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Daily ST. PAUL Globe.

THE GLOBE'S ACCOUNT

OF THE

EXECUTION OF THE ANARCHISTS

Will be the Most Graphic and Interesting of any

SENT OUT OF CHICAGO!

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Joe Howard, Jr., will send a special Account in his best vein, and there will be, in addition, all the reports of the Press Associations.

VOL. IX. SAINT PAUL, MINN., FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 11, 1887. NO. 315.

A DAY OF HORROR

Joe Howard Tells a Graphic Story of Sensational Occurrences.

He Gives the Awful Details of the Suicide of Louis Lingg,

Which Was Followed by the Self Slaughter of an Excited Lunatic.

The Action of the Governor Discussed From Several Standpoints.

Fears of Trouble on Sunday When the Funerals Will Take Place.

The City Quiet as Yet, But Every Precaution is Taken,

To Prevent Any Outbreak on the Fateful Friday Morning.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 10.—Lingg in heaven or wherever, Fielden and Schwab to go to Joliet prison, and the four others pacing their cells in anticipation of to-morrow's noose. So stands the the record of to-night. Louis Lingg is dead. There is no doubt about that to begin with. He has kept his word, and has not only saved his own neck, but has put the sheriff, the jailer, the governor and everybody else into a very bad hole. It was bad enough to look ahead to Sunday, as all wise men do as the great day in this unprecedented drama, because, assuming that an execution will take place, and the reception just now of a card which reads "Admit Joseph Howard, Jr., of New York, to witness execution at Cook county jail, at 10 m., Nov. 11, 1887," and signed Canute R. Matson, sheriff, would seem to indicate there is to be, there

Must Be, Something Done

with the bodies, mustn't there? And the law as it is interpreted to-day gives the bodies to the families or friends of the dead. That means a big funeral, a tremendous demonstration and everything that can be done within the limit of the law. Oh, what a day this has been! Horrors upon horrors! Mutilation in a cell! Suicide in the jail yard! Consternation on the street and doom telegraped from the capitol. With these factors in your mind it will not trouble you much to fashion the situation as it exists here to-night. The air is full of a subtle something which finds its way into every lung and stirs the innermost cockles of the least sensitive heart. "I won't die on the scaffold," said Lingg ten days ago. "I hate and defy you all," said Lingg a week ago. "I approach my last moment cheerfully, but I will not go alone," said Lingg not forty-eight hours ago. Stripped,

He Had Been Searched

time and again, changed from cell to cell, his clothing taken and other garments put upon him. He nevertheless in some way managed to conceal about his person, probably, nd not impossibly, among his bushy hair, enough fulminating mercury or dynamite to blow up the entire jail if it had so pleased him. It excites no surprise when a mad bull rushes through our streets, frightening inhabitants, overturning obstructions, and finally dashing with headlong speed against a lamp post to his death. Why, then, need it excite surprise that this man with his bad eye and his evil expression, after years of infernal utilization of his undoubted intellect, after showing to what length he was willing to go when he manufactured and delivered the Haymarket bomb, after his impassioned utterance, his contemptuous defiance and his violent prating day and night, should in the end like any other infuriated beast regard his own destruction with calmness, if not with pleasure? Unhappily for him his suicidal purpose fell short of the ultimate. He did his worst and failed. Bang! sounded a report, which echoed from wall to wall, followed at 8 in the morning by

A Tremendous Cloud

of bluish smoke. The thirty-day prisoners huddled together as one might imagine on the last great day the ignorant of the earth will seek in bands to avoid the oncoming of the great upheaval. Terror blanched their faces and added apprehension came from what they saw in each others' eyes. The jailers started to their feet and, as in the olden times men roused from slumber by the rumbling of an earthquake, sought places of refuge, ran quickly into the open space apprehensive of the falling of the walls and the grand descent of the heavy roof. The condemned anarchists, reading, writing, smoking, or whatever in their respective cells were transfixed with apprehension, wondering what next. No walls fell in, no roof came down. The smoke was quickly dispelled, and then rushing in a body to the cell the keepers found, prone upon his bed, blood flowing in a torrent from his shattered face, the mutilated, mangled body of the most defiant of the gang.

Poor fellow!

