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 Daily Globe.

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

VOL. IX. SAINT PAUL, MINN., MONDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 14, 1887. NO. 31.

THE REDS BURIED

The Five High Priests of Anarchy in Chicago Borne to Their Graves.

A Great Crowd in the Procession, but Perfect Order Prevails.

No Red Flags Are Carried, but Crimson Is Displayed on the Coffins.

A View of the Cortege as It Passed the Scene of the Great Riot.

Profuse Display of Red by the Female Friends of the Dead Men.

The Trip by Train to Waldheim Unmarked by Untoward Incidents.

Speeches at the Graves--Capt. Black's Remarks Not Incendiary.

Other Speakers Create Much Excitement by Their Furious Utterances.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—Flitting mile after mile in gloom, close down to the cold, flat earth, five unseen, soulless figures, fleeing in death as from the one great Being for whom alone there can be no law, found a hiding place in the darkness at the most desolate spot on the prairie's wide expanse. The five ghastly figures were the symbols of attempted destruction to law—they were the five dead anarchists, Spies and Parsons and Fischer and Engel and Lingg. Probably half a million people in the city of their terrible crime saw the last public preparations for the final flight to the tomb. Scarcely more than half the number expected, 7,000 men and 250 women, aided in the city by forming in procession behind them. Ten thousand people were present in the barest, emptiest graveyard adjacent to Chicago when the corpses at last were hidden. Muttered curses and bitter murmurs and a cry of "Throttle the law," accompanied the parting words spoken over the five lifeless bodies. It was almost to a second the exact time, forty-eight hours before, the scaffold drop fell with August Spies and his comrades, that to-day the blackest of hearses drew up at the door of his relatives. More peculiar still was the fact that the hearse was just ready to start at the precise moment corresponding to the announcement at the gallows that Spies had ceased to breathe.

THIS WAS THE BEGINNING

of the obsequies. The scene is at the extreme northwestern corner of the city, and the route taken resembled nothing so much as a monster black snake, stretching right to the center of Chicago and protruding out and beyond the furthest southwestern angle. The serried lines of blackness were formed of human beings wedged together into almost a single continuous whole. Off from Milwaukee avenue Spies lived in a little oasis of well-to-do Americans and Germans, while the others entombed to-day had places of abode scattered at intervals of five or six blocks close to the same thoroughfare, but in the midst of the most ignorant and uncouth classes of Chicago's foreign-born population. About 4,000 persons, most of them neighbors of the Spies family, were congregated on the street and sidewalks of the block in which Spies lived when the time for the departure arrived. As at the other houses where the anarchist bodies lay, a constant stream of mourners or curious sightseers had been, since almost daylight, pouring through the buildings and viewing the livid remains or gazing at the weeping relatives. When the forty-eight hours anniversary of the scaffold drop had come and the somber hearse was standing patient at the curb, the tall, stately form of Capt. Black, the anarchists' chief counsel, was seen stepping out through the throng at the Spies threshold. Supported on his arm and head pillowed on his shoulder was a clinging, girlish figure clad in crape from head to foot—a picture of utter woe. The face was completely veiled from sight. Instantly the whisper was heard on every side: "There she is;"

"THERE'S NINA VAN ZANDT;"

"That's Spies' wife." It was not till the coffin had been placed in the hearse, the immediate mourners had entered carriages, and 500 blue-badged turners had formed in ranks ahead, that the crowd discovered its mistake. Calmly seated in the first carriage, without one sign of mourning in her apparel or a single trace of grief in her pale, set face, was Nina Van Zandt. The countenance was unmistakably that of Spies' youthful proxy bride, but it had suddenly acquired a dignity and matureness that gave an unlooked for, but far from repellant aspect to one of her years. Aside from this expression the shapely features wore a peculiar yellowish pallor It may have been a mere fancy of the observers, but those who saw the face of Spies, as he trod to his place on the gallows, say the pallor on his countenance then was exactly that to-day on the face of Nina Van Zandt. She was appareled in a well-worn, fur-trimmed wrap of dark wine-colored or purple velvet, a very simply made dress of black silk and a small, neat brown feathered bonnet to match the wrap. While the crowds were recovering from their surprise at

MISS VAN ZANDT'S DEMEANOR

and dress, the black-clad girl who had accompanied Capt. Black into the same carriage with Spies' pseudo wife threw back her veil and disclosed the tear-stained features of the dead man's sister Gretchen. Alongside of Miss Van Zandt, and listening eagerly at times to her words of glorification of Spies, was the anarchist's aged mother. There were hard lines in her face, but she seemed to have command of her grief. At this moment the mournful music of a dirge away to the front was heard and the cortege was on its way to the grave. Down Milwaukee avenue, between such multitudes on either side as never before gathered on these walks and pavements, and at places thronged the tops of the houses, the procession marched more slowly and solemnly than on Friday, when the anarchists went to the scaffold. It took up with somewhat similar scenes the body of Fischer, then Parsons, and afterward those of Lingg and Engel. With each there was a great accession to the cortege, and, as it proceeded, the masses of onlookers became still more dense. The line of march, if deflected north as much as it was afterward turned south, would have led almost into the location of the anarchist gallows, but at the corner of Desplaines street there was a quick change of front, and the procession seemed headed direct for the Haymarket.

