

## HORN HANGED AT CHEYENNE.

Notorious Cattle Rustler of Wyoming Expiates His Crime  
On the Gallows.

### KILLED LITTLE WILLIE NICKELL

Trap Was Sprung at noon and His Neck Was Broken by a Drop of Over Six Feet.

### HE WAS GAME TO THE VERY LAST

Denied Having Confessed the Crime And Left a Letter to His Friend, John C. Coble.

(Special to the "News.")

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 20.—Tom Horn was hanged here at 11:05 a. m. His neck was broken by a drop of six feet four inches. Horn died game and just before the trap was sprung he denied the Associated Press story of having confessed. He left a letter to his friend John C. Coble in which he declared his innocence. Horn was smiling throughout the trying ordeal and after the black cap was fixed was asked if he was ready and in a clear firm voice said, "Yes." The execution was one of the most successful ever held in the west and Horn proved to be the gamest man seen in these parts in many years.

### HORN DIED GAME.

Tom Horn died the gamest of any man ever executed in Wyoming. He read a statement before the execution that he was innocent of the murder of the Nickells boy, and after the execution the body was delivered to his brother, Charles Horn, for removal to Boulder, Colo., for burial.

### HIS LAST MOMENTS.

Horn Was as Unconcerned as Ever and Died Game.

Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 20.—Tom Horn died at 11:05 a. m., game to the last and smiling. His neck was broken by the fall of the trap.

Horn denied that he had ever confessed the murder of Willie Nickell but told his spiritual advisers he had been guilty of crimes but not wilfully so.

Ten minutes before he was bound for the scaffold he lay on his cot smoking a cigar and looking out at the spectators. Frank and Charles Irwin sang a sentimental cowboy song and were allowed to shake hands with Horn. Horn's last word was to Joseph Cahill, county clerk, who assisted on the scaffold.

"Ain't losing your nerve are you, Joe?" said Horn.

Then the cap was adjusted and he stood with clenched fists waiting for the drop.

When the spectators had been admitted to the jail the Rev. George H. Rafter climbed up a ladder to the tier in which Horn was confined and opened a prayer book. The massive iron doors opened at Sheriff Proctor, Sheriff Smalley, County Clerk Joseph Cahill and Deputy Sheriff Leslie Snow appeared.

Horn got up off his cot and walked out of the door. He was pale and thin from long confinement, but he was game.

"Charlie Irwin will sing," said Proctor.

Moneyback says "Schilling's Best"

are such as you want at the prices you choose to pay.

At your grocer's.

for as Horn neared the edge of the balcony and looked down.

"Hello, Tom," said Irwin, with a pleasant smile, and a wave of his hand.

"Hi, Charlie," answered Horn with a smile.

Charlie and Frank Irwin then sang that old cowboy railroad song, "Keep Your Hand Upon the Throttle and Your Eye Upon the Rail."

The rich yet untrained voices of the two brothers rang through the corridors and brought tears to the eyes of the spectators.

When the song was finished, Proctor said:

"Charles and Frank Irwin will pass around to the left and come above."

"Thank you, Ed," said Tom, and the two brothers were on the balcony in another moment.

"Tom," said Charlie, "did you make a confession to the murder of Willie Nickell?"

"No."

"Well, Tom, a man's got to die only once, and it has to be, so be game."

"You bet I will."

"It's as well first as last, you know."

"Yes, it's all right."

"Well, good bye, old man. I wish I could do something for you. Is there anything you want me to do?"

"No, I wrote Coble this morning."

"Good bye."

The two Irwins passed around back to the lower floor in the front where they were within five feet of the drop.

Proctor began to fasten the straps. Horn turned and twisted to suit the executioner.

"Well, Joe," he said to Cahill, "I hear you are married and doing well."

"Yes, you are county clerk, is that so?"

"Yes, Tom, it's true," answered Cahill.

"Well, by God, I'm glad to hear it."

Horn's hands were then securely fastened to his body and he was all ready for the final strap on his feet.

Between Smalley, Proctor and Cahill he walked out on to the platform, with short steps and steady looking the nose.

"I'll have to have a hand to get on that thing," said Horn with a ghastly smile.

"What's the matter, Joe?" (to Cahill, who was rubbing his chin nervously.)

"Ain't losing your nerve are you?"

Proctor picked up the noose at 11:05 o'clock and started to place it over Horn's head.

The condemned man coolly ducked his head and thrust it through the noose.

