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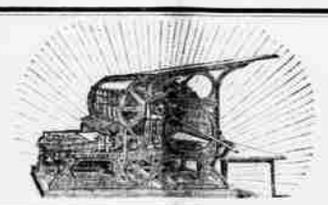
St. Johnsbury  Caledonian.

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St. Johnsbury Caledonian.

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The Taking of the Child.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

We heard no knocking at the door,
There was no scrolling proof
Of an angel foot upon the floor,
To fill our souls with dread.

We heard no voice within the room,
Nor saw a stranger fare,
And yet a trembling, and a gloom,
Crept over us above.

Without, the night was wild and drear,
Within, was careful care,
And silence magnified every fear,
Till broken by a prayer.

The dying boy, with what I read
Yet couldst words were thy,
His clasped white hands and head looked
One Father heard him pray.

Around his mother's kissed cheeked,
Nestling his flaxen heads—
His little hands in her's entwined—
In quick surprise he said:

"Say, mother! what is that I see?
He pointed to the door
Some something in the vacancy
Was beckoning to him.

Between the going out of night
And coming in of day,
His spirit, like a broken light,
Stole wearily away.

A fearful company we drew
Around the mother's chair,
And hush'd in awe come, let we know
The Lord himself was there.

Duped.

A crotchety and contrary old chap was Joel Shellenbarger, a rich old farmer, multiply as the donkey in his farm. He had made his way in the world by the doggedest obstinacy—seizing hold of whatever came in his way, and retaining that hold as though life depended upon it. Joel's unhappiness had literally been the making of him, though you might have considered the little, thick-skulled old man as not much of a make after all.

Joel had one son—a handsome, clear-headed young man straight as a young larch, tall, and as set in his ways, when he chose to have one, as Joel himself. This son, as he grew up, had proved a great assistance to his father in working the farm, and his services had been made the most of. The old man managed to keep him at home with him some time after he ought to have been doing for himself. Not an acre of his father's possessions was ever called his—never he owned nothing save a horse, which some to jeering had given him when it was a sickly colt, and some sheep obtained in much the same manner; and the old man grudged him the keeping of these.

Joel Shellenbarger had his son offered often; but there were two points in which the difference amounted to something serious. The first point concerned education, for which the old man had the most profound contempt, and the son had not. There was a college some dozen miles from the Shellenbarger farm, and Hubert having thoroughly prepared himself in spite of fatherly thwarting and opposition—Anson took himself in spite of the same continued opposition, and by one contrivance and another, and helped by his mother's stand marketing, kept himself there till he graduated. Joel Shellenbarger contested the ground inch by inch, but was checked in his selfishness to do anything more than he estimate, lest his son should leave him. That was the first point of difference, and that was how Anson settled it. The second was not likely to be so easy of arrangement. At college Anson had found something besides graduating honors. He had chanced upon a very charming combination of curls and azure eyes, a red-lipped, dimple-cheeked fairy, daughter of one of the professors, who, instead of carving her dainty lip at the home-spun suit which his poverty and his father's niggardness compelled him to wear, never seemed to be conscious of anything or anyway else when he was by.

In short Anson found—one one to love, some one that he wanted to marry as he gravely informed his father. You should have seen the old man—even it was a metre that they were fast in their sockets. Here was gratitude! This Anson having demanded his old father of so much of his time, was going now to set the seal upon his ploughtity and disobedience by marrying a town girl! Had enough to marry any one, seeing his father wasn't enough with him yet; but a town girl! He should never consent, and every Shellenbarger now should go to strangers before Anson should have one, it he persisted in an idea so ridiculous!

"And pray what harm is there in being a town girl?" questioned Barbie Halmstead, when Anson told her, half laughing, half vexed, and altogether tactful; for without assistance from his father, he could not marry Barbie for a long time yet.

Anson laughed again, but with some embarrassment, saying, "My father is afraid that a daughter of Professor Halmstead would not make a very good farmer's wife."