Yes, poor fellow, indeed! For while he succeeded in eluding the hangman's noose, the ignominy of a public execution and a dreaded reputation which would have followed him for all time among his kinsmen and his friends, he paid most dearly for his crime. Writhing in pain, unable then and forever more to speak, with blood gushing from his lungs through the orifice in his throat,

His Lower Jaw Gone

his eyes hanging on his cheeks as those of men strangled on the gallows often hang, unconscious and breathing so slightly that at first he was deemed to be dead, was this extraordinary combination of self-conceit, mental stubbornness and expert intelligence of physical sturdity, of devilish intent. Imagine two cylindrical pens filled with fulminating mercury closed at one end, holding a short fuse at the other. This it is supposed was put by Lingg into his mouth, the fuse lighted by a candle flame or a cigar. Quickly burning the fuse communicated with the deadly explosive and the end came. Had the shell been pushed further into his mouth or had he inserted it in his nostril his head would have been blown to pieces. As it was the supposition is that the heat was so intense he could put the shell but a little distance in his mouth and the explosion was downward rather than upward, because the tissues of the throat, the neck and the front of the jaw were entirely torn away, and the terrific explosion seriously damaged the organs of respiration, breaking, if not destroying entirely, the tissues of the lung and the adjacent parts. He presented a sight which words fail to picture. No one was permitted near him except the doctors and a few of us who chanced to be in the jail in the neighborhood of 9 o'clock. Mutilation is the nearest word that approaches the description of the poor fellow's face. His skin literally hung in strips. His throat was so opened as to reveal its interior absolutely. Every now and then clots of bloody matter, followed by great quantities of crimson-colored blood, followed each other in rapid succession. It seemed to be a question of seconds only as to when he would pass away. His vitality was something wonderful, his nerves, his grit and his power of endurance. Who, after this experience, can deny it? For, although when consciousnsss came back to him, he

Suffered Untold Agonies

he never groaned, murmured nor complained. He was carried at once into an adjacent apartment, where the surgeons dressed his wound and a commiserating reporter held him in his arms. Convulsive coughs and involuntary shudders seemed to start fresh flowings of his blood, and he shivered from head to foot. The rapid flow of the blood choked him and it was found necessary to keep him in a sitting posture. In the course of half an hour he moved his hands and fingers, as though he would like to write. A pad and pencil were handed him, and he wrote in German: "I can not breathe lying down; would rather sit up." To the inexpert and unprofessional eye death had set its seal upon his features, but the physicians were in doubt, or if not in doubt, they were certainly very non-committal, for they ventured to express no opinion beyond that it was a toss-up that he might live or that he might die, although the probabilities were in favor of his dying. After an hour or so had passed the doctors, and particularly Dr. Gray, who gave most intelligent attention to the case, thought it not impossible for him to live over to-night and to-morrow, and the sheriff

Expressed a Belief

that that would be the case, basing his opinion upon a similar occurrence of which he had knowledge, that of a man who was shot precisely as Lingg was, who lived for several days thereafter. Although the general public were, as indeed they have now been for several days, excluded from the jail, those who are there by right form a by no means inconsiderable group, and as the word spread throughout the city that Lingg had blown his head off and the excitement born of extras, which absolutely flooded the town, affording the swearing editors a splendid opportunity for circulation affidavits, great crowds gathered about the jail, and those who had a right came hurriedly in. Such a scene as was there presented they never saw before. It might well be termed ghastly. The narrow cell was spattered with blood, with teeth, with bits of jawbone, with shreds of flesh and pieces of soiled garments. On the floor, with footsteps tracked, lay a trail blood from the rear of the cell along the corridor to the bath. The furniture was spotted with blood and that indescribable odor which comes from mutilations in general, and those attended by a bloody discharge in particular, filled all the air. Of those interested in the case first arrived Capt. Black, a sturdy, soldierly figure, with a good, square face, in every line of which is written an honest determination to do what he believes right and best for clients, good or bad. I looked at him with unfeigned admiration as with dimmed eyes he leaned over the unfortunate fellow, who, opening his eyes, looked steadfastly at him and nodded his head. But as he did so the

Ragged Strips of Flesh

that hung to his face moved to and fro. Literally overcome, the captain hurried from the cell and instantly sought the officials, the jailer, the sheriff, the doctors, suggesting that a consultation should be held at once as to whether a man in Lingg's condition should be hanged. Dr. Finger said that it would be impossible to hang him, and no one ever heard of a wounded man being hanged. But the sheriff did not exactly understand why there should be any need of a consultation. In his judgment the facts would settle the matter. If he lived there was no reason why he shouldn't be hanged. If he died, of course, he wouldn't be. This line of thought was followed not only by the officials and the physicians and the counsel and the reporters and the correspondents and the prisoners, but by everybody in the city, and the universal regret was that Lingg had not carried his suicidal purpose more fully into effect. The corollary, however, of a more extreme regret was that elasticity in prison discipline should be so marvellous as to permit a prisoner of Lingg's well known desperation, of his acknowledged determination not to die upon the scaffold, to be able to conceal about his person, or anywhere else, the material from which to manufacture the deadly missile used upon this occasion.

