THE IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

Lively Times in the House Over the Irish Commission.

PARNELL'S MANLY WORDS.

A last (Friday) night's London cable says: In the House of Commons to-day Sir William Vernon Harcourt, resuming the discussion regarding the Panell Commission, declared that Attorney-General Webster's identification with the commission had destroyed the impression that the Government would be impartial and had added weight to the *Times'* charges. If the Attorney-General had not advised the Government Parliament should not vote a salary for services he had not performed. He condemned the Attorney-General's apology for the Pigott forgeries as mean, contemptible and disgraceful, and expressed the hope that he would make a better apology.

Attorney-General Webster replied that but for the duty he owed those who trusted him he would not have noticed the charges made by Sir William. If he were capable of the conduct imputed to him he would be a disgrace to the English bar. He was private counsel for the *Times*. It was immaterial whether he had been right or wrong in assuming that position, although it was doubtful whether he had been prudent.

Mr. Redmond's motion to reduce the Attorney-General's salary was rejected by 286 to 28.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt wanted to know whether the Attorney-General had the letter in which Pigott admitted his inability to stand cross-examination. If Mr. Soames had that letter and kept it from the knowledge of the Attorney-General the name of Mr. Soames ought to be struck off the rolls. The Attorney-General would doubtless now tell the House when he first learned of Pigott's character and whether he was informed when Houston burned Pigott's correspondence.

In the course of the Attorney-General's reply the Chairman called upon Xavier O'Brien to retire for interrupting. Mr. O'Brien denied that he opened his mouth. The Chairman repeating the order to retire, Mr. Pinkerton corroborated Mr. O Brien. T. P. O'Connor protested against the Chairman putting the lie to an honorable member without an inquiry. The Chairman accepted the disclaimer, adding that Mr. O'Brien could not deny having repeatedly interrupted loudly, and warning him not to repeat such conduct.

The Attorney-General continuing, declined absolutely to say whether he had advised the Government on any point. None knew better than Sir William Vernon Harcourt that he could not answer such a question, but he had never vouched to the Government for the authenticity of the letters. Harcourt ought to know that no counsel vouched for the truth of what he proposed to prove by evidence. Harcourt's argument that the counsel ought to satisfy himself of the accuracy of the statements that a witness would make was preposterous. He accused Harcourt of asking questions in this manner because he knew that a certain section of the press was only too glad to turn such questions into accusations. For instance, there was his question as to whether the Attorney-General suggested that Piggott should see Daly. He never heard of the visit till two nights ago. Regarding Pigott, the Attorney-General argued that he had not the right to keep him from the witness-box because he said he could not stand cross-examination. He had informed the commission and put Pigott's letters in Sir Charles Russell's hands five days before Pigott went into the box. (Loud Ministerial cheers.) Would the committee believe that Sir Charles had asked that the letter should not be read till Pigott went into the box? (Laughter.) He protested strongly against Sir William's reference to Mr. Soames, who was not there to answer the charge. He assured the gentlemen opposite that all the charges made against him had failed to cause him any anxiety or a single sleepless night. If the further charges promised against him were no worse than they brought to-night, he was bound to confess that in his opinion the part he had played in the last few months would not be the least honorable portion of his career.

Messrs. O'Connor and Labouchere having spoken,

Mr. Parnell said he should not have intervened, but that in the language of Attorney-General Webster, and in the shouts of his supporters, there had been some faint echo of Lord Salisbury's equivocal language in respect to the forged letters. If Lord Salisbury still chose to pin the relic of his faith to the letters the consequence would be upon his head. In the witness box he (Parnell) had testified under oath that he had neither signed, written, authorized nor known of any of the letters, and Attorney-General Webster had not ventured to put to him a single question. Was there any member who would venture to express any doubt now that the letters were forgeries? Here there were loud cries for Mr. Fowler, who, Mr. O'Connor said, expressed doubts; but Mr. Fowler did not respond, whereupon Mr. O'Connor exclaimed, "He is a coward!" but he subsequently withdrew this expression at the request of the chair.

Mr James expressed satisfaction at the manner in which Attorney-General Webster had answered the charges.