"Does he think?" Barbie hesitated, looking with smiling perplexity at her little white hands.

"That these pretty hands don't know much about brewing, baking, &c.?" Exactly; I believe he thinks just that."

"Then he thinks wrong," said Barbie, reddening and looking up at her lover with a comical little pout. "Didn't I hear you say you needed a servant at home? I've a mind to go down and offer for the place."

Anson laughed enjoyingly.

"We need one bad enough, but my father will not suffer one inside the house."

"Why, how do you live, then? who cooks for you now that your mother is ill?"

"We do our own cooking," Anson said, with a return of the half smiling, half embarrassed expression. "We cook for ourselves, or do without."

The very day succeeding the one which witnessed this conversation, Anson was at home busying himself over some culinary operations, when the outside door, which stood ajar, was noiselessly pushed wide open, and a singularly attired form presented itself on the threshold. It wore a red and green plaid dress; the cheeks very large, a yellow shawl and a very frowsy and very tumbled white bonnet. A red feather, nearly as long as Anson's arm, streamed from one side, and within the form flopped the immense frill of a cap which clung close around the face of the stranger. The face, what could be seen of it, was a very curious one to be inside of such a bonnet and cap. Just now, as she surveyed the kitchen and Anson, herself unseen, the muscles of her mouth twitched nervously, and her eyes twinkled with roguish brightness.

Presently Anson looked that way, instantly the face took legitimate length, and coming into the room, the girl said hesitating, but without looking at him:—

"An' would ye be aither hirin' a servant the day?" and stood tidgeting with the fringe of her shawl.

"I believe not," said Anson, coloring with some annoyance, perhaps, at the nature of his employment.

"—ure, sir, an' the lady that sint me, God bless her swate eyes! said you'd be shure to take me on her recommendation, which I has in my pocket' an' here 'tis now."

She gave him a note which proved to be from Barbie Halmstead. Anson read it with very lover like carefulness, but shook his head.

"I'm very sorry, my poor girl, but we do not wish to hire a servant."

"Belike you father mayn't object when he sees me," the girl persisted.

Anson looked at the spoiled white bonnet and the red feather, and repressed a smile, wondering what his father would say. But he was of too kindly a nature to be willing to expose even this servant to his father's rough sarcasms. He repeated what he had said before, assuring her that it would be of no use to see his father.

The girl stood a moment.

"If you please, sir, I'll just see him a mouthful. Belike he may take a likin' to the look o' me."

And before he could reply she had crossed the room and stood upon the threshold of the next. Anson followed presently, curious to see what kind of a tete-a-tete she would get.

"Shure, an' I'll do more'n wouth to yers," she was saying with innocent emphasis, as Anson entered.

She talked rapidly, pouring out such a torrent of words that the old man could not, by any possibility, slip one in among them, and sat regarding her with an expression of astonishment.

This to remarkable volubility completely baffled the old man's slowness. He could not say a word if he wished to, and she concluded, "I can cook, dairy, jacks and can tread thar'd bring the very eyes out in yer head and make ye smally yer tongue with delightsomeness," if he had a weakness, it was for corn bread and flapjacks, he could only twirl his thumbs in sort of a ridiculous way, and asked her with a sudden smile how much she expected "to get for doing all these things."

"Seventy five cents a week," was the prompt reply.

With a still more cunning laugh, Joel offered her half the money. Greatly to his amazement, she agreed it once; and he found himself, to use his own expression, "in for it." To add to his chagrin, Anson stood by, laughing with intense enjoyment.

But the girl, without further ado, proceeded to disencumber herself of bonnet and shawl, and march to the direction of the kitchen before anything could be said.

As she left the door she stole a glance at Anson that made him start and bite his lips, and presently he stole back to Joel also. She was already at work handling a cake like an adept, and gambling in her rich tongue at the door that had accumulated in the interval for the extent of Anson's and his father's scorping. Joel been to touch the cause of the mess, somewhat to the mortification of the two.

