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FORT WORTH WRITERS.

Prepared for the Sunday Gazette by Hec. A. McEachin.

During the month of October, in the year 1885, a back load of passengers pulled out of the prosperous little city of Abilene, Tex., bound for Anson, twenty-eight miles north, the county seat of Jones county. Rapidly the vehicle sped along the smooth road, and the occupants of the back enlivened the occasion with merry jests and animated conversation, interspersed with favorable comment on the beauties of the country through which they were passing. It was a magnificent spectacle and calculated to enthuse a much less susceptible mind. As far as the eye could reach in every direction there was a smooth scope of country, with no timber save mesquite, but a fringe of pecan, elm and hackberry along the streams.

In a few hours the Clear Fork of the Brazos river was reached, about twenty miles distant from Abilene, and the modest John who presided over the ceremonies beside of the vehicle drove his fleet and foaming steeds down into the bed of the river to slake their raging thirst. After resting quietly for a few minutes the horses were headed up the north bank of the stream, and upon completing the ascent, John popped his whip and the horses started to resume active exercise in an effort to land the passengers at their destination. But there came an interruption.

"Halt!"

The command rang out suddenly and was accompanied by the ominous click of a Winchester. The startled driver pulled up his horses with such celerity as to almost upset the vehicle, while the startled and frightened passengers huddled close together for mutual protection. Seven men, without any attempt at masking their features, each bearing a murderous looking Winchester, stepped nimbly up to the side of the vehicle and requested the passengers to alight and do so, at the same time eloquently insisting upon immediate compliance by waving the business end of their Winchesters in the direction of the victims for valuables. There were only four passengers in addition to the driver, and the raid was soon accomplished. All money and the watches of the crowd found an easy place with the new owners, with the exception of the last man in the line. A cursory examination of his pockets revealed the fact that he was about ready to pay payment, as a rusty half dollar was the sum total found in his exchequer. The robber handed the coin back to the unfortunate, with the suggestion that he would need the amount to pay for his dinner when he reached Abilene. This encouraged another passenger to plead for the preservation of a watch and chain that had been presented him by his dead mother. The request was immediately complied with, and the hack rolled on to Anson with its depleted occupants.

Officers fled and succeeded in making their escape, but a few weeks later were captured after robbing a mail coach near San Antonio. They were tried by the Jones county grand jury at the county seat, brought them from San Antonio and lodged them in the Jones county jail to await trial. They were indicted as Ad Clanton and Joe Brown, of Taylor county, and while waiting for the February term of district court they concocted a plan of escape. William Glazner, a big strapping two-fisted cowboy, was jailer, and poor John had no premonition that with the advent of these desperadoes into the county jail his days upon earth were numbered. During the day time the prisoners were allowed the freedom of the jail corridor, but at night were securely locked in their cells. The jailer occupied a room immediately adjoining the cells and was continued to keep a watch on the prisoners. One evening he went to the jail door about dark and ushered the men into their cells. He locked them in and then ushered into his cell while Clanton went out. They assumed "all right" and the jailer "all in," and Glazner then sat down to his supper. Coming back after his day's lay down on a cot in his office, he was called by Brown and requested to go into the jail corridor and hand him a book of cigarette papers he had forgotten and left there.

The kind hearted and unsuspecting man immediately unlocked the jail door and stepped on the inside, where he was instantly relieved of his Winchester, which was swung in the direction of the door entrance with a number in his rear. Clanton had wrenched an iron bar from the support of a water sink in the corridor and wrapped it with a towel to muffle the out of the towel loose for a club. As Glazner stepped inside the jail door he encountered a heavy blow on the head, which came with such force as to have felled an ox, but only staggered the man of iron. Clanton, the latter's assailant, stood over his victim and vigorously slugged him until his skull was crushed like an egg shell. Then he rifled the jailer's clothes from his belt, and, leaving the adjoining room, pulled the door shut behind him and went out through a transom. Strikingly the door could be seen over but sprang to the ground, he seized over but sprang to the ground, he seized over but sprang to the ground, he seized