

ROSEBUD COUNTY NEWS.

VOL. 4.

FORSYTH, MONTANA, THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1901.

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OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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Deputy Sheriff and Jailor, D. J. Muri, "
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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office Hours 9 to 11 a. m., 1 to 3 and
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Night Calls at the Hotel.
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Office in Drug Store Building.
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WE are exclusive agents
for N. P. lands in Rose-
bud county.
Write Us:

TRAGIC ENDING OF THE FOURTH

Charlie Green Winds Up a Drunken Celebration by Killing His Friend, Jim Baker.

The first murder in Rosebud county since its organization furnished a tragic ending for Forsyth's Fourth of July, and as a result of a pistol shot fired in a drunken frenzy by Charlie Green, one of his best friends, Jim Baker, lies dead. The Fourth was a quiet day in Forsyth, the celebration at Miles City having attracted all who were inclined to make a day of it to that town. There was no amusement of any sort going on and the only indication that the national holiday was at hand was the occasional pop of a fire cracker or the spectacle of a drunken man making the rounds of the saloons.

Chas. Green, a young man employed as section boss on the railroad did not go to Miles City, but contented himself by showing his patriotism by a liberal patronage at the bars. About eleven o'clock at night he was fairly and satisfactorily drunk and dropped into Sickler & Dowlin's place. There were a number of friends there, and the party had a few rounds of drinks, and everything seemed pleasant as a June wedding. Jim Baker, who was in the party, talked with Green and the two engaged in a friendly scuffle. Baker threw Green down, and the party laughingly took another drink together. Green then left and walked to his room in the Occidental Hotel and returned to the saloon. No one was inside but Baker, Tom Slater the night bartender and a young man employed in Papan's restaurant. Without a word of warning Green stepped to the door and fired a shot at Baker, but missed the mark. Slater and the boy ran to the rear door and Baker stepped behind the bar and secured a pistol from underneath the back bar. There were two pistols in the same compartment, a big 45 unloaded and a smaller gun loaded with shells. Baker got hold of the unloaded weapon and snapped the gun at Green several times. In the meantime Green stepped inside of the doorway and fired another shot at Baker. The bullet took effect in Baker's groin and he fell just in front of the cigar case, mortally wounded. Green turned and fled and Tom Slater and others rushed to assist the wounded man. He died in less than an hour.

After leaving the saloon Green cocked his pistol and walked directly across the street where he stood for a few minutes on the depot platform. From this point all trace of him seemed to be lost, and his whereabouts at the present writing is a matter of conjecture.

These are the brief facts in the case as gleaned from eye witnesses of the shooting, and are in accordance with the stories of the killing as brought out by the coroner's inquest held the following morning. Of course there are conflicting stories as to the squabble, but simmered down to facts it seems that Green was chagrined at the result of the scuffle and while smilingly partaking with the others the last "round" of drinks, planned to revenge himself as quickly as he could lay hands on a deadly weapon; a matter of only a few minutes.

Another curious phase of the affair is that there were plenty of people about the streets to apprehend the murderer, yet no effort was made to even keep him in view if not arrest him. Green walked away from the victim of his wrath, sauntered across to the depot and quietly faded into the night without one hand raised to stay him nor an eye to follow his course. Deputy Sheriffs Muri and Lyndes, who were on their way home, heard the shots when in the neighborhood of the depot, but supposing it a part of the day's celebration, paid no attention to it and continued their way homeward. They returned later when they heard of the killing and searched the Occidental Hotel for traces of Green, but could find none. A search of his effects in his room revealed a quantity of new goods which appear to have been stolen. A suit of clothing with Marcey's price mark attached

was among the plunder—a circumstance that would point to Green's dealing in petty crimes.

The inquest was held the following morning in the office of J. C. Lyndes, Justice of the Peace C. C. Gates presiding. The finding of the jury was in accordance with the above facts—that deceased came to his death from a gun shot wound inflicted by Charles Green—and was signed by H. R. Marcey, E. S. Becker, Elmer Lyndes, Gus Jacobi, J. H. Austin and Thos. Meehan.

A LIFE LOST IN THE FLAMES

Ten Men Injured by Jumping from Occidental Hotel Windows--Loss of Property Large--Coal Docks Destroyed--Wool Warehouse Escapes Destruction.

Dead—
Jacob Brown.
Injured—
Albert Smith.
Carl Schroeder.
J. V. Salem.
Stephen Bulen.
Gus Ahlgren.
John Faler.
John Rowe.
W. S. Myers.
Fred Rowe.
Aman Ahouckic.

Mrs. Nellie McGuire, the landlady, and her cousins, who assisted in the work, heard the alarm in time to escape without injury. Those on the first floor got out by way of the kitchen—the others made their escape by way of the windows. There were a number of men on the second floor who got out without injury, but the eleven men in the garret fared worse. These were all section hands, and as all the men were enjoying the deep sleep that follows a day of hard work, they were the last to hear the shouts, pistol shots and crackling of the flames. When they awoke the fire had cut off all retreat and their only hope lay in a leap to liberty.

There was a panic stricken rush to the two windows and the men tumbled promiscuously out. The least injured was the last man out, who more coolly headed than the rest, poised himself carefully on the sill and leaping, landed square on his feet. Even he sustained an injury to his leg and cut on his face. The others were all more or less jarred and bruised; all suffered severe strains in the region of the back. The injured men crawled to places of safety and were later cared for by the company physician, Dr. Wilson.

