HO WROTE SHAKESPEARE?

THE ELEMENT OF "DOUBT" LEADS GRAND ACIDEVEMENTS.

The world is agitated again over the hakespeare's plays.
The world is full of doubting Thom

The man who has been successful in exciting the present momentary interest in the subject is, like most agitators, an Irishman. He claims to have discovered a cipher running through the Shakesperian plays which proves them to have been written by Lord Bacon. It is also claimed that there is a cipher in the epitaph on the moss grown tombstone, which properly interpreted, leads to the same conclus

This age shows a decided inclination

to pry into mysteries. It can make no difference to Shakespeare now whether the world believes he wrote the plays that bear his name

The plays are immortal. Ignatius Donnelly cannot rob us of these grand works, even though he should succeed in robbing Shakespeare

of his glory.
Were it not for doubting Thomases many of man's great accomplishments would never have been brought to suc

Men have been stricken down with out warning. Doubt put in motion the investigation which ascertained the cause. After the discovery of the cause the world was ignorant of any remedy with which to stay the terrible slaughter of humanity, and medical science said it was impossible. Doubt led the way to the light, and Warner's safe ours solved the seemingly unsolvable problem. Its friends tell us with con-clusive proof that the unsuspected kid-ney disease befouls the blood and ses most of our diseases!

For years the beart was looked up on as the most important organ in the body, but doubt led to turther inquiry, which developed the fact that the kidneys are the blood purifiers of the system and these organs now attract the first attention of the careful practioner. It is now a recognized fact that if they are put in a healthy state by the use of that remedy possessing such wonder-ful curative and cleansing powers most of the prevailing diseases of the system will be easily overcome, since their

How unimportant, in comparison with such problems, is the present discussion as to the authorship of Shakes-

The Kiss of the Ghost

A PLEASING SPECTRE THAT APPEARS TO LURE MEN AND WOMEN TO DEATH.

The Santa Cruz ghost, which is en-grossing the attention of the citizens of that famous watering place by its mid-night revelries, recalls a legend of San-Juan, in the adjoinging county, told the writer many years ago by a narra-tor no less credible than a good old Spanish priest, with whom the writer happened to be staying on a few days

One morning after breakfast I expressed a wish to stroll into the ancient graveyard attached to the old adobe church of that quaint little Mexican town. The old padre, with the kindness and courtesy characteristic of the ceded and accompanied the writer, relating as we walked among the graves the brief history of some one who lay quietly beneath. "Here," he observed with a quiet smile as he pointed to a grave in the middle of the cemetery, "here is a grave which the simple oid Mexican families around here look upon with unusual interest, if not with actual awa."

where the condemned men were sleeping their last sleep. All was as the all was right. It was a welcome we that all was right. It was a welcome within a dozen feet of the cell in which actual awa."

on with unusual interest, if not with actual awe."

"A murderer?"

"No, no! Something much stranger.

I have tried to combat the idea and while I would be addressing the people they would say. 'Si, Si Padre.' They would assent to all I said, but the belief remained and does remain indelible. itting up through the night, were e.

"A spirit," he began, "is said to have break of the event-

sppeared to everyone buried in that fulday, the air was grave and to warn the family when-

might think of such possible occur-rences, the good father simply smiled and shook his head.

Miss Anita Lucille Cody, daughter of "Buffalo Bill," is a beautiful brunet of 22 summers, is tall, has a pretty fig-ure, and is vivacious and well educated. Her father telegraphed for her to comto London the day after Queen Victor-in paid the Wild West a royal visit. When she arrived in New York she re-ceited a letter from her father saying hat she will be received at court.

The official copy of the governor's decision on the application for executive elemency was brought to Chicago by his son, and reached the aberiff shortly after 9.

At 10 o'clock, after all the condemned men had been given a drink of brandy, Fischer relieved the mental tension of himself and his associates by singing the Marseillaise hymn. The others joined him, but their voices, though loud, sometimes quavered perceptibly.

perceptibly.

At five minutes before 11 fully 250 newspaper men, local politicians, and others, among them the twelve jurors who were to view the bodies after the execution, passed through the dark passage under the gallows and began seating themselves.

At 11:15 luncheon was served to the condemned men and at 11:30 the reading of the death warrants began, the sheriff taking Scientific.

