



A LYNCHING IN MOSINEE.

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The Dimplebats were defeated, the Ripupagins were victorious, and Mosinee, like countless other towns that night, was in an uproar of jubilation such as had not been seen since the celebration of the great Dimplebat victory of 188-, after successive defeats for a quarter of a century.

Every saloon yawned like a crater and uttered noises like the mouth of hell. Laughter was loud, and now and then the shrill convulsive whoop of a drunken lumberman rose above the clamor, the trample, the clatter of passing teams and the braying of tin horns.

All the county was in Mosinee. The Ripupagins had assembled for the parade, and the Dimplebats were there to look on and jeer. It was the day after the presidential election. New York had been carried, and that settled it. The parade was hurried forward at once, and preparations for speeches and bonfires went forward simultaneously. Very little business was doing. All trade, all talk was of the election and its results.

Dan Clark, the sheriff (and a Dimplebat), was not depressed. As he sat at supper with his wife, in the county jail, that night, he said, prophetically: "Just you wait, Annie. They're goin' to pass a high tariff bill, and then you'll hear sumthin' drop. The people won't stand it."

Mrs. Clark was a small woman with a round firm face and piercing blue eyes, with little outward indication of the courage she was known to possess. "Are you goin' out again to-night?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm a little afraid of trouble. The town is full of hands from the mills and camps, and the saloons are all open. Why? Want 'o go down and see the parade?"

"No; but somethin' is going on in there." She nodded her head toward the prison part of the house.

"So? What makes you think so?" "Well, they've been pretty lively in there—singin' a good d-d-al, and I've caught Jack and Shorty talkin' to each other suspiciously."

"Confound 'em! What do they take on to-night for? Well, I won't be gone long. I'll look in, before going down."

As they ate their supper, the far-off clanging of the prisoners' voices could be heard as they sang in their cells. It was a wild sound, but Mrs. Clark was used to it, and paid attention to it only as one might study the moan of the



"YOU'RE THE MAN I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR."

wind as a sign of the weather. She was almost as renowned as Dan; for once, alone, she had quelled a murderous row, and at the point of a revolver had driven six escaping convicts back into their cells. Like many county jails in the west, the building was divided into dwelling and prison by a heavy wall cutting the building through the middle. A heavy door opened from the hall of the dwelling into a main corridor running at right angles to the wall of the house. This main corridor was in turn separated from the corridor before the cells by a heavy iron grating. There were two stories of cells, and during the day the prisoners had the run of the entire prison proper.

The change from Mrs. Clark's pleasant dining-room, to this prison, was as sudden as it was gruesome. A dim light at noonday, a sepulchral light at night, a cold clammy place at all hours; badly ventilated, having that indefinable, sickening odor which becomes an intolerable horror to the sensitive prisoner; and, worst of all, nothing for the convicts to do. Their quarters were clean, in a way, food abundant enough, but no employment. Modern civilization is slow in finding its way into a county jail and almshouse. In such an atmosphere guilty men (not to mention possible innocent ones), grow sullen, morbid, bitter, even insane, and go back into the open sunlight educated

to crimes. If such prisons were once excusable, they are so no longer.

As Clark rose to go into the jail he could hear the song beginning again. He listened a little, critically.

"They're all right. A little excited, that's all. They hear the noise outside, and it stirs 'em up."

He appeared to be speaking of a den of leopards.

As he opened the door, the song burst through, hollow, reverberating, thrillingly wild:

"Light in the darkness, sailor, Day is at hand!"

These were the words, but the singers managed to give them the ferocity and abandon of a robber's glee in a resounding cove. Each man stood at the door of his cell, his face to the little grated window; thus each cell was a voice, and the iron walls vibrated like a violin.

As the door opened, some one gave a piercing whistle and instantly all fell silent.

"Hello, boys, what's the row?"

"Our evening hymn, Dan," said a voice from the open tier of cells.

"Well, don't say y'r prayers in that same key. Wait the latest?"

