because he was too frightened to obey any but his third impulse, which was to remain perfectly still. Evidently this was a burglar. Richard knew burglars as members of the community upon whom society, as a rule, frowned, but he had always felt that they had certain compensating privileges, after all, since they had such a simple and easy method of getting the things they wanted. He was anxious to see how this one would manage to get into that closely-guarded house, and after a moment or two, ventured to follow him at a safe distance. He had heard that burglars preferred not to kill people who did not molest them, and he felt a strong curiosity to know how they managed. The man passed around the house, tried every door and window rapidly, but not very scientifically, thought Richard, who had imagined burglars to be as skillful as the people in "Arabian Nights" in going away with slight obstacles of brick and mortar. This one was a bungler, and he noticed the outside cellar-door, and Richard soon learned his plan of entrance, for he drew out a lantern and proceeded to file the lock. It was very soon done. The man gave a quick glance around, saw nothing, softly pulled back the door and started down the steps. After a moment Richard followed him. He trembled some, for the burglar seemed closer than when he was out of doors, but he kept after him, through the cellar and laundry, up the stairs and into the kitchen. In the hall beyond the man paused and studied the doors, each in turn. He made a mistake, and opened the door of a long, narrow passage, rather than the disused conservatory. The ceiling was low, and a depression in the center, caused by some unaccountable freak in the stairway, made a place where the unwary always came to grief. Richard stopped, and he saw the burglar watching the man feel his way through this passage and as he approached the dangerous place the boy's excitement all found expression in a tremendous yell, which sounded through the house from garret to cellar. "You'll bump your head! Look out! Look out!" he screamed. The man did bump his head, but he did not stop to thank Richard for the warning. He sprang through the door, and by the time the startled family had assembled in the hall, the burglar was up the stairs, well out of the way. But for the evidence of the cellar-door they would have supposed Richard to be the victim of a dream; but the filed lock and the lantern dropped in the kitchen obliged them to put faith in his discomfited report, for he tried in assumption in the beginning that it was quite customary for young gentlemen of thirteen to be taking promenades at three o'clock in the morning. "Such a chance as you had to be a hero!" said Tom. "Here is the key in the door, and the fellow was in the passage you might easily have turned it and locked him in. I certainly never heard of a boy, with such a chance to do a big thing, who did a thing so utterly absurd as to yell to a burglar not to bump his head. You wanted him to get the spoons, did you?" "I don't wonder that you never heard of such a thing. If you wait for me to tell, you'll never hear the whole of the story," answered Richard, rather crossly. "But the next day Philip came, and Richard 'gave up' the dog mystery. 'I must say that I am disappointed in you, Dick,' said Philip. 'I expected that you would think it out, and I shall be obliged to you if you tell me the whole of it.' 'If I hadn't happened to be out the burglar would have come in just the same, wouldn't he?' 'The family admitted that he probably would have come in. 'And nobody would have heard him,' continued Richard. 'Probably not. 'And he might have carried off everything in the house. So the dogs and I did save the spoons. In a kind of a way I believe I'm a sort of a hero, after all. Mamma, I'll take another piece of soap.'—Harriet L. Waterman, in Golden Days.

A Respectful Boy.

An exchange gives the following instance of a lad's politeness. Such thoughtfulness for others by young people is a most winning trait of character.

An old man entered a railroad car and was looking around for a seat when a boy ten or twelve years of age rose up and said: "Take my seat, sir." The offer was accepted, and the infirm old man sat down. "Why did you give me your seat?" he inquired of the boy. "Because you are old, sir, and I am a boy!" was the reply.

A hundred years ago there would have been little need to record so remarkable a similar incident. Among things that are good or hopeful in a rising generation there is one great change for the worse, manifest to everybody—a declining reverence toward God and toward God's Word. "Thou shalt fear the Lord, the old man, and fear thy God, I am the Lord."—Watkman.

—A young Secretary of Legation whose duties required his attendance at a recent White House reception, was so unwilling to lose a moment of the opera, with "The in the cast, that he left the theater, changed his evening dress for his diplomatic costume in the carriage while driving to the White House, saluted the President, and returned as he had come to the opera. He was absent from the theater just thirty minutes.—Washington Post.

