

FINISH OF A BLOODY FEUD

Hatfield Clan of Murderers Run to Cover and Captured.

DESPERATE TASK OF FEDERAL OFFICERS

Killers Hugged in the Mountain Fastnesses of West Virginia—Worst Feared Husbands in the Country.

Throughout the northern spurs of the Alleghanies the name of Hatfield is a name of terror. Devil Anse and his clan have for years and almost with impunity ravaged the mountain region of four states—Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee—with murder, arson, and all other crimes of violence. The murders perpetrated by them in the Hatfield-McCoy feud are only a small part of their crimes.

In their own home region of southern West Virginia their dominance is complete. There is a saying there, backed by a long and grim record, that to offend a Hatfield is to court the term of suicide. Even the officers of the law seldom interfere with them and though the aggregate of indictments against the clan mounts up into the hundreds, its members, armed with mountains, but even visit the cities unmolested when they choose. If they take a grudge against a man they hunt him to his death, and their list of victims was a long one before any man, except the McCoy's, raiding in reprisal from across the border of Kentucky, dared interfere with them. But now they are being hunted in their own state by a man who has already captured four of them and sent one to the gallows. This is Deputy United States Marshal Daniel W. Cunningham of the district of West Virginia.

Originally Cunningham was a partisan of the Hatfields. He had been a recipient of the surlly and dangerous hospitality of Devil Anse and had heard his side of the Hatfield-McCoy history. Shortly after that he stayed at the house of Jim Vance, one of the Hatfield leaders, who had been shot while raiding in Kentucky, and heard from Vance's widow the story of the butchery of three defenseless McCoy children by a force of Hatfields, the first act in carrying out the declaration of extermination against the McCoy's. Once convinced of the truth of this the marshal made a resolve to capture and turn over to justice every participant in that crime who should cross his path, and within a month he had made his first capture.

This was the taking of Charles Gillespie, who, after the murder, went to the mountains in Taylor county, Virginia, just across the line. The house stands on a remote mountain, reached by a horse trail. Thither Cunningham made his way, pretending to be a friend of Gillespie's. At the house he learned that Gillespie spent his days in the mountain forest, coming in only at night. In a clearing of the woods he found the young desperado, carrying the inevitable rifle. Whistling a cheerful tune, the marshal walked along the trail until he reached Gillespie, whose suspicions were alarmed, for he never suspected that the hunter would be whistling on the trail. As they came face to face, Cunningham caught the young fellow by the wrists. Gillespie struggled, but the marshal's muscles are scarcely less hard than the steel handcuffs which he snapped upon the desperado's wrists, ending the fight. Gillespie confessed to his part in the murders, substantiating the story told by Mrs. Vance. Cunningham took him to Kentucky, where he was tried and convicted, but afterwards broke jail and escaped.

In the hands of the clan. While in Pike county, Kentucky, Cunningham learned of a plot to bushwhack and murder Frank Phillips, a partisan of the McCoy family. Ellison Hatfield, Black Elliot Hatfield and Tom Mitchell, murderers of the McCoy children and also of Miss Allphare and Colvin McCoy, in the attack on old Randall McCoy's house, had planned to go from Jim Vance's house, which is a few miles within the West Virginia line, over the border into Pike county, and lay for Phillips there. Cunningham planned to bring up the desperado in which he enlisted Bill Napper, an experienced hunter, and a young man named Gibson of less experience, but equal game-ness. The marshal knew that any one of the Hatfield gang would kill him on sight, but that if he killed any of them he must stand trial for it, as the state administration of Virginia was, for reasons of its own, friendly to the Hatfields. It looked like a dubious proposition, for the three Hatfield men had Winchester, but Cunningham determined to have a try at it. He picked out Ellison, the biggest and most dangerous of the trio, for himself, assigning Black Elliot to Napper and Mitchell to Gibson. Concealing themselves behind trees they waited for their men near a creek bottom, along which the bushwhackers were sure to come.

When they came Ellison was in the lead, walking along the bank. Cunningham stood close behind his tree, with a rock in one hand and his rifle in the other. The other two Hatfields were a distance behind, while Cunningham's eyes were with them up the bank. When Ellison was within

Tremulous Hands.

