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SACRAMENTO DAILY RECORD-UNION.

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CHANGED DAILY FOR C. H. GILMAN—NOVEMBER 14, 1887.

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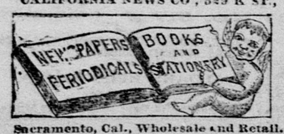

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UNDER THE SOD.

THE ANARCHISTS CONSIGNED TO THE GRAVE.

A Remarkable Funeral Procession—Incidents Along the Line—Immense Throng.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

CHICAGO, November 13th.—Flitting mile after mile in the gloom, down to the cold flat earth, five unseen soulless figures—fleeing in death as from One Great Being for whom alone there can be no law—found a hiding-place to-night in the darkness at the most desolate spot on the prairie's wide expanse. The five ghastly figures were symbols of the attempted destruction of the law. They were the five dead Anarchists—Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Louis Lingg. Probably half a million people in the city of their terrible crime saw the last public preparations for their final flight to the tomb. Seven thousand men and two hundred and fifty women aided in the city, by forming in procession behind them.

Ten thousand people were present in the barest, emptiest graveyard adjacent to Chicago. When the corpses at last were hidden, muttered curses and bitter murmurs and the cry of "Throttle the law!" accompanied the parting words spoken over the five lifeless bodies. It was almost to a second, exact time, forty-eight hours from the moment the scaffold drop fell with August Spies and his comrades that the blackest of hearses drew up at the door of his relatives. More peculiar still was the fact that the hearse was just ready to start at the precise moment corresponding to the announcement at the gallows that Spies had ceased to breathe. This was

THE BEGINNING OF THE OBSEQUIES.

The scene is at the extreme northwestern corner of the city, and the route taken resembled nothing so much as a monster blacksnake. Stretching right to the center of Chicago, and protruding out and beyond the southwestern angle, serried lines of blackness were formed of human beings, wedged together into almost a single continuous whole. Off from Milwaukee avenue Spies lived in a little oasis of well-to-do Americans and Germans, while the others entombed to-day had places of abode scattered along at intervals of five or six blocks close to the same thoroughfare, but in the midst of the most ignorant and uncouth classes of Chicago's foreign-born population. About four thousand persons, most of them neighbors of Spies, were congregated on the street and lined the sidewalks of the block in which Spies lived. When the time for departure arrived—as at other houses where Anarchists' bodies lay—a constant stream of mourners or curious sight-seers had been since almost daylight pouring through the building and viewing the livid remains, or gazing at the weeping relatives. When the forty-eight hours anniversary of the scaffold-drop had come and the somber hearse was standing patient at the curb, the

TALL, STATELY FORM OF CAPTAIN BLACK,

Was seen stepping out through the throng at the Spies threshold. Supported on his arm, with head pillowed on his shoulder, was a clinging, girlish figure, clad in crape from head to foot—the picture of utter woe. Instantly a whisper was heard on every side: "There she is!" "There's Nina Van Zandt!" "That's Spies' wife!"

It was not till the coffin had been placed in the hearse and the immediate mourners had entered their carriages and five hundred blue-badged Turners had formed in ranks ahead that the crowd discovered its mistake. She was calmly seated in the first carriage, with not a sign of mourning in her apparel, nor a single trace of grief in her pale, set countenance. The face was unmistakably that of Spies' youthful proxy bride, but it had suddenly acquired a dignity and matureness that gave an unlooked-for but far from repellant aspect to one of her years. Aside from this expression the shapely features wore a peculiar yellowish pallor. It may have been the mere fancy of observers, but those who saw the face of Spies as he trod to his place on the gallows say the pallor on his countenance then was exactly that of to-day on the face of

NINA VAN ZANDT.

She was apparelled in a well-worn furtrimmed wrap of dark wine-colored or purple velvet, a very simply made dress of black silk, and small, neat bonnet to match the wrap. Whole crowds were recovering from surprise at Miss Van Zandt's demeanor and dress, when the black-clad girl who had accompanied Captain Black into the same carriage with Spies' pseudo wife threw back her veil and disclosed the tear-stained features of the dead man's sister, Gretchen. Alongside Nina, and apparently deriving some consolation from words of cheer spoken now and then, sat the aged mother of Spies, who seemed to have rather better control of her grief than her daughter.

