

WOODS OF YOUTH.

There dim and cool the mosses sloped,
Away where daisy perfumes rise,
Where birds in tenderness have dipped,
To bathe the faces of the flowers.

Sandorf's Revenge.

A SEQUEL TO MATHIAS SANDORF AND DOCTOR ANTEKIRTI.
By Jules Verne.

AUTHOR OF "JOURNEY TO THE CENTRE OF THE EARTH," "TRIP TO THE MOON," "AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS," "MICHAEL STROGOFF," "SEVENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

Translation copyrighted by G. W. Hanna, 1888.

CHAPTER XXI—CONTINUED.

The Doctor, Madame Bathory and Pierre would remain in this state of uncertainty no longer.
Luigi, who was with Point Pescade and Cape Matifou, in the large saloon of the Stadthaus, where Maria had joined them, was immediately called in.

A quarter of an hour afterwards, the banker left the casemate that served him for a prison, and with his hand grasped in the huge hand of Cape Matifou, was brought along the main street of Ardenak.

Toronthal entered the hall. He was preceded by Luigi, and held all the time by Cape Matifou. He just saw Madame Bathory and her son, who had stepped aside. Suddenly he found himself in the presence of the Doctor, with whom he had vainly endeavored to enter into communication at Ragusa.

"You! You!" he exclaimed. "Ah!" he said, collecting himself with an effort; "it is Doctor Antekirti who arrests me on French territory; he it is who keeps me prisoner against all law."

"But not against all justice!" interrupted the Doctor.
"And what have I done to you?" asked the banker, to whom the Doctor's presence had evidently given confidence. "Yes! What have I done to you?"

"To me? You will know soon," answered the Doctor; "but to start with, Silas Toronthal, ask what have you done to this unhappy woman?"

"Madame Bathory?" exclaimed the banker, recoiling before the widow, who advanced towards him.
"And to her son?" added the Doctor.

"Pierre? Pierre Bathory?" stammered Silas Toronthal. And he would certainly have fallen if Cape Matifou had not held him upright.
And so Pierre, whom he thought dead, whose funeral he had seen, who had been buried in the cemetery at Ragusa, Pierre was there, before him, like a spectre from the tomb! Toronthal grew frightened. He felt that he could not escape the chastisement for his crimes. He felt he was lost.

"Where is Sava?" asked the Doctor abruptly.
"Where is Sava?" asked the Doctor.
"Where is Sava?" asked the Doctor.
"Where is Sava?" asked the Doctor.

"Sava is not your daughter! Sava is the daughter of Count Mathias Sandorf, whom Sarcany and you sent to death after having treacherously denounced him and his companions, Stephen Bathory and Ladislav Zathmar.

At this formal accusation, the banker was overwhelmed. Not only did Doctor Antekirti know that Sava was not his daughter, but he knew that she was the daughter of Count Mathias Sandorf! He knew how and by whom the Trieste conspirators had been betrayed!

"Where is Sava?" said the Doctor, restraining himself only by a violent effort of his will. "Where is Sava, whom Sarcany, your accomplice in all these crimes, stole fifteen years ago from Ardenak? Where is Sava, whom that scoundrel is keeping in a place you know, to which you have sent her that her consent to this horrible marriage may be obtained! For the last time, where is Sava?"

So alarming had been the Doctor's attitude, so threatening had been his words that Toronthal did not reply. He saw that the present position of the girl might prove his safety. He felt that his life might be respected so long as he kept the secret.

Yes! At the moment my people seized you on the road to Nice he was going to stab you! And now will you persist in your silence?"

Toronthal, obstinately imagining that his silence would compel them to make terms with him, said nothing.
"Where is Sava? Where is Sava?" said the Doctor, getting angry.
"I do not know! I do not know!" replied Toronthal, resolved to keep his secret.

Suddenly he screamed, and writing with pain he tried in vain to thrust Matifou away.
"Mercy! Mercy!" he cried.
Matifou, unconsciously, was squeezing his hand in his own.

