

# Swift Justice On the Border

How a Regiment of Soldiers Revenged Their Comrade's Murder

"It was in Wallawalla, along about ninety, when I was serving my third term with Uncle Sam, that the incident I am about to relate took place," said an old cavalryman in a reminiscence mood the other day to an expectant group in a Pittsburg hotel.

"There came to B troop from the First a quiet, inoffensive man called Miller. He was a soldier, and he was a man and well liked. One night he and a few of the troop were in town drinking and hurting nobody. A tin horn gambler and would be tough man of that part came along and pushed him. Now, the gambler might have been drinking, and Miller was one of the sort who never look for trouble until it's pretty big. As the bully moved away he said, 'Ah, the First cavalry's no good.' Still the soldiers paid no attention to him. The slugger came at him again and said some things about the regiment that would make a coyote blush to hear.

"'Look here,' said Miller, 'I belonged to the First cavalry once, and I guess you mean me, too,' and he began to strip off his blouse.

"'Yes, I mean you too!' The tough saw that the soldier meant to fight and, being a bad ope, thought the other men would jump him instead of having it out fairly. He reached back, and with 'Take that!' put a .45 Colt into Miller below the stomach. Miller was hurried to the post hospital, the reservation being only a mile from town, and the tough went to jail good and plenty, and in a hurry, too. It was all over the post in a minute—what had happened to Miller—and Troop B went crazy. Miller was still living the next morning, and it was told around that the tough would be brought up to the hospital so that the wounded man could identify him before he died.

"Sure enough, the sheriff, in a rig with three deputies, comes driving up, large as life, with their prisoner. Now, from the post to Walla Walla the road winds down to the town and crosses a railroad track, the distance being a good mile. Miller was conscious and said it was the man all right. The sheriff announced to the old man that he had seen an unusual lot of soldiers on the road coming up, and as a precaution the officer of the guard and some mounted men were sent along as an escort. Now, the road near the railroad crossing was lined with troopers, and each had a lariat, but the men kept hidden.

"I wasn't there, but I heard that when the rig reached the track the men sprang up, and there was a pause of a second or two, like just before a horse falls over when he rears. The rig was halted.

"'What's this, men?' began the officer of the guard as he saw the bunch edging in closer. Turning to the escort, he snapped:

"'Ready, aim!'—And then there was another pause. Just imagine the position of that officer. There might have been some of his own men in that lot, and he himself was against the tough, although he dare not show it. It was rough on him to shoot down men of the Fourth for wanting the scalp of that bloody hound. Suddenly rang out a voice in the rear:

"'He won't shoot us!'"

"The officer leaned forward to the sheriff as the soldiers began to advance. Lashing his horses, that official wheeled his rig and started on a dead gallop for the post, with the escort behind him. Two of the three deputies rolled out of the flying rig, fearing firearms, but not one of the men in the roadway had been armed. The rig reached the guardhouse safely, and immediately the call 'To arms!' was sounded.

"Meantime the officer of the guard threw the entire guard around the guardhouse with carbines loaded. The troops were formed up and H troop detailed as an escort to see the sheriff to the jail. The regiment stood at parade rest until H troop returned from town and reported that the sheriff had his prisoner safely in jail again. The regiment had been fooled.

"During the afternoon men were talking together quietly in threes and fours, but there was nothing unusual. That night the canteen at Wallawalla post had more men drinking than for a long time. Curiously, there was no singing, and the time wore on until just at 7:30 o'clock, above the hum of voices, came a shrill whistle as a head was stuck into one of the windows. Two minutes later there was no one left with the bartender, although there had not been any apparently great rush to get away.

"The jail at Wallawalla is on a high piece of ground, with lawns all around, and any one inside could easily see people coming toward the gate. It is a big square building in the business part of the town. Shortly before 8 o'clock it was dark, and there were lights to all the business houses. Suddenly into each store a calm but determined soldier walked and at the point of an army pistol ordered out every light, and in each case he was obeyed. To the four corners of the jail shadows ran and commenced to walk sentry-go under the walls so that there should be no side or back door business. Each had a carbine at the shoulder. Besides the

skeleton squad around the jail and the men who were holding down the business lights there was a main body that advanced to the gate of the prison. Somebody hammered, and the sound might have been made with the butt of a carbine. A wicket gate was opened, and the sheriff, with a Winchester and twelve armed men behind him stood there.

"'What do you want?' he demanded. "'Send out the man you had up at the post today.'

"'Get back or we'll shoot,' was the sheriff's answer. "'Bring up the dynamite,' and the spokesman of the mob turned to those behind him. There was a movement in the crowd, and it was evident the men outside were determined. The sheriff did not like it.

