IN THE GLOBE'S LEXICON THERE'S NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL WE'RE ONLY THREE YEARS OLD BUT WE KNOCK 'EM OUT IN 1887.

St. Paul Sunday Globe.

THE GLOBE IS PRINTED SOLELY FOR PEOPLE NOW ON EARTH IT HAS NO OLD FOGY NOTIONS ABOUT IT.

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IN PRISON CELLS

Schwab and Fielden Begin Their Life Career at Joliet Prison.

Nothing Notable About Their Transfer Save Their Family Farewells.

Both Shaved and Put in Convict Garb at the Penitentiary.

Arrangements for the Funerals of the Dead Anarchists To-Day.

The Authorities Interdict Anything Liable to Cause New Trouble.

Mrs. Parsons Faints Twice Over the Body of Her Husband.

Special to the Globe.

CHICAGO, Nov. 12.—"I am afraid it won't end here," said Michael Schwab, when he heard that all was over. "I am afraid the working men of the country will hereafter have no respect for the law." But Michael, dear boy, was wrong in this as he was in his present harrangue. He and Fielden were sent off to Joliet at 1 o'clock, and as may be imagined the leave takings of their families and the distress of the widows and orphans of those who were hanged formed a very striking picture in the frame of grim determination of the friends of them all to make the most of Sunday's funeral opportunity. Mrs. Schwab, accompanied by Mrs. Schnaubelt and Schwab's two pretty little children, called at the jail this morning to bid farewell to her husband. The afflicted wife of Schwab was pale and her eyes were swollen and red with weeping.

Her White Face

was rendered doubly sorrowful and mournful by the heavy mourning drapery hanging down her back. Her dress was of the same somber material, and as she crossed the jail yard from the side entrance to the jail office she presented a picture of woe. Her head was inclined in front and her eyes were rivited at the stony surface of the jail court floor as she passed over it. When within thirty feet of the steps she stopped, cast her eyes ahead, and with a shudder buried her face in her black-gloved hands. There, in front of her, under the stairway, in plain sight, were the four painted coffins into which the four victims of the hangman were lowered yesterday. Three of the coffins lay on top of each other while the one in which Spies' shrouded form was lowered lay apart from the rest. It was a grim reminder of the terrible scenes of yesterday. But she passed on and around at the foot of the steps. Here she paused again, and, biting her lips to keep back her fast rising tears, she mounted the steps. Mrs. Schnaubelt, who is a very fleshy woman, followed closely behind, and the two little children, clad in dark red plush suits, trimmed with fur, crawled up the cold iron steps on their hands and knees. Doorkeeper Pierce promptly admitted the four, and the two women were given chairs. One of the little babies—he was not more than three years of age—ran to the iron-locked door leading to the visitor's cage, and, putting his chubby fingers around the bars, shrilly piped:

"Papa, Oh, Papa."

The juvenile voice sounded through the corridor and echoed along, and the cells around and above seemed to grasp the sound and send the echoes bounding through and around the corridors. Schwab looked out of his cell, and saw his little son. His long arms went up to his thick, black hair, and he pressed his hands to his throbbing brows. When the floor cleaning was finished Schwab was let out of his cell, and the cage door admitted Mrs. Schwab to the big inclosure, and Schwab and his wife were near each other, but with a cruel iron screen between them. Schwab's eyes were moist, and his wife's high cheek bones were marked with two fiery eyed spots and she breathed hard. It was the last parting before the close of the stony walls on Schwab for life. Mrs. Schnaubelt and Schwab's wife sat on chairs provided for them, and a tearful last interview took place. Schwab requested that his little ones be allowed inside, and this favor Jailer Folz granted. The little ones

Screamed With Delight

and ran both together in their pa's arms crying "papa, papa," and buried their small faces in the bushy black whiskers. They couldn't understand, poor innocents, that they were seeing their father for the last time. In a few moments they were romping around the cold floors playing "tag" with each other and uttering glad cries and laughing at the strange looking cells around them. Mrs. Fielden came shortly afterward, and it was fortunate that the ugly and ominous coffins which so startled Mrs. Schwab had been by this time removed. The little frail woman would surely have fainted had she been compelled to look on the brown boxes. She carried her youngest child in her arms, which seemed too slight to carry even a small parcel instead of the heavy child which she held at her breast. She was let in, but the screen was between her and "my man Sam." They sat there and talked, but she didn't cry, her husband pouring words of cheer into her ear. After a talk of three-quarters of an hour the women were told that time was up, but they begged so piteously for just a minute more that the jailer gave in and said, "I'll let you see your husbands in my private office where you can

BID GOOD-BYE

to each other." The two men were brought out and ushered into the office and the door closed. A five-minute leave taking was all they were granted. It was a silent parting. Not a sob could be heard, but the two men held their wives to their breasts the entire time. At length the jailer opened the door and said: "Come!" They went away, these poor, afflicted and heart-broken women, out through the barred gate and tottered down the stairs and across the paved courtway. Mrs. Fielden held her baby to her breast and wept bitterly as she left the yard. After Mrs. Schwab took leave of her husband she consented to say a few words to a reporter. "No," she said, with her dry and feverish eyes half closed, but looking straight at her questioner; "I shall never see my husband again. They wouldn't let me go to the train, and I wouldn't go if I could. I don't know what I shall do. Perhaps I shall go back to Germany." Fielden and Schwab

Were Handcuffed

and their ankles were shackled. Both prisoners were shabbily dressed, Fielden wearing a threadbare Prince Albert coat and light summer derby hat and a colored shirt with no collar. Schwab wore the identical hat that covered his bushy head on the day of his arrest one year and a half ago—a big broad-brimmed felt—and he did not look pleasing as he waited in the jail office for the deputies. His large feet were incased in carpet slippers and he wore no collar. At the appointed hour the train rolled off, and for a few years at least these men, one of whom was the most blatant talker of all the anarchists, will be locked up. The potent influence of the workingmen who secured Fielden's commutation will of course ultimately obtain his release.