One man, Jacob Brown, failed to awaken, and it was not until later in the morning that it was known a man had perished in the flames. Someone curiously looking over the ruins observed a form underneath the debris and the charred and dismembered remains of the unfortunate were brought to view. The trunk of the body alone remained, even

and the wool warehouse cleared. While pushing a long string of cars into the main track the engine collided with a freight car, obstructing a switch, and one cylinder was smashed and disabled. The west-bound passenger train had just arrived and was standing on the main track below the first switch, but the engineer of the work train did not compute his distances right, and bumped the cars into the passenger engine, but fortunately little damage was done. Only one car was destroyed by fire, that being one of the flat cars in the dump near the dock.

The fire lasted until about 3:30 o'clock, leaving the main track obstructed with burning timbers and coal and all telegraph wires to the west down. The yard men were put to work, and within a few hours cleared the track so the trains could proceed. Very few, if any, of the occupants of the section house saved their effects—in fact they were glad to get out with a whole skin. Some had the hardihood to run back into the building after escaping and pick up a few articles of clothing, but there was little hope of saving anything else.

WAS BROWN MURDERED?

Strong Evidence of a Conspiracy to
Remove Traces of One Crime
by Committing Another.

SEVERAL ARRESTS MAY FOLLOW

Coroner's Jury Holds a Secret Inquest
and Decides that Brown Met
Death at the Hands of
Incendiary--Green
Makes His Escape.

The following is the verdict reached by the coroner's jury on Tuesday night after two days' session.
At an inquisition held over the remains of a human body, we, the jury, find that said body is the remains of one Jacob Brown, who came to his death by fire in the burning of the section house, commonly known as the Occidental Hotel, at Forsyth, said fire taking place on the night of the 7-8th of July, 1901.
We, the jury, also believe that said fire was set by some unknown party.
D. J. O'MALLEY,
ANDREW ANDERSON,
PETER DROESE,
CHAS. E. RICHTER,
W. J. NIX,
J. A. DE BERG, Foreman.
Dated this, the 9th day of July, 1901.

Was Jacob Brown murdered?
Evidently the coroner's jury, after a two days' secret session in the court house during which many witnesses were examined, think he was.
The press and public were shut out from the deliberations of the inquisitors, but the stories of the witnesses, the threads of testimony that form the warp and woof of a rotten conspiracy, have been learned from other sources, and furnish a motive for the crime.

Undoubtedly the Occidental Hotel was set afire—the motive a double one—to remove traces of an extensive series of robberies and destroy a dangerous witness against the slayer of Jim Baker.

Locked in the sheriff's office is a miscellaneous amount of plunder found in room 13 of the Occidental Hotel on the day following the murder. These were found in Charlie Green's trunk and bear the cost tags of Marcey's store. There were other trunks in the room which undoubtedly contained more plunder, but these were not molested.

Here are the scraps of evidence that point to the existence of an organized gang of robbers who made this place their rendezvous, unknown to the other inmates of the building. One of the men who had been sleeping on the second floor, and who may have been in the confidence of the gang, was prevailed upon to induce two others, who roomed in No. 13 to sleep in the garret on the night of the 7th. This was to give the gang an opportunity to remove the stolen goods from the

WANTED FOR MURDER!

On the evening of July 4th, 1901, Charles Green shot and killed James Baker at Forsyth, Montana, and is still at large.

Charles Green, the slayer, is a Swede; 5 feet, 6 inches in height; dark hair; blue eyes; smooth shaved; gold crown front tooth; some front teeth gold filled; large scar on back of left hand between thumb and forefinger; weight, about 160 pounds; 20 or 21 years old,

Notify Chas. Davis, Sheriff, Forsyth, Montana.

The first fire in which a fatality has ever occurred in Forsyth took place about three o'clock on Monday morning.

Jacob Brown, a young man employed on the section was burned to death and ten others were injured by jumping from the third story of the Northern Pacific section house, otherwise known as the Occidental Hotel.

The section house was a big, barn-like structure of three stories, standing just west of the depot lunch counter, which was built in the early days of the railroad to meet the heavy demand for shelter of railroad hands. It stood in a big yard apart from other buildings and diagonally opposite on the track stood the coal docks, where all passing trains are fortified with fuel. Just south of the docks is Becker's warehouse, used for the present for storing wool, which is now coming in from the surrounding county in large quantities.

The fire was discovered by the nightwatchman of the yards, who ran to the house and gave the alarm. Shortly afterward someone else saw the flames issuing from the second story window and fired off his pistol several times, the first and only notice to the town people of the fire. When the nightwatch burst into the building the flames were on the stairway of the second landing. The fire spread with marvelous rapidity, and within a few minutes flames were issuing from every window and door in the building.

There were in the building at the time of the fire between 25 and 30 inmates, four of whom were women,

the head being mostly burned away. The body was boxed and turned over to the keeping of Kennedy & Hopkins, the undertakers.

As Forsyth has not yet reached that stage in the course of its progress where a fire department is available, there was no attempt made to extinguish the fire, the efforts of the volunteers being directed to protecting the wool warehouse and removing the cars standing on the opposite track. In consequence the coal dock, which was almost in the course of the wind, was set afire, and furnished a beautiful spectacle. The heavy timbers outlined by fire looked like a set piece of fireworks, and a considerable space of time elapsed before the structure collapsed and blocked the track. The engine house adjoining the dock was destroyed also, together with the gasoline engine.

A gang of men on the roof of the wool warehouse managed to put out flying sparks as soon as they lit on the tar-paper covered roof and by hard work managed to save the building. The warehouse is 250 feet long, and about 240,000 pounds of wool, besides farming machinery and other goods were stored inside. This would have made a serious loss had a fire started, and it was only by the utmost vigilance that it was saved. The wind was in the northwest and blew the flames from the dock just so as to miss the west end of the building, but sparks constantly fell outside of the course of the fire.

The engineer of the work train lying in the yards lost little time in getting the side track between the dock

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