"'If we don't get that carcass, you'll all die with him,' and the leader looked over his shoulder again for the dynamite. The sheriff was in a tremble. He had scores of prisoners inside, and his family lived in the jail. This mob seemed to mean what it said, and, for the first time in his excitement, he noticed all the houses in the vicinity were dark. That looked bad to him.

"'Well, six of you can come in and have him.'

"'You and your men will have to stand out of the way while we get him and tell us where he is,' said the leader. The sheriff and his deputies gave the information, and the six soldiers went into the corridor with the keys. Their appearance caused little excitement among the other prisoners, but the man they wanted was hiding in the farthest corner of his cell. The door was unlocked, two soldiers stood on each side, and two went in. They bound his hands and then, kicking him before them, got him in the corridor. Curiously enough, although he was yellow with fear and his mouth twitched, his eyes rolled and his legs would hardly support him, he did not speak. Two



THE MURDERER'S BODY WAS RIDDLED. Guards went in front, one on either side and two behind him. As they passed out the leader threw down the keys without a word.

"As the little group of executioners came out with the doomed man the others of the crowd fell in behind the procession. The guards voluntarily left the prison walls, but those inside the business houses still commanded lights out. The prisoner was marched to Cogan's saloon and asked if he wanted a drink. He wetted his lips, but in a whisper said:

"'No.'

"'Have you a mother anywhere?' And there was no answer.

"'Do you want to pray?' And again the man gurgled:

"'No.'

"A crowd had gathered outside the saloon, so that when he was brought to the street there were more than the original mob in the procession. On the jail lawn was a group of trees, and against the biggest he was placed, with his back to the trunk. The curious in the civilian crowd were ordered to keep out of the way of stray bullets, and then some one gave the order:

"'Aim—fire!'"

"Men with their pistols reached over the shoulders of those with carbines in their eagerness to get a shot. The body was unrecognizable, for if ever a being was shot to pieces this was a case.

"Of course there was a court martial, but nothing serious ever came of it."

Arizona Petrified Trees. The Arizona world's fair commission has applied to the United States government for permission to take from petrified forests of that territory such specimens as will give a proper idea of the beauty and value of the petrified trees, to be a part of the Arizona exhibit.

## A Mile a Minute Down A Mountain Grade

A mile a minute down a steep mountain side was made in a life and death race by L. C. Cox, a St. Louis railway clerk, who, with his sister, was visiting a hamlet in the Pennsylvania mountains. His sister was suddenly taken ill in the night with heart failure, and the nearest doctor was at Fort Loudon, six miles away.

With the assistance of several companions Mr. Cox procured a hand car as the most expeditious way to reach the doctor. The railway track was crooked and rough. At the start there was a down grade for a short distance, and then there was a steep climb for almost a half mile, after which it was down a half mile of Fort Loudon.



After pumping the hand car over the rise it began to gain headway on the down grade. Soon it was going at frightful speed. Soon a curve appeared before them in the darkness. The rails took on the shape of a huge letter S. It was a reverse curve. They were going at least a mile a minute, and it seemed as if the car would surely jump the track.

The men on the car were jostled against one another and often fell on the handles with force enough to make painful bruises, but at the time they did not feel them.

After what seemed a journey of hours they had rounded the curve and were shooting down a straight piece of track. They felt comparatively safe then, for the lights of Fort Loudon could be seen ahead, and they knew that after another mile they would strike the up grade.

When they arrived at Fort Loudon, Lafayette Cox looked at his watch and discovered that instead of the trip having taken at least an hour and a half, as it seemed to him, the journey had been made in just nine and a half minutes. Allowing for the slow progress in going up the hills, railroaders afterward estimated they had made at times considerably more than a mile a minute.

They took the doctor back on the car in time to bring Miss Cox out of her fainting spell.

## Thrilling Episode Of a Bullfight

During a recent bullfight in Spain a most remarkable and exciting incident occurred. The seventh bull had been brought into the ring, when a boy of about seventeen—one of the spectators—slipped past the guards, climbed the barrier and gained the arena. He ran over to where the bull was standing, watching, with its head lowered. He passed in between it and a pleador and drew its attention. The bull charged the boy and caught him and tossed him, but the boy fell on his feet, unhurt, like a cat. Now he faced the bull, and when the bull charged him again he evaded it as skillfully as any toreador. But at the next charge he



THE BULL TOSSED THE BOY. was caught and tossed again. He fell in the same manner as before, unhurt.

