

A FEMALE DESPERADO.

Mary Sullivan's Crimes—The Story of a Recent Kentucky Lynching.

In Caldwell county, Kentucky, there lived on the bottoms of the Tradewater river, two families destined to most horrible ends—the Campbells, Reilly, J. B., and Bud; and the Sullivans, Tom and his sister Mary. They were considered neither better nor worse than those about them. They were ignorant and rather shiftless, but so were many others in the neighborhood. Soon, however, the country people round began to say strange things of the girl, Mary Sullivan. She was a bright, quick girl of 20, with light hair, light blue eyes, and a little above the medium in size. No man for miles could out-fight her. With gun or pistol she was a dead shot. On horseback there wasn't a boy in the county who could ride faster over rougher country, or who dared to commit her the dare-devil pranks that Mary constantly delighted in. She rode a horse like a man, and cared little that her limbs were exposed there. Mary had lost all sense of girlish delicacy, and half the young men of the neighborhood openly boasted that she had bestowed her favors on them. The effect of all this in a quiet country neighborhood can hardly be imagined. Mary Sullivan's name became the by-word for all that was infamous, and the staid country matrons lulled their babies to sleep with stories of the horrible Mary and her midnight rides and crimes. Then rumor turned to other things. Mary was seen often with the Campbell boys, and once or twice she was seen with them and her brother late at night, dashing at her usual break-neck speed over the country roads. About this time the most daring robberies began to be committed in the northern end of the county. Farmers found their smoke-houses open night after night. Several stores were broken into and robbed, and strange to say, no one knew who committed the crime. One old farmer began to talk very freely and, saying he recognized Mary Sullivan at the head of the Campbells break into his smoke-house. A day or so afterwards Mary galloped up to his house, called him out, and asked him what he meant by saying what he did. "Did you see me and the Campbells at your smoke house?" she asked, and she pulled a big gun from under her shawl and pointed it at his nose. The old man stammered out an apology, and was never afterward heard to say a word against the Campbells. Among the most bitter denouncers of the gang was an old man named Felkers, who lived a few miles away from them on the Tradewater. One night just three years ago, two men, afterward discovered to be Tom Sullivan and Reilly Campbell, rode up to old man Felkers' and, after a long talk and beat them severely. They then rode off. This affair caused the most intense excitement. A mob was hurriedly organized and some forty men rode over to the Campbells. Mary Sullivan had in some way heard that they were coming several hours beforehand. She and her brother Tom went over to the little log hut of the Campbells and barricaded themselves. When the mob came to the door, the instant they saw the render of the whole gang, they yelled out tauntingly: "Come on and get us, you cowardly dogs!" Fire was then opened by the mob, and the Campbells and Sullivans promptly returned it. After a little the besieged made it so hot for the mob that it had to retire. The only man hurt in the melee was Tom Sullivan, who was shot in the breast, but who soon recovered.

The gang became more bold after this, and robberies became more frequent. At this time an event happened which was destined to cause the entire destruction of the band. Mary Sullivan met Crockett Jenkins, who was a young man of some twenty years of age, and who was a very handsome fellow. Mary was riding along the Tradewater one spring day two years ago, when she saw a man on the opposite side of the river come over the water. She had her little five-year-old child with her. About ten o'clock a voice called her to the door. Her usual prudence seems to have deserted her. She did not even take her pistol, which for five years had never left her hand day or night. She reached the door, opened it and peered out. The night was dark and windy. Heavy, rainy clouds hid everything, and she failed to see the five men with pistols in their hands standing within a few feet of her. She opened the door and stepped out. Three strong pairs of arms reached out from the darkness, and in an instant she was whirled away out to the public road. She knew what fate lay in store for her, but uttered neither threats nor entreaty. She said never a word, but walked along quietly with her captors. They bound her arms and feet, and tossing her over a horse, they rode away. She was waiting for them on the road. They rode on till Mary recognized with a thrill of horror that where Jenkins was hung. They halted under the very tree, and the leader, taking a rope from behind it, solemnly fastened the noose about the woman's neck. She never flinched. They took her off the horse, dragged her to the foot of the tree, and then she was hanged. She was hanging there for several days, and when she was found, she was still in the same position. Her body was buried in a shallow grave, and her head was placed in a box, which Crockett Jenkins had dangled a week before, and drew the woman up. A convulsive, horrible shudder ran through her frame, but she spoke never a word. The wind moaned dimly through the branches of the wood, whispering to the trees as it went that a woman's body, cold and stiff in death, was swinging from the tallest branch of the old oak tree.

