

CRIMES & CASUALTIES.

The Day's Record a Long and Revolving One—One Man Hanged by Form of Law and Another Without—A Number of Bloody Affairs—Railroad Accidents—The Fire Record.

DETOIT, Dec. 22.—A successful fraud was practiced on the First National bank of this city yesterday. A few days since a stranger sold some bonds to George K. Sisters' Sons, brokers, receiving two or three of their checks in payment, and these were subsequently cashed at different times. At the First National yesterday another check was presented for \$1,180 and paid. Soon after the check was discovered to be a forgery of so skillful a character that one of the clerks of Sisters' Sons pronounced it genuine at first. Only on close inspection of his own writing did he discover the fraud. It is believed the check was photographed, and then a remarkable exhibition of penman's skill completed the fraud.

A BURLIARIOUS POLICEMAN. SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 22.—Police Officer Joseph Lanktree was arrested to-night on two charges of burglary. Last night eight bags of raw silk brought here on the steamer Belgic from China were stolen from a Central Pacific railroad car. Lanktree was suspected, his house searched, and the stolen property found. The silk was valued at \$5,000. Lanktree has been a member of the force several years.

A DESPERATE CASE. SEAFORD, Del., Dec. 22.—David Outten, a desperate character, probably fatally shot Jno. H. Allen, a store keeper, last night. Outten then walked down the street firing his revolver. Being taken before Esquire Allen and ordered to disarm, he deliberately aimed at the magistrate and fired. A bystander struck his arm, and the bullet missed the mark. Drunkenness caused the crime.

KILLED BY THE CAIS. NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Delia McCauley and Kate Hermond, car cleaners in the employ of the New York Central railroad were probably fatally injured to-day by being run over by a train entering the depot.

LYNCHED. AUGUSTA, Ga., Dec. 22.—A negro who attempted to outrage a white girl near Nelson was taken from the officers while on his way to jail and lynched.

STREET CLEANING. NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—The grand jury to-day made a presentment against the cleaning bureau. It is insisted that the streets be thoroughly cleaned during the existence of the present thaw before the ice and snow again make cleaning impossible.

ATTEMPTED TRAIN ROBBERY. ST. LOUIS, Nov. 22.—Seven men attempted to rob the west bound train on the Texas Pacific railroad about two miles west of Dallas shortly after midnight night before last, but they were beaten off by the guard of state rangers on the train. It is thought one or more of the robbers were wounded, as blood was found on the ground at the point of attack.

DECLARED INSANE. NEW YORK, Dec. 22.—Ernest Dubourque, a Frenchman who, on the afternoon of Oct. 10, ran through Fourteenth street stabbing a number of women, was arraigned in the court of general sessions to-day on the charge of murder in the first degree. Although several of his victims have been severely wounded, only one, Mrs. Hanley, died. Medical experts testified that Dubourque was insane, and the jury under direction of the court gave a verdict of not guilty because of insanity. The prisoner was then sent to the state lunatic asylum.

FIRES. BIRMINGHAM, Conn., Dec. 22.—Bassett's paper box factory and Halleck's foundry burned this morning. Loss \$100,000.

BROWNVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 22.—The Brownville cotton factory was destroyed by fire at 2 o'clock this morning. Loss \$75,000; insurance \$60,000. Over a hundred employes are thrown out of work. The origin of the fire is unknown. It was discovered by the watchman on duty in the spinning room where no fire was ever used. The factory is not likely to be rebuilt, and has not been a prosperous institution.

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 22.—Mount Tom Thread company works at East Hampton burned. Loss \$50,000; insured for \$25,000.

BORDENTOWN, N. J., Dec. 22.—The lager beer brewery of Otto & Leyer, near Camden, burned. Loss severe; partly covered by insurance.

BROWNVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 22.—The Brownville cotton factory burned. Loss \$75,000; insurance \$60,000. Over 100 employes are thrown out of work. The fire originated in the spinning room, where fire is never used.

ST. LOUIS, Dec. 22.—A special from Texas says about a dozen business houses at Alvarado burned out last night. Total loss not stated, but supposed to be heavy.

