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HE MET HIS DOOM.

"Devil" Winston Died Game in Expiation of the Horrible Murder of His Mistress.

The Last Hours of the Wretch's Life, and the Tragic Details of His Untimely End.

THE EXECUTION.

"Devil" George Winston, colored, was hanged in the south jail yard at 7:29½ this morning, in the presence of fifty spectators admitted to the enclosure and scores who occupied seats in trees, on house tops and barns. His neck was not broken, death resulting from strangulation in eleven minutes.

Winston, as generally anticipated, died game. He mounted the scaffold, with Sheriff Holland on one side, and Deputy Sheriff Tobe Rogers on the other, with unfaltering tread. Just as he placed his foot on the steps, however, his hands began to tremble violently. He was attired in a neat black suit, black tie, black gloves, and new shoes. His dark kinkey hair glistened in the rays of the rising sun, and enhanced the ghastly pallor of his inky face. His eyes protruded more than usual, and glistened with a strange, helpless light. As he stepped upon the scaffold, he gazed around him at the crowd, with hands clasped behind him, and murmured something that could not be heard.

Sheriff Holland and Deputies Rogers, Utterback and Young, and Rev. G. W. Burks, of the A. M. E. church, stood on the scaffold with him. In a few seconds, each one of which seemed like an hour to some of the spectators, Rev. Burks read a chapter from the bible, after which he sang "Nearer My Home." He invoked Divine forgiveness for the penitent sinner about to pay the extreme penalty for the crime of murder. Winston joined in the prayer in a rambling, unintelligible manner, and said "Amen" with the preacher.

Sheriff Holland then asked him if he desired to say anything. He replied that he did, and stepped forward a few feet. He would impatiently clasp his hands just in front of him, then behind. He spoke five minutes or more.

In a rambling, desultory manner he said he wanted to warn everybody to take example from his fate.

His words at first were scarcely audible, but as he progressed they became louder, and changed into a sort of weird chant, something similar to that of some insane religious zealot—an uncanny sound that sent a momentary chill of horror through those within reach of his voice. Once, when a crowd of boys on the outside began to laugh and shout at something that had transpired without, he paused for a moment and gazed out towards the street. He then told the officers that he knew they were only doing their duty, and remarked to the crowd, "This is only justice, justice!" He said he hoped his words would ring forever in the ears of his hearers.

He then called for Della Allen, a colored trusty who has been in jail for some time on a charge of malicious shooting at a Christmas festival near Maxon's Mills two years ago. There was a quick movement of the spectators, each involuntarily casting his eye in some direction to see who it could be the doomed man wished to see.

Allen proved to be in the upper department of the jail, and a crowd of boys who were hanging out the window, were ordered aside that he might get within sight of Winston, and hear what he had to say. When he protruded his head, Winston, in his own dialect, began:

"Della, remember what I told you. Take warning! Let whisky, gambling and bad women alone. Look at me, and see what they have brought me to." In this vein he continued for what seemed several minutes, although it was doubtless much less. Allen listened with rapt attention, and tears were visible in the eyes of several prisoners who surrounded the lower grating in the jail. After a few more remarks in the same trend, Winston bowed to Deputy Sheriff Rogers and Sheriff Holland, indicating that he was ready to die. The sheriff and deputies assisted him on the trap, with his face towards the south, and all shook hands with him. His arms were pinioned behind him by Deputy Rogers and another deputy securely fastened a rope around his legs. Sheriff Holland stepped up, drew the black cap from his pocket, and unfolded it. Winston's lips moved in prayer. He asked Jesus to forgive him. When Sheriff Holland pulled the somber cap down over the murderer's head and face he felt the man's face quiver with fear as he stood on the brink of eternity. He then adjusted the noose.

The sheriff motioned his deputies away from the trap, and walked over to the wooden lever, which projected out to the aperture that formed the entrance to the gallows.

Winston murmured another brief prayer, the movement of his lips being discernable under their sable covering, and Sheriff Holland said, "Good bye, George," and pulled the lever. The support fell noiselessly, but like a flash of lightning, and Winston's body shot like an arrow seven feet below. As he went through the trap he gave a most harrowing, blood-curdling cry, as if he had attempted to say a last good bye, and his voice failed him. The spectators began immediately to crowd around him. He was motionless, and at first no muscular contraction was visible. Presently his fingers began to twitch, and his limbs to slowly draw up and relax. Drs. Brothers, Robertson and Holland, the two former from the city, and the latter of Grahamville, who were appointed to pronounce death, stepped up and two felt his pulse. Winston's feet were within two inches of the ground when his body was entirely relaxed, and a spectator kicked a rock out from under one foot, which touched it. In eleven minutes Winston was pronounced dead. His neck was not broken, despite the fall of seven or eight feet, and he died of strangulation. His struggles, however, were not violent.