The Case of Gordon,

the slave trader, who was hanged early in the sixties, in the tombs in New York city, was recalled to mind. Some of his friends, either emissaries from the rich Boston merchants who owned the slave ships and profited by the slave trade which Gordon carried on, and for whose crime he was confessedly made the scapegoat, or possibly his devoted little wife, who subsequently opened a little candy store in Williamsburgh, and married her chief clerk, gave to him some poison, which he took shortly after midnight of the day before that fixed for his execution. He was found early in the morning writhing in what appeared to be his death agony. Dr. Hodgman, the tombs physician, applied a stomach pump most successfully, but it was a grave question as to whether the man would rally sufficiently to warrant his execution. Robert Murray was marshal of the district, and a very anxious marshal he was at that particular juncture. Large quantities of whisky were poured down the little man's throat, and like an anatomical shred, or a baby Marionette he was walked up and down, and up and down, by his attendants, who hoped against hope that he might be kept up until the final moment. Drunk as any lord, when the hour came he was given a great glass of whisky and half carried, half dragged, he was taken, preceded by the priest and parson, followed by the guard and attendants to the enclosure of the tombs, where the boys' prison now stands, and in less time than it takes to say Jack Robinson, limp, listless and saturated with the essence of John Barleycorn, he was choked to death, and his besotted soul presented in that condition in the court of the Most High. Had he been left alone, had the stomach pump not done its work he would have died. They saved him that he might die upon the scaffold. Such has been the unrewarded labor of the surgeons here to-day. In spite of his wonderful vitality and all the care of expert surgeons Lingg lingered only until 3 o'clock,

Then Passed Away.

Never was the enterprise of Chicago newspapers more admirably illustrated than on this occasion. In less than twenty minutes thereafter the Chicago News had an extra upon the street. Very soon followed by extras from the Herald and the Mail. Subsequent extras issued by the Daily News, are a study in sensationalism. Five columns, each marked extra, stare at one, headed respectively, "Suicide," "Horror," "Is Dying," "May Live," "Oglesby." The first announced that Lingg, who had shot himself in the jail, had died instantly, having killed himself with a bomb. The next showed that Lingg was fatally wounded, was unconscious and dying; the next that he was still living, but could not live many hours; the next that there was a possibility of his recovery, and that in that event the governor must issue a stay of execution. Precisely how many scores of thousands of these News, Herald, and Mail extras were sold, it would be impossible to estimate, but a drive through the streets showed very clearly the temper and condition of the public mind. All business was suspended. Strangers told each other the news and discussed the situation. Waiters informed guests in the hotels, and guests who never met before talked excitedly and with unfeigned interest to each othera bout the extraordinary development. Groups of men gathered at the corners, others in the vacant lots fronting on the lake. Clerks chatted with customers, drivers talked with their patrons, canvassed the probabilities, and every man, woman and child in the vast amplitudinous aggregation of humanity knew that the culmination was approaching, and that as one of the condemned had carried out his threat, it was not too much to expect that others or their friends would follow soon.

Now, do not run away with the idea that Chicago is in any tumult, nor that there is any wild boisterousness on the streets, or that there is any timidity on the part of the authorities. There is

A Universal Feeling

that Gov. Oglesby is not competent to fill the bill. I have heard in newspaper sanctums, in lawyers' offices, in ministers' studies, at the dining tables of hotels, in the cafes, the barrooms, the theaters and on the streets of the city, that it was not only an outrage towards the condemned themselves but that it was a most infelicitous exhibition of timidity and almost cowardice on the part of the governor which was a disgrace to the state, and which threatened possible disaster to the peace and comfort and well being of this city infinitely more than any of the threats which, until the meeting of May, 1886, were bombastic in the extreme of all the anarchists combined. It is regarded as a most extraordinary feature of the case that the governor should not have signed the death warrant a week ago or have intimated clearly his purpose of commutation of the sentences of some and the carrying out of the sentences of others. Adverse criticism is heard everywhere upon his course of yesterday. Why he should have permitted the women and children to go and make their dramatic although most natural appeal to him in person, no person can understand. He is an old man, a good old man, one who heretofore has dealt with public questions not only with honesty but sturdily and with purpose along the line of public weal, and therefore men hesitate to criticize him harshly now, but cannot refrain from expressing their surprise and in very many cases their indignation at his hesitating and vacillating course.

