A DAY OF HORROR.

Continued From First Page.

them believing that labor is the under dog and greatly wronged by capital, the best way for them to serve their cause is by obedience on this occasion at all events to the behests of the law. Every possible precaution will be taken to compel this condition of affairs and it will redound very greatly to the credit of the slang wang talkers on the lake front if their brains suggest this course to their ordinarily active tongues and somewhat overfree bearing in the presence of their fellow citizens.

The talk about the great labor demonstration to-morrow was bosh. Every one, so far as I can see and judge, or infer, is impressed with a sense of the

Solemnity of the Occasion

and the duty of the hour. There is a great deal of human nature in people out in this part of the world, and I find Thomas, Richard and Henry are just as anxious to see that spectacle as Tom, Dick and Harry, and just as anxious here as they have always been in New York, and in every other place occupied by civilized man. Gov. Oglesby, of Springfield, and Sheriff Matson—whose name by the way is Canute—rather significant just now, as he has it on his outer door, beyond which no man can go, recalling the absurd physical demonstration of the old-time King Canute in the presence of the all-conquering waves—in Chicago have for the past week sustained a burden of popular pressure that cannot well be exaggerated or overestimated in report. Oglesby, on the one hand, has been badgered and bustled and everything but hustled by the friends of the anarchists, while the sheriff has been bombarded in his home and forced into the very interior sanctum of his office by a multitudinous array of men from all sections of the country, from all grades of life, and in every possible occupation, clamoring for tickets to the jail to-morrow morning. Many men have an idea that an execution is a most impressive affair. On the contrary, it is a very tame and common incident to civilized society. So long as the condemned stands with face uncovered it is indeed a solemn occasion—one calculated to stir the kindliest feelings in every observer's heart—but when

The Black Cap Is Drawn

and the face is concealed it is impossible to consider from any point of view, the figure standing, or the figure when lifted high in the air, as that of the human being. That, by the way, is a very remarkable physicologic fact. In order to appreciate the humanity of the man about to suffer, it is absolutely essential that you should see his face. The only striking part of the forthcoming will be its numerical quantity and obviously no great number of witnesses can be present. The jail yard is very small. The scaffold will be twice the size of an ordinary instrument, and the attendance will be more numerous, so that there will not be room for even the ordinary customary number of spectators. The sheriff, I think, has made very judicious arrangements. He has issued passes, first to twelve men known as the sheriff's jury, who are to act in that capacity as a kind of coroneristic body to certify to the legal death of the condemned; also to the lawyers in the case, who, it is not probable, will care personally to use them, and they are not transferable; to one representative from each Chicago newspaper; to one representative from each significant paper in the large cities, ten, I believe in the ten large cities, and two, I understand, to clergymen. By the way, that clergyman factor is rather interesting. The men condemned are agnostics, as I understand it. They do not deny the existence of a God; they simply don't know anything about it, in which particular they differ chiefly from the rest of us, in saying they don't know anything about it, while others who do not know anything more about it than they do pretend to know a great deal. Clergymen were in the jail to-day and were permitted to talk to the anarchists, who listened to them respectfully. Fielden confesses to some religious ideas, but he and his ideas will remain on earth for some time to come, so it makes very little difference.

A Clergyman

by the name of Bolten, talked with him, and also with Schwab and Spies. He was there, perhaps, three quarters of an hour. Schwab has an idea that there is no God, while Spies, who has made a somewhat theatric tender, unnecessary under the circumstances, of his life as a vicarious offering in the interest of the others, thinks that when we die we become component parts of nature, and that is all there is about it. Lingg, I remember, said some little time ago to his faithful friend, Osborne: "I am an anarchist, a socialist and a revolutionist. There is no future. I will not sign." Still these ministers are doing what they think they ought to, I suppose, and the condemned are acting simply like men of the world, who do not care to be rude with people of their profession. In view of the crowded condition of this city, and further in view of the reported coming to-morrow of thousands of people from all over the state, the best news to be sent out to-night is concerning that bogusly alluded-to labor demonstration of to-morrow. It is a fact that the executive committee of the Central Labor union have advised the members of the union to

Abstain From Work

to-morrow, but they say expressly that that action was taken as a mark of respect to these unfortunate men, an assertion which the advice given by the Arbeiter Zeitung, alluded to above, abundantly indorsed. Nevertheless, the authorities, national, state and city, have made widespread and judiciously arranged preparations. Gen. Terry declines to talk about his arrangements, but it is obvious that they are made, all the same. He said to-day that he should say nothing about any of his arrangements until after the execution and after the expected disturbance was put down, as he considered it very bad form, not to say poor policy, for a commandant to give out his arranged plans of action in advance. He also said that it was a very simple matter for Gov. Oglesby to communicate by wire with the president in case he should conclude that the state and city authorities were unable to put down any disturbance here. I hear from other sources that all these precautions have been arranged for, and that so far as the government troops now stationed at Highwood are concerned, arrangements have been made which will insure their immediate transfer to this city if they are needed, and that a special train has been chartered, and that

