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VOL. X. SAINT PAUL, MINN. SATURDAY MORNING, AUGUST 11, 1888.---FOURTEEN PAGES. NO. 224.

IN HIGH FEATHER.

Maine's Plumed Knight Returns to the Land of the Free.

The Chief of Protectionists Receives a Right Royal Welcome.

Of Course the Ensanguined Garment Is Flaunted by His Friends.

However, a King Might Be Proud of Such a Reception.

Gotham Overrun With Republicans of All Conditions and Sexes,

The One Name on Their Tongues Being That of Blaine.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The friends and admirers of Mr. Blaine, who had spent two days down the bay waiting for his arrival on the City of New York, were delighted to learn this morning that the vessel at last was here. Many of them had made arrangements to have telegrams sent to their houses the moment the steamer was sighted, and these were aroused in the middle of the night to receive the news. Others, who arose at daybreak, found the same news in the morning papers. It had been announced that the steamer chartered to convey the Republican club of New York and their many invited guests, representing nearly every state in the Union, would start promptly at 7 o'clock down the bay to welcome Mr. Blaine. From 6:30 o'clock till 7 a steady stream of people flowed down Courtland street to Pier 18, where the steamer Laura M. Starin, instead of the Sam Sloan, was waiting to receive them. They consisted mainly of the same men who had sailed down on the Sloan on the two preceding days. Nearly every coat was decorated with a badge; from many of the breast-pockets fluttered the ends of red, white and blue handkerchiefs, and in numberless hatbands were pinned

SMALL WHITE PLUMES.

Among the 800 or 900 passengers on the Starin were: Walker Blaine, James G. Blaine, Jr., and Mrs. James G. Blaine, Jr., Mrs. Carson Lake, Mrs. A. L. Conger, Mrs. Ralph Trautman, Whitelaw Reid, William Walter Phelps, ex-Gov. A. C. Hunt, of Colorado; John S. Clarkson, Stephen B. Elkins, W. C. Fisher, Robert W. Steele and Col. Henry Altman, of Denver, Col.; Murat Halstead, Joseph Pool, president of the reception committee of the Republican club of New York; Edward S. Bartlett, president of the club; Judge Robertson, of Westchester county; Gen. Adam E. King and W. W. Johnson, of Baltimore; Joseph Manley, of Maine; W. H. Miller, of Indiana, law partner of Gen. Harrison; C. S. Beardsley, of Chicago; John A. Slicer, of Albany; Nelson Lyons, W. L. Lefevre, Howard N. Fuller, W. T. B. Vanorden, L. H. Burdick, Watson Dubois, William H. Bull, H. H. Drouville, H. L. Woodruff and W. H. Johnson, representing the unconditional club of Albany. Copp's Seventh regiment band was on board and struck up an enlivening strain as the Starin started off from the pier at 7:10 o'clock. Good speed was made down to quarantine, where many expected to find the City of New York waiting them. But on arriving there it was learned that the low tide still kept the vessel outside the bar. Dr. Smith, the health officer of the port, boarded the Starin at quarantine. Deputy Surveyor Nichols, Staff Officer McCoy, and Inspector O'Connel, of the custom house, were already on board, ready to pass Mr. Blaine's baggage and have it transferred without delay to the Starin. Just as the Starin was leaving quarantine, a

CARRIER PIGEON WAS SENT OFF

with the first message of the day for the press.

HAIL TO THE CHIEF.

Tumultuous Cheering, Booming Cannon and a Set Speech Greet the Plumed Knight.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—At Hoffman island the Starin lay to, the City of New York being but a mile or so away. At 9 o'clock the City of New York, gaily bedecked with flags, came up alongside. The Chicago club having gone further to meet the big steamer, came up in company with her. The "welcomers" cheered lustily for "Blaine," for "the Republican party," and for "no free trade." At last Mr. Blaine was spied at the big ship's rail and the cheering increased to a hurricane of applause. The Chicago club fired a salute, and so did the police boat Patrol, which had followed the Starin and Pulver down the bay. The band played "Hail to the Chief" and "The Star Spangled Banner." Cheers from the City of New York answered those of the shouters from New York. Mr. Blaine disappeared from view, but presently returned, escorted by the committee, the custom officers and a policeman, followed by the ladies of Mr. Blaine's party, accompanied by Col. H. Knowlasko, of Cal., and Dr. Allen McLean Hamilton, of New York. The ladies were: Mrs. Blaine, Misses Margaret and Harriett Blaine, and Miss Dodge (Gail Hamilton). They alighted on the hurricane deck of the Starn, and were escorted down stairs to the cabin amid great cheering. The ladies entered the saloon, and Mr. Blaine, who came arm in arm with Chairman Poole of the committee, was met by President Bartlett, of the Republican club. The crowd pressed hard, and it was with difficulty that the officers detailed from the Second precinct kept breathing space for the speakers. Mr. Bartlett, addressing Mr. Blaine, said:

Mr. Blaine: The Republican club of the city of New York and its invited guests tender to you their warmest greetings and sincerest congratulations upon your arrival once more in health and strength on these shores. When the club first proposed their reception it was not intended as an act having any political significance, but rather as a private expression of love and regard for one whom we look upon as our most illustrious citizen, but we found that the suggestion stirred the friendly jealousy of the whole country, and it was insisted that your arrival should be the occasion of a demonstration more general in its character than was originally intended, and as a result there were assembled for several days in our city hosts of your friends from all parts of the country, waiting to pay you the generous tribute of

THEIR RESPECT AND ADMIRATION.