SMURRA, Miss., Dec. 22.—Fire at four this morning destroyed the following stores: Shelly & Myers, loss \$3,500; insured for \$3,000; W. B. Dickerson, loss \$9,000, insured for \$6,000; G. M. Hodges, stock of merchandise, loss \$5,000, uninsured; saloon stock \$2,000, insurance \$1,700; building owned by Michael McCarty, loss \$1,000, uninsured; building occupied by W. B. Dickerson, loss \$600, uninsured; H. P. Owens, furniture, loss \$300, uninsured; Johnson & Hudson, stock of drugs, loss \$500, uninsured; A. J. Weems, warehouse, loss \$2,500, insurance \$800. Six stores-houses in all were destroyed. The fire is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 22.—A fire destroyed D. J. Spaulding's Albion mills at Black River Falls, Wis., this forenoon. Loss on mill over \$50,000; insured, \$22,500. Loss on grain, \$5,000; insured for \$1,000. Friction in machinery is assigned as the cause.

COLLISION CAUSED BY CARELESSNESS. BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Dec. 22.—A passenger train from New York, on the New York & New Haven railroad, ran into a switch engine here, derailling the smoker and first passenger car and smashing both locomotives. Several passengers were badly injured.

WANT AN INVESTIGATION. PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 22.—The Gas Trust trustees ask an investigation of their accounts, including six years prior to 1882. Mr. Smith, of the trustees, says an organized system of embezzlement prevailed for some years, and mentioned, as an example, the case of one clerk who had stolen \$2,300 in four months of a system which in six years would pay the conspirators about \$300,000. The resolution was referred.

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS. FORT WAYNE, Dec. 22.—A broken rail a mile and a half south of Connorsville threw one car of a passenger train on the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati & Louisville road off the track and into Whitewater canal. Roadmaster A. J. Stewart was severely injured. John Cole Scott hurt; Miss Georgia Fitching, daughter of the ex-estate treasurer, very severely, perhaps fatally injured; several passengers were slightly hurt.

MR. VERNON. Dec. 22.—An excursion train with 300 passengers was ditched by an open switch in the yards of the Cleveland, Mt. Vernon & Columbus railroad. A number of passengers were badly bruised, but none seriously injured.

SEVERE STORM. OPELOUSAS, La., Dec. 22.—A severe wind and rain storm occurred Monday and Tuesday. Old citizens pronounced it the heaviest deluge of rain since the last inland storm in 1855. Bridges were swept away in every part of the parish, some cabins blown down, and travel seriously interrupted.

A SHE DEVIL. SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 22.—Elvion Duncan, of Palmer, was to-day convicted of assault upon her step-son, Alfred Duncan, aged six years, with intent to maim. The maiming which was revolting in the extreme, will probably result in permanent injury to the boy's reason. The deed was committed with a knife, the woman waiting the child from sleep to perpetrate it.

MURDERER HANGED. STORRSVILLE, Miss., Dec. 22.—Jones, who murdered Thos. J. Jones on the 3d of July last, was hanged at Louisville, Miss., in the jail yard this afternoon. Only a few persons were allowed to witness the execution. Jones told the officers an hour before he let him go an hour, and then he would die cheerfully. He leaves a wife and two children in Alabama, whom he abandoned several years ago.

DISHONEST LETTER CARRIER. CHICAGO, Dec. 22.—Paul Ruhl, a letter carrier, arrested to-night on charge of rifling letters, has made a written confession, the facts of which have not been made public.

AN INCESTUOUS DEED. LINCOLN, Neb., Dec. 22.—John Barnett, the man brought here from Council Bluffs on a charge of incest, had a preliminary examination to-day. The evidence is very revolting. The outrage was perpetrated upon two daughters, eight and thirteen years of age respectively. He was bound over in \$5,000 bail and committed to jail in default of bail. Intense excitement prevails.

A HARD COMMUNITY. A Very Unsatisfactory Condition of Affairs at Opelika, Ala.—Acts of Lawlessness of Frequent Occurrence—A Reign of Terror. [Special Telegram to the Globe.]

ATLANZA, Ga., Dec. 22.—The revocation of the charter of Opelika, Ala., and the appointment of a commission of five citizens to take charge of the best interest of the city, have done nothing in the way of restoring order in that much riddled municipal battlefield. Three of the members of the board are said to be Dunbar men, appointed by Geo. O'Neil at his request, and the remaining two men of little force and nerve. None of the men possess the necessary will power or backbone to take hold of the law-breakers and handle them with gloves off. Last night while Ring H. Kelsner, editor of the Opelika Times, was absent from the city on a visit to Montgomery, his house was fired into from the street by miscreants who used shot-guns loaded with buckshot. The contents of the weapons used crashed through the windows of his sleeping room, in which were some members of the family. Ten buckshot buried themselves in the wall near the bed. The opinion of the residents there is almost universal that the commission will accomplish nothing without military aid from the governor. It is stated that it is quite difficult to get at the real condition of affairs at Opelika, owing to the fact that no one wishes to be quoted as saying anything either one way or the other for fear those who imagine that they have been unjustly referred to will hold the man who gave it away responsible. The telegraph operator, rumor has it, is afraid to convey any information to the outside world, and in consequence much darkness reigns without as to the exact state of affairs at Opelika.

