

# Historic Crimes and Mysteries

by Walt Mason

## THE SIGN AT THE GALLOWES.

This is a harrowing story, but it has a large and valuable moral, which should be pasted in the hats of all men who serve on juries in criminal cases.

Sunday, May 7, 1797, was a beautiful day. The skies were blue, and the birds were singing, and the young man's fancy lightly turned to thoughts of love. Sydney Fryer, a wealthy young citizen of London, called upon his cousin, Anne Fryer, and asked her if she wouldn't like to take a walk, and she said she would. So they strolled around the streets until they reached the suburbs, where there were fields and commons. Presently they heard a cry for help, and Sydney said:

"Some woman is in distress! I must go to her rescue."

Anne tried to persuade him to pay no attention to the matter, but Sydney was too gallant a gentleman to turn a deaf ear to a damsel in distress, so he vaulted over a five-foot wall, from beyond which the cry had come, and, instead of finding himself in the

him, and he talked of little else during his last hours.

On June 5 the gallows was erected before Newgate prison, and the usual immense mob had gathered to see two unfortunate men pay the price. It was a trusty old gallows that had been used on many previous occasions, and the indications were that it had a long career of usefulness before it. The fatal hour arrived, and the doomed men appeared upon the scaffold, the doleful chant of the bellman still ringing in their ears:

All ye that in the condemned hole do lie,  
Prepare you, for tomorrow you shall die.  
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,  
That you before the Almighty shall appear.  
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not to eternal flames be sent,  
And when St. Sepulcher's bell tomorrow tolls,  
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!

The usual officials appeared upon the gallows with Clench and Mackley, when the sign predicted by Clench was given. The whole gallows collapsed, and prisoners, jailers, executioner and priest went down in a heap.

Martin Clench sprang to his feet and triumphantly cried that the sign had been given. And it was even so, but it didn't do Martin any good. Carpenters went to work at once, and soon had the scaffold in shape again, and the two wretched men were again escorted to the platform and turned off. For a little while their curious story, with its coincidence at the gallows, furnished a topic for my Lord Topnoddy and the other bloods who never missed a hanging, but the gallows was making its own kind of history almost every day then, and no man's story could hold public attention long.

Clench and Mackley were almost forgotten when a man named Burton Wood was tried and capitally convicted for some offense. Finding that he was doomed, and wishing to make his conscience as easy as possible, he confessed that he was the slayer of Fryer, and related that when the crime was committed he was accompanied by a man named Timms. Then came the further intelligence that Timms, also under sentence of death, was in jail at Reading. Being questioned, he corroborated Wood's story in every de-



The Two Wretched Men Were Again Escorted to the Platform and Turned Off.

presence of a suffering female, he was faced by three ruffians, who told him to hand over his valuables. Sydney drew his sword, intent upon giving battle, whereupon one of the robbers fired a pistol at him, and he fell dead.

Hearing the report of the pistol, Anne scrambled up the wall until she could see over it, and beheld her cousin lying dead and his assailants fleeing from the scene. She reported the crime to the authorities, and diligent search was made for the murderers, with the result that three young men soon were in custody. They were Martin Clench, James Mackley and Joseph Smith. They had a local reputation for wildness, but had never been suspected or accused of crime. Anne Fryer identified Clench and Mackley at once. She was absolutely positive that they were two of the murderers. There couldn't be any mistake about it.

The young men appeared for trial in due season, and Anne Fryer was the chief witness against them. She was as positive as ever in her identification of the two. The whole case rested upon her testimony, and the jury evidently agreed with her that she couldn't be mistaken, for Clench and Mackley were convicted of murder, and Smith was acquitted. The verdict was somewhat surprising, because the instructions of the court favored the prisoners. The learned jurist pointed out that too much reliance should not be placed upon the testimony of a young woman who must have been wildly excited at the time of the crime.

Mackley accepted his death sentence with sullen resignation, as though he considered it a part of the day's work; but Martin Clench, who was a fine, intelligent young man, protested bitterly in open court, saying that he was no more a murderer than the judge on the bench.

Having been sent back to jail to await the day of execution, Clench devoted most of his time to religious study, and the mantle of Elijah descended upon him. He began to make prophecies. He said that heaven would not permit two innocent men to be executed without some sign that all men might understand.

"Mark my words," he was wont to say, "there will be a sign at the gallows, proclaiming our innocence." This idea became an obsession with

tall. There was no possibility of a doubt as to the innocence of Clench and Mackley, but they no longer cared anything about earthly justice or injustice.