If Any Trouble Comes,

the police being unable to bear the brunt alone, and the state militia, giving way to the regulars, can be rushed to the front in less than half an hour. This is the headquarters of one of the brigades of one of the Illinois state troops under the command of Gen. Fitzsimons, who has 1,250 under arms here and can add to that number within three hours of any given time about 750 more. But he is entirely convinced, as I may say all the authorities are, that there is no anticipation or expectation of a riotous demonstration to-morrow, and they are all in hope that the sensible advice given by the local leaders of the labor union will do much toward preserving the peace which they, in all events, will endeavor to enforce. The city is quiet. Intense excitement dominates the town. What the morrow will bring forth no one knows, but the sheriff will bring his four victims out not far from noonday. Then farewell to all their greatness.

JOE HOWARD, JR.

THE SCAFFOLD.

Continued From First Page.

quietly together. After this Spies and Fischer were brought from their cells and taken to the jail library. Engel was brought to the private office of Mr. Folz. This was done for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take their last interviews. The first one of the women to arrive after Mrs. Schwab was Miss Engel, the daughter of the condemned anarchist. When the two met in the private office there was an outburst of grief, which it is impossible to describe. Father and daughter clung to each other and sobbed convulsively. Their conversation was in German and listened to only by Deputy Oleson. Then came Mrs. Spies, the mother of August. She had been waiting outside for an hour and a half. Her sobs could be heard through the corridors of the building. She did not stay long in the library with her son, and on her exit from the jail Mrs. Fischer was admitted. She went into the library and

HER LAMENTATIONS

were heard above the tramp of the deputies who swarmed about the place. But the crowning scene of all was the visit of Nina Van Zandt, the proxy wife of Spies. She was conducted to the library by Deputy Oleson. As she walked through the main office she betrayed no emotion. The moment at which she saw August, however, completely changed her demeanor. There was a look, then a gasp and in a trice the lovers were in each others' arms. A bevy of curious reporters and officers crowded up to the door of the library, but it was quickly shut by the deputy. The interview between the prisoner and his faithful devotee lasted nearly half an hour. What actually transpired will never be known to the world, but it was sufficient to bring a glimmer of tears to the eyes of the old deputy. In half an hour the lovers had parted, and the excitement of the entrance of Nina had passed.

At 8 o'clock there was an influx of deputy sheriffs to the jail. Men who had for years been serving civil writs and not bothering their heads about hangings came in. They all wore heavy overcoats and in the right hand pockets of these were bulky objects, which to the eyes of the experienced, were plainly revolvers. Orders were given forbidding the entrance of any one not connected with the press or the sheriff's office. Then some of the deputies went to supper and matters quieted down.

THE DEATH WATCH.

Close Guard Kept Over the Men Who Are to Die.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Shortly after 7 o'clock Sheriff Matson came to the jail. His mission was two-fold. He wanted to give personal notice to Spies, Engel, Fischer and Parsons that they would have to suffer the extreme penalty of the law. He also wanted to see that his deputies were so placed that all unauthorized people should be kept from the vicinity. When the sheriff went into the cell room he was accompanied by Deputies Price, Turner and Galpin. The quartette stayed in the cell room for about twenty minutes. The sheriff would only say that none of the condemned men showed any signs of breaking down. It was at 7:25 o'clock that Rev. Dr. Bolton, of the First Methodist church, called on Parsons. His visit lasted about three minutes, and his efforts to get Parsons to consider spiritual matters were of no avail. Capt. Schaack was the next noted arrival. He had been telephoned by the sheriff. The "Burgomaster," as he is styled, went into the cell-room. When he came out he said he had not talked to any of the anarchists. He was asked by a deputy to step into the room where the body of Louis Lingg lay. The captain indignantly refused to look at the remains. "I don't want to see Lingg," said he. "I haven't seen him in months and don't want to see him now that he is dead." Then supper was brought in from a neighboring restaurant. All of the anarchists partook of cream toast. Fischer indulged in steak and Engel ate some mutton chops. All took coffee. In this connection it may be said that last night when Lingg was asked what he would take for breakfast he ordered potato and chicken salad. He took his life before he ate the meat. After the suppers were brought in

THE UNDERTAKER

who was to take charge of Lingg's remains, came. His name was Fred Klauer, of 186 Milwaukee avenue. Next was borne in Lingg's coffin. It is made of pine and stained a walnut color. The undertaker and his assistants placed the remains in the coffin, and it was decided to allow it to remain in the jail all night.