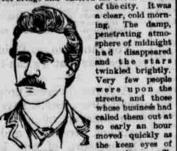
death warrants began, the sheriff taking Spies first.

Meanwhile, in the space in front of the gallows where the spectators were gathered, the noise of moving chairs and tables and the hum of conversation went on for some time, but gradually died away and was succeeded by an almost painful stillness. The bare whitewashed walls made a striking outrast with the dark brown gallows with

rifles looking down from the roof of the Dearborn street wing out the proceedings. 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. No other sounds were heard in the long, high cerridor but the solemn, monotonous voice of the bailiff and the rustling of the jurors as they tiploed forward through the crowd.

The the United Press 1

[By the United Press.] COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, Nov. 11 .-COOK COUNTY JAIL, CHICAGO, NOV. II.—
The hands of the clock in the tall tower in
the Board of Trade were pointing to 5 when
the vehicles containing the representatives
of the United Press rolled over the Clark
street bridge and entered the north division
of the city. It was
a clear, cold morn-



cers who were stationed at the intersections of the cross streets were fastened upon them. As the vehicle crossed the bridge the hourse sound of the police goings were heard closs behind, and a moment later two patrol wagons, filled with police officers armed with rifles, dashed by. When the corner of Clark and Illinois streets, half a block from the jail, had been reached the carriage was brought to a sudden halt, and a stentorian voice—that of a captain of detachment of armed police that stretched across the street—commanded the newspaper men to dismount. The command was quickly obeyed. The permit issued by the sheriff was called for and rigidly scrutinized while another of the officers looked suspiciously at the box relay which the United Press telegraph operator carried under his arm, as well as at the coil of wire that lung out of his pecket. The use and possession of these materials were satisfactorily explained, the passports were pronounced in proper form and the bearers were permitted to pass the cordon. Close behind them followed an officer. When the steps that lead to the jail had been reached another cordon of police had blocked the way. Credentials were called for and examined a second time and the strangers were ordered to pass in. Two raps were given upon the outer door, and as it revolved upon its hinges the butt end of a musket fall on the floor with a suggestive rattle. A quick trot across the spacious corridor, down the steps, across the spacious ers who were stationed at the

musket fell on the floor with a suggestive rattle. A quick trot across the spacious corridor, down the steps, across the court yard, up more steps, a whispered confab with the jailer, whose face was pressed between the heavy iron bars of the inner door, a clanking of keys, and the representatives of the United Press were within a few feet of the men who were so soon to die.

Inside the corridor were ranged the cells

PARSONS

"A spirit," he began, "is said to have appeared to everyone buried in that grave and to warn the family whenever any of them is about to pass sway."

"Its appearance which is made in the following manner, is believed to be uniformly fatal, being an omen of death to those who are so unhappy as to meet with it.

"When a foneral takes place the spirit is said to watch the person who remains lost in the graveyard, over whom it possesses a fascinating influence.

"In the person be a young man the spirit takes the shape of a fascinating female, impires him with a charmed passion, and exacts a promise that be will meet her at the gravey and a month from that day. This promise is sealed with a kiss, that communicates a deadly taint to him who complies.

"The spirit then disappears. No seomer does the person from whom received the promise and the kiss pass the boundary of the churchyard than he remembers the history of the spectre He sinks into despair and insanity and dies. If, on the controry, the spectre appears to a female, it assumes the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty."

The padre showed me the grave of a young person about 18 years of age, who was said four months before a female, in a man gave the form of a young man of exceeding elegance and beauty."

The padre showed me the grave of a young person about 18 years of age, who was said four months before to have failen a victim to it. "Fen months ago," the father said, "a man gave to have failen a victim to it. "Fen months ago," the father said, "a man gave the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as looked in a strange, inquiring way at the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as looked in a strange, inquiring way at the promise of the interview were repeatedly detailed by the two persons whout the sight of the strange of the promise and the fatal kiss, and consequently looked upon himself as looked in the strange in the proper of the strange of the promise and the fatal kiss, and conse

