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Dangerous Elements.

The hanging of the Chicago Anarchists was such a vindication of law and order as has met the undivided endorsement of all good citizens, but mutterings and open threats of vengeance from the fifty thousand misguided and infuriated beings who made up their funeral procession furnish food for reflecting minds, the feeling which animates such a procession—more like the funeral of so many princes or patriots than of criminals, is not likely to be surrendered on the death of a few leaders while many more are constantly fanning the flame. In spite of orders forbidding flags and demonstrations they "showed their colors" by wearing red caps, handkerchiefs, ribbons etc. Instead of religious services at the grave, there were speeches of the most bitter and devilish kind. A few sentences from one of the speakers will give an idea of the temper and avowed purpose of the Anarchists.

Robert Reitzel, editor of Der Arme Teufel. (The Poor Devil) of Detroit, stepped to the front of the five coffins.

He spoke in German. Loud was his voice and excited his manner. This is what he said:

"I came with the intention to make a terrible accusation; not an accusation against the horde of church goers who, in their self-righteousness to-day, rejoice in loud tones that the five men whose remains we consign to the dust are dead; not against the hangman of this county, who is called the Sheriff by the brutes in human disguise, who clamor for the life and blood of the poor; not against the jury, who obeyed the mandates of the brutes, but against the workingmen because they stood calmly by when they saw their best men were foully and brutally murdered.

In the agonies of death these five men expected that the heinous crime committed against them would be avenged in streams of blood, and they had a right to expect it.

Ling, the brave, the heroic, the manly, was right when he said that self preservation in these days is a crime. Here in the presence of these murdered men swear to it that you will organize to avenge this crime; to visit it upon those who hate you."

"We swear it!" came the sullen growl from many.

It was not possible to identify any one in the darkness. "We do affirm," continued the speaker solemnly "that we will have blood for blood. We do not grieve over these men who are dead, but we do grieve that in this century murder most foul can be committed under the guise of authority and law.

"We grieve at ourselves that we rise in our might and pretend to be good. Think of the wrong this century has done! Do not tremble! Be men!

"Night is falling fast and I shall close. In this darkening hour think of the darkness and sorrow which society has brought over those who love.

"Let me appeal to you with Herwegh: 'We have now suffered long enough, now let us bitterly hate.'"

This harangue caused a general outburst of applause from the vast crowd of ignorant, misguided and dangerous followers of the dead criminals. And why was not the speaker arrested? For language of the same character but less devilish. Herr Most was arrested in New York, and may go to the State prison. Whether or not, the Chicago police were intimidated, there is no disguising the fact that the

peace of society is endangered by this law-hating and law-defying multitude. They are foreigners who have been driven from home and friends by the oppressions of those who hold the property and make and execute the laws, and have brought with them a deep seated hatred of law, which in their country they have come to believe is only for the protection of the rich—the nobility. If they had remained, and made these demonstrations, in their own country, the sympathies of the American people would have been with them, as they are now with Mr. William O'Brien, an Irish editor, now in prison for utterances in behalf of down trodden Ireland. But they came to our land and gored our ox, and but few will dare say our ox was entirely blameless. We venture to ask are our laws so framed and so administered as to bear no semblance of that same favoritism, from which the oppressed of all lands flee to our shores? Has the protective tariff, or other laws of the land been operated so as to create millionaires—a monied aristocracy—whose voice is now potent in the perpetuation of such laws, and the continued oppression of the poor? Has not Jay Gould, with his vast wealth and influence, more power to-day than any ten of the most honest and most patriotic men in Congress? If one man's wealth can debauch and prevent a Legislature in his own interest, is it to be feared from a combination of the money power against the liberties of the people? This is what makes patriots in Ireland, and is it not the same that is making anarchists in the United States? The strong arm of the law can take care of the anarchists, but can the people protect themselves against the increasing demands of the money power which shapes the laws to further increase their wealth and further oppress the poor? How rich and the ex-hereditarily rich and the ex-hereditarily poor are the dangerous elements in our land, and the middle class—the great bulk of the people—must stand as a stone wall between them, and guide the ship of the State, or all may be lost.