The delay in your arrival has interfered with this programme to some extent. Last night the great parade took place, about 40,000 strong, lacking but one thing—your inspiring presence. Many of the paraders from abroad were compelled to return to their homes at an early hour this morning. We are not assembled, sir, on this occasion in a spirit of adulation, to do homage to one occupying high official position, nor or we seeking to find favor with a candidate upon whom the mantle of power is soon to rest, but we come to greet a private citizen, whose name is so intimately associated in our history for the past generation that no office can add luster to his lame, no honor can increase the esteem and admiration in which he is held by his fellow countrymen. The history of the country for the past thirty years is the history of the Republican party. As leader of that party in the house of representatives, as senator and cabinet minister, you have won imperishable renown, and rest nearer the hearts of the American people to-day than any man since the days of Henry Clay. You have returned to us sir, at

A CRISIS IN OUR HISTORY

when our industrial interests are imperiled, and for a second time in our career as a nation, out foes are those of our own household. Your voice has always been heard in defense of American labor. Your reply to the president's message flashed under the sea in December last, struck the keynote of this campaign. History is repeating itself. When the armed hosts of treason sought to destroy the government, the Republican party saved the nation. Now when the Democratic party intrenched in power, adopts a policy that will prostrate our industries and compel our wage-earners to couple with the pauper labor of the old world, the Republican party stands forth once more as a savior of the country. The solid South again dominates, the Northern wing of Democracy and the party thus inspired, is encouraged by English sympathy as was the Confederacy in the dark days of our civil struggle when we fought in defense of our political system in the field of war, even as now in a more peaceful time we contend for the pretection of our industries and the preservation of American markets to American manufacturers. In this emergency, sir, the Republican party looks to you as

ITS LEADING CHAMPION IN DEBATE

in the hard battle between protection and free trade now in progress. With the banner of Harrison and Morton full high advanced, when you lead on to victory the Republican party will follow. "One blast upon your bugle horn were worth a thousand men." Again, sir, we bid you welcome to your native land.

HE TALKS BACK.

Mr. Blaine's Gracious Reply Is Spiced With Protectionisms.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—On the conclusion of Mr. Bartlett's speech cheers for Mr. Blaine and Bartlett were given again and again. When quiet was restored Mr. Blaine said:

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Republican Club of New York: To enable you to appreciate this welcome each and every one of you should be absent from home and country for the long period of fourteen months. I am sure you can have little conception of the great gratification I experience that the instant I see the shores of the great republic I should be greeted by you and these gentlemen. It is shadowed only by

REGRET THAT A GREAT SORROW

has fallen upon the nation, which greets us as the first piece of American news. General Sheridan was above party and for the union of the states. With the exception of that untoward incident my reception upon my native shores would be unattended with anything but what was joyous and happy. The campaign upon which we are about to enter is one that I wish could be prefaced by every American voter, seeing what I have seen and hearing what I have heard in the past year. Its progress is watched with an interest as profound in England as in the United States. It is the opportunity of England by which the pauper labor and pauper fabric of the old world hope to invade the new and lower the American laborer to the level of the European. It is not a contest of capital against capital. It is a contest as to whether the great mass of American citizens who earn their bread in the sweat of their faces shall be seriously reduced in their emolument from day to day. That is the whole pith of the question. Anything which diverts the attention of the people from it

IS WEAKENING THE SITUATION,

and I say here what I hope to say hereafter with more elaboration, that the wages of the American laborer cannot be reduced except by the vote of the American laborer himself and his associates and those who are to come after him to take that fatal step. This policy is shaped by the men who lately sought the country's destruction, but gentlemen," said Mr. Blaine, "this is not the time for a political speech." He then closed with thanks for the reception given him.

Mr. Blaine's handshaking was somewhat limited as he had slightly injured his right hand, and he was compelled to forego the warm and hearty grasps offered by the 300 who passed in front of him while the Starin passed up the bay. A glee club formed on the upper deck, sang a song of welcome, prepared for the occasion, to the tune of "America," and which was loudly applauded. Hoarse whistles from the steam craft in the river, and as the vessel reached the landing pier

THE NOISE WAS DEAFENING.

The pier was crowded and the party with difficulty made its way to the carriages. Mr. Blaine, Police Commissioner McClave and Messrs. Poole and Bartlett entered the first one, and the Republican clubs fell in behind them and the whole party, including the ladies, was driven rapidly to the Fifth Avenue hotel. The ovation which Mr. Blaine received when he arrived at the hotel was such as he will not soon forget. The members of the family arrived at the hotel some fifteen minutes before he did and the hotel corridors were crowded, the dense throng shouting: "Blaine, Blaine, James G. Blaine." Mr. Blaine, to avoid the crowd, had entered by a side door, but the people hunted him up, but were met on the stairs by Henry Gleason, who endeavored to quiet the throng and shield Mr. Blaine. The excitement at this time was intense. The man that the crowd was after was one floor above. After repeated calls and cheers for "Blaine," which lasted five minutes, he was seen coming half way down the stairway which leads into the hotel chambers. For ten minutes Mr. Blaine could do nothing but bow acknowledgements to the ovation. He then expressed his thanks in a half dozen words for the grateful

EXPRESSIONS OF WELCOME

and concluded with these words: "This is the most cheerful sound that I have heard for more than a year." He then turned and went back up stairs amidst continued cheering. In his rooms Mr. Blaine held an informal reception. Among those present were Hon. Levi P. Morton, Hon. W. W. Phelps, of New Jersey; Joseph H. Manly, of Maine; Thomas C. Platt, Whitelaw Reid, of the New York Tribune; Murat Halstead, of Cincinnati; Gen. N. P. Banks, Editor Patrick Ford and a delegation of Irish-Americans, Col. Perry Carson, the giant colored Republican leader of Washington, Joseph L. Barbour, of Connecticut, and W. F. Graham, editor of the Meriden Republican.

CELTS DO HIM HONOR.