"Mercy!"
"Will you speak?"
"Yes! Yes! Sava—Sava—" said Toronthal, who could only speak in broken sentences—"Sava—in Nami's house—Sarcany's spy—at Tetuan!"

Cape Matifou let go Toronthal's arm, and the arm remained motionless.
"Take back the prisoner?" said the Doctor. "We know what we wished to know!"

And Luigi took back Toronthal to his casemate.
Sava at Tetuan! Then when the Doctor and Pierre, hardly two months before, were at Centa capturing the Spaniard, only a few miles separated them from Sava!
"This very night, Pierre, we start for Tetuan."

CHAPTER XXII.

THE HOUSE AT TETUAN.

In those days the railroad did not run from Tunis to the Moorish frontier; and to reach Tetuan as quickly as possible, they had to embark in one of the swiftest boats of the Antekirta flotilla.
Before midnight Electric No. 2 had been got ready for sea, and was on her way across the Syrian Sea.

On board were the Doctor, Pierre, Luigi, Point Pescade and Cape Matifou. Pierre was known to Sarcany, the others were not. When they reached Tetuan they would consult as to their proceedings. Would it be better to act by stratagem or force? That would depend on Sarcany's position in this absolutely Moorish town, or his arrangements in Nami's house, and on the following he could command. Before everything, they must get to Tetuan!

From the end of the Syrtes to the Moorish frontier, is about two thousand five hundred kilometers—nearly thirteen hundred and fifty nautical miles. At full speed Electric No. 2 could do her twenty-seven miles an hour. How many railway trains there are that are not as fast! That long steel tube, offering no resistance to the wind, could slip through the waves without hindrance, and reach its destination in fifty hours.

Before daybreak the next morning, the Electric had doubled Cape Bon. Then, having crossed the Gulf of Tunis, it only took her a few hours to lose sight of Point Bizerte, La Calle, Bone, the Iron Cape, whose metallic mass is said to disturb the compasses, the Algerian coast, Stora, Bougi, Dellys, Algiers, Cherchell, Mostaganem, Oran, Nemous; then the shores of Riff, the Point of Melahah which, like Centa, is Spanish, Cape Tres Forcas, whence the continent rounds off to Cape Negro—all this panorama of the African coast-line was unrolled during the 20th and 21st of November, without either incident or accident. Never had the machine, worked by the currents from the accumulators, had such a run. If the Electric had been perceived, either along the shore or crossing the gulfs from cape to cape, there would have been telegrams as to the appearance of a phenomenal ship, or perhaps a cat-o'-r-paw of extraordinary power that no steamer had yet exceeded in speed in the Mediterranean waters.

About eight o'clock in the evening the Doctor, Pierre, Luigi, Point Pescade and Cape Matifou landed at the mouth of the small river of Tetuan, in which their rapid vessel had dropped anchor.
A hundred yards from the bank, in the middle of a small caravanserai, they found mules and a guide to take them into the town, which was about four miles distant. The price asked was agreed to instantly, and the party set off.

In this part of the Riff, Europeans have nothing to fear from the indigenous population, nor even from the nomads of the district. The country is thinly peopled and almost uncultivated. The road lays across a plain dotted with straggling shrubs—and it is a road made by the feet of the beasts rather than by the hand of man. On one side is the river with muddy banks, alive with the croak of frogs and the chirp of crickets, and bearing a few fishing-boats moored in the centre or drawn up on the shore. On the other side, to the right, is the outline of the bare hills running off to join the mountain masses of the south.

The night was magnificent. The moon bathed the whole country in its light. Reflected by the mirror of the river, the moonlight seemed to soften the heights on the northern horizon. In the distance, white and gleaming, lay the town of Tetuan—a shining patch in the dark clouds of mist beyond.

The Arab did not waste much time. Twice or thrice he had to pull up before isolated houses, where the windows on the side not lighted by the moon threw a yellow beam out into the shadow, and from them would come two or three Moors with a lantern, who, after a hurried conference with the guide, would let them pass.