After he was pronounced dead, several lifted him up while the rope was cut.

Sheriff Holland retained the knot as a souvenir, and part of the rope

was cut up by Officer Orr and distributed among those who desired the gruesome relics.

Undertaker Nance then took charge of the remains, and placed them in a cheap coffin which was brought in after the execution.

The face, when the black cap was taken off, was covered with perspiration, and horribly distorted.

Gradually the crowd dispersed, those from the inclosure mingling with those who had been on the outside.

WINSTON'S LAST NIGHT.

Winston's last night was a sleepless one. Yesterday afternoon the jail was thrown open to those whose morbid curiosity prompted them to view the murderer in his cell. Seven hundred and eighty-five people called to see him before the doors were closed to visitors.

He attempted to sleep last night, but could only dose occasionally. Deputy Jailer Charlie Bonnin and Mr. Charles Hart acted as death watch. Whenever they passed near the cell Winston was always praying. About 2 o'clock the prisoner managed to sleep a little. He was awakened at 4 o'clock, and the first thing he did was to drink the last of the wine he had in a bottle. He dressed and when breakfast was served declined to eat, saying he was not hungry. At 5 o'clock his spiritual adviser, Rev. Burks, arrived, and Winston was turned into the corridor. Several policemen were placed inside shortly afterwards, and Winston spent most of his time praying and talking, pacing the floor constantly and thinking.

Last night he informed those present that he killed Vina Stubblefield because he loved her. That she had some irresistible attraction for him that he once told her himself she would sooner or later be the death of him, or cause him to go the penitentiary for life. In speaking of the woman he often lapsed into tenderness, and his last request was that his remains be buried beside her in Potter's field.

Yesterday he had his photograph taken, and appeared to be pleased when a proof was shown him last night.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE EXECUTION.

Before daylight people began arriving at the jail. A number of small boys climbed in the trees adjacent, while boys and men vied with each other for a good seat on neighboring fences, house tops and outhouses.

The hour for the hanging was 7:05 and those with tickets did not begin to arrive until 6 o'clock and later. Doctors, officers, and newspaper men were admitted to the jail.

Winston talked, prayed and preached, alternately. He was asked where he was born, but replied he didn't have time to talk about it then, that his life was too short.

A crowd of prisoners pushed up the bars and Winston began giving them good advice.

One youth began to cry.

"And I don't want any of you to say you see me after I'm gone," Winston said significantly, "If I go to heaven I won't want to come back. I am't got anything here to stay for. I won't want to come back, and I won't! If I go to the bad place, the devil won't let me come back, and so I'll not come back either way, and I don't want any of you to say you saw me, either. If I come back it will be with my crown, golden slippers, robe and wings, do you hear?"

Then he would relapse into his chant, and some of the prisoners would continue to shed tears. Presently he saw several reporters and began to tell them not to say anything untrue about him.

"Here they came up here once and talked a little while and then went off and said I seen 'haunts.' I never seen a haunt in my life, gentlemen," he said. "I've been away back in this jail, and when I was out I used to sleep in old, broken down houses away off from anywhere, and I never saw one yet. I'd feel a little funny, but then I never did see a 'haunt.' The worst 'haunts' they is, gentlemen, is live 'haunts.'"

Winston at times appeared to be temporarily insane either with the dread of his doom, or from religious fervor. But he would soon, by his common-sense remarks, convince his hearers that he was perfectly sane.

Among other statements, one was that he had not seen his mother nor sisters since 1881, and that he never thought about them now.

At 7 o'clock the jail enclosure was thrown open, officer Sherman Phillips taking tickets. Sheriff Holland and deputy Rogers produced the rope, and attached it to the beam of the gallows. They then went after the condemned man.

Sheriff Holland read the death warrant to him, there was hasty prayer, and the march to the scaffold began. He walked, bareheaded, between Sheriff Holland and deputy Rogers, with others in the rear. The crowd pressed closely, but was kept back by policemen. Each one strained himself or herself to see the prisoner, who looked straight ahead most of the time.