The Irish-American Anti-Free Trade League Presents an Address of Welcome.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—Judge A. L. Morrison, on behalf of the Irish-American Anti-Free Trade League of the United States, presented the following address of welcome to Mr. Blaine in his room on the third floor of the hotel:

HON. JAMES G. BLAINE:

Dear and Honored Sir: In the name of the Irish-American Anti-Free Trade league, composed of thirty clubs in the city of New York, and numerous others in the adjoining states, and in concert with our fellow citizens throughout the Union, we tender you a genuine, heartfelt, Irish "cead mille failthe" (a hundred thousand welcomes) back again to the great people who love you so well for the friends of America and enemies you have made. Your friends are the friends of America, your enemies are her enemies. You have just cause to be proud of both. In the grandeur of supreme self-denial you have

SET ASIDE THE GREATEST HONOR

the world could bestow on you. Reluctantly, very reluctantly, we bowed to your decision to decline leading the opponents of English free trade to what we are firmly convinced will be a glorious and decisive victory, but we rejoice in the knowledge of the fact that your incomparable abilities will be exercised to the utmost to secure the election of our standard bearers, Benjamin Harrison and Levi P. Morton, and we hereby invite you to address the members of our league and their friends at any time during the campaign which may suit your convenience. Humbly thanking the God of our fathers for having preserved you and yours from all the perils of the great deep, and assuring you that language utterly fails to express our admiration and affection for you, we once more repeat our hearts' fondest welcome home on behalf of the league.

[Signed] P. H. McNAMEE, President.
A. L. MORRISON, Chairman of the Executive Committee.

Mr. Blaine replied that he felt very grateful for the honor, and would send a reply to No. 145 Eighth street in the near future. At 1:15 p. m. the members of the Republican national campaign committee, headed by Chairman Quay and Vice Chairman Clarkson, came up in a body and paid their respects to the Republican statesman. Among the other callers were Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. Cyrus Bussey, Gen. Jackson Barnum, Col. Jacobus and a delegation from Tennessee. On the Twenty-third street side of the room was a large and beautiful floral design inscribed "James G. Blaine, welcome home; 1860-1888." President James P. Foster presented to Mr. Blaine a steel horseshoe highly polished, and with an eagle on it sent by James Ryder, of Dayton, O, in behalf of the Irish-American Anti-Free Trade league of that city. The letter to Mr. Foster requested him to present the token to Mr. Blaine as emblematic of protection to American labor and American industries and the Republican policy. Mr. Blaine made a fitting reply. Mr. Blaine took a drive this afternoon through Central park and vicinity, accompanied by Messrs. Quay, Clarkson and other members of the national Republican committee. After returning from his drive Mr. Blaine retired to his room in the Fifth Avenue hotel and rested until evening, none of the hundreds of people who thronged the hotel being admitted to disturb him.

LABOR'S TRIBUTE.

Toilers, Reinforced by Society Swells, Close the Day With a Hurrah.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—At 8 o'clock this evening the crowd in and around Madison Square numbered many thousands. The people whiled away the time shouting for Blaine, Harrison and Morton. The crowd represented all classes of society. On the stand were J. P. Archibald, Master Workman Magee and a number of other labor leaders, as well as the officers of various Republican organizations here and out of town. S. B. Elkins, Perry Carson, Walker Blaine and others were also conspicuous. At 8:30 Chairman Austin E. Ford called the labor meeting to order from the grand stand, and after a few words of tribute to Mr. Blaine, he sent Cappa's band to the hotel balcony, to serenade

THE DISTINGUISHED STATESMAN.

The band played "Marching Through Georgia," the crowd adding their voices. "Home, Sweet Home" was then rendered, and in a few moments a storm of applause arose as the hero of the occasion made his appearance. Mr. Blaine come from the hotel leanin on the arm of Hon. L. P. Morton, and followed by ex-Senator Platt, Gen. Alger, Walker and Emmons Blaine and a committee of escort. They were aided through the crowd by the police to the stand. When Mr. Blaine appeared on the stand Mr Ford again called the meeting to order and called on Mr. David Healy to read an address on behalf of the workingmen of New York to Mr. Blaine. The address was a strong indorsement of protection. Mr. Blaine was then introduced, and after the applause subsided said:

Mr. Chairman: It would be egotism to take this magnificent demonstration as personal to myself. It rather signifies the great popular interest in the question upon which I am supposed to have a consistent record and an earnest zeal, and you have before you a contest in which that great issue is to be settled by the American people for perhaps an indefinite period, one way or the other. The year 1887 was prosperous, and the president, at its close, proposed a radical change in the industrial system which had produced that prosperity, and since that day there has been reversal and confusion in the commerce and manufactories of the United States. The question before the American people is whether he and his administration shall be sustained in that movement. Against him the Republican party have nominated

THE BEST OF TICKETS

They have given you for president a man of experience, of heroic record in war, of great purity of character, a man of great firmness, who can give this country an administration worthy of its best days, and you have associated with him a man whom I need not further describe to citizens of New York than to say his name is Levi P. Morton—a man of most generous character, of the widest and most statesmanlike views on the great question. Of the gentlemen against them I would say nothing, but of the candidate for vice president I would say that in him I have a friend of many years' standing and I am a personal admirer of Judge Thurman. But I beg you to observe that in a critical period of this country George M. Dallas destroyed the protective tariff of 1842. When the senate convenes on the 4th of March next it will have thirty-two senators from the solid South, and unless you make a change six Democratic senators from the North, and Mr. Thurman will be in a position to re-enact the roll of George M. Dallas forty-two years ago. The more able and amiable the man is, the worse will be his influence before the American people. I have been in England for several months and have discovered a great diversity of opinion upon almost every subject. They are divided upon what you are pleased to call