Dr. Rafter prayed earnestly for the salvation of the departing soul.

Proctor took up the black cap and slipped it over the doomed man's head and in this he was assisted by Horn's movements of the neck.

Cahill and Smalley lifted Horn to the trap door. Instantly water began to pour from the tank and in 50 seconds the trap fell.

"He sure died game," said Charlie Irwin, a minute later.

There was no answer. The spectators passed out, each shaking hands with Proctor and commending him for the faultless execution.

In just 15 minutes after the drop Horn was pronounced dead by physicians and his body taken down.

It was turned over to Charles Horn, a brother of the dead man, and taken by him to Boulder, Colo., for burial.

HORN'S LAST LETTER.

Just before marching to the gallows, Horn wrote the following letter:

"Cheyenne, Wyo., Nov. 20, 10:45 a. m. John C. Coble, Esq., City. I die in ten minutes. I did not kill Willie Nickell. I never made an admission to La Fols, Ohnhaus or Snow, and all swore to lies, including Irwin of Laramie. (Signed.) "TOM HORN."

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CHICAGO EXCURSIONS.

Nov. 27th to 29th, inclusive. Via Oregon Short Line. Round trip rate from Salt Lake only \$44.50. Return limit December 7th.

## Detailed Story of the Execution.

(Continued from page one.)

### DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

Mortensen's body straightened up and a convulsive gasp escaped him. He raised his hands as far as the leather thongs that bound the wrists would permit him. They remained in the air a few seconds, trembling, and then settled slowly to the arms of the chair. His head dropped forward and his mouth opened and the pallor of death stole slowly over his features.

"When the rifles spoke, Mortensen was dead," is the statement of Dr. Mayo. "Death was practically instantaneous. Two of the bullets went squarely through the heart, while the other two grazed the lower part of that organ. The deadly messengers went through his spinal column and into the woodwork behind the chair."

The physicians rushed forward like law was vindicated.

dead man's pulse, but there was not even a slight flutter. Peter Mortensen was dead. The cruel murder of James R. Hay had been avenged; the order of the court had been carried out, and immediately after the volley and felt the CALMLY CONDUCTED.

The execution was successful in every particular. There was no nervousness on the part of those who had charge of the grim work. Everything was conducted with clock-work regularity. The spectators were orderly to a man, and when the terrible work was finished, they quietly filed out of the prison yard and returned to the city to tell their friends how Peter Mortensen met his death.

FACED DEATH FEARLESSLY.

To all outward appearances, Mortensen faced his executioners fearlessly. What his last thoughts were no man can tell. Many of those who have been associated with him for the past seven months said he gave an exhibition of the most remarkable nerve they had ever witnessed. Others said, however, that Mortensen was a man without human feeling, and that the indifference he manifested was the result of a lack of feeling rather than nerve.

PRONOUNCED DEAD.

After he was pronounced dead, his body was unstrapped and four prison guards lifted the remains on to a stretcher and carried them into the prison morgue. There the sheriff officially turned the body over to the prison authorities. A search was at once instituted for the bullets that ended the remarkable man's career. They were found, and Clerk Stowe has the steel jacket of one that passed through Mortensen's heart. A reporter tried to induce Mr. Stowe to cut the shell and divide the gruesome relic, but he would not listen to it.

Mortensen's Message to the Public

(Continued from page one.)

"The warden, Acting Warden Wright, Dr. Young, Mr. Ure, Mr. Wilkerson, Mr. Leatham, Mr. Schettler, Mr. Pugsley and Mr. Armstrong.

"Mr. Ure has had a better chance perhaps than each of the others to become acquainted with me and has extended more courtesies and said more kind things to me than the others have had opportunity to do. I desire to thank him from the bottom of my heart for every word he has uttered for me or to me. May the people of this state appreciate that dear boy's work. Today I look upon him as one of my best friends. God bless him, his little wife and dear children!"

During the last statement Mortensen looked straight in the eyes of Guard Ure, who was visibly affected by the earnest statements made by the condemned man and was compelled to use his handkerchief to wipe away the tears which welled to his eyes.

THE DEATH WATCH.

Continuing, Mortensen said: "Since I have been under death watch Mr. Naylor, who first brought me down here has been awfully kind to me. I wish to bless him and his. Mr. Driggs has been my day guard. He has said many kind things to me, both here and outside, for which I thank him and say, Mr. Driggs, (this addressed to the guard himself, who was standing watch over him) God bless you! Your words have been so kind, so tender and filled with such feeling that words have no meaning, they fail to express my feelings. May the people of Utah bless you for your adherence to duty—many duties, your desire to see justice done!"