THE CRIME HE EXPIATED.

The crime for which Winston was hanged was one of the most horrible butcheries ever committed in the state.

On the night of April 22 Winston went to the home of his mistress, Vina Stubblefield, a notorious negress, living in Dunnoi's alley, and finding her absent went to sleep on her bed. Shortly after midnight the woman returned to the house and awoke him by striking a match. Winston asked her for a cigarette. She replied that she did not have one and he became angered. They quarrelled a few minutes and then, without a word of warning, Winston, in a manner true to his namesake, the devil, drew a knife and stabbed the woman in full view of Ed Morton, Isadore Herron and a woman named Ray. After stabbing the woman he threw her bloody body on the bed from which he had just arisen and slashed her in a dozen different places, cutting arteries with every blow of the knife. After finishing his hellish work Winston took his valise, which was lieing in the room, and walked out, shouting words of defiance at the astounded witnesses to the horrible butchery.

He went in the direction of the railroad, but a careful search of the yards and "Y" failed to reveal the murderer. He was captured by Marshal Jesse Walker, at Fulton, the following Sunday, and brought [illegible] where he had been co[illegible] in.

At his final trial he did not testify at all, and seemed to accept his fate as a matter of course. He offered no reason why sentence should not be passed upon him, when Judge Bishop asked him, and never since complained that the sentence was unjust, although he once said that McGill ought have been hanged with him.

WINSTON'S PAST LIFE.

George Winston was born in Crockett, Obion county, Tenn., on May 2, 1865, and was 32 years old. He went south early in life, and began his career in New Orleans as cabin boy on a steamboat, afterwards becoming a rouster. He afterwards went to Georgia, where in 1892 he was married in Butler, but lived with his wife but six months.

He leaves a mother, sister and brother in Obion county, but has not heard from them in over ten years. He claims he was never arrested but once in his life before he came to Paducah, and that was in Georgia for carrying a pistol. Judging from what he said of the subtle power Vian Stubblefield exerted over him, she must have been a "hypnotist."

FIRST HANGING SINCE '90.

Today's hanging was the first since 1890, when Jesse Brown, colored, was executed for the murder of "Babe" Laurie. He was hanged on Jan. 15, early in the morning, and it was one of the coldest days ever experienced here, the thermometer being below zero. Notwithstanding the cold weather, however, the condemned man perspired so that steam arose from his face.

WINSTON'S FALL.

One of the doctors present stated in way of explanation of why Winston's neck was not broken, that it was because the knot slipped around back of his neck, and because his feet struck the ground when he dropped, breaking, to some extent, however slight, the fall.

SOME OF THE SPECTATORS.

Among the spectators were Mayor Yelser, City Physician Williamson, many of the city and county officers, Sheriff Starks, of Benton, and Detective John Lehnhard, of Evansville. Marshall Collins declined to go.

THE REMAINS.

Coroner Nance will inter the remains in potter's field tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, beside the grave of his victim, if it can be found.

The coroner found it a difficult matter today to keep the people who wanted to see the remains away.

This afternoon he threw open the rear of his establishment and let them view the body.

A large number of people visited the jail during the day and took a look at the scaffold.

OHIO RIVER PILOTS.

Six Pass Through En Route to New Orleans.

Making Their Regular Annual Trip of Inspection From Pittsburg.

The following Ohio river pilots, making their yearly trip down the Ohio to inspect the channel, passed through the city last night en route from Pittsburg to Cairo, thence to New Orleans. The party consisted of Messrs. C. F. Owen, Dayton, Ky.; Henry Doss, Cincinnati; Walter S. Connor and A. Lyon, New Albany; Howard Fenton, Newport; Stewart Connor, Cincinnati.

These pilots, with many others, pass down from Pittsburg to New Orleans every year, to find what changes have been made in the channel.

THE COURTS.

Damage Suit Dragging Through the Federal.

Nothing of Interest in the Police or Circuit Court.

U. S. COURT.

The prosecution in the two railroad damage suits closed its evidence this morning in the Federal court, and this afternoon several witnesses for the defense had been heard. The case will probably be finished by tomorrow.

George Petway, Fawcett Clark and W. E. Berryman, for violation of revenue laws, were fined $100 and given 50 days in jail.

CIRCUIT COURT.

The case of R. L. Potter against D. G. Murrell is now on trial.