THE IRISH QUESTION,

upon the continuance of the house of lords, and they are not absolutely unanimous in the support of the monarchy. But from one end of the kingdom to the other there is one unanimous concord of opinion, be they Tories, Whigs, Liberals, Conservatives or Radicals, and that is that the Hon. Grover Cleveland embodies in his person the free trade for the thirty-eight United States which they like. Now I have no objection to their right of opinion and if I had it would amount to nothing. Nor do I intend to speak with disrespect of the English, for I have received at their hands courtesies which I would be but surly not to acknowledge before an American audience. But there is here a question of policy which is the prime one. I am glad this meeting is called in the name of the laboring people, because this question is from beginning to end a question of labor. If you will agree to live in a poor house and eat as poor food and receive as your wages as little as the operative in England receive, we can produce as cheap goods as the Democratic administration desires to sell. But if you desire to better your condition, you want the protection interests maintained. The wage workers of Great Britain and Ireland cannot draw upon savings as greatly as can the wage workers in the small state of Massachusetts. If you turn the country into free trade channels you can put our country in competition with Great Britain, and in the course of five years make the wage workers as poor. I will not discuss this question upon any other basis.

I HAVE NO SORES TO HEAL

I would rather have your hearfelt and magnificent welcome than any office you could bestow upon me. I shall hold this question from the beginning to the end as a question which interests every man, woman and child in this country that depends upon daily labor for daily bready. Capital does not need protection. It can take care of itself. Now, gentlemen, you represent a critical state. You represent the state of New York; Your vote sare to bear upon one issue. Your votes will be decisive of that issue. Do not be turned aside by side issues or petty squabbles. Do not be deceived by questions of personal abuse upon one side or the other, but give your votes as labor men who give them for the best interest of this great republic. I have never thought of that republic as I do to-night. I have devoted something of the last 14 months to seeing the conditionof labor and laboring the other hemisphere. I say without fear of contradiction that in no part of Europe is the condition of the laborer comparable to toat which it is in the United States. Are you willing to

GIVE UP YOUR POSITION,

or will you retain it. You can retain it by a long pull and a pull all together for the election of Harrison and Morton. Mr. Morton was loudly called for, but excused himself, and Mr. Blaine and party retired.

After the speech Mr. Blaine returned to the hotel, where an informal reception was held in his apartments. Among those present were Messrs. Elkins, Manly, Charles Emory Smith, Congressman McKinley and Gail Hamilton and other members of Mr. Blaine's family.

PLANS FOR THE FUTURE.

Mr. Blaine Will Remain in Gotham Over Sunday and Then Go to Augusta.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The arrangements for Mr. Blaine's departure were honestly given out to the reporters as follows: He will leave for the East on the regular 8 a. m. train of the New York and New Haven road, on Monday morning, at the Grand Central depot. The intention of starting to-morrow was changed out of respect to the funeral of Gen. Sheridan. Mr. Blaine will be in President Clark's private car which has been tendered him for the occasion attached to the rear of the regular train. The train will stop 15 minutes at Stanford, 15 minutes at Brdgeport, 20 minutes at New Haven, 15 minutes at Meriden and 20 minutes at Hartford. The train will be 1¼ hours late at New Haven. The party which will go with Mr. Blaine are Messrs. Joseph H. Manley, W. F. Graham, Samuel Fessenden, A. Chamberlain, Mayor Lewis, of Waterbury, and his two sons. The family expect to leave for their home at Augusta to-morrow.

EMIGRANTS FARE BADLY.

They Got the Crumbs From the Rich Man's Table on the City of New York.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—George Kennedy, a steerage passenger by the City of New York, says the passage was a very unpleasant one for the people in his part of the ship. In addition to the tedious delays caused by the breakage of machinery at Queenstown and on the voyage, there was a fire in the coal bunkers Sunday morning which lasted four hours before it could be extinguished, and caused much alarm. Then on Monday morning they ran short of water and were put on a short allowance of warm condensed water, hardly drinkable. They suffered from thirst. Though the vessel arrived at the dock here at 11 a. m., the steerage passengers did not reach Castle Garden until 4:30 p. m. The food was only moderate in quality and amount. Several other steerage passengers made the same statement.

CAUSE OF THE DELAY.

The Steamer Being New Her Commander Was Afraid to Push Her to Full Speed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—The Blaine reception committee might have been saved a good deal of expense and labor and deprived the opposition press of much fun at their expense, if they had inquired of the agents of the Inman line when they expected the City of New York. As the machinery was new it was well known by good sailors that the master would not dare to put the ship to her full speed.

County Democracy Ratifies.

Special to the Globe.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10.—United States Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, addressed a large audience at the Cooper union to-night, a meeting called under the auspicies of the county Democracy to ratify the national ticket.

All for Ames.

Special to the Globe.

ANOKA, Minn., Aug. 10.—The date of the Democratic convention has been changed to 11 o'clock Saturday forenoon, Aug. 11.—The caucus met Thursday evening, and as a result of the work done there, it is found that Ames is not so badly used up after all. Sixteen out of the eighteen Anoka delegates are anti-Doran. J. W. Hatch, of the Second ward; A. T. Sherman, of the Third, and W. Hammons, of the First ward, elected by a large majority as chairmen of the delegations from their respective wards, are all Ames men.

For Cleveland and Thurman.

Special to the Globe.

THORP, Wis., Aug. 10.—A rousing Democratic meeting was held here last night, and a Cleveland and Thurman club formed, with the following officers: President, Egbert Mead; secretary, William Wagner; treasurer, George Burke; executive committee—James Connors, George Mead, L. H. McGuire. The club starts out with forty-one members, the names of four heretofore straight Republicans appearing on the list, and a number of names being added daily.

Anti-Doran Men Win.

Special to the Globe.