She did not look up as Anson entered, but he sat down and if liberated, and furtively watched her. For some time she showed unconscious of his scrutiny; but presently she turned and placing both her little hands upon the top of the broom handle, said, with a mixture of bravery and archness too natural to be mistaken:

"Well, Anson, what do you think?"

The young man laughed and looked amused in the same breath.

"Then it is you, Barbie?" he said. "I was suspecting something of the sort."

"Not till I looked at you," said the girl, rapidly retreating as he approached.

"Do you think it is some the thing, Barbie?"

"Shure, an' why ain't it the thing for a poor gal to be aittin' her living decently and honestly?"

And that was all he could get out of her. Having asked her ideas with Barbie for an instant, she was the most unapproachable Biddie the next, and would have nothing to say on that character.

"Does your father know of this, Barbie? What would he say?" persevered Anson.

"Shure, an' it's—not one own fadder would be interferin' wid me, would he?" said Biddy.

In vain were all remonstrances with the roguish and willful girl. She persisted in being Biddy even to him, and maintained a distance between them very different from that between him and Barbie in her own proper self. Annoyed, provoked, chagrined, almost angry, the advent of his father forced him to retire from the kitchen, for fear of betraying Barbie's secret, which he would not have done for a good deal.

It was several hours before he could return to the house, his father upon one pretext or another having detained him.

When at last they entered together, kitchen and sitting-room, both of which had been left in a most untidy state when they left there, had undergone such a remarkable renovating process that old Joel threw back at first, thinking he had set foot in somebody else's house instead of his own.

Supper was smoking on the table; such a supper as old Joel, at least, had not seen for months. To crown all, Mrs. Shellenbarger was sitting, propped up with pillows, in a great easy chair, and looking wondrously contented, and with reason—the poor lady had not had a woman's hand about her before since her illness. They lived in such an isolated, inhospitable manner that very few of their neighbors even knew Mrs. Shellenbarger was not as well as usual. Biddy, as she called herself, had called the old lady up in a wonderful manner.

Joel Shellenbarger sat down to the daintily spread table, and made a most hearty and keenly relished meal, glancing askance at Biddy meanwhile. Anson, strange to say, ate very little, and he watched Biddy askance, too.

This was only the beginning of reforms this darling girl instituted. First, however, as much as for her own peace of mind as Anson's—knowing that mother and son were fast friends and always of one opinion—she told her secret to Mrs. Shellenbarger, and finally wheedled the good lady into approval. It is true that she shook her head at first, and looked wondrously shocked. It was so charming to have those little soft hands fluttering about her, and to see such brightness and comfort spring up around, that she could not, for her own sake, help countenancing, as much as silence could, Biddy's mysterious presence.

I haven't time to give particulars, but having made a good beginning, with a true Irish felicity, Biddy established herself, in a short time, completely in the good graces of the old man. He had a barking likeness for neatness and good order, and Mrs. Shellenbarger, poor woman, wasn't a neat housekeeper. Under the new reign, order grew out of chaos; the house seemed in holiday garb all the time, and an atmosphere of social cheerfulness pervaded everywhere.

One morning, the old man ended a grumbling complaint of Anson with "I never see no good come of edification yet. If it hadn't been for that college business, you might have taken a liking to a sensible girl, and she to you."

He glanced at Biddy as he spoke. She turned scarlet, and came very near dropping the dish she was holding. It was not the first time Anson had heard such insinuations, and he rather enjoyed Biddy's trepidation.

"See here, father," he said, roguishly, "just pick me out a wife, and see what will come of it."

"The only girl I know of worth having wouldn't have you, I dare say—would you, Biddy?" Joel said grumblingly, but turning suddenly to the girl.

Anson was smiling maliciously. Biddy—O'Flynn had kept Barbie's lover at a tantalizing and unchecking distance all this time. He was taking his revenge now. Making a desperate effort, Biddy rallied her confused senses to say, with considerable self-possession:

"Shure, sir, an' it isn't myself that'll be aither having any man till I'm asked."