THE PROCESSION UNDER WAY.

The band soon struck up a mournful dirge, and the procession started slowly down Milwaukee avenue, which was lined with such a mass of people as was never seen on it before. Moving slowly along, the procession was joined at the homes of Fischer, Parsons, Engel and Lingg, by their remains and portions of the parade which originated at each house. The scenes at each of the houses were somewhat similar to those at Spies'.

ON HISTORIC GROUND.

The most striking view of the procession was obtained at the corner of Lake and Desplaines streets, for it brought so vividly to mind the scene of May 4, 1886, when the bomb was thrown. It was just 1:45 o'clock when the head of the line reached the spot. At the corner is the saloon and hall of Charles Zepf, the Anarchist. It was in this saloon that Parsons took his wife and children after he had finished his speech at the Haymarket, and where they sat when the bomb was thrown. Two hundred feet south of the corner was the place where stood the wagon from which Spies and his comrades delivered their harangues and counseled the throttling of the law, and here, too, was the alley from which

THE HISSING AND FATAL BOMB

Was hurled into the ranks of the police. A little farther south is the spot where the missile fell and did such awful destruction "Was it by accident, or design, that the parade wound around this historic corner?" was the question asked by hundreds. And the line of march took the marching army of sympathizers directly past Grief's Hall, in the basement of which a group of Anarchists used to hold nightly meetings and instruct each other in the use of dynamite and the practice of the manual of arms.

At the hour above mentioned, the first line of men could be seen crossing the Desplaines street viaduct where, in 1878, a bloody fight took place between the police and railroad strikers. There was no advance guard of police.

THOSE THAT MARCHED.

Chief Marshal Hepps, with two aides, led the way. They wore no red, but simple black clothes and crape on their arms. Then came a brilliantly-dressed corps of musicians. As the band passed Zepf's Hall, which was open and filled with drinking men, it struck up a dirge, as did, in fact, every other band in the procession, and there were at least fifteen of them. Following the first corps of musicians walked the Defense Committeemen, who had charge of collecting the funds with which it was hoped to save the Anarchists from their fate. George Schilling led the committee, and carried in his hands a floral tribute. Following them marched, eight abreast, near 200 members of Aurora Turn Verein, of which Speis was a member. The whole Society did not turn out, as many members are not in sympathy with anarchy.

Some 400 of the Vorwaerts Turner Society came next, wearing red badges on their breasts. This branch of Turners is more strongly tinctured with socialism than any in the city. About 100 of the Tiertschritte Branch came next, and then followed

THE FEATURE OF THE PROCESSION,

It was the hearse of August Spies. There were no nodding black plumes on it, but the top was so covered with floral tributes that nothing else could be seen. Inside was a richly-covered casket. Standing out in bold relief against the black broadcloth of the coffin was thrown a great sash of red silk. It was all the more striking, because no flowers had been placed inside to interfere with this idea of having Spies' beloved colors shown to the public, even at his death. The crowds on the streets craned their necks to get a glimpse of this most imposing of all hearses in the pageant. Then another band wheeled into Lake street, followed by many hundreds of members of the Central Labor Union, who are among the most extreme Socialists of the city.

Behind them came the hearse in which lay the coffin of Adolph Fischer, he who yelled, "Hurrah for Anarchy!" at the moment he was hanged. His hearse was well supplied with flowers, but for some reason no red silk emblem of his faith had been thrown across the casket in which were his remains.

Then came the funeral carriage of Albert R. Parsons. On the box, by the driver, sat a man holding in his hands a floral tribute of such size that the inscription of flowers, "From K. of L. Assembly, 1307," could be seen a hundred feet away. On Parsons' coffin—instead of a great sash of red—there was a simple strip of red silk ribbon, which was trailed carelessly from the head of the casket to its center, and was then strung along the floor of the hearse until it wound itself in a little heap at the foot.