"Mr. Ferren has long been a personal friend of mine, and while he only stopped with me a few short hours, yet he, like the others, remained my friend; was willing to see all the good, was loathe to open his eyes to the bad which has been said of me. For the sake of these words expressed to me since my trouble, I thank him, but I thank him more for being true to me from youth up."

"Mr. Smoot has been my guard through the latter part of the night and has had little chance to talk to me, but for the few words he has said I want to thank him like the others. (Here he stopped to think a few seconds before continuing.)

GRATEFUL TO STEWARTS.

"In conclusion, I desire to bespeak for those faithful boys who defended me, Bernard and C. B. Stewart, the kindest consideration of all mankind, for they have done all that lay in their power, and hence, in the face of the bitterest public sentiment, have been willing to dare and do their duty towards me. I desire to thank their families for the loyal support of their husbands and fathers."

"I desire to thank all who have in any manner expressed one sentence of sympathy and have uttered one word of faith in my innocence, who have expressed one doubt in the justice which it is claimed I have received at the hands of the courts. You who are my friends, who have been my friends, I embrace you with the deepest love and most friendly feeling which I possess. My feelings have been touched many times because of your kind words, because of your welcome visits and because of your parting tears."

DECLARATION OF INNOCENCE.

"To the world, I want to say and swear by the heavens above, by the earth beneath and by all things, I hold dear on this earth, I am not guilty of that cowardly murder of my dearest friend! I ask, therefore, no man's pardon for aught that I may have done in life. I am confident that my life is an example to most people. I do not say that I am better or more worthy of the respect of the world than the average man, but I have done my duty to my friends, to my father and mother, to my brothers and sister and to other near relatives. I have done my absolute duty towards my wife and five little babies. May God keep and care for those sweet darlings!"

OVERCOME WITH GRIEF.

Here the condemned man was quite overcome with grief and wept for several seconds before he was able to resume his statement.

"You who have hearts and have feelings and have families, I say to you, help them if you can. I forgive no man who has said one word against me which has not been true. I have no feelings towards those who have spoken truly. There are such. But to those who have by idle words or by their attitude towards me misrepresented me or spoke falsely of me, I will never forgive, neither here nor in the world to come."

GOOD-BYE TO ALL.

"Good-bye to the world and all those who have manhood enough to stand up for principle, for truth and justice. The one bright ray in my last hours is the consoling opinion rendered by the Hon. Thomas Marmonaux, who dissented from the opinion of the court in my last appeal. God bless you, Mr. Marmonaux. You are a stranger to me in name, but I love you because you dare stand up for what you believe to be true. I don't think I have anything further to say."

SIGNATURE AS MEMENTOES.

Mortensen then turned into his cell, took his fountain pen from his pocket and signed a short typewritten statement which he gave to Guard Driggs as a remembrance. He was then asked for his signature by the newspaper men present, and taking one of their pencils, smilingly complied with their request. He wrote his signature four times on a piece of paper and then distributed them among the reporters to whom he made his statement. Before he allowed the reporters to go he explained to them that he did not intend to be interviewed by the reporter on last evening, and for that reason he didn't give each of the papers a chance.

Mortensen then removed his black trousers and vest, and put on the gray prison trousers in which he was executed. Dr. Young, prison physician, then approached him and asked him how he felt, and asked him if he wanted any medicine or drugs. He replied that he did not want anything at all.

SEVERE ON MAYO.

County Physician Mayo, and Drs. Odell and Wilcox then came forward and shook hands with the condemned man. When he took Dr. Mayo's hand, Mortensen said: "You're the rascal that helped to fix me."

Dr. Mayo replied that he only told what he knew from a medical standpoint, and that he had nothing to do with his conviction. Mortensen smiled and replied that he was just joking.

GOOD-BYE, PETE.

He was then led from his cell by his guards, and Acting Warden Wright. While passing the cells of a number of other prisoners who are under death sentence, Mortensen yelled to them and bade them good-bye. Among those whom he accosted was Nick Haworth, James Lynch and Charles Rotha. They all responded: "Good-bye, Pete."