"Yes, yes. Let's have it," shouted a half-dozen voices.

"The Rips are in it. New York goes—"

Some of the fellows sneered, others doubted. "Is it settled?"

"Well, yes. New York Herald concedes the victory."

"Well, that settles it."

"What's goin' on in town to-night?" asked one voice eagerly, wistfully.

"Parade," said Dan. "Now no more questions and don't make any more noise than is necessary."

"They're all right," he reported to his wife. "But I'll come back early. Keep your ear to the tube, and if you hear anything suspicious, send Julia down to Jim's."

When he got out into the street he found everybody else there, and the procession was nearly formed. Torches were flying here and there, the bandmaster was bugling the "fall in," and the main street roared with voices, in song, in whoop, and in jest.

The electric lights spluttered, dying almost out at times, to the derisive groans of the crowd. They had but lately been put up, and every evidence of failure was hailed with joy by some, and with dismay by others.

Just behind the band Capt. Frank Willey, the master of ceremonies, had dismounted, and was arranging the boys' brigade, which was to lead. Willey was a cashier in the bank, and one of the finest men of the town, an almost universal favorite. Handsome, in his slouch hat, gold-braided coat, and his graceful dark red sash, he was a great figure in the eyes of the boys, who held their flaring torches aloft with the gesture of veterans.

The crowd around the band was so thick it forced the passersby into the gutter, and the captain was saying, as the band struck up:

"Spread out, gentlemen. Don't crowd people onto the boys. All ready!"

A figure reeled off the sidewalk, toward the captain, with a revolver in his hand.

"Damn you, you're the man I've been looking for," he said, as he fired.

The captain stiffened in his tracks, wavered a moment and fell.

"Take that!" snarled the murderer again, as he fired a last shot and flung the revolver at the captain's face—then turned and walked away.

The unexpected finds men powerless to stir, and the fifty men who saw it stood appalled, unable to cry out or move till the man had passed on into the crowds farther up the street.

Then a wild cry arose.

"Murder!"

"Man killed!"

"Stop 'im—don't let him escape!"

The hoarse cry of murder reached Sheriff Clark, who was some distance down the street, talking with the city marshal.

"Trouble, Joe, come on!" cried Dan. They rushed toward the sound of the cries. There was a struggling mass of men just ahead of the band. Curses, wild cries and commands came from the group. Another smaller, silent swarm was concentrated around something on the ground across the street. Clark and the marshal rushed into the struggling mass.

Some one yelled: "The sheriff! Stand off!" and the crowd gave way before Dan's furious strokes as he fought his way toward the center.

"Kill him! Smash 'im!" yelled voices hoarse with passion.

"Give 'im to me!" shouted Dan.

As he laid hands on the wild-eyed, pallid, struggling wretch, foam was on his lips, his teeth were clenched, his face was bloody, his neck bare. He had been knocked down and trampled upon by the mob. He clung to Dan instinctively, but remained perfectly silent.

"Get out o' the way!" yelled the marshal. "We'll take care o' him. What's the matter?"

"He's shot Willey."

A wild clamor of voices burst out together: "I saw him!" "Kill the hellion—! Lynch 'im!"

"Clear the track!" commanded Dan. "I'll take care of him. Marshal, you look after Willey. Clear the way, there!"

He rushed the panting assassin through the crowd—or rather along with the crowd—toward the jail, which was only a short distance away. The prisoner made no resistance, and said nothing. He appeared dazed. As the sheriff got a little in advance, the crowd thinned, and he hurried his prisoner faster. The curious, furious throng was divided; part remained to see what became of the murdered man, the more careless and more youthful ran along beside Dan as they had often followed a circus. Everybody thought the case exaggerated, for few had heard the shot in the tumult.

They followed, however, up to the very door, and there were several voices crying: "Lynch the cowardly son of a dog!"

"Keep your hands off," said Dan, in a significant tone, as he waited for the door to open. "The law 'll look out for this feller. Don't worry."