"IT IS SUGGUSTIVE OF A SERPENT,"

Was the remark of an onlooker. Then along came another cohort of the Central Labor Union—butchers, bakers and representatives of all sorts of trades. Behind these were drawn the hearses of George Engel and Louis Lingg. Over both the black coffins were the inevitable red banners

All through this, which may be called the first part of the demonstration, were interspersed carriages containing relatives and near friends of the dead Anarchists, but the original programme was changed in the hurry and confusion of getting the line together. So the carriages of mourners became somewhat mixed.

THE NEXT FEATURE

Of the procession was the turnout of people who followed after the hearses. There were men, women and children. In ranks of four to eight deep they swung into Lake street. Not a word was uttered by those in the ranks or on the corners. The most noticeable feature of this part of the paegant was the showing made by two local Assemblies of Knights of Labor, composed wholly of women. All of these wore flaming red scarlet in their hats. Bows of crimson at their throats, and long streamers of crimson from their shoulders, made the appearance of the working women an object of comment. In front of them marched Miss Mary McCormick, Master Workman of the organization. She was attended by two others, and the trio carried a huge wreath, to the top of which was attached a snow white-dove, the emblem of peace. (It will be remembered that the signal for the gathering at Haymarket Square was the printed German word "Ruhe," meaning peace.) This was the only white dove in the whole line.

After the long line of people on foot had passed, came carriages to the number of fifty. The procession went east on Lake street, south on Fifth avenue and past the building in which was formerly the office of August Spies and Albert R. Parsons, when they wrote the bloodthirsty editorials for their respective papers.

As the first ranks of the Aurora Turn Verein passed the building some one of its members raised in the air a small United States flag, and waved it over his head. This was a signal for a cheer from the loyal spectators on the sidewalk. In half an hour more the procession halted at the depot on Polk street, and the coffins of the dead men were carried out by the pallbearers and deposited in a baggage-car, which then was attached to the train.

A MAMMOTH FUNERAL TRAIN.

Forty cars were required to take out the members of the procession, and hundreds of others, besides those in carriages, went out on different routes. So dense was the crowd on the tracks that when the train pulled out it was at a snail's pace. Every street crossing and every viaduct was blocked with human beings, who looked curiously at the trains as they passed by.

Out through the Bohemian district the wheels rolled, and as the slowly moving train passed many Bohemian women, whose husbands had taken part in the riotous scenes of May, 1886, peered out of their windows and over the back fences to get a glimpse of the car in which were the remains of the men who had preached anarchy to their spouses and led them in many a strike.

There was no incident of special note during the trip to Waldheim. Arrived there, the people quickly dismounted, and a band led the way to the cemetery, playing the most mournful piece of the day. High on the shoulders of their one-time associates were the black coffins of the Anarchists, each half hidden by its display of flaming red.

INSIDE THE CEMETERY

The coffins were laid upon a rude platform in front of what seemed a rough stone hut, perfectly windowless and with only one small door. A moment later a person who had followed the coffins to this point couldn't stir a hand or foot in any direction, so thick had the crowd become.

INCENDIARY ADDRESSES.

The relatives of the dead men quickly gathered beside Captain Black on the platform. The Captain delivered the first of the funeral orations. It was couched in clear-cut, elegant language, but had no effect on the crowds. It was principally devoted to laudation of the dead men.

Robert Reitzel spoke next in German, and was rather violent in his denunciation of everyone connected with the trial. He roused up the crowd considerably.

I. J. Morgan, a rabid English Socialist, followed in a violent harangue on the present condition of society. He said there could be nothing but contempt for the law which hung his comrades. Here an excited listener yelled,

"THROTTLE THE LAW."

Morgan continued to speak in the most bitter terms of all connected with the Anarchists' case.

The last speech was by Albert Carrlin, formerly of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He scarcely got a fair start on what apparently was about to be a typical anarchy harangue, when Captain Black stopped him. It was pitch dark, and the people were being wrought up to a high pitch by the oratory and surroundings.