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Nebraska's Senatorial Contest

A REVIEW By Victor Rosewater

PART III. "If we had a law barring members of the legislature from becoming candidates for United States senator, the deadlock would be broken in twenty-four hours." If I heard one man make this remark during the progress of the contest, I heard a score of them give expression to the same view. With five members of the state senate more or less openly in the field, most of them resting their only hopes on a protracted siege broken up on the ruins of the men of positive strength, trading their votes for senatorial lack and forth between themselves and using their influence for or against legislation as political capital to promote their own ambitions, the senatorial candidates within the senate did as much to block action as all the rest together. Martin voted for Crouse and Crouse for Martin. Harlan voted for Currie and Crouse for Harlan. Currie and Crouse exchanged votes in the joint session to maintain the proprieties, but the caucus had no hesitation in voting outright for themselves. As Currie is reported to have exclaimed, the first time he found himself in caucus from which Crouse was absent, "I don't know anyone I'd rather see in the senate than myself, and I'm forthwith responded to the roll call with his own name. At every opportunity the candidates inside the caucus exerted themselves to prevent the nomination of the leaders, they made the longest and most frequent speeches on trivial matters to consume time and they tried prompt with motions to adjourn whenever it looked as if the caucus might get down to business.

As to the attempt to project Baldrige into the arena during the closing days, a word will suffice. Baldrige had been absent from the legislature under serious illness the greater part of the session. The enemies of Rosewater had been trying to break his Douglas delegation thought that by leading Baldrige on they might accomplish the object they had been striving for so vainly. His persistence in voting for Currie, a North Platte competitor of Rosewater's, can be explained only as throwing an anchor to the windward in the hope that Currie would finally turn in for Baldrige. But Currie never took it seriously enough to return the compliment.

While on this digression, an allusion may be made to the newspaper taking resort to in opposition chiefly to Thompson and Rosewater. In this the Omaha popular organ held the van, its Lincoln correspondent being unequalled for mendacity and distortion, although at times closely followed by imitators on the local papers at the Capital city. All the old stories about Thompson were revamped with new variations, but their special malice seemed directed at Rosewater, probably because as a newspaper man the prominence he had attained excited the rankling jealousy of the presiding geniuses of these papers. To read their lurid stories, Rosewater's supporters daily on the point of leaving him, Rosewater was determined to prevent any caucus. Rosewater was preparing to pull out in favor of Webster, Rosewater was plotting to form a coalition with the fusionists, Rosewater was on the eve of opening up in his paper on this or that candidate, Rosewater had announced his fixed determination to force his own election or keep the senatorships vacant. No sooner was one fact exploded by the sequence of events than the next was sprung, more baseless and more ridiculous than the first—all designed to create public prejudice by malignant misreporting. The Ribaults' papers were loaded every day with piles of papers embellished with libellous cartoons, pamphlets disparaging the claims of different aspirants and cards containing anonymous charges against candidates who had incurred the wrath of the combine seeking to hold the deadlock intact. While this

tuted a little sport with a poor wood-chopper, named Duffy, which ended characteristically in their driving him into a pond, where he was drowned. His 9-year-old boy they took to bring up in their stead. The boy's uncle learned of it and advertised a reward for the recovery of the child. Nobody came forward to apply for the job until a friend suggested that Mr. Duffy write to Dan Cunningham. That official took three days to bring up the child. Hatfield settlement, found the boy at a house within a half mile of Devil Anse's homestead, grabbed him up on his horse and galloped away. If the Hatfields followed he did not know it. This was spoiled in getting in the ink.

In Gilbert, W. Va., lives Doc Ellis, a well-to-do timber owner. Against him the notorious Jone Hatfield had sworn a grudge, for some fancied grievance, and sent word that he would kill him on sight. As it was a great detriment to Ellis' business to have a Hatfield gunned for him he hired a crack shot named Hopkins to keep watch for Jone and shoot first. Neither Hopkins nor Jone had any luck in their shooting when Dan Cunningham came to Gilbert and put up at Ellis' house. Ellis had him in the house, and Hopkins hired a crack shot named Hopkins to keep watch for Jone and shoot first. Neither Hopkins nor Jone had any luck in their shooting when Dan Cunningham came to Gilbert and put up at Ellis' house. Ellis had him in the house, and Hopkins hired a crack shot named Hopkins to keep watch for Jone and shoot first. Neither Hopkins nor Jone had any luck in their shooting when Dan Cunningham came to Gilbert and put up at Ellis' house.