echwab, part being in the handwriting of each man, was brought down stairs by a big turnkey. It was first passed in to Spies, then in turn to Farsons, Engel and Fischer. Dr. Gray, the physician of the jail, arrived at 7:30 and visited each of the men. A few minutes later Rev. H. W. Bolton, pastor of the First Methodist church, arrived at the courtyard door and asked to be permitted to talk with the condemned. He had been with them up to 11 o'clock last night, but had encountered cool treatment from all but Engel, who remained passive and allowed the man of God to talk freely. Whether or not the efforts to direct his min! to things spiritual was successful is an open question, for with the exception of a "Good night" when the minister left him he did not open his mouth, although he listened thoughtfully. "Certainly, come in," was Sheriff's Matson's response to the request, and the minister, at his own desire, was conducted to the cell occupied by Parsons, with whom he commenced to talk. Meanwhite Spies had called for paper, pen and ink, and was soon busily engaged in writing. At 8:18 Mr. Bolton, having passed just eighteen minutes with Parsons, left the cell. The Anarchist followed him to the door, and then pailling it to stood with his hands behind him, apparently straining his eyes to determine the personnel of the crowd in the jailer's office across the corridor. The preacher moved along the corridor and stopped at the cell where Spies was writing. The Anarchist looked up quickly, but without a word or a look of recognition he returned his eyes to the paper before him and his pen to its work. After standing at the door for a few minutes in the vain hope that Spies, after all, would consent to admit him, Mr. Bolton went to the next cell, which was occupied by Engel. Here he was readily admitted.

Death Watch Osborne, who had become so much attached to the prisoners, came in at

gel. Here he was readily admitted.

Death Watch Osborne, who had become so much attached to the prisoners, came in at 8:30 and greeted all four in turn. Then he went up to the first tier of cells and talked with Fielden and Schwab. At 8:40 the sheriff directed one of the turnkeys to ask the men whether they wanted any stimulants. This was done, but all declined except Engel, who expressed a desire for port wine. A bottle was procured, and he emptied three large rum glasses filled to the prim. Spies ceased his writing long enough to light a cigar, crossed his logs, and then resumed his work. He sat in an attitude of extreme case. There was a self satisfied look upon his face as his pen flew over the pages, and as he blew the smoke of his cigar into wreaths he looked more like a contented and happy business man in his office than a criminal whose sands of life were nearly run out. At 8:55 Spies quit writing, and, calling to the death watch, asked for a couple of envelopes. They were furnished him; with great deliberation he folded the paper upon which he had been writing, and placed three pages in one envelope and two in another. These he sealed and directed, and then resuming his easy position and his cigar he gazed contemplatively through the bars up at the skylight. Meanwhile Mr. Bolton had taken his leave of Engel and was conducted to the cell upon the upper ther occupied by Schwab, who wele met him cordially.

At 8:45 letters came to the men. Parsons received one from New York. There was Death Watch Osborne, who had become

At 8:45 letters came to the men. Parsons received one from New York. There was one for Spies from New York; one directed to "Brothers Lings and Spies and Parsons, Kameraden," and others to Citizen Engel, One retoon, Ills., was addressed to con-demned Anarchists and was given to
Spies. With eager
hands the men tore
open the envelopes
and read the communications inclose

and read the communications inclosed. There was a momentury cloud upon Spies' free as he threw one of the letters he had received upon the table. He sat another moment in deep thought and then requested the death watch to send for the sheriff.

Mr. Matson responded with alacrity, and after a brief whispered conversation the exeditor handed over the two letters and the sheriff placed them in an inner pocket of his coat. Spies also expressed a desire for a draught of Rhine wine and a messenger was dispatched across the street with instructions to procure a quart of the best quality. Returning to his table, Spies again commenced to write, while Parsons, Eugel and Fischer sat with a gloomy expression looking out into the corridor. Word was brought in that Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes and two ing out into the corridor. Word was brought in that Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Holmes and two children of Mrs. Engel, Mary Engel and Edna Mueller had come to the Illinois street guard and were refused admittance. They then went to the Clark street cordon of police, but not having passes, were not permitted to pass. Word also came that they indulged in some vehement yet tearful talk about the execution of innocent men.

At 6.15 two new suits of clothes were

At 9:15 two new suits of clothes were brought in for Spies and Engel and taken to their cells. They were full suits of plain black clothes. As they were taken in Schwab appeared on the gellery overhead and peered them to their cells.

down into their cella.