One of the leading issues of the future in this country will be the people against plutocracy. It will not be the labor question or the question of putting down anarchists and assassins, but the matter of protecting the people and preserving our institutions against the attacks and inroads of concentrated wealth in the form of monopoly. The people are beginning to see the danger ahead. They ought to be able to see, at the same time, that there is but one safeguard which will ward off the danger. That safeguard is an adherence to the measure and principle of the Democratic party—a party which contends for the mastery of the people and against the centralizing effect produced by the collection and concentration of surplus revenue, while the Republicans hold opposite views on both subjects. If there were no other issues between the parties, these of themselves should be sufficient to decide the vote of any good citizen.

How Bad Men Grow Up. Not a week nor a day passes that we don't see or hear of some crime committed by boys, and often very young boys. From ten years old and upward they are reported as tramping, stealing and sometimes committing the most atrocious murders. Formerly it was not so. What is the cause of this, and where is the remedy? These thoughts were suggested by an account, read in the Wilmington Review of a boy tramp taken in by a citizen, who presumed, from the clean appearance of the lad, that he would appreciate a good home and kind treatment, and when left alone, broke all the locks of doors and trunks, stole all the portable valuables and went on his way. This is by no means an unusual case. That boy is on the road to the gallows or the penitentiary, and the country is full of them. Bad boys most commonly grow to be bad men, and every consideration of citizenship and humanity demands that a check be applied to this rapidly growing evil. The surest way to remedy an evil is to find and remove the cause. There is too much liberty in this country. It begins too soon in the "rising generation." Boys don't stay boys long enough. Parents are to blame for this. In the case of orphans, there is too much mis-called charity towards "poor little orphans." Good meaning people say it is too bad to bind them out or apprentice them, and so they are allowed to grow up in idleness and criminals in too many cases. In former years, when our apprentice laws were enforced, boys were not permitted to tramp over the country at pleasure. They were supposed not to be like "stray dogs," without home or master, and were liable to be arrested and taken home. This would be far the best thing to be done for tramping boys now, and we honestly believe nothing is helping to swell the ranks of the criminal class to-day more than the neglect of our apprentice laws. If boys are kept at a good home and engaged in some honest employment they will not be tramping and stealing.

Convicts Should Work The Public Roads. The little pebble thrown into the water causes a wave that expands over the whole surface. So a new idea of political economy cast upon the surface, even by an obscure individual, will finally take hold upon the public mind and in time become a settled policy in the State. Two years ago the whole country quietly submitted to the hiring or giving of the State convicts to work on rail roads belonging to private corporations. This obscure country man, casting about for a new and attractive plank to put in his platform struck on the idea of working the convicts on our public roads, and relieving the poor men and eighteen year old boys of an unjust tax. So far as the public is concerned it does not matter whether the originator of the idea is ever again heard from, his seed has been planted in the public mind, and the people are determined to enjoy the fruit thereof. There is a law allowing the hiring of convicts by counties and towns, but the expense; or other requirements have op-

erated against it except in very few instances. We have long time insisted it was an outrage to make boys under age work the public roads. It is unjust to make poor men, who have neither horse nor wheel, work the public roads as much and often more than his rich neighbor whose dozens of horses and wagons cut them up. All men are interested in good roads, whether rich or poor, and we would not be understood as advocating the exemption of any man from his just proportion of a common burden. Convict labor should be used to lighten this burden as far as the county's proportion would go, and the balance should be so adjusted that both persons and property should bear its just and fair proportion as the constitution now against other burdens of the State and county.

A Set of Rascals.

Three men were here last Saturday, professing to sell jewelry, but really to swindle the people. One of the men, evidently a Jew, drove up the street with a boyish looking fellow playing the banjo and singing. When they stopped just below the store of M. Rountree & Co., one of the men began throwing out brass rings to the crowd. He finally told them that the boys were getting all the rings and that he wanted to advertise the jewelry where it would do the most good. He therefore offered a lot of jewelry for 25 cents, telling the crowd all the time that he didn't want a cent of their money. A few bought and he quickly returned the money allowing each purchaser to keep the jewelry also. He sold more at 50c and returned that money also. Finally he sold about 60 or 75 watch chains, attaching empty watch cases to some of them for \$1.00 each. The men who purchased thought of course their money would be returned. Not so however. The rascals who run the business were waiting for that instant and they scooped in those who bit. The boss man of the concern is a curly headed medium built man, with a black mustache. We thus take up our space to describe these swindlers that people in other places may be on the lookout for them. We hope the brethren of the press will pass this on.—Wilmington Advance.

How Coffee Acts.