All this happened before any one could interfere, the spectators cheering madly. Here was a future matadore! Here was one who in time would become a great toreador! But when the bull was drawn off to another part of the arena two guards got over the barrier and arrested the boy. He was taken out of the ring while the crowd shouted out against the guards.

## A GAME BETWEEN LOVERS

(Original.) "Why, Heywood, having asked my daughter's hand, do you continually put off the wedding?"

Heywood Glover sat musing for a few moments before replying to his prospective mother-in-law's question. "I am not sure Estelle and I will be happy together. She has a passion for attention. My love does not seem to satisfy her. Better give her time to make up her mind that she really prefers me to all the rest."

"I must admit that you show very good sense. I will speak to Estelle, and we shall see if she will not do better." "That would avail nothing. If this love of admiration, which usually carries with it a love for dress, is a part of her nature, she will not heed your admonition. Say nothing to her. Leave it to me to decide when, if ever, she is fitted to get on with one man."

There was no need for either to admonish Estelle, for she overheard every word from behind a portiere.

The winter social season was at its height, and Estelle, being engaged, did not scruple to go out in the evening with her lover as sole escort. The first ball they attended after she had overheard her lover's remarks about her she put on her finest costume and all her jewels. When Heywood saw her thus arrayed, he frowned. As soon as they arrived at the ball Estelle accepted the attentions of every man who was disposed to seek her and seemed pleased that their number was greater than ever before. Heywood stood beside her till her card was filled, then left her to her first partner and did not rejoin her till it was time to leave. He drove home with her, listening to her prattle about the different triumphs she had achieved during the evening, and left her at the door without the usual kiss. The next day he wrote her a note breaking the engagement.

Estelle inclosed his note without a word of comment or reply in an envelope addressed to Heywood Glover, Esq., and sent it through the mail.

Heywood was somewhat taken aback at this unexpected treatment. He considered it, to say the least, evidence of a wayward disposition. He deemed himself insulted by the girl who was to have been his wife, and the next step, if any, must be an apology from her. But this was simply a man's view.

The next entertainment at which Heywood and Estelle met was a promenade concert. Estelle was dressed with the utmost simplicity. This was gratifying to Heywood, though somewhat surprising. He hoped it was in deference to his wishes till Estelle passed him on the arm of her escort, when she turned away her head. There is no weapon with which a woman can fight a man so effectively as contempt. Heywood winced. How tantalizing that she should have respected his wishes as to her costume and at the same time declined to recognize him! There was another inconsistency—instead of accepting the attentions of a number of men, she confined herself almost exclusively to one.

Things were not going Heywood's way. Instead of the apology he had looked for as the only possible solution to the situation, Estelle had cut him and had evidently taken up with another man. When the self-deposed lover went home that night, he was very near a collapse, very nearly ready to sue for reinstatement. But the next morning he awoke an hour before daylight and thought it all over when his brain was cool and resolved, come what might, to fight to a finish.

When a resolute man makes up his mind that he is right and, after often going over his premises, invariably comes to the same conclusion, he is hard to move. Day after day passed, during which Heywood whenever he met Estelle treated her as though she had had no place whatever in his life. Estelle endeavored to freeze him by her haughty demeanor and at times made him feel that he was a worm of the dust. She went so far as to circulate a report that she was engaged to another man. This came very near breaking through Heywood's armor and piercing his already incensed heart, but he stood firm.

Then Heywood, being somewhat left out in the cold, took up with a widow. This move, though he made it without the slightest intention of using it as a weapon, carried consternation to his beloved enemy. Estelle, panic stricken, sought an immediate opportunity for surrender, but instead of sending for Heywood and frankly confessing that she had been in the wrong she resorted to a very petty and transparent device. At a cotillon party, suddenly releasing herself from her partner, she went over to where Heywood was standing and without looking at him pinned a favor to the lapel of his coat. Then, casting up her eyes, she feigned to have been mistaken in the person. Heywood was not duped, nor did she expect him to be. Why she had not surrendered openly and aboveboard, he being a man, could not see, but he did not trouble himself about so small a matter since he knew from that moment he was her master. He put his arms about her, and they sailed away. After circling the room Heywood led her into a window seat, where they remained for the rest of the evening. Then and there a treaty of peace was signed. Heywood was very lenient with her, though she knew well that he would stand no more trifling.

However, all this was much ado about nothing, for Mrs. Glover, now having several children to take care of, has neither the time nor the inclination to accept attentions from other men than her husband. Besides, she has lost her beauty, and her admirers have fallen away. F. A. MITCHELL.

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