It Nearly Dead, after taking some highly purified stuff, with long tonics, turn to Hop Bitters, and have no of any Kidney or Urinary Troubles, Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Liver complaint. These diseases cannot resist the curative power of Hop Bitters; besides it is the best family medicine on earth. At length the storm burst. One night about a month ago Mary accused Crockett of his crime, and she was hanged to her. She was too excited to get her pistol, but sprang at his throat. A struggle followed, and Mary would have strangled him then and there but for interference. Crockett left the house. Sometime before this the band moved up from Tradewater bottom, and had hired a little grocery some four miles away on the public road leading to Princeton. A day or so after the fuss between Mary and Crockett a crowd of men from Princeton were riding to the little grocery, all drinking very freely, when one of them in a moment of recklessness fired off his pistol. The Campbells, thinking the mob was on them again, rushed out of the grocery and began firing. The men returned the shots and galloped on to town. This created another tempest of excitement, and the next day a mob was got together to exterminate the Campbells. The mob did not do much to inflame the people. The next night forty men, armed to the teeth, with masks on their faces and hatred in their hearts, swept down the road toward the little log cabin where the Campbells kept their grocery. The leaders were picked men, and they were followed by some of the most desperate men in the county. It was resolved to do no half work this time, but to make a sure job of it. At a dead gallop they rushed up to the house and in an instant it was surrounded. The forty men sat on their horses like statues, and each man with a shotgun in his hand, the hammer raised, finger on the trigger, ready for work. In the house was a family named McMurry, an old man, and some small children. The only other inmates were Reilly Campbell and his brother Bud. The leader of the mob called out to the McMurrys to leave the house, which they instantly did, standing out in the woods, and waiting for what horror they hardly knew. Preparations were instantly made by the two men in the house for a fight to the death. Quarter was neither asked nor given. The mob opened fire, and the Campbells answered them. The firing came fierce and fast. Balls rattled against the walls of the old log cabin like hail. The two men

opened little port holes and answered as best they could. A groan and a muttered curse came from the outside, and a little group hurried a man off in their arms. It was Hice Johnson, a well-to-do, respectable farmer. He had a ball through his breast, and bled to death on the road, with the pistol-balls flying over his head, singing his requiem. Then a groan came from within, and Reilly Campbell fell in a pool of blood at his brother's feet—a corpse. But Bud stood to his guns, doggedly flung away into the night whenever he saw the flash of an enemy's gun. How long this wild warfare might have lasted no man knows. But Bud's ammunition gave out, and his shots became less frequent. The mob closed in on him. Thirty-nine to one, surely it was madness to resist longer. Bud did resist, however, and barricading doors and windows, he stood ready with a clubbed gun in his hand to defend his life to the last. Suddenly he began to smile and smoke about him. There was smoke all around him, and it seemed to be issuing from everywhere. There was an ominous crackle in the air, the sound of fire eating away at dried wood. Then he knew the horror of his fate. The mob had fired the cabin. Thirty-nine men stood ranged around, just outside, with leveled guns, waiting for him. Death by fire within, death by bullet without, which would he choose? The mob suddenly began to smoke and smoke around the room. The blaze was leaping around him like a mad wolf. The roof was a mass of fire. Then the door was burst open, and out of the fire and the blinding smoke that man could not breathe and live, out of this very mouth of hell a man staggered with singed clothes and grimy face and bearded eyes, clinging to the end of a gun. Twenty pistols were leveled at him, but he fell to the hands that were so anxious to recover the trigger, and could move. A dozen men gathered about him, bound him hand and foot, and dazed and half dead as he was, dragged him into the woods. A rope was quickly brought, and as the smoke of the burning cabin floated through the trees it touched and moved the dangling body of Bud Campbell.