Coffee acts upon the brain as a stimulant, inciting it to increased activity and producing sleeplessness; hence it is of great value as an antidote to narcotic poisons. It is also supposed to prevent too rapid waste in the tissues of the body, and in that way enables it to support life on less food. These effects are due to the volatile and also to a peculiar crystallizable nitrogenous principle, termed caffeine. The leaves of the plant likewise contain the same principle, and the inhabitants of the island of Lumata prefer an infusion of the leaves to that of the berries. Its essential qualities are also changed, the heat causing the development of the volatile oil and peculiar acid which gives aroma and flavor.—Scientific American.

Rheumatism in the Church.

Has it ever occurred to you, reader, how wide spread rheumatism is in the church? Why, over three-fourths of our people are so afflicted that they can not kneel to pray, even in church. It is all they can do to learn their heads on the bench in front of them. Then they get so tired that they can not stand to sing. Old and young are alike afflicted, and the disease is spreading rapidly. Hot Springs has no effect to relieve this kind of rheumatism. It neither swells nor stiffens the joints, but takes away all power to kneel or stand in the house of God, and has no bad effect on locomotion on the streets, or at other business. It gets better in times of revival, but rapidly returns soon afterward.—Shelby Aurora.

Going out With the Tide.

A physician who lives on the sea board says: "Within the last five years, in a district embracing sixty square miles or so by the sea, I have noted the hour and minute of no less than ninety-three deaths in my own immediate practice, and every soul of them have gone out with the tide save four who died suddenly by fatal accident."

Washington Letter. (Special to the Press and Carolinian.) WASHINGTON, D.C. November 21, 1887.

Suspicion lurks among the dozen Vice Presidential candidates that northwestern detour of the President's journey was a boon for Vilas for second place on the ticket. The relations of the Postmaster-General to President Cleveland are similar to the mutual admiration which existed between Secretary of the Interior Schurz and President Hayes. The German-American statesman was an expert manipulator of the keyboard of the piano. President Hayes knew nothing of music, but he delighted in the muscular paroxysms of his Secretary on the White House grand. General Vilas is as nought on the pianoforte. His strong forte is pleasant address, enforced by conversational powers and a fund of information. Since the retirement of Secretary Manning from the post of sagacious counsellor and companion to the President, the Postmaster-General has become a frequent visitor at the Executive Mansion after dinner hour. The rumored appointment of Postmaster-General Vilas to the Interior Department has raised a story that he is to be thereby aided in securing the second place on the ticket. It would not do, the gossips say, for him to be on a Presidential ticket with the post offices under his control.

The Fiftieth Congress will be remarkable in the number of new members who have never been in a legislative body. In the absence of any official data, the best estimate is that nearly one-half are new members. There was a terrible slaughter by nominating conventions and at the last election of the innocents for the Forty ninth Congress. The Democratic majority in the House is not so large as usual. Out of the total of 325, the latest figures from the office of the Clerk of the House puts the Democratic strength of the next House at 169, and that of the Republicans at 152, Mugwumps. (those who will not go into the caucus of either party.) 4.

Col. Taylor, of Kansas, the colored United States Minister to Liberia, is enjoying two months' leave of absence, and he says that he is likely to decide that he doesn't care to return to Liberia. He chafes thus, "I have submitted a report of 115 pages and it beats anything that Mark Twain ever saw. Liberia is a sight for gods and men. There isn't a horse or a cow or a mule or a useful animal of any kind, not a single car or cart of even a wheelbarrow, in the whole Republic. But I tell you they are organized; they're great on organization in Liberia. Every military company in the army has about twenty-seven officers to two or three privates. There are little over 2,000 voters in the Republic and fully one-half of them are office holders. I tell you Liberia, is a go-ahead Republic. Before I went to Liberia, I was a perfect crank on sending all the negroes in America home to Liberia, but since I have seen the place I've changed my mind mightily. I'm not in favor of the amalgamation of races. I believe that the negroes can get along very well as negroes, but no going home to Liberia for me."

The President, it is stated at the White House, is now engaged on his message, and until it is finished everything that can wait will be postponed. For the same reason he is not seeing many visitors now-a-days.