Neither the Doctor nor his companions spoke a word. Absorbed in their thoughts, they left the mules to follow the road, which here and there was cut through by gullies strewn with boulders, or cumbered with roots which they avoided with sure feet. The largest of the mules was, however, very often in the rear. This might have been expected, but it bore Cape Matifou.

It was that that led Point Pescade to reflect—
"Perhaps it would have been better for Cape Matifou to carry the mule instead of the mule carrying Cape Matifou!"

Although Doctor Antekirti wished exceedingly to ask for Nami's house, and to be taken there at once, he restrained himself. It was necessary to act with great prudence. To carry Sava away under such circumstances was a serious matter. Everything for and against it was taken into consideration. Perhaps they might be able to get the girl set free for a consideration? But the Doctor and Pierre would have to keep themselves out of sight—more especially from Sarcany, who might, perhaps, be in Tetuan. In his hands Sava would become a guarantee for the future, that he would not easily part with. Here they were not in one of the civilized countries of Europe, where justice and police could easily interfere. In this country of slaves, how could they prove that Sava was not Nami's legitimate slave? How could they prove that she was Count Sandorf's daughter, otherwise than by Madame Toronthal's letter, and the banker's confession? The houses in these Arab towns are carefully guarded, and not easily accessible. They are not entered easily. The intervention of a caidi might even be useless, even if it could be obtained.

It had been decided that at the outset, but in a way to prevent suspicion, Nami's house should be carefully watched. In the morning, Point Pescade would go out with Luigi to pick up information. During his stay in Malta, Luigi had learned a little Arabic, and the two would start to find out in what street Nami lived, and then to act accordingly.

Meanwhile Electric No. 2 would be concealed in one of the narrow creeks along the coast, near the entrance of the Tetuan river, and kept ready for sea at a moment's notice. The night, whose hours were so long for the Doctor and Pierre, was thus passed at the fonda. If Point Pescade and Cape Matifou had any desire to lie on beds encumbered with crockery ware, they were satisfied.

In the morning Luigi and Point Pescade began by visiting the bazaar, in which there had already gathered a large part of the Tetuan population. Pescade knew Nami, whom he had a score of times noticed in the streets of Ragusa, while she was acting as spy for Sarcany. He would, therefore recognize her, and as she did not know him, there was no reason why he should not meet her. And then he could follow her.

About half-past nine the Arab stopped before a large blank wall, surmounted by towers and battlements, which on that side defends the town. In this wall was a low door, decorated with arabesques in Moorish fashion. Above, through the numerous entrances, pointed the canons, looking like crocodiles carelessly sleeping in the light of the moon.

The gate was shut. Some conversation was needed, with cash in hand, before it could be opened. Then the party passed in down the winding, narrow and open-vaulted streets, with other gates, barred with iron, which were successively opened by similar means. At length the Doctor and his companions, in a quarter of an hour, reached an inn or "fonda"—the only one in the place—kept by a Jewess, with a one-eyed girl as servant.

The total want of comfort in this fonda, which had the rooms disposed round the central court, was a sufficient explanation as to why strangers so very seldom ventured into Tetuan. There is even only one representative of the European powers, the Spanish consul, among a population of several thousands, with whom the native element predominates.

Although Doctor Antekirti wished exceedingly to ask for Nami's house, and to be taken there at once, he restrained himself. It was necessary to act with great prudence. To carry Sava away under such circumstances was a serious matter. Everything for and against it was taken into consideration. Perhaps they might be able to get the girl set free for a consideration? But the Doctor and Pierre would have to keep themselves out of sight—more especially from Sarcany, who might, perhaps, be in Tetuan. In his hands Sava would become a guarantee for the future, that he would not easily part with. Here they were not in one of the civilized countries of Europe, where justice and police could easily interfere. In this country of slaves, how could they prove that Sava was not Nami's legitimate slave? How could they prove that she was Count Sandorf's daughter, otherwise than by Madame Toronthal's letter, and the banker's confession? The houses in these Arab towns are carefully guarded, and not easily accessible. They are not entered easily. The intervention of a caidi might even be useless, even if it could be obtained.

