"A PEEP 'ER HEAVEN."

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

The day after an entertainment at the Hospital given several years ago by a few ladies, assisted by talented friends, to obtain funds to start the Flower Mission, an old man, who for many months had been a patient sufferer from a terrible disease—resulting from having had his feet frozen—lay resignedly awaiting death.

Death, to so many a terrible visitant to him seemed a kind friend—looked forward to as a relief from the agony he had suffered for, what seemed to him, years of weariness and pain. The children were at the hospital that day helping to clear away the remains of the previous evening's entertainment. Childlike they soon tired of the unusual work, and stole away to the wards to see the patients and have a chat with old Dick, the sufferer just alluded to, who was a favorite of theirs. The ladies, busy sorting and packing the numerous articles used the evening previous, scarcely noticed the departure of their small helpers, and an hour passed before they returned, brimful of excitement and delight.

"Come! come! see poor old Dick! He is sound asleep, and we have such a surprise for him when he wakes!"

So spoke one conspirator, the others dancing about filled with delight at thought of the surprise awaiting their friend Dick.

So somebody went to see what the c[hild]ren had been doing during their absence. Well might Dick be astoni[shed] at the transformation scene which me[t his] eyes when he awoke—poor old eyes, with suffering and sleepless nights. [The i]ron bedstead on which he lay was twined with flowers—the decorations of the flower-room the evening before; all around his pillow lay flowers, on the white counterpane and draped over his head.

Dick had awakened, and in the midst of all the floral beauty and fragrance he lay, with such a smile on his worn face,

"Oh Missy!" he said to one of the ladies. That was the name he always called her.

"Oh Missy! I'm having a peep er heaven sure. It can't be nicer than this. The flowers and the children, God bless them. Someways I'm thinkin', Missy, He wants ter show me what it's like up there."

Nobody said a word. Nobody could. Tears in the eyes make tears in the voice, and one by one those ladies stole away to their work again, leaving poor old Dick so happy, waiting for a "peep er heaven"—the real heaven. It was the last time the ladies ever saw old Dick. The last time those poor weary eyes brightened at their coming.

They left him with his eyes closed, a smile on his rugged face waiting, the garlands of flowers over and above the narrow bed and around the pale countenance, drawn by constant suffering.

If there are any who do not believe in the good done by a flower mission, let them read this truthful sketch and learn that it was through the instrumentality of a flower mission that a poor, suffering, friendless, old man had a "peep er heaven."

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Remarkable Discovery of a Long Lost Brother.

Thirty-three years ago last September Hiram Robbins and wife, of Brighton, made a visit to Niagara Falls and on the way home were attracted by a man and wife, accompanied by three small children, consisting of a baby, a girl 2 years old and a boy perhaps 4 years old. They were well dressed and apparently in good circumstances, but the mother was insane. The father, owing to his wife's illness, had the whole care of the family and the baby was somewhat neglected. Mrs. Robbins took pity on the baby and offered to take charge of it until the train reached Rochester. As they neared the city the father said: "If you would kindly take baby and keep him for eight or ten days until I could care for the rest of the family I will return and take him and reward you for your trouble."

Mr. Robbins' people readily consented to do as requested and the father gave the name of the baby as Frank Dyer. When the ten days were up Mr. R.'s people looked for the man's return, but in vain. And when two or three months had passed they began to wish that he would not come and he never did. The child grew up the foster brother of Prof. S. J. Robbins, of Penfield, with whom many of our readers are personally acquainted. S. J. Robbins entered the army with the 108th Regiment from this city and during his absence this youth was the comfort of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins During the rebellion Hiram Robbins died. In September, 1864, S. J. Robbins came home, having left his right arm at Cold Harbor, Va. In a few weeks after his return Mrs. Hiram Robbins died, leaving Frank Dyer twice orphaned. The two orphaned boys fought the battle of life as best they could, Mr. Dyer taking a position on a railroad. In this he was successful, soon becoming a conductor on the Central, and is now a passenger conductor on the Chicago, Kansas & Nebrasba Railroad. Now comes the strangest part of the story. About three weeks ago a conductor on the Central saw a lady in the Syracuse depot looking for a lost brother, and after hearing her story became convinced that Frank Dyer was he. A letter was sent to Prof. S. J. Robbins, who corresponded with the lady in Vermont and found her to be Frank's sister. The mother is still alive and insane, but has never forgotten to ask for her baby. She can tell his exact age and the clothes he wore when she last saw him. The father died soon after leaving the child with Mr. Robbins, and at his death all positive knowledge as to the whereabouts of the babe was lost. The older brother lives in Nebraska. Conductor Dyer is at his old home at Allen's Creek with Prof. S. J. Robbins, who will accompany him to see the relatives from whom he has been separated for 33 years.—*Rochester Herald.*

A Preacher on an Editor.