"Biddy, will you marry me?" said Anson, gravely extending his hand.

"I will that now," said Biddy, promptly putting her hand in his, while old Joel came near choking himself with amazement. It was too late to recede, however, whether he had really wished such a thing or not, as they soon made him understand. He went out of doors presently, privately pinching himself to ascertain if he were really in his senses or not. Seeing the two standing by the window, in close conversation soon after, he crept with the same laudable intention too and them, under cover of the bushes that grew by the house.

"Now, Barbie," Anson was saying, laughingly, "what is to be done next? I must say you have managed wonderfully, so far; but what do you suppose he'll say when he knows you're not Biddy at all?"

"Not Biddy at all?" screamed Joel, struck with a sudden conception of he knew not what, as he started out of his covert.

There stood Biddy, the white frill of her close cap as immense as ever; she laughed, though, when she saw him, and deliberately taking off her cap, shook her bright curls all about her face, and turning toward him her little hand, said:

"Shure, sir, an' ye won't be after hatin' a poor gal because her name isn't Halmstead instead of Biddy O'Flynn?"

"You—you Professor Halmstead's girl?"

"Professor Halmstead is my father," said Barbie, in her natural voice.

"What's that?"

Barbie repeated it.

"You don't—you don't lie?"

"Never a bit!"

The old man stood a moment, clouds gathering in his face.

"Well, Anson," he said, rather sourly, "you have outwitted me again; I should miss it the time. You'd better get out the horses now, and take Halmstead's girl home. He must want to see her by this time."

"Yes, sir." And Anson colored with mingled anger and amazement.

Barbie did not change countenance, however. Extending her pretty hand of her again, she said sweetly: "You'll shake hands with me, sir?"

Joel Shellenbarger turned back and gave his hand a kind cordiality. The girl took it in both of hers, bending her bright, arch face toward him, saying:

"I shall come back sometime, sir. Will you be glad to see me?"

Joel hummed and hawed, and stammered out at last:

"Yes—yes; come back, Biddy. I mean Miss O'Flynn. I mean Miss—"

"Barbie," suggested the girl quietly.

"Yes, come back; and sooner the better. There, Anson, make the most of it."

Biddy did come back, in a very few weeks too, and nobody was gladder to see her than old Joel, though he was a little shy at first of Professor Halmstead's girl. She soon made him forget everything save that she was Anson's wife; and the way he hummed that sly piece to sundry giants of money, refurnishing and repairing &c., I couldn't begin to tell.

The Express Messenger's Story.

A NARRATIVE OF FAITHFUL RAILROAD LIFE.

When my mate asked of me last Christmas Eve permission to remain with his family at the eastern end of our route, and not to make the tedious forty hours' journey towards the blue waters of the Pacific, on which I was about to start, I had too much heart to refuse him. He for Ned was his name—had a young bride and a younger baby, and it was hard to separate them. True, our orders from the company were, that both of us should always jointly make the trip, for we were carrying large quantities of greenbacks and national notes, for the payment of the Pacific railroad contractors; and of course there was no lack of robbers who were awaiting every chance to clean out our trunks, and perhaps clean we poor messengers out of existence.

Shortly before an express car had been entered on our line, and Bill Hughes, the messenger, beaten to death and his valuable charge taken; and it was to guard against such future surprises that a mate had been given me; but Joe pleaded so hard to stay at home, and explained to me so clearly a little plan of his own, whereby I could make the trip in safety alone, that I gave in to his request, and hastened with him to set our little plan in motion.

Joe's brother, Ned, the engineer, was to run his engine for the first one hundred miles of my journey and he was to help me in the plan. You see Ned was courting a younger sister of Joe's wife, and so it all being almost in the family, he was willing to do a good deal to give Joe his Christmas at home. First we went to the railroad superintendent, and got his permission to take my through express car out of the train and substitute therefor a grain car. My car was one of those kind with a passage outside, and door in each end besides those at the sides.