At 9:20 Sheriff Matson arranged the following guards around the scaffold, with Deputy Cahill in charge: Frake, Halke, Bears, Gross, Moran, Hamilton, Foley, Scantan, McCartney, Brainerd, Healy, Carolan, Freise, Lynch, Dooley, Walbridge, Wall, Kerns and Price. At 9:30 Dr. Gray arrived. He tarried at the jailer's office a moment and then went to Spies' cell. The sun was now in a position where it streamed in through the skylight, and Parsons, Fischer and Engel were bathed in its rays. At 9:35 Dr. Gray visited each cell and administered medical stimulants to the inmates. Word was brought into the jail that Mrs. Parsons, with her two children and Mrs. Holmes, presented themselves at the Mrs. Holmes, presented themselves at the Dearborn avenue entrance and demanded to see her husband. She was refused admittance, and, declining to go away, the four were placed in a patrol wagon and taken to the Chicago avenue station. Spies drank the stimulant handed him by the doctor almost greedily, while the others accented the stimulant handed him by the doctor almost greedily, while the others accepted the glasses without demur and drained them to the bottom, then (9:40 o'clock) Fischer, Engel and Parsons commenced to pace up and down their cells, while Spies leaned against the wall away bot in his cage, only the edge of his cardigan jacket

being visible from the office of the jail. White Dr. Gray was with the men he was joined by Dr. Moyer, who spoke words of courage to each. When Sheriff Matson came out he stated that all the condemned came out he stated that all the condemned hal written letters to the members of their lamilies and other friends which had been intrusted to him for personal delivery. At 10 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Gleason hurriedly entered the office with a letter, which he passed to Spics. The superscription was in a feminine band. He read it without a

any disturbance. He pointed to the roof at the jail, which was literally studded with efficers armed with repeating rifles.

"When I get to heaven I'll put in a good word for Bill Stobie" (one of the guards), said Pischer to his death watch. Stobie has been very kind to the condemned men. At 10:25 Fischer talked gayly with his guard. Spies had lit another edgar and also talked to his keeper. He exhibited signs of nervousness. He received a letter, and Parsons a telegram. Engel walkel up and down his cell. He was offered some stimulant but refused it.

At 10:50 County Physician Moyer took his

cell. He was offered some stimulant but refused it.

At 10:50 County Physician Moyer took his leave of the men, to whose health he has been daily ministering for the past seventeen months. All of them shook hands, but not one of them displayed the slightest emotion.

From 10:50 to 11 Spies occupied himself in reading a paper. The others paced up and down their cells, stopping at every turn to look out through the bars like caged animals. The narrow corridor upon which the cells of the quartette look was filled with deputies. The scaffold was not painted, and was brown with age and usage.

There was a space of about two feet between each of the ropes and the four nooses hung on a dead level. The rope was light, but of substantial make.

At 11:10 the jury filed in and took their places in the double row of chairs which had been reserved in front of the press tables. The spectators, of whom there are less than 100, were almitted to the rear. Altogether the corridor was not half filled.

The cells on the first floor as well as those on the two upper tiers were empiled of their occupants. The gathering was quiet and decorous. Hats were removed and cigars thrown away. There was none of the crowding, pushing, smoking, swearing mob that disgraced the execution of the Italians two

ing, pushing, smoking, swearing mob that disgraced the execution of the Italians two years ago.

The names of the jurers were called, and stood still; as if the thood was congenling in the veins of the anxious spectators. The stillness was broken by a wail—a weird, stillness was broken by a wall—a welrd, grewsome sound. It was only the pet jail cat, but it pales the cheek of many a man who at another time would make the eventa source of hilarity. The animal, which had been secured in an adjoining cage, is taken out, and sgain the stillness of suspense. Through the high barred frames of glass directly back of the scaffold a score of armed men were visible. They were as motionless as statues, their guns at their shoulders, and the muzzles bearing directly on the gallows window. searing directly on the gallows window. bearing directly on the gallows window.

The moments passed on. A report gained currency that the sheriff was holding off until the last moment in expectation that something would be heard from Springfield. Suddenly the face of Deputy Gleason was seen at the entrance of the corridor leading to the scaffold. His face was white; he was trembling in every limb. He raised his hand. The moment had arrived. The shuffling of feet is heard in the corridor. It was 11:49 to the minute. Sheriff Matson appeared, his back to the gathering; he was facing the procession. Spies came into view.

back to the gathering; he was facing the procession. Spies came into view, a broad shouldered bailiff was on his right; next came Fischer, then Engel. All three stepped from the second tier of cells to the scaffold; the spectators drew a long treath. "Parsons is saved!" was the word that goes around, but it was not to be. word that goes around, but it was not to be.