The coffins were secured in the vault, and the people made their way to the carriages and trains. The great object-lesson of the century was at an end.

A BOLD ACT.

Attempt to Assassinate a Militiaman Just Before Daylight.

CHICAGO, November 13th.—A great deal of excitement was caused among the members of the Second Regiment early this morning by the report of an attempt to assassinate one of the guards on duty on the outside of the armory at Washington boulevard and Curtis street. Private M. Bell was patrolling at the north end of the building and at about 4:40 o'clock was startled by the report of a gun and a bullet whistling past his ear. The shot apparently came from the top of the coal-sheds in the rear of Carpenter street. Immediately the alarm was given and the soldiers turned out and overhauled the neighborhood, but without discovering anyone. The militia are at a loss to account for the shooting, unless it was done by some Anarchist.

The Police Vigilant.

CHICAGO, November 13th.—The entire squad of the Central detail of police was on duty this morning at 9 o'clock. About twenty men had been held in reserve all night and spent the day in the station, instead of being assigned to positions on the line of march. About 12:45 o'clock, shortly after word was received that the funeral procession had been started from August Spies' late home, Captain Hubbard called on the men to fall in, and assigned those who had not been on night duty to stations along the line of march from Lake-street bridge to the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street. Four men were placed at each street intersection, and orders were given to stay until the crowd dispersed and then go home and report this evening at 9 o'clock for duty.

HOME AND ABROAD.

LONDON MOBS GIVE THE POLICE LIVELY WORK.

The Sparks-Lamar Row—Blatherskite Most—Soldiers Bayonet an Irish Woman.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

THE SPEAKERSHIP.

Carlisle's Election as Presiding Officer of the House Conceded.

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WASHINGTON, November 13th.—[Special.] There has been some talk among Republican Representatives who have visited Washington recently of the feasibility of supporting rival Democratic candidates for the Speakership to Carlisle. This gossip is based upon the desire of Republicans to foment trouble between the protection leader of the party, Randall, and the revenue reform apostle of Democracy, Carlisle. It is not at all likely that any Republican Representative will vote for any Democratic candidate for Speaker that may be brought forward in opposition to the nominee of the Democratic caucus, and it is safe to assume that no Democrat will consent to lead a party of bolters against the Democratic nomination.

Carlisle will be nominated and elected Speaker, it is said. He will, as soon as elected, call Congressman Kelley, of Philadelphia (the "Father" of the House), to the chair and request him to name the Committee on Elections. This almost unprecedented action is made necessary by the fact that Carlisle's right to a seat is contested by his late opponent in the Covington District, Thoebe. Nobody claims that Thoebe has sufficient ground of contest to take Carlisle's seat, but if the Committee on Elections, appointed by a Republican member, should report in favor of his title, there is no Democrat in Congress who would raise his voice or cast his vote in opposition to such finding.

ALL BLUSTER.

Sparks Likely to Pose as the Injured Friend of the Public.

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WASHINGTON, November 13th.—[Special.] Commissioner Sparks, of the Land Office, still refuses to say what course he will adopt in replying to Secretary Lamar's letter. Sparks is a fighter, and it is believed he will not go out without expressing his defiance toward Lamar and the President. He can assume to be the friend of the people, as against the corporations, in the matter of his controversy with the Secretary of the Interior, but doubts are expressed as to his willingness to make an open battle with the Administration.

No doubt is felt that Sparks will go, but as to the manner of his going there is grave uncertainty. Last night, in conversation with a friend, he declared that he would not resign, but that he should only go when removed. To-day he intimated that he might resign. He refuses to talk with newspaper correspondents on the subject of the Lamar letter, but to-morrow he expects to be at his desk and to have prepared a statement for the public.

G. T. Bromley's Wanderings.

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WASHINGTON, November 13th.—[Special.]—George T. Bromley, for so long Consul at Tientsin, China, spent last week in the city as the guest of his niece, Mrs. Clarence Dutton. Mr. Bromley left on Saturday for a visit to his brother, Isaac H. Bromley, in Boston, from whence he will return to Washington in December for a more extended stay. His present home is in San Francisco.

The Lamar-Sparks Affair.

WASHINGTON, November 13th.—Secretary Lamar, during an interview with a reporter said that, in view of the published statement that his letter to Commissioner Sparks had been submitted to and approved by the President before it was sent to the Commissioner, he wished to say that neither the President nor any other member of the Cabinet, and, indeed, no one outside of his own office, so far as he knew, had any knowledge whatever of the receipt of the Commissioner's letter or his reply thereto, until it was delivered to the President Friday evening.

The Land of Promise.

EL PASO (Tex.), November 13th.—El Paso is at present the focus of a large number of railroad excursionists, who arrive daily as fast as the railroad lines can bring them from the East, and then go west and south. About one-third of all excursion trains go south to the City of Mexico, on account of the low round-trip rate lately made; but all finally direct their course to California, the modern land of promise.

Bob Lincoln's Horse Sense.

NEW YORK, November 13th.—The *Tribune* says: Robert T. Lincoln, talking with a friend about the defeat of Colonel Fred Grant, said, laughingly but earnestly, and as even a trifle relieved by the idea: "That effectually disposes of the promised ticket of Lincoln and Grant. A hereditary platform is not strong enough for a party to stand on."

Five Laborers Killed.

GLYNDON (Minn.), November 13th.—A fatal collision occurred at Averill Siding at midnight on Saturday, between a regular freight and a wild stock train, in which five laborers, returning from Montana, were killed.

FOREIGN.

LONDON RIOTS.

Trafalgar Square the Scene of Great Turbulence Yesterday.

LONDON, November 13th.—The proclamation of Sir Charles Warren, head of the London police, forbidding the holding of a meeting in Trafalgar square to-day, was placarded throughout London last night. At 8 o'clock this morning Trafalgar square presented an animated appearance, owing to the continual arrival of bodies of police, small drafts having been made from every district in the metropolis. Three hundred grenadiers were stationed in the barracks in the rear of the National Gallery. Police to the number of 1,500 formed a hollow square four deep on the southern side for the purpose of protecting Trafalgar square. Twenty-five hundred more were held in reserve. There were double patrols in all debouching streets until 1 o'clock. There were no signs of a procession. At that hour groups—mainly of sight-seers or roughs—began to assemble in the vicinity of the square, but a squad of mounted police kept traffic moving and dispersed each group as it formed. During these charges there were many exciting incidents.

THE POLICE KEPT BUSY.

As the crowd thickened the police were compelled to use their batons. By 3 o'clock there was an immense concourse of people packed on the steps of St. Martin's Church and Morley's Hotel, and on the roofs of house in adjacent streets. The majority seemed to be respectable people, attracted by curiosity. The remainder were loafers of the worst classes. Several arrests were made about this time.

Finally various societies—Socialists, Radicals and Irish—approached the square from every direction. The paraders were headed by bands of music, and they carried banners and mottoes. The police attacked each group as it arrived near the square.

FIERCE FIGHTS TOOK PLACE

On The Strand and Northumberland avenue, Whitehall, Pall Mall and other adjacent streets. One of the societies succeeded in entering the square, but was repulsed after a bloody fight, in which Commoner Graham was seriously injured. Graham was subsequently arrested for attacking the police.

A CROWD OF 100,000 PERSONS.

At 4:30 P. M. the crowd in the vicinity of the square numbered 100,000, and the police were powerless to thoroughly disperse them. Cavalry and infantry were summoned to the assistance of the police, but no charge was made, as the people of their own accord began to disperse at dusk.

About 200 citizens and 40 policemen were injured. Fifty persons were arrested, among them being Socialist Burns.

Some of the injured were well enough to leave the hospital after treatment.

VITRIOL AS A WEAPON.

One patient was dreadfully burned with vitriol squirted from a syringe. Another declares he was bayoneted in the buttock. Five policemen were stabbed with knives.

It was noticeable that the crowd, while hooting the police, cheered the cavalry and infantry posted in the middle of the square ready for action in case the crowd broke the police line. If the crowd had succeeded in breaking the line it is believed the Riot Act would have been read and the infantry ordered to fire.

AWED BY THE MILITARY.

When the cavalry force, with Colonel Talbot at its head, arrived from Whitehall and Magistrate Marsham was prepared to read the Riot Act, in case such warning should become necessary, the crowd became good-humored, in marked contrast with their demeanor on the arrival of the mounted police. While the guards trotted eight abreast around the square, cheers went up, accompanied by shouts of "Bravo, Marsham!" "We want free speech!" "We are all true Englishmen, Irishmen and Scotchmen!" "We only want our legal rights as citizens of London!"

The second circuit of the square by the guards elicited opposition from a mob of roughs in the crowd, who shouted, "Britons, shall not be ruled by lead and bayonets!" Three groans were given for the Home Secretary. The guards patrolled the square several times, and then turned into adjacent streets. They succeeded in awing the roughs and in greatly thinning out the crowd.

At 5 o'clock the grenadiers wheeled into the square with bayonets fixed and with twenty rounds of ball cartrieges in their pouches. They were accompanied by an ambulance. They halted in front of the National Gallery and opened into line. The mob was thus caught between lines of the police and military, and the roughs were compelled to run the gantlet. They were hastened on their way by a shove from one of the policemen, a cuff from another, and kicks from a third. Some of them showed a disposition to maintain their ground, but the soldiers brought their bayonets to a charge position, and the sight of the cold steel quickly decided them to retreat.

The officers of the grenadiers rushed to the front and ordered their men to replace their arms, and the soldiers then contented themselves with pounding with their rifles on the toes of the crowd, and boxing the ears of turbulent rougos with vigor, which seemed to delight the policemen. The crowd now hooted the military with an energy equal to that with which they had cheered them before.

CHARGES BY THE POLICE.

Soon after 5 o'clock the police made a series of violent charges with their batons in determined efforts to clear the whole vicinity, many points of which had been crowded all the afternoon. During one charge a whole window of an electrical shop fell with a crash. The crowd asserted that the window was broken by the hoofs of some of the policemen's horses. The police, however, assert that bricks were thrown at the windows. The loafers made a rush for the contents of the window, but the police recaptured many articles and arrested the thieves. A minute later the window of a refreshment room was smashed in by the pressure of the crowd. There were one or two similar cases in the course of the charges, but by 6 o'clock there was no fear of further trouble. At 6:30 the whole force of soldiers again patrolled the square, and finally the crowd dispersed completely.

SOME EXCITEMENT WAS CAUSED

At Whitehall by the victorious police marching with captured flags and banners. The mounted police and Life-guards were now ordered in the direction of the Parliament buildings, the side streets being cordoned with Constables to prevent rushes. This move cleared Whitehall and Parliament streets, and the guards, with the exception of the body retained in Trafalgar Square, were enabled to return to their barracks by 7 o'clock.

Quiet was now somewhat restored, though the square was still cordoned by police. Away from the central scene there were several outpost affairs. The most serious affray occurred at 4 o'clock at the bottom of Wellington street. Sticks and stones were freely used by the mob, and many policemen were injured.

An inspector had his nose broken by a blow from a clenched fist, and the man who committed the assault and twenty others in his company were at once put under arrest. Another procession, consisting of several Radical and Socialist clubs from Clarkenwell, made its appearance at Broad street and Bloomsburg, but was forbidden to enter St. Martin Lane. Several conflicts ensued.

A large body arrived by St. James street and Pall Mall at 4 o'clock, hooting Carlton and cheering the Reform Club. When this body was near the Athenæum Palace a line of police barred the way. The crowd resisted, and the police clubbed and drove them away. Their banners were broken down and trodden underfoot. Meanwhile

THE PRINCE OF WALES,

Who was sitting in a cab unobserved, returning to Marlborough House, ordered a drink for all the policemen on duty near the house. The Pall Mall clubs followed his example.