A night or so later some men returning from a visit to a neighbor's thought they heard a man's voice pleading with some one for mercy. They were not positive, but thought the one addressed was called "Mary." The next day the lifeless body of Crockett Jenkins was found swinging from the limb of a great oak at the top of a high hill. The moral proof that Mary Sullivan committed the crime, assisted by her mother and sister, seems to be conclusive. And so when Mary and her mother and sister were arrested nothing could be done to them. They were all discharged, and when Mary went back home she found death's head notices glaring at her, warning her to leave the neighborhood. All the rest of her friends were either dead or wounded or had left. Bud Campbell was dead; Reilly Campbell was dead; Crockett Jenkins was dead; her brother Tom had gone away to recover from his wound, which had begun to trouble him again; her mother and sister had died, she was an outcast and alone. But in spite of all this the woman's indomitable courage never failed her. She went off to make arrangements about selling some cows, primed and oiled her pistols, and then wrote defiant notes to her enemies. On the twenty-ninth of September she rode over to farmer Hubbell's and asked for lodging for the night. She had her little five-year-old child with her. About ten o'clock a voice called her to the door. Her usual prudence seems to have deserted her. She did not even take her pistol, which for five years had never left her hand day or night. She reached the door, opened it and peered out. The night was dark and windy. Heavy, rainy clouds hid everything, and she failed to see the five men with pistols in their hands standing within a few feet of her. She opened the door and stepped out. Three strong pairs of arms reached out from the darkness, and in an instant she was whirled away out to the public road. She knew what fate lay in store for her, but uttered neither threats nor entreaty. She said never a word, but walked along quietly with her captors. They bound her arms and feet, and tossing her over a horse, they rode away. She was waiting for them on the road. They rode on till Mary recognized with a thrill of horror that where Jenkins was hung. They halted under the very tree, and the leader, taking a rope from behind it, solemnly fastened the noose about the woman's neck. She never flinched. They took her off the horse, dragged her to the foot of the tree, and then she was hanged. She was hanging there for several days, and when she was found, she was still in the same position. Her body was buried in a shallow grave, and her head was placed in a box, which Crockett Jenkins had dangled a week before, and drew the woman up. A convulsive, horrible shudder ran through her frame, but she spoke never a word. The wind moaned dimly through the branches of the wood, whispering to the trees as it went that a woman's body, cold and stiff in death, was swinging from the tallest branch of the old oak tree.

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THE CONGRESSIONAL UNION. SARTOGA, Oct. 18.—At the meeting of the state Congressional association this morning Rev. Dr. L. H. Cobb, secretary of the American Congressional union, presented the claims and interests of that society, whose object is to aid in building churches in the west. In thirty years of the existence of that society it has disbursed \$300,000, assisting in building 1,203 churches. Means were needed to erect 200 churches and sixty parsonages. In five months of the present fiscal year \$24,000 have been received as against \$21,322, the receipts for the year previous. Rev. Wm. Kincaid, of Oberlin, presented the claims of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He gave an encouraging account of the work done in the last year.

Miss Parnell's Remains. TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 18.—The remains of Miss Fannie Parnell were removed this morning from the receiving vault at Riverside cemetery to the depot and thence to Philadelphia. Mrs. Kate E. Digges, vice-president of the ladies' land league, New York, Mr. Mooney and Mr. Hines, of the executive committee of the land league of the United States, present. Mrs. Parnell and a delegation from Philadelphia were in waiting at the Trenton depot and accompanied the remains. A number of the Davitt league, of Trenton, were in the procession.

KIDNEY WORT THE GREAT CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. It cleanses the system of the acid poison that is the cause of all the diseases of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is the only medicine that cures the victims of Rheumatism and Gout. THOUSANDS OF CASES have been cured by this medicine. It is a perfectly cured. Price, 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. WELLS, RICHARDS, SON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

CITY NOTICE. Notice for Judgment.

OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 19, 1882. I will make application to the District Court in and for the county of Ramsey and State of Minnesota, at the special term held Saturday, November 4th, 1882, at the Court House, in St. Paul, Minnesota, for judgments against the several lots and real estate embraced in a warrant in my hands for the collection of unpaid assessments, with interest and costs thereon for the hereinafter named special assessments.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Assmt. Amount. Includes entries for Arlington Hills Addition and Hill's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Assmt. Amount. Includes entries for Hill's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Assmt. Amount. Includes entries for E. M. Mackubin's Addition and Terry's Addition.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Assmt. Amount. Includes entries for Terrace Park Addition.

George Reis, City Treasurer. All in the city of St. Paul, County of Ramsey, State of Minnesota.

Toward the Rising Sun! THE "Albert Lea Route." It is composed of the Minneapolis & St. Louis Railway, Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railway, and the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railway.

Announces to the people of Minnesota, St. Paul and the Great Northwest that it is now running two trains daily to Chicago, connecting with all the trains leading East, Northwest, Southeast and South. For traveling travelers unsurpassed accommodations, sure connections and quick time to

TRAVELERS FROM Northern Minnesota, Dakota & Manitoba will find his the best and most convenient route to the East, and connections are made in the Union Depot at Minneapolis, guarding against loss of time. Remember, St. Paul passengers leave the Union Depot at 7:25 a. m. and 5:30 p. m., and leave the Union Depot at Minneapolis at 8:10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m.

Q. T. of MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF RAMSEY. In Probate Court, Special Term, October 4th, 1882.

CITY NOTICE. Notice for Judgment. OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 19, 1882.

Table with columns: Supposed owner and description, Lot, Block, Assmt. Amount. Includes entries for Terrace Park Addition.

Assessment for grading Floral and Lawton streets from Grand avenue to Summit avenue. DAYTON & IRVINE'S ADDITION.

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Assessment for grading Floral and Lawton streets from Grand avenue to Summit avenue. DAYTON & IRVINE'S ADDITION.

Confirmation of Assessment for Paving Seventh, 7th Street

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 17th, 1882. The assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the paving of Seventh (7th) street from Jackson street to Kittson street, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having been completed and entered of record by the Board of Public Works, in and for said city, said Board will meet at their office in said city, at 2 p. m., on the 30th day of October A. D. 1882, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

Table with columns: Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Benefits. Includes entries for J. W. Yander, R. A. Dorsey, J. A. and W. M. Stees.

Supposed Owner and description, Lot, Benefits. Includes entries for Wm. F. Davidson, Vincent D. Walsh, s'wly 1/4 of lot of...

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Official: R. L. GORMAN, Clerk Board of Public Works.

TEN DOLLARS IN THY PURSE.

A very simple thing to do if you go about it in the right way. Ten dollars from twelve dollars leaves two dollars, which is the amount you will save and can put in your purse on a ten-dollar purchase at the Boston One-Price Clothing House, corner of Third and Robert streets, St. Paul. A proportionate amount can be saved on larger or smaller purchases. Knockabout and Wear-Resisting Suits, Boys' Pants with Cavalry Knee, Overcoats, Hats, Caps and Furnishing Goods.

B. O. P. C. H. Corner Third and Robert, St. Paul.

Confirmation of Assessment for Grading Ninth Street.

OFFICE OF THE BOARD OF PUBLIC WORKS, CITY OF ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 17, 1882. The assessment of benefits, costs and expenses arising from the grading of Ninth (9th) street from Jackson street to Broadway, in the city of St. Paul, Minnesota, having been completed and entered of record by the Board of Public Works, in and for said city, said Board will meet at their office in said city, at 2 p. m., on the 30th day of October A. D. 1882, to hear objections (if any) to said assessment, at which time and place, unless sufficient cause is shown to the contrary, said assessment will be confirmed by said Board.

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ST. PAUL FOUNDRY AND MANUFACTURING COMPANY. Manufacturers of the ST. PAUL FARM ENGINE. Car Wheels, Railroad Castings, Iron Fronts for Buildings, heavy Wood and Coal Stoves, Bridge, Sewer, and all other kinds of Castings.

Confirmation of Assessment for Grading and Sewer on Thirteenth street from Jackson street to Robert street, thence on Robert street to 11th street. OFFICE OF THE CITY TREASURER, ST. PAUL, MINN., Oct. 19, 1882.

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