"The law—yes. Some damn tricky lawyer 'll git him off with ten years, just like the—" The speaker's words were lost in the mutter of assent which rose.

When the door swung close behind them, Dan turned and looked at his prisoner.

"What is it, Dan?" asked Annie. The prisoners now were perfectly silent, hoping to hear about the arrest.

"O, a little row," Dan said, carelessly. "Come in here, young feller."

The man was dressed like a lumberman, in a gay "Mackinaw" jacket, with trousers of the same material, and red stockings of felt which came nearly to his knees. He was a lithe and powerful man, with a sullen face, now that the look of mortal fear was passing from it. He was dazed and breathless, and made no resistance as Dan thrust him into a lower cell.

"What's up, Dan?" asked the convict. "Some drunks fighting," Dan replied, in a tone that silenced further inquiry, though they knew a drunk would not be brought to the county jail. He tried all the doors of the cells to see that they were secure, then joined his wife.

"I'm going down the street again. They need me. There's five thousand men out there, half o' 'em full of whisky, and Joe can't handle 'em alone."

Five hundred men within a minute passed the word down the street: "Frank Willey's shot!"

All order disappeared. The parade broke into a disordered mass, hastening toward the band. The boys' brigade, the center of the mass, illumined with their flaring torches the wash and restless surge of humanity.

From every direction streams of men debouched into the main street like a spring overflow. Women and children lined the sidewalks.

"Who done it?" shouted furious voices.

"Some damn Dimplebat, of course."

"Where is he?"

"Clark run 'im into the jail."

"Where's Willey? Is he livin'?"

"Yes. He's in the drug store."

Then a sort of silence fell on the crowd. They stood in dense groups surrounding some eyewitness of the shooting. From time to time news emanated from the drug store.

"He's bad. They've sent for his wife." Then the talk would go back to the prisoner.

"What in God's heavens any man has against Frank Willey I don't see."

A carriage drove up through the crowd with a white-faced woman in it. The moaning hysterical sobs went to the heart like the thrust of a jagged knife. They stood aside in awe of her grief as she was hurried into the store by two men.

"My God! Just think what's on her!" was the universal comment of the crowd surged against the door.

"Stand back there! Don't crowd—"

There came a piercing shriek that made every man shiver as if an icy blast had blown on his naked heart. Then the word came out and was flung from lip to lip.

"He's dead!"

"What? No!"

"Willey's dead! He didn't know her."

Few questioned it, coming after the wife's cry. Men stood staring into each others' faces and swearing great oaths, helplessly.

"Frank Willey dead!" sobbed one great bearded fellow, his voice high and broken. "Why, my God, gentlemen, he stood right here ten minutes ago—I had my hand on his shoulder."

Nobody laughed at his crying—there were too many with tears on their cheeks. Everybody knew the captain; everybody had felt the pressure of his hand. Some had been his comrades in the war. Some of the young fellows were in the militia which he commanded—all loved him.

The street grew darker as the torches went out. The crowd again broke into knots. "He ought to hang to-morrow morning," was a remark made here and there.

"We ought to 'a' lynched him when we had him."

Mrs. Willey, in that utter despair which is like the surrender of life, was carried out to the back and taken away. The men silently looked on.

But as the carriage disappeared up the street, a crowd of men came out of a saloon, and there arose a strident, overtopping, ferocious voice in a far-reaching howl.

"Every man that's got any sand, feller me."

"Where to?"

"To the jail to hang that—"

Scores of voices replying out off his terrible oaths.

"That's right. The jail. Smash it in!"

"Come on, you cowards!"

Like a mass of logs let loose in a swift current, the "pack" of men began to move down the street toward the jail. As they moved they gathered strength. Each man seeing his neighbor moving moved with less fear. A sort of inhuman joy and elation came into their souls; many of them felt like singing as they marched.

Dan and Annie were standing on the steps of the jail, listening.

"There's no telling what they'll do," he was saying as he heard some of the wild voices. They heard a new sound—a chorus of savage shouts. The trample of feet grew plainer and more rapid, beating the frozen ground and the hollow sidewalk till an ominous roar arose.