REDWOOD FALLS, Aug. 10.—The Democratic county convention meets at 1 p. m. to-morrow, and the chances are good for a row. The anti-Doran crowd, led by ex-Register Christensen, carried the primaries, but Gordon and Greeley, of the land office, assisted by Deputy Postmaster Gray, have blood in their eye. The Republican county convention has been called to meet on Monday, Sept. 3. The delegation will be for McGill.

A Friendly Feeling for Wilson.

Special to the Globe.

CURRIE, Minn., Aug. 10.—At the Democratic county convention held at Currie's hall at this place to-day Wilson Borst, of Fulda, and J. F. Schneider, of this place, were elected delegates to the state convention, and J. N. Rivers, of Avoca, and R. Hyslop, of Currie, were elected alternates. The delegates were uninstructed, but the convention expressed a friendly feeling for the Hon. E. M. Wilson for governor.

Red Wing Wide Awake.

Special to the Globe.

BRAINERD, Minn., Aug. 10.—To-morrow night the city Cleveland and Thurman club meets to take steps to immediately open a lively campaign. On Monday night the club members will conduct a Democratic rally at Gull river and on Saturday night a big meeting is to be held at Fort Ripley. Crow Wing county can be relied as wide awake from this out.

LEGALLY STRANGLED.

Murderers Maxwell and Landgraf Hemped Into Eternity Simultaneously.

As the "Little Chloroformer" Lived So He Died.

His Body Found to Be in a Shockingly Filthy Condition.

Gov. Morehouse Ignores Great Britain's Second Appeal for a Respite.

Special to the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 10.—Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, murderer of Charles Arthur Preller, and Henry E. Landgraf, a beetle-browed German, who shot and killed his sweetheart, expiated their crimes on the gallows this morning. The secular law they had so grossly contravened was the means of ushering them into eternity simultaneously. The drop fell at 9:01 o'clock, breaking the necks of both criminals.

At midnight Father Tehan returned to the jail and entered Maxwell's cell. The condemned man closed the cell door and complained of the lack of privacy, denouncing what he termed the unfeeling curiosity of those in the jail. The father confessor was with Maxwell fiften minutes, and when he left the ceil said: "He will go to his death bravely, asserting his innocence." At 1:30 Maxwell turned over in bed and groaned, and from that time on his sleep was restless and broken. He had left orders to be awakened at 3 a. m. Prior to retiring he said that if he could retain his wits to the last he would die bravely. He said he could not tell what he would do on the scaffold, however, until he got there. At 5:50 a. m., Father Tehan having finished

ADMINISTERING EXTREME UNCTION,

breakfast was served to the prisoners in cell 47, where Landgraf had been confined for the past three months. The menu consisted of fried oysters, fried eggs, batter cakes, fresh biscuits, jelly, crackers and coffee. At 6 a. m. Sheriff Harrington announced at the jail door that at the request of the attorneys the execution had been postponed two hours. Holders of tickets were requested to return between 8:30 and 8:45.

When the postponement was formally announced, the clock had just struck six. Everybody was on the tip-toe of expectation. It was the time announced for the arrangement of the procession that should lead the doomed men to the gollows. The visitors were gathered in little groups, discussing with bated breath the situation. Father Tehan had just passed through the crowd, and many had plucked him by the sleeve to ask how the prisoners were bearing themselves. The priest was pale, and plainly showed that his task had made demands upon him. His eyes were red about the lids. There had been some heart in his duty. Those who knelt under the paper curtain that screened the prisoner's door

DREW BACK ABASHED.

Between the candles on the table was the little crucifix at which the men had knelt, and the solemn air of the sanctuary seemed to pervade the place. When the curious came too close the deputies warned them and then the groups fell back and again began their slow encroachments. Deputy Joe Harrington was hurrying through the crowd, busy with his last arrangements for the final act. Suddenly there was a commotion. Men were whispering hurriedly to one another, and those who seemed possessed of information were made the center of inquiring groups. It was soon known that the hanging was postponed, and a sense of something not unlike disappointment came over the majority. Previous to the announcement, or rather rumor for it was not announced, the weary minutes were spent by the loungers in pacing to a rear window of the jail, where the gallows could be seen, and returning to the "bull-pen" and discussing other subjects. About this time many persons of note or character began to arrive. As they entered the jail they were singled out by acquaintances, and groups were formed in all parts of the "bull-pen." The nature of the discussion among these groups could only be imagined by the changes of countenances, which was

NEVER ONE OF SORROW,

and always of mirth. The crowd seemed to think a show of awe or sorrow meant childishness, and a remark of any kind would produce a smile. Entirely to themselves, a solemn group, stood the deputy sheriffe's near the doomed men's cell doors. Among them were deputies Nolan, Wall, O'Connor, Reardon, Burkem, Duffy, Jones, Scully and Hodnett. They acted as a bulwark against the curious throng which pressed against the cells and heartlessly tried to peer into the condemned men's cells and see what they were doing. Around the "bull pen" are scattered a number of steam coils, and on these the crowd perched, six to a heater, which would hold but two comfortably. Those who sat were mostly strangers and tiring of standing and having no one to talk to, sat down, and were envied by those who stood and were bored talking. When the rumor of extended time was substantiated there was a general demand for an explanation, which few could give. The picture of a wait of more than two hours, and a dry two hours at that, was more than any could stand, and after giving vent to expressions of disappointment, those who held cards of admission sought the genial saloon and restaurant across the street from the Four courts, while those who had gotten in on their "face" and acquaintanceship with the guards remained suffering inside, for fear they would not be again admitted should they join their fortunate companions, who went across the way to spend the two hours in feasting, drinking and card-playing. Many left the jail and did not return, their business demanding their presence at the hour set for the execution. At 8 o'clock the visitors, who had left the jail yard when Sheriff Harrington announced the postponement of the execution, began to return and watched Cell 47, which contained Maxwell, Landgraf and Father Tihan. Nothing could be seen at the door, which was still covered with manilla paper. Those in front endeavored to learn the substance of conversation. Those behind pushed forward, not knowing why; but long after the priest had retired, the aimless crowd still

SHUFFLED ABOUT THE DOOR.