The Executive Committee of the Radical Federation held a meeting last night and resolved to hold a meeting of delegates on Wednesday evening at the London Patriotic Club to decide upon measures for repeating the attempt to hold a public meeting on Sunday next.

IN IRELAND.

The Police Mortally Wound a Woman—O'Brien's Clothes.

DUBLIN, November 13th—An encounter took place between the people and police at Innesboffin. The police charged with bayonets on the crowd, and mortally wounded one woman. Many of the policemen were injured by being hit with stones. The local magistrates, after inquiring into the affair, exculpated the police.

O'Brien wore his own clothes until Saturday. While he was in bed the night before his clothing was removed from his cell and replaced with the ordinary prison garb. O'Brien refuses to dress himself in the prison uniform.

Constable Thompson, of Limerick, has resigned, as a protest against the treatment of O'Brien.

LEAGUERS SENTENCED.

DUBLIN, November 13th.—Fifteen members of the National League have been sentenced at Kilrush to one month's imprisonment at hard labor.

The Crown Prince's Condition.

SAN REMO, November 13th.—The Crown Prince is in no immediate danger. His complaint may last many years. Dr. McKenzie is about to leave San Remo, but will return in a fortnight, provided no totally different decision be made in the meantime. The Crown Prince's general health is excellent.

Too Liberal a Split.

BIRMINGHAM, November 13th.—The Liberal Club, which was opened a decade ago by Hon. John Bright, has issued a circular to the members notifying them of a deficit of £6,000 in its finances, and proposing to levy an assessment of £10 on the members to cover it. The prosperous condition of the club suffered through the Liberal split.

John Bright on Land Purchase.

LONDON, November 13th.—John Bright writes a long letter protesting against any Land-purchase Act for Ireland. He contends that the Ashbourne Act, improved, if necessary, will serve all purposes for the gradual transfer of land to the tenants, where such is needed.

Fatal Collision.

LONDON, November 13th—An English steamer at Nicolaieff, Russia, collided with and sank the Russian man-of-war Elborous. Seven persons aboard of the latter vessel were drowned.

The Sun Will Rise as Usual.

PARIS, November 13th.—Boulanger has been released from arrest, and will arrive here to-morrow.

"Who is your lawyer, young man?" asked old Hyson. "O. N. T. Coatsanvest," replied Sapling. "Why, he's no lawyer: he's a tailor." "Can't help that; he's brought more than a dozen suits for and against me, and I'd like to see any lawyer do better than that."

PACIFIC COAST.

ARREST OF ANOTHER SUPPOSED PETE OLSEN.

New Version of the Doc Harlan Tragedy—Suicide at Fresno—A Costly Fire.

[SPECIAL DISPATCHES TO THE RECORD-UNION.]

THE CALIFORNIA TURF.

Senator Stanford's Norlaine Beats the World's Yearling Record.

SAN FRANCISCO, November 13th.—Up to yesterday Kentucky was proud in the possession of a colt that had beaten all records for yearling trotters. The honor belonged to Sadie D., and the time—which was regarded with wonder in the trotting world—was 2:35¾.

Norlaine is by Norvalle, he by Electioneer out of Norma. Her dam is Elaine, by Messenger Duroc out of an Electioneer dam. She is the property of Senator Leland Stanford, and was driven by James Marvin. The event took place after the finish of the postponed races at the Bay District track. Norlaine was accompanied by a running horse in a sulky, and on the second attempt Marvin nodded for the word, and away she went on her famous journey for a mile.

On the turn she wavered and broke, but, in the language of an old turfman present, proved herself "as handy as a pocket in a shirt," and, recovering at once, sped on to the quarter, which she reached in 39 seconds.

Down the backstretch she flew, making the galloper extend himself, and passed the half in 1:15½, or 36¼ seconds for the second quarter.

Around the turn Marvin eased the little beauty, and made the three-quarter pole in 1:53¾, or 38½ seconds for the third quarter.