This made it easier of attack, should robbers get on the train, as the multitude of doors required a stricter guard against surprise, with an increase of danger.

The grain car had only the two side doors, which locked from without, but had two little grated windows for ventilators, one at each end, with wooden shutters on the inside to close them up tightly. Ned was to lock me in, and to hand the key to the next engineer that came on, with some private instructions.

Well, at seven o'clock on Christmas Eve the train was ready to start. Our express superintendent was down to see us off, and noticed the changed car, but supposing the other to be out of repair said nothing. He watched me place the valuable packages I had received in my safe and iron chest, and then springing into the car waited both Joe and myself to be very careful, as he had news that mischief was intended before long. Joe was helping me in the car, so as to appear before the superintendent to be going with me. Ned came and locked us in. Joe first kissing his wife, who was on the platform, good-bye, and pretending luckless fellow that he was so sorry he was going away at Christmas. As soon as the door was shut and locked Joe went through that on the other side, first thanking me again for befriending him, and then I heard him lock the other door with the key Ned had sent to him by his fireman. We were off in a few moments, and I had time to look around and arrange my traps to make the trip as comfortable as possible. There was no reviving or handing out of packages to be done till the next morning, when the new engineer would open my door. Ned would leave us about midnight, and till then, when he would look in upon me, I might make my seat as happy or as miserable as I chose.

In less than an hour after leaving I had slung a hammock. I carried with me, and turned in. The shutter over the forward ventilator in my car was next to the engine. I had closed down and fastened it with a wedge, to keep the wind from blowing it open. The rear ventilator I left open, the little six by six hole guarded by three iron bars, giving me ventilation. Near this I had slung my hammock, and then, with my revolver in a box close to my hand, and with the bell-rope running just over my head, I safely was to safety, and so I dropped asleep.

How long I slept I could not tell before I awoke with a start as something passed over my mouth. It seemed like a mouse or rat, but a left an overwhelming smell, a close, suffocating feeling, and before I could open my eyes to see clearly, or could come to my senses, I was again asleep. Again I awoke; this time completely, but with a fearful weight of oppression over my eyes. My head ached, and I strove to place my hand upon it. My hand would not obey my wish; I must be paralyzed; it seemed as if I was dreaming; I had no power over head or limb. Another effort; I would make to shake off this deadly feeling, but as I strove to turn in my hammock, or to lift myself, something cold touches my forehead with a refreshing coolness, and a gruff voice bids me be quiet. I raise my head with intense difficulty, and peering, and I see a black-visaged man standing over me. He repeats the injunction to be quiet. I raise his arm down towards my head, and see that it is a revolver, which is touching my forehead. In a half asleep, half foolish manner, I glance at the deadly instrument, and wonder what it cost, and why they it will shoot straight and into my brain, should it be fired. The effects of some drug are still working upon me, and as I come more to life, as it were, I recognize the tones of chloroform.

Two other black-visaged men are busily sorting out my valuables, and are throwing all dangerous bands and papers into one corner of the car, while they are placing in bags the currency and notes. The man watching me speaks and says: "No. 1, he is come to." No. 1 comes close and looks at me; he also is black-visaged, made up, I mean see, by a crape and so much. Without speaking, he returns to his work of sorting the money. Having nothing else to do, I look more closely at myself. Small, thin cords, which cut deeply into my flesh, are tied around my wrists and ankles, while others tie me tightly to the hammock. I must, indeed, have been to gone to sleep, and deeply drugged, to have allowed this. The robbers evidently meant me no harm, but how can I face the company after this robbery? How account for the absence of Joe, without bringing about his immediate dismissal? as for myself, it will be the old story. The papers will say I was a willing confederate, and submitted to being tied and robbed. I shall be imprisoned, perhaps for life. My poor wife and children will be worse than fatherless.

