

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Prop'r

November 17, 1887.

TERMS:—One year, \$1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—Do you want to buy a good shotgun? Call at this office.

—Cyrus Brumgard is recovering from his last week's mishap.

—Rev. W. K. Foster of Millburg was in town this week visiting friends.

—Johnny Kramer, formerly of Millheim, is in the music business at Altoona and he informs us is flourishing.

—Parents should shut down on their youngsters smoking cigarettes, it will wreck the health of the future man.

—Read the interesting letter from Northumberland, in this issue of the Reporter, by one who spent his boyhood in this section.

—We hear that our townsman D. C. Keller, contemplates moving out of town next spring and will take charge of his farm below town.

—Will the board walk to the station be allowed to be covered by snow drifts the coming winter or some precaution taken to prevent this?

—Mr. Levi Murray returned from Altoona last week when he has been working in the Penna. R. R. car shops the last three months.

—Secure your hydrants against winter's mishaps. Stop all leakage and make all provision to prevent freezing and you will be happy and have plenty of water.

—No reports of any serious damage by the fly to the wheat fields this fall. The cold snaps are supposed to have kept the insect down. Grain fields all have a promising appearance.

—Soon as Yony Deininger heard that Johnny Decker was elected commissioner, he invited the hero to take dinner with him. Wonder whether Yony wants to be commissioner's clerk?

—Dinges & Weaver is the name of a new insurance firm in the Crider building Bellefonte. They bought Bond Valentines, office and now represent the best and largest insurance companies in the country.

—Miss Laura Strohm leaves this week for Chicago and will visit other points in the west; there must be some special attraction for the young lady in that section as her visits are becoming quite frequent of late.

—Phillipsburg is to have a match factory that will give employment to sixty hands.

—In Phillipsburg the citizens always encourage enterprises, and have no gang to fight them off—it is a go-ahead town.

—Last Friday morning the ground was white with snow, which was the first of the season, and it was white as usual. Pap Smith, and other snow clerks, will put this one down as No. 1. The rabbit hunters, no doubt, found it all that they wished to track those animals.

—Rev. Stock will deliver a lecture at Millheim, Dec. 3, for the benefit of the new Lutheran church at Coburn. The lecture will be an edifying treat, the reverend gentleman being one of the best lecturers in the state. Go and hear him and help a good cause besides benefiting yourself five times the amount of the admission price.

—Frank Swab of Linden Hall informs us that our account of the bear hunt was badly mixed and misrepresented. Frank as we were not there can't say whether you were scared or not, and will put the responsibility for truth and veracity upon our correspondent who seems to be acquainted with the facts.

—A party of hunters left on Tuesday morning for a deer hunt in the seven mountains, where they will remain about a week. Messrs John Ludwig and Mitchell of Selinsgrove and Joe Ludwig and Sam Leister of town composed the party. Leister is the only man in the crowd who never shot a load from a gun and expects the buck fever at 81 st night.

—Whilst all the wheat fields in our county have a promising appearance, yet farmers with a full crop can not look forward to making much out of it, as there is no prospect of wheat going up to a paying price. It don't pay at \$1 per bushel and the chances are against it going up to 90 cents. Almost anything else will pay better in the east than this crop. Hay, potatoes, garden truck, stock, coarse grain, will put more money into the farmer's pocket than raising wheat at present prices.

—Altoona is so hard up for water, it is said, that citizens are allowed only to draw it at certain hours, and none dare be used for outdoor sprinkling or washing pavements. Other towns are having a similar water famine, and in some sections cattle are driven four and five miles to watering places. Our town is still fortunate, as we have water sufficient for all purposes, altho' our springs have weakened somewhat. Citizens should examine their hydrants and if found leaking, should have them repaired at once.

—Harter, in his Middleburg Post says: Once upon a time, far away from Middleburgh, there was a preacher who was sorely pressed for money, and as his congregation had failed to pay the last quarter of his stipend salary, he appealed to the officers of the church for the money due him. One of the trustees who was particularly noted for his stinginess, exclaimed: "Money? Is my money you want. I thought you were preaching for souls!" "So I am" replied the preacher, "but I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take at least a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

—The rain of last Thursday morning extinguished the mountain fires which prevailed so extensively throughout Centre, Clinton, Clearfield and other adjoining counties. This forest conflagration continued nearly two weeks, and the harm done to timber must amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fires in many districts approached the homes of those living in the country, and many fences were eaten up by the fire, and it was only by untiring watchfulness that buildings could be saved.

