

though into a wild beast's cage, and booted, howled and threatened bodily violence. The local police were on hand, but could do nothing.

A Journal reporter reached the station while the trouble was at its height. He was mistaken for a member of the order that the crowd was objurgating. He was hustled, insulted, struck and his life generally made unpleasant for him until he had to seek shelter inside the station.

Here he found a few earnest looking men, many of them elderly, quietly sitting about, silently awaiting the special train and paying no attention to the insults and outrages. Small boys dashed through the rooms, while their larger and older brother stayed outside.

Several times the reporter went outside and saw no change in the sentiment except that the crowd was growing impatient at the wait and was stamping and singing in an endeavor to keep warm.

THE VISITORS ARRIVE.

After several false alarms, the train bearing the visiting A. P. As. pulled in, and was greeted with hisses and fairly desperate howls.

Back from the train came a thundering chorus of cheers and the crowd stared affrighted. The latest reports received from Boston were that only 250 men were coming, and here were eight closely packed cars!

A band went to the front, and colors followed. Then red fire was lighted, and the procession moved with the weird, warm light of the burning chemicals, casting a blood hue over all.

Long and continued had been the jeering and insulting remarks. But as the torches blazed up and the crowd saw the long line and realized that there were 1,200 enthusiastic men there, silence became noticeable and the mob fell into step alongside the column of fours, while the band played stirring marches, and Mr. Dunbar, red fire in hand, led the way.

Up Lowell street to the Common, where the soldiers' monument loomed up through the darkness, the procession took its tortuous way. Everywhere people had come together to see it, but it was received in silence. No lights flashed from the windows, and on the outside all was stony and silent and disapproving.

But within that column what a contrast! Every man from outside the town was hale and strong. Each was gayly decorated. All were enthusiastic.

With the power of a battering ram they charged onward and up to the Town Hall. Here the mob had collected and tried to force and entrance into the hall, but was once more overawed and swept back, while the column went on and on until the platform, floor and gallery were packed, the aisles could hold no more, and still the A. P. A. men pressed forward.

So an overflow meeting was held in the Grand Army Hall, and this was private.

But a hundred or so of the rabble and a few score reputable citizens of Concord were permitted to enter the upper hall, and then the meeting began.

It was a wild scene at first, and again and again the hot-heads among the A. P. A. forces started to clear the hall. But Mr. Dunbar would not permit this. He exercised a remarkable control of the great crowd, and with the aid of the law-abiding members prevented trouble, though at times this was hard.

GROWS MORE SERIOUS.

But after the meeting came the chief time of trouble. The column re-formed, with the Concord lodge leading, and then the band, followed by the colors, two stands of colors, like the badges being simply "Old Glory."

Further down the line came a transparency marked on one side "The A. P. A. Has Come to Stay," and on the other "No Rome Rule in America."

This was regarded with hatred by the crowd.

Stones began to fly at it, as well as toward the rear guard of the procession. Stones flew thick and fast.

Men reeled and staggered and then marched faintly on. Several times the rear guard formed and faced the mob, which at once fell back and waited until the retreat began once more.

As the transparency went across the Common, two or three of the mob made a rush and seized it, bearing it away in triumph, amid the exultant jeers of the multitude.

But short-lived was that triumph. As the great waves gather around and then pile forward with relentless force as the whirlpool gathers, so came the men of the A. P. A. Deep and alarming was their rallying cry. Once more it was only the power of their leaders that saved trouble, for the mob who had stolen the transparency were allowed to escape, while it was borne proudly back and joyously swung aloft.

REVOLVERS NOW.

The Lowell road is dark, lined with hedges and swamp willows between it and the low river land that stretches away on either hand. A few weak lamps vainly try to illuminate its long and broad expanse.

Behind the hedges and willows lurked the main body of the mob, while a detachment dashed on ahead and threw obstructions in the way of the advancing column.

From behind the hedges and willows

came a volley of stones and bricks. Men fell and lay like logs, to be picked up and dragged on by their friends. Two drums were smashed as though they were made of the frailest china, instead of tough hide and springing wood. The storm continued.

They men drew their revolvers and began firing into the air.

This amused the crowd, as had the blazing of whole bunches of fire-crackers in the midst of the march, set off by the youthful members of the mob.

But there were earnest, warm-blooded men in the hundreds that were marching, and they liked not the insults of the stones and the injuries received therefrom. They blazed heavenward with their revolvers, and their looks were dark and their eyes burned.

