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WILLIAM FERGUSON,
Kingston, 3rd August 1892. Sheriff

A TRIAL BY LYNCH LAW.

The author of this article in a letter to the editor of the Nineteenth Century says: "The whole account is exactly true, but the names are disguised, as "one of the actors" is still technically liable to the law for the part he took in the affair. My own name I do not mind giving, as I was not actively concerned in it."

'Crack,' and the sharp sound of a pistol-shot rang out through the bright air of a Colorado winter afternoon. It was in the little town of Morgan, just three weeks old that day, and Mr. Malan, a rancheman with whom I was staying a couple of miles down the Platte, and myself, were riding our horses through the icy ford opposite the town-site when we heard the ominous report. Then we saw men running among the houses, and a couple of horsemen with rifles in their hands galloping towards the spot where the excitement seemed to center.

"The roughs from Cheyenne have been trying to run this town ever since it was started," said my companion, "but they haven't killed any one so far. I wonder if that shot means the first man killed."

We rode through the fringe of willow brush and cotton-wood trees that skirted the river, and up the bluff into the little mushroom "city" that had so recently come into existence. It consisted of some forty or fifty houses of raw boards, mostly half-finished or with their roofs in process of being "shingled," stuck down here and there on the bare prairie.

We had now got fairly into the town and saw all the population—all the male population, that is—swarming like bees in the middle of the main street. Horses and oxteams stood here and there untended; the shingling hatchets and carpenter's tools lay around the half-finished houses, just where they had been thrown down. The shops were open, but they were empty, for buyers and sellers had crowded like all the rest to the scene of action. There in the center of the crowd was a sight to be remember. Ten men shoulder to shoulder formed a ring, each man facing outwards, each man holding his cocked revolver, muzzle up, the hand that held it being on a level with his chest; the men's set mouths and searching eyes, turning restlessly on the crowd around, showed them to be sharply on the watch for signs of an attempted rescue.

A rescue, but of whom? It did not take long to recognize who was the object of their care. In the middle of the ring, bareheaded, with his arms bound, stood a prisoner, a sickly smile on his loose lips, and the color coming and going in patches on his bloated face. By him was a guard, also pistol in hand like those who formed the ring, but his eyes were bent not on the crowd, but on the prisoner; and the pistol he held was pointed not towards the sky, but straight at the prisoner's heart. Were a rescue attempted it was clear the rescuers would recover only a corpse. That the roughs would try to set their friend free if they dared was certain; it was useless to try to secure him by locking him up in an extempore gaol, for there was no building in the town that could resist a determined assault for five minutes; but a bodyguard such as now held him could not be maintained for long. These men had their own business to attend to; and standing guard, pistol in hand, expecting to kill or be killed, is a dead loss of time and wages. However, it was not intended by those who were putting their energies, heart and soul, into the building of a new town to waste very much time over guarding a murderer. For it was murder that this wretched captive was held for, and stiff and stark, in a house hard by, with a bullet through his brain, lay the body of his victim. The sound of the loud weeping of the widowed wife and orphan daughters was heard at intervals across the vacant lots, and that agonized crying served to inflame the passions of the crowd. Suddenly a man sprang up on an empty box that stood by the roadside, and spoke.

"I move we establish a people's court to deal with this case at once," said he, addressing the throng.

"Ay, ay," was the answer, here and there, at first, among the crowd, but presently the "ayes" became more general. The assent of the "people" was given.

"I move Captain Sollas be elected judge," continued the speaker.

"I'll second that," called out another voice beside him.

"Those who are in favor of Captain Sollas as judge of the people's court will say 'Ay,' said the man on the box. A pretty general shout of "Ay!" followed.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Sollas, "I have been elected by the people as judge to try this case. Is it your wish that I should select a jury for the purpose? Those who are in favor will say 'Ay!'"

Once more the full throated chorus of "Ayes!" arose from the crowd.

Promptly the judge descended from his box, and an extempore court was soon formed. On a vacant lot stood an empty wagon, and this was at once appropriated to be the judge's bench. A few kegs of nails were quickly placed in two rows, facing each other, at right angles to the wagon; and rough boards laid upon them formed two rude but substantial seats. This made three sides of a quadrangle, some eight feet by twelve. The fourth side was left open, and a single nail keg was set in the middle, intended for the prisoner. Captain Sollas ere long had selected his jury, and took his seat upon the wagon as his bench, while man after man came forward and was sworn in on a Bible or Testament, produced from somewhere, and took his seat, afterwards, on one or other of the impromptu benches, till there were six on one side and six on the other.