WHISKY IN BOND. Windom Takes a Hand in the Game. [Washington Correspondence N. Y. Sun.] There are said to be 90,000 gallons of whisky in bond. The tax on this is \$81,000,000. This whisky may be lawfully withdrawn from bond in January next, and the owners say that it will ruin their business, make a panic, and turn loose on the country this enormous amount of whisky which cannot be marketed. Such were the statements of John Sherman to-day when explaining the bonded whisky bill to the senate. The bill provides that the longer the whisky remained in bond the more it would be worth, as it was the kind of whisky that age made valuable. There was not much opposition to the bill, nor to Senator Windom's proposition to charge 5 per cent. interest on the tax for the next two years, but Senator Windom's proposition to allow no more whisky to go in bond for a longer term than one year raised such a whirlwind of opposition that excited and Beck angry. In Windom's proposition lies the milk in this coconut. It is the old fight between the rectifiers, whose whisky is as good or bad when it is thirty days old as it ever is, and the Bourbon distillers, whose whisky grows richer in flavor as it does in value by age. The rectifiers claim that the time has come when the distillers have got to stop receiving the aid of the United States government in competing with the rectifiers. The distillers say that unless the government goes on allowing whisky to remain a long time in bond a business representing hundreds of millions of capital will be ruined. So it happens that two interests are playing at sea-saw with each other, and using congress as the balance.

THE COBBLER'S CHRISTMAS. "It's no use, Becky," said the little cobbler dropping his head upon his hands and looking as he felt the personification of despair; "I have offended the Lord somehow, and he won't let me have the chance to keep a home over your heads. I know I'm not all I ought to be, and I'm punished."

Becky went across the room and patted her husband on the back. "Now, don't take on, Nick," she said, "that can't be, for he as knows all, knows how good you are. Better days will come. You're sure to, and you'll be rewarded for all your patience yet. The darkest hour is just before day."

"The cobbler shook his head. 'I've gin up hope,' he said, 'what with rent and the bill for the medicine. It was like me to get sick just at the worst, and no work coming in; and the new shop, with the gilt sign tempting the folks from our shabby basement even for the mending of their old shoes. I'm crushed down. Why, you are as thin and white as a ghost. You haven't tasted meat this week, Becky. 'No more have you,' said Becky, 'but la, why, there is folks thinks meat unwholesome, vegetarians, Nick, they call 'em; where I lived out once, I saw one.' 'Did he say bread was unwholesome too?' asked Nick. 'Oh, gal, I wish I'd left ye living out at service, rosy and bright and happy, but I meant to do better, I said. If I was an able bodied man, I'd work somehow and somewhere, but it's the nothing with me. Becky, why didn't you take Tim Rolf, the wheelwright, and send the little limping cobbler about his business?'

"I didn't like Tim," said Becky. "And I just knew how nice and cozy we'd be together. Never a quarrel, Nick. And how we used to go to Hoboken and have lemonade in the garden, and come home after dark of an afternoon, and how we used to go to church on Sunday morning in clothes as good as any one's." "Used," sighed poor Nick. "Why, it can't be all up hill," said Becky. "I haven't time to go out gallivanting now, but la, I don't miss it. We're already married folks now you know." "Oh, Becky," said the cobbler, "you 't to keep up heart, but you know it's come to starving."

They looked at each other, and then Becky put her arm about her husband. She did not weep upon his bosom, she was so big and strong, and the little cobbler as helpless as a man could be except at his trade, and Becky's washing stopped, for heaven only knows how long, by a great felon on the palm of her right hand. But Becky loved the queer little mortal—she stopped crying first, and kissed him between the eyes—a great frightened blue eyes, that seemed dead for crying.

"You stay home and mind the place," she said. "I am going out a while. Perhaps there'll be a bit of luck—who knows?" She put on her bonnet and shawl—such a thin little shawl—which had been used for an ironing cloth, and had an iron shape scorching between the shoulders—and took up a basket.