We think the forest fires of this fall were more widespread and destructive than any that have yet raged in this section of the state.

RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY BOYHOOD.

REMINISCENCES OF MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MR. EDITOR:—

I recently visited Centre Hall in compliance with a long desire to visit some of the old play grounds of my early boyhood, and might add childhood, after a lapse of over a half century.

The site upon which Centre Hall now stands, with her two weekly papers, churches, three stores, hotel and the various branches of trade that make up a thriving town, was at the time I refer to, occupied by an old log school house, situated at the junction of the two roads, where the Nittany valley road crosses the main road leading to Bellefonte.

Fifty-eight years ago, I was led reluctantly by a sister's hand from the Old Fort over the rough pike to this school house, and as I reflect now, the question arises where did the children come from? as the valley along the mountain was sparsely settled. There were but two houses in sight, the old Felmsly tavern at the foot of the mountain, and the farm house of Wm. Pennington. My recollection of father Pennington, as he was familiarly called, is that he was a man much respected for his many Christian virtues, and stood in the same relation to the Methodist church as St. Paul did to the Christian religion.

THE OLD FORT. "I love the garden and orchard old, The meadows my footsteps press; And the stately oaks that shooke this gold In the lap of their gentle guest."

In visiting the home of my early childhood, I found, as I expected, many changes, but still there were many old landmarks left to remind me of days long ago. The early tree in the old orchard, is still standing, but its trunk and branches are marked, and must soon pass into history. The spring in the meadow, the flowing pump and the old lane remain, and are associated with many early recollections. Through the kindness of Mr. Odenkirk I was shown through the old home. The nursery or trundle bed room was associated with pleasant as well as some sad recollections.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE. I visited the site of the old school house that stood in the grove on the hill, now marked by young locusts that evidently have been placed there, as the locust is foreign to the surrounding large growth of timber consisting of white and black oak, and as I looked upon them I could recognize them as old friends of long standing.

It does seem marvelous that our recollection at times will revert back, down deep into events and incidents that have been buried for many years, whilst the occurrence of yesterday may pass out, and never be recalled. This thought is suggested by the fact whilst reflecting on the early incidents connected with the old school house, I could recall names and reminiscences connected with school mates that have long since been forgotten.

I remember when at a tender age, of going to school to a Miss Buchanan; in order to punish me for some violation of rules I was placed alongside of a little girl and pinned fast to her calico dress, and giving vent to my mortification in sobs and tears.

I cite this incident only to make a short reference to the future history of this little girl. Years after, as she grew up into womanhood, for grace, beauty and intelligence she became the recognized belle of Centre county, and as the wife of a Governor and Congressman, she ruled as a leading society lady at Harrisburg and Washington, and received with distinction, as the wife of our representative minister, near the Court at St. Petersburg. I wonder whether her thoughts ever panted the chasm between these heights and the old log school house at the Old Fort?

POTTERS MILLS. Fifty years ago was a lively business place, the home of James and John Potter. These two brothers owned the entire place, every dwelling, and every foot of ground. The various branches of industry were represented including store, woolen factory, tannery, distillery, grist mill and clover mill. Spring Mills was the nearest store for miles as the crow flies. The entire product of Penns valley and surrounding country, centered at this point, and the wealth of these two brothers had no boundary. Their real estate consisted of square miles of rich, fertile land. The Mills was a fashionable resort, for the wealth and aristocracy of Lewistown and Bellefonte.

After the failure of the Potters, no community was ever left so entirely helpless and dependent. They had allowed their confidence and reliance on the Potters, to dwarf their energy and sink their individuality to such an extent that their brains became moss covered.

On my recent visit I found some of my boyhood tracks, but found no one who knew the place fifty years ago. I visited the old Tan yard, one of the buildings is held together by cobwebs. In the old barkshed I found my name written there, and where I had spent many lonely hours, and some times wished lightning would strike the old bark mill, providing it would do no damage.

The old log school house at the long bridge, a mile and a half distant, was the only school house in a radius of five miles.