Mr. Morley asserted that Sir Charles Russell had authorized him—(Conservative cries of "Where is he?")—to state that he was entirely in accord with the Opposition in the action that they were taking. He maintained that Attorney-General Webster had failed to answer the charges.

Mr. Gladstone, Sir Charles Russell and Messrs. Lockwood and Asquith were absent. Messrs. Soames and Walter were in the gallery. Six of the Parnellite counsel on the commission and several Liberals abstained from any part in the division.

A scene of great disorder followed. The Irish members rose in their places and cheered, and there were cries of "Pigott!" "Pigott!" "Remember Mitchellstown."

Secretary Balfour said he had suspended Captain Seagrave, but preferred not to dismiss him until documentary evidence of his guilt had been received.

Mr. Morley adduced a mass of details respecting witnesses for the *Times* with the view of disproving the Government's professions of neutrality. These details were mainly drawn from facts elicited by daily questioning in Parliament. Mr. Balfour professed that he had not followed the proceedings of the Parnell Commission with much interest. That was surprising. One would have expected that the Minister who fired the train would have curiosity enough to note the result of the explosion. In regard to the proposed vote of censure, it would be irrational to propose it now, because fresh disclosures were made daily. But it would come in good time.

Mr. Balfour, amid continued Opposition laughter, described the charge that the Government were connected with the *Times* through Houston and Pigott as a scandalous and unfounded libel. The Opposition, he said, revelled in libel, while affecting to regard it as the most shocking of crimes. They had charged Houston with having acted in complicity with Pigott; but they had declined to examine Houston when invited to do so. He thought it would be more decorous for the gentlemen opposite to refrain from comments *sub judice*. (Renewed laughter.) For asking how it was that witnesses were intimidated, Mr. Balfour was called to order by the Chairman. Continuing, he said the Government volunteered no information for the purpose of the commission, but they were willing to give it to either side when required.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt said Mr. Balfour misapprehended Mr. Morley's case. The fact that Irish constables had been subpœnaed did not make it necessary for them to remain for months in London, unless they were performing distinct services for the *Times*. The speaker raised a laugh by showing how the statements of Mr. Matthews and Mr. Balfour conflicted.

Mr. Bradlaugh said that so far from being impartial, the Government withheld from the persons accused matters material to their defence.

Mr. William Redmond (Nationalist) was called to order several times, and the Chairman finally warned him against further unseemly conduct.

Mr. Healy said he had tried to cross-examine Mr. Soames on his mode of getting up evidence, but the *Times'* chief ally, Justice Smith—

The Chairman, interrupting, called upon Mr. Healy to withdraw his reference to Her Majesty's judge.

Mr. Healy contended that he did not refer to the judge but to the commissioners, that the Commission Act simply called the commissioners by their names.

The Chairman nevertheless maintained that Mr. Healy was out of order.

Mr. Balfour, again rising to answer criticisms, taunted the Parnellites with allowing Pigott to escape, after he had confessed forgery.

Mr. T. P. O Connor was called to order for charging Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour with trying to galvanize the Parnell forgeries into life again.

An exciting scene ensued.

Mr. O'Connor twice refused to withdraw the remark as far as it concerned Lord Salisbury, amid the approving cries of his colleagues.

The Chairman appealed to the members on both sides to assist him in keeping order, but he did not further insist upon the withdrawal of Mr. O'Connor's remark.

Mr. O'Connor charged that the *Times* was equally guilty of allowing Pigott to go after he confessed forgery.

When the division was called Mr. Chamberlain crossed the House and sat chatting with Mr. Ritchie, a member of the Cabinet. His presence on the Ministerial side of the House called forth from the Opposition hilarious cries of, "At last in your proper place."

On the vote on Mr. Balfour's salary Mr. Morley severely criticized the Government's action in carrying on a "furtive clandestine battle behind its opponent's backs."

Mr. Bradlaugh moved that Mr. Balfour's salary be reduced by £500.

Mr. Bradlaugh's motion was rejected by 272 to 211.

A Ritualist Poet's Prophecy.