(Rev. Mr. Silcox in Winnipeg Sun.)

We who are not editors sometimes think we could make a better paper than our editor does, just as some people think that they could make a better sermon than the preacher. On the same principle, old maids are quite confident that they would make better wives than do the most of those who are elevated to these serene heights. We sometimes think the editor is not religious enough, and that he gives too much space to the baseball brigade, the slugger, etc. We forget that the paper is a condensed history of every day's doings, and must therefore record deaths as well as births, and chronicle the deeds of demons as well as narrate the exploits of angels.

As a special effort is to be made to enable Sir Charles Tupper and the members of the Canadian staff of the Fisheries Commission to leave for Washington on Monday, it is inferred that the commission will meet for business at an early date.

On the meeting of the Church of England Synod of Nova Scotia at Halifax yesterday, a cablegram was read from the Archbishop of Canterbury stating that he was waiting for additional information before recommending a name, for the bishopric. The Synod consequently adjourned for three months.

Detective Phair, of London, went to Eastwood, near Woodstock, yesterday and arrested Maud Sherwood alias Carter on a charge of child desertion. The woman lived in London some six months ago, during which time, it is alleged, she gave birth to a child which she got rid of by leaving on a doorstep.

THE ANARCHISTS.

Spies, Fischer Parsons and Engel Swing on the Gallows.

"JOLLY" TILL THE LAST MOMENT.

Lingg's Suicide and Death and Ghastly Surroundings.

FIELDEN AND SCHWAB REPRIEVED.

His Determination to End His Life.

OTHER SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

Suicide of Lingg.

A last (Thursday) night's Chicago despatch says: The scene in Lingg's cell after the explosion was ghastly. Teeth, bits of jawbone, shreds of flesh and blood were scattered all over the narrow compartment. A little trail of blood marked the way over the stone flagging to the room where Lingg was carried. Jailer Folz at once gave orders to have every one of the other cells searched, and Parsons' was the first one a descent was made upon. Three deputies entered his cell, took him by the wrists and shoulders and led him to the jailer's office. There he was detained until his cell was thoroughly searched and nothing found. The ex-editor of the *Alarm* shivered with excitement, fear and curiosity. His face was white and his eyes looked ready to start from their sockets. He was in his shirt and trousers and a wide felt hat shaded his face. He looked as if he would have given worlds to know what had happened, but no information was vouchsafed him. It is believed by some of the reporters that something was found on Parsons, although the jail officials deny this. Parsons was given a new suit of clothes to put on and taken to another cell, where he now is, with two deputies standing guard over him. One of them stands at the back of his cell and the other at the door. The other men and their cells were also searched, but nothing was found. When Engel was being searched he completely broke down and cried like a child. He is still so prostrated that he has not yet been put back in a cell, but is in the jail library in charge of deputies. Sheriff Matson says Lingg was stripped and carefully searched yesterday and the day before. The agent with which he accomplished his work was a fulminating cap a little over an inch long. It had been filled with fulminate of mercury. The news of Lingg's deed created the most profound excitement. When his cell was searched a second candle was found. At the top of it, barely concealed by the end of the wick, a second fulminating cap was found, so it is supposed Lingg's attempted suicide was committed with one similarly hidden. The candles were furnished by the jail, so that the caps must have been put in by Lingg himself.

Captain Black arrived at the jail at 10 o'clock and went to the room where the doctors were working with Lingg. "Lingg, do you know Captain Black?" asked Deputy-Sheriff Morgan, Lingg opened his eyes, looked steadfastly at the captain and nodded his head. The rags and strings of flesh that hung to his face waved to and fro, and the captain, almost overcome, left the room.

Lingg died at 2.50 p.m.

Beyond a glance of recognition to Captain Black, who came into the room for a moment and said, "Poor, poor fellow," there was nothing to break the horrible agony of six mortal hours' wait for death's approach. The Rev. Dr. Bolton, a Methodist minister attending Fielden, went in to see Lingg, but got no answering look from him. Lingg's breathing gradually became slower. The pallor on the forehead deepened. A slight glaze was noticed in the sunken eyes. Some one said "He is dying," and the reporters made ready for a rush to the nearest telephones. In a moment the little room was empty of all but the ghastly corpse of the bomb-maker, Louis Lingg. The coroner's inquest will be held on Wednesday in Lingg's case. The members of the jury have been selected, and are all business men.

LINGG'S CAREER.