Mortensen said that he hoped they would have better luck than he had. He was then led to the entrance of the cell room where he was met by Sheriff Emery and his deputies, and was blindfolded and then led to the execution chair by Deputy Sheriffs Smith and Cowan.

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**NO MAN IS STRONGER THAN HIS STOMACH**

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For Scenes, Incidents and Details of the Criminal Careers of Peter Mortensen and Tom Horn, See Pages 6, 7, 8 of This Issue of the Deseret News.

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All members of Salt Lake Camp 52, Woodmen of the World, and visiting neighbors, are requested to meet at our hall in Old Fellows Temple, Sunday afternoon, Nov. 22nd, at 1:30 sharp, to attend the funeral of Neighbor George Ward.

W. A. DUVALL, Con. Com. A. McKELLAR, Clerk.

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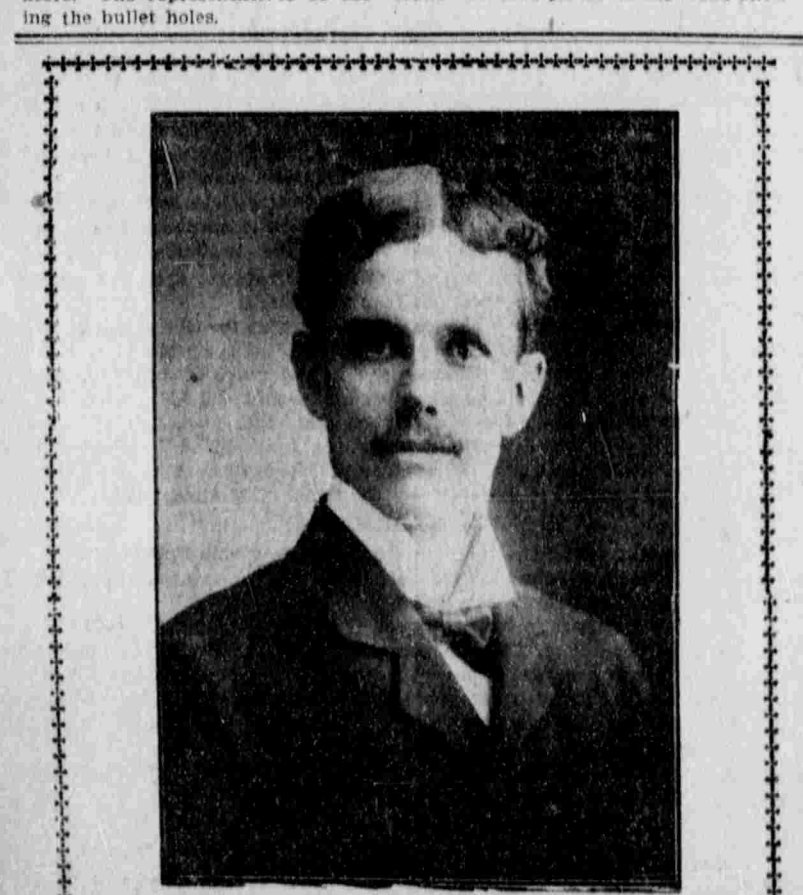
If they desire to reach the people of the Western States and Territories in their homes.

## Relatives Get Body; Burial at Ogden

At 5 minutes to 12 o'clock, Trustees Daniels, Deleew, Wright and Faulkner carried into the prison a dark coffin with light grained panels. In this coffin the body of Mortensen was placed. At 12:30 the body was prepared for burial. At 3 o'clock this afternoon it had not been definitely decided where the remains would be buried. At that hour they were turned over to the relatives and the probabilities are that Mortensen's dying request, that his body be buried at Ogden by the side of his mother, will be complied with. There will probably be but a brief ceremony if indeed there is any at all, at the burial, as Mortensen expressly stated that he wanted no ceremony.

THE DEADLY WOUNDS.

After the body had been taken to the morgue, it was carried into the chapel where an examination of the bullet wounds was made. The bullets all entered the body within three inches of each other, forming a sort of triangular shape. They came out of the back in the same way. The holes were not larger than an ordinary lead pencil. The bullets, after passing through the body, went through the woodwork and shattered against the stone walls. The guards and other prison officials secured pieces of the shells and lead, and the board through which the bullets passed was saved up by Guard David Hilton and distributed among the guard and other officers. The representatives of the "News" secured pieces of the wood showing the bullet holes.



JAMES R. HAY, The Man for Whose Murder Mortensen was Executed.

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