The school houses at the foot of Nittany mountain, Potters Fort and Longbridge, were evidently built by the same architect in accordance with plans and specifications issued by the Continental congress—the regulation long desks facing the walls on two sides and one end, with two inch plank for seats, no support for the back, with feet suspended in space. The parquet was occupied by the A. B. C. and Ab kids. However, there were comparatively few cases of humpback or spinal affection. It was at this log school house that Gen. James Potter, Wilson Potter, John Potter, Gregg Potter, Irwin Potter, and John Duncan received their early education. I remember Gen. Irwin Gregg at this humble institution. I have no recollection of meeting him afterwards. I "know" I never met him in the service and I do not think he ever held a command in the "home guard."

Pike's arithmetic, Byerly's spelling book and the blue primer were the only text books. The primer was the only illustrated work at that early day, representing the burning of John Rodgers at the stake surrounded by Mrs. John Rodgers with nine children and one at the breast. It was always an unsettled question whether Mrs. Rodgers was the mother of nine or ten children, and remained an undecided question with the debating societies of that day.

Timothy Ladd was one of the first teachers; a confirmed cripple, nose of his limbs, and was hauled by a team of four boys to and from his boarding house. He was followed by an Irish teacher named Burns, who introduced an instrument into school, called the cat-o-nine-tails, the handle of which consisted of Irish thorn about sixteen inches long, to which were attached nine leather straps, on the end of each strap was a neatly constructed knot; first examination of these knots we concluded they were placed there as ornaments. This was a mistake. Blackboards and maps had not been introduced. The only map I remember was a miniature map representing the black sea, painted by John Duncan, by directing a well charged ink stand at the head of Wm Burns.

A modern school house was afterwards erected at Potters Mills. Wm. Gilliland, a one legged man, taught. It was at this school I had my first racket with CUPID.

Nellie R. who was just out of short dresses, (at that time young girls wore short dresses, up to twelve and fourteen years of age, with a pantalet attachment at the knee.) The attack was severe; at times I could not see how I possibly could live over night. Nellie carried a quiver strapped over her shoulders, well filled with arrows. I was riddled and pierced through and through, and must have appeared not much unlike a large family colender. The wounds at that age soon healed, and leave no scars.

MISS BARBARY HUNTER. Miss Barbary was a maiden lady, and made her home with Mr. John Potter. She was much esteemed for her many christian virtues, and belonged to the radical, indigo, Presbyterian school, and was an untiring worker in the vineyard. She had a special interest in the spiritual welfare of the Potter boys, and by virtue of circumstance, I was included. Miss B. was strongly impressed that to know the catechism was essential for our safe delivery, as water is to the Baptist. The catechism was the red flag and source of our young troubles. It was too far above our heads to understand. The little we would commit in an hour's study in the evening and a half hour in the morning, we would forget in ten minutes.

It was sometime before I could get away from the impression that the Blue-laws of Connecticut and the Catechism were not written by the same author.

Miss B. inaugurated a Sunday school (limited); in this we heard so much of the personal character and individuality of the "Old Boy" that we were seldom seen out after dark; a flash of lightning has convincing proof that the Old Chap was shoveling on more brimstone. The distant thunder was the threshing of the earth with his barbed tail. A fresh cow track the next morning was proof that the Old Boy had slipped his cable, or broken a link. M. J. D. W.

Northumberland, Nov. 14, 1887.

A FATAL ACCIDENT. We learn that a few days ago Judge Krebs's sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Krebs, was instantly killed by a runaway team near Arkansas City, Cowley county, Kansas.

It seems that upon returning from a family reunion to their homes Mr. Krebs's team became frightened by the pole of the carriage running through the neck yoke and Mrs. K. seizing a grandchild made an effort to leap from the carriage but fell between the wheels breaking both lower limbs and receiving a fatal fracture of the skull. No one else seems to have been hurt. Mr. Krebs was a former resident of Centre county, Pa., and in the year 1875 removed to Kansas. His wife was about 49 years of age.

NEW INSTRUMENTS. Our band at their last meeting decided to purchase new instruments in place of the old ones that have been in use for years. Our boys thus far have been making rapid progress only they have been at a disadvantage on account of poor horns. They have supported the new organization by their own contributions and asked no one for a cent, and expect to hold a large festival at this place during the coming holidays and in this manner realize enough to enable them to get the new instruments. Hope every one will give them the proper encouragement and that their efforts will be crowned with success.

PAID THE PENALTY

PARSONS, SPIES, FISCHER AND ENGEL MEET THEIR FATE.

THE TRAP FALLS PROMPTLY. Swung From the Same Scaffold in the Chicago Jail.