In 1883 Lingg was forced to leave his native town in Germany. After a good deal of wandering about Germany he landed in Switzerland. There he continued to fight the "Blues," as the Social Democrats are called by the Red followers of Most. It was then that the official organ of the German Socialists published a notice declaring Lingg to be an informer and spy of the German Government. He came to America in 1885, and upon reaching Chicago joined the North Side group of Internationals and soon began the manufacture of bombs, one of which was used at the Haymarket. When two policemen went to arrest him the next day one of them entered his room while the other stayed outside the house. The latter soon heard shouts for help, and running into Lingg's room found that the Anarchist had thrown his partner on the floor, and was only prevented from shooting him by the policeman, who had a grip on the revolver which Lingg was endeavoring to use. The second officer, after a desperate struggle, succeeded in placing handcuffs on his wrists. Placing a pistol to his head the policeman ordered him to come on, but Lingg refused to move and said, "Shoot me! Shoot me!" "It's a pity I didn't accommodate him," said the officer who was at the jail this morning as he stood looking at Lingg. "It might have saved all this trouble."

FOUR TO HANG.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Nov. 10.—The decision of the Governor was announced in front of the Mansion at 7 o'clock to-night by the Private Secretary of the Governor. The sentences of Fielden and Schwab were commuted to imprisonment for life. The rest were denied clemency. Thus Spies, Fischer, Parsons and Engel will be executed to-morrow.

THE GOVERNOR'S STATEMENT.

In his decision on the petitions of the condemned Anarchists Governor Oglesby says: "* * * Satisfied as I am of their guilt I am precluded from considering the question of commutation of the sentences of Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, Geo. Engel and Louis Lingg to imprisonment in the Penitentiary, as they emphatically declared that they will not accept such commutation. Samuel Fielden, Michael Schwab and August Spies unite in a petition for "executive clemency." Fielden and Schwab in addition present separate and supplementary petitions for the commutation of their sentences. While I am satisfied of the guilt of all the parties as found by the verdict of the jury, which was sustained by the judgments of the courts, a most careful consideration of the whole subject leads me to the conclusion that the sentence of the law as to Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab may be modified as to each of them in the interest of humanity and without doing violence to public justice. As to the said Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab the sentence is commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary for life. As to all the other above-named defendants I do not feel justified in interfering with the sentence of the court. While I would gladly have come to a different conclusion in regard to the sentence of defendants August Spies, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, Albert R. Parsons and Louis Lingg, I regret to say that under the solemn sense of the obligations of my office I have been unable to do so."

LAST INTERVIEWS.

When the news of the commutation of the sentence of Fielden and Schwab was received at the jail there was an extraordinary scene of activity. The news was sent to the relatives of all the condemned men and in a short time they began to arrive at the jail. The first of the women to come in was Mrs. Schwab. Soon after Schwab was brought from his cell to the main office. His wife quickly advanced to him and throwing her arms about his neck burst into tears. Schwab returned the embrace in a calm manner and soon the two were chatting quietly together. After this Spies and Fischer were brought from their cells and taken to the library. Engel was brought to the private office of Mr. Folz. This was done for the purpose of allowing the relatives to take their last interviews. The first of the women to arrive after Mrs. Schwab was Miss Engel, the daughter of the condemned Anarchist. When the two met in the private office there was an outburst of grief which it is impossible to describe. Father and daughter clung to each other and sobbed convulsively. The conversation was in German and listened to only by Deputy Oelsen. Then came Mrs. Spies, the mother of August. She had been waiting outside for an hour and a half. Her sobs could be heard through the corridors of the building. She did not stay long in the library with her son, and on her exit from the jail Mrs. Fischer was admitted. She went into the library, and her lamentations were heard above the tramp of the deputies who swarmed about the place. But the crowning scene of all was the visit of Nina Van Zandt, the proxy wife of Spies. She was conducted to the library by Deputy Oelsen. The moment she saw August a complete change in her demeanor was noticed. There was a look, then a gasp, and in a trice the lovers were in each other's arms. The interview lasted nearly half an hour.

THE NEWS OF LINGG'S SUICIDE.

The explosion in Lingg's cell created a decided sensation in the jail. The jailer approached Parsons' cell with the news. "Lingg has killed himself," said Mr. Folz. "Great God! is that so?" exclaimed Parsons. "Yes, it's a fact," was the reply. "Well, my God," exclaimed Parsons. "I wish I had some dynamite myself, I would kill myself only too quickly."

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

According to Jailer Folz all of the remaining Anarchists are completely broken down. They look on the suicide of Lingg as placing him in the category of an extreme Anarchist, which place they do not wish to occupy themselves.

They Sing the Marseillaise.

At 10 o'clock, Parsons, Fischer and Spies asked for twenty minutes each on the gallows in which to make speeches. The Sheriff did not immediately return an answer to the request. Fischer sang the "Marseillaise," in which the other prisoners joined at 10 a.m. The speeches which Spies, Parsons and Fischer spent a portion of the morning in preparing were in part written statements, the nature of which would not be divulged by any of the officials. It was stated by the Sheriff that Spies, Parsons and Fischer had in addition written letters which he had also locked up securely. Parsons' letter was addressed to his wife and children. That of Fischer's goes to his wife, but the address on that of Spies the sheriff refuses to divulge. It is supposed that it is for Nina VanZandt.