It had been decided that at the outset, but in a way to prevent suspicion, Nami's house should be carefully watched. In the morning, Point Pescade would go out with Luigi to pick up information. During his stay in Malta, Luigi had learned a little Arabic, and the two would start to find out in what street Nami lived, and then to act accordingly.

Meanwhile Electric No. 2 would be concealed in one of the narrow creeks along the coast, near the entrance of the Tetuan river, and kept ready for sea at a moment's notice. The night, whose hours were so long for the Doctor and Pierre, was thus passed at the fonda. If Point Pescade and Cape Matifou had any desire to lie on beds encumbered with crockery ware, they were satisfied.

In the morning Luigi and Point Pescade began by visiting the bazaar, in which there had already gathered a large part of the Tetuan population. Pescade knew Nami, whom he had a score of times noticed in the streets of Ragusa, while she was acting as spy for Sarcany. He would, therefore recognize her, and as she did not know him, there was no reason why he should not meet her. And then he could follow her.

The principal bazaar of Tetuan is a collection of sheds, pent-houses and hovels, low, narrow and sordid, arranged in humid lanes. A few cloths, of different colors, are stretched on lines, and protect it from the heat of the sun. Around are dull-looking shops with bordered silk, gorgeous trimmings, slippers, purses, cloaks, pottery, jewels, collars, bracelets, rings, and other common goods such as are found in the shops of the large towns of Europe.

It was already crowded. The people were taking advantage of the coolness of the morning. Moors veiled to the eyes, Jewesses with uncovered faces, Arabs, Kabyles, moved to and fro in the bazaar, elbowing by a certain number of strangers, so that the presence of Luigi Ferrato and Point Pescade did not attract special attention.

For an hour they traversed the motley crowd in search of Nami. In vain! The Moor did not appear, nor did Sarcany.
Luigi then asked one of the half-naked boys—hybrid products of all the African races, from the Riff to the Sahara—who swam in the bazaars of Morocco.

"The first he spoke to made no reply. At last one of them, a Kabyle, about twelve years old, said that he knew the house, and offered to take the Europeans there—for a trifle.

The offer was accepted, and the streets started through the tangled streets which radiate towards the fortifications. In ten minutes they had reached a part that was almost deserted, in which the houses were few and far between, and had no windows on their outer sides.

During this time the Doctor and Pierre were waiting the return of Luigi and Pescade with feverish impatience. Twenty times were they tempted to go out and look for themselves. But they were both known to Sarcany and the Moor. It would, perhaps, be risking everything, to meet them, and give them an alarm which might enable them to escape. So they remained a prey to the keenest anxiety. It was nine o'clock when Luigi and Point Pescade returned to the fonda.

Their mournful faces told that they were the bearers of bad news.
In fact, Sarcany and Nami, accompanied by a girl whom nobody knew, had left Tetuan five weeks before, and the house was now in charge of an old woman.

The Doctor and Pierre had not expected this; they were in despair.
"Their departure is easily accounted for," said Luigi. "Sarcany was evidently afraid that Toronthal, for revenge

or some other motive, would reveal the place of his retreat."

While he was only in pursuit of his betrayers, the Doctor had never despaired of success. But now it was his daughter that he sought to save from Sarcany, and he did not feel the same confidence.

However, Pierre agreed with him that they had better go at once to Nami's house. Perhaps they might find some trace or remembrance of Sava. Perhaps the old Jewess who had been left in charge might give, or rather sell, some hint that might prove useful.

Luigi led them there immediately. The Doctor, who spoke Arabic as if he had been born in the desert, introduced himself as a friend of Sarcany's. He was passing Tetuan, he said, and would have been glad to see him.

The old woman at first raised difficulties, but a handful of sequins made her much more obliging; and she willingly answered the questions the Doctor asked with the appearance of the most lively interest in her master.