(Church Times, Chicago.)

The following lines are from Neale's "Sequences, Hymns, Etc.," edition 1866, p. 131. They are striking in view of the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln. Why should Neale have selected Lincoln? It seems prophetic:

Again shall long processions sweep through
Lincoln's minster pile;
Again shall banner, cross and cope gleam thro
the incensed aisle;
And the faithful dead shall claim their part in
the Church's thankful prayer,
And the daily sacrifice to God be duly offered
there;
And Tierce, and Nones, and Matins shall have
each their holy lay;
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close
the day.
England of Saints! the peace will dawn—but not
without the fight,
So, come the contest when it may—and God
defend the right!

What Our Artist Has to Put Up With.

He—By Jove, it's the best thing I've ever painted! and I'll tell you what, I've a good mind to give it to Mary Morison for her wedding present!

His Wifey—Oh, but, my love, the Morisons have always been so hospitable to us! You ought to give her a *real* present, you know—a fan, or a scent-bottle, or something of that sort!—*Punch*.

A Valuable Remedy.

Gentleman (to village cobbler)—"What's that yellow powder you're taking so constantly, my friend?"

Cobbler—"It's snuff—catarrh snuff."

Gentleman—"Is it any good? I'm somewhat troubled that way myself."

Cobbler (with the air of a man who could say more if he chose)—"Well, I've had catarrh for more'n thirty year, an' never took nothin' for it but this."

—One Dr. Terc, in England, is advocating the sting of bees as a remedy for rheumatism. He declares that he has treated with success 173 cases, and has given in all 39,000 stings.

THE FEMININE WAY.

Did ever yet a belle refuse a man
And let him from her side depart forever
Without proposing a platonic plan
Of sweet communion for the future? Never!
Her lover once, her friend you must remain,
And love her still, although you love in vain.

Mr. Louis J. Jennings, M. P., formerly a New York journalist, is engaged in preparing for publication the speeches of Lord Randolph Churchill, which will shortly be issued in collected form.

The Ponsonby estate, on which the Plan of Campaign was started in 1886, has been bought by a London Company.

LONGEVITY

Scientific men see no reason why the span of human life may not be extended to a round hundred years from the present limit of seventy to eighty years.

From Adam's time to that of Methuselah and Noah, men are recorded as attaining to well nigh the age of 1,000 years. The Psalmist David, however, says: "The days of our age are threescore years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

This wide margin of longevity, together with proper observance of mental, moral and physical laws, leads investigators to believe it is possible that human life might be made to increase in length of days to a full century, at least.

Moderation and regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to longevity, and those who observe proper habits and use pure and efficacious remedies when sick, may accomplish immense labor with no apparent injury to themselves and without foreshortening their lives.

Hon. H. H. Warner, President of the Rochester, N.Y., Chamber of Commerce, and manufacturer of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, has devoted much time and research to this subject of longevity, and has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that life may be prolonged by rational and natural means. Thousands of persons are living to-day—enjoying the blessing of perfect health and vigor—who will testify to the almost magical efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure in restoring them to physical potency and to the normal type of constitution, after they had almost given up hope of life.

After middle age, many begin to lose their wonted vigor of body, and thereupon give way to inertness and useless repining. Yet all such have within reach that which both renews youth and contributes to the prolongation of life. Warner's marvellous Safe Cures are in every drug store, and are now regarded as standard specifics throughout the civilized world.

The strong desire to attain old age—meantime retaining the virile powers of body and mind—is necessarily connected with the respect paid to aged persons, for people would scarcely desire to be old, were the aged neglected or regarded with mere sufferance.

HER MAJESTY'S BOUNTY.

Pathetic Incident at Windsor—Red Tape Delays the Queen's Charity.

(From the London edition of the N. Y. Herald.)

A pathetic little incident, which shows how much red tape can entrammel even the charitable intentions of the Queen, occurred at Windsor on Friday afternoon.