Among others who heard the news of the suicide was

A Lunatic.

by the name of Anderson. He was taken from his home to the police station this morning and put in an ambulance to be carried to the insane ward of the county hospital. The newsboys upon the street calling out their extras with the word that Lingg had committed suicide attracted his attention, and lunatic as he was, he concluded what was good for the Lingg goose was good for the Anderson gander, and without saying a word as to his purpose here or hereafter, he quietly drew a razor from his pocket and cut his throat from ear to ear. What seemed before the news of commutation was known a significant straw, was that while all the anarchists with the exception of Fielden and Schwab, were removed from the cells occupied last night to others to-day, the wo mentioned were not disturbed. Nothing had then come from the governor, but the general feeling was that while he would yield to his merciful tendency and desire so far as to commute the punishment of Fielden, who was the most blatant talker of them all, and of Schwab, who was, to be sure, nothing but an echo of Spies, who was chief editor of the paper on which he was subordinate. The others, five in number, counting Lingg as one, would be hung to-morrow not later than 12 o'clock. It is not at all improbable or unreasonable to suppose that

Some Quiet Hint

was given to the sheriff. It surely would not have been fair to him, physically considered only, to notify him to-night that he must hang these people to-morrow, and it would savor somewhat of perfunctory impertinence if he were to go on with his preparations for an execution to-morrow if the governor had concluded to commute the sentence of them all, so it was generally thought that the four men would be hanged to-morrow, and that the two, Fielden and Schwab, would be relegated to the penitentiary for life, which of course means an ultimate pardon, and at no later date than that when the socialistic element in the state shall have shown itself strong enough, numerically strong enough, to be worth the attention of time-serving politicians. Spies and Fischer and Parsons and Engel were carefully searched. Their clothing was taken from them and submitted to closest scrutiny, and new suits made by order of the sheriff were put upon them. These clothes had been in readiness several days, and were to have been put upon them to-day anyhow. They were changed again to other cells this afternoon, and it is not at all improbable that between this writing and the hour appointed for their execution they will be moved from point to point, so that their possible suicidal intent will be that much balked, in any event. But, after all, the point remains that Lingg, in whose cell was found four bombs only sixty hours ago, who was taken out and

Stripped Literally

and put into clothes that he never saw before, and who has had no communication with any person outside the jail or with any visitor whatever save that he was permitted to speak across the space some twelve feet in width, in some way or other managed to conceal not only the explosive matter with which he mutilated and destroyed himself, but enough besides to upset and overturn the entire institution. The sheriff's idea is somewhat similar to that which I expressed above, that the material was concealed somewhere about his person. But to the question, why wasn't his person searched as well as his clothes? There can of course be no satisfactory response. But Lingg settled all this speculation by silence, and as his involuntary groans or gurgles or whatever they were—they could not be called groans, because he had no mouth to groan with, and they had more soundific volume than a gurgle has—grew weaker and weaker, and his pulse fell lower and lower, convulsions set in, agonizing vibration stirred his frame from end to end and instead of pssing beyond the line to join the great majority peacefully and quietly as he might have done, he experienced some such agyny as the men he murdered in May, 1885, experienced, and knew in his own existence ther horrors and the infamies producible by the explosives, in the making and combination of which he was so skillful an expert, Pity for Lingg as an entity! oh no! Pity for the poor sufferer

Covered With His Own Blood,

struggling unvoluntarily, but struggling all the same,—racked with agony, every nerve strung to its utmost tension by the fierceness of pain, whose ferocity cannot be described! Yes. The question to-night is, what shall be done with him? He has no relations in this country that are known, no friends of special nearness. The young woman who has somewhat flippantly been spoken of as Lingg's sweetheart was not so in any inside sense of the term. She was an acquaintance and propably a near if not a dear friend, but it would hardly seem within the limits of propriety to turn her mangled body into her hands. Shall the county bury him? If so, when and where? Trite as this suggestion may seem, and easy of solution as the proplem may be to people who have nothing to do with it, to-night it is a very significant embarrassment and a problem most hard for the officials to solve. It is no pleasant thing to retain the body of that man in the jail precincts to-night. It is no easy matter to remove it unknown to thousands of people who are watching to know precisely what will be done. And this brings up this whole question of a public demonstration on Sunday. There is no known law to prevent it, is there? The law does permit the mayor to regulate parades the same as it does in New York and all great cities. He can say there shall be no processional parade on this or on any other day, if he deems it in the interest of public peace. That is, there shall be no great processional parade with banners, with flags, with music, and with all the perfundary addenda and adjuncts of a demonstration. But in would be

A Queer Idea

in this land of the brave and home of the free if a man's friends cannot attend his funeral, and if ten of them have the right, ten thousand of them have the right, and so on, ad libitum, and that is the precise situation to-night. The authorities of the city face that probable emergency on Sunday, a tremendous demonstration, and it is a much more perplexing problem for the constituted authorities here than the mere execution of four condemned men. The mayor is all the more embarrassed in considering the question of Sunday's funeral by reason of the apparently peaceable intentions and the unquestioned and ungetaroundable peaceful attitude at the present time of the men who would be looked to for trouble if there were to be any. As for instance, the Arbeiter Zeitung which may, perhaps, without unfair judgment, be considered the organ of the anarchists, admonishes peace and order to reign within the borders of the city. Any attempt at violence and riot would make the exit of these unfortunate fellows more tragic. It certainly could not soften it. While the best way that men who are honest in their socialistic doctrines—and there are very many of

Continued on Fifth Page.