At 8:10 o'clock Spies, Fischer and Engel were taken from the rooms in which they had bade farewell to their relatives, and consigned to their cells. These were soon closely guarded. An armed deputy stood in front of each barred door. Inside the cell of each prisoner was a lantern, while a table was placed outside and on this table was a lamp, thus giving the guards an opportunity to watch the movements of each prisoner.

During the evening ex-Sheriff Hanchett, who had charge of the hanging of the three Italian murderers, came in to see the anarchists. He was accompanied by Sheriff Udell, of McHenry county, who hung Jim Dacey, the slayer of Ald. Gaynor, of Chicago.

MRS. LUCY PARSONS

created a scene in the criminal court building about 10 o'clock. She walked down Michigan street to the main entrance and was admitted to the hallway by the armed guards. She had with her a lady friend. Approaching the door which leads to the jail yard she demanded permission to proceed. This was denied her by a deputy sheriff who was acting under directions of Sheriff Matson.

"But I must go in to see my husband," exclaimed Mrs. Parsons.

"You cannot," was the firm reply.

Then the dusky wife of the anarchist threw up her hands and fell to the tiled floor in a dead faint. It took over twenty minutes to bring her to consciousness, but when this was done she was escorted from the building. Parsons was not informed of this episode. Just at the time this incident took place ex-Sheriff Hanchett emerged from the jail cell room and went into Sheriff Matson's office. In a couple of minutes he came out bearing in his arms the ropes with which the Reds were to be hung. Shortly after this Deputy Sheriff Curran, who had been guarding Fischer, came into the jail office from the cell room. He reported that all the men were awake and talking on general subjects to their guards.

THE ERECTION OF THE SCAFFOLD

began at 10:15 o'clock. The first intimation that the newspaper men had of it was the falling of a heavy board. Then came blows of hammers and each one was distinctly heard in the dead quiet which prevailed. The gallows were put up in the northeast corridor of the jail, where for many years all Cook county hangings have taken place. The scaffold is the same used in the hanging of the three Italian murderers, but it has been lengthened for the purpose of swinging off the four Anarchists at once. It is painted a dead brown color. After looking over the situation Sheriff Matson has concluded that he would not be authorized to send Fielden and Schwab to the penitentiary on a telegram. The governor's messenger will arrive from Springfield early to-morrow morning, bringing an official copy of the order of commutation. After that a mittimus will issue, and the men may go down to-morrow or Saturday.

Up to 11:45 to-night everything is quiet throughout the city. No indications of disturbance have been reported from any quarter. The fact that the authorities have taken every precaution to prevent trouble and are fully prepared for any emergency is almost a guarantee that everything will pass off quietly to-morrow.

A Delegation

which arrived at the jail at 10:30 o'clock created a ripple of excitement. It consisted of Gen. Fitz Simons, commanding the First brigade of the Illinois National Guards; Lieut. Gov. Smith and his staff, composed of Col. Clarke, Col. Buchanan, Col. Potter and Lieut. Lovejoy. They were escorted into the cell room by Chief Deputy Sheriff Gleason and talked to the anarchists. Their visit was entirely unofficial. After this the scene in the jail office and in fact all about the building became exceedingly monotonous. Newspaper men chatted about former hangings and the deputy sheriffs walked up and down in silence. Sheriff Matson occasionally came out of the jailer's private office to see that his men were on the alert.

At 11:30 o'clock the condemned men were still awake and talking to their guards. Parsons was in the cell furtherest to the east, Fischer was located in the next to the west, Engle in the adjoining one and Spies next. Fielden and Schwab paced up and down their cells inviting sleep. A few minutes after 11 o'clock Deputy Warden Peters came out from his tour of duty with Engel with the air of a man who had just left an agreeable entertainment. The cause was discovered to be a select assortment of

FUNNY STORIES,

with which Engel had regaled him. This one of the condemned is by no means depressed by the clatter of the carpenters around in the western corridor putting the finishing touches on the scaffold, where in a few hours he will be a prominent actor. The grim terrors of the rapidly passing hours seem to have no effect on Engel. In the course of his conversation with Peters he indulged in a sneer at the cowardice exhibited by several of his doomed fellows. Said he: "Here are a good many loud talkers among us; and the ones that talked loudest were the first to weaken when it came to the scratch." When being asked as to his own view of his coming doom, he threw up his hands, and with a shrug of his shoulders said: "You see me." There is hardly a doubt that he will march upon the fatal platform and step out into eternity with the reckless courage of a brute.