No. 1, who is hard at work yet with his companion, opening the bundles and sorting out their contents, here for the first time speaks. "We're nearing the hog tunnel, No. 2," he says, in a light, lisping voice. Even in my half stupor I know that voice. If it is whom I think it is, his left arm is slightly crooked, the palm of the hand turning nearly outwards. As he moves into the light of the solitary lamp to glance at some bonds I plainly see the turned hand. "Bill Lane," I call, "won't you free my hands? this cord hurts me." With a horrible oath he springs forward; "You've scaled your doom," he says; "you must die now." I pleaded for life, for he had cast aside the crape and I see the devil in his eye. Bill used to be on our run as messenger, but a robbery occurred of which he was suspected of assisting in, or at least of allowing himself to be robbed, and was discharged.

But I pleaded in vain. The conspirators confer among themselves for a few moments, and then my hammock is unhooked and thrown upon the floor and I am rolled up in it, and into an incredibly small space. The bundle is then tied up tightly, and one of the robbers tries its weight. I am slight of form, and he can easily lift the living bundle up and throw it on his shoulder. How can they get me from the car? How they got in is as yet a mystery to me. The doors are locked on the outside, and could not be broken open with the train at full speed, from without. As I lie upon the floor, nearly suffocated and in fearful pain from my cramped position and the tightness of the ropes, Bill hisses in my ear, "We are going to throw you over the Rocky Run."

Even death in the form of being cast a living bundle from the cars into the waters of the Run, which we cross in a short time at an immense height, is preferable to the agony I am enduring. I think I prayed with all my soul then. I have prayed before going into battle, when expecting to be wrecked at sea, and at other times when my life was in danger, but I never prayed before I think, with all my soul. Then there was a chance of escape, here there was none. My senses quickened with the agony of the moments, were wonderfully acute, or else I was already in delirium. I thought I heard voices at the forward ventilator, I thought I heard say, "Watch close and shoot if there is danger." Of course it was fancy, for the train was going at full speed, and Ned must be at his post on the engine.

Next I heard cautious foot-steps on the roof of my car—probably, if anybody, it was a brakeman going over the car to the engine for his lunch can, which was there keeping hot. I lay still praying a few moments longer, then more foot-steps are plainly heard on the roof. This time I was sure there were two or three persons. Ah, I forgot, no doubt they were confederates watching outside, while the three within did the plundering. All of a sudden the bell-pull overhead rattled as if energetically pulled; the engine whistled brakes, brakes, and I felt every brake on the train was being put down to a purpose.

The robbers consulted for a moment, and then one said, "It is nothing, they are stopping for a hot journal perhaps. Bill spring to me, and pressing his revolver hard against my body, hissed, "If they call for you, say all right." Before I could reply, a rasping noise was heard, followed by the report of a pistol, and the fall of some heavy body across my already overtaxed frame. I fainted.

When I came to Ned was chafing my hands, and half a dozen men were rubbing my swollen and chafed limbs, while brandy was being placed on my lips. Ned was almost hysterical when I came to, but the clearest of all was little Jack, the wood passer of the engine, who kept shouting, "I shot him, I shot him," till some one knocked him down to make him quiet.

Then it all came out. The robbers had been concealed on the rear of my car, and had watched me through the grating. On my going to sleep, a slender stick, with a sponge soaked in chloroform at one end, had been placed under my nose, causing me for a moment but to send me into a deeper sleep. Then with a fine saw a portion of the end of the car had been removed, through which they crept, and then closed it behind them. Ned after a while thought he would have a look at me, so crawling over his engine he essayed to open the ventilating shutter and peep through. Finding it fast, he looked through the bell-rope hole, which happened to be a large one, and taking in matters at a glance, he had called little Jack to him, and handing his revolver had given him the message I had heard. Then crossing the car he had obtained the services of the conductor, brakeman and some willing passengers, and having surrounded as far as they could a fast moving car, he had pulled the bell and so signalled the engine to stop. When Jack saw Bill point his revolver at me he thought he was going to shoot me, so forcing the rattling shutter open he brought him down with a well aimed bullet, killing him instantly. We took the other two for a town on our route where justice was done them. They got thirty years free board. As for Joe, the express folks were vexed at first, but as I had suffered so much and pleaded hard for both him and myself, we kept our old places and still do. Christmas does I spent in bed and also a few days afterwards, getting well, but they brought my wife and family to me and we didn't turn so badly after all.