Her Majesty was driving along Thames street with one of the Princesses, when she saw a blind man playing an accordeon, being led along the road by a woman. Touched by the gentle strains of his melody, Her Majesty's heart went forth in pity for the lot of the blind musician. Royal self-respect forbade her throwing a copper to the pair, as an humble civilian might have done; but by the time the regal equippage reached Windsor Bridge Her Majesty had contrived a scheme by which the pauper player's distress might be alleviated. This was the process:

At the Bridge the Queen stopped the carriage.

The Queen then summoned her attendant and handed him a two-shilling piece.

The Queen then gave him full instructions as to what he should do with it.

The attendant repeated the process with the toll-gate keeper.

The toll-gate keeper, whose name was Husted, received the florin and bowed.

The toll-gate keeper then chased up the street after the beggar.

The toll-gate keeper then told the beggar all about it.

The toll-gate keeper then told the woman leading the beggar.

The toll-gate keeper then gave the beggar the two-shilling piece.

The toll-gate keeper next received the beggar's thanks.

The blind accordeon player then went on his way rejoicing, and playing "God Save the Queen" in four flats, while Mr. Husted rushed away to tell the news in the neighborhood.

Her Majesty then drove on as if nothing unusual had happened.

Charity is a beautiful thing!

The Obstacle in the Way.

"I fear it can never be, George," murmured the fair girl. "There are obstacles in the way."

"What are they, Laura?" demanded the young man, eagerly. "Perhaps I can overcome them."

"Papa has failed in business, and"——

"You needn't mention any more," said the young man dejectedly, as he got up from his knees.

Dissatisfaction.

Father (who has rushed to the spot)—What's the matter? Boy—Oh, dad, g-g-get me out of this! Father (slowly)—Wall, if you ain't the hardest boy to please I ever see. Last summer I couldn't keep you out of this creek, and now yer cryin' because yer in.

EXAMINATIONS in English schools go toward proving that color blindness is often declared to be present when really no organic defect but only poor training in the naming and distinction of colors is found to be the trouble.

Mr. Moody, after holding thirty days' services in San Francisco, commenced work in Oakland. He is assisted by Mr. Stebbins and Miss Pool. The Pavilion, which holds nearly 5,000, has been crowded at every meeting.

Bishop Lightfoot, of Durham, spends his whole official income, $35,000 a year, on church and educational work. He is now building, at his own expense, a large church in a poor and densely-populated part of Sunderland.

Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, who died in London recently, was born in 1801, and had been for two generations a noted figure in the English literary world. As barrister, journalist, artist and author he won the respect of his fellow-men, and his "Book of Gems," "Book of British Ballads" and "Baronial Halls" are all standard works. He and Mrs. Hall were said to have written and edited 340 volumes.

LIVING FOR THE STOMACH.

A Little Lecture to Those Who Crave and Have Rich Things to Eat.

Ah! you live for your stomach do you? I certainly pity the person who lives for no loftier purpose than eating and drinking. Upon second thought you conclude that your confession should have been taken with a grain of allowance. There does creep over you now and then a conviction that you live for something besides your stomach's sake. Very good. You are on the road to happiness. I knew a man once who often amused his hearers by putting some queer phrases into his prayers. He would pray that the nerve tissues of his stomach might be made more enduring, his taste more keenly enjoyable, and that his appetite might be tempted with the fat of the land, in order that he (the earthly fellow) might live many, many more years and take comfort as he went along. That man was eternally having cold sores upon his lips, and if the gout has not overtaken him by this time I have lost my guess. Why cold sores and gout? you ask.

Right, my fellow-sufferer, ask all the questions you care to. Why do you so often get all stuffed up with a "cold," so called, about which you go prancing over the neighborhood, asking everybody if, in the name of common sense, they can tell you how or where you "caught it?" You got it by eating. Hard thing to believe, isn't it? Rich food, fats and highly seasoned viands have done the business for you. The body is a queer machine. It gets clogged, and when it can hold out no longer it revolts. The brief warfare which follows, the wheezing, the aching bones and running nostrils are simply evidences of nature's efforts to recover her equilibrium. Then how vain of you to dose yourself with drugs, instead of giving the Great Healer time to cure you!