CITIZENS ARMED AND READY. The City Guarded for Fifty Miles Around by U. S. Soldiers.

MRS. PARSONS FALLS IN A FAINT. Everything Quiet and No Fear of an Outbreak Apprehended—The Four Condemned Anarchists Meet Their Death Bravely and Betrayed No Signs of Weakening—The Neck of Each Broken and They Die With But Little Struggling.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—The execution of Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer took place at 10:23 o'clock to-day in the jail.

A death warrant was officially delivered to Chief Deputy Gleason on board the seven o'clock train from Springfield, at 23d street, this morning, by Robert Oglesby, the governor's son and private secretary.

The men were taken from their cells one at a time to the long preparations were made. They appeared to bear up bravely under the trying ordeal which they were to undergo. They talked with each other in low tones, and also with a few of the jailers and guards who had been kind to them.

Shortly before the hour decided upon the execution the sheriff notified the men that their hour had come. They bade each other farewell and told the sheriff they were ready.

The march to the scaffold was begun slowly. When they reached the corner where the scaffold was located the death warrant was read to the four men under the shadow of the dangling ropes.

They walked on to the scaffold without betraying any signs of weakening. Their arms and legs were pinioned, the black caps were drawn over their heads and the nooses were ready.

In an instant the signal was given, and the four men were dangling from the ropes.

The neck of each one was broken, and they struggled but little, only a few convulsive movements being noticed.

THEIR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH. The hours passed slowly in the county jail last night—slowly to both watchers and watched. Spies did not at first find the slumber he sought and slowly he was up from his bed until nearly 1 o'clock, and he fell asleep a few minutes later. Before that he chatted pleasantly with Deputy Sheriff Quirk, and smoked cigars and enjoyed himself as well as he could.

He did not say much about anarchy, except that he believed the sacrifice the law was about to make would help the cause. Of his mother, sister, and brother, he spoke feelingly, but he never once said a word about Miss Van Zandt.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton called on Spies and offered him spiritual consolation. The condemned man turned an eye stare on the divine and said: "You can't pray for me. Go pray for somebody else who needs it. I don't need prayer."

The deputy sheriff, who was with Parsons for three hours last night, undertook when he was relieved at 1 o'clock to tell what the condemned man had said, but when he began to realize the enormity of the task he cut his narrative short by saying: "He was very cheerful and hopeful."

Such was indeed the case. Parsons never was in better humor than he was last night. He seemed to forget entirely that he would have to die within twelve hours, so interested did he become in his own harangue to the death watch. He talked about socialism, about anarchy, the Haymarket and his wife and children.

It was not until he reached this subject that he manifested any sorrow or regret, and the more he talked about it the more sorrowful he became. About 11 o'clock Parsons went to sleep and at 3 o'clock he was sleeping as soundly as he ever did in his life.

Fischer was the least talkative of the four men, though he was as cheerful as any of them. For nearly three hours he sat on the edge of the cot in his cell puffing at a cigar.

He spoke rarely to the deputy sheriff, who was sitting in his doorway. Once Schaumburg said to him: "Fischer, how can you be cheerful when you know your fate is such a short time removed?"

"How can I die?" the anarchist asked, and he looked full at his questioner. "I will tell you," he said. "I die willingly in the first place, because I believe it will help the cause I espoused the greater part of my life, and which I love better than life itself, that of the laboring man. Besides this, my conviction was unfair, unjust and illegal."

The only thing that made him feel sorry for quitting the world was the thought of leaving his wife and children behind him. He talked about his pritty, sad-eyed wife for nearly an hour in the most affectionate strain. "She, however, will be well cared

for," he said. "The association—my comrades—will see that she and her children will never want."

About 10:30 o'clock Fischer lay down, and ten minutes later his breathing was so heavy and regular that the watchers were convinced that he was at last sound asleep.

Engel was cheerful and contented and at times even witty. Late at night when the death watch sat on the threshold of his cell, scarcely ever removing his eyes from him, Engel became reminiscent, and some of the stories he told were not only interesting, but decidedly sensational. Once he said: "You people think, perhaps, that I am afraid to go to the gallows. Dismiss your mind of the idea at once, for it

is not true. No man ever faced death more calmly than I do now. I am an anarchist. I believe in its every principle, and as it is opposed to the present order of things what is more natural than the desire of the authorities to choke it off?"