The cobbler looked at her. "Becky," he said hoarsely; "Becky," she knew just what he meant. "The little children, Nick," she said; "we could starve, but the poor little critters—Nick, it won't seem like begging when it's for them." And when the door shut behind her—and poor Nick limped after her as though to stop her; then paused, and fairly flung himself on the floor, wishing he were under the ground beneath it.

"God forgive the man who marries a woman to starve her," he sobbed. "Why, if I had known it would have come to this, I'd never have courted her. It's time I was dead!" Perhaps being a strange, impulsive little fellow, there might have been a tragic end to this scene, but that the children came in and began to cry—partly at the sight of their prostrate father, partly because of hunger—and Nick forgot himself, to do what he could for them. He had no dinner, but he had a great deal of love, and some pieces of red kid. And the fact that the mother and the basket were both gone together, impressed them with the hope of provisions. Meanwhile, Becky had gone a begging. It would be horrible, no doubt, she thought, to take food from strangers—but she found that there was one thing even more terrible, not to take it. Door after door was set open in her face since a dog was at her, or she thought so. Professional beggars had made themselves nuisances to many people and how were they to know when real poverty asked alms. Men whom they had pitied as paupers, proved to be owners of real estate. Cripples and blind men whom they had aided, were found to have bound up strong limbs and glued their eyes together—so they were hard upon real distress, and refused to be broken bread. At 6 o'clock evening, Becky stood at a street corner, with one crust in her basket and no more. Beyond lay a pawnbroker's shop, and Becky looked at the golden balls, and at her wedding ring. She had worn it for fifteen years, and it was thin and fragile, but it was pure gold. Through all she had kept it until now. Must it go? The thought was worse than begging. Becky took a step forward, another step, then she began to cry a little. Nick's ring, that he put on her hand so long ago—oh, dear! oh, dear! But she grew brave again, and walked into the shop, and pawned the ring! It was not much they gave for it, but it would buy a supper, and perhaps she would get it back. That was a very faint idea, perhaps, however. A woman was in the pawnshop, as she waited, bargaining with the proprietors over a little girl's clothing, costly things, strangely out of place in her hands. Becky noticed this, saying to herself that they were never fairly come by. But she had forgotten all about it; when coming out of the baker's a little voice fell on her ear, and looking down she saw a barefoot child in wretched rags, sobbing piteously. Becky looked at the child, and in common enough, and her own were waiting for the leaves in her basket. She walked on bravely, and so upset the toddler. Then Becky needs must stop and pick her up. "Why don't you go home to your mother? It is night-time," she said, "and not stand here to be knocked down." And a little silver thread of a voice answered: "I can't find mamma. I can't find my home. Where is mamma? Oh, mamma!" Becky knelt down. A white head of crumpled knelt, and a pair of blue eyes, swimming in tears, she could just make out. "I'll take you home—only say where," she said. But the child could tell nothing. It was plainly lost. Becky took it in her arms, and made inquiries at the corner grocery, where she bought a slice of ham; but no view of the child. It was growing late, too, and Becky could not leave it to its fate. "I'll take it home, and to-morrow find its folks," she said. So, when the cobbler and his children saw the door open at last, there entered by it, not only their mother and a basket, but a baby also. A new baby came frequently to that establishment; and the children, in their juvenile view of such matters, opined that they had another little sister. "It is a poor lost child," said Becky. "I'm going to keep it to-night. Its parents are poorer than we are; you can see that by its bare feet and only one little frock, poor thing! Now hold her, Nick, while I cook supper. I didn't beg it, Nick—so don't fret. And then keeping her ring-finger out of sight, Becky fried the ham, and made the gravy, and cut bread, and sent for two cents worth of milk—which judiciously diluted, made a quart of milk and water, and tried to be very cheerful. The lost child cried, but Becky fed it and soon coaxed it to talk; then came a story of a nasty woman and a blue dress. The youngster, who had chewed the red kid, acted as interpreter. Soon, it was discovered that the person described as nasty, had taken away the child's blue dress and other garments, and had whipped her. Becky listened intently. "That dress was blue, Nick," she cried. "I knew 'twas hers—a tipsy, ragged woman; and folks that own them don't come pawning. I—"

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Then she paused—the secret was out. Nick's eye had glanced toward her wedding ring, and back again in her face. "Oh, Becky," he cried, "Becky, we didn't think—"

Becky flushed scarlet. "I didn't mean to tell," she said, "but now it's out; I'm married all the same, thank God. It was at the pawn shop I saw the blue dress. And she told them of the woman whom she watched, and of her suspicions. The child has been stolen, Nick," she said. "It's a gentle child you can see; and if we can find its name out, we may save some one trouble we've never had. Think of some one of ours being gone all night, Nick!"