It was noticeable that the pistol shots sounded in the unmistakable way that comes from rammed-in ball on copper-bound powder.

There came alongside a particularly dark place, from which the head of the line received many well-aimed stones. Suddenly several of them drew their revolvers and rushed through the dark to the side of the road, and fired point blank into the gloomy meadows.

It was a dramatic, but a terrible scene.

A Journal reporter saw the sudden charge from a vertical to a horizontal line of fire, and hurried forward in time to see three men blazing away into utter darkness that surrounded them.

One man in the column was a short blonde, with a big mustache. He wore the A. P. A. badge. The reporter hurried across to him, and placed a hand upon his shoulder.

The A. P. A. man spun around, glowering, while placing his revolver in his hip pocket.

"Was it loaded with ball cartridge?" asked the reporter.

"Who are you?" demanded the man, adding, "I don't want to know you."

"I am a Journal reporter," exclaimed the newspaper man, and he repeated his question.

"Yes, there were bullets there, and there are more of them," said the man venomously, "and I can show you if you like," menacingly putting back his hand and beginning to draw out his revolver. But his companions prevented this and swept him away, out of sight.

The drum-major, reeling from a fearful head blow, started forward once more, and the shooter came into view, only for a moment, but long enough to tell the reporter, sulkily, that he had been struck on the leg so hard that he had felt impelled to draw and shoot.

When the procession reached the station and broke up, the members rallied along the platforms and faced the mob, which dared not resort to violence, until just before the train was going, when several men were struck by stones and one laid senseless on the ground.

The A. P. A. men charged and the mob fell back and fled. Taunts were hurled at the A. P. A. from a safe distance, and vain attempts were made to entice individuals into the power of the mob.

Finally the train was loaded and the mob came closer to the cars. As the train moved out and slowly gathered headway, in every car shades were pulled down and shutters arranged. This soon proved a wise precaution, as stones struck the sides of the cars. One of the rear cars was struck by a perfect volley, and several windows were smashed in by the flying missiles, the broken glass injuring the travelers.

One stone penetrated through a shutter. Wild was the excitement on the return journey and vehement the talk. It was generally stated that if the Concord lodge be further troubled, the A. P. A. will turn out in greater force and with guns.

When the Union station was reached the first ludicrous scene of the evening occurred. Grown men good naturedly struggled with one another for the possession of pieces of the broken drums and car panes, as relics of the second "Concord fight."

SEEN BY ONE ON THE OUTSKIRTS. Early in the evening it was very plain to see that some unusual excitement was abroad. The stores were all closed but the streets were lined with men. The cause of the excitement was the announcement that a newly formed council of the A. P. A. was to hold a public meeting in the Town Hall. A special train was to arrive at 8 o'clock on the Boston and Maine Railroad from Boston and stations east of Arlington.

About 7:45 members of the local council began to arrive at the station and were jeered and hooted by a crowd of several hundred.

The council draws its members from the neighboring towns as well as the center. The mob were loud in their threats of violence to the members, who kept inside the station.

On the arrival of the special with eight cars and about 1,200 men, the crowd subsided into hisses and groans. The march to the hall was quiet until the arrival at the hall, when several attempts were made by the mob to strike at the members, some of which were successful.

The gallery was literally packed with the town element, who took up their hisses and calls of "put him out," "A. P. A.," and "we have no use for you."

Three of the A. P. As. forced their way into this crowd to cheer their friends, but were immediately surrounded and shut up. But for the intervention of the police more serious consequences would have followed. Several times they had to be warned from the platform.

One A. P. A. man standing at the entrance, and hearing some one saying "A. P. A.," said, "Why don't you say it as an American citizen should?" The fellow turned on him, and said, "You're no American citizen." The lie was given and returned. The A. P. A. man drew his revolver, saying, "I come prepared for such men as you." He was hustled into the crowd by his friends before an officer could arrest him. Many attempts were made to hustle the men away from the crowd, but were all stopped before any distance was attained.

At the close of the meeting the whole mob rushed for the door and grabbed stones, bricks and everything in the aisle line, and waited for the councils to come out. The transparency reading, "The A. P. A. Has Come to Stay" and "No Rome Rule for America" was hardly lighted before a perfect shower of stones rained on it. When the line was formed and had hardly marched a rod, three or four of the mob made a rush for the transparency, captured it and ran for the court house yard. With almost one accord the whole body of A. P. A. literally swept after them and recaptured the transparency.