About 9.30 a deputation from the Carpenters' Union, to which Louis Lingg belonged, applied to Chief Deputy Knox for Lingg's body. They were referred to the Coroner. The Cabinetmakers' Union also presented an application to the sheriff for the body.

At 10.55 o'clock 250 newspaper men, local politicians and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, had passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves. Parsons was given a cup of coffee a few minutes before the march to the scaffold was begun. The chief bailiff began at 11.10 calling out the names of the persons summoned as jurors, and bringing them forward to the row of little stools directly in front of the gallows.

At 11.02 the condemned men ate their final lunch, and at 11.30 the Sheriff read the death warrants. At 11.46, Spies, Engel and Fischer, in their shrouds, were standing at the grated door and saying adieus to friends in the visitors' cage. At 11.49 the death march to the scaffold started.

The Execution.

At 11.55, the condemned men having been placed by the officers in the place assigned them, the trap was sprung. Fischer died very hard, and so did Spiers. Parsons struggled and kicked his feet fearfully.

Fischer's last words were: "Hurrah for Anarchism!"

The pulse of all the Anarchists stopped beating in 13½ minutes.

Their Last Words.

All the Anarchists died of strangulation. None of their necks were broken. The following were the last words of the four condemned Anarchists:

Spies—"There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voices they are strangling to death now."

Engel—"Hurrah for Anarchy!"

Fischer—"Hurrah for Anarchy! This is the happiest moment of my life."

Parsons—"May I be allowed to speak? Will you let me speak, Sheriff Matson? Let the voice of the people be heard."

At 12.17 the coffins for the Anarchists, plain black, with but the silver heads of screws for ornaments, were carried to the gallows. A command to the crowd fronting the gallows that they must stop smoking was given at 11.35. Whether this command was given out of humanity to the doomed or a precaution against the appalling possibility of any treacherous bomb lighting in the corridor when the fatal moment came, no person seemed aware.

When the coffins were brought to the scaffold, Sheriff Matson exclaimed, "His will be done."

How the Bodies Were Disposed of.

The bodies were lowered in the following order: Spies, Fischer, Engel and Parsons. All looked natural. The coffin lids were screwed down. Paper tabs were pasted on each for identification. Engel's body and Lingg's were taken to 286 Milwaukee avenue. Fischer's wife claimed his. Mrs. Spies took August's, and Mrs. Parsons received that of her husband.

In exactly one hour after the execution took place the work of taking down the scaffold was begun, and in two hours was housed away in the basement of the jail.

Another Report of the Scene.

It lacked just seven minutes and a half of the hour of high noon when a single white shrouded figure, above which was a face of yellowish pallor, the face of August Spies, passed the first post of the gallows. He looked calm and glanced at the reporters with a trace of his old-time cynical smile. He walked firmly over the drop, guided by the grasp of a deputy, to the furthest edge of the gallows. Following close came Fischer, close enough to touch Spies' shroud had his hand not been pinioned under the white muslin. Fischer's countenance had a peculiar glisten, totally unlike the ashiness of Engel's heavy features, and in strange contrast with the dead lack of color in the pinched lineaments of Parsons. The once jaunty, vivacious Texan came last—a withered old man.

Why They Were Hanged.

The Judges of the Supreme Court of Illinois in their decision of the case of the Anarchists held that there was a general conspiracy to bring about "a social revolution" by violence and also a specific conspiracy which was to be carried into effect about May 1st, 1886. In pursuance of the general plot, even as early as 1879 as many as 1,000 men were drilling regularly in Chicago, and in 1885 there were 3,000 who were, as Parsons at the time said, "well armed with rifles and revolvers and would have dynamite and bombs when they got ready to use them." May 1st having been selected by the workingmen as the date for introducing the eight hour system, it was chosen by the Anarchists as the time for striking the blow because there would be a large number of men out of work. The proceeds of a ball given by the Carpenters' Union was turned over to Lingg with which to buy dynamite. The court held that it was quite apparent that the manufacture of the bombs by Lingg was under the auspices of the International Workingmen's Association. The bombs were carried by Lingg and Seliger, who turned informer, to a hall, where several persons called and helped themselves, as if knowing that they would be there at that time. This was on the evening of the explosion, May 4th, 1886. Two days before Engel and Fischer attended a meeting, and the former submitted a plan for throwing bombs into police stations and shooting down the police. At another meeting which the same men attended the next day a circular written by Spies was distributed calling upon workingmen to arm and avenge the killing of six of their number by the police—as a matter of fact but one had been killed. At this meeting Engel's plan was for a second time adopted, and at Fischer's suggestion, it was agreed that the appearance of the word "Ruhe" in the *Arbeiter Zeitung* should be the signal that the revolution had come, and its duplication would mean that the armed men were to repair to certain places and await instructions from a committee to attack the police stations. The word was inserted in the *Zeitung*, by Spies, its editor, who also had charge of the meeting at the Haymarket. The original plan seems to have failed owing to the appearance of the police at the meeting. Fielden was then speaking and had just used this language, which had determined the police to break up the meeting:

You have nothing more to do with the law except to lay hands on it and throttle it until it makes its last kick. Keep your eye upon it, throttle it, kill it, stab it, do everything you can to wound it.

When the order to disperse was given, Fielden climbed down from the waggon, saying: "We are peaceable." The bomb was then exploded and several pistols fired at the police, with the result of killing one officer outright, fatally injuring six and seriously injuring nearly fifty. An allusion is made by the Supreme Court to a possible connection between Fielden's remark as he descended from the waggon and the word "ruhe," meaning "peace," but this is clearly a far-fetched idea.

History of the Victims.

Next to Lingg, whose terrible suicide has already been referred to at length in the TIMES' despatches, Adolph Fischer, a printer on the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, was regarded as the most violent of the men hanged to-day. He was under 30 years and had been fifteen years in the country. The Court held that he and Engel "advised and induced a band of seventy or eighty armed and drilled men to enter into a plot to murder the police." There was testimony in the trial that he actively engaged in the distribution of bombs.

Reference has already been made to the suggestion of a plan of attack by George Engel, who was born in Hesse in 1839, and came to the States in 1872. He was a painter by trade, but became business manager and assistant editor of the Chicago *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He was not present when the bomb was exploded. He had contributed incendiary articles to a paper called the *Anarchist*.

Alfred R. Parsons, a native of Texas, where he had lived until he appeared in Chicago fourteen years ago, was always a labor agitator and had often boasted to reporters and others of the strength and organization of the Anarchists and had shown them bombs and dynamite. He had also written articles for the *Alarm*, recommending that workingmen should arm themselves, and had given specific instructions as to the manner of making bombs and procuring weapons. He had also in speeches prescribed the use of the gun and dynamite. He had a part in calling the Haymarket meeting.

August Spies, a native of Hesse, 32 years old and well educated, came to America when 16 and worked at various trades before he became editor of the *Arbeiter Zeitung* in 1880. He had a share in calling the Haymarket meeting. He also took part in the meeting which culminated in the attack on McCormick's works. He had written violent articles for the *Alarm* and *Zeitung*.

The Reprieved Convicts.

Samuel Fielden and Michael Schwab, the capital sentence of whom has been commuted by the Governor to imprisonment for life, were the least guilty of the party. The former was born in Manchester, England, 1847, and worked in a cotton mill. Then he became a Methodist preacher. He came to America in 1866 and was a teamster in Chicago. He has a gift of rude oratory, which has apparently brought him to his present plight. He was the only one of the number upon whom a clergyman exercised any influence. His offence consisted in his speeches and writings, though some of the policemen testified that he fired a pistol that fatal night at the Haymarket. He himself declares that he never saw Lingg until the latter was brought to jail. Michael Schwab, a dreamy Bavarian of 34, became a Socialist while working at the trade of a bookbinder. He came to America in 1879. He was an editorial writer and foreman of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*. He is a good deal of a scholar, and probably his recognition of the fact that his talents were not appreciated had much to do with the lurid writing which chiefly led to his conviction.

Mrs. Parsons, with Mrs. Holmes and the two children of the former, were released from the station at 2.10 o'clock this afternoon. She looked very sad and downhearted. In meek tones she asked a reporter, "Is the bloody business over?" When told that it was she made no answer, but proceeded to explain why she was at the jail. She was told by a deputy last night to call at the jail at 8.30 this morning so that the children might see their father. At the appointed time she made the request to be allowed to enter and was sent from one street to another until 10.30 o'clock. Then she made an effort to pass under the rope and was prevented. She frequently broke down and sobbed, and as they passed along took her boy more firmly by the hand and walked more rapidly, keeping her head bent down.