The baby's name seemed to be Minnie Smith—though M. S. might be anything else; and putting the children to bed all in a row, like the little Ogres in fairy tales, save that they had no crowns on, Nick and his wife started off to the pawnbroker. The man was good natured, and looked at the garments. They were marked M. S. "I'm right then," said Becky. "They are a child's and they have been stolen." "And if we can find the poor mother, we'll save more than any but a mother can."

"But think of the Smiths," said the pawnbroker. "There's thousands of 'em." "And thousands," said Becky. "But those men—the police—they may know." And out went Nick and Becky to question the guardians of the night, until at last, despairing of an answer, they were turning homeward, when a blaze of light from an open door fell over them, and they saw on the steps a weeping woman and a tall handsome man. "Hush, we will find her if she is alive," said the man.

Nick and Becky gave a sort of little cheer in union. "Is them, Beck, they certain and sure. Oh, man, if your name is Smith and you're lost a little girl, we've found her." And then the cobbler and his wife were pounced upon and the story told. In half an hour the six little Ogres with-out crowns were aroused from their slumbers by an arrival in the night, and the odd baby was taken out, to their distress and consternation for they had counted on keeping her.

And Nick and Beck forgot their own troubles in the parents' joy. And Nick said it was like a play. "And so it was—one with a happy ending and pray Becky to tell her what she would like and Beck confessed that to have her wedding ring back was the one of her life; and this led to the cause of his pawning, and all the dark hours ended and day broke; and there was food and fire, and a Christmas dinner that made them all forget they had ever been hungry; and it happened that baby Minnie's father needed just such an honest man to work as poor Nick was, and gave the place to the cobbler, and to spare the little home he and the simple goodness shown to baby Minnie.

"So it's never time thrown away to a kindness to any one," says Becky, often; "for somehow you are always rewarded for it. If I'd left the little beggar's child, as I thought in the street, and never stopped to care for it—as I might have done in such a trifle—where would Nick have been this Christmas?—I don't know! Not that I did anything but what a Christian ought, but see how we are paid for it!"

LOUISE MICHEL AT HOME. A Visit to the Celebrated Female Agitator of Paris—The Programme of the Anarchists Laid Down—Government Denounced as a Crime to Be Rid of. [Correspondence New York World.] A visit which I yesterday paid to Louise Michel in her home at the end of the Boulevard Oranien—that is, at the end of what are called the quarters eccentriques—gave me a much clearer revelation of the causes which have made this inspired fanatic what she is. No wonder she so persistently demands an "equal place in the sunshine" for all humanity. Nothing could be dirtier, more poverty-stricken, and more squalid than this home, composed of a kitchen, two badly-lighted rooms, and an ante-chamber, occasionally furnished with an enormous coffin-shaped bath-tub filled with suspicious-looking water. As has been justly observed, the only comparatively clean things in the place were a plaster bust of Charlotte Corday and the old mother of Louise, with whom the bath-water seemed remarkably connected. The uncurtained windows of the room in which Louise receives her guests were blocked by a huge work-stand, piled high with dusty books, pamphlets and newspapers. The center of the room was filled by a table also crowded with appropriate literature, varied by a plate of what seemed to be last year's butter, an old shawl, a hand-box, and other miscellaneous useful articles. Two straw-bottomed chairs, one of which was occupied by a small basket of soiled linen, completed the furniture. And here, amid this chaotic confusion, Louise sat, oblivious of discomfort and squalor, ready to tackle the problems of anarchy and revolution at a moment's notice.

The only thing which diverts her mind from these subjects is the care of her invalid mother, on whose account she has been obliged to indefinitely postpone her proposed American tour. This old lady clamorously disapproves of her daughter's principles, and regrets having prevented her from entering a religious order, as she once was bent upon doing. Mme. Michel usually abuses anyone going to the house, but on this occasion she behaved with unwonted civility. Once she appeared in the door, like a jack in the box, and requested that we "would not disturb everybody by making such a noise," and, having ejaculated this, suddenly vanished in the direction of the next chamber.