Once he referred to his family, his wife and daughter, and as he rattled on about them there was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"When I think of them," he said, "I sometimes falter in my determination to meet my fate bravely. But then I think—in fact, I know—they will be well cared for. The anarchists, for whom I am about to sacrifice my life, will see that they do not want. They have told me so and I believe them. When I think, though, of the great boom my death will be to anarchists—how it will boom the cause and increase the ranks—I can even think of my wife and family without a tear."

At two minutes to nine o'clock three carpenters and six deputies were passed through into the jail to erect the scaffold, the deputies being employed to raise the beams which are fitted together with screws, so that not the slightest noise was made in its construction. It is erected in the northeast corner of the jail and is the same scaffold on which the three Italian strangers were executed.

Sheriff Matson posted a large number of deputies around the jail, and three kept watch in the jail yard. The entrance to the criminal court building was guarded inside by two police officers armed with Winchester rifles, and heavy chains were fastened to the knobs of the iron doors, effectually preventing their being opened from the outside. In front of the building there were but few people, the deputies not allowing any one to stand about, but at the Clark street corner there was quite a knot of men gazing up at the building, as if fascinated.

MRS. PARSONS MAKES A SCENE. Just after the carpenters entered a female figure, draped entirely in black and heavily veiled with crapes, moved with slow and trembling steps down Michigan street and ascended the stone stairway of the criminal court building. Not over 30 feet ahead of her were Sheriff Matson and Captain Ben Fric, clerk of the jail, but neither of them saw her. The big iron doors had hardly closed behind them when a weak tapping was heard on it.

The deputy swung the door back a few inches. "Who is it?" he called.

"Mrs. Parsons," came the reply in weak accents.

"I'm sorry, but my orders are not to admit you," said the deputy.

"Cannot I see my husband before he dies?" she cried, in agonizing tones.

"No."

Hardly had the monosyllable left his lips when a piercing shriek rang out, and Mrs. Parsons fell unconscious on the hard stone floor.

The doors were immediately thrown open, and she was carried inside the big lobby. The police dropped their rifles and ran for water, which was applied to her face. In a few minutes she recovered.

With her first breath she began the most pitiful, affecting appeal that ever woman made to see her unfortunate husband. As kindly and as gentle as possible she was informed that it was impossible to grant her request, and with tears coursing down her cheeks and wailing sobs along with her, she left the jail and went to her children at home.

THE MASSACRE AND TRIAL. The massacre of May 4 was, therefore, no sudden irruption of violence, no spontaneous uprising of an infuriated mob against authority, but the culmination of a long series of efforts and the consummation of a deliberate design. The leaders had determined upon the hour and place. They knew and expected the police would interfere, and up the dark alley stood the assassin with bomb and match ready for the signal which came. No trial could be fairer than that awarded these accessories of the September murder. Every protection which impartial justice throws about the criminal for his protection was withheld. They were denied the chance to explain or to justify, and the great record was written with impartial hand, nothing extenuated and naught set down in malice. The utmost ingenuity of learned counsel was used in their interest. Everything was done to draw the eyes of justice from the real issue, and for the simpler question of murder to claim that it was legitimate warfare, a political struggle, a clash of factions, a rebellion for principle and right. The prisoners were compared to the Irish leaguers, to the Russian struggle against despotism, to the roundheads, to the Romans under Brutus and Cassius, to the band of Orsini, to the soldiers of the confederacy. Convicted and sentenced, heaven and earth were moved in their behalf.

(continued on inside page.)

FATAL AND TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO ELMER E. GORMAN.

On Sunday morning, shortly after 2 o'clock, Elmer E. Gorman met with an accident which soon resulted in his death. He was a yard switchman employed on the Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad, and the accident occurred at Carter's station. The Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph on Monday, said of it: "Gorman was only recently employed by the company. He is 28 years of age and his home is at Bellefonte, Pa. The unfortunate man was attempting to couple freight cars when the accident occurred. The car which was approaching him was laden with old rails, and the movement of the car had displaced a few of them. Those on top projected over the edge of the car some distance, but, owing to the darkness, Gorman failed to see them. As he was about to stoop to set the coupling link, one of the rails struck him on the head and penetrated several inches, frightfully fracturing his skull. He died a few hours thereafter. The family formerly lived at Centre Hall, and kept the toll gate at the lower end of town.