From the Tulare (California) Times, Dec. 28th.

A Desperado's Exit.

THE HANGING OF JAMES McCRORY AT VISALIA.

The tragedy which occurred in this town on Christmas eve was a terrible one. A kind-hearted and greatly respected citizen, Charles Allen, one of the proprietors of the El Dorado saloon, was shot down in cold blood by James G. McCrory, one of the most fiendish devils in human shape that ever disgraced the earth. There was not the slightest palliation for the act. It was only equalled in its horrible, revolting character by the cold-blooded murders previously perpetrated in Visalia by this same McCrory.

THE CIRCUMSTANCES

As we heard of and saw them and were developed by the testimony at the Coroner's inquest on the body of Allen, were these: McCrory arrived in town on Tuesday morning, on the stage from Goshen, at 6 o'clock. He was around during the day, and, we are informed, was heard to remark that he "came back to get even and would kill his man before night." He went to Allen and represented that he was out of funds. Allen gave him $10 to buy a pair of pantaloons with. He was sober, we are told, when he arrived in town.

AT THE TIME OF THE MURDER

He was doubtless under the influence of liquor. About five o'clock P. M. he went into the El Dorado saloon and drew a six shooter, flourishing it around menacingly and using boisterous and threatening language, saying that he would shoot the first man "that darkened the door." It is stated by some that he had a grudge against the Mexican who was bar-tender in the saloon at the time. Allen was in bed in a back room. Hearing the noise he came into the saloon, remarking, "Jim, don't act so childish; put up your pistol and be a man." McCrory turned and cursed him and said, "I might as well kill you as any other son of a ——."

SHOOTING HIM IN THE ABDOMEN

As he spoke, Allen threw up his hands saying, "For God's sake, Jim, don't kill me, I'm unarmed," walking in front of McCrory toward the counter. McCrory continued to advance on him, firing as he came, shooting him two more times in the body. At the third shot Allen dropped down on the floor in a sort of sitting posture, his head reclining against the bar. McCrory then placed his pistol almost against Allen's head, shooting him the fourth time through the forehead, his brains oozing out of the orifice afterward. W. J. White and Cordova, the Mexican, saw the killing. McCrory then attempted to revolve his pistol and was

PREPARING TO KILL CORDOVA,

But it would not turn, and he ran out the back way and secreted himself in an out-house. It was soon discovered that he was in there and he was called upon to come out and surrender. He yelled out that he would "kill any —— of a —— who attempted to arrest him." Deputy Sheriff Reynolds pushed the door slightly open and A. J. Atwell stood close by its side. McCrory appeared with a revolver and attempted to cock it, but Atwell caught it. Reynolds, Marshal Myers, Johnson and others grabbed him and he was finally disarmed, having

A PISTOL IN EACH HAND

When he came out. Others soon came and he was taken through the saloon into the street, and they started with him for the county jail. As soon as he reached the street a crowd began to gather and follow. Near the bridge, at the Graham Hotel, the cry of "Hang him!" was raised, what had been done being generally known. The cry kept increasing with the crowd, and something of an attempt to take him from the officers was made at the jail door; but he was finally got inside and put in a cell.

THE THRONG OF CITIZENS

Grew larger every moment and Sheriff Glasscock was called upon to give up the prisoner. He refused, and appointed several deputies to assist him in guarding the jail. District Attorney Atwell also aided the Sheriff. After the lapse of a short time, during which the citizens evinced a determined resolution to bring McCrory to summary justice, without awaiting the law's delay, which had saved his neck from the halter so many times before, when he so richly deserved it, a movement was made for an organization.