The young lady who had been taken away by the Moor was Sarcany's intended wife. That had been arranged for some time, and probably the marriage would have taken place at Tetuan had it not been for the hurried departure. The young lady since her arrival three months before had not been outside of the house. They said she was an Arab, but the Jewess thought she was a European. She had seen her very little, and only during the Moor's absence, and she could not find out any more about her.

The old woman could not say where Sarcany had taken them. All she knew was that they went away about five weeks before with a caravan and the eastward, and that since then the house had been in her care and was to continue so until Sarcany found some one to buy it, which showed that he did not intend returning to Tetuan.

The Doctor listened coldly to these replies, and as they passed to Pierre translated them.
From them it appeared that Sarcany had not thought it desirable to embark on one of the steamers calling at Tangiers, nor to go by the railway which had its terminus at Oran. He had joined a caravan that had left Tetuan—bound whither? To some oasis in the desert, or, still farther, to some half-savage country, where Sava would be entirely at his mercy? How could they know? On the roads of northern Africa it is as difficult to recover the track of a caravan as the track of an individual.

And so the Doctor continued to interrogate the Jewess. He had received important news which was of interest to Sarcany, he said, and they referred to this very house which he wished to dispose of. But do what he could no other information could be got. It was evident that the woman did not know where Sarcany had fled to bring about the close of the drama.

The Doctor, Pierre and Luigi then asked to be allowed to see the house, which was built in Arab fashion, with the different rooms lighted from a courtyard surrounded by a rectangular gallery.

They soon reached the room that Sava had occupied. It was quite a prison cell. There what hours the unhappy girl must have passed a prey to despair and without hope of help. The Doctor and Pierre looked round the room seeking the least indication that might put them on the track.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How She Flattened Him.

It was the noon-day car up Michigan avenue. It was hot. It was boiling, roasting hot. The driver had rivulets of perspiration running down his face as the sun hit him plumb-center, and the conductor mopped and growled and fingered the nickels with wet fingers in the shade of the rear platform. Opposite each other, on the last seats back, were a middle-aged woman who sat up as stiff as a poker and looked as cool as ice, and a corpulent, red-faced man, who unbuttoned coat and vest and collar and puffed away like a porpoise.

"Ever see the like?" he queried as he looked across at the woman and fanned himself with his hat.
She regarded him with a look of disdain.
"Never saw anything like it, even in the tropics!" he gasped.

Her glance this time was five degrees below zero.
"Awful—just positively awful! Another such day as this will use up a thousand people. You must be suffering, too."

She gave him a look hung all around with icicles, and then beckoned to the conductor.
"Sir," she said, as that official entered, "when did they remove the stove from this car?"

"Several weeks ago, madam."

"How reckless! Please close the window behind me, and do for mercy's sake keep that door shut. I'm just shivering with the cold and have no shawl with me."

Then she looked a whole big iceberg at the man opposite, shivered her shoulders two or three times, and cuddled down in the corner to keep warm. He looked at her for a minute in a dubious way, and then buttoned up coat and vest, jammed on his hat and softly sneaked out and boosted himself upon the railing to finish his ride in the deepest silence.—Detroit Free Press.

Trials of a Landlord.

First Tourist (to summer hotel landlord): Do you allow dogs in the house?
Landlord (emphatically): No, sir.
First Tourist: Then I must go somewhere else. My wife has got a dog.
Second Tourist (to same landlord): Do you allow dogs in the house?
Landlord: Oh, yes, sir.
Second Tourist: Then I must go somewhere else. My wife can't bear dogs.—Life.

There are many people who know enough to stir up contentions that don't know enough to keep out of them.—Chicago Ledger.

THE ANARCHIST TRIAL.

Press Comments from All Parts of the Country on the Verdict in the Case.

A General Cry of Approval and No Sympathy for the Condemned Men.