At two points on Milwaukee avenue this morning the attention of the passers-by were momentarily withdrawn from the constant bustle and excitement by which that thoroughfare is characterized. At 286, the residence of the late George Engel, a large crowd of people had collected to view the remains of the dead conspirator and his comrade, Louis Lingg. All that was mortal of the two dead men lay in the center of the store, encased in glass-covered coffins. The lower part of Lingg's face was hidden

Beneath a White Covering,

but enough remained to indicate the terrible determination which, perhaps, was not the worst part of his impulsive nature. A photograph of him lay upon his breast, taken about two years ago. Lingg was indeed a handsome man. Boldness, recklessness and unconquerable will, combined with an expression of brightness and intelligence that permeated every line of his countenance, marked a face which would not at first sight certainly convey any idea of the criminal intellect that lay beneath. His companion bore a natural expression, though the features, from the operation of strangling or some other cause, were somewhat darkened by a kind of defiant scowl. Around these remnants of former turbulence and passion and disaffection slowly wound an unceasing procession of people — well-dressed maidens, shabby old women and rough-visaged workingmen. Very little levity was to be seen. On the contrary, many cheeks were wet with tears, and the majority of the visitors to the house of death preserved a gravity of demeanor and a respectful behavior that was at least commendable. The crowd moved into the store at one side of a temporary barrier and out again at the other side, and their movements were checked and directed by a man who seemed to possess the rare faculty of keeping order without losing his own temper or irritating that of any one of the assemblage. Around the coffins, the plates of which were simply engraved—

"George Engel, died Nov. 11, 1887, aged forty-seven years."

"Louis Lingg died Nov. 10, 1887, aged twenty-three years"—

Lay the articles of merchandise, by the sale of which the elder man had been able to provide a subsistence for himself and his family, toys, ornaments, dolls, perambulators, and so forth, all now invested with a horrible and melancholy interest. In the little kitchen at the rear a kettle sang upon the stove, irresistibly calling to mind the days preceding George Engel's change from a domestic-comfort-and-family joys man for the dark and devious courses of the revolutionary agitator. Behind the counter, shattered and tottering in her awful grief, stood his widow, each twitching muscle and unconscious movement telling but too plainly of the fell disaster that had come upon her. Poor little woman! There was nothing of the dynamiter or bomb-thrower about her, and as she meekly and gratefully received the condolences of two females, both neatly dressed in mourning costume, one could almost imagine how she must many a time and oft have implored the departed anarchist to refrain from participation in the plans and devices of reckless and desperate theorists. Most of the spectators were of German birth, and many evidently of the political creed of their deceased fellow countrymen. No. 286 was not the only house in the great German street whose portals was draped with the emblems of woe, as black and white crape was visible upon the doors of several neighbors and friends. I have much

Sympathy for Mrs. Parsons

because, while she is a veritable lioness in the path of peace, she is sincere, earnest and honest. Her husband died a martyr in her belief, and she will bring up her children in the atmosphere of a misguided home. Upon the door of her home, 787 Milwaukee avenue, hangs a single fold of black crape to indicate that desolation had crossed the threshold of the dark skinned, lustrous eyed widow of Albert R. Parsons. The fiery spirit has been cowed for the nonce by the execution of the law's dread will, and the bereaved woman lies prostrate under the blow. A placard nailed to the front door conveyed this information: "No admittance on account of Mrs. Parsons' illness." At this and at the more prominent legend, "Parsons & Co., fashionable dressmaking," gazed a little group of children and women, some few of whom had donned habiliments of black. The good-natured storekeeper underneath the sick woman's rooms informed some elderly female sympathizers that it was not possible to admit any one to her presence, and in his native Teutonic tongue added that he feared she, too, might die. Tears were shed as the would-be consolers resignedly retraced their steps, and the crowd lingered without purpose or aim. This kept up all day long. Indeed, at times the crowd ran into thousands, giving promise of a tremendous rally. To-morrow, if fine and sunshiny as it was to-day, bids fair to see the most tremendous demonstration this city of multitudinous gartheings ever witnessed. The warm rays of an unseasonable sun streamed through the front windows of Mrs. Spies home, giving to the parlor a bright and cheerful appearance, quite in contrast with the scenes of grief within the house. In a small room to the left of the comfortably furnished parlor reposed the black coffin containing the remains of August Spies. The body was dressed in black, the neck being encircled with a turned down collar and a black bow. Aside from a dark red discoloration the face presents a natural and calm appearance. Spies body was secretly conveyed to his mothers' residence about 10 o'clock last night. The old lady occupies the upper flat of one of a row of seven attractive brick two-story buildings, on Bryson street, her number being 154. This morning there appeared upon the front door a rosette with