This is my theory: The system needs certain nourishments and requires them regularly. Incautiously you have given it too much. Here slips in a curious trick of nature. A morbid craving for food a little richer seizes you—a sort of dull longing for something, you know not what. Nature's mission is to try you and see what kind of metal you are made of. Now follow me closely. That longing comes straight from your carnal soul, though you have dignified it with the name of hunger. It is nothing more than an undue excitement of the nerves of the stomach. To the cook book you fly and con it over to find something tempting. Merely wholesome foods have failed to fill the bill. But, my friend, had you the correct understanding you would pass that craving by and wait.

Nature is as ready to join with you in a little self-discipline as she was to put the obstacle in your way. A slight tiff of self-denial will do wonders some times. Self-denial? Certainly; why not? You shout with vehemence that virtues of that order have long since become unpopular from disuse. What a brazen imposition would be a table without enough dainties to match the silver and china! So, "if you please, Mrs. Blank, I would like you to have prepared a little brandy sauce for the pudding to day. I abominate food without something in it to tempt a fellow's palate." So off flies the cook at your peremptory bidding, lest she may have done something to forfeit her position, and sends you up—really, she puts before you a dish which the daintiest epicure can dote upon. Such, you say, is life. It is not life; it is death. There, you have dropped your knife and fork in dismay that I should say a thing so terrible. These are facts, my friends.—*Frank Dexter in Boston Globe.*

Plants in Witchcraft.

Occasionally when the dairymaid churned for a long time without making butter, she would stir the cream with a twig of mountain ash, and beat the cow with another, thus breaking the witch's spell. But, to prevent accidents of this kind, it has long been customary in the northern counties to make the churn-staff of ash. For the same reason herd boys employ an ash twig for driving cattle, and one may often see a mountain ash growing near a house. On the Continent the tree is in equal repute, and in Norway and Denmark rowan branches are usually put over stable doors to keep out witches, a similar notion prevailing in Germany. No tree, perhaps, holds such a prominent place in witchcraft lore as the mountain ash, its mystic power having rarely failed to render fruitless the evil influence of these enemies of mankind.

To counteract the spell of the evil eye, from which many innocent persons were believed to suffer in the witchcraft period, many flowers have been in requisition among the numerous charms used. Thus, the Russian maidens still hang round the stem of the birch tree red ribbon, the Brahmans gather rice, and in Italy rue is in demand. The Scotch peasantry pluck twigs of the ash, the Highland women the groundsel, and the German folk wear the radish. In early times the ringwort was recommended by Apuleius, and later on the fern was regarded as a preservative against this baneful influence. The Chinese put faith in the garlic, and, in short, every country has its own special plants. It would seem, too, that after a witch was dead and buried, precautionary measures were taken to frustrate her baneful influence. Thus, in Russia, aspen is laid on a witch's grave, the dead sorceress being then prevented from riding abroad.—*By T. F. Thiselton Dyer, in the Popular Science Monthly for April.*

Delicate Attention to the Author.

Daughter (to mother)—Young Mr. Lightsome has just written a book, and has presented me with a copy.

Mother—That is very nice, Laura.

Daughter—Yes; and, as Mr. Lightsome said something about making a call this evening, and I am very busy, I wish you would sit down and cut the leaves for me, and place it in a conspicuous place on the parlor table.

Ought to Hear Then.

Bagley (at the telephone)—There's no use in talking, Bailey. I can't hear the first word you say.

Bailey (at the other end)—Why don't you fold both your ears around the instrument?

His Excuse.

Lady (to drunken beggar)—Are you not ashamed to beg?

D.B.—Yes, ma'am, but I'm full; when I'm sober I'm a burglar.

ANTS FOR EATING.

They Are Good as Pickles—Some as Large as Foxes.