GREATEST ACT SINCE THE CIVIL WAR.
The verdict of the jury was right. The verdict of the people of the country approves it. The Chicago jury has done more to sustain the peace and welfare of the nation than the slaughter of a thousand soldiers in any sort of battle could do. The Haymarket riot was a horrible affair. Its gallant suppression by the Chicago police taught the flouters of the red flag that there was danger for them if they continued their threats against the lives and possessions of persons who were industrious and provident. The conviction of the dynamite scoundrels who were in the lead is probably the greatest act to sustain the business and social courage of the people since the civil war. Its lesson is that only by peace and order, and confidence, and good feeling generally in local communities, can one hope to thrive, and make in the aggregate a great and prosperous nation.—Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

ALL CLASSES REJOICE.
All classes of citizens must rejoice at the auspicious termination of the prolonged legal struggle. It vindicates, we trust once for all, the dignity of public opinion and the majesty of American law. It throws around the sacred precincts of social order an additional safeguard. It establishes the fact that false and vicious theories of government are to afford no immunity for murder or other crime. It disabuses for all time the legitimate cause of labor and its law-abiding advocates, from the reckless anarchists and socialists who have sought to dishonor that cause. In every light it is an emphatic triumph of justice, good government, civil liberty and law.—Columbus (O.) Journal.

NO SYMPATHY FOR THE CRIMINALS.
No sympathy is due to these criminals. They had no wrongs to right. They cared nothing when they murdered. They thrust themselves into the midst of the workmen, not to help them, but simply for opportunity to work ruin. They were cowards, not taking the chance of fair fight, but from ambush striking the whistles of death and ruin. Enemies of the family of industry, of thrift, of society, their hand was against every man, and the blood upon it cries aloud not for vengeance on them as individuals, but for the suppression of their persons of their pestilent creed and their pernicious and deadly practices.—Vice Regent.

RECEIVED WITH SINCERE APPROVAL.
The verdict which sends to the gallows seven of the diabolical wretches, and consigns the eighth to fifteen years' imprisonment, goes far to vindicate the law from the reproach of impotence that had fallen upon it. We do not believe that there was ever, with the single exception of the conviction of President Garfield's murderer, a verdict that has been received by the millions with such sincere approval. The law has declared its majesty. Society has severed the arms that were raised against its very existence. And the rash and unthinking followers of fanatics who know and care nothing for our institutions, and who seek to trample on the mantle of liberty that they may deal her a death-blow, are warned that order and law are not safe without safeguards. The verdict is a warning to the people of Chicago to be congratulated upon a result which no wise nation applauds. Now let there be no unnecessary delays or resorts to technicalities, let us unflinchingly pronounce the righteous sentence on these miserable men, and may the will of the republic never again contain the cry of a deed as dark and hideous as theirs.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A LESSON FOR LAWLESS AGITATORS.
The verdict which sends to the gallows seven of the diabolical wretches, and consigns the eighth to fifteen years' imprisonment, goes far to vindicate the law from the reproach of impotence that had fallen upon it. We do not believe that there was ever, with the single exception of the conviction of President Garfield's murderer, a verdict that has been received by the millions with such sincere approval. The law has declared its majesty. Society has severed the arms that were raised against its very existence. And the rash and unthinking followers of fanatics who know and care nothing for our institutions, and who seek to trample on the mantle of liberty that they may deal her a death-blow, are warned that order and law are not safe without safeguards. The verdict is a warning to the people of Chicago to be congratulated upon a result which no wise nation applauds. Now let there be no unnecessary delays or resorts to technicalities, let us unflinchingly pronounce the righteous sentence on these miserable men, and may the will of the republic never again contain the cry of a deed as dark and hideous as theirs.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

THE VERDICT IS A WARNING TO THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON A RESULT WHICH NO WISE NATION APPLAUDS. NOW LET THERE BE NO UNNECESSARY DELAYS OR RESORTS TO TECHNICALITIES, LET US UNFLINCHINGLY PRONOUNCE THE RIGHTEOUS SENTENCE ON THESE MISERABLE MEN, AND MAY THE WILL OF THE REPUBLIC NEVER AGAIN CONTAIN THE CRY OF A DEED AS DARK AND HIDEOUS AS THEIRS.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Secked license of speech which has been permitted to such forthrightly lively lips has encouraged foreign outlaws to believe that this is a paradise for anarchy, socialism, and all the other isms which serve to designate different organized gangs of lawless ruffians. The simultaneous snapping of seven anarchist necks may open their eyes a little.—Nashville American.