Streamers of Black

and white crape. Just below this rosette was another of bright red about six inches in diameter. All forenoon a curious throng of neighbors and friends stood on the sidewalk and in the yard looking at the upper windows and discussing the events of yesterday. About 12 o'clock it was decided to permit those gathered about the house to view the body of their friend. The people were admitted, a few at a time, through the rear entrance. They passed with uncovered or bowed heads through the kitchen, sitting room and parlor, and then in single file around the coffin, retracing their steps to the rear door. As fast as one party made their exit another was admitted. Care was taken not to admit reporters in the house, the expressed opinion of one of the male relatives being that it would go hard with a reporter if he was caught in the house. The arrangements for the funeral of the executed anarchists are as follows: The procession will start from the residence of Mrs. Adolph Fischer, No. 2 Dean street, punctually at noon, going down Milwaukee avenue to the house of Mrs. Lucy Parsons, 785 Milwaukee avenue, where the body of her husband, A. R. Parsons, will be taken into the procession, which will then proceed along Milwaukee avenue to Aurora Turner hall, where the body of August Spies will be in waiting. The services will be held, consisting of speeches in English and German, by several friends of the deceased and music by the members of the Turners' societies. Just who the speakers will be has not yet been definitely decided upon. The defense committee are now at work selecting them. At the conclusion of the speeches the procession will resume its march down Milwaukee avenue till the house of Mrs. Engel, 286 Milwaukee avenue, is reached. There the bodies of her late husband, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, will be taken into the procession, which will then

Proceed to the Cemetery.

The procession will be headed by the members of the defense committee, then will come the hearses containing the remains. They will be followed by the members of the Turn Verein and the various labor organizations that may decide to join the procession. No special order or position in the procession has been arranged for them. Each will fall into line and march in the order in which it arrives at the appointed rendezvous. Brass bands with muffled drums will play funeral marches while the cortege moves on to the depot, where a special train will take the funeral party to the cemetery. There speeches will be made in English and German by well-known orators selected to-day by William Holmes and William Urban. It is determined to make this the greatest funeral ever held in Chicago if the authorities do not prevent it. It is understood that thirty or forty cars will be needed to convey the friends and companions of the leaders to the cemetery, and Private Secretary John P. English, in the mayor's office, is authority for saying that there will be no police escort provided, as the party will be beyond the city lines, but that the authorities will be ready to move in case of trouble. The city is quiet, the police vigilant, the armories guarded. The West side will be a good place to keep away from to-morrow, and dudes with high silk hats and gloves would do better to go to church.

Having supped on horrors for two weeks, I feel rather inclined to get rid of my memoristic combination, and know of no better way than to tell briefly and succiently the story of some of the

Executions I Have Witnessed.

during the past twenty-five years. The first was that of an alleged slave trader. Capt. Gordon—no it wasn't—it was a Methodist parson in Belvidere, N. J. I had forgotten his name, but he was the traditional, oratorical, rhetorical masher of pulpit fame, short, long haired, gray eyed, full of fire and frenzy, a great exhorter, married of course, and in love with most of the girls of the congregation. Becoming especially enamored of one of them he desired to be rid of his wife. He studied upon poisons and settled finally on arsenic, which he gave to her until she became seriously ill and then with kindly manner and affectionate words nourished her until, being convalescent, he took her on his lap and repeated the old garden of Eden dodge, feeding her with an apple previously charged with arsenic in sufficient quantity to insure her precipitate spasms and almost immediate death. He was tried, convicted, sentenced and brought into the jail yard, where, confronted by 250 politicians and newspaper men, he indulged in a long and pathetic story of his progress through life, his confidence in God and his entire contentment with the immediate acquaintance with St. Paul and others of the just. He was hanged with the customary New Jersey barbarity. The noose having slipped so that the knot came immediately under his chin, he died with a multitudinosity of struggle that was frightful to witness, and I dare say, painful to endure. The next victim had no pretense of piety about him. He was a bold, bad man, a little mite, a shred as it were of humanity, but with a condensed quantity of fire and furious energy, sufficient to warrant his becoming at an early age captain of a slaver owned by reputable deacons in Boston, and sent many a time and oft to the coast of Guinea, where he secured by means fair or foul, as the case might be, cargo after cargo of negro men, women and children whom he sold on the coast of Cuba. On one of these nefarious voyages he was captured, his vessel sunk and all on board went to Davy Jones' locker with the exception of the captain, boatswain and two or three of the darkies. He was brought to New York and

Convicted of Piracy

and turned over to the tender mercies of Robert Murray, United States marshal. Somebody gave him poison the night before he was to be executed, which he cheerfully took, hoping to reach Paradise by a more desirable route than the gallows. He was detected, however, stomach-pumped to advantage, and then drugged with whisky until the earliest hour appointed for execution, when he was carried and led staggeringly drunk to the scaffold and hurled quickly into eternity, twisting and spinning, drunk as drunk could be, in which condition his besotted and crime-stained soul sought the Infinite, whatever the infinite may be. The following week a colored man by the name of Hawkins was hanged in the same place, and on the same scaffold. I had great sympathy for Hawkins. He was a magnificent specimen of humanity, tall, straight, well formed, with a remarkably intelligent face. He had been a cook on shipboard where he as well as all the crew were brutally treated by a drunken captain. On one occasion he served some coffee to the master which did not please and which was instantly thrown, scalding boiling hot, into his unexpecting face. Quick as lightning and without a thought doubtless he raised a convenient ax and brained his persecutor. He did just what he should have done, but for all that he was tried, convicted and hanged. Being a colored man and pious, that condition of affairs suggested prayer meetings, and social circles were held in the prisoner's room for a week prior to his taking off. I spent the night prior to his execution in the jail with him and his friends and I had also spent the other night with Gordon and his friends, or rather his keepers. Such prayers you never heard, (neither did I) and I have heard all sorts and kinds of prayers. I have heard Brother Finney, the evangelist, pray as though he believed the Supreme Being was a devil incarnate, crazily anxious to damn every soul he could get and to plunge every human being, man, woman or baby into the deepest hell His omnipotency could devise. I heard Elder Knapp swing around the circle of petition with oratorical vehemency. I heard dear old Lyman Beecher