SOLDIERS ARE COMING. Yes sir, we are going to have them right among us. Amos Mullen, of Bellefonte was in town on Tuesday. We learned that the object of his visit was to have an attachment to the Bellefonte National Guards, organized at this place. He wants a squad of about sixteen of our young men to compose it, and will furnish all the necessary equipments, etc., from their state appropriation to sustain it. Won't we be "tony" in Pennsylvania when we have our own soldiers with blue coats and brass buttons on them? Fall in!

DEER SLAYERS. During the last week our nimrods have been slaughtering deer lively over in the Seven Mountains, and tempt us to try our hand at it too.

John Horner, — Roseman and Perry Krise each killed one; Ludwig and his party, one; the Bradford boys, of Old Fort, one; Potters Mills crowd, two, and a Boalsburg party, five deer and two bears.

Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in men's wear—a full assortment of overcoats "READY MADE." The largest line of hats, caps and furnishing goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale.

MONTGOMERY & CO. Brokerhoff Bow & Humes Block.

Piles of new overcoats have been opened up at the Philad. Branch, and are going like hot cakes. A large stock always on hand—at last as they go new ones take their place.

MARRIED. At Kishacoquillas, Oct. 26, by Rev. Haughavot, H. W. Brown, of Clinton Co., and Emma R. Alexander, of Kishacoquillas.

In Milroy, Nov. 1, 1887, by J. R. Shippey, John H. Smith, of Keedsville, and Mary F. Kunn, of Mann's.

HIDES HIDES! Highest cash market prices will be paid for all kinds of hides by Aaron Harter, at Centre Hall station.

WM. GOEHEEN, AUCTIONEER, Boalsburg, Pa. Is prepared to cry sales. He has been successful in the past and offers his services to the public.

FOR SALE. DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUN. A double barrel muzzel loader shot gun, calibre 12. Has fine wire twist barrels, throws a shot well and is in good condition. The gun can be seen at this office.

DO YOU WANT To get a New Pair of Boots? Go to Power's. A Pair of Fine Shoes? Go to Power's. Shoes for your Children? Go to Power's.

If you are in need of anything in the line of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Overshoes, or anything in the shape of foot wear, Go to Power's Shoe Store for it.

W-H-Y? Because it is the Best and Cheapest Shoe Store in Centre county.

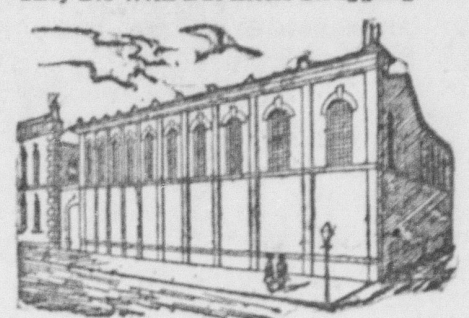
REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON. Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red ..... \$ 28  
Wheat, white ..... 48  
Corn, shelled ..... 45  
Barley No. 2 mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price. .... 2.50  
Wheat mixed with rye bought at rye weight and price.

FLOUR AND FEED. Fancy Pat. Flour, 1 45 Bran per ton ..... 16 00  
Best Roller Flour, 2 15 Bran, retail, cwt. .... 30  
at Best Roller Flour 1 25 Chop per ton ..... 22 00  
Middlings per ton, 19 00 retail per cwt 1 25

COAL MARKET. Broken ..... \$5.00  
Egg ..... 5.50  
Stove, red ..... 5.75  
Small Stove ..... 5.75  
Chestnut ..... 5.50  
Peb. No. 2 mixed with rye, bought at rye weight and price. .... 2.50  
Woodland ..... 4.00  
Soft ..... 2.75

A discount on all above prices will be made for SPOT Cash, KURTZ & SON



THE JAIL.

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He spoke rarely to the deputy sheriff, who was sitting in his doorway. Once Schaumburg said to him: "Fischer, how can you be cheerful when you know your fate is such a short time removed?"

"How can I die?" the anarchist asked, and he looked full at his questioner. "I will tell you," he said. "I die willingly in the first place, because I believe it will help the cause I espoused the greater part of my life, and which I love better than life itself, that of the laboring man. Besides this, my conviction was unfair, unjust and illegal."

The only thing that made him feel sorry for quitting the world was the thought of leaving his wife and children behind him. He talked about his pritty, sad-eyed wife for nearly an hour in the most affectionate strain. "She, however, will be well cared

for," he