At 2.30 o'clock this afternoon two Anarchists, giving their names as Charles Loberstein and Gustav Hains, were arrested on the front platform of a Randolph street car, with a companion. They were talking in a very loud and threatening manner of what they were going to do to-night, "To get even for the death of their friends and of the laboring man." The passengers on the car became frightened, and many of them got out before the car crossed the bridge. At the corner of Canal street Officer Henry Smith was signalled by the conductor, and jumping on the car he undertook to arrest the men, Loberstein caught the officer by the throat and made an effort to get possession of his revolver. An exciting struggle followed, in which many citizens joined. The two men were at length overpowered and taken to the Desplaines Street Station. Their companion escaped. Both men, who gave their ages as 38 and 27 respectively, wore crape on their hats. Officer Smith was wounded in the Haymarket riots last spring. About 2 o'clock two bombs, reported to be heavily charged, were found in an omnibus which runs between the Union Depot and Lincoln Park. They were of gas pipe, each ten inches long. They were taken to the Desplaines Street Station. Word comes from the West Chicago Avenue Station that Milwaukee avenue is thronged with people, and the officers fear trouble.

In New York.

At the office of the *Leader* another crowd gathered. There was also a profusion of crape, and placards were exhibited on the walls bearing the words: "Martyrs for liberty," "Beware of the insurrection," "The American revolution is at hand." It is the *Leader's* last day of life, Editor Shevitch and his followers having decided that it should cease publication on the day the condemned Anarchists were put to death. By 10 o'clock the editorial room in the rear of the second floor was full of Anarchists. Col. Henton mounted a chair and harangued the assembly on the event of the day in Chicago. He glorified "Lingg's heroic death, the only mercy the bloodhounds of capitalism have left him to enjoy." "The blood that is shed to-day," he continued, "will be amply avenged. They can assassinate these four men, but 4,000 will spring up to emulate them in their fight against tyranny."

A reporter saw Herr Most at his office. In reply to the question whether there would be any demonstration to-day, he said: "There will be no demonstration. We can't demonstrate every day. The newspapers have been the cause of the hanging. They are the real murderers."

PRETTY COSTUMES.

Two Magnificent Dresses Just Produced by Worth.

A cablegram to-day says: One of the most magnificent ball dresses of the present season has just been completed by Worth for the Russian Princess Troubetsko. The ample train in grass green velvet is caught back to show side breadths in satin of the palest possible green made very full and caught up slightly. These side widths are met by a plain frontage in pale green satin set on the skirt with scarcely any fulness and embroidered down the centre with a cluster of ostrich feathers—three in each group—and worked in grass green floss silk and silver beads. Around this skirt front runs a ribbon pattern in grass green velvet, outlined with silver spangles, the whole front being edged with silver embroidery.

A very beautiful and artistic evening dress, which was made for the Marquise de Gallifet, is in white faille. The skirt front is cut in deep scallops and edged with a fringe of silver beads. This skirt front is veiled with silver spotted tulle edge, with fringe and silver beads, and drawn up at one side with a branch of yellow roses, with buds and foliage, a longer branch of the same flowers being set at the other side of the skirt. The back is composed of plain full widths of the silver spotted tulle, and at the right side falls a long, white sash in pale yellow satin ribbon.

How the Ameer Punished an Alarmist.

The *Homeward Mail* says: Some strange stories have been told of the way in which Abdur Rahman lords it over his people. There is a humor in his way of playing the lord-absolute which can best be appreciated at a distance, as a story which has just reached us will show. Not long ago, we are told, the Ameer was sitting in durbar discussing public affairs. The "home" department had gone through their work. Orders had been issued to release certain persons from the sorrows of existence, when the durbar suddenly dashed into greater things, and began to talk about the English and the Russians. A man who had lately been introduced at court, and was not well acquainted with his sovereign's ways, remarked: "Lord of the earth, let people say what they like, but this humble one has been scanning the political horizon with far-reaching eyes, and the Russians are coming." The lord of the earth smiled a sweet smile—some of the old courtiers who knew that smile also smiled—and, turning upon him with the "far-reaching eyes," said: "Bright jewel of our durbar and sun of our understanding, art thou sure of this?" "The lord of the earth is omniscient and knows everything," replied he. "Well, to be sure, we do see things and know one or two things, but we are old now. Moreover, yon tree obstructs our view. Moreover, thou art young; go thou, therefore, climb the tree, watch the cursed Muscovite's movements, and when he is very close upon us come and inform us. The tree is high, so that thou shalt be enabled to see a long way off." Forthwith the man was led to the tree and made to climb to the topmost branches. To keep up his courage if he grew weary of his post, a guard with bayonets fixed was told off to remain below. It is said the young man felt considerably elevated by his master's humor, and felt very exhilarated at first; but three days' contemplation of the beauties of nature, is apt to tire one, and so he fell. They say he got hurt and died. No one dares to raise alarms in Cabul now.

Latest Scottish News.

The birth of an heir to the Hopetoun estates in Scotland was celebrated on the 28th ult. by the tenantry by a dinner held at Linlithgow. Lord Hopetoun was present.

Mr. Archibald Stirling-Maxwell, the late Sir Wm. Stirling-Maxwell's second son, who shortly comes of age, will, on succeeding to the Keir property in Scotland, drop the second name of Maxwell.

The Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford, LL.D., F.R.S., will preside at the 223rd anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation, to be held in the Freemasons' Tavern, London, on St. Andrew's Day.

Russell & Co., shipbuilders, Port Glasgow, have contracted with an English firm of shipowners to build the largest sailing ship in the world. She will be upwards of 3,000 tons register, and have four masts.

It is stated that Major-General John Sprot, formerly of the 91st Highlanders, is about to retire voluntarily from the British army service. The gallant officer served in the Indian Mutiny campaign under Lord Clyde.

Aberdeen Synod recently discussed the agricultural depression. Rev. Mr. McQueen said their condition was hopeless, and declared his conviction that the whole system of landlordism would have to be swept away.

Mr. E. M. Griers, photographer, Glasgow, has perfected a process which renders the operator entirely independent of the ordinary sources of light, and which acts so suddenly that the iris of the eyes of the sitter cannot contract as in sunlight or in bright daylight. The process is called Kataplectic photography.

The Northwest Council has passed a resolution in favor of the ballot for the election of its members.

Twelve miles of waterworks pipe have been laid in Belleville, and if the weather continues favorable the contract will be completed by next month. The cost of the work is about $250,000.

A project is on foot to start a German-Canadian journal in Montreal. The idea is to circulate it extensively in Germany, with the object of promoting emigration to Canada.

Both outward and inward-bound steamers are delayed in the St. Lawrence by stress of weather.

WHY CHINESE DO NOT DRINK NEW TEA.

Interesting Facts for the Lovers of the Beverage Which Cheers.

The Chinese will not drink new tea because it contains too much alkaloid, and is sometimes actually intoxicating. The "theine" diminishes the waste of the body, enabling them to get along with less nourishment, so that it saves food, and is instinctively valued for this by the poor. The Tartars obtained still more sustenance from their brick-tea by powdering it and boiling with salt and mutton fat, whereby the casine or gluten of the plant becomes extracted. Then they can live for weeks on the tea-leaves which the British housewife throws away. On the other hand, it is distinctly bad to let tea stand too long: that brings on tannin, and too much tannin will turn meat taken at the same time into a sort of leather within the stomach. There can be little need, however, to instruct in the art of tea-making. From the silver gilt equipage of the duchess to the brown-stone pot in which the washerwoman solemnly prepares her evening dish of tea, the art of making it is essentially feminine, and has been profoundly studied. One hundred and eighty million pounds per annum all passed through teapots—what a river to spring from Pepy's first tentative spoonful and the modest investment of the old East India Company.

A BEAUTIFUL TRAIN.

Americans Travelling Luxuriantly From Boston to California.

By long odds the most magnificent train which has ever passed over the Grand Trunk line went west about 3.30 yesterday afternoon. It was conveying one of Raymond & Whitcomb's excursion parties from Boston to California. The vestibuled train is the latest and greatest improvement of the idea put forth in the Pullman sleeping car—that of providing the most comfortable, the most luxurious and the safest transit for the railway passenger, and the newest and unquestionably the finest product of the Pullman shops are these magnificent cars. By an ingenious device the whole train is united under one continuous roof, so that in place of detached cars with exposed platforms, there is, in reality, an elongated suite of elegantly furnished apartments, comprising all the comforts and appliances of the most luxuriously appointed hotels. The passenger passes from his bed room to the bath room or barber shop, and from the dining room to the smoking room or reading room, without the least exposure to the elements or to any risk of soiled hands or garments, such as a passage across the platform of an ordinary car is likely to involve. A child can go from one end of the train to the other without the slightest danger. The vestibules, which constitute the main feature of this model train, are formed by enclosing the platforms. They are as elegantly finished as any part of the car, carpeted so as to entirely conceal the points of connection between the joined cars, and illuminated by means of lights depending from the ceiling, whose rays fall through cut-glass panelled doors full upon the steps. The side doors, opening out on the steps, are barred while the train is in motion, but they can be opened instantly when a stop is made. A vertical buffer between the cars imparts greater steadiness to the train, reduces the tendency to oscillation and equalizes the resistances. The cars' superlative elegance is exhibited everywhere. Several railway men and a TIMES representative had a look through the train during the few minutes it stopped here. The names of the coaches are the Harvard (dining), Whitcomb (sleeper), Holden (sleeper), Raymond (smoker), Pasadena (sleeper), America (sleeper), Delmonte (parlor), Corinthia (dining), Servia (parlor). The passengers number 175. There were two G. T. R. engines to the train, and on this line Conductor Allison, of London, is in charge. The coaches comprising the train are valued at $140,000.—*Hamilton Times.*

The State of Crops in Ontario.