Pray His Level Best

that temperance might spread her white wings over all the earth. I heard his son, Henry Ward Beecher, pray in revival times, pray in anti-slavery days, pray in the dark and gloomy hours of national despondency and universal gloom. I have heard little baby ministers pray, tell God how to rule the universe and how to sit upon its circles more comfortably and more conveniently; I have heard the rude and the cultivated, the rich and the poor, the intelligent and the brutal approach the throne of grace, each in his own mysterious way, but never in all my life, in camp meeting, in church, in solemn assemblage of any sort or kind did I ever hear such fervency of petition, did I notice such enthusiasm of recognition of divine power and clemency as I heard that night. Hawkins was a camp meeting leader of enormous proportions himself and all his friends had the gift of pious gab beyond expression. Well, when his hour came and he was to be led forth to the scaffold, he was offered a drink of whisky. He pushed it away with a gesture almost sublime. He walked like a man, stood like a man, and looking about upon the circle of spectators said: "Last week you saw a white man die drunk. He went into the presence of his maker. Look now at the spectacle of a black man dying, and see how humbly, yet surely, he goes to eternal rest in the bosom of his Heavenly Father." The signficance of this, at that time, twenty-five years ago, when black men were chattels, when slaves were bought and sold as to-day we buy pigs and horses, was very much greater than it could be now. A contrast so drawn meant something, and there wasn't a man in all that court yard who didn't feel proud of being a member of the same race that this man was, of the great human family whose sturdiness, mental, moral and physical, had been travestied by the conduct and bearing of Capt. Gordon the week before, but which was emphasized and laurel crowned by the dignified bearing and the manly conduct of the poor colored cook on that occasion. Who that saw it can ever forget the execution of the assassins of President Lincoln? I almost said the alleged assassins of President Lincoln, for the only one who

Fired the Shot

was that poor misguided youth, John Wilkes Booth, in whom was centered almost all the talent of that family. One of the others was a boy, and he died like a baby. One of the others was a foreigner who barely understood the English language, concerning whom there is to-day grave doubts in the minds of men well informed as to whether he really knew the terrible deed Booth was to commit. One of the others was a woman, Mrs. Surratt, and to-day no man cognizant of the facts believes she had anything whatever to do with the deed for which she had to suffer. But it was a national crisis. Therefore, it was deemed fit that an example should be made, and that no possibility of escape could be permitted. Perhaps it was right. Very much perhaps it was wrong. However, they died characteristically. The woman was stolid and indifferent, the foreigner was disposed to be frenzied, but was quieted, the doctors know how, the young man passed away limp and exhausted, and the others simply stood and met their fate as most men and as all cattle meet theirs. Of the men who were hanged and shot during the army days on the fields and in the camps I have no time to speak. We have come down to later times. A family in New Jersey, in Elizabeth, I think, had a servant by the name of Elizabeth Durgin. She was in love with her master, and consequently in hate with her mistress, upon whom she fell one day with the ferocity of a tigress and absolutely bit and beat her to death. The marks of her teeth, somewhat peculiarly formed, were the clew which, followed up by a somewhat unusual circumstance by the way—by the police—made her conviction certain. Her execution was a disgrace even to New Jersey. She was brought from the jail unattended by a woman and stood beneath the gallows tree, two uprights with a horizontal bar and noose dangling from the center. The sheriff had packed the jail yard. Absolutely there was not room for another person there. All were smoking. "Down in front!" "Hats off!" were the cries that saluted the ears of the terrified woman. With scant ceremony the cap was

Pulled Over Her Eyes,

the rope was cut and the weight hoisted her heavy body quickly into the air, when, as the body moved with rapid customary motion round and round like a top, so near were the men laughing, chatting, jeering, smoking men, that her skirts brushed their knees. I never in all my life saw a more brutal thing in a slaughter house. In the tombs we have had some sensational hanging. That of John Real, the murderer of Police Officer Smeedy, was a very unique affair, but perhaps the one that occasioned most thought and acted as a kind of sermonic suggestion to the hanging element of the country was the shuffling off of two young toughs, one of whom was named McGloin, while that of the other has for the moment escaped me. "I am tough," said McGloin as he rammed his knife blade into his victim's heart one night. "The Lord have mery on my soul," said the same McGloin as he stood upon the scaffold some six months thereafter and knew his fate was sealed. They were young fellows, types of our New York gangs, men who wore high hats, smoke long cigars, are garbed flashily and strut through life with a b—hoy demeanor indicative of get-out-of-my-way-or-I'll-break-your-jaw. There are thousands of them in New York to-day. The Sun has made a most meritorius fight against the gangs. Inspector Byrnes has done much to rid the city of them. Inspector Williams, when captain, kept his precinct in admirable order, but generation follows generation of this class of beings with marvelous rapidity. Thousands of boys to-day who sell newsppers on the streets, messenger boys sent on multifarious errands, grow up—for what? They are

Fitted For No Trade,

they have no predilection for calling or profession, they are thrust upon the community literally and absolute searchers for the means of existence which they are to procure by the exercise of preternatural wits. I dare say

Continued on Sixth Page.