Five or six years ago, a mania for building vast brick houses prevailed among members of Congress. Mr. Blaine built one; Senator Windom and Cameron did likewise. Representative Robeson and Senator Van Wyck and others were taken with the building craze. But presently it got out among the people of the back country that their representatives were investing all their money in Washington. The men opposed to the incumbents took care to foster the prejudice against Washington palaces. They had Senator Windom's house photographed and the pictures distributed all over Minnesota. Senator Van Wyck's house is in a corner, and in photographing it the artist kindly included the whole block, so the picture labelled "Senator Van Wyck's House" represented him as living in a building as big as the new Madison Square theatre will be. As for Mr. Blaine's house, front views, rear views, side views—all views—were distributed galore, side by side with views of the humble lodging house on F street, in which he began his career as a member.

Some attempt is to be made this winter to lighten the burden of obtaining Senate executive session news. At present it is one of the hardest and most unsatisfactory

tasks to learn what has transpired within the closed doors of the Senate, and the brunt of the work falls upon two representatives of the press associations. The debate will not be asked for, nor will the detail of the vote, but other routine work will be asked for. The newspaper men will watch with interest this movement to insert a little wedge into the secrecy which surrounds the Senate when it chooses to close its doors.

At the present time there are a number of statesmen contemplating the writing of their reminiscences. W. D. Kelley will write as soon as he finds leisure, and Senator John Sherman has a great mass of interesting material which will see print when he retires from public life. Ex-Senator Pomeroy of Kansas, and ex-Congressman Alley, of Massachusetts, are writing their recollections. Mr. Spofford the librarian, is revising his "American Almanac" for next year, and Mr. Bell, the inventor, is making a study of deaf-mute education. Judge Stephen J. Field is said to be writing a book of memoirs.

During the first ten months of the present year there has been an increase of nearly 2500 copyrights over same time in 1886, and the copyrights taken out last year showed an increase of nearly 3000 over those of the year preceding. Everything is copyrighted and cable dispatches, newspaper and photographs come in daily by the hundred for such protection. Of the 31,000 copyrights of 1886 only 11,000 were for books and 600 were for periodicals and newspaper articles. Of the books thus protected, no small proportion consists of works relative to the late war. The narratives of personal experience and theories of offense and defence, that are based upon this period of history seem to be only increasing with every year. There appears to be a necessity for the passage by Congress of an act of limitation of this thing.

The oration delivered over the graves of the Anarchists at Chicago on Sunday, when the orator made the mob swear to avenge the blood that had been spilled on the scaffold, brings the Anarchists of Chicago home to the people of Washington. The name of the most extreme orator was Robert Reitzel, the editor of Der Arme Teufel (The Poor Devil), of Detroit, and many recollected that Reitzel once lived in Washington, and figured as an Anarchist here. Half a dozen years ago he was the pastor of a little German church in the northern part of the city, and after he had departed from the church he lingered in the city for some time, doing some newspaper correspondence for out-of-town papers and keeping up his anarchistic orgies among his friends in beer saloons.

When a man enters the free-for-all-dash for office there is no knowing what surprising qualities he may develop. This is apropos of the career of S. J. Friedenheimer, who up to 1885 was a clerk for the L. & N. Railroad. He moved in good society and there seemed to be little in his life that could add to his happiness. But he had ambition for "office," and loaded with indorsements from prominent professional and business men of Louisville, he came to Washington to be a bank examiner. After wearing out his patience in the vain search he accepted a position as clerk to Jones & Co., the book-makers, working some little time in New York for that firm, and then coming back to Washington to take charge of a pool-room here. That was eight months ago, up to last Thursday everything seemed to be well. On that day he made a bet, for himself, of 30 to 30, and the wrong horse won. He promptly covered his loss by erasing the figures on sheet and putting in their place 1 to 1. A bystander saw the juggling and then the sheet-man had his attention directed to it, the result being that next morning there was a seizure in which the proprietor, E. J. Jones, and Friedenheimer a lively participated. The accusation of theft was made and the offender ordered up, and was promptly and profanely notified to "get." He obeyed with alacrity and after drawing \$1,200, which he had had in a bank, left for some far away clime.

Wm. Harper & Frank Rice.

A Valuable Toothache. What swells your face up so awfully boy? "Jumpin' toothache." "Doesn't it hurt?" "Nearly kills me." "Come into my office," said the young dentist, and I'll cure it for you in a minute. "Don't want it cured," replied the boy; "want it to keep me out of school on race days. It's mighty rough on a fellow a nights, mister, but I wouldn't take \$10 for this tooth, just the same."

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