The November report of the Bureau of Industries for Ontario states that the area devoted to rye is small, and that this crop does not appear to be growing in favor. The average new crop of fall wheat in the Province is about the same as that given to the crop of this year. The appearance and general condition of the crop at the end of October may be ranked as fair. Indian corn, sorghum, beans and buckwheat have shared the fate of other crops, the drouth proving too much for them. All accounts unite in placing the crop of clover seed as a complete failure. The general condition of the root crops is about on a par with that of the grains. Despite the extremely hot summer, those portions of the Province which devote any considerable attention to fruit growing report the past season to have been a favorable one for this branch of agriculture. The poor pastures of the past season have had the usual effect upon live stock, notwithstanding that supplementary feeding was adopted to a much greater extent than generally happens. The dairy industry has been much more successful during the past year than might have been expected. The yield on honey was affected by the drouth, but at the latter part of October colonies were much stronger than expected.

A Business-like Offer.

For many years the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have offered in good faith $500 reward for a case of Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists at only 50 cents. This wonderful remedy has fairly attained a world-wide reputation. If you have dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; if there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and has a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility, you are suffering from nasal catarrh. The more complicated your disease, the greater number and diversity of symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood, or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians.

'Oh, Lineman, Spare that Tree!'

Chief Justice Galt decided an important question yesterday in Queen vs Stonge. Defendant, who was an employee of the G. N. W. Telegraph Company, had been convicted in Barrie for having destroyed trees while at work arranging and repairing telegraph wires. Upon a motion to quash conviction His Lordship held that under the statutes relating thereto the telegraph company and their servants are exonerated from blame in respect of injuries to trees so long as no unnecessary damage is done. The conviction was quashed.

Honest and True.

This is eminently the case with Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure. It is an honest remedy, for it contains the most powerful, and purest, and most certain pain subduing remedies known to medical science. It is honest, for it does all it claims to do. It is honest, because it is the best in the world. It only costs 10 or 25 cents to try it, and you can buy a bottle at any drug store. Nerviline cures toothache, neuralgia, pain in the back and side. All pains are promptly relieved by Polson's Nerviline.

A GALE AT OWEN SOUND.

The Steamship Atlantic Severely Handled by the Blow.

An Owen Sound despatch of last (Friday) night says: The steamer Atlantic attempted to go to Collingwood this morning, but failed on account of the sea. She got as far as Meaford, but could not make that port or go any further and had to turn back. While she was passing the Clay Banks a tremendous wave struck her forward, throwing her on her side. At the same time another wave caught her on the other side, sweeping her decks from forward aft, washing movables overboard and washing two of her metallic lifeboats over, breaking the davits and stauncheons like mere straws. She will lie here and repair. The mate has driven down in hopes of finding her two boats. Wind northwest, forty miles.

Would you know the keen delight
Of a wholesome appetite,
Unrestrained by colic's dire,
Headache's curse, or fever's fire,
Thoughts morose, or icy chills?
Then use Dr. Pierce's pills.

Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets—the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills; 25 cents a vial.

Chicago Pointers.

Fierce looking stranger (just arrived)—I am looking, sir, for the socialist headquarters in this place.

Party addressed—Yes, sir. Saloon straight ahead. Jail directly opposite. You can't miss it, my friend, you can't miss it, if you keep on.—*Chicago Tribune.*

When a threatening lung disorder
Shows its first proclivity,
Do not let it cross the border—
Quell it with activity.

Many a patient, young or elden,
Owes a quick recovery
All to Dr. Pierce's Golden
Medical Discovery.

Not a Pleasant Way of Putting It.

Miss Spinster—Really, Mr. Oldboy, you are so kind!"

Mr. Oldboy—Don't mention it, Miss Spinster. I dance with you, you know, because the others are all too young for a man of my years.

Nothing shows greater abjectness of spirit than a haughty demeanor toward inferiors.

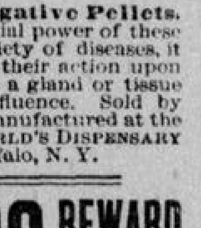
Sir Charles Warren's order prohibiting meetings in Trafalgar square, London, has the approval of all but the disorderly classes or fanatics. "Sir Charles," says the *Daily News*, "proposes to stop a public nuisance, and he ought to be vigorously upheld." Other journals write in a similar tone and public opinion in London is unmistakable.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. SIZE OF PELLETS. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

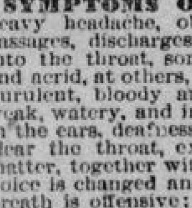
Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a **laxative, alterative, or purgative,** these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE,



Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of **Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.** In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD



is offered by the manufacturers of **Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,** for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of **Catarrh, "cold in the head," Coryza,** and **Catarrhal Headache.** Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, *Runyan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa.*, says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

D C N L. 47 87.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. Address DR. H. G. ROOT,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM,

Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto