

DAILY NEWS

In History—Nov. 18.

of the American slave river by h. Fort Lee, N. H. Epdson, oppo- New York city, y the British. id Wilkie, Eng- er, born; died



John Schuyler, soldier, died in GEORGETOWN, N. C. 1783.

Law, American capitalist and died in New York city, born built the High Bridge aqueduct developed steamship lines to Cali- l Panama. He was interested in a canal and railroad and built a avenue street railroad in New . During the Cuban war of 1848-52 the Spanish captain general to n in a threat to fire upon his ves- reasant City, in the event of her in Cuban waters. For this dem- of backbone he was nicknamed "George," and received the nomi- the American party for the presi-

d time adopted in states east of mountains. Four standards ad- be an hour apart and to differ by 15 from Greenwich were adopted. sions are eastern time, central city mountain time and Pacific ng respectively 77 degrees, 90 de- degrees and 113 degrees west of th.

A. An Arthur, twenty-first presi- the United States, died in New York, born 1800.

Charles F. Deam, pastor of the of the Strangers in New York city, born 1820.

Forecast Till P. M., No- vember 19.

atch to The New STON, D. C., No 18, 11 a. m.

Fast Tuesday; there's a prospect of colder weather by the middle of the week.

W. J. MOORE, Chief of the Weather Bureau.

W ADVS. D-DAY.

Using advertisements appear for the in The News. Womankind our ad- vance in his respects line to the con- cur readers. It our aim to carry the advertisements of our exercise great inside all others on our columns. ularity in the claims of our adver- our subscribers should be reported

- es For Sale..... F. L. Stoner. aned..... Dan'l. Eisler.E. L. Blittz, Secretary. nted..... C. B. Staley. a the Lea..... Birley. lock For Sale... N. E. Cramer. 9..... O. C. Carty.Burr's Art Gallery.D. H. Best.

BRIEF BS.

pet of Brightiems of Local and General Interest.

Jacob L. Hoker, Emmitsburg, 3 a new stable Bt.

hony Shanholof Hampshire W. Va., has a all sample of hat is thirty five years old. It sed in the vall of Virginia in

. Klein, of Brack, brought to ews office Satuy a bunch of ies pulled from bush on his They were seco crop and very

LOCAL MENTION.

Always in the lead. he late contest the Lutheran School, Fredex, Md., where abe, Stileff, Fis, Blasius and ry Pianos were competition, sbury piano was choice of the ites. It also drest premiums Frederick and gerstown fairs

LYNCHED!

COLORED ASSAILANT SUM- MARILY DEALT WITH.

A MOB AT THE JAIL

BREAKS OPEN THE CELL OF THE MISCREANT

AND DEALS SWIFT JUSTICE.

A Brutal Assault on a White Woman Leads to the Speedy Execution of the Guilty Man—How the Assault Was Committed—Taken from the Jail to the Scene of the Biggus Lynching and Hung from the Limb of a Locust Tree—Salvation Army Officers Pray With the Doomed Man—Weird and Tragic Scenes at the Place of Execution—Crowds View the Body and Look at the Work of the Mob at the Jail—The Funeral Day and Investiga- tion by a Coroner's Jury—Cut His Victim With a Pair of Scissors and Tore Her Clothes.

One of those horrible affairs that every civilized community dreads but which seems to be inevitable under existing conditions has added another to Frederick's list of lynchings in the past eight years. The victim of the mob this time was James Bowens, a twenty-three year old colored man of bad reputation, who was accused of having attempted to rape Miss Lilly Long, a comely white woman of 22 employed at the home of Mr. Hamilton Geisbert on the Cemetery road a short distance south of Frederick, and committing a brutal and fiendish assault upon her in his unsuccessful effort to accom- plish his purpose.

The assault occurred about 5 o'clock Saturday afternoon, shortly after which the negro was arrested, given a prelimi- nary hearing before Magistrate Edward Hewes at the Mayor's office, committed to jail in default of \$300 bail for a further hearing Monday, and at 1 o'clock Sunday morning was forcibly taken from the jail, hurried out the Jefferson road and hung to the limb of a locust tree in a wheat field on the east side of the road, close where Biggus was lynched in No- vember, 1887.

At 9.15 Sunday morning the Messrs. Schroeder, undertakers, cut the body down, placed it in a plain stained coffin, a jury of inquest, summoned by Acting Coroner C. H. Eckstein, viewed it and it was placed in the jail until the afternoon when it was removed to the home of the negro's parents in Locust alley, whence the funeral took place today at 2 p. m. The jury of inquest adjourned until to- day, when the investigation was conduc- ted with closed doors in the grand jury room at the Court House.

THE ASSAULT.

Story of the Fiendish Negro's Brutal Continued on next page

and just as he reached the pavement at the west end of the McMurray factory on South street. Fout said: "We want you." To this Bowens replied: "What have you got to do with this, you are not a county constable?" At the point of a pistol the men bravely cap- tured him and took him quickly to the Mayor's office.

The news of the assault quickly spread, and the office and street in front of City Hall were filled with excited men and boys. Mayor Yeakle and City Attorney O. V. A. Levy were there, in a short while Magistrate Hewes came in, and in the meantime Hiram Bowman, after whom deputy sheriff James Crum had gone, was brought in, saying that he wanted to lay a charge against Bowens of stealing four dollars from him.

The first witness called was Wm. A. Fout, who told how he had been notified of the assault, followed the negro and ar- rested him. Wm. H. Warner also told what has already been stated in regard to his part in the case, adding that Bow- ens told him he was from Baltimore and on his way to Pittsburg. Walter Weller told that he had seen Bowman and Bowens going out the cemetery road after four o'clock in the afternoon. Bowens, who all the time maintained an impudent and defiant air, was called and swore that he had been in town un- loading wheat for Mr. Padgett, of near Buckeystown, at Gambrill's mill. That he had been at the house of Hiram Brown's brother at the time the assault was committed and had gone around from All Saints street to South and was walking down South Street when arrested. He was taken in the bar and searched by officer Niles Abrecht, after Bowman swore that he had stolen four dollars from him. A handanna handkerchief, tin box, box of cigarettes, a pint bottle of whiskey and some small articles were found on him. Even his boots were searched. When again questioned Bowman said that it was wasn't Bowens but Tonell that had stolen the money. In default of \$300 bail the Magistrate committed them both to jail for a further hearing Monday, Bowman as a witness.

Deputy sheriff Crum and Warden Groff handcuffed the men together. While they were doing it Bowens grew very insolent, used abusive language, swore at Wm. A. Fout, said he was not the man who made the assault, that he had not been to Geisbert's and that they all "had it in for him" because he was a Republican and they were Democrats. Cries of "Get a rope, Get a rope" were made by the crowd, but the Magistrate soon stopped that. The negroes were hurried downstairs into a wagon at the door, the crowd breaking into wild cries of "Lynch him, Get a rope." A lot of boys followed the wagon down Market Street and many went over to the jail. Bowens uttered defiant and abusive words several times while getting in the wagon and afterward. The officers say he pro- tested his innocence repeatedly and when at the jail he was told that the crowd might try to harm him said always, "I ain't done nothin', I'm not the man." At the jail warden Groff discovered the cleas- sors, off of which he wiped something he thought had the appearance of blood. Bowens had them in one of his boots and afterward put them in his hip-pocket.

THE LYNCHING.

An Assault on the Jail and Execution of the Negro.

For some time after the incident at the Mayor's office a strong undercurrent of excitement prevailed among people on the street and in public places, and the one topic of conversation was the assault, details of how severely the young woman had been handled reaching the city. Dr. Ira J. McCurdy had been sum- moned to attend her and after he had dressed her wounds and returned, greatly exaggerated rumors of her condition were circulated by excited men and boys. At ten o'clock a fight that occurred on the Square corner attracted attention for the time being from the assault, but an

was still. They were close within to them out by telegraph, an stairs. It was useless for nothing could have

Now it had reached the In spite of the pistol windows above, the side against the oaken pa- arms. The blows rang of The timber cracked. "Bang!" In at last the mob was felled, for grated door confronted blows could not shatter

"The lower door," shouted the crowd on in the street. "Go in, him."

Then the point of an Occasionally a pistol shot were fired by the jail wall; but on wall men moved. The wood basement opening into past the boiler room and through that to the basement tier of cells on- oner's side was soon and its lock burst out- knew victory was their outside shouted. They were calm and determi-

Sheriff D. P. Zimmerman business at Woodsboro of the jail knew further unless, but they offered

One bang of a sledge the kitchen was open. the other kitchen door the corridor. The he corridor door was brot turned back on its hing away, in the first cell, man. As he saw the c cowered and cried. A and the cell lock fell man was thrust with underclothes and stock and brought out

It is said some hit him in the leg, but ing was forbidden. O was fired in the corridr was reached. All th locked up in their c crouching in the corne Crutchley, the man little girls at Knoxvill the negro who assault Urbana, were among t thought the mob would on them too.

Bowens was led out was not the man. Wl within those on the ou the electric light in fre extinguished it and cu rope was passed to the wanted it.

"Here he comes, the crowd was again wild The negro is said to h held him to hurry up. he declared he was no had been in jail three match some one," a m you men that know B "Yes, that's Jim Roy piled. "All right, go

The crowd gave a ml closed in around the moved toward the Je pace was that of a dog was reached, and the in the crowd fired plst the men grew more c There was no sympati there was no tendency men seemed to have selves a band to met wanted to do it with a sible under such circu

There was some he to where to hang him. of was deemed too cl Down the road the th tators in the rear. At a low cross arm was a and suggested as a goo in the lead moved farther and they were sown in wheat, on the farm and across from l tree, standing leafless the South fence, was The mob scaled the ra

...to Frederick and gerstown fairs at the Martinsburg, Va., fair. Some of the prominent educational institutions where the adbury pianos preferred:

Williamsport Seary, Williams-
 Pa.
 Centenary Inst., Hacketts-
 N. J.
 Mount Vernon primary, Wash-
 on, D. C.
 Franklin School Building, Wash-
 on, D. C.
 Blair School Bldg., Washing-
 D. C.
 Adams School Bldg., Washing-
 D. C.
 Misses Masters' primary, Dobb's
 ry, N. Y.
 Academy of Sacred Heart,
 oklyn, N. Y.
 Academy of St. Francis De Sales,
 oklyn, N. Y.
 Howard Univ., Washington,
 J.
 The Augusta Female Institute, Stan-
 Va.
 Academy of the Station, Wash-
 on, D. C.
 St. Joseph's Army, Flushing,
 Y.
 Mrs. Carlisle, wife Hon. John G.
 alle, secretary of U. S. Treasury,
 "I can attest to its tone, sweet-
 ness, melody, durability, lasting quali-
 ty of the Bradbury P. I was taught
 to play when a child at home in Ken-
 ky and the same instrument is yet in
 use by my grand-child and is as sweet
 as ever."

Mr. Talmage writes at the Brad-
 bury piano has all his home
 many years wishes that all
 homes in America may hear
 its sweet rendering states he ex-
 pects to play on a Bradbury piano when
 he arrives safely in heaven. The follow-
 ing named bishops of M. E. Church
 have purchased Bradbury pianos and at-
 tribute to the durability the same: Revs.
 H. Fowler, J. H. Vot, J. M. Wal-
 ton, Wm. Taylor, M. Simpson and
 M. Murrill. All ex-presidents
 of the Grand to Cleveland purchased
 adbury pianos and certified to
 their good and lasting qualities, also all
 secretaries of this foreign lega-
 tion have bought Bradbury pianos. Con-
 suls and Representatives by the hun-
 dreds have purchased adbury pianos.
 The Bradbury is recorded over the U.
 S. as the great national piano.

Hon. M. G. Urnites: I take
 pleasure in saying I purchased a Brad-
 bury piano a few years ago which has
 been universal satisfaction. Notwith-
 standing the extra use of this
 piano from being used from his farm
 Mt. Airy to Fred half a dozen
 times, it is yet in perfect condition
 and is admired by my acquaintances
 for its sweetness, durability
 and general qualities. He cheerfully
 recommends the Bradbury those desiring
 good and durable pianos. Many thou-
 sand other certificates can be furnished
 upon application at

BRADBURY'S PIANO MUSIC
 Frederick, Md.

Dr. Hardesty, Eye and Throat
 specialist, resumes occasional visits
 to Frederick, Thursday

Story of the Fiendish Negro's Brutal Attempt.

James Bowens, the victim of the determined mob who meted out stern justice yesterday morning, was on a spree Saturday in this city with a number of colored companions.

It is said that five or six pint bottles of whiskey were bought and consumed by the crowd during the day, and in the afternoon Bowens, Hiram Bowman and Jno. Tonsil were seen out on the Cemetery road. Bowman, it is claimed, became too full to follow the others and laid down along the road to sleep, when Bowens robbed him of \$4 and he and Tonsil went on. What became of Tonsil from this point in the case is not known. He seems to have disappeared and has not been seen since.

Bowens, however, at or near 5 o'clock appeared at the farm of Mr. Wm. H. Warner and asked Mr. Warner for something to eat. Warner told him he had nothing to give him, but he could probably get something at Mr. Gelsbert's, and pointed to the house. He says that the negro left him and went in the direction of Gelsbert's, climbing the fence and crossing the field. He wore heavy boots with plates on the heels, light pants, a brown shirt, grey coat and brown slouch hat.

At the Gelsbert house there was no one home but the servant, Miss Lillie Long, a modest, quiet, highly respectable young woman who has been working at the place some time. When she came out he asked her for something to eat. While she was getting it for him he made an indecent proposal to her and offered her a dollar. She screamed and started to run, when he told her that she needn't run, for if she did he would kill her. She fled down the lane to seek help, but the negro followed her and caught her in the space of about a hundred yards. "I am Wilson," he said.

He seized her, and in the struggle she was thrown to the ground, her nose striking in the dirt, bruising and skinning it. She fought desperately to protect her honor, but the undismayed brute, clutching her under the chin, cut her twice with a pair of fine steel scissors, about six inches long and with one blade as sharp as a razor. One cut was made on the right side of her neck an inch and a half in length and another below it four inches and a half long. She is somewhat fleshy and the blade only cut through as far as the muscular tissues, but a narrow escape was made from severing her jugular vein.

In the struggle her underclothing was torn off her, but she lost strength to longer resist. Roger Gelsbert, who heard her screams, came to her assistance. The negro made off on the road toward Frederick. Miss Long managed to get to the house, shocked and frightened and bleeding from her wounds. The alarm was at once given, and Wm. A. Fout, from an adjoining farm, where the negro had also asked for food, and Ross Gelsbert, immediately started in pursuit of the negro. Mr. Wm. H. Warner, who was also summoned, started out a different way, throwing a Winchester rifle into his wagon and determined to get the negro if possible.

Messrs. Fout and Gelsbert, who were on the right track, caught up with Bow-

At ten o'clock a fight that occurred on the Square corner attracted attention for the time being from the assault, but an hour and a-half later a report was brought in that Miss Long had died at 1040. There were then ominous signs in the air and a small crowd gathered at the cattle pens in Derr's alley. A false alarm of fire just before 12 o'clock seemed to be a preliminary signal for the desperate work of the night.

If the lynchers had expected to procure axes and ropes at the United Engine House, as some said, they were deceived, for the doors there were locked and no one was permitted to move a thing.

Gradually little groups of men began to move toward the jail from various directions. Singly, by twos and threes and in larger numbers, they came. Many of these were citizens attracted only out of curiosity and having no part in the lynching. At half past twelve a crowd moved out of Saint street, through Mantz's alley into South street.

The voice of one of the men was heard calling on all who meant business to hold up their right hand and swear. "Remember," he said, "we come on an errand of death and we bring death with us." Numerous pistol shots were fired in the air here and there, and the murmur of the mob as it grew in numbers rose like the swell of the sea, now a wild outburst of human yells, and then a subdued moaning and wailing that filled the night with unutterable weirdness.

A small group of spectators was gathered on the pavement west of the jail. They were approached several times by men from the crowd down by Mantz's alley and asked if they meant business; if so, to come on.

Slowly but surely the crowd below grew in numbers and louder arose its murmur. Families in the neighborhood, alarmed from their sleep, peered out of windows and doors and expressed the wish that they would not lynch the man right there.

Minute by minute, passed; five, ten, fifteen. It was now half past twelve. The night had passed into the Sabbath morn. Twice tolled the bell on the Catholic clock. The murmur from the crowd below—now a solitary yell, now a chorus of fierce cries for vengeance—nearer and nearer drew. The dark mass moved forward. A steady onward jog, a wild cry, wilder than any yet, and then a rush of tramping feet; open were dashed the gates of the jail yard. "This way, come on, come on boys!" One, two, ten, twenty, thirty, a hundred of them, through the gate, across the yard, straight for the door on the west side they moved.

On Saint street, before coming around, they had broken into the blacksmith shop of Robert Fraley and secured several sledges—twelve pounders—hammers and bars. Many were armed with pistols. Only a few wore masks.

Scarcely had they entered the yard before the ring of a pistol shot from an upper window on the west side told that the deputies within would make all the resistance in their power. Who knows how the prisoners within trembled and prayed, that one especially who must have realized that the cry of doom had sounded for him! Four times the clapper of the bell in the belfry hit the metal sides, then the rope, which Mrs. James Crum had pulled, broke and its voice

tree, standing the South... The mob screamed they were gathered and all, the crowd present. A man with a talk to Bowens. had brought him last hour on earth had anything to quick. All the to talk at once before quiet re to confess, Bo "Do not die lips, you have got the truth and be In a voice the weak Bowens an do it, I'm not th no more. The c confess, telling to hang anyway truth. Just then Lieut. Wm An army, made th through and a be allowed to front of the jail the men not to do. He was not refuse his The mob uncovered was an earnest mighty God for man's soul. He forgiven for hi might be opened soul might be as Then the other mercy on the w with stillness e stars that looked that wild and words of the Lo peated them af joined their vo wonderful plea. for the execution. But still anot to say. He spok He appealed to t that in a spirit of ored race, but to protection of ho teach the lesson children of Fre saved from the f everybody to un this is the spirit with this unifor and that we mt purpose."

The final scen night was then brought and fast around the neg were tied behin strings and the "Yes, tie his h "Don't let him necessary." His one scaled the tr the rope over the Several times it and three times Once he yelled u while he was the were lighted to g the signal was g Bowens asked "No," some ou with him!" Str other end of the

was still. There was no other way for those within to secure assistance except by telephone, and that was down stairs. It was useless anyway, perhaps, for nothing could have stayed that mob. Now it had reached the door.

In spite of the pistol flashes from the windows above, the sledges were driven against the oaken panels by swarthy arms. The blows rang out clear and loud. The timber cracked. The hinges gave. "Bang!" In at last it went, but here the mob was felled, for a strong, iron grated door confronted them and their blows could not shatter that.

"The lower door, the lower door," shouted the crowd on the pavement and in the street. "Go in, go in; get him, get him!"

Then the point of attack was changed. Occasionally a pistol shot rang out; several shots were fired by the mob against the jail wall; but onward the determined men moved. The wooden door in the basement opening into the hall that leads past the boiler room into the kitchen, and through that to the corridor of the basement tier of cells on the State prisoners' side, was soon shorn of its panels and its lock burst off. Then the mob knew victory was theirs. Those on the outside shouted. Those that fled in were calm and determined.

Sheriff D. P. Zimmerman was away on business at Woodberry. Those in charge of the jail knew further resistance was useless, but they offered no aid to the mob.

One bang of a sledge and the door to the kitchen was open. Then through the other kitchen door and they were in the corridor. The heavy lock on the corridor door was broken, the hasp was turned back on its hinges. A few feet away, in the first cell, was the doomed man. As he saw the desperate men he cowered and cried. A blow of the sledge and the cell lock fell shattered. The man cowered on the floor. On his underclothes and stockings he was seized and dragged out.

It is said some one fired a shot that hit him in the leg, but that further shooting was forbidden. Others say the shot was fired in the corridor before the cell was reached. All the prisoners were locked up in their cells and probably crouching in the corners dumb with fear. Crutchley, the man who assaulted two little girls at Knoxville, and Robinson, the negro who assaulted a negro girl at Urbana, were among them and may have thought the mob would wreak vengeance on them too.

Bowens was led out protesting that he was not the man. While the men were within those on the outside had lowered the electric light in front of the jail yard, extinguished it and cut the rope off. The rope was passed to the men within who wanted it.

"Here he comes, they have him." The crowd was again wild with excitement. The negro is said to have told those who held him to hurry up. Outside the gate he declared he was not the man, that he had been in jail three weeks. "Strike a match some one," a man shouted. "Here, you men that know Bowens, is this him?" "Yes, that's Jim Bowens," a voice replied. "All right, go ahead!"

The crowd gave a mighty whoop. Many closed in around the negro. On they moved toward the Jefferson road. The pace was that of a dog trot until the road was reached, and then a walk. Many in the crowd fired pistols in the air. But the men grew more orderly and sedate. There was no sympathy for Bowens, but there was no tendency to brutality. The men seemed to have constituted themselves a band to mete out justice and wanted to do it with all the decorum possible under such circumstances.

There was some hesitation at first as to where to hang him. One place thought of was deemed too close to the houses. Down the road the throng moved, spectators in the rear. A telegraph pole with a low cross arm was sighted on the left and suggested as a good place. The men in the lead moved on. A few steps farther and they were at the field, now sown in wheat, on the Kennedy Butler farm and across from his house. A locust tree, standing leafless and ghastly along

quick and heavy. Upward, upward, upward. Two, three, four, five, six feet he went, awlging to and fro and the legs spasmodically kicking. The crack of a pistol was heard. The bullet seemed to strike the hanging man. "Stop that," a commanding voice cried. "Don't let's have any of that." "No, let him die," I heard in others, and then quietly, almost solemnly, the bulk of the crowd dispersed.

A few remained behind, and now and then a man here and there shouted "Good bye, you brute!" "Good-bye, you wretch!" "Good bye, nigger!"

In ten minutes the field was deserted. Stark and stiff from the rope's end hung the victim of the mob's vengeance, gone to his doom, and the court of "Judge Lynch" stood adjourned.

THE PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

Views on the Lynching—Condemned by the Rev. Deik.

While there is a general sentiment among the better thinking people of the city against the principle of lynching, there is hardly any dissent to be heard from the opinion that the negro received his just deserts. The large number of assaults that have been committed in the county the past few years, the recent excitement in regard to the outlaw Charles Wilson and the bad reputation of Bowens all combined to arouse and anger the crowd Saturday night. There are some who openly and bitterly condemn the action of the lynchers. There are others who uphold it as the proper thing to have done, and there are still others who say they believe the negro was properly punished for his brutal deed but they would rather have seen the law take its course.

Several of the churches last night a service was made to the dead in the prayers, and yesterday morning before his sermon at the Evangelical Lutheran Church here the Rev. E. H. Deik, of Hagerstown, who exchanged pulpits with Mr. Kuhlman, said:

"I come as a friend of the pastor of this church, a neighboring clergyman. What would my friend, Mr. Kuhlman, do under the shadow of these calamities? I shall speak as a citizen of the United States and of the Commonwealth of Maryland. I am sure I voice the better sentiment of Frederick city. A double crime has been committed in our midst. Frederick county is no better nor worse than Washington county. No word in palliation of the brute who made his assault upon helpless womanhood shall be offered by me. Our blacks are more sensual than our white population, but the remedy is not murder, but a better public school education and more ethical religion. It would have been bearable if he had been shot down by the father or brother. But for an irresponsible, lawless mob to wrest from justice the rightful property of law—this was murdering justice. No doubt some of the mob thought they were acting the part of a rough justice. Yes, the justice of a Zulu tribe, not the justice of civil liberty and American courts. But this is a caution, a warning, to our judges, attorneys and constabulary and citizenship. We must hasten our trials.

Are our judges so dilatory?
Are our lawyers so sophistical?
Are our jurors so timid?
Are our prosecuting attorneys so indifferent?
Are our jails so filthy?
Are our constabulary so in sympathy with mob violence?
Are our citizens so careless in their speech as to give encouragement to such a caricature of law and order?
A mob is citizenship in anarchy. Let no young man here think he did justice or womanhood a service in the lynching of that black. Let him rather thank God that the murder does not rest upon his hands or heart."

NOTES.

Miss Long, the victim of the brutal assault, is a niece of Sheriff Daniel P. Zimmerman.

The money found on Bowens consisted of a \$3 bill, a \$1 bill, a quarter, and seventy cents in five and ten cent pieces.

Miss Long states that she thought Bowens out her with a butcher knife and that the knife had a brown handle.

Miss Long was informed of the action of the mob soon after the lynching had taken place, and expressed herself as being well-ratified.

At 11.50 Saturday night a crowd moved across the street in front of the hardware store of Messrs. John E. Price & Co., and after standing there for a few moments some of them again crossed the street and once more stood in front of the Frederick County Bank. Ten or fifteen minutes before twelve o'clock a man came down West Patrick street toward the Square Corner, and just before reaching the corner he called out in a clear voice, "Come on boys!" The crowd moved across the street and slowly went down South Market street. The men seemed determined to carry out their plan, but it was plain to see that there was no one there willing to assume the responsibility of acting as a leader. Several in the crowd, however, seemed to possess the necessary courage, and they urged the others on at various places along the route. Just before arriving at the corner of West All Saints' street another stop was made for a few moments. Again there was a tendency to hang back on the part of some, but again they were urged on by one or two who by that time seemed to be in advance leading the mob up the street. At Brewers' alley the crowd once more halted, but in a little while thirty men again started, followed by a large number who had become separated from the main crowd and were coming slowly behind. On they went until reaching the cattle scales, where the definite plans were formed.

Serious Accident.

Quite a serious accident happened to Mr. Grant Bell's three year old daughter, Emmittsburg. She was in the mill with her father, who left the mill for a short time; during his absence she went to some of the machinery, was caught in it and her ear was almost torn off and her hip broken. Dr. R. L. Annan was summoned immediately. No internal injury was received and she is doing well.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be constive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

JOHN HENDRIKSON.

THE MODEL.

GOOD UMBRELLA AND MACKINTOSH WEATHER AND WE WILL LIKELY HAVE PLENTY MORE OF IT RIGHT ALONG. YOU NEED PROTECTION FROM IT AND WE ARE ABLE TO GIVE IT TO YOU AT A VERY REASONABLE COST. A FULL STOCK UMBRELLAS AND GOSAMERS FOR MEN, WOMEN AND MISSES IN QUALITY TO SUIT.

THE OSTRICH AND THIBET COLLARETTES ARE IN GREAT DEMAND AND ALREADY HAVE BECOME SCARCER—AT PRESENT WE CAN SHOW SOME GOOD VALUES

the south fence, was the chosen spot. The mob scaled the rails. In a moment they were gathered about the tree. Spectators and all, there were fully three hundred present.

A man with a sturdy voice started to talk to Bowens. He told him that they had brought him there to die. That his last hour on earth had come and if he had anything to say he should say it quick. All the crowd seemed to want to talk at once and it was several minutes before quiet reigned. "We want you to confess, Bowens," said the man. "Do not die with a lie on your lips, you have got to go anyhow, so tell the truth and be done with it."

In a voice that was very husky and weak Bowens answered: "Indeed I did not do it, I'm not the man." He would say no more. The crowd still urged him to confess, telling him that he would have to hang anyway so he'd better tell the truth. Just then Capt. Eugene Mott and Lieut. Wm. Anthem, of the Salvation army, made their way through the throng and asked if they would be allowed to pray with the man. In front of the jail one of them had begged the men not to do what they were about to do. He was rebuffed. But they did not refuse him permission to pray. The mob uncovered. The man's prayer was an earnest, piteous appeal to Almighty God for mercy on the doomed man's soul. He prayed that he might be forgiven for his crime, that his heart might be opened to salvation and that his soul might be saved.

Then the other prayed earnestly for mercy on the wretch, and in conclusion, with stillness everywhere, beneath the stars that looked down from above, amid that wierd and tragic scene, arose the words of the Lord's prayer. Bowens repeated them after the speaker. Others joined their voices in pronouncing the wonderful plea. At the end preparations for the execution were begun.

But still another man had something to say. He spoke clearly and forcibly. He appealed to the crowd to believe him that they were gathered there not in a spirit of malice toward the colored race, but to set an example for the protection of homes and firesides and to teach the lesson that the women and children of Frederick county must be saved from the fear of assault. "I want everybody to understand," he said, "that this is the spirit in which we are here with this unfortunate wretch tonight, and that we must stand united in this purpose."

The final scene in the tragedy of the night was then enacted. The rope was brought and fastened by a strong noose around the negro's neck. His hands were tied behind him, first with shoestrings and then with a piece of rope. "Yes, tie his hands," said some one. "Don't let him suffer any more than necessary." His feet were not tied. Some one scaled the tree, threw the free end of the rope over the limb and climbed down. Several times it was found to be wrong, and three times the man climbed up. Once he yelled to the crowd not to shoot while he was there. Several times matches were lighted to see to fix the rope. Then the signal was given that all was ready.

Bowens asked if he could pray again. "No," some one said with an oath. "Up with him!" Strong arms pulled on the other end of the rope. The men breathed

hands or heart."

The ministers of the colored churches denounced the lynching last night, but the members of the race here declare that while they do not uphold the mob they think Bowens' deed deserved severe punishment. Many sympathize with the father of the negro, who is a sober, industrious, well-behaved man.

AFTER THE LYNCHING.

Scenes and Incidents on Sunday—Visitors to the Spot.

Few people in Frederick knew of the lynching of Bowens until Sunday morning dawned, but the news soon spread and hundreds of men, women and children flocked to the scene of the execution and viewed with morbid curiosity every feature connected with the case. The locust tree from which the negro hung, one stocking off; the jail, every place the mob had been the people thronged, and they kept it up until late in the evening. At 9:15 o'clock the Messrs. Schroeder, undertakers, cut the body down, placed it in its coffin and took it to the jail, where it was placed just inside the grated corridor door on the west side, so that the people could view it. Many colored people were among the visitors. Warden Groff was busy all day showing visitors about, letting them look at the five broken locks, and answering the questions of the curious. The jury of inquest summoned by Acting Coroner C. H. Eckstein after viewing the body adjourned to meet again at 3 p. m., but at that hour decided to postpone their investigation till today, while in the meantime the body was removed to the basement corridor and an autopsy performed by Drs. F. B. Smith and Ira J. McCurdy. They concluded that death had resulted from strangulation. They found an abrasion on the right side of the head that might have been caused by a bullet grazing the skull; a bruise on the left side of the head, probably caused by a blow from a hammer, but there was no bullet wound that could have caused death. In the evening the body of Bowens was taken to the house of his father, Simon Bowens, in Locust alley, where many members of their race called to condole with the parents of the unfortunate wretch. The funeral of the mob's victim today at 2 o'clock was in charge of Messrs. A. T. Rice & Sons, and interment was made in the colored graveyard. A large crowd attended it.

The members of the coroner's jury are: E. T. H. Delashmutt, foreman; Robert T. Danner, George W. Plunkard, Reuben E. Hann, Cyrus A. Font, George Esterly, John W. Poole, C. Elmer Hull, Henry G. Dull, Lewis E. Burck, Wm. A. Hann, Thomas Eaves.

THE VERDICT.

Shortly after one o'clock this afternoon the jury, which heard the testimony of a number of witnesses, and deliberated for some time, brought in a verdict to the effect that: "James Bowens came to his death on the night of November 16, 1893, in Frederick county, of strangulation, at the hands of parties unknown to this jury."

IN THIS LINE.

IF YOU NEED A WRAP OF ANY KIND OUR STOCK WILL MOST LIKELY HAVE IN IT THE GARMENT FOR WHICH YOU ARE LOOKING — THE STYLES ARE MANY AND THE MAJORITY OF THEM ARE ONLY SEEN IN OUR HOUSE.

IF YOU WANT THE CLOAKINGS BY THE YARD IN BLACK OR COLORS, WE HAVE THEM TOO, IN QUITE AN ASSORTMENT OF STYLES.

UNDERWEAR FOR MEN, WOMEN, MISSES AND BOYS IN ALL COTTON, PART COTTON AND ALL WOOL—INCLUDING MINOR SUITS—FOR LADIES AND MISSES.

MOTHERS—STOP, THINK WHETHER IT WILL PAY YOU TO WORRY MAKING THAT UNDERWAIST FOR YOUR CHILD WHEN YOU CAN BUY OF US A MOST EXCELLENT WAIST AT 25 CENTS WITH THE BUTTONS PUT ON TO STAY.

JOHN HENDRICKSON.

P. S. — OUR STOCK OF PLAID DRESS GOODS HAS BEEN ENLARGED—GOOD STYLES AT 25C., 50C. AND 75C.

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A PURE PREPARATION FROM OHIO'S BEST AMBER WHEAT. RICH IN GLUTEN, GERMS, NITRATES, FAT AND PHOSPHATES. UNSURPASSED FOR SOUPS, PORRIDGE AND PUDDINGS. 25 PACKAGE 15C. FOR SALE BY

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