"They're comin', Dan." Annie turned her resolute face to her husband.

"They're after 'im."

"They won't get 'im. I won't open up— Listen to that, will ye?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Its Alleged Ballroom Origin a Piece of Legendary Romance.

The origin of the order of the Golden Fleece is, like that of our own garter, shrouded in mystery, says the London Telegraph. Very few modern archaeologists attach any credence to the vulgar tradition, wholly unsupported by any authority, that, at a court ball given by Edward III. a lady, supposed to be the countess of Salisbury, dropped her garter, and the king, taking it up, and observing some of his courtiers to smile, as though they thought he had not obtained this favor merely by accident, exclaimed in a loud voice: "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

There is another opinion which traces the origin of this order, which, according to the learned Selden, "exceeds in majesty, honor and fame all the chivalrous orders of the world," to Richard Coeur de Lion having, upon the occasion of some warlike expedition during his wars in Palestine, chosen a leather-thonged garter as the distinctive mark of his partisans. Yet another theory ascribes the foundation of the order to the fact that Edward, at the battle of Crecy, issued his garter as a signal for battle, which, proving successful, determined him to institute the order in memory of the event.

Both these opinions are to a certain extent feasible, and the first is historically fortified by the well-known fact that, when the Crusaders captured St. Jean d'Acre in a nocturnal assault, the knights of the Christian army were ordered to wear a strap of white leather bound round the leg under the left knee in order to distinguish them from the infidels.

Mines of Wood.

A curious source of wealth is reported by the French consul at Mongtze, in upper Tonquin. It lies in wood mines. The wood originally was a pine forest, which the earth swallowed in some cataclysm. Some of the trees are a yard in diameter. They lie in a slanting direction, and in sandy soils which cover them to a depth of about eight yards. As the top branches are well preserved, it is thought the geological convulsion which buried them cannot be of great antiquity. The wood furnished by these timber mines is imperishable, and the Chinese gladly buy it for coffins. Along the coast regions of some parts of New Jersey there are trunks of cypress trees, deeply buried in the sand, the recovery of which forms a valuable industry, the timber being used for making shingles.

Strength of a Brick Arch.

The strength of a brick arch having a span of 13 feet 1 1/2 inches and a rise of 1 foot 1 1/2 inches was recently tested at Beane, France, with a view to determine the suitability of such a construction for a service reservoir now being built there. The bricks measured 11.8x5.1x1.2 inches, and were laid flat, with a joint of cement mortar 0.4-inch thick between them and an 8-10-inch layer of mortar outside. A section 2 feet wide was built on rock abutments and loaded with 820 pounds per square foot, which load was carried without any signs of failure for eighteen hours.

The Lesson He Drew.

"It's no use," she said dejectedly, "I've simply got to suffer."

"What's the matter?"

"Young Mr. Slogo called last night. I endured his society patiently until self-defense I was forced to remark: 'Really, Mr. Slogo, I'm very much afraid it's getting late.'"

"And what did he do then?"

"He simply smiled and said that women are naturally timid."—Washington Star.

Cleopatra Was a Greek, not an Egyptian, and it is supposed by some that she was of the red-haired type of women, whom the Greeks admired excessively.

A HUNGARIAN inventor claims to be able to make from wood pulp a fabric suitable for durable clothing.

FAVORING SILVER.

The Transmississippi Congress Closes Its Work—Free Silver Resolutions Adopted.

OMAHA, Neb., Nov. 29.—After five hours' discussion of the financial issues the Transmississippi commercial congress yesterday declared for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, 16 to 1 basis, and adjourned at 6 o'clock. The vote was 50 for gold, 127 for silver. W. J. Bryan led the friends of the white metal, and J. L. Webster, of Omaha, the opposition. The debate was spirited and participated in by most of the delegates. This resolution was finally adopted:

Whereas, An appreciating money standard impairs all contracts, bankrupts enterprises, makes idle money profitable by increasing its purchasing power and suspends productive forces of our people; and

Whereas, The spoliation consequent upon the outflow of silver in the interest of the creditor class by constantly increasing the value of gold, is undermining all industrial society; therefore

Resolved, That we demand the immediate restoration of free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the present ratio of 16 to 1, without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation, such gold and silver coin to be alike a full legal tender of all debts, public and private.