"And now," said the judge, "bring in the prisoner."

Accordingly the guards, with the prisoner in their midst, moved up to the open side of the court.

And now the serious business of the court began. A lawyer was found in town, a very young man in cloth clothes and a top hat, the only one in the place. He was assigned as counsel for the prisoner, and stood beside him in the center of the court.

The first witness came forward and, after being sworn on the Book to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, began:

"I was at dinner at old man Irons' boarding-house. It was the first table and it was chock full. This man come in—he was a boarder there, too—and wanted to find a place, and growled because he couldn't get none. Then one of Mr. Irons' gals who was waiting at table told him he must wait till his turn, till there was room. Wal, he says something sassy to her, and she up and slaps a cup of coffee she had in her hand right in his face. Then he began to get up on his ear about it, and so two or three of the young fellows at table just fired him out."

The judge, who was sitting reflectively on the wagon-box, with his head on his hand, here interposed.

"Did they hit him or pound him at all?"

"No," answered the witness, "not no how. They just took him by the shoulders and just naturally fired him out 'n the door. He'd had a drink or two in him, you know, though he warn't drunk."

"What did he do then?" asked one of the jury.

"Went off, I reckon," said the witness; "I didn't see no more of him."

"Did Mr. Irons have anything to do with turning him out?" asked the judge.

"No, sir. He warn't thar; he was in the inner room, I reckon."

"Did you see the shooting?" asked the judge.

"No, sir, I went off to my work as soon as dinner was over," was the reply.

"Mr. Tallboys, do you wish to ask this witness any questions?" said the judge to the prisoner's lawyer. The lawyer conferred a minute with his client, and then said to the court that he didn't wish to cross-examine this man. The witness, a young carpenter, was accordingly told he could go, which he did with an air of very considerable relief, mingling at once with the crowd. Another man was now brought forward and sworn like the first.

"Were you with Mr. Iron's after dinner?" asked the judge.

"Yes," said the witness, "I was."

"Tell the jury what happened."

"Mr. Irons and I were unloading a load of lumber I'd brought for him; he was at one end of the pile, I was at the other, and we were lifting the boards off the wagon. Suddenly I saw the prisoner come up behind Mr. Irons, and I heard him say, 'I want to talk to you.'"

"Was the prisoner alone?" asked a juryman.

"I didn't see any one, not to say actually with him. There were two or three men standing together across the street, but I don't know as they had anything to do with him."

"What did Mr. Irons say?" asked the judge.

"He looks at him and says he, 'I can't talk to you now; I'm busy. You must come around after working hours.' Then the prisoner says, 'You've got to talk to me, and you've got to talk to me now.' And Mr. Irons he says, 'Wall? I ain't agoin' to,' and turned round to take hold of the lumber again; and the prisoner he reaches down and pulls out his pistol, and, before I could holler to him or do anything, he just put it close behind Mr. Irons' head and fired. Mr. Irons dropped, and the prisoner he ran. I started round the wagon to grab him, and he ran t'other way. Then I picked up Mr. Irons; he was breathing, but he never spoke. The bullet went in at the back of his head, and come out over his right eye. Me and some more took him into the house."

"Mr. Tallboys, have you any questions to asked this witness?" said Captain Sollas.

Mr. Tallboys consulted with the prisoner awhile, and announced that he had not. Nothing could have been more orderly than the behaviour of the court. While the witnesses were being examined you might have heard a pin drop. Between whiles the crowd conversed among themselves, but in sober and hushed tones.

And now the witnesses were all disposed of, and the trial drew to its close. The young lawyer was asked if he had any witnesses to call for the defence, but he intimated that there were none.

"Mr. Tallboys," he said, "the evidence in this case is now before the court; but before the jury retire to consider their verdict you are at liberty to offer any remarks you have to make on it that you may think advisable. Understand, you are not to question in any way the competency of the court. This is a people's court, sprung from and organized by the people themselves, and if you question its right you put yourself out of court at once, and it will be my duty not to hear you. On the question of the prisoner's guilt you are at full liberty to speak."

Mr. Tallboys intimated that he had nothing to say, and the jury retired behind the judge's wagon to consider the verdict. They were back again in five minutes, and, filing into court, sat down on the boards they had vacated.

"Gentlemen," said Captain Sollas, "have you considered your verdict?"