THE SCAFFOLD.

It Will Be the Instrument of Death for Four Human Beings.

The Governor Commutes the Sentences of Schwab and Fielden,

And They Will Spend Their Lives in the Penitentiary at Joliet,

But the Others Are to Die Between Now and Noonday's Hour.

Affecting Farewell Scenes--The Condemned Men Still Undismayed.

Chicago Guarded by Police and Militia--The Death Watch Set.

Attempt to Kill Juror Brayton--Rumors and Events This Morning.

Special to the Globe.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10.—The governor has commuted the sentences of Fielden and Schwab to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary. The governor refuses to interfere in the cases of the other men. The governor made the announcement by sending his son to the front door of the executive mansion, where a score or more reporters were waiting, and informed them of the gov-

RICHARD J. OGLESBY.

ernor's decision. None of the anarchists' friends who are in the city were present when the decision was given, as they were all waiting for 8 o'clock, when it was supposed the fiat would go forth, according to the last bulletin from the executive mansion. George Schilling, E. A. Stevens and Senator Burke were at supper at the St. Nicholas when a reporter

Told Them the News

of the governor's decision. All were visibly affected, but Schilling rallied first and said: "I felt yesterday that that would be the way it would turn out." Neither of the others made comment. A labor representative from Cleveland, who was sitting with them, leaned his head on his hands while the tears rolled down his cheeks. L. S. Oliver and the three Spies brothers, Christ, Ferdinand and Ernest, were on their way to the governor's mansion when they were met by some reporters, who broke to them the news that their brother must perish. Seen in the uncertain gaslight their faces looked pitiful. The expressions of pain that passed over the countenances of the young men were sad in the extreme. Better than words could tell it their anguish was pictured in their tear-filled eyes and quivering lips. L. S. Oliver said: "I have done my best and I must now attend to my family and business." Crowds surrounded the bulletins which have been posted in the newspaper offices. The general verdict is that the governor extended all the clemency he could under the circumstances. Some are disposed to rail at what they term the governor's soft-heartedness, but the majority considered the justice of the result.

George Schilling wired at once to Capt. Black and the Amnesty association office. Gov. Oglesby was interviewed by a GLOBE reporter, but refused to talk on the decision, saying his opinion, which would be given out at 8 o'clock, would fully cover all that could be said.

The Final Decree

concerning the doomed anarchists was telegraphed to Sheriff Matson by the governor at 5 o'clock this afternoon. The formal decision bearing the great seal of the state will be taken to Chicago to-night on the 9 o'clock train by the governor's son and private secretary, Robert Oglesby, who will be met at the depot by Sheriff Matson, who will formally receive the warrant of the state to execute Fischer, Engel, Parsons and Spies. The governor seemed very much affected by the adverse decision in regard to the men, which he felt himself compelled to give. His good-natured face, usually beaming with smiles, bore a sorrowful look of mingled firmness and pity. To sign the death writ of those men had evidently cost him many a mental struggle, and often his benevolent heart must have hesitated between the soft pleadings of pity and mercy and the cold demands of unrelenting justice. That the decision was the last result of the most careful, thoughtful and even prayerful consideration on the part of Richard J. Oglesby cannot be doubted.

The Opinion.

The following is the complete text of the governor's opinion in the case.

"State of Illinois, Executive Office, Springfield, Nov. 10, 1887.—On the 20th day of August, 1886, in the Cook county criminal court, August Spies, Albert R. Parsons, Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg were found guilty by the verdect of the jury and afterwards sentenced to be hanged for the murder of Matthias J. Degan.