Two evenings later Hopkins came in and said that two men with Winchester were five out in a ravine and that he had shot one of them he thought was Jone Hatfield. "We'll go out and get them," said Cunningham.

Hopkins was willing and a lumberman who had dropped in volunteered to go along, all armed. But the party was four strong, a dead shot, had killed a dozen men, and he and his companion had all the advantage of the position. Cunningham led his force out of the house by a rear exit, and around by a gully to a spot near the ravine path. He had made a study of the ground about the house, previously, and knew just what to do to go ahead. With Ellis close behind him he crept up close to where Jone crouched. The outlaw had his gun pointed at a lighted window of the Ellis house, waiting for a figure to show. The curial was down. It always was in that house, for just such a reason. "Don't reckon we'll get Jone tonight," the attacking party heard Jone mutter to his companion. "Shall I shoot the 3-a murderer?" whispered Ellis. "No," replied Cunningham. "I want him alive."

paper was bombardment appeared to have little effect upon negative members, it had a tendency to create bad blood all around and the only wonder is that the intercourse between the candidates and their supporters continued to the end to be so cordial as it did.

Before I take up the breaking of the deadlock, let me refer briefly to fusion schemes in connection with the senatorships: The fusion minority in the legislature were almost as much divided between the fusion candidates as were the republicans. From first to last they were inspired by the hope that some one of the republican candidates, finding himself shut out from the achievement of his ambition through his own party, would be able to command a following large enough to combine with them, and thus enable them to trade in one of the senatorial seats. To effect such a combination would have required only six or seven votes. The favored combination in the fusion ranks seemed to be that of Allen and Crouse, the chief obstacle to its consummation being that Crouse could not master the necessary republican votes that he would have had to deliver to the populist choice.

When the windup heaved in sight the fusion leaders were seized with no little apprehension that their members would assist in the election of a republican either by voting for him outright or by absenting themselves and thus reducing the majority necessary to elect. Under the joint rules this would have been most difficult, because a call of the house could have been detected by any fusionists and the call could not have been raised except by vote of 67. Unless the fusionists in the combination should have voted with the republicans to raise the call no such plan could have succeeded. The fear of a mishap, however, was so intense that Bryan and a few of his associates agreed to contribute the necessary expenses to any fusionist who could not afford to remain after the paydays of the session had expired, in order to make sure that no republican senator should be elected by any fusionists less than the highest number. Bryan, furthermore, personally interviewed the fusion members to impress upon them the importance of voting steadfastly for fusion candidates and placing the responsibility for leaving Nebraska with the republican majority.

The story of the breaking of the deadlock has been told so recently that only a few points need be comprehended. The deadlock had been prolonged to the very eve of the dissolution of the legislature. None of the candidates then in the field who had positive strength showed any signs of weakening. Thompson had what was equivalent to the caucus nomination, but maximum of the caucus vote was to elect, while for the North Platte senatorship, though Rosewater was well in the lead inside the caucus and had the support at different times of nearly enough to nominate, he was short ten votes at his maximum of the caucus vote.

The nomination of Dietrich and Millard was hailed with joy and exultation; the deadlock had been broken. Nebraska was a feeling of relief, if not entirely of satisfaction. The roll call in joint session proceeded as if by clockwork, each republican responding with the name of the caucus nominee. The lieutenant governor formally declared the result of the ballot and the most protracted, stubbornly fought political contest ever waged in this state was at an end.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY. In Switzerland a telephone in a private house costs \$7.50 a year. Alfred Yagve, a Caiste Valley (Pa.) wheelwright, has a dog, named Curly, who follows him about like a dog, and recently took a Sunday walk of twelve miles with him.