A second later and Parsons appeared. The
four men were placed upon the trap. All
were ghastly pale. Spies' hair seemed to
literally stand upon end. Engel's shoulders
seemed nearly to touch the top of his head.
Parsons set his teeth firmly together and
looked down calmly upon the crowd beneath.
His face was the face of a man of iron. A
murmur of admiration for his unfinching
nerve goes through the spectators.

Engel turned around and said scorething

nerve goes through the spectators.

Engel turned around and said something inaudible to the deputy. It was evidently of a jocular character, for the condemned man laughed heartily. Fischer looked at him a moment, and then he, too, put in a remark. Spies and Parsons, at either end of the scaffold, maintained a stolid and dignified demeanor, but there was a look of unutterable wee on the face of the ex-editor, which pierced the hearts of those surreunding the scaffold. The shrouds had already been adjusted before the men left their cells. Nothing remained but to encircle each neck with the none. noose, and to cover each head with the cap.

Jailer Folk approached Spies. A quick movement, so quick that it could hardly be noticed, and the rope was around his neck and being drawn taut. There is not a movement of a muscle. The same stolid look, the same were become look from the eves. Folk

moved a step, and in a moment the throat of Fischer was encircled by the noose. He moved his head up and down as if it burt him. Engel did not move as the operation was being performed. Parsons riveted his gaze on the ground and his features were contracted. All four were evidently determined to die game. A deputy approached Spies with the cap in his bands. The condemned man said something in an undertone. He was evidently remonstrating. The deputy wavered for a moment. Spies spoke still more carnestly. The deputy looks at the sheriff; the latter closed bis eyes. It is enough. The cap was quickly bis eyes. It is enough. The cap was quickly drawn over the face of the Anarchist leader. It has been seen for the last time in life. The head of Engel was next covered, then Fischer, Parsons last. Fischer's head moved up and down in the direction of the sheriff, who, with his hands upon the iron railing of the railors was ready to give the significant.

who, with his hands upon the iron railing of the gallery, was ready to give the signal. It was as though the Anarchist, as well as he could in his muslin covered head, was eckoning the sheriff to approach him. That efficial, however, did not respond. There was a moment of deathlike stillness. Then clear and distinct came the voice of Spies. His form straightens up. The muslin seems to move in harmony with his lipa. "Our silence is more powerful than speech." That was all, but there was a ring to it that echoes far away down the corridor. Silence again for a second. Then in a round, full voice a shout "Hurrah for anarchy!" comes from Engel. Another pause, broken this time by the voice of Fischer. "This is the happiest moment of my life!" He has had his say. Then the clear, well modulated voice of Parsons broke the oppressive stillness. There was not that enthusiastic ring in it which marked the utterances of the others. It is not the voice of a judge delivered. in it which marked the utterances of the others. It is not the voice of a judge delivering a decision. A scarcely definable pause between each word: "Shall I be allowed to speak, O men and women of dear America?" The sheriff shifted his position a little. He was several feet away from the speaker, but the speaker must have seen the movement through the folds of the cap. There was a rising infliction in his voice, not so much of Sheriff Matson," is what he says. "Let the voice of the people be heard"— Down went the drop. The last words of Parsons had died upon his lips. Four bodies swung

who wash hmself, ore, he was the effect with a letter, which was that passed to Spice. The superscription was in a feminine band. He read it without the read of the cage defined men him be and the read of the cage and the superscription was in a feminine band. He read it without the read of the cage and the superscription was in a feminine band. He read it without the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the summer of the facial muscles. All the form of the facial muscles and the facial muscles. All the form of the facial muscles and the facial muscles. All the form of the facial muscles. All the facial muscles and the facial muscles. All the facial muscles and the facial muscles. All the facial muscles and the facial muscles and the facial muscles. All the facial muscles and the fa

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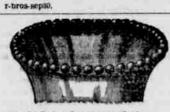
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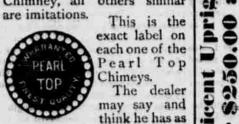


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