Down the stretch she came toward home, while the crowd waited with bated breath as the timers called out the quarters on the still morning air.

All knew then that she would beat the record, barring an accident. She fairly flew past the stand and under the wire in the unprecedented time of 2:31½, the last quarter being made in 37¾ seconds.

When the timers called out the fact the pent-up excitement broke loose, and cheer upon cheer rent the air for Norlaine, Marvin and California, which now is credited with the best one, two, three and four-year-old records.

THE POSTPONED RACES.

The postponed races were all completed, the winners being Palatina, Prussian Boy and Willie S.

BLOOD-HORSE RACES.

OAKLAND, November 13th.—Yesterday witnessed the closing events of the Blood-Horse meeting. The day was pleasant, the attendance good, and the races exciting. The winners were Etta W., Kenny, Snowdrop, Bryant W., Narcola and Triboulet. The chief event of the day was the two-mile race, which Narcola won in 3:36.

P. A. Finigan's patent stall for starting horses was tried for the first time and proved a grand success. The horses are stationed on the track in what may be fittingly termed an improvised stable, which is divided into stalls. The horses are arranged in such a manner in the stalls that neither they nor riders can see each other, consequently there can be no jockeying. At a given signal an attendant who is stationed behind the animals, pulls a rope which stretches across the track, and everything is in readiness for the start when the canvas is removed. On the sound of a bell, or tap of a drum, the attendant in the rear touches a spring and the rope, which stretches immediately over the horses' backs, strikes the animals almost simultaneously, and the bunch of six or ten, or whatever number they may be, shoot out of the stable together, and the result is a perfectly even start.

A good horse by this scheme will never get left at the post, and this is one of the principal reasons that induced the inventor to study upon a scheme which would remove an undesirable incident in horse racing.

DOC. HARLAN'S DEATH.

The New Story that Hattie Woolsteen Will Tell in Court.

LOS ANGELES, November 13th.—Another sensation is promised on the trial of Hattie Woolsteen for the murder of Doc. Harlan. It is now said that the girl claims that Harlan was shot by accident; that during the ride on the fatal night she threatened to shoot herself and tried to do so, after escaping from the buggy; that Harlan leaped to the ground and caught her, and in the struggle the weapon was discharged, killing him; that the sister of Hattie and her lover helped to carry the body to the barn, and that the latter was set on fire. This theory of the tragedy will, it is expected, be urged at the trial in the girl's defense.

OLSEN ONCE MORE.

The Idaho Officers Confident They Have Mrs. Lyons' Slayer.

PORTLAND, November 13th.—The police authorities here have been informed by wire from Moscow, Idaho, that the veritable Pete Olsen, who killed Mrs. Lyons in Napa county, Cal., was arrested at Moscow yesterday under the name of Ole, or Olef Johnsen or Jansen. He had all the marks and manners of Olsen, said the telegram, and was unable to give anything like a satisfactory account of himself, but has been working in grain warehouses for the past few months. The local officers are holding him pending the arrival of a requisition from Sacramento.

The prisoner is sullen and nervous, and appears to be relieved by having been arrested. Despite the fact that so many "Pete Olsens" have been arrested in Oregon and Washington, the police are inclined to believe that the right man has at last been found.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

North Bloomfield Comes Near Being Destroyed by Fire.

NEVADA CITY, November 13th.—A fire broke out at North Bloomfield yesterday and burned the Grand Central Hotel, owned by Mrs. George Edwards, besides Morris & O'Connor's general merchandise store, Mariott's variety store, Sylvester & Bliven's saloon, and Glasson's blacksmith shops. The fire started in Morrison & O'Connor's store, Morrison and family living in the same building and barely escaping with their lives. The firemen succeeded in preventing the flames from spreading or else the whole town would have been destroyed. The loss will probably amount to $30,000, while most of the property was partially insured. It is also supposed that the fire was incendiary in origin.

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.

The Victim of the Merced Accident Not Likely to Recover.

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MERCED, November 13th.—Doctors Lee and O'Brien, assisted by Dr. Max Wassman, after waiting and wat