AT HAYMARLET SQUARE.

The Procession Passes the Scene of the Bomb Throwing.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The most striking view of the procession was obtained at the corner of Lake and Desplaines streets, for it brought so vividly to mind the scenes of May 4, 1886, when the bomb was thrown. It was just 1:45 o'clock when the head of the lines reached the spot. At the corner is the saloon and hall of Charles Zepf, the anarchist. It was to this saloon that Parsons took his wife and children after he had finished his speech at the Haymarket and where they sat when the bomb was thrown. Two hundred feet south of the corner was the place where stood the wagon from which Spies and his comrades delivered their harangues and counseled the throttling of the law. And here, too, was the alley from which the hissing and fatal bomb was hurled into the ranks of the police. A little further south is the spot where the missile fell and did such awful destruction. Was it by accident or design that the parade wound around this historic corner? was a question asked by hundreds. And the line of march took the marching army of sympathizers directly past Grief's hall, in the basement of which a group of anarchists used to hold nightly conference, and instruct one another in the use of dynamite, and practice the manual of arms. At the hour above mentioned, the first line of men could be seen crossing the Desplaines street viaduct, where in 1878 a bloody fight took place between the police and the railroad strikers. There was no advance guard of police. Chief Marshal Charles Hepp, with two aids, led the way.

THEY WORE NO RED,

but simple black clothes and crape on their arms. Then came a brilliantly dressed corps of musicians, in the colors of the German army, and on their heads were spiked helmets. It was a strange scene. The band master carried a sword in his hand and bore a striking resemblance to King William of Prussia. As this band passed Zepf's hall, which was open and filled with drinking men, it struck up a dirge, as did in fact every other band in the procession, and there were at least fifteen of them. Following the first corps of musicians walked the defense committee, the men who had charge of collecting the funds with, which it was hoped to save the anarchists from their fate. George A. Schilling led the committee and carried in his hands a floral tribute. Following them marched eight abreast nearly 200 members of the Aurora Turnverein, of which August Spies was a member. The whole society was not out, as many members are not in sympathy with anarchy. Four hundred of the Vorwaerts Turner society came next, wearing red badges on their breasts. This branch of the Turners is more strongly tinctured with socialism than any in the city. One hundred of the Fortschritt branch came next, and then followed the feature of the procession. It was the hearse of August Spies. There were

NO NODDING BLACK PLUMES ON IT,

but the top was so covered with floral tributes that nothing else could be seen. Inside was the richly-covered casket. Standing out in bold relief against the black broadcloth of the coffin was thrown a great sash of red silk. It was was all the more striking because no flowers had been placed inside to interfere with the idea of having Spies' beloved colors shown to the public even after his death. The crowds on the street corners craned their necks to get a glimpse of this, the most imposing of all the hearses in the pageant. Then another band wheeled into Lake street playing a dirge. It was in front of many hundred members of the Central Labor union, the members of which are among the most extreme socialists of the city. Behind them walked the black horses which drew the hearse in which lay the coffin of Adolph Fischer, he who yelled "Hurrah for anarchy" at the moment he was hanged. His hearse had not so many flowers on it as did that of his comrade Spies, but there were enough to show that, although he was a poor man, yet his fellow socialists had not failed to remember him. But for some reason no red silk emblem of his faith had been thrown across the casket in which were his remains. Then came the funeral carriage of

ALBERT R. PARSONS.

On the box by the driver sat a man holding in his hands a floral emblem of such immense size that the inscription of flowers, "From K. of L. Assembly No. 1307," could be seen 100 feet away. This is the assembly to which Parsons belonged until it was kicked out of the order for its adherence to the cause of anarchy. For the reason that this was the only floral piece on or in the hearse it attracted all the more attention. Then there was another little thing about Parsons' coffin. Instead of a great sash of red thrown across it there was a simple red-silk ribbon, which was trailed carelessly from the head of the casket to almost the center, and was then strung along the floor of the hearse until it wound itself into a little heap at the foot. "It is suggestive of a serpent," was the remark of an onlooker. Then along came another cohort of the Central Labor union, builders and bakers and representatives of all sorts of trades. Behind these were drawn the hearses of George Engel and Louis Lingg, the suicide. Over both the black coffins were the inevitable red banners under which the men had fought. Several floral pieces were carried behind by stalwart men. All through this, which may be called the first part of the demonstration, were interspersed the carriages containing the relatives and a few near friends of the dead anarchists, but the original programme was changed in the hurry and confusion of getting the line together, so that the carriages of the mourners became somewhat mixed.

AFLAME WITH RED.

The Women in the Procession Wear Plenty of Crimson.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The next feature of the procession was the turn-out of the people who followed after the hearses. Down from the viaduct around the corner into Lake street they marched. There were men, there were women, there were boys and girls on foot and babes in arms, bands of music and arms full of flowers. In ranks of four to eight deep they tramped, husbands, wives, children and sweethearts, side by side. As they swung into Lake street not a word was uttered by those in the ranks or those on the corners. The respect shown by the police for those in the parade was remarkable. Only eight officers were stationed at this historic corner to keep the crowd back from intruding. A most noticeable feature of this part of the pageant was the showing made by the two local assemblies of the Knights of Labor composed wholly of women. Each one of these were aflame with red. Scarlet in their hats, bows of crimson at their throats and long streamers of crimson from their shoulders made the appearance of the workingwomen the object of special comment. In front of them marched Miss Mary McCormick, master workman of the organization known as "Lucy Parsons assembly, K. of L." She was attended by two others, and the trio carried a huge wreath, to the top of which was attached a snow-white dove —the emblem of peace. It will be remembered that the signal for the gathering at Haymarket square was the printed German word "ruhe," meaning peace. This was the only white dove in the whole line. The tribute was sent by the Ladies' Defense Fund committee of Cincinnati. Then came more men, women and children, and it took the marching thousands just twenty-three minutes to pass the corner. After the foot warriors came the carriages, to the number of fifty. They were overloaded with people of

ALL AGES AND SEXES.

And here a change was made. Instead of turning into Lake street the line of vehicles kept on due south on Desplaines street at a brisk trot. Squarely over the spot where the bomb fell and on over the ground strewn by mangled bodies the night of the riot tramped the horses. But there was no crowd there to-day. Not a dozen persons were at the corner of Randolph street when the first carriage rolled by. On went the line past the Desplaines street station, on the steps of which stood Lieut. Bold and a few policemen who gazed on with stolid looks. In the alley stood a patrol wagon with horses all ready to go, showing that the officers were on the alert. The carriages reached the Wisconsin Central depot possibly twenty minutes ahead of the marchers of the procession who went east on Lake street, south on Fifth avenue and past the building in which was formerly the office of August Spies and Albert R. Parsons, where they wrote bloodthirsty editorials for their respective papers, the Arbeiter Zeitung and the Alarm. As the first ranks of the Aurora Turnverein passed the building some one of its members raised in the air a small United States flag and waved it over his head. This was the signal for a cheer from the loyal spectators on the sidewalk. In half an hour more Marshal Hepp halted the procession at the Wisconsin Central depot, and the coffins of the four men who had paid the penalty of murder on the gallows, and that of Louis Lingg, the bomb-maker and suicide, were borne on the shoulders of the pall-bearers through a side entrance to the depot and deposited in a combination baggage and smoking-car, to which was attached an engine ready to start for Waldheim cemetery.

AT THE DEPOT.

A Great Crowd Takes the Train for Waldheim Cemetery.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The Wisconsin Central depot is situated on what is known in Chicago as the levee. The inhabitants are of the poorest and least reputable class. The houses are of the poorest description, and long before the funeral procession reached the depot the tops of the structures were covered with sightseers, and out of every window peered dozens of eyes. An unusually strong cordon of police guarded all the approaches and kept the throng back on the side streets and in the alleys. Inside the depot were 3,000 people pushing and jostling each other in a mad rush to gain seats in the train. Every little while a whirl of excitement would be raised by the rush of detectives after a pickpocket, of which there were many in the crowd. On the main track stood the first train which was to leave for the cemetery. It consisted of fifteen coaches. On a side track to the left was the baggage car for the carrying of the bodies and the engine which was to draw the train. It did not require many minutes after the procession arrived for all the coaches to be filled to overflowing. So dense was the crowd in the depot and far out into the yards that it was almost impossible for one to force a passage. Then the engine and funeral car pulled slowly up the side track onto the main track and were quickly attached to the other coaches. In the first passenger coach were the mourners. In this were Capt. Black, Nina Van Zandt, Mrs. Spies, August's mother; Gretchen, his sister; and Ferdinand and Chris, the two brothers. Then there were the dusky Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Engel and her children, and Mrs. Fischer and her two babies. No outsiders were allowed to intrude on the privacy of the mourners. The next coach was chartered by the Aurora Turnverein. In it, by courtesy, seats were given to Mrs. Capt. Black and her adopted boy; Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Fielden, whose husbands are in the penitentiary; Mrs. Mary Holmes, a few other female friends, and the Associated Press representatives. The rest of the cars were filled with the miscellaneous throng, who filled every seat and so completely choked up the aisles that it was impossible to move about. Three other trains were made up, and yet all who would like to have gone to the cemetery could not be accommodated. In all forty coach loads were takenout.

TO THE CEMETERY.

The Route of the Train Crowded With Sightseers.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—So dense was the crowd on the tracks that when the train pulled out of the depot it was at a snail's pace. Men and boys attempted to crowd on the already packed platforms only to be shoved off again. The river was at last reached and crossed, and the dense throng was left behind. The locomotive kept up a continual tooting as it neared the principal street crossings, where many curious people stood watching the sight. Every one of the viaducts under which the engine rolled was completely lined with sightseers. Out through the Bohemian district the wheels rolled, and as the slowly moving train passed by many Bohemian women, whose husbands had taken part in the riotous scenes of May, 1886, peered out of windows and over back fences to get a glimpse of the car in which were the remains of those who had preached anarchy to their spouses and led them in many a strike. Western avenue is reached, and looking south down the thoroughfare could be seen the tall smoke stack and high belfry of McCormick's great reaper works. Here it was at the intersection of Blue Island avenue, or, as it was called, "the Black road," that on the afternoon of May 3, 1886, August Spies delivered his famous speech, by which he so wrought up his listeners that an attack was made on the works and a battle with the police ensued. From this point out to Waldheim there was no incident or special note, and when the train halted at the road leading to the cemetery the passengers rushed out of the cars and ran pell-mell to the burial grounds.

AT THE GRAVE.

Some of the Anarchist Orators Excite the Crowd.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—In the distance half a mile away could be seen the bleak-looking, dingy pickets of the cemetery's high paling. The barren, brown prairies and sunless sky gave an added chill to the raw wind wailing through the telegraph wires that an hour later would be carrying over the world the bitter words so soon to be spoken. A band with crimson-faced uniforms led the way with the most mournful dirge of the day, down past the ominously rustling leaves of a grove of oak trees. High on the shoulders of their one-time associates were the black coffins of the anarchists, each half hidden by a draping of flaming red. On either side of the road for the first quarter of a mile were ranged long lines of people just as in the city streets. Approaching the huge, unsightly red brick gate, however, there was scarcely a human being to be seen outside the organizations following the coffin. When the five corpses were once inside the cemetery a bell was heard tolling, but in a quick, agitated manner that reminded many of the name of Parson's fierce mouthpiece, the Anarchist Alarm. The uncanny sound had hardly ceased when the coffins were brought to a stand-still and laid upon a rude platform in front of what seemed a rough stone hut, perfectly windowless and with only one small door. A moment later a person who had followed the coffins to this point

COULD NOT STIR A FOOT,

in any direction, so thick had the crowd become. The relatives of the dead men were quickly gathered beside Capt. Black on the platform, but in the gathering darkness the only features that could be discerned were the gleaming eyes of Parsons' wife, the pale, agonized brow of Nina Van Zandt, and the gross-looking form of Ida Friedel, Louis Lingg's "girl." Without any preliminaries whatever Capt. Black began the first of the funeral orations. It was couched in clear-cut, elegant periods, but had no more effect on the listeners than had the inscriptions on the gravestones scattered about. He said:

"What is truth? Through eighteen centuries and more the answer of that loyal, that glorious one of Nazareth to that question was in these words: 'I am truth.' And no man knows truth until it has become the inspiration of his life and he is crowned in death. These men have kept loyal to the convictions that entered into their lives. I am not here this afternoon to speak to you any special words concerning the cause for which these men lived nor concerning the manner of their taking off, but to speak to you like a friend, to tell you that that cause which commanded their services was sealed at last by their lives, with unstinted measure for the sake of

THOSE THEY LOVED.

"You know how grandly they passed out of this life into the perfect and glorious life that is beyond the reach of misjudgment. We are not here beside the caskets of felons consigned to an ignominious death. We are here beside the bodies of those who were sublime in their self-sacrifice and for whom the gibbet became the glorious cross. They have been painted and presented to the world as men loving violence and riot and bloodshed for its own sake. Nothing could be further from the truth. They were men who loved peace, whose hearts were full of tenderness, who were loved by those who kdew them, trusted by those who came to understand the glory and power of their lives. And the anarchy of which they spoke and taught, what was it but an attempt to answer the question: 'After the revolution—what? They believed that there was that of wrong and hardship in the existing order which pointed to conflict, because they believed that selfishness would not surrender peaceably and of its own motion to righteousness; and the whole of their thought, of their philosophy as anarchists, was the establishment of an order of society that should be symbolized in the words

'ORDER WITHOUT FORCE.'

Is it practical? I know not. They thought it was. I know that it is not practical now. But I know also, as a philosopher and Christian, under the inspiration of love, that a day will come when righteousness shall reign the earth and when sin and selfishness shall end."

Capt. Black ended his address by reading a poem, reciting the virtues of the deceased and lauding anarchy. The verses were written by some one unknown to him and handed him on the train. He was followed by Robert Reitzel, of Detroit, who spoke in German, and had only said one sentence when he had roused the crowd from their lethargy and stirred the spirit that shone out so luridly in the meeting at the Haymarket. He said:

"Friends, I came here with the intention of making a charge, not against the people who to-day in their churches are thanking God for his just verdict, nor against the hangman whom they call sheriff, nor against the jury, the judge, nor the state's attorney, but against the workingmen of Chicago, because they allow five of their best men to be murdered in their midst. [Sensation and cries of 'bravo.'] But everybody is not a heroic spirit like Louis Lingg, who felt that in such moments the instincts of self-preservation would have been cowardice in a fight against a society that is based upon robbery and sustained by murder. [Renewed yelling by the crowd.] I cannot say more than that they died for justice."

A VIOLENT HARANGUE.

T. J. Morgan, a local socialist leader of English birth, made a violent harangue, which excited comments from the crowd. He said there could be nothing but contempt for the law which hung the anarchists. Here was the moment when one excited listener shouted: "Throttle the law." Morgan spoke in the most bitter terms of Inspector Bonfield, States Attorney Grinnell and Judge Gary and referred sneeringly to "The spread eagleism of the American Fourth of July obscuring the minds of the people." Part of the listeners did not relish his remarks, and when he asked how the wrongs of the working class could be righted, many shouted, "By the ballots." There was no counter outbreak, the majority of the spectators listening in dead silence and gazing steadfastly at the coffins. The last speech was in German by Albert Currlin, formerly of the Arbeiter Zeitung. He scarcely got a start when Capt. Black stepped to the front and laid his hand on the speaker's arm. It was now pitch dark in the graveyard and the people were being wrought up to a high tension of excitement by the oratory and the surroundings. Capt. Black gave the word that the ceremonies would now be considered closed. There was a movement showing the coffins of the five anarchists were being carried into the blackness within the vault. At once there was a wild stampede for the train. The greatest object lesson of the century was at an end.

Easily Startled.

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

How Policemen Were Placed.

CHICAGO, Nov. 13.—The entire squad of central detail police officers were on duty this morning at 9 o'clock. About twenty of the men had been on reserve all night and spent the day in the station instead of being assigned to positions on the line of march. About 12:40 o'clock, shortly after word was received that the funeral procession had started from August Spies' late home, Capt. Hubbard called on the men to fall in, and assigned those who had not been on night duty to stations along the line of march from Lake street bridge to the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street. Four men were placed at each street intersection. Orders were given to stay until the crowd dispersed and then go home, and report for duty at 9 o'clock this evening at the Desplaines street station.

KNEW HIM NOT.

Fielden Fails to Recognize Schwab in Prison Garb.

JOLIET, Ill., Nov. 13.—Yesterday Michael Schwab said to Fire Marshal Kromer, of this city, with whom he is acquainted, and who visited him at the prison shortly after his arrival:

"Lingg was the scalawag who did it all. Spies would not have been executed if those bombs had not been found in Lingg's cell. Why, that miserable rat asked for a pencil and paper to write some deviltry only five minutes before he died. It is a mystery to me how he managed to conceal that fulminating cap about him with which he took his life."

Being asked in German, the language in which the interview was held, what he thought Lingg intended to do with the bombs, Schwab replied:

"I think he was going to explode them among the jail officials and others who would be present at the execution and murder as many as he could, regardless of the consequence to himself. The actions of this wretch were what prevented a commutation for poor Spies. I do not think the police or jail officials had anything to do with the bombs found in Lingg's cell, and do not know how he got possession of them."

At this point Fielden, who had just been weighed and measured, came and took a seat on the bench beside Schwab, whom he did not appear to recognize in his prison garb and with his beard shaved off. Maj. McClaughrey then stepped up to Schwab, and, calling him by name, asked if he had any lung trouble. Before he could reply Fielden, with a look of amazement on his face, turned and looking squarely at his companion in crime said: "Is that you, Schwab?" The latter said "Yes," and the warden added: "Yes, this is Mr. Schwab." At this Fielden burst into a hearty laugh, and said that he would never have known it was Schwab, he was so changed in appearance—a fact that applied equally to himself.

A QUEER PLAYTHING.

Two Children Who Would Blow Up a Barn With a Bomb.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 13.—The finding of a dynamite bomb created a sensation in the vicinity of Laurel and John streets this morning. The fearful engine of destruction, which contained within its cylinder enough explosive force to destroy hundreds of lives and to shatter the strongest of buildings was, curiously enough, found in the hands of a child scarcely able to talk, but yet not ignorant of its terrible powers. With it in his childish way he intended to have a little pleasure in blowing up a stable. With him as a co-conspirator in this plot was another amateur destroyer of buildings, whose years did not exceed seven. The bomb was made of one and a quarter-inch gas pipe ten inches in length, plugged at both ends with wooden stoppers. At one end was a fulminating cap, evidently made from a revolver cartridge. Wedged in between the iron and the wood was a fuse which, from appearances, connected with the cap. About eight inches of the fuse swung loose and was wrapped in yellow paper. A gentleman passing along the street had his attention attracted to the bomb by the talk of the children about blowing up the stables. With a promise of treating them to candy he got possession of it and was told by the child that his father made it at the shop. The youngsters at that moment caught sight of a policeman and scampered off. The gentleman carried the bomb to the Central police station. The officers of the Oliver street police station were notified and a careful search of the locality begun.

COLLYER ON ANARCHY.

Why He Refused to Sign a Petition for Clemency.

NEW YORK, Nov. 13.—Chicago's recent judicial tragedy, its causes and it probable results furnished the theme for several local divines and lecturers to-day. Rev. Robert Collyer took as his text: "Those Hapless Maletactors," and on this topic addressed a large audience. He thought the scenes of last Friday had touched the public at large with a feeling of anger that the frightful crime for which the anarchists had been executed should happen in this free country of ours. And the people of the country were filled with admiration for the brave policemen, murdered in the discharge of their duty, and with sorrow for their bereaved families. When the appellate courts affirmed the sentences of the condemned men it was right that they should die. But their crime might be considered as an outgrowth of old and deep-rooted evils in the lands from which they came, though unknown here. "I was asked to sign a petition for clemency," said the speaker, "and to write to Gov. Oglesby, who is a personal friend of mine. But I declined. For I could not conscientiously do anything but let the law take its course. When a plague visits the country we employ quick-lime and other powerful agents to rid us of its presence. Now the time has come when we must stamp out this plague in the social order and prevent its further growth. These men must be lifted to a higher order of life. To this end the barriers between employer and employed must be broken down and the working classes educated."

Villas, farms and timber tracts, Read the "Wants" and learn th facts.

COWED BY BAYONETS

Collision at Trafalgar Square, London, Between Police and a Socialist Mob.

A Large Number of Persons Injured--Knives and Vitriol Freely Used.

The Great Crowd Finally Dispersed by a Detachment of British Infantry.

Germany and France Still Anxious for Another Bout With Bayonets.

Special Cable to the Globe.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—The scene at Trafalgar square to-day has not been equaled since 1866, when the people, in attesting their right to public meetings, destroyed the railings of Hyde park. Early in the day 4000 policemen took possession of the square and its approaches, prepared to hold it and prevent the advertised meeting. Soon the different clubs, associations, etc., began to arrive, after having marched through the various districts, in which they belonged, headed by bands of music and flying flags, banners, streamers, etc. These detachments were composed of socialists, radicals, Irish societies and a few trades associations, and as fast as they came to the square they were attacked and dispersed by the police, only to reassemble and press forward. Later, as the crowds became more dense, fierce fights were started between the police and the mob in Northumberland avenue, Whitehall, Pall Mall and other adjacent streets, in which the police were uniformly the victors. One detachment, preceded by a band, succeeded in getting into the square and

A BLOODY FIGHT

ensued, which ended finally in the repulse of the intruders and the injury of many persons. With this detachment was R. C. Graham, Liberal member of parliament for Northwest Lanarkshire, who was seriously hurt and subsequently arrested on a charge of assaulting the police. At 4:30 p. m. the crowd numbered easily 100,000 and it became so perfectly manifest that the police were powerless to disperse them that the military was summoned. Ie response to this call a force of cavalry and infantry came upon the ground, but they refrained from charging upon the multitude because the people, awed by the presence of the troops, had begun to disperse, and by dusk comparatively few remained. Two hundred citizens and forty of the police were injured in the succession of melees that took place, and about fifty of the disturbers were arrested, including Burns, the socialist leader. Some of those injured were well enough to leave the hospital after their wounds had been dressed, while others are so badly hurt that they

CANNOT FULLY RECOVER

for weeks. One patient in the Charing Cross hospital is terribly burned with vitriol, which was squirted upon him from a syringe, and another man, who is severely cut in the thigh and in other places, declares that he received his wounds from two policemen, one of whom thrust a bayonet through his thigh, while the other stabbed him with a knife or knives. Several of the injured policemen are suffering from knife wounds. It was noticeable that the crowd, while hooting, jeering and execrating the police, cheered the military. The infantry was posted in the middle of the square, so that the mob should not take possession of the square in case they succeeded in breaking through the police line. It is perhaps fortunate that they were prevented, as it is believed that instructions had been given that the riot act should be read and the infantry fire on the crowd the moment the latter should break through the police cordon.

A LARGE PROCESSION

of the rioters arrived at a point near the square by way of St. James street and Pall Mall about 4 o'clock, hooting the Carlton club as they passed its house and cheering the Reform when they reached its quarters. When the crowd reached the Athenæum the police barred their further progress and the officers in command shouted, "you can't go any further." The crowd pressed on, however, and the police charged upon them with batons drawn. The crowd resisted for a moment, but the onslaught of the police was too much for them to resist and they fell back. The police plied their clubs vigorously, broke down the banners carried by the procession and trod upon them and soon the mob was in full retreat. On their way back the retreating crowd met another procession en route to the square, and with this body the fleeing men returned. Upon the arrival of the augmented crowd at the scene of the first fight, they were met by

AN INCREASED FORCE

of police and in a surprisingly short space of time the formidable-looking mob was scattered in all directions. The life guards then blacked the passage of Pall Mall and cleared Carlton house terrace. While all this had been going on the Prince of Wales was sitting in a cab near by, unobserved by either the crowd or the police. When the second procession was broken up and scattered he directed the cab to be turned and driven to Marlborough house, where he ordered something to drink to be served to all the policemen on duty near the house. The example of the prince was followed by all of the clubs on Pall Mall square. The police refuse bail for Commoner Graham, in spite of his severe injuries. Most of the prisoners are confined in the Bow street, Scotland Yard and King street stations. Between the hours of 4 and 6 o'clock, seventy injured persons were treated at the Charing Cross hospital.

READY FOR A ROW.

The French and Germans Spoiling for a Fight.

By Cable to the Globe.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—Concerning Germany and her peculiar relations to France, an eminent foreign diplomat said this evening. "Germany resembles nothing so much as a bear surrounded by a pack of dogs which keep up a continual barking, though they are careful to preserve a respectful distance from the hated but dreaded object of their dislike. The French inhabiting the border provinces are supremely ingenious in contriving petty annoyances to irritate their grim neighbor, and their happiness is at its height when, as generally happens, they can succeed in persuading the world that they are the injured parties, and that the German ogre is perpetually seeking excuses for making another attempt to devour them. Many incidents occur daily which would be trivial, were it not for the animus obviously prompts their performance, and which must try the Teutonic patience sorely. The usually pacific Swiss in the frontier canton of Basle do not hesitate to show on every possible occasion their affection for the French and their extreme distaste for the Germans. They appear to deem it a special grievance that the latter occupy Mulhausen, a city once belongining to the Swiss confederation, then to France, and now one of the German spoils of war. Young Swiss, aspiring for cheap glory, nerve themselves with wine at Mulhausen, sing the "Marseilleaise" there, get locked up for their pains and

POSE AS MARTYRS

on their return home. French journals complain that at the dedication of a monument at Altakurch to the dead of the French and German armies who fell there, the German chaplain in his discourse had the bad taste to dilate on the 'paternal solicitude' of the Emperor William for his Alsatian subjects, but console themselves by contrasting the decorous behavior of these latter participants in the ceremonies with the conduct of the German soldiers, who finished the day by a carousal at a brewery. At the consecration of another monument, this time at Bonquival, dedicated to some workmen shot by the Germans in 1870, M. Paul Deroulede, who has recently returned from Russia, made the speech of the occasion and aroused the enthusiasm of his hearers by assuring them of the affection of the inhabitants of that country for the French people, their hope that the latter would continue to maintain a resolutely independent attitude toward Germany and their expectation of standing with them one day shoulder to shoulder in the field. Of course, M. Deroulede's hearers responded with vehement cheers for Russia, and incidentally for Boulanger also. All of these things tend to harden the German heart toward France, and if the imperial troops again cross the frontier as victors their commanders will go with instructions to rule the conquered territory with a hand of iron.

O'Brien Still in Bed.

LONDON, Nov. 13.—The action of the authorities of Tullamore jail in stealing Mr. O'Brien's clothes excites severe comment on all sides. Mr. O'Brien is still in the infirmary and refuses to leave his bed. He expressed his belief to-day that he is likely to die at any moment and declared that the authorities intended that their treatment of him should result fatally.

Wilson in a Box.

PARIS, Nov. 13.—It is rumored that M. Wilson has fled to Mortsons Vaudrey. M. Andrieux, formerly prefect of police, stated in the lobby of the chamber of deputies yesterday that he had been offered papers compromising M. Wilson for $4,000. Mme. Limousin has intimated that she will divulge further secrets.

Bright Protests.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Mr. John Bright writes a long letter protesting against any land purchase act for Ireland. He contends that the Ashbourne act, improved if necessary, will serve all purposes for a gradual transfer of land to tenants where such is needed.

Feels Encouraged.

BERLIN, Nov. 13.—The National Zeitung's San Remo dispatch says the swelling in the prince's throat is subsiding, and the patient feels encouraged. Profs. Bergmann and Schmidt returned from San Remo to-day and conferred with the emperor.

Prevented by Police.

DUBLIN, Nov. 13.—The police prevented a proposed league meeting at Tullamore to-day. There was no disturbance.

Against Emigration.

BERLIN, Nov. 13.—The government has issued another warning against emigration to America.

Boulanger Free.

PARIS, Nov. 13.—Gen. Boulanger's term of arrest expired to-day.

Killed His Wife.

Special to the Globe.

DES MOINES, Nov. 13.—A shocking accident occurred in East Des Moines last night by which a wife met her death at the hands of her husband. John Kelly, aged seventy-eight, lives on Second street, near the Burlington track. A gang of hoodlums had been in the habit of worrying the man and his wife by stoning the house with small pebbles, and last night he obtained a revolver for the purpose of scaring them away. When they made their customary visit, Kelly went out the back door, intending to come around in front and surprise them, and Mrs. Kelly went out the front way. When Kelly turned the corner of the house he fired in the darkness and inflicted a mortal wound upon his wife, from the effects of which she died today.

Two Runaways.

Special to the Globe.

MARSHALL, Minn., Nov. 13.—A furious runaway was the sensation here Friday evening. John Schutz, president of the village, was driving a spirited team belonging to M. Sullivan, postmaster, attached to a light phaeton and containing three ladies. The team took fright about a mile from town and tore the phaeton into kindling wood, scattering the occupants one by one along the road. At last accounts two of the ladies were under medical care for injuries sustained. Mr. Snap, who lived at the place of the runaway, hurriedly rode a mule into town for help. The mule also ran away and fell on his rider, injuring him so that he was carried into a neighbor's for treatment.

Bishop Ireland's Movements.

Special to the Globe.

LANESBORO, Minn., Nov. 13.—Rev. Bishop Ireland, of St. Paul, arrived here last evening by the 4:25 train, and will remain until Monday evening, when he will proceed on his mission of confirming the children of the different parishes he will visit. He goes to Rushford from here, where he delivers a lecture Sunday evening at the Catholic church. A great number of young men took the oath of total abstinence from him on Sunday.

Set at Liberty.

Special to the Globe.

NEILLSVILLE, Wis., Nov. 13.—Maggie Wright, the paramour of Daniel Allen, who escaped from jail here last summer after he had been found guilty by the jury for the murder of Henry Wright, was brought before Judge Newman last Saturday and the charges of murder and adultery against her were nollied by the district attorney, and the woman was set at liberty. Allen having escaped, there was no evidence against her that was strong enough to secure conviction.

FIRE'S AWFUL WORK.

St. Peter Spends a Doubly Sad Sabbath Amid Its Ruins.

Many of Its Finest Business Buildings Razed by the Flames.

A Convention to Assemble at Aberdeen to Ask for Dakota's Admission.

Sitting Bull Wants no More Fighting With the Pale-Face Braves.

Special to the Globe.

ST. PETER, Minn., Nov. 13.—The sun shone on St. Peter this morning with unusual brightness, but not as it had on the previous morning. The fire of last night has made a temporary wreck of the growing village. Few slept last night and many were the men who have toiled ceaselessly for the past twenty hours, and now that it is all over hundreds of people stand in groups to see what once was a thriving part of this city nothing but ashes and smoke. The origin of the fire is unknown further than it started in the Northwestern hotel barn, which is supposed to have been set on fire by a tramp. This is mere conjecture, but if true, the man perished in the flames. The loss reported this morning may have been a trifle high, yet it will not vary much from the figures reported. The heaviest loser is A. J. Lamberton, whose gross loss is between $30,000 and $35,000, upon which there is an insurance of $15,500. Oliver Anderson and Mr. Klein are also heavy losers, as is also H. J. Ludicke. The latter loses his entire possession and upon his two stores the insurance is less than $2,000. Your reporter has been industriously engaged to-day in effort to determine approximate losses and cannot now make anything like a definite statement. They are nearly as follows:

J. A. Lamberton	$32,000
William Keller	14,000
Oliver Anderson	12,000
First National Bank	6,000
Northwestern hotel	5,000
M. Ergesser	6,000
F. Warnemendi	5,000
Commercial House	5,000
G. W. Steirke	10,000
S. Frey	300
American Express company	700
J. Krestadt	4,000
N. M. Baker & Co	15,000
H. J. Ludecke	3,000
Mrs. H. Ludecke	2,000
A. Lorenz	2,000
Company I., M. N.G	200
C. F. Johnson	2,000
E. Oleson	10,000
Dr. G. F. Merritt	1,000
D. O'Brien	800
M. G. Everson	500
John Amberg	500
A. Fischer	200
H. Stolz	500
Nicollet House	500
B. F. Paul	100
Mrs. F. E. Lauback	200
W. W. Chandler	400
H. Krisitis	1,500
A. A. Stone	1,000
C. A. Mantson	6,000
A. A. Carlson	300
Dr. G. Beck	500
John Martinson	300
P. Bass	500
C. Dutchmen	100
F. Schmidt	25

Other stocks have been damaged by water and smoke, and boarders at the burned hotels have lost everything. The insurance in many instances will more than cover losses, while in many it will not do that by half. The following are the insured as received from the local agents:

A. J. Lamberton, two stores and goods	$15,500
C. Amundson, damaged stock and building	14,300
Oliver Anderson, store and contents	6,500
A. A. Stone, law office	400
August Lorenz, harness shop	800
William Klein, furniture store and stock	4,500
Mrs. Viel, Commercial house	3,000
C.F. Johnson, armory	1,800
Baker & Co., feed store	800
H. Kisitis, restaurant	1,000
F. Schmidt, boots and shoes	3,500
C. Behner, furniture	1,000
N. Treadwell	1,500
W. W. Chander, stock and furniture	400
Julius Kneistadt, buildings	1,100
M. Engesser, general merchandise	1,300
Mrs. Laubach, building	2,000
Bridget O'Brien, dwelling	500
P. H. Kelly	500
Mrs. H. J. Ludecke, millinery	1,000
M. G. Evenson	2,700
Henry Ludecke, paint	670
F. A. Donahower, banker	5,500
Dr. Morrett, building	650
L. F. Ray, barn	150
S. Swenson, hardware and hotel	2,500
G. W. Steinke, hardware	1,800
Charles Dentchman, groceries	1,500

Many queer things have been noticed about the fire. One safe, that of Dr. Merritt, upon being opened, revealed the fact that the coin and leather were badly affected by the heat, the leather being burned to a crisp, while the paper and books were found to be intact. One safe, which seemed scarcely affected upon the exterior, fell apart when an attempt was made to remove it. Professional and business men have made temporary arrangements for quarters, and it is hoped that the majority will be well established for business by the end of the week. The city to-day presents a strange appearance and thousands have flocked here from the country and surrounding towns.

For Admission as a Whole.

Special to the Globe.

FARGO, Dak., Nov. 13.—Gentlemen from South Dakota are in Fargo, and visiting prominent points in the territory, securing signatures to the following:

To the voters of the territory of Dakota: Believing that the time has arrived when the claims of Dakota to statehood should be presented to congress in a dignified, proper and respectful manner, you are earnestly requested to assemble in county convention at an early date, and elect delegates to a convention of people of Dakota, irrespective of political parties or affiliation, to be held at the city of Aberdeen, on the 15th of December, 1887, at noon. All persons who favor the admission of Dakota as a whole, and without further unnecessary delay, are invited to take part in this convention. We believe that if Dakato's claims ane fairly presented to the congress of the United States, about to assemble, an enabling act will be passed authorizing the holding of a constitutional convention for the whole territory, and that as soon as the labors of that convention shall be ratified by the people of the territory, we shall be admitted as a state.

Cass county is apportioned forty-two delegates, and other counties in proportion.

Sitting Bull Has Enough.

Special to the Globe.

PIERRE, Dak., Nov. 13.—Sitting Bull and a number of his people who have been on a visit to the Cheyenne agency, were in the city yesterday. Sitting Bull says that he is sorry the Crow outbreak has occurred and that he is tired of war.