At 11:30 Parsons is still awake and pacing his cell with restless step. Occasionally his sharp face shows up in the glare of the lantern sitting in front of his door, and the light in his eyes seems brighter than in the early evening. Fischer and Spies sit on their beds well back from the cell doors and say but little. All the city papers are represented except the Arbeiter Zeitung, which has so long been the organ of the Chicago anarchists. So far as can be learned no application for admission has been made by any one from that paper. Deputy Sheriff Adolph Mueller had a talk with Fischer and Engel during the evening. Mueller says that the two men discussed Lingg's suicide freely. Both of them declared that they

WISHED THEY HAD A CHANCE

to follow Lingg's example. They would infinitely prefer to take their own lives than to suffer the shameful death allotted to them. Engel also discussed his own attempt at suicide, which he made Saturday night by taking laudanum and morphine pills. He went so far as to assert that his own wife gave him the bottle about a year ago, and he added that he wished he had used the poison before it lost its strength. Among the stories which are floating around the jail is one which seems to point to some concerted action by the outside anarchists. A saloon-keeper, whose place is located a few blocks from the jail, says that last night at a late hour three men came into his saloon. With two of them he was acquainted as being well-known Chicago anarchists. The third party was a stranger. In the saloon they had a long private consultation, and as they were getting ready to leave

THE STRANGER SAID:

"Nothing will happen Thursday night or Friday while the execution is going on, but Friday night the police will be tired and away from the jail, and then the fun will come." He also said that delegations of anarchists would visit the newspaper offices and treat them to a sensation. This sanguinary party was a large German, wearing a full beard. Shortly after midnight a messenger arrived at the jail with a telegram for Spies. It was from his brothers, and bade him meet his fate with firmness.

THEY KEEP THEIR NERVE.

COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Ill., Nov. 11, 2 a. m.—At 1 o'clock a change was made in the death watch. Deputy Hartke had been guarding Spies since 8 o'clock. He reported that he had quite a long talk with the anarchist. Spies declared that he had no reason to be afraid and then launched forth in a tirade against the courts. He asserted that all the judges who had any connection with the case had reason to tremble, while the anarchists could hold up their heads and walk to death with steady footsteps. The deputy also related the manner in which Rev. Dr. Bolton was received by Spies. The divine asked him if he would not accept of spiritual consolation. Spies with a haughty shake of the head, declared that he had no use for any clergymen. "I'll pray for you all night," cried the doctor.

"Pray for yourself," returned Spies. "You need it more than I."

At 11 o'clock Spies lay down on his cot and closed his eyes but he did not sleep. Several times he got up for a drink of water. But his every movement betokened a firmness which was astonishing. So it was with the rest of the anarchists. Parsons had the nerve to entertain his guard with a song. His selection was "Annie Laurie."

HE SANG THE SWEET SONG

entirely through, and when he finished, rested his head on his hands for a few moments and then repeated the song. His fortitude was the wonder of all who heard him. Between 1 and 2 o'clock the sheriff and his assistants tested the gallows. Heavy bags of sand were attached to the ropes and the traps were sprung. The machines worked to perfection, and in all respects was satisfactory to the authorities. An unusual quiet prevailed in the jail. The only noise in the cell room was the low voices of a few deputies, the turning of a key in a lock, and the rapid ticking of a telegraph instrument, which was telling the world of the last hours of the four anarchists.

GUARDING THE CITY.

The Militia and Police Are Under Arms and Ready for a Riot.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—"What preparations have you made against possible trouble as a result of to-morrow's execution?" asked a reporter of Gen. Fitz Simons, brigadier-commander of the Illinois state militia.

"I can outline no plans," was the general's reply. "It would not be policy for me to do so. I will say, however, that 750 men in the Second regiment and 500 in the First can be thrown into the field for action at very short notice. Also, that 350 men in the Third regiment and 400 in the Fourth can be added to the force of the First and Second regiments within probably three hours' time. I do not anticipate any serious trouble."

Gen. Terry expresses the opinion that the state malitia of the city will prove to be all that the citizens of Chicago expect them to be. "They are a responsible looking set of men," said he, "and what I have seen of them leads me to believe that they are in every way capable of doing good work."

"I deprecate the necessity for summary action upon the part of our troops and police in connection with troubles of this kind," said Gen. Fitz Simons, "but I tell you that if these wretched enemies of the law, order and society give us cause for action, there will be no such leniency extended them as there has been in the past."