For several years thereafter an old residence in Shepherd street was much gazed at by the curious. Londoners pointed it out to their visiting kin from the country. One of the rear windows was heavily barred with iron, and sometimes a ghastly, phantasmalike face was seen at that window.

"That is Mistress Anne Fryer," the Londoner would say to his wondering cousin from the back districts. "She sent two men to the gallows by giving mistaken testimony, and when she learned the truth she became a raving madwoman. She is kept in that room all the year round, and sometimes when she is violent they gag her and chain her to the floor."

As remarked in the beginning, this true story has a moral, and it should be framed and hung up wherever mortal man is engaged in the administration of justice.

**Good Results With Alfalfa Flour.**  
Alfalfa flour is one of the new products that are being prepared for the market. It is blended with wheat flour, as the alfalfa protein does not supply the necessary elasticity. The unleached flour gives to the food a characteristic green color. The advantages are to be found in the lower cost and greater food value.

The food classes have been working with the flour and have had very satisfactory results, substituting alfalfa for wheat flour in muffins, biscuits, bread and cake. There is a slight characteristic flavor that is objectionable to some people, but in most cases it is a very satisfactory substitute.—Charlotte E. Carpenter, Colorado Agricultural College, Fort Collins, Colo.

**Something Cheaper.**  
"Mon, A've an awfu' cauld," he said plaintively. "Hae ye a guid cure fur it?"  
"I have," said the man of drugs promptly. "I know a sovereign remedy."

Sandy backed slowly toward the shop door.  
"Hoots ava, mon!" he said again, anxiously. "D'ye no' ken yin about fowerpence?"—London Answers.

## SOCIETY

One of the most attractive parties of the social season was the smart dance given Wednesday evening, by Mr. and Mrs. James R. Ryan, Mrs. Blanche Eldredge and Miss Katherine Ryan at the American Legion Hall. Green and white streamers extended from the ceiling to the corners of the spacious hall, intermingled with large bunches of bright balloons. In cozy nooks, sherbet was served by the Misses Stella Boyle, Syble Felt, Ruth Chapman and Vivian McDonald. Music was furnished by Barrer's orchestra, which was partly hidden by a profusion of palms. Dancing was enjoyed until a late hour, when the guests reluctantly departed.

The home of Dr. and Mrs. Howard Simmons was the scene of a lovely party Monday evening, when the last of a series of parties was given. The evening was spent at "500." Miss Jessie Lloyd received the ladies' prize for playing high, and Mr. Wilbur Allen the gentleman's prize. The house was bright with sweet peas, Russell roses and carnations.

Mrs. A. T. Springer acted as hostess to the St. Paul's Guild of the Episcopal church at her home on Cleveland avenue, Wednesday afternoon. At the close of the session, a two-course menu was served.

Tuesday evening about forty members of the Idaho Falls W. O. W. visited the local lodge, and after a most pleasant social evening, a banquet was served.

A charmingly appointed auction bridge party was given by Mrs. W. A. McVicar Tuesday afternoon, at her home on Bridge and Main streets, complimenting Mrs. Blanche Eldredge and Miss Katherine Ryan, who will leave soon for Europe. The hand painted score cards were at-

tractive with water scenes and ships, which were appropriate for occasion. Mrs. B. H. Hudson was awarded high score, the honor guests each receiving a token of friendship. There was a special luncheon table arranged for the guests of honor, which had as a center piece a ship placed on a large round mirror. A few guests were invited for the luncheon after cards, and were asked to draw a prize. Mrs. Percy Jones being the fortunate winner. Assisting the hostess in serving were Mesdames James Ryan, Walter Patrie and Mark Tuohy and Miss Ann Burgraff. Mrs. John Hood, of Pocatello, was an out of town guest.

The Misses Eula Oliver, Mabel Brose and Herma Albertson entertained the Philathea Sunday School class of the Methodist church Tuesday evening at the Albertson home on Judicial street, at a Kensington. At the close of an enjoyable evening the hostesses served light refreshments.

Queen Esther Circle of the Methodist church met at the home of Miss Leona Byington Saturday afternoon. After the business meeting, an interesting program was given, and later a series of games were enjoyed.

The Current Events Club met Monday afternoon in the commercial club rooms, Mrs. D. H. Biehan presiding. At this meeting the members finished the study of the book, "The Old South." In the near future they expect to put on a pageant of "Early American History," the announcement of which will be made later.