A COMING CONFLICT.

The Powers of Europe Getting Ready for Future Clashes of Arms.

As a Preliminary All the Diplomats Try to Conciliate the British.

The Crown Prince of Germany Liable to Be Hacked Up By the Doctors,

Who Now Admit That He Cannot Live Very Long Anyway.

By Cable to the Globe.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—A glance at the telegraphs of this week shows that the problems which occupy the statesmen of Europe are the same to-day as they have been for many months. In France the stability of the government, and, perhaps, of the constitution, is in question. In the East it is doubtful whether the threatened storm has blown over. In Germany the ill-health of the emperor, the empress and the crown prince causes the greatest anxiety. The death of the emperor and the crown prince, and both seem to be nearing their end, would be a great loss to the German army, as it would leave them without a rallying figure in the event of war. Both are idols of the army, and with either of them at its head, Germany would have little to fear. Nothing comes out more clear from what is known of

THE DIPLOMATIC ACTIVITY

of the last twelve months than the change which has taken place in the relation of most of the powers to Great Britain. Every power just now appears anxious to be on good terms with England. No one who is acquainted with the ways of diplomacy will believe that this change of front on the part of the powers is accidental, or that it is the result of sentimental regard. The explanation is as simple as the state of things it reveals is significant. The powers have been measuring each other's strength with a view to possible troubles. The groups into which they fall are so nearly balanced that both sides look around for an additional weight in their own scale and it has become evident to both that England, in spite of the weak points in her military organization, is able to make the beam point in whichever direction she may take. All the powers, of course, profess to be anxious, above all things, for peace, but whether they will be willing to avoid courses that must inevitably lead to a breach of the peace depends to some extent on their opinion of what the policy of Great Britain will be. It is as true now as when Lord Derby said it, that the greatest of British interests is peace, and the doctrine is one which commands the assent of all parties in the country. There is not, however, entire unanimity with regard to the policy which will best conduce to

THE PRESERVATION OF PEACE

in Europe, but opinion is more and more tending to recognize that the central powers have no aggressive aims, and that English sympathy and English interests alike dictate a policy of friendship and support to Germany, Austria and Italy. The relations of the powers to Great Britain furnish the clearest evidence that the peace of Europe at present rests on no solid foundation. The apprehensions which too clearly underlie the pacific utterances of statesmen indicate that a conflict, in which several of the great powers will be involved, is regarded as almost inevitable. A future historian, freed from the feelings without which a contemporary cannot regard the armed truce that now exists, will no doubt be able to show that this age of militarism was a necessity in the growth of the European community, and to point to some underlying cause of unrest in the organization of the commonwealth of civilized nations. If any statesman, however, could anticipate the historian and could now clearly show to the world the nature of the forces that make disturbances seem inevitable, he might, by the disclosure, contribute to avert the danger, and thus do more than any soldier or diplomatist to earn the lasting gratitude of mankind.

In spite of the damning evidence hourly accumulating against M. Daniel Wilson, the versatile son-in-law of Papa Grevy, that worthy has expressed his determination to

FIGHT HIS ACCUSERS

to the bitter end, for, as he alleges, family reasons. It is now said that he denies having confessed that he altered the dates of some of his letters and otherwise changed them, but his denials will have little weight against the public conviction that both motive and opportunity being present, he was quite even worse. Wilson is rich and has the ear of all the judges of Paris courts, and on these two advantages he builds his hopes of success in baffling his enemies and making it appear to the world that he is the victim of the jealousy of political opponents. His main reliance, however, is centered on a plan of persistent opposition to each and every point raised against him. Nevertheless, Wilsonism which has become the accepted French term for mendacity, is turning the heads of the Parisians, who are willing to believe anything that may be told them in seriousness, and it is quite as likely that the bold and accomplished liar may triumph as that the treacherous scamp may be punished. The letters and documents which Wilson is accused of having tampered with are said to have been altered while in the hands of the court. The court itself has an unsavory smell in the nostrils of men who know its vulnerability, and to its depraved condition alone is due the temporary liberty of Gen. Cabbarel, Mme. Limazin, and M. Lorentz. Mme. Lorentz died Friday evening of starvation. Her husband abandoned her some time ago and she has since been compelled to subsist on the charity of whomsoever she could persuade to keep her. She breathed her last in a squalid room in the Avenue Des Torres. Mme. Lenozens' husband had fled to Belgium. The daily News scouts at the idea of President Grevy resigning and declares that France only began to be truly a republic, when it accepted his guidance. It would be