"Will your men use blank cartridges or fire over the heads of the crowd in case of an order to fire?"

The lines in the face of the grey headed commander deepened a trifle as he knocked the ashes from his cigar. "We have no blank cartridges," he said quietly, "and will not fire unless we fire to do execution."

The entire Second regiment is held in readiness to move at a moment's notice to-night, and in all probability will remain in the armory until after the execution has taken place. The first object that met the reporter's gaze as he entered the building of the armory was

MAJ. TOBEY'S GATLING GUN

placed so that it entirely commands the entrance. Along the south wall were placed the remaining guns of the battery, all in perfect order and ready for service at a moment's notice. Mayor Roche was a counsellor at a conference held this afternoon by Superintendent of Police Ebersold, Inspector Bonfield, Lieut. Steele, and Capts. Schaack, O'Donnell, Buckley, Lewis and Hathaway. The feeling was that there would be no trouble unless it springs from unforeseen causes. Chief of Police Washburn, of the Town of Lake, and Sheriff Matson visited the chief after the conference. "I do not intend to tell just how I have ordered the police stationed to-morrow," said Chief Ebersold. "In the first place, I anticipate no trouble. I am sure there will be none, unless it arises from an accident, but if anything should occur, my men will be in a position to meet it. I have positive information that there will be no organized efforts of persons riotously inclined."

Chief Ebersold said: "A line of police armed with rifles thrown around the block immediately surrounding the jail would prevent the approach of any crowds to the jail. Ten companies of twenty-six men each, all bearing rifles, will be posted about the jail and the streets in the vicinity, all under command of Capt. George Hubbard, of the central detail. Squads from the companies will do guard duty at the entrances to the jail and criminal court building. At the central station, the Harrison street, West Twelfth street, Des Plaines street, West Chicago avenue and East Chicago avenue stations companies will be held in reserve, while on company will be left at each of the fifteen sub-stations."

THE REGULARS.

They Will Be Ready to Act if They Are Wanted.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Many expressions of opinion and much conjecture have been indulged in during the past day or two as to the actual orders, if any, which the United States troops now at Highwood were under, and as to how promptly they might be transferred to this city in the case their presence became necessary. A reporter this morning saw Gen. Terry at the military headquarters and asked if any preparations have been made for the transfer of the United States troops now at Highwood, in case they were wanted here.

"After the execution and after the disturbance—should any occur—I may be willing to talk about it," the general replied. "But I consider it bad form and poor policy for an army officer to outline his arranged plans for action in advance."

"How long would it take to get the men here after orders had been issued?" was asked.

"That would depend upon the railway company. So far as the troops are concerned, they can be ready in a very short space of time after they receive orders."

"In case the troops were needed here who would issue the order for them to move?"

"In case Gov. Oglesby should determine that the state militia and city authorities were not strong enough to cope with any trouble that might arise he would telegraph to the president and instructions would be forwarded to me here. I would then take action in accordance with my instructions from Washington."

"How long would that formality take?"

"Probably not very long. It would be done by wire and as promptly as possible."

"Is it not a fact that precautionary measures have been taken which would abridge the necessity of this formality, and enable you to call the troops here at once?"

"I cannot answer that question, one way or the other," the general concluded.

It has been stated that in connection with the government troops at Highwood, that nothing had been left undone which would insure their immediate transfer to this city, in case any such action becomes necessary.

JUROR BRAYTON.

A Movement on Foot to Take His Life—A Bomb Found.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—The town of Lake police are greatly exercised over what they believe to be an attempt to take the life of James Brayton, one of the jury that convicted the anarchists. Mr. Brayton lives at Sixty-Third and Lake streets. Yesterday three or four men made application to rent a room on State street about two blocks from Mr. Brayton's residence, representing that they were musicians. The room was rented to them, and they said they would move in this afternoon. To-day a saloon keeper, whose name the police refuse to divulge, reported to the police that he had seen the alleged musicians and that he knew one of them to be a red hot anarchist from the city, and he believed the party were anarchists who proposed to make the room their headquarters while they perfected their plan to blow up Mr. Brayton's residence. The captain of police promptly ordered a detachment of his men to guard Mr. Brayton's house. About 8 o'clock to-night a bomb was found by Thomas Maloney in the rear of the residence of James Brayton on Vale, near Sixty-third street, in Engelwood. The bomb consisted of a piece of gas pipe twelve inches long and about two inches in diameter, filled with pieces of iron and a substance supposed to be dynamite. Brayton said to a reporter to-night that he did not fear any organized attack, but believed that trouble might be expected from cranks. He has received several threatening letters since sentence was pronounced on the anarchists, and has consulted with reference to them with Chief Ebersold, State's Attorney Grinnell and Capt. Schaak. Two officers were detailed to guard his house.