Statistics have been collected by a French writer to show that of every 100,000 men of the army or navy, 100,000 are hopelessly lunatic. Among mechanics the number is only 66 per 100,000. A 1900 England spent over \$25 a head for drink. \$200,000,000. Ireland, not quite \$18. The total drink bill of the kingdom was \$200,000,000 and showed a decrease of more than \$5,000,000 over 1898.

as well as on North Platte possibilities, but they did not venture to break their views upon him until early Thursday morning. Mr. Rosewater, on the other hand, had composed his letter of withdrawal during the night, but anticipating no further action by the caucus, had not taken the time to copy it from the rough pencil draft.

The caucus, however, reconvened about half past eight in the morning with an attendance considerably larger than was to have been expected. The reason, as it turned out, was soon apparent. Seeing that the caucus was approaching the critical period, Crouse had concluded that his last possible chance had arrived. He had gone to one of Thompson's managers late the night before with a proposition to go into the caucus himself, which he had up to that time refused to enter, and bring with him some of the recallists who had followed his example on condition that Thompson would assist him to the caucus nomination.

The reciprocal feature of his proposition was that if he should triumph, he would, in return, secure a sufficient number of fusionists to vote for Thompson and Crouse to insure Thompson's election along with himself. What under ordinary conditions would have been tempting bait failed to appeal to the fusionists at that late day, because they knew that, with Bryan in the attitude he had assumed, no fusionist would dare to vote for Thompson, whether linked with Crouse or not, while Crouse with a caucus endorsement comprising the full republican support, would have need of fusionist assistance. Notwithstanding the cold reception accorded this proposition, Crouse determined to try to carry out by himself the part of it intended for his benefit. Unusual activity was manifested by Crouse and his body-guard of professional politicians, including Tom Halsey, H. C. Russell, J. D. Gage et al., during the early hours of the final Thursday morning. Messengers, couriers and carriages were sent in all directions. Crouse for the first time made his appearance in the caucus, signing the agreement and voting for himself. Several of the others who up to that time had not participated joined in to give their votes to Crouse, and in the demoralized condition of affairs, managed to run his vote up to respectable proportions.

It was at this juncture that Thompson and Rosewater entered the caucus room almost together to announce their decision to subordinate personal ambition to the demands of the public and the interests of the state. Thompson's speech was brief, his statement and suggested Governor Dietrich for the position for which he had been contending. The point of Mr. Rosewater's letter as read was a plea for another Omaha man as a reasonable concession for a certain name of the caucus vote, but was unable as an Omaha man who would represent the state in a creditable manner, but he also acquiesced in the suggestion of Mr. Millard, and his supporters at his request gave their votes to the new senator, which he could not have done had he succeeded. The withdrawal of the two leading candidates forced the retirement of Meiklejohn, Currie and the others.

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"If they can get you foul they'll kill you," he says. "But in the open they're all cowards." It is not part of Cunningham's duty as a federal officer to hunt Hatfields. He does it as he would hunt rattlesnakes and as his warrants for "moonshine" whisky distillers often take him to the Hatfield country he is likely to get more of them. Cunningham is not the sort of man that one would care to have on his trail. He is more than six feet tall, broad in proportion, beautifully muscled, possessed of cat-like agility and as swift as he is sure with a rifle or revolver, and in that country swiftness is a necessary accompaniment of strength. He is always in the hardest of training, and his diet, drinks, smokes nor chews. In manner and appearance he is quiet and unostentatious and when going about the country is commonly taken for an itinerant clergyman.

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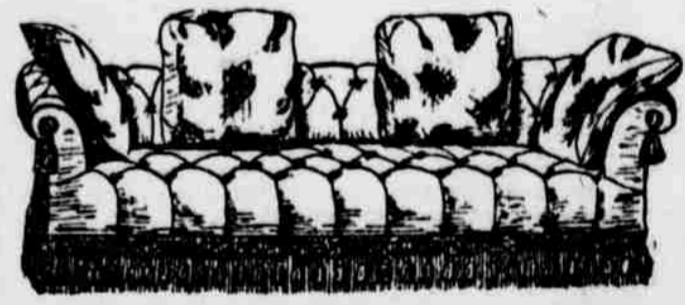
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