We spoke of Nihilism. "Anarchism," said Louise, "is founded on the same idea; but the Russians were much more to be pitied than the French, as to accomplish the desired result in Russia it will be necessary to immolate thousands of victims, while here a comparatively small number will answer the purpose." This was said with perfect composure. We asked what the programme of the Anarchists is. Louise replied quietly: "What the name implies. It is to tear down the whole social edifice, and begin over again. We must destroy all government. One half of the world must no longer sweat and toil in darkness for the rascals who, by a system of lying and thievery, keep all the good things of life in their own hands, and sit in the sun." Louise spoke these words with the visionary passion of a prophet. It is impossible to pin her down to what politicians call practical issues. When confronted with a too self-evident fact as offering some obstacle to the triumph of anarchy, she wandered off into diatribe, and her declamation as though disclaiming the practical work of road building and bridge repairing.

"What will you do with the thieves and other offenders who will take more interest in their own advancement than in that of society at large?" I asked. "People will not steal," she answered. "What object would they have in stealing? All is equally divided. Once the tyranny of all the gods, empires and the soldiers is done away with, crime will disappear. It is only the result of fear and oppression. Remove the cause, and the effect will no longer exist."

"Call it what you will," I objected, "there inevitably must be some form of order, of government." "No," she promptly said; "there you are all wrong. Government is a disease. Humanity will become one great family, ruled by justice and love, when it shakes off the disease called government. In other words, the people will be formed into what have been called 'social groups' according to their different tastes and pursuits; but the mere fact of some creatures having greater talent and energy than others will in no way longer entitle them to a larger share than others in the common property. On the contrary they must work with better heart on this account, so as to lighten the burdens of less gifted mortals. In order to prevent the monsters who are capable of wishing to capitalize their earnings from reaping their iniquity, money must be done away with. The fruits of each man's labor will be deposited in public stores, and exchanged for whatever he may require."

"After all, then, making I venture to interpose, 'your belief is very like Christianity with the religious element omitted?'" "Yes, it is a new faith, a new ideal. It will be a hard and a long night, but in the end we shall win the battle," and, breaking off here her tirade, Louise suddenly jumped up, saying, "Excuse me, I must attend to my mother." We shook hands heartily, and she hoped I would come to see her again after her return from England, where she was going to make a collection for founding a free soup-house for prescribed Communards. "Why, I haven't heard anything about that," I said. "The project is not yet accomplished; we Anarchists believe in acts and not in words." She dropped her voice ominously as she fired this parting shot, fraught with all sorts of horrible suggestions.

The Anarchists' headquarters are at Geneva, where the scientific knowledge of Elisee Reclus and the vast fortune of Prince Kraptokine are consecrated to the propagation of the doctrine. Anarchism, although the most savage and sweeping in its aims, is the smallest as yet of the four Socialist schools now flourishing in France. These are: the Anarchists, the Collectivists Possibilistes, the Collectivists Revolutionnaires, and the Blanquists. They are all one in their wish to abolish individual property and establish some form of Communism, but they are divided on questions of government and tactics. The Collectivists Revolutionnaires agree with the Anarchists in wanting to bring on a violent revolution, but differ from them in their wish to establish a centralized government which will distribute the work of the community and recompense each citizen for his labor. The Collectivists Possibilistes are perhaps the most dangerous just now because the least violent action of the Socialist world. They are the unconscious pioneers of the revolution, preparing the way for it by getting their leaders into politics to inaugurate legislation on their ideas. The Blanquists are difficult to classify, as they surround themselves with mystery, acting upon the pretext of their founder, "Beware!" Anarchism seems to be their means, but not their end. The Anarchists are led by Emile Gautier and Louis Michel; the Collectivists Revolutionnaires by Jules Guesde and P. Lafargue—a son-in-law of Karl Marx, the founder of the international society, after whom Collectivists are sometimes named; the Possibilistes is headed by Malon, an ex-member of the Commune, and by Brousse; the Blanquists by the communist ex-Gen. Enes, Blanqui's beloved disciple.

W. C. Anderson, a Montreal telegraph operator, by the will of a uncle in Scotland came into possession of \$750,000.

NOVELTIES. PLEASE YOUR WIFE. Sweetheart of my friends. Our Elegant and Co. Holiday Goods. Ready Sale. NOTICE. St. Paul Laundry and Manufacturing Company.

Manufacturers of the ST. PAUL FARM ENGINE or wheels, Railroad Castings, Iron Front or Buildings, Heavy Wood and Coal Saws, Bridge, Saws, and all other kinds of Castings.

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