Mr. Webster, on behalf of the minority of the committee, presented the following:

Resolved, That we are in favor of true bimetalism, which consists in the largest possible use of both gold and silver as the standard money of the country compatible with the power of the nation to maintain the equal purchasing and debt-paying power of the two metals that we are emphatically opposed to the free and unlimited coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, under present existing conditions; that such coinage would destroy the parity between the two metals; that the silver would drive the gold out of circulation, and thus destroy bimetalism and produce silver monometalism, that we believe this long continued agitation of the silver question has had much to do with the present financial depression, producing want of confidence, threatening the stability and permanency of prices, and is a constant menace to the national credit, exciting apprehensions abroad and uncertainty at home.

President Bryan asked unanimous consent to introduce the following memorial on behalf of the Nebraska delegation:

Whereas, We believe that an exposition of all the products, industries and civilization of the states west of the Mississippi river, made at some central gateway, where the world can behold the wonderful capabilities of these great wealth-producing states, would be of great value, not only to the transmississippi states, but to all the homeseekers in the world; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the United States congress be asked to take such steps as may be necessary to hold a transmississippi exposition in Omaha during the months of August, September and October, in the year 1898, and that representatives of such states and territories in congress be requested to favor such an appropriation, as is usual in such cases, to assist in carrying out this enterprise.

Resolutions were also adopted in favor of a congressional appropriation for defending the harbor of San Diego by war vessels and fortifications; for the improvement of waterways, and for a deep water harbor at San Pedro. A long resolution urging the various state governments to take legislative action relative to irrigation was submitted and passed. Salt Lake was selected as the next place of meeting and the body adjourned permanently at 6 o'clock.

ON THE GRIDIRON.

Result of Interesting Football Games Played on Thanksgiving Day East and West.

At Kansas City, Mo., in the presence of 10,000 spectators, every one of whom was an intense partisan of one side or the other, the Missouri Tigers met and defeated the Kansas Jayhawkers. The score was 10 to 6. The game was so close that the result was in doubt up to the moment time was called with the ball but a few yards from the Missouri goal. It is the second game Missouri has won from Kansas in five years.

At Omaha, Neb., Nebraska university defeated Iowa university, 6 to 0, Iowa thus finishing the season without scoring in the inter-collegiate series.

At Chicago two interesting games were played. The contest between the Chicago Athletic association and Boston Athletic association resulted in a tie, 4 to 4. The Chicago university eleven was shut out by Ann Arbor, the score standing 12 to 0.

At Philadelphia the university of Pennsylvania won from Cornell by a score of 42 to 2.

Panic at a Fair.

WOOSTER, O., Nov. 29.—During the progress of a church fair here an immense crowd was packed into the city armory, when a lamp in one of the booths exploded, setting fire to the draperies of Miss Myrtle Eiser, an attendant. A rush for the single exit, in which dozens of women and children were trampled, occurred. Fully 100 persons jumped or were thrown from the windows, many being badly cut by glass. Mrs. Carrie McKee, of Jefferson, was thrown through a window, sustaining injuries which will likely prove fatal. Jennie Putnam, a 10-year-old cripple, could not help herself and received internal injuries which will cause her death. Mrs. Milford Snyder and Miss Sharp were trampled by the crowd. Many others were more or less injured.

Pension Agent Glick Indorsed.

TOPKA, Kan., Nov. 27.—Pension Agent Glick's refusal to take from the post office vouchers on which postage was not wholly prepaid, has called out a letter from United States Pension Commissioner Lochren. Mr. Lochren thinks Mr. Glick's stand is a good one, and has ordered every pension agent to take the same position.