AN IMPRESSIVE OBJECT-LESSON.
As a cause celebre, likely to exercise a lasting and favorable influence upon the administration of our criminal law, the importance of this case can not be overestimated.

But its crowning importance lies in its educational value. I have taught the American people to hate the foolishness of the doctrine of the socialists, anarchists, and it has killed the exotic plant of anarchy before its roots had spread widely and fastened it firmly in our soil. It has furnished an impressive object-lesson, and has thereby accomplished what thinkers and writers on social questions might have labored long and vainly to effect. A marvelous clarification of popular ideas will follow as its immediate outcome. It has aroused the people to a realization of the nature of the rabid socialism which has been so large cities, and they will not countenance it or trade with it any longer. The legitimate labor movement will shake itself clear of all suspicion of sympathy with the odious doctrines of the anarchists, spies, and that class.—Massachusetts Tribune.

A CRY OF HAIL.
The terrible sentence which has been pronounced in Chicago is a cry of hail to anarchists and lawless agitators, and it has killed the present constitution of society may meet and resolve against it, may even vote against it, and attempt to change it by impressing their views upon government, but they must not kill. The present constitution of society may meet and resolve against it, may even vote against it, and attempt to change it by impressing their views upon government, but they must not kill. The present constitution of society may meet and resolve against it, may even vote against it, and attempt to change it by impressing their views upon government, but they must not kill.

IT MAY BE A SUDDEEN REVELATION TO THE ANARCHISTS THAT THEY ARE IN DANGER OF BEING BURIED INTO PRISON OR HANGED ON THE GALLOWS BY PRACTICING THEIR THEORIES. THAT WHOEVER THAT THE REVOLUTION WOULD BE MADE, AND THAT THE LESSON SHOULD BE TAUGHT. PEACEFUL METHODS ARE AT THE COMMAND OF ALL MEN IN THIS LAND, AND CRIME AND VIOLENCE CAN NOT REDRESS WRONGS.—New York Star.

THE VERDICT WHICH WAS UNANIMOUSLY ENDORSED AS THE ONE WHICH SENT GAITEAU TO THE GALLOWS. THE CRIME WAS ONE OF THE MOST CAUSELESS AND HORRIBLE EVER COMMITTED. THE PROOF OF THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE PARTIES WAS NOT PERPETRATE THE CRIME WAS CLEAR, CONVINCING, AND UNSHAKEN BY THE DEFENSE. THE VERDICT IS A VINDICATION OF FREE INSTITUTIONS FROM THE ASPERSSIONS OF EUROPEAN CRITICS, BY SHOWING THAT CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT, LIFE, PROPERTY, AND SOCIAL ORDER ARE AS SACRED TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA AS TO ANY OTHER PEOPLE, AND AS CERTAIN TO BE PUNISHED HERE AS ANYWHERE. IT WILL DISPERSE THE ILLUSION THAT BROUGHT SOME OF THE ANARCHISTS TO THIS COUNTRY AND ENCOURAGED THEM TO BELIEVE THAT THE UNITED STATES WAS A LAND AND PLACES COULD BE SAFELY PROPAGATED HERE.

THE PEOPLE OF CHICAGO AND THE WHOLE COUNTRY ARE TO BE CONGRATULATED UPON THE COURAGE, PATIENCE, AND GREAT ABILITY WHICH HAVE CHARACTERIZED THE PROSECUTION OF THIS CASE. THE DYNAMITERS BY THE REPRESENTATIVES OF THE STATE, THE POLICE, AND THE DETECTIVES OF THAT CITY, WHOSE BRILLIANT WORK