FISCHER'S FAREWELL.

The Young Printer Sends a Letter to Johann Most.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Freiheit publishes the following farewell letter from Adolph Fischer, the condemned anarchist, to Herr Most:

Cook County Jail, Nov. 5.—My Dear Friend Most: As only siz days remain for me on earth I think it time to bid you farewell. When you have read in the newspapers that four of us asked for no grace, that is commutation of sentence, demanding either liberty or death, you can imagine that the answer would be nothing else but death. You can believe me, John, that the thoughts which come in my mind at this supreme moment of my wife and children make my heart very heavy, but resolution! Be firm! The social revolution brings sorrow and our noble cause of anarchy must have its martyrs. So let it be. I am ready to deposit my life at the altar of the good cause. When stupid young peasants willingly gave their lives for king and kaiser who rule by the "grace of God," and tyranny in royalty, should we warriors of liberty and anarchy not be willing also to give our lives for highest, noblest principles. Should we let ourselves be considered by our friends and be afraid of harm coming to us? No; never more! We must show our enemies that the anarchists are ready and willing to die for their cause. I have indorsed and praised our true principles and am ready to go to the scaffold for them. I say again farewell. Be true to our trust as you always were carry forward our banner with powerful grasp even though a storm should rise and difficulties beset you. I hope you may take part in the last final contest. How readily would I be at your side, holding firm on the beloved red standard, but it is not to be. It was fated that I should be a pioneer or advance guard in this battle and should lose my life. Be happy. Long life to the social revolution. Long may anarchy reign. I give you a brother's embrace and remain yours affectionately. ADOLPH FISCHER."

P. S.—Give my kind regards to my relatives and friends. See that my family knows no need and that the children have a good education.

SPIES' APPEAL.

The Anarchist Editor Begs That He May Be Made the Scapegoat.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10.—Gov. Oglesby has been handed the following letter, written by August Spies:

CHICAGO, Nov. 6.

Gov. Oglesby, Springfield, Ill.

Sir—The fact that some of us have appealed to you for justice (under the pardoning prerogative) while others have not, should not enter into consideration in the decision of our case. Some of my friends have asked you for an absolute pardon. They feel the injustice done them so intensely that they cannot reconcile the idea of a commutation of the sentence with the consciousness of innocence. The others (among them myself), while possessed of the same feeling of indignation, can perhaps more calmly and dispassionately look upon the matter as it stands. They do not disregard the fact that through a systematic course of lying, distorting, inventing and slandering, the press has succeeded in creating a sentiment of bitterness and hatred among a great portion of the populace that one man, no matter how powerful, how just and courageous he may be, can possibly overcome. They hold that to overcome that sentiment or the influence thereof would be almost an impossibility. Not wishing, therefore, to place your excellency in a still more embarrassing position between the blind fanaticism of a misguided public on one hand and justice on the other, they concluded to submit the case to you unconditionally.

I implore you not to let this difference of action have any weight with you in determining our fate. During our trial the desire of the prosecutor to slaughter me and let my co-defendants off with milder punishment was quite apparent and manifest. It seemed to me then and to a great many others that the prosecutor would be satisfied with one life. State's Attorney Grinnell in his argument intimated this very plainly. I care not to protest my innocence of any crime, and of the one I am accused of in particular. I have done that, and leave the rest to the judgment of history. But to you I wish to address myself now, as the alleged arch-conspirator (leaving the fact that I never have belonged to any kind of conspiracy out of the question altogether). If a sacrifice of life there must be, will not my life suffice? The state's attorney of Cook county asked for no more. Take this, then take my life. I offer it to you so that you may satisfy the fury of a semi-barbaric mob, and save those of my comrades. I know that every one of my comrades is as willing to die, and perhaps more so, than I am. It is not for their sake that I make this proffer, but in the name of humanity and progress, in the interest of a peaceable, if possible, development of the social forces that are destined to lift our race upon a higher and better plane of civilization. In the name of the traditions of our country, I beg you to prevent a seven-fold murder of men whose only crime is that they are idealists; that they long for a better future for all. If legal murder there must be but one, let mine suffice.

A. SPIES.

THE WRIT REFUSED.