FIFTEEN WELL-KNOWN CITIZENS

Were detailed to guard the jail to prevent McCrory's being spirited out. Of course there was much loud talking and tumult, but the crowd was calmly in earnest as to the object in view—the taking out of McCrory and his execution. The only thing was how best to go about it. The officers maintained a firm front at the other hall door, which was locked, and stubbornly resisted whenever an attempt was made by any of the crowd to force in. Finally it was determined to break into the jail immediately at all hazards. A long iron water pipe was obtained, some 20 feet in length, fifty hands seized it, and the officers, after

A BRIEF BUT FIERCE STRUGGLE,

Were forced aside, the outer hall door was soon battered open, and the citizens were inside the hall. The jail door was now reached. The first door is made of double-sheet iron and then there is a stronger one of wrought-iron crossbars inside this. The first was forced with a crowbar. The second failed to yield. Sheriff Glasscock was then overpowered and searched for the keys, but unsuccessfully. Deputy Sheriff Reynolds was next captured and searched, but the keys were not found on him, though secreted on his person. The crowd rushed in with implements to break the wrought-iron door. Sheriff Glasscock and Deputies Reynolds and Parker being released, succeeded in getting in with the crowd, and made another attempt to prevent the jail being broken, but they were overpowered instantly by still larger numbers and carried outside and placed under guard. Two keys were found on them and the door swung open. The names of the other occupants of the jail were called and answered to by them until McCrory's cell was identified. It was unlocked and McCrory was found lying down inside, completely

PARALYZED WITH FEAR.

He refused to stand on his feet, or speak. He knew that his time had come. Before the people had got inside, he told the other prisoners that the crowd would surely get in and hang him "clean out of the jail," and implored them to "help to fight it out." Keeney told him that he "would pray for him" and he did so, he says. McCrory lying down and giving himself up deeply to his fate. A rope had been prepared, and as he refused to walk, the noose was put over his neck and he was dragged out. As the noose was being put on his neck he made some resistance, striking with his hands and kicking but not attempting to stand. The crowd now probably numbered two hundred. Dozens of men seized the rope and he was dragged to

THE COURT-STREET BRIDGE

In a moment. All his clothes were dragged off him down to his ankles. The end of the rope was tied to the railing and the body rolled off. The fall was about four or five feet. No motion of the body was perceptible after the fall. It hung there for some time after he was dead and was taken down and delivered to an undertaker. Twenty dollars was raised to bury him in the crowd, who determined not to allow the county to be put to any further expense on account of the desperado.

We say "well done" to our citizens who executed this devil incarnate. Allen was

THE FOURTH MAN

He had killed in Visalia. He had killed at least two of them in cold blood, without the slightest cause or provocation. A couple of years ago he shot and killed a Mexican in the Fashion Saloon here, whose back was turned, and who was not even aware of his presence, and with whom he had never had a single angry word. He was allowed to plead guilty to murder in the second degree through his attorney, and so being brought into court before Judge Bradford for sentence denied that his attorney was authorized to make this plea. He was sentenced, nevertheless, to imprisonment in the penitentiary for fifteen years. After being in prison a few months he was granted.

A NEW TRIAL

On this technicality, and, on account of the removal of essential witnesses and other reasons, he was allowed to go scot free. He had shot at various others in this town, besides those he succeeded in killing. After this trial he left here and went to Arizona. He got into a shooting scrape, it is said, killed a soldier and had to leave. He had a family in Stockton and was on his way there, he said, when he reached Visalia on Tuesday. The men who hung him were among our best and

MOST INFLUENTIAL CITIZENS.

They thought that there had been about enough of wholesale, cold-blooded murders in this community. The law had failed to protect us. The county had time and again been put to thousands of dollars of useless expense in trials which amounted to nothing. And they had just seen a man convicted of a cold-blooded assassination, and the judgment upon wh