But for the leaders more serious injury than sore heads would have resulted. The sides of the Lowell road, down which the march was taken, are lined with low willows, behind which the mob was hidden and threw their missiles.

The A. P. A. men, angered by seeing their friends hurt, drew revolvers, and shots were fired. One of the drums of the band was totally demolished by stones, and the bass drum had to be protected by men marching on each side of it.

Just before reaching the track the line had to be halted. The mob had gathered all the old sleepers, sticks of timber, brush, etc., that they could find, and piled it across the road. The advance guard took hold of the obstruction with a will, and although the stones were flying thick and fast, soon cleared it away. During the halt a part of the mob attacked the rear guard, and a warm time was witnessed there.

At the station the mob was at its worst. Thinking this to be their last chance, they assailed anyone they could lay hands on. One of the visitors while talking with one of his friends, was struck on the temple with a large stone and knocked to the ground. His friends made a rush for the assailant, but lost him in the crowd. The mob divided into groups all along the platform, and blows were exchanged right and left.

One of the A. P. As. drew a revolver and fired three shots into the bushes from which the stones were coming. The police were unable to do anything with the crowd, and they had everything their own way. The fifteen minutes taken in loading up the train was the liveliest this old town has seen for a great many years.

At the first movement of the train the rain of bricks and stones was renewed with redoubled force.

Although the blinds were all down the stones went crashing through the windows, splintering blinds and injuring a number of the passengers. Bricks four inches square were found in the cars, and many were cut by the broken glass. The mob stood back from the light of the car windows so that they could not be distinguished.

The whole movement was a surprise to all the towns-people. Not until afternoon was it known that the meeting was to be public, and it was never dreamed that so large a delegation from Boston would come. The mob was composed of the younger, hot-headed portion of the town, although the general sentiment of the town is set against the order.

The Concord council is young, having held only three meetings. After each one this same element has congregated about the door, taking the names and hooting the members.

The members say the object of the meeting was to enlighten the town people in regard to the workings of the order and the end for which they are striving.

The business men of the town look upon it as an exhibition of the strength of the order, and are very much set against the idea, as well as the result of the experiment.

A number of the mob were heard to say that if they (the A. P. A.) ever came again they would be prepared for them, and would know how to use them in a rougher style.

MR. DUNBAR TALKS.

E. H. Dunbar, supreme sergeant-at-arms of the A. P. A., and its most active organizer, led the hosts that swept from Boston across Middlesex county to Concord, on the line taken by the British 119 years before, but by different methods of conveyance and with different motives. He is a dark man, with a strong, live face, keen eyes and the manner of a leader, which last he unquestionably was, for fairly marvelous was the manner in which he handled and controlled the men.

Just after he arrived, Mr. Dunbar was interviewed by a Journal reporter. The A. P. A. leader said that he and his friends came to show the Concord people what the A. P. A. really was, and to give encouragement to their Concord brothers. He said that the meeting was entirely spontaneous and that the turnout surprised him. He then thought that the meeting would greatly boom the order.

When the rioting was over and the A. P. A. forces were homeward bound, a Journal man approached Mr. Dunbar and asked what the latter thought of the stormy scenes of the evening.

"It will give us hundreds of new members. It is bound to strengthen us. Did you notice that they were the aggressors? We merely came out, as we had a right to do. Did you ever hear of an Irish Roman Catholic procession being stoned? The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church," the old saying runs, and I think that you will find that this attack upon us will be the best thing that could have happened for the spreading of American principles."

THE TOWN AUTHORITIES.

Just before 8 o'clock, nearly an hour before the train bearing the A. P. As. arrived, a Journal reporter went to the house of James B. Wood, of the Concord board of selectmen, and asked what precautionary measures had been taken to keep the peace, as all sorts of wild rumors were flying about.

Mr. Wood was at first somewhat impatient in manner, which he later explained by saying that he was feeling really sick.

He said: "We have put on four specials. If these people will come out and peacefully go to the hall and hold their meeting quietly, there will be no trouble. But if they come out with bands and hurrahs, and parade around, there is liable to be trouble, and they will be themselves to blame for it."

Later Mr. Wood said that he thought there would be no trouble, as he did not think that the A. P. A. was coming as expected.