Judge Tuley Declines to Grant a Writ of Habeas Corpus in Parson's Case.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Attorney Salomon appeared before Judge Tuley at 2 o'clock this afternoon and made his application for a writ of habeas corpus in behalf of A. R. Parsons. His points were that the process was void and the judgment of the supreme court was void, the record saying that the defendant was present, when he was absent. He claimed that the order of the court directing the execution of the anarchists on Nov. 11 was unconstitutional and void, inasmuch as such a final process must read "In the name of the people of the state of Illinois." He read many decisions in support of his point that an order of the court was adequate. He admitted the order was in accordance with the statutes, but declared the statutes unconstitutional. He said the statutes had not been attacked before. Mr. Grinnell said all of the records in the case and even the death warrant, were in the hands of the sheriff, and, in his opinion, the application for a writ of habeas corpus was absurd. Mr. Salomon maintained that Parsons is held under two writs, one from the lower court and one from the supreme court. He did not claim that Parsons should be liberated from jail, but that he should be discharged from custody under the second writ—the one under which his execution is ordered—until a correct and proper writ is issued. During Mr. Salomon's argument Capt. Black came into court and looked over the authorities quoted by the other attorney. One of Mr. Salomon's main points was that the Illinois supreme court should have returned the case to the lower court, where the sentence should have again been pronounced. The neglect to do this, he argued, was a fatal error. The writ was refused by Judge Tuley.

ONLY A SENSATION.

The Report About the Central Labor Union Said to be False.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—A sensational article appeared in a morning paper and was telegraphed largely over the country, stating that 16,000 men of the Central Labor union may make up their minds to demonstrate on the streets, and the police entertain a fear that such action may "result in trouble." The imaginative writer proceeds to assert "as a matter of course, their objective point will be the jail and they will crowd as closely to that building as the police will permit." He goes on to say that the Bakers' union notified employing bakers that they would not work on Friday under any circumstances, "to give them a chance to make such preparations as they may think necessary." Investigation proves the statement to be nothing more than "moonshine." At police headquarters this morning it was stated that there was nothing in the rumor; that no application for permission to parade had been received by the chief; that if received no such request would be granted, and that, in fact, no such demonstration would be made. The secretary of the united labor party said that he did not believe there would be any trouble. His information was to the effect that the executive of the union had simply advised the members of the union to abstain from work on the day of execution, probably as a mark of respect, and that the Arbeiter-Zeitung had emphasized this counsel by asking the men to stay at home and not go on the streets at all.

THE BOMB THROWER.

An Affidavit Naming the Principal in the Haymarket Massacre.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11—2 a. m.—Attorney N. P. Wagener, of No. 89 Second avenue, sent a telegram to Capt. Black in Chicago yesterday to the effect that he had an affidavit stating positively that the man who threw the bomb at the Haymarket riot was in New York city. Mr. Wagener was seen by a reporter at an early hour this morning at his residence. He said: "Franz Mayhoff, who was convicted of attempting to defraud the Greenwich Insurance company in October, and sentenced to Sing Sing for four and one-half years, wrote to me some days ago, and on Nov. 2 I went to Sing Sing, where he made an affidavit before the notary public of the prison to the effect that he knew the man who threw the Haymarket bomb. The affidavit is substantially as follows:

"I am thirty-six years of age; was born in Mecklenberg, Germany. I have a wife and three children in Hamburg. Have been three years and five months in this country. I last resided at 475 East Seventy-fourth street, New York. Early in January, 1887, I was introduced to Klimann Scheutz by William Scharf. I often heard Scharf speak of Scheutz. Scharf told me Scheutz was an anarchist and

KNEW ALL ABOUT ANARCHY.

This was at 415 East Eighty-first street. Mrs. Horst was present. The first time after that I saw Scheutz was on Sunday morning two weeks later. He spoke of anarchy, dynamite and arson and of the bomb at the Haymarket. He told me that he had resided in Chicago at the time and that he had to make his escape. I asked him why he had to make his escape. He said that the police suspected that he was concerned and that he got away. Scharf was present at this interview. They are both anarchists. This conversation took place at 7 a. m. I asked Scheuts if he knew anything about the Haymarket bomb and he said: "Speaking is silver; silence is gold." The second conversation I had with Scheutz was during the first week in February at the corner of Eighty-first street and First avenue. Scheutz wanted me to help him kill a man in Fifty-first street. He said the man must be killed in the daytime, because he had $3,000 in his safe. He showed me a sand-bag and a club. I refused to have anything to do with him. He said: 'You're no good. I have done worse than that. I was one of the anarchists in Chicago. I threw the bomb. Others are suffering for it. But that's none of my business.' He told me that