"We have," answered one who acted as foreman.

"Are you unanimous?" again asked the judge.

"We are," was again the answer.

"What is your verdict?"

There was a breathless hush in the court as the foreman said in clear steady tones: "Guilty of murder in the first degree."

All eyes turned from him to Captain Sollas, who stood up on the wagon and said to the assembly: "Gentlemen, the jury have found the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree. Is it for you, the people, to say what his sentence shall be. Those who are in favor of hanging will say 'Ay!'"

"Ay!" rent the air in a loud unhesitating shout from hundreds of throats.

"Contrary, 'No!'" said the judge.

Dead silence.

"Prisoner," said the judge, turning to the wretched creature, who was now sobbing and unnerved, "the jury have found you guilty and the people have sentenced you to be hung. You will be hung, in fifteen minutes, to the nearest tree. If you have anything to say before then, you had better say it."

Then was heard a loud voice from the outskirts of the crowd. It came from a big man, sitting on a horse, with a sixteen-shot Winchester in his hand; two more horsemen, similarly armed, were by him.

"Every man come down to the tree," he said; "let no man stay back. It's one and all."

Slowly across the trampled grass the procession moved towards the fatal tree. The sun was sinking fast towards the west, where the great jagged wall of the Rocky Mountains stood dark against the clear sky. Just outside the town, on the edge of the bottom lands of the Platte, grew a big cottonwood tree, its leafless branches spreading wide. Here we halted. Here I had remounted my pony and, anxious to see the whole thing through, had wedged myself into the middle of the throng. One of the guards stepped up to me, and holding up his pistol as he laid his hand upon my bridle, said, "Get off that horse."

"What for?" I asked; "why do you want him?"

"Never mind," was his answer, "you shall have him back again; but he's wanted. You've got to get off."

His manner was peremptory. I dismounted. They took my pocket rope, a nearly new one, three-quarters of an inch in diameter and forty feet long, and, making a noose in one end, tossed it over a limb twelve or fifteen feet up from the ground.

"Have you any friends that you want to say good-bye to?" he asked again; and, the prisoner nodding assent, he called out to the crowd, "If there are any friends of this man here who wish to speak to him, they can do so one at a time."

A dissolute-looking gambler in a very seedy frock-coat, with his hands in his pockets, slouched forward with an unsasy swagger. The guards examined him to see that he had no concealed weapons, and then admitted him to the prisoner. He sauntered up to him with an ill-concealed nervousness which he tried to carry off as easy nonchalance.

"Wal, Joe, old man," he observed to his friend, "you've got to the jumping-off place this time, I guess."

The prisoner gave a ghastly grin.

"Say, old man," he continued, drawing one hand from his trousers' pocket, and rubbing it on the unshaven cheek of the condemned man, where three or four days' stubby growth of hair bristled—"say, old man, you'd better ax 'em to let you shave this off. It might be in the way of the rope."

The prisoner only groaned at the disgusting pleasantry.

"Take him away," said the leader to the guards; "no more of this.—Now," said he to the doomed man, "do you want to pray? Will you have a minister? No answer was returned; but there was a slight movement among the crowd—men looking to right and left as if searching for the sight of a black coat; but it was in vain no one like a minister was to be found. The noose was put around his neck.

"Now pray, if you want to," said the leader.

In a voice broken by sobs the wretch stammered out, "I'll be ——— if I think a prayer of mine 'ud go more 'n seven feet high."

They set him on the horse, and, running the rope taut, fastened the free end round the trunk of the tree. Then one gave the horse a slap on the haunch; the animal sprang forward, and the murderer was left swinging clear of the ground.

"Run him up! run him up!" was the cry and twenty willing hands hauled on the rope till the body was swung aloft to within two feet of the bough, and the rope was again made fast. There was silence for a little space; then the leader of the Vigilants took his stand beneath the fatal branch, and spoke short and plain.

"There's men here," said he, "as guilty in intention as that man," pointing up to the body, "was in act. Let this be a warning to them. Let this be a sign that in this town the people don't mean to tolerate any such goings on. We know there were men who encouraged this miserable wretch to do the thing that brought him to this—yes, and lent him the pistol to do it with. They may thank their stars they are not hanging beside him now. They are just as guilty as he was, and if they know what's healthy for them they'll get out of this before daylight to-morrow. And I say the same to any more there are of the same kidney here, and who thought they were going to run this town. They'd better drop it. They'd better get. The people of the town are going to run this town themselves, and this here is the proof of it. Enough said." And, turning away, he stepped back into the crowd and joined his friends.

"It's all over, boys," said the big man on the horse, with the Winchester in his hand; "we can go back to our business now.—Let no man interfere with that body," he added; "it'll be seen to to-night. No one's to touch it without orders. And the crowd broke up into knots and slowly dispersed.

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When you want to give your best friends a surprise and a good drink take them to WILSON'S and give them a ten cent

ICE : CREAM : SODA.

It will astonish them, and for those who like genuine ICE CREAM SODA at five cents, we have it in any flavor, but it cannot be expected to be as nice as our Ice Cream Soda. Tell us how you want it. Boys bring your best girl to us; she will be pleased.

WILSON'S PHARMACY

cannot be surpassed for purity and exactness in everything.

NOVELTIES

Of all descriptions constantly arriving from the European Factories. New Goods Every Day.

ROBERTSON BROS.,
PRINCESS STREET

VICTORIA FOUNDRY.

The Chown & Cunningham Company
MANUFACTURERS OF
FAVORITE STOVES AND RANGES
—AND—
Castings of Every Description.

Nickel Plating Done at Moderate Prices.

CORNER OF KING AND QUEEN STREETS.
Telephone No. 392.

- - LAWN MOWERS - -
GARDEN HOSE,
HOSE REELS,
CARPET SWEEPERS,
WINDOW & DOOR SCREENS

ELLIOTT BROS,
77 Princess Street.
Tile Pipe and Fittings always on hand.

WONDERFUL.

CHRISTY BREAD KNIVES.

THE CHRISTY BREAD KNIFE is the best ever offered for sale, and the only one made that will cut bread perfectly.

It will cut hot bread as nicely as it will cold, and it will not crumble the bread.

A perfect article for Slicing Cold Ham or Tongues. Call and see what they are like.

Sole agency at

Strachan's

OTTAWA EXHIBITION;

SEPT. 22nd TO OCT. 1st.

K. & P. and G.P.R. THE DIRECT ROUTE

Rates as follows:—
SEPT. 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 27th, 29th and 30th $4.10. SEPT. 26th and 28th, Special Excursion Days, $2.70.
All tickets good until Oct. 3rd, 1892.
Full particulars at K. & P. depot.
F. CONWAY, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agent. | B. W. FOLGER, Superintendent.

MELODEON FOR SALE

FOR $20 CASH,

—AT—

Sherlock's Music House,

188 WELLINGTON STREET.

LADIES.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue of Ladies' Specialties.

THE PARISIAN MEDICAL APPLIANCES CO., 19 Queen street East, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

HORSE LIVERY.

F. A. BIBBY, 129 BROCK STREET, THE leading hack and livery stable in the city. Telephone No. 203.

ELDER BROS. NEW LIVERY, WELLINGTON Street. First-class rigs will always be on hand on the shortest notice.

T. C. WILSON, 139 CLARENCE STREET, is the largest and longest established livery in the city. Telephone No. 179. Vehicles ready at a moment's notice.

McCAMMON BROS., KINGSTON HORSE Exchange, Livery and Boarding Stables, corner of Brock and Bagot Streets. A new and stylish outfit of vehicles and excellent horses. Charges moderate.

RUBBER STAMPS of all kinds neatly made. Self Inkers, Linen Markers, Dates, Seals, Stencils, Bank Ticket and Office Stamps etc. Repairs of all kinds promptly done. JOHN OFFORD, Whig Office.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

Almonte wants a night telephone service.

Music will be taught in the Perth model school.

Wade's mandrake liver is a cure for biliousness and constipation. Wade's drug store, Kingston.

Joseph Gagne, Griffith, pleaded guilty to selling liquor without a license, and was fined $50 and costs.

Rev. Mr. Macaulay, Middleville, has received the intelligence from Scotland of the death of his father.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. 15c. per box at Wade's drug store, Kingston.

James W. Asselstine, late of Kingston, has purchased the house and lot in rear of Madden Bros.' grocery, Napanee, and will occupy it.

Few medicines can cure colds in the head, but Magnus Expectorant can, giving speedy and sure relief; 25c. per bottle at all drug stores in the city.

Joseph Lucas, Clarksville road, has a splendid crop of hops this year, the best for many seasons. He has hundreds of vines over thirty feet in length.

Last week, in Smith's Falls, James Neilson was married to Miss Mary Lockhart. Mr. Neilson has purchased George Mansell's laundry business in the Falls.