He said that on Sunday one of the members applied to him for protection and that he consulted with the officers, and that very afternoon Mr. Craig, the head constable and night watch, had come to him asking for more assistance, which had been granted him.

THE MEETING.

According to the Boston Journal's story, when the plans for the meeting were first laid, it was thought that only a few Boston men would come out, but late in the afternoon it was learned that no less than 250 would be in attendance, and the large town hall was engaged and hastily decorated with flags and bunting. When the trainload pulled in, the members of the order in Concord were greatly surprised. Every available space in the entire hall was taken up, even to the aisles and galleries.

Mr. E. H. Dunbar, the supreme sergeant-at-arms of the A. P. A. was called to preside, and made a stirring speech, and was frequently cheered by his audience, and hissed by the hoodlums from the gallery. Some one yelled "put them out," when the A. P. As. and their friends arose in mass, and had it not been for the influence of Mr. Dunbar the gallery would have no doubt been cleared. He said, "Let them stay in, they have much to learn," and to the hisses he remarked, "That is not gentlemenly; that is not American."

His speech was followed by one from Oscar Emerson, president of one of the Boston councils, and Mr. James Stark, from Dorchester, and others.

There was also plenty of music, which added to the enthusiasm of the meeting.

Here are facts which the Boston Citizen has gleaned, but which the dailies have not yet discovered and the townspeople are not aware of.

The leader of the mob was one Dennis Gleason, a laborer, about 30 years of age. He was called by the other rioters "the captain," (of the mob). He is employed in Murray's grocery store.

The fellow who had the Harvard "H" on his shirt was John Connors, the son of a stone mason named Michael Connors. John graduated from the high school last spring, entered Harvard this fall, but left suddenly for some unexplained reason. He is said to be quarrelsome, and is designated as a "tough." He is about 22 years old.

Another of the rioters was John Wallace, a section hand on the Fitchfield Railroad. He is a son of Michael Wallace, employed in Murray's grocery store.

Another was Gilbert Grimes, who is a mason and does odd jobs around the town.

Another was John Grimes, son of Gilbert Grimes, who is employed in the store of Messrs. Walcott & Holder. He has the reputation of being very quarrelsome.

The above are the names of a few—the other names are being held back for a special purpose. Several of the rioters were armed with axe handles, which were obtained from Murray's grocery store—doubtless supplied by Gleason and Wallace.

All the above are Irish Roman Catholics. In London for every 100 legitimate births, there are four illegitimate; in Leipzig, 20; in Paris, 48; in Vienna, 118, and in Rome, 243.

Bullene Moore Emery Jobe

THE Representative House Of the West . . . NEARLY A

Million and a Quarter Dollars worth of Goods to Select from.

Bullene Moore Emery Jobe

KANSAS CITY, MO., MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED. SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

RARE CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY

Juvenile and Other Holiday Books. Rare Wherein? Let Us Give You Particulars!

If you want to make from \$250.00 to \$400.00 between now and the Holidays, write to us at once for a canvassing outfit of our BEAUTIFUL JUVENILE HOLIDAY BOOKS. We guarantee the BEST TERMS AND BEST BOOKS.

In Every Particular. Best of Paper, Most Interesting and Amusing. Price, 50c, \$1.00, \$1.50, graded to suit all ages.

Big Sales! Large Profits! Exclusive Territory! You want your choice of Territory, send immediately 45 Cents to pay express charges and we will send you full instructions and Our Beautiful \$4.50 Outfit Free.

No Experience Necessary. [Address] We Give Full Instructions. DEPT. RARE, S. I. BELL & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Penn.

Special Master Commissioner's Sale. Under and by virtue of an order of sale...

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. To Margaret Blackmore, Thomas Frederick Blackmore, Mrs. Blackmore, wife of Thomas Frederick Blackmore, E. C. Bates, first name unknown, John H. Bassett and James B. Dickey, defendants...

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. To Margaret Blackmore, Thomas Frederick Blackmore, Mrs. Blackmore, wife of Thomas Frederick Blackmore, E. C. Bates, first name unknown, John H. Bassett and James B. Dickey, defendants...

Notice to Non-Resident Defendants. To Margaret Blackmore, Thomas Frederick Blackmore, Mrs. Blackmore, wife of Thomas Frederick Blackmore, E. C. Bates, first name unknown, John H. Bassett and James B. Dickey, defendants...

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.

Legal Notice. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, Howard W. Charles, plaintiff, vs. Fred Hansen, defendant.