HE HAD THREE BOMBS

in his satchel and that he had been behind a wagon at the time of the Haymarket riot. It had been agreed to throw the bombs when the police interfered. But the bloodhounds came too late. He said: "I threw one blue bean." He said he was sorry he could not throw the other two. I asked him why he came to New York and he said that he said that he heard of the arrests after the riot and after waiting four or five days to avoid suspicion he left Chicago. My next conversation with him was one week later at No. 306 East Seventy-sixth street. There he showed me two pieces of iron or at least they looked like iron. He asked me if I had ever seen a bomb. I told him no. He said: 'Those are bombs, and asked me if I wanted one. I asked him if they were loaded and he said: 'A good anarchist would never carry anything but loaded bombs.' He told me that those bombs were genuine. I told him I did not want anything to do with them. My next conversation with him was on Feb. 18. Scharf was present. They talked about the condemned anarchists, and Scheutz said: 'If they hang those men Grinnell and the twelve men must die like dogs.' My fourth conversation with him was about two weeks later. He spoke about the bombs and said that he had been present at the meeting held in Irving hall at the time the anarchists were sentenced. He had a satchel at that time containing three bombs, and he said he would have thrown them had the blood hounds become unbearable. Scheutz lives at No. 1156 First avenue, and is a carpenter."

Scheutz was the principal witness for the people at Mayhoff's trial, and at that time statements were made in court to the effect that

BOTH MEN WERE ANARCHISTS.

Scheutz is employed in the repair shops of the Third avenue surface railway shops, and is said to have been an officer in one of the foremost societies of anarchists in the country. Mr. Wagener said that he had great faith in the affidavit from what he knew of the case before. When asked why he did not make public the facts before, he said: "The affidavit was made on Nov. 2, and in German. I communicated with the counsel for the condemned men and acted according to his instructions. I went to Supt. of Police Murray to-night and asked him to search the premises occupied by Scheutz, and he told me that it would be necessary for me to get a warrant. I have no interest in the case other than common humanity. I am not an anarchist, socialist, nor a communist, but a plain every-day American citizen, but I candidly and honestly believe that the contents of the affidavit are true."

Gen. Roger A. Pryor was seen at an early hour this morning by a reporter and questioned regarding the authenticity of Mahoff's affidavit. He said that he knew that Lawyer Wagener had in his possession a long affidavit regarding the person who threw the bomb at the Haymarket riot in Chicago. He knew that Lawyer Wagener had intended to communicate the facts in his possession to Gov. Oglesby. Whether or no he had done so he could not say. Gen. Pryor was extremely guarded in his statements and expressed the desire to be carefully quoted. He said, however, that he was convinced of the authenticity of the affidavit. The details of the case were all in Mr. Wagener's hands and he referred the reporter to that gentleman for particulars.

The New York Meeting.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—To-night's parade of socialists, intended as a protest against the hanging of the Chicago anarchists, was a peaceable affair. About 5,000 men turned out. Two hundred policemen accompanied the procession. A force of policemen have been placed around the city hall to guard the building during the night. This is said to be a precautionary measure due to a threat by the anarchists that if Gov. Oglesby did not commute the sentences of the Chicago anarchists the New York city hall would be blown up to-night.

Gary, of Oshkosh.

Special to the Globe.

OSHKOSH, Wis., Nov. 10.—Judge Gary, of this city, is not pleased with what his brother, Judge Gary, of Chicago, has written in regard to Fielden and Schwab, the condemned anarchists. He believes his brother should not have written concerning the case. Judge Gary, of Oshkosh, says that while in Chicago some weeks ago his brother told him that he believed Gov. Oglesby would commute the sentence of Fielden and Schwab.

A HUMAN TIGER.

Continued From First Page.

my opinion Lingg while lying in bed reached out his hand, took from his table the lighted candle, then placed the explosive in his mouth with the fuse outward. This he placed to the candle and his mortal wound followed."

Lingg's Girl.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Ida Friedel "Lingg's girl," was found in her home in the basement of No. 382 Wells street to-night. She appeared strangely undisturbed and smiled when the question was asked: "Are you aware of what Lingg has done with himself?"

"Oh, yes, I know all about it. There is the Arbeiter Zeitung," she replied, completely unconcerned.

"Well, what do you think of it?"

"I don't think at all. Lingg, I always thought was a resolute fellow, that's all."

"Do you think he did right in killing himself?"

"I think it is better to die as Lingg did than to be hanged—to helplessly allow himself to be dragged to the gallows to get choked to death."

"Will you write his mother about his death?"

"No, I don't know her and I don't care to. I am no relation to Lingg. I cannot see why his death should concern me more than others. I don't care to be bothered about it any longer."

The girl abruptly retired to the kitchen. In spite of her efforts she could scarcely keep up the air of unconcern assumed and broke down the moment she was behind the door, weeping loudly as if her heart would break.

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