Ministers, lawyers, teachers, and others whose occupation gives but little exercise, should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose. Try them.

J. W. Munro, Pembroke, contractor, is employing over 200 men on the various works he has under his care. His monthly pay roll amounts to over $6,000.

We can give you hundreds of names of persons who have been cured of piles by Magic Pile Lotion; 50c. per bottle at any drug store in the city.

The Newburgh paper mills were started last week. They had been shut down for a couple of months for a general overhauling and the addition of some new machinery.

There is no known cough mixture that will give such rapid and certain relief in any and all the afflictions known as colds and the results of colds as Magnus Expectorant; 25c. per bottle at all the city drug stores.

Capt. Collier, Napanee, received word through his solicitors that his suit for damages to the schooner Two Brothers is to be brought up again at the fall assizes, at Picton, on Oct. 30th.

We are sorry to record the death of Thomas Wilson, sr., Lanark, who died Tuesday. He had been confined to his room for some years through paralysis. His age was seventy-five years.

Are free from all crude and irritating matter. Concentrated medicine only. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Very small, very easy to take; no pain; no griping; no purging. Try them.

On Monday an alarm was sounded in Napanee, a fire being discovered in Wilson Bros.' brick building, occupied upstairs by Charles Stevens, jr. Considerable damage was done to the building.

While on his recent visit to the old country Archdeacon Bedford-Jones assisted at the marriage of Rev. C. T. Lewis, of Calabogie, to Miss L. C. Parkhouse, daughter of Samuel Henry Parkhouse, West London.

Old and young, rich and poor, all who have used it have cause to bless Salvator Magnus for the wonderful cures it has effected in consumption, bronchial troubles, scrofula and nervous prostration. For sale at all drug stores in the city.

Wm. J. Bowen, Napanee road, lost a valuable four-year-old horse on Tuesday. It attempted to jump a fence, when it fell on a projecting stake which pierced its flank causing a fearful wound and the poor brute died in great agony.

Prompt relief in sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, guaranteed to those using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Small price. Small dose. Small pill.

B. Rosamond, M.P., and his nephew, Alex. Rosamond, Almonte, left on Monday for England, where the former will probably remain till Christmas and the latter will attend a Yorkshire college, affiliated with some big manufacturing concerns, with a view to obtaining a thorough technical education.

During the absence of R. J. Wright and family, Morven, at Napanee fair, entrance was effected to his dwelling. Among the articles stolen were an English silver mounted bull dog revolver, $2.50 in cash, an opera glass, spy glass, magnifying glass, and a gold ring. In all about $20 worth of property.

A Point For You.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other diseases of the blood, for dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of appetite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Scientific Drops.

Electric welding has now become almost universal in large establishments. The use of a flux is necessary. Electricity is used for making forgings, augers, railroad spikes, ball bearings and other articles hitherto made by hand.

A Frenchman has been experimenting with a new electric boat which has two side wheels with hollow rims to act as floats, and vanes like a mill wheel. At the stern there is a smaller wheel to steer by. The boat is driven by means of motors.

The influence of forests in protecting the water supply is well illustrated in the case of Greece. In ancient days she possessed 7,500,000 acres of forest. To-day she has hardly 2,000,000 acres, and the scarcity of water and other injurious climatic effects are traceable to the destruction of the trees.

Cyclones originated in the tropics, and are chiefly found in five localities: The West Indies, Bengal Bay and the Chinese coast, north of the equator, and in the South Indian Ocean, off Madagascar, and the South Pacific, near Samoa. In the Antilles there are not half a dozen on the average every season.

The properties possessed by the metal glucinum, about which comparatively little is yet known, appear to render it valuable for the construction of electrical instruments. It is said to be lighter than aluminum, stronger than iron and of better conductivity than copper, besides resisting oxidation, while its cost is estimated at $1 an ounce.

Crippled With Rheumatism.

Ronald McKay, Murray, Harbor Road, P. E. I., writes: "I was crippled with rheumatism and could get no relief until I used Pink Pills. I am now well." Of all dealers or by mail at 50c or 6 boxes for $2.50. Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations.

Humor of the Late Bishop Medley.

With all his quiet demeanor the late metropolitan was ready with a quick rejoinder. The head of a deputation that wished to bring something to his knowledge was so poor a speaker that he could only get as far as "My lord, your lordship is ignorant—." After a pause, the same words again; and for a third time the same words once more, when the