Mrs. W. A. Woodin acted as hostess to the Embroidery Club at the home of Mrs. F. W. Mitchell Thursday afternoon.

The Woman's Union of the Baptist church was delightfully entertained at the home of Mrs. Brice York, Wednesday afternoon.

The P. E. O. Sisterhood, Chapter

B. held their regular business meeting Tuesday afternoon of last week, at the home of Mrs. Scott. Plans were made for the State Convention which will be held at Gooding, April 27th, 28th and 29th. Mrs. F. J. Cowan and Mrs. James Ryan were elected as delegates to the convention by the local chapter.

The Thimble Club will be entertained by Mrs. Lena Gaumer next Thursday afternoon, at her home on Judicial street.

### BETTER'N THEY FEARED.

**What Passes Through the Mind of a Councilman or Mayor.**

When Neil Boyle first went on the city council, four years ago, he got out his books and figured it over something like this:

"Now here's Jill Bones; he's going to want us to give him a sidewalk, with a chromo and a phonograph thrown in. I'll have to cross him off my list of friends if the council turns him down. That's wan. John Doe wants to be policeman or mayor or delegate to England or anything; if the council doesn't do it, we'd all better begin to wear armour and gas masks, for John's a bad loser. That's two. And there's Widder What's-her-name, who expects us to herd the chickens and the kids and the snowbirds off her lawn, and not let any Towser-dog frighten her dear little cat. She wouldn't buy a carpet tack or a half-prime prune from any member of the council after she finds us out—the terrible villains! If I keep half the friends and a quarter the business I have to start with, I'll be in luck. That's what a man gets for serving without pay in a public job. I've a notion to chuck it to the first blind beggar that I can outrun!"

It didn't wor kthat way with all the old council, however. Mr. Boyle goes in for his third term, the high man in his ward, E. L. Anderson was also the high man in his bailiwick, and Cecil Clark was renominated though not quite the highest in his precinct. The fickle populace said "Thumbs down" to several of the council, and to the mayor, after

a splendid two years of service; but every retiring officer probably feels like the farmer did when asked about his crop yield. "Waal, it didn't make quite as much as I thought it would; but then, I didn't expect it would, anyhow, so I guess it did about as well as I calc'lated it ought to do."

However, nobody has shot at the retiring members, or abducted their children or their dog for r-r-reven-n-n-ge; They pass with the consciousness of good service rendered, and whatever the vote at the convention that made the nominations, they seem to be retaining their personal and business friendships unimpaired. Well, here's how!

### Accidental Colors.

Accidental colors are those colors which depend on the state of our eyes, and not those which the object really possesses. Thus, after looking at the bright sun, all other objects appear dark; after dark color is the accidental color of the bright sun. When again, we come from a dark room, objects at first often have a yellow tinge. This is especially the case after wearing blue glasses, for a minute or two after one has taken them off. The accidental color of red is bluish green; of orange, dark blue; of violet, yellow; of blue, white—and the converse.

### Prolific Hen Honored.

Some time ago a public funeral was accorded by the villagers of Zofingen, Switzerland, to a hen that died immediately after laying its thousandth egg; and a granite tombstone was afterward erected by them over its grave.

BLACKFOOT MEAT MARKET

A Good Place to Trade

A. MILLER, Prop.  
Phone 85 Free Delivery



"My but she's good looking"

How often do you say that and then discover that half of the charm lies in the becomingness of her clothes, in the tilt of her hat, the trim lines to her suit.

It's something difficult for a woman to decide which style becomes her. We've trained our saleswomen to give you just such advice. If you need straight slenderizing lines, if your figure calls for a smart flare coat we'll see that you get it--in a

Wooltex Tailor-made

With that signature in your suit or coat you can be certain they will say about you too, "My she's good looking."

KINNEY MERC. CO.

BLACKFOOT

IDAHO

## Farm Loans

Parties wanting Farm Loans this spring, will do well to call on us within the next ten days, and arrange for same. We have plenty of money and can take care of your requirements on short notice.

F. C. Parkinson Loan & Investment Co.

## Clean-Up Week

in Blackfoot, you will then want to plant your lawn flowers, seed the vacant spots to grass, and finish your gardening.

We can supply you with everything you need in the way of seeds that are adapted to this soil and climate.

## Fisher Commission Co.

Phone 91

## CENTRAL MEAT MARKET

L. B. Dore & Sons, Prop.



The Quality Shop  
Blackfoot, Idaho