A motion was today made for a new hearing in the case of C. E. Jennings, committee, against Mrs. Spaulding.

POLICE COURT.

There was but one case in Judge Sanders' court today. Robert Caldwell, colored, was arrested by Officers Senser and Smedley last night for stabbing a couple of colored women and drawing a pistol on them. He had the pistol on him when arrested. He was fined $50 and given twenty days in jail.

The Spanish steamer Monserrat, bearing Gen. Weyler, reached Corunna, Spain, yesterday. He will not go ashore until Barcelona is reached, and meanwhile Spain is rending itself [illegible] controversy as to the [illegible] of reception to be accorded him.

LONDON IS BURNING.

The Biggest Fire in the History of the City Raging.—Loss Will be Untold Millions.

The Competitor's Crew Has at Last Been Released.—Blanco Not Pleased With Affairs in Cuba.

London, Nov. 19.—The biggest fire in the history of London is now raging. Fifty fine stores have already been destroyed. All the street along the Thames is ablaze. The loss will be untold millions.

FREE AT LAST.

The Competitor's Crew Released By Spaniards, After a Pardon at Madrid.

Havana, Nov. 19.—In pursuance of cabled instructions from Spain, received Wednesday, Capt. General Blanco yesterday released from Cabana fortress Alfrede Laborde, Charles Barnett, Ona Melton and William Gildea, members of the crew of the American schooner Competitor, captured in April, 1896, by the Spanish gunboat Mesagra on a charge of fillibustering. They were delivered to the American and British consuls and have taken passage on the steamer Saratoga, of the Ward Line, for New York.

A number of families who have been at Las Fosos under the "concentration" order will be removed at the expense of the municipality to a private hospital. There is no diminution in the mortality from starvation and disease.

BLANCO WAS DECEIVED.

And He Plainly Says That Gen. Weyler Did It.

New York, Nov. 19.—A dispatch from Havana says:

"There is no sign yet of the full text of the promised reforms, and in consequence the hopes of the most optimistic autonomist are dwindling away. The fault lies not with Gen. Blanco. There is every reason to believe that his promises on arrival were made in good faith. He is evidently deeply incensed at the false position in which he is placed. He cabled to Madrid a day or two ago, saying Gen. Weyler had deceived him as to the condition of the army and the government had misled him regarding their sincerity in promising autonomy, and broadly hinted that he felt inclined to ask to be relieved.

"Every military commander of a town met, said he, had not yet received any orders regarding the extension of the zones of cultivation. The condition of the reconcentrados is unaltered. Their sufferings are appalling. Unless Gen. Blanco makes more headway than he has done yet, autonomy will be a dead letter in the Cuban issue."

A Boy's Folly.

Williamston, Mich., Nov. 18.—John Burgess, a youth of nineteen, last night shot and killed George Hart at Meridian, a hamlet four miles west. Hart, who was engaged to marry Burgess' sister, disguised himself as a cowboy and tried to frighten Burgess, who became angry and killed the supposed tramp.

All Is Quiet.

English, Ind., Nov. 19.—President Weathers is here and has opened the bank's vault. There has been no demonstration, and Weathers and his friends are trying to make a settlement.

Franks Takes Charge Next Monday.

Washington, Nov. 18.—Internal Revenue Agent C. W. Sewall was today notified by Commissioner Forman to check up the accounts of Collector Yandell at the close of business next Monday, so that the office may be transferred to Collector Franks on that day.

BAPTIST CONGRESS ADJOURNS

Closing Sessions Devoted to Discussions By Leading Lights of the Church.

Chicago, Nov. 18.—This was the last day of the Baptist Congress. The morning and afternoon sessions were devoted to a discussion of two subjects, "The Psychology of Conversion" and "The Power of the Cross in the Life of the Believer." Six of the leading lights of the church were appointed to speak on the two questions. "The Psychology of Conversation" was discussed by Prof. Nosh Davis, of the University of Virginia; Nathaniel Butler, President of Colby University, Waterville, Me.; President W. S. Ryland, of Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., and Prof. J. H. Harris, of Lewisburg, Pa.

At the afternoon session "The Power of the Cross in the Believer" was discussed in papers by Rev. J. T. Dickinson, of Orange, N. J., and Rev. Donald D. McLaurin, of Detroit. The latter was not able to be present and his paper was read by a substitute. No place was selected for the congress of next year.

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