An appeal was taken from such finding and sentence to the supreme court of the state. That court upon a final hearing, and after mature deliberation, unanimously affirmed the judgment of the court below. The case now comes before me by petition of the defendants for consideration as governor of the state. If the letters of Albert Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg demanding "unconditional release," or as they express it, "liberty or death," and protesting in the strongest language against mercy or commutation of the sentence pronounced against them can be considered petitions, pardon, could it be granted, which might imply any guilt whatever upon the part of either of them, would not be such a vindication as they demand. Executive intervention upon the grounds insisted upon by the four above named persons could in no proper sense be deemed an exercise of the constitutional power to grant reprieves, commutations and pardons unless based upon the belief on my part of their entire innocence of the crime of which they stand convicted. A careful consideration of the evidence in the record of the trial of the parties, as well as of all alleged and claimed for them outside of the record, has failed to produce upon my mind any impression tending to impeach the verdict of the jury or the judgment of the trial court or of the supreme court affirming the guilt of all these parties. Satisfied, therefore, as I am of their guilt, I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the penitentiary as they emphatically declare they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for executive clemency. Fielden and Schwab in addition present separate and supplementary petitions for the commutation of their sentences. While, as said above, I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties, as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. And as to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. As to all the other above named defendants I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants, August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office, I have been unable to do so.

RICHARD J. OGLESBY, Governor.

The Formal Order.

The following is a copy of the instrument officially commuting the sentences of Fielden and Schwab:

State of Illinois, Executive Department. Richard J. Oglesby, Governor of Illinois, to the Sheriff of Cook County. Greeting: Whereas, Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab were convicted at the June term, A. D. 1886, of the criminal court of Cook county, of the crime of murder and were sentenced therefor to be hanged, and

Whereas, It has been presented by divers good citizens of said county that said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab are fit and proper subjects for executive clemency, now know ye that I, Richard J. Oglesby, governor of Illinois, by authority in me vested by the constitution of this state, do by these presents commute the sentence of the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. In testimony whereof, I hereto set my hand and cause to be affixed the great seal of the state.

Done at Springfield this 10th day of November in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twelfth. R. J. OGLESBY, Governor.

The announcement of the governor's decision in the anarchist case

Spread Like Wild Fire

this evening, and the greatest excitement naturally prevailed. Much speculation had been indulged in during the day, and since noon the impression had been prevalent that the sentence of Fielden and Schwab would be commuted, and possibly that of Spies or Parsons. The decision cannot be said to have been by any means a surprise here, and it is no exaggeration to say that the governor's action meets with general approval. Since the public announcement of the decision the governor has remained in his study at the mansion, and is engaged this evening in considering the great volume of general public business which has accumulated while the all-absorbing pardon case was pending. He is evidently giving no heed whatever to the great volume of threatening letters he has received, as the lights are shining brightly from the windows of the executive mansion and everything has its wonted appearance. Four policemen are, however, keeping a close lookout around the mansion, and will doubtless continue to do so nightly until some time after the execution of the condemned men.

George Schilling received a dispatch from Capt. Black this evening to the effect that

The Romb Thrower

had been located in New York, and asking the governor to grant a respite of a few days till an investigation could be had. The governor said that he had already received a similar telegram from New York. Capt. Black also wired Schilling that he would arrive in Springfield at 4:30 to-morrow morning to make another appeal for respite for Parsons. Schilling will remain over to meet Capt. Black.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The following telegram was received here to-day:

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Capt. W. P. Black, Chicago: I hold proof showing sentenced anarchists to be innocent. Guilty man in New York; located. Have telegraphed Gov. Oglesby. Proof is under oath. How shall I communicate?

AUGUST P. WAGNER,
Counselor-at-Law, 59 Second avenue.

Capt. Black left for Springfield at 9 o'clock to-night and will endeavor to secure a respite for the condemned for thirty days, in order that he may look into the new evidence presented.

AFFECTING SCENES.

The Relatives of the Doomed Men Say Their Farewell Words.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—When the news of the commutation of the sentence of Fielden and Schwab was received at the jail there was an extraordinary scene of activity. The news was sent to the relatives of all the condemned men, and in a short time they began to arrive at the jail. The first of the women to come was Mrs. Schwab. Soon after Schwab was brought from his cell to the main office. His wife quickly advanced to him, and throwing her arms about his neck burst into tears. Schwab returned the embrace in a calm manner and soon the two were chatting

Continued on Fifth Page.

A HUMAN TIGER.

Louis Lingg, the Handsome Young Bomb Maker, Kills Himself,

And Cheats the Gallows, as He Always Declared He Would.

He Suicided in the Most Ghastly and Horrible Manner Imaginable.

Placing a Dynamite Cap in His Mouth, He Applied a Lighted Candle,

And Blew the Lower Part of His Head Into Bleeding Shreds.