A GREAT CALAMITY

not only to France, but to Europe, should that guidance be withdrawn, says the News, and we fervently hope that Mr. Grevy will not permit caprice to prevail against his patriotism It transpires that Crown Prince Frederick William has for a long time suspected the nature of his malady, and is reported to have said when informed that he was afflicted with cancer, "I thought it was somethidg of that sort." In a letter written to his mother a few days ago the Crown Prince appealed to her to pay no attention to newspaper reports of his condition, but to rely solely upon the information which he himself would cause to be sent to her. The emperor has read his son's telegrams with an ill concealed feeling of deep emotion. He will not allow his secretaries to read them to him, but insists on a personal perusal of each one. Queen Victoria sends telegrams to the crown prince daily, and is promptly informed of every change in his condition. The latest report from San Remo is that the swelling of the larynx is subsiding, and that the patient's condition is thus favorable to an operation through the mouth, which will undoubtedly be performed in Berlin. The crown princess insists that Dr. Mackenzie shall perform the operation, while other members of the imperial family prefer Prof. Bergmann, and it is probable that the patient himself will have to decide the question. The appearance of the crown prince is unchanged, except that he has assumed a yellow, wax-like color which a French expert attributes to the increase of virus in the blood.

The departure of the convalescent daughters of the prince of wales from Copenhagen for Brighton, is fixed for Nov. 18.

A correspondent writing from Copenhagen says the czar may be seen daily

PLAYING AND ROMPING

with his children in the park. The little ones are now entirely well and the autocrat of all the Russias is in better health and spirits than those near him have known him to be for years.

The Times referring to the bulletin of the crown prince's physician announcing the fact that the patient was afflicted with cancer and speculating on the chances of his survival of an operation, says it would be difficult to fish out of medical literature a statement more barbarously expressed.

The vacillation of the government is conspicuously shown in the granting of permission of the Social Democrats to hold a meeting in Trafalgar square tomorrow on the heels of the promulgation of an order prohibing public meetings of any kind at that place. Enormous crowds are expected to be present and the police will undoubtedly be kept busy. Sir Charles Warren, commissioner of the metroplitan police, is pulling one way, while his superior, Home Secretary Matthews, is hauling in the opposite direction, and it would not be surprising if the glaring mismanagement of both should result in a great row, for which, of course, nobody will be to blame.

The Pall Mall Gazette prints a cartoon this afternoon purporting to depict the arrest of William Saunders in Trafalgar square yesterday, in which the ex-member of parliament is seen marching to jail in a fur coat, supported by two policemen.

JAY GOULD

left for Paris to-day. He spent the entire week in trying to bring about an amalgamation of all the cables, but failed to accomplish his object. The Financial News reported Mr. Gould's movements through the aid of the detectives which it placed on the track of the American financier with instructions to keep him always in sight.

The government has concluded a convention with France, Holland and Belgium for the joint management of their respective telegraph systems, thus overcoming the monopoly for many years enjoyed by the submarine company. The plant of the latter company is taken by the new government monopoly at a sum very much in excess of its value.

John L. Sullivan went to Birmingham to-day. His progress was heralded in advance and he was greeted by tremendous crowds at the railway stations en route, his reception partaking of the character of an ovation. John is well and happy, and thus far has kept strictly sober.

DOCTORS DISAGREE.

Varying Opinions Relative to the Treatment of the Crown Prince.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—The first whispers of the dire news from San Remo were unheard in Berlin till towards evening On the Bourse business was over. Some evening papers had congratulatory articles on the improving prospects of the crown prince, when suddenly semi-officially reports were permitted to transpire that yesterday evening's advices were false news. These reports created general consternation. The early announcements were vaguely put, to the effect that the malady had been found to be of a cancerous nature, and that with regard to the further treatment of the crown prince no trustworthy information would be obtainable until a verbal report was received from Dr. Schmidt, who went to San Remo at the command of the emperor. Nothing was said about the chances of recovery or the condition of the patient, but the official admission was enough to confirm the worst fears in the public mind concerning the crown prince's fate. Later it became known that Prof. Bergmann had not lectured at the university, being engaged in a consultation on the expediency of performing another operation, and that Drs. Schroeter and Krause were in favor of immediate tracheotomy, while Drs. Schretzer and Mackenzie were opposed to it. At last

A DECISIVE EXAMINATION

was made yesterday morning, which resulted in the doctor's unanimously declaring that a radical cure was impossible, the only difference of opinion being as to how long the crown prince's life could be prolonged. The crown prince heard part of the discussion between the doctors. He showed the greatest self-possession when told that his recovery was uncertain, and retired to meet the princess. He afterwards sent a long dispatch to the emperor, and then, recalling the doctors, he told them that he placed himself in their hands. Dr. McKenzie communicated the result of the examination to Prince William, who seemed to be more affected by the dreadful news than his father had been. Dr. Schmidt, who will personally read the report of the doctors to the emperor to-morrow, shares Dr. Mackenzie's opposition to an immediate operation. His relations with the emperor, therefore, will undoubtedly influence the family decision. Prince William returns to Berlin to-morrow. The confirmation of the statement that the crown prince is afflicted with cancer has revived interest in

THE METHODS ATTEMPTED

for the extirpation of the disease. The National Zeitung, in an article bearing the stamp of authority, says: "Despite the malignant nature of cancer, the larynx operation is now frequently successful. The most famous German operators are Dr. Hahn, of the Freidrichsham hospital, Berlin, and Dr. Bergmann, who recently performed five operations, and in every case the patient rapidly recovered. Even the extirpation of the whole of the larynx has been effected with complete success." A gentleman named Puner, residing in Prague, has sent letters to the newspapers stating that Prof. Gussenbaum, of Heidelberg, removed the whole of his larynx, in 1880, since when he has enjoyed excellent health. Whatever is done with the crown prince, the feeling in the highest quarter is against further reliance upon Dr. Mackenzie. It will be an unavailing and poignant source of regret to all Germany that while the German specialists diagnosed the cancerous character of the growth at the outset of the prince's illness, the treatment of the case was committed to Dr. Mackenzie. The opinions of Profs. Tobold, Fraenkel and others, published in the spring, are recalled as proofs of the accuracy of the German specialists. Prof. Tobold's written opinion is now

OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

He declared that the removal of the first growth from the crown princes throat with forceps by Dr. Mackenzie's method provoked a vigorous recurrence of the tumor. After the fourth consultation on the crown prince's case, Prof. Tobold wrote: "I hold that the quite dangerless process of laryingo-fissure is the fittest mode of completely doing away with the growth, enabling sureness and absolute exactness in the exercise of the disease part, and the destruction of the seeds of a further growth by cauterization." The only eminent defender of Mackenzie is Prof. Vertel, of Munich. He maintains that Mackenzie did not select the wrong treatment; that he continued that begun under Bergmann and Gerhardt, and that an operation in the spring would have been utterly useless.

The Unionists.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—An enthusiastic Unionist demonstration was held in Leinster hall last evening, at which the Duke of Abercorn presided. All sections of Dublin Loyalists, irrespective of creed or politics, were represented. The chief speakers were Ashmead Bartlett, the Marquis of Carmarthen and William Gray Ellison Macartney, member of parliament for Antrim, South, who declared that Ulster would stand by the Loyalists of Leinster, Connaught and Munster. They repudiated the attempts to establish artificial distinctions. The Dublin Express says: The meeting will inspire with hope the loyalists of the remotest villages of Munster and Connaught." The Freeman's Journal says: "The performanee showed the Dublin Unionists at their best. They had one duke, one marquis, one lord and one Bartlett." Tully, the Nationalist agitator of Woodford and the organizer of the rent war on the Clancicarde estate, has been stoned and severely injured. His assailants are supposed to be tenants who had been evicted in consequence of having adopted the plan of campaign. Other local agitators have received warning that they too will be summarily dealt with.

Trafalgar Square.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Sir Charles Warren, chief commissioner of police, has issued a proclamation that no procession shall be allowed to approach Trafalgar square to-morrow. The Radical clubs and the socialist federations are actively engaged in arrangement of a plan of march by which they hope to force their way through every street debouching upon the square. Placards have been posted in various places appealing to the workingmen to come by tens of thousands and resist the carrying out of the "ukase of the military despot."

The French Scandal

PARIS, Nov. 12,—M. Wilson, who is charged with complicity in the Caffarel scandal, appeared before the examining magistrate to-day. He affirmed that the disputed letters are authentic. Madame Limouzin persists in her declaration that they have been tampered with. Le Voltaire advises Republicans to prepare for a congress of deputies and senators for the election of a president of the republic. The irreconcileables have resolved to form a committee of control and to construct barricades in the streets if M. Ferry should be elected to succeed M. Grevy in the event of the latter resigning the presidency.

Red Flags Prohibited.

PARIS, Nov. 12.—In the chamber of deputies to-day M. Falliers, minister of the interior, replying to an interpellation in regard to the disturbance at the funeral of Eugene Potier, the communist poet, on Nov. 8, said that the duty of the government was to enforce respect for the law. Having decided to oppose the display of red flags, it was a function of the ministry to take the necessary measures to prevent such a display. He would never allow the display of a flag which is the emblem of revolt. The remarks of M. Falliers were greeted with applause by the center.

He Stays in Bed.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—Mr. O'Brien, who is incarcerated in the Tullamore jail and who refused to don the uniform prescribed by the prison regulations, wore his own clothes until yesterday. While he was in bed last night his clothing was removed from his cell and replaced with the ordinary prison garb. Mr. O'Brien refuses to dress himself in the uniform.

A Commercial Notice.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Switzerland has given notice to Austria that she will terminate the commercial treaty between the two countries and substitute therefor a tariff convention with a most favored nation clause.

Must Keep Away.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—A proclamation has been issued at Tullamore forbidding the assembling near the prison where Mr. O'Brien is confined, of any crowds.

Want a Special Jury.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—The court of queen's bench of Dublin has granted an application under the crimes act for a special jury to try a man charged with murder at Longford. This is the first application of the kind.

Rector of Aberdeen.

LONDON, Nov. 12.—Rt. Hon. George Joachim Goschen has been elected to the rectorship of Aberdeen university by a vote of 455 to 314 for Rt. Hon. John Morley.

The Natives Rejoiced.

MASSOWAH, Nov. 12.—The natives here are rejoiced at the protection given them by the Italians against slavery. Two slaves recently escaped and boarded an Italian gun boat, and were protected, despite the opposition of their masters.

Given a Month.

DUBLIN, Nov. 12.—Fifteen members of the National league were sentenced at Kilrush to-day to one month's imprisonment at hard labor. They were removed from the court room singing "God Save Ireland."

The Crown Prince.

BERLIN, Nov. 12.—The Reichs-Anzeiger confirms the statement that the Crown Prince is suffering from cancer. Prince Bismarck has been summoned by telegraph to return to Berlin.

Weds in Her Old Age.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Nov. 12.—The Journal's correspondent at Elkhart, Ind., informs that paper that Clara Louise Kellogg and her manager, Carl Starkosch, were married at that place on Wednesday night, at the close of an entertainment given by the company. Every possible effort was made to keep the matter secret for at least two weeks, the records of the marriage being hidden and the officials and officiating clergyman pledged to secrecy. Notwithstanding these precautions, the news to-day became public property.

DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Business Portion of St. Peter Swept Away by a Conflagration,

Which Reduced to Ashes Property Valued at a Quarter of a Million.

Arensdorf's Case to Come Up Again To-Morrow in the Sioux City Courts.

Woonsocket's Affliction From the Fire Fiend--General Northwestern News.

Special to the Globe.

ST. PETER, Minn., Nov. 12.—St. Peter is on fire. The flames are still rampant and uncontrolled. The first alarm was sounded at 10:10 o'clock, and the fire which originated in the old barn of the Northwestern hotel, has consumed and destroyed the business portion of the city. The wind was very strong and from the southeast and lay in the direction of the First National bank, the stores of William Klein, A. J. Lamberton, Oliver Anderson and others. The fire department with a limited supply of water are now hard at work fighting the flames with but little success. The houses laid low thus far are the First National bank and contents, the dry goods and clothing stores of A. J. Lamberton, the furniture store of William Klein, the general store of Oliver Anderson, the law office of A. A. Stone, the Commercial and Northwestern hotels and contents, the saloons of W. W. Chandler, F. Warmmundi and J. Knestant, the stores of A. Fischer, G. W. Steinke, H. J. Ludicke, N. M. Baker & Co., and the millinery store of Mrs. Ludeke. Among those who

ARE MOST UNFORTUNATE

Is Mr. Ludeke, who has lost the fruits of twenty years' toil, everything, including his dwelling, being burned to the ground. The loss at this writing will amount to over $250,000, with no possible estimate as to what the damage will be when the fire is under control. The Mankato fire department are here and noble are the efforts of every one to stop the fury of the flames. Stores are being emptied of stocks of fine goods and thousands of dollars worth of stock lie scattered about the streets. Among the damaged stock is that of C. Amundson whose $20,000 worth of goods are injured by water and smoke. The armory of Company I, M. N. G., is now in flames and a portion of the arms belonging to the state are inaccessible. Most of the burnt buildings are old landmarks, while some are fine brick edifices, and none can now say what effect the fire will have on the future of this devastated city.

APPEALED TO ST. PAUL.

A telegram from the mayor of St. Peter was received shortly after 11 o'clock at fire headquarters asking for help. Engine No. 6, the reserve chemical, and a hose cart were at once loaded on a special train of flat cars in the Omaha yards. The train, with fifteen firemen under command of Second Assistant Chief Kelleher, several reporters and operators left the freight depot at the foot of Robert street about 12:30, but at Chestnut street the order was countermanded from St. Peter, the fire having been put under control.

Arensdorf's Case.

Specials to the Globe.

SIOUX CITY, Io., Nov. 12.—The sheriff to-day completed the service of an extra venire for seventy-five jurors from which to select a jury to try John Arensdorf a second time for the murder of Rev. George C. Haddock. This is in addition to the regular panel. The trial is set for Monday, in the district court, Judge Wakefield presiding. Since the last trial, which ended in the disagreement of the jury, the defense has made strenuous efforts to have the case dismissed, arguing such a motion at length, only to have it overruled. At present the indications are that the trial will proceed, although it is rumored that a desperate effort will be made to have a continuance granted. As far as is known no new evidence of importance has been developed on either side, and no one knows the whereabouts of Henry Peters, George Truber or Louis Plath. The interest in the case does not begin to approach that manifested in the first trial.

The Blue Earth Farmers.

Special to the Globe.

MANKATO, Minn., Nov. 12.—The farmers of Blue Earth county and adjacent territory held a second mass meeting at the court house in this city this afternoon and perfected a temporary organization, by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws, for the establishment of a co-operative farmers' warehouse at this point. The present capital stock is placed at $5,000, with shares at $15 each. A large number of shares were subscribed for this afternoon. The following officers were elected: President, George May; treasurer, Adam Arnold. This is the initial step of a plan which will undoubtedly develop to the advantage of the farmers here. Another meeting will be held on Saturday, the 19th, when the plan adopted to-day will be perfected.

Gamma Phi Beta.

Special to the Globe.

MADISON, Wis., Nov. 12.—The annual convention of the Gamma Phi Beta college secret society was held in this city to-day under the auspices of the chapter in the State university. The young ladies in attendance from other institutions are Misses Small and Helmer, of Ann Arbor, Mich.; Miss Wellington, of Boston; Misses Brown and Potter, Syracuse, N. Y. The next convention will be held at Boston.

A Costly Blaze.

Special to the Globe.

WOONSOCKET, Dak., Nov. 12.—A fire broke out at 3 o'clock this morning in Howell's livery stable. The stable, with twenty-nine horses and eleven cows and oxen, was destroyed. Two residences and contents and two vacant saloon buildings were burned, and McCauley & Mellen's paint shop was torn down to stop the fire. The Milwaukee house narrowly escaped. Loss, $7,000, no insurance, except on one residence belonging to B. G. Bills. Howell and wife, who lived in the second story of the barn, barely escaped with their lives. Mrs. Howell's gold watch was to-day found in the ruins. Howell will rebuild.