From 8 o'clock until the arrival of the sheriff the condemned man spent the time with Father Tihan. They were interrupted but once, when Maxwell was handed a dispatch which had just been received by Lawyer Martin from P. W. Fauntleroy, his associate at Jefferson City. It read as follows:

Jefferson City, Mo., Aug. 10.—To Hon. John I. Martin.—Gov. Morehouse has received another telegram from Minister West, but he persists in the same position. Hold as long as possible, as we may hear in time. My heartfelt sympathy to the accused and his loved ones. Wire his father.
P. W. FAUNTLEROY.

Maxwell smiled sadly when he read the dispatch and handed it to the priest without a word. When Mr. Martin left the cell of his condemned client, after having notified him that all hope was gone, Maxwell desired him to personally thank Mr. Fauntleroy for him, and handed the following letter to Mr. Martin for Mr. Garesche. The letter was written in a clear, bold hand:

St. Louis, Aug. 9, 1888—A. J. P. Garesche, Esq.—Dear Sir: Permit me to express to you my heartfelt thanks for your assistance rendered to my attorneys in endeavoring to obtain justice from Gov. Morehouse. I pray God that He may bless you for the services you have rendered me. I am yours, very truly, HUGH M. BROOKS."

Sheriff Harrington, with his guard of four deputies and a score of police officers, appeared at the cell door at 8:40. Both men listened calmly to the reading of the death warrants, and neither flinched a muscle when they were pinioned by Deputy Sheriff Fortin. As the procession emerged from the jail into the grassy yard Maxwell gave one rapid glance at

THE SEA OF HEADS

upon the high buildings in the vicinity. Then his gaze fell to the ground and he moved his head forward toward Father Tihan, who, walking a step in advance, was reciting the offices for the dead. Both men were cool and collected, Maxwell especially so. He bore himself with the erect carriage of a soldier, and while crossing the yard made a quick catch step in order to be in unison with the the march of the guard. It took but a moment to ascend the steps to the scaffold. The two men were quickly placed beneath the ropes. Maxwell gave one last firm look at the men before him, and murmured a good-bye to his father confessor. The black caps were drawn, their necks encircled with the noose, and before one-half of the would-be spectators had been able to crowd themselves through the narrow doorway into the yard the trap had been sprung and the bodies were

DANGLING IN MID-AIR.

Only about two minutes elapsed between their mounting of the scaffold and the springing of the trap. Landgraf dropped like a log, and his body swung motionless, but Maxwell died hard. His lower limbs writhed convulsively, and his arms, which had been tied across his chest, moved up and down from the elbow joints as though he was seeking to loosen the fetters and grasp the rope above him. In a few seconds, however, the convulsions ceased, only to be followed by a stream of blood which flowed from beneath the black cap over the shirt and coat. It came from his neck, which had been deeply cut by the rope. In thirteen minutes Landgraf was declared dead, but it was four minutes later when the physician released his hold on Maxwell's wrist with the remark, "He's gone." Even in death Maxwell had surprised all observers. Medical men had all along predicted that his vitality would be found to be less than Landgraf's and that he would die sooner. As soon as life was declared extinct

THE BODIES WERE CUT DOWN

and Dr. Lutz conducted a post mortem examination. It developed the fact that the necks of both men were broken. Maxwell aad sustained a fracture of the third vertebra, while the hyoid bone of his neck was broken, Landgraf was killed by a complete fracture and dislocation of the third vertebra When the body of Maxwell had been taken to the morgue, and the black cap and clothing removed, the doctors were both horrified and disgusted. The mouth was wide open; so were the eyes. The eyeballs were almost starting from their sockets, and there was a look of terror in them frightful to behold. The blood had clotted thick in the right cheek, the muscles were horribly contracted and the beard and mustache were clotted with the blood that had issued from the mouth. The nose was also covered with blood, and when it had been sponged away it was found that the bridge had been broken. It had evidently come in contact with the floor of the scaffold in falling. But what shocked the doctors and officials most was the absolute

FILTHINESS OF THE CORPSE

Never before in the history of the dead house had the body of a man making the pretensions to refinement that Maxwell did been found in a like condition. The clothing in part was vile and the corpse itself in a state that denoted a long absence from the bath. Only too glad were the officials to hurry through their labors. When the regular routine verdicts had been rendered, the corpse was placed in a pine box and taken to Lynch's undertaking establishment on Olive street. Here it was prepared for burial, and after being attired in a black shroud, placed in a French walnut casket with silver handles and trimmings. On the lid was a silver plate with the simple name:

HUGH M. BROOKS.

Meanwhile, the mother and sister, who had remained at their temporary residence during the morning, had reconsidered their determination to have the remains embalmed and sent East to-night. Shortly after 2 o'clock the coffin was placed in a hearse, which was driven to Garrison avenue and Olive street. Here a carriage containing Mrs. and Miss Brooks and Counselor Martin was in waiting. The small procession wended its way to Calvary cemetery where, without ceremony of any kind, the remains were placed in a vault. The two ladies were overwhelmed with grief, both on the outward and return journey. It is not improbable that the remains will be interred in the cemetery.

HIS DYING STATEMENT.

The Little Chloroformer Reasserts His Innocence of the Willful Killing of Preller.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—To-day Maxwell furnished a document which he called his dying statement. In it he reasserts his innocence of the wilful killing of Charles Arthur Preller, and then gives an epitome of the statement of the case as heretofore published, beginning with the acquaintance formed in Liverpool with Preller, detailing the death of Preller, his own terror and flight, the pursuit, capture, trial and conviction, and closing with bitter denunciation of those who he asserts have been instrumental in dragging him out of the highways of justice into the bypaths of mob law, and making his execution an infamy and a disgrace to the United States.

TREATED WITH CONTEMPT.

Gov. Morehouse Ignores Great Britain's Second Appeal for a Respite.

Special to the Globe.

JEFFERSON CITY, Mo., Aug. 10.—At 2 o'clock this morning Gov. Morehouse was awakened to receive the following dispatch from Minister West, dated Beverly, Mass.:

The British government earnestly asks a respite, and makes a direct application to this effect for inquiry.

The governor, however, refused to act upon the message. At 7:30 Counsellor Fauntleroy was advised that the British minister had received a cablegram from London. Thinking this might be from Lord Salisbury, he made another application to the governor to delay the execution until 11:30. The reply was given that this rested solely in the discretion of the sheriff. Fauntleroy wired Hon. John I. Martin, but just as the latter reached the outer door of the jail the drop fell.

HISTORY OF THE CRIME.

The Slaying of Preller and Events That Led up to Maxwell's Being Hanged.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—The crime for which Hugh M. Brooks, alias Maxwell, paid the extreme penalty of the law this morning was the murder of Charles Arthur Preller at the Southern hotel, in this city, April 6, 1885. The acquaintance between the two men began in Liverpool, England, some time before, both being on their way to this country, Brooks on an adventurous trip without particular object; Preller on business. Brooks was an interesting talker, told fanciful tales about himself and family, and the two men became fast friends. Arrived on this side, they separated at Boston, Brooks coming to St. Louis and registering as Walter Horace Lennox Maxwell. A few days later Preller arrived, and the two were thereafter almost constantly together. Preller was last seen alive Sunday afternoon, April 6, in Maxwell's room, by a bell boy. A traveling man named W. K. Ross, who occupied an adjoining room, testified afterward than he heard groans from that room on the afternoon in question. Twice that day Maxwell purchased a large

QUANTITY OF CHLOROFORM

at a drug store near by, telling the druggist he was using it in an experiment. The next day Maxwell made a number of purchases at various places, spending money very freely, although before he had not appeared to have an abundance of cash. Among his purchases was a ticket to San Francisco. He left that night over the St. Louis & San Francisco road. Nothing was thought of his sudden departure until the 14th of April. For several days prior to that date chambermaids in the hotel had noticed an unpleasant odor coming from Room 144 and had connected it with Maxwell's trunks, which had been left in the room securely locked and corded. On the 14th the smell became so pronounced that they were removed to the lower floor and opened. When the lock of the larger one was forced the cover sprang up, followed by the knees of a man. Crammed into the trunk

WAS A PUTRID BODY,

shrunken and distorted, not a feature recognizable. Not until after the body had been taken to the morgue and several days of treatment given could it be decided whether it was the body of Maxwell or Preller. Finally, however, the remains were identified as those of the latter. On the breast of the body was a cross cut, and on the inside of the trunk a card bore the inscription: "So perish all traitors to the great cause." It was an easy matter to trace Maxwell, he having made himself so conspicuous on the road that he was remembered by all who saw him. In San Francisco he represented himself as T. S. D'Auguier, a French army officer. Sunday, April 12, he sailed for New Zealand in the steamer Sydney, as a steerage passenger. The detectives had been close on his track, and when the steamer arrived in Auckland he was arrested and held until extradition papers arrived. He was returned to St. Louis, arriving here just four months from the time of his flight. His defense made at the trial was that the death of Preller was accidental, he having administered the chloroform

PRELIMINARY TO AN OPERATION

he was about to perform. He had fled because he presumed he would not be permitted to testify in his own behalf. The most damaging testimony was that of the detective, Dingfelder, who had been a cell mate of Maxwell's, and had secured a confession of the crime. Maxwell was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. The history of the many subsequent efforts to secure a new trial or commutation of the sentence are still fresh in the public mind.

SHOT HIS SWEETHEART.

The Crime for Which Landgraf Paid the Extreme Penalty.

Special to the Globe.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Aug. 10.—Henry E. Landgraf shot and killed his sweetheart, Annie Tisch, a beautiful girl of eighteen, on the night of March 5, 1885. Jealousy prompted the crime. The girl was a servant in a boarding house in which Landgraf lived. He became deeply infatuated with her. Soon thereafter his jealous disposition manifested itself, and he ordered her not to talk with any of the other boarders. She refused to obey him, and Landgraf moved his quarters. On the night of the murder he called at the house and invited her to take a walk with him to his brother's. She readily complied. On reaching the gate he commenced to upbraid her for talking to other men. She made no reply, except to laugh at him. With an oath he drew a revolver from his pocket and shot her through the head. Then he attempted to fly from the city, but was captured within an hour. The girl died at the city hospital nine days later. The murderer was tried and promptly convicted, the defense being insanity. Since that time the case has dragged its weary way through all the courts. A commutation was finally refused by the governor last week.

AT A ROPE'S END.

Riedel, the Wife Murderer, Espiates His Crime.

NEW CASTLE, Del., Aug. 10.—Charles Henry Riedel was hanged at 12:42 this afternoon for the murder of his wife and child on the night of Sept. 16, last. The murder was committed during the night, and the shots had been fired while the mother and child were sleeping. Riedel then turned the weapon on himself and fired two bullets into his head, but they did not penetrate the brain and he recouered. After arrest he manifested no remorse, deporting himself as if he had done a proper and justifiable act.

WARMED A SERPENT.

A Colored Girl Brutally Murdered by a White Woman She Had Sheltered.

FLUSHING, L. I., Aug. 10.—A colored girl named Mary Jones, eighteen years old, was murdered last night by a white woman named Emma J. Fletcher, aged fifty years, to whom the girl had given shelter for the night. The dead body of the colored girl was found this morning in her cabin with the head split open and horribly mutilated. An ax on the floor told how the wounds were inflicted. The Fletcher woman has been arrested, and it was found that her clothing was covered with blood.

LOADED WITH LEAD.

The Carcass of a Negro Murderer Perforated with Bullets.

SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Aug. 10.—Rearden, the negro who shot and fatally wounded Officer Palmer Wednesday, was captured to-day, but not until his body had been filled with lead. He was placed in the Springfield jail, which is now surrounded by a mob of 300 men, who threaten to lynch the desperado. The negro is so badly wounded, however, that it is thought he will die.

Lynched in Broad Daylight.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Aug. 10.—Amos Miller, colored, who outraged Mrs. Scott in Maury county two months ago, was taken from the court room at Franklin, Tenn., to-day by fifty armed men and hanged to the balcony in the building.

An Old Settler Drowned.

Special to the Globe.

HOUSTON, Minn., Aug. 10.—James Noyes, one of the oldest settlers of Money Creek Valley, Houston county, was drowned in Root river this evening.

TRAITORS IN CAMP.

Discovery of a Conspiracy to Overthrow the Greenway Government.

A War Between Railroads at the Bottom of the Affair.

Bishop Walker Will Erect a a School for Girls at Fargo.

One of Helena's "Fly Cops" Tries to Commit a Murder.

Special to the Globe.

WINNIPEG, Man., Aug. 10—A conspiracy to defeat the Greenway government has been unearthed. It is learned, with absolute definiteness, that letters have been sent to the country members, elected to support the government, asking them to join the conspiracy and overthrow the government. It was insinuated that Greenway and Martin, while in New York, had secured gigantic boodle out of the Northern Pacific deal, and other dirty things were said. The letters alleged that already a majority of the house was in with the conspirators, and it further stated that the Manitoba Free Press was in line with the scheme. There was a P. S. attached to them all to this effect: "Don't show this to any one." After searching inquiry into the case, it was learned that the Hudson's Bay Railway company "pushers" are at the

BOTTOM OF THE CONSPIRACY.

They have been openly declaring for some time that if the $4,000,000 guarantee act for their road were put in force things would be all right, but if it were not then it was fight, and for this they were prepared. The names of several members of the house were mentioned as being in the conspiracy, including that of Jones, provincial treasurer in Greenway's cabinet. Premier Greenway says he will take the bull by the horns and force the Northern Pacific contest, against which there is some feeling, through the legislature.

BISHOP WALKER'S WORK.

He Will Build a Large School for Girls at Fargo.

Special to the Globe.

FARGO, Dak., Aug. 10.—Since Bishop Walker too charge of the diocese of north Dakota and established the Episcopal residence in this city he has been quietly at work pushing a project for building up the educational interests necessary to the well being of the church It is now stated that he has purchased a block for the purpose of erecting a girls' school in this city, and immediately upon his return from Europe will make preparations for erecting the buildings, which will be of the most substantial character, the funds for the purpose being now in his hands, and in prospect to complete the work. This will be welcome news to all the people of this section of country, and encouraging to the Episcopal churches which compose this diocese. Next, and in the very near future, will come a cathedral in place of Gethsemame church.

MEANT TO DO MURDER.

A Territorial Fly Cop Attempts To Convert a Saloonist into Material for a Funeral.

Special to the Globe.

HELENA, Mont., Aug. 10.—The police arrested Floyd Whiting, one of the city detectives here, this morning for shooting at Fred Fuller, proprietor of the Nicollet saloon. Whiting was wild with liquor and accused Fuller of hiding a man whom he wished to see. Fuller turned to draw some beer, when Whiting drew his revolver and shot at him. Fuller was quick enough to knock the pistol to one side and the bullet buried itself in the wall. Shortly after Whiting fell on the street and the pistol in his pocket accidentally went off, inflicting a painful though not serious wound in the thigh. As soon as he is able to appear he will be tried for assault with intent to kill.

Crop Outlook Gloomy.

Special to the Globe.

MORRIS, Minn., Aug. 10.—That the enthusiastic predictions as to crops in the Northwest may not finally be justified by the facts is painfully possible, if not probable, just now. In this vicinity not a few of the beautiful fields of grain that promised an abundant yield are now found to be more or less damaged by blight and rust. While crops may not be damaged to any great extent, it is enough to cool the ardor of booming prophets, and crop prospects may even be given a rest until the thresher tells the tale. The weather has been very unfavorable for haying, thousands of tons of hay having already been destroyed by excessive rains. Harvesting is commenced in earnest in this county.

He Is in Hard Luck.

Special to the Globe.

ABERDEEN, Dak., Aug. 10.—Charles King, temporarily employed as a freight handler at the Milwaukee depot, while sealing cars in the company's yard today, fell from a car on which he was riding, sustaining a terrible cut upon the head, and losing his left foot at the ankle. He was taken to the city hospital, where he lies in a critical condition. King, who has lived here one year, is without friends. He has lost $400 which he lent to a friend, arrested and jailed through mistake. He is as he declared while lying bleeding and half unconscious upon the track, "in hard luck."

Will Die of His Injuries.

PAYNESVILLE, Minn., Aug. 10.—While the east-bound freight was switching in the Manitoba yard this evening Rufus Ziesemer fell from a car and on the track, the car passing over one of his legs above the knee, crushing it terribly. Drs. Desfair and Henderson were immediately summened to dress the wound which they report at this writing as likely to prove fatal. Dr. Bebe, of St. Cloud, has been telegraphed for.

Profitable Elevators.

Special to the Globe.

COOPERSTOWN, Aug. 10.—The high price elevator sites here command from Christian, Sawer, etc., indicate that the alliance elevator scheme is a meritorious one. As high as $2,500 an acre has been paid here for elevator property.