After Hours of Agony He Expired, Nervy and Defiant to the End.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Louis Lingg, the anarchist, will never speak again. Quick, awful as was ever act of his creation, the voice that cried "Hoche die anarchie" was turned to silence for-

ever. What seemed a muffled, horrible echo of the fearful bomb at the Haymarket came sudden in his lonely cell this morning. That instant the man's face, which, belying his fiend-like deeds, has seemed beautiful as an arch-angel's, was made a revolting mass of blood and shreds of tangled flesh. Louis Lingg was triumphant. Despite all human efforts, he had effaced from even his countenance every trace of God's image. For a single instant, with his back against the bars of Lingg's cell door, the stalwart guard stood stupefied while a puff of blue smoke from the dark recess behind unnoticed crossed his shoulder. Then ensued the wild rush of deputies, the clanging of iron gates, and above the confusion and din the hoarse shouting of the guards, "It's Lingg! It's Lingg! That came from Lingg!"

A rapid, cautious movement by a turnkey, flung the cell door open, and with an eager peer into the shadows, two excited deputies jumped pell-mell in. Their ejaculations of horror brought the other guards quickly within the cell. An age of agony and suspense was passed by the jail inmates in the cells above and around. There was a shuffling of feet on the stone floor, and then the hundreds of strained eyes watching down through the iron netting bars saw a group of guards in shirt sleeves struggling across the dimly lighted area bearing by legs and arms the body of a man between them. The upturned face was

A HUGE CLOT OF BLOOD,

but the turnkey who supported the head, had his fingers wound tightly into the unmistakeable brown curling ringlets of the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg.

The big key of Jailer Folz grating in the main lock, interrupted for a moment the sound of pattering blood on the white stone pavement. There was a creaking of rusty hinges, and the anarchists and common jail-birds had gazed their last on Louis Lingg. A few steps brought the huddled up cortege to the bath room of the jail, a stuffy little apartment scarcely ten feet square. Lingg was dumped on the floor with scant tenderness by the men who have been daily half expecting to meet their death at his hands.

To all appearances the anarchist was stark dead. His lithe, athletic form was clothed only in a short tunic, and the brawny limbs seemed rigid. A small pool of gore was soon floating the brown curls surmounting the broad shoulders and one glance showed how Lingg had striven with dynamite to blow off his own head. The entire lower half of the once handsome face was gone, including the upper lip and jaw and the upper fraction of the nose. Where it had been was now a jagged bloody gap extending across to the ears and down to the Adam's apple.

"Open your eyes, Lingg," exclaimed the jail doctor, who had just reached the room. To the astonishmet of the bystanders, Lingg's eyes opened and looked calmly about him. He was immediately raised to a table and

PROPPED UP WITH PILLOWS,

and washed hurriedly. White cloth bandages were passed around the lower part of the face and around the top of the head, hiding all but the nose, eyes and forehead, all loose, dangling bones and flesh being first cut away. The gutta percha mouth of a fountain syringe was inserted with a doctor's finger into the great hole left by the dynamite. By this method water and brandy were administered. This was repeated at intervals, Lingg meanwhile gazing steadfastly about him, watching every move of those in the room, but apparently indifferent to what they did and caring nothing about the almost ceaseless slamming of the door only a few feet distant. Every now and then, without any seeming immediate cause a fearful hollow groaning would sound through the bandages. Listeners aghast would abandon the room only to give place to a new set not yet weakened by the horrors within the death chamber. Lingg moved his long sienwy right arm easily—his left hand was torn by the dynamite—and without trouble wrote in German simple directions as to raising him higher or the like. Beyond

A GLANCE OF RECOGNITION

to Capt. Black, who came into the room for a moment, and said "poor, poor fellow," there was nothing to break the agony of six mortal hour's wait for death's approach. Rev. Dr. Bolton, a Methodist minister attending Fielden, went in but got no answering look from Lingg. The minister came out shaking his head helplessly. Lingg's breathing gradually became slower; the pallor on the forehead deepened; a slight glaze was noticed in the now sunken eyes. Some one said: "He is dying," and the reporters made ready for a rush to the nearest telephones. Lingg's big breast heaved once and was still. His eyes looked straight ahead with something of their old brightness, but at a whisper from the doctor the reporters dashed to the telephones, falling one over another down the narrow stairway to the court yard in their efforts to tell the news first. While the reporters were tumbling and running the doctor raised Lingg's right arm. It fell back on the table limp. The attendant's right and left forefingers were laid on Lingg's forehead and pushed the eyelids shut. In a moment the little room was empty of all but the ghastly corpse of the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg.

The noon issue of the Arbeiter Zeitung, the organ of the anarchists, contained a short account of Lingg's suicide, which read:

"They have urged our courageous friend to death. This morning he committed suicide by placing a rifle cartridge in his mouth and igniting it, resulting in almost instant death." The account goes on to say that his friends' declaration that he was insane yesterday drove him to commit suicide.

AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

A Terrible Scene of Excitement and Consternation.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The explosion in Lingg's cell created a decided sensation in the jail. All the prisoners, over 200, heard the report. Jailer Folz was the one who carried the news that Lingg had used such deadly means to make away with himself, to the other anarchists. The jailer approached Parson's cell.

"Lingg has killed himself," said Mr. Folz.

"Great God, is that so?" exclaimed Parsons.

"Yes, it is a fact," was the reply.

"Well, my God!" exclaimed Parsons, "I wish I had some dynamite myself. I would kill myself only too quickly."

August Spies was then informed of the tragedy. "I expected nothing else," said Spies, quietly. "Ever since the finding of the bombs in his cell last Sunday, I was satisfied that if it was possible he would make away with himself. For my own and my comrades' sake, I am glad he is out of the way."

ACCORDING TO JAILER FOLZ,

all of the remaining anarchists are completely broken down. They look on the suicide of Lingg as placing him in the category of an extreme anarchist, which place they do not wish to occupy themselves. Schwab became deeply depressed. He walked up and down his cell with his head on his breast. Engel and Fischer refused to talk to their keeper, but were evidently almost overwhelmed by the tragedy. Jailer Folz and his son Otto, who acts as chief turnkey at the jail, were very much depressed this evening over the event of the day. Mr. Folz was asked to explain the way in which Lingg had kept his dynamite cap from his keepers. Said he: "I have two theories. You know that Lingg had a very bushy head of hair. It is not without the bounds of possibility that he placed the cap in his locks and kept it there while we searched him last Sunday. At that time he was stripped completely. My deputies searched all his clothing and could find nothing of a suspicious character. Then again I have a theory which I hardly like to speak about. I have known of cases," he continued slowly, "where women thieves have concealed their stolen property in parts of their person which would be indelicate to specify. Lingg may have done the same thing. Of course, this is more speculation, but it came into my mind while studying up the various features of the case."

DEPUTY SHERIFF O'NEILL

told the following story to an Associated Press reporter. By way of preface, it may be said that this same deputy has been stationed directly in front of Lingg's cell, and Deputy Englehardt was his brother officer. Said O'Neill: "At 8:40 o'clock everything in the jail was quiet. The common prisoners were taking their breakfast in the usual manner. Jailer Conrad Folz, having driven from his home on the North side, entered the jail at the hour mentioned. His first question was as to how Lingg felt. This remark was delivered to myself. I replied that the prisoner was very quiet this morning. I had my back to the door of his cell, but to assure myself turned about and looked into the inclosure. Lingg was lying down on his cot. There was a candle burning on his table. The use of a candle has been allowed him for some time. Jailer Folz went into his private office, which is about twenty feet from the cage in which Lingg's cell is. A moment later there was an explosion. To my mind it was such an explosion as would be occasioned by the discharge of a double-barreled shot-gun, heavily loaded with not only bird, but buckshot. Immediately myself, Englehardt, with Deputies Egan and Hogan, the two latter being near at hand, jumped to the door of the cell. At the moment of the explosion Jailer Folz ran out of his office and crossing the reception room of the jail, came to our assistance. At this minute we saw a few wreaths of smoke coming out of the cell occupied by Lingg. The prisoner was on the floor. The lower part of his face was such

A MASS OF BLOOD

that the features were unrecognizable. Blood was scattered over the floor, on the cot, in places on the wall and the body of the suicide was covered with it.

Deputy Egan was immediately dispatched to the insane department of the jail. This is reached by running down the iron steps, crossing the stone yard, dividing the basement, again up a pair of stairs and finally into the doctor's private apartments. When the doctor came to the jail proper he saw at once that the case was one which he could not safely handle alone. He sent a messenger around to Dr. Fenger's house which is on LaSalle avenue, a few blocks away. Dr. Fenger is a skilled surgeon. As soon as he arrived he ordered Lingg taken to another room. The one selected was the bath room of the jail. The dying man was carried to this apartment by myself and the three deputies mentioned. He was placed on a hastily improvised table. By this time three other physicians had arrived. One dressed the torn flesh, another gave attention to the tongue of the mortally wounded man. A portion of the tongue was left and was attached to the palate. This fell back into the throat, stopping Lingg's breathing. The physicians pulled this back and a string was attached which was held by a deputy, thus allowing respiration. While this was going on another surgeon operated a deodorizer, another had a syringe in his hands and frequently injected portions of brandy and again doses of salt. Morphine injections were also given."

Jailer Conrad Folz thus explains the manner in which Lingg took his life. He said: "Lingg in some way became possessed of a dynamite cap. This cap is between one and one and a half inches long. It is made of copper and the outer end is plugged up with a piece of lead. The copper for at least half an inch is filled with dynamite. Then a small portion is filled with fulminating powder. Into this powder runs a f