Should a Maine lumberman find a stump or rotten log with thousands of big black ants in it, says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, he scoops the torpid insects from their winter domicile and fills his dinner pail with them. When he gets back to his camp at night he sets the pail in a cool place until his supper is ready, then brings it forth, and, while helping himself to pork and beans, helps himself also to ants. There is no accounting for tastes, and he esteems a handful of ants a very choice morsel. Ants are said by those who have tasted them to have a peculiarly agreeable, strongly acid flavor. The woodsmen, whose food consists largely of salted meat, baked beans and similar hearty victuals, naturally have a craving for something sour. "Ants are the very best of pickles," said an old "logger," who confessed to having devoured thousands of them. "They are cleanly insects, and there is no reason why they should not be eaten, if one can get over a little squeamishness caused by the thought of taking such crawling things into his stomach. There is nothing repulsive about them, and when a man has once learned to eat the creatures as pickles he prefers them to any other kind."

Ants have at various times and in different countries been quite extensively used in medicine, and formic acid, which was first obtained by distilling the bodies of these insects, but is now artificially prepared, is a well-known and useful chemical product. Herodotus tells us of ants that live in the deserts of India which are in size "somewhat less than dogs, but larger than foxes." These creatures, in heaping up the earth after the manner of common ants, were a very efficient aid to the Indian gold hunters. The sand which they threw up being largely mixed with gold, the Indians were accustomed to go to the desert in the heat of the day, when the ants were under ground, load the sand into sacks, pile the sacks upon their camels and hasten from the spot as rapidly as possible. The ants, according to the historian, were not only the swiftest of animals, but were gifted with such a sense of smell that they immediately became aware of the presence of men in their territory, and unless the Indians got away while the ants were assembling to attack them not a man could escape.

The Rash Ventures of a Conversationalist

Nothing so surely kills the freedom of talk as to have some matter-of-fact person instantly bring you to book for some impulsive remark flashed out on the instant, instead of playing with it and tossing it about in a way that shall expose its absurdity or show its value. Freedom is lost with too much responsibility and seriousness, and the truth is more likely to be struck out in a lively play of assertion and retort than when all the words and sentiments are weighed. A person very likely cannot tell what he does think until his thoughts are exposed to the air, and it is the bright fallacies and impulsive rash ventures in conversation that are often most fruitful to talker and listeners. The talk is always tame if no one dares anything. I have seen the most promising paradox come to grief by a simple "Do you think so?" Nobody, I sometimes think, should be held accountable for anything said in private conversation, the vivacity of which is in a tentative play about the subject. And this is a sufficient reason why one should repudiate any private conversation reported in the newspapers. It is bad enough to be held fast forever to what one writes and prints, but to shackle a man with all his flashing utterances, which may be put into his mouth by some imp in the air is intolerable slavery. A man had better be silent if he can only say to-day what he will stand by to-morrow, or if he may not launch into the general talk the whim and fancy of the moment. Racy, entertaining talk is only exposed thought, and no one would hold a man responsible for the thronging thoughts that contradict and displace each other in his mind. Probably no one ever actually makes up his mind until he either acts or puts out his conclusion beyond his recall. Why should one be debarred the privilege of pitching his crude ideas into a conversation where they may have a chance of being precipitated?—*From "A Little Journey in the World," by Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for April.*

Why the Cat is Not Harmed by a Fall.

It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump from a height. It never seems to hurt itself, or to get giddy with the fall. It always lands on its feet, and these are so beautifully padded that they seldom or never get broken. Why does not the animal get a headache after its jump? Why does it not receive a concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? To answer this we must examine a cat's skull, when we shall see that it has a regular partition wall projecting from its sides, a good way inward, toward the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is indeed a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.

An Anchored Boarder.

Winks—How often do you change your boarding-house now, Jinks?

Jinks—I never change at all.

Winks—You don't. Perfectly comfortable, eh?

Jinks—No, I'm mighty uncomfortable; but I've changed often enough to know I never gain anything by changing.

WITHIN the antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the arctic region there are 762 kinds of flowers. Fifty of these are confined to the Arctic region. They are really polar flowers. The colors of these polar flowers are not as bright and varied as our own, most of them being white and yellow, as if borrowing these hardy hues from their snowy bergs and golden stars.

William Newman, Barnum's experienced elephant trainer, is credited with the following philosophical comment: "Elephants are very much like human beings, especially in one regard, and that is the females are very much better and nicer than the males, and also in that when a female is bad, she is worse than the worst male."