HOW MASKED MEN MOBBED ELDERS.

Story of the Shocking Affair Told by an Atlanta Newspaper.

SHOOTING OF MRS. CUNARD.

The Cowardly Deed Probably Saved the Lives of the Missionaries, who Were Terribly Beaten.

Tuesday afternoon the Journal correspondent accompanied by Editor H. C. Lee, of the Jackson Argus, went to the home of Mr. J. L. Stagby, four miles east of this city, where the "Morgan" twins, Smith D. Rogers of Brooklyn Navajo county, Arizona, and Mr. Cunard, of Harrison, Ulster county, Tennessee, had taken refuge since their terrible experience in the hands of the masked and heavily armed men in the early Tuesday night, and there were to our correspondent the following scenes of their narrow escape and terrible ordeal this evening.

THE CUNARD STATEMENT.

The same time last year we have recorded a series of meetings near Nowhere, in the Jackson side, and met with, for the first time, a mob. We have seen that trouble was brewing on account of our preaching the doctrine of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and we knew that we were in danger, wherever we went, we have threatened and been shot at, we have been stoned and hooted, we have gone about our Lord's doing missions, we have been threatened and hunted, we have been sorely tried, so and we remain a point of this household a quiet, peaceable, and law abiding citizen, Mrs. Cunard became a convert, and believes in the "Mormon" religion and we have lived a quiet and peaceable life.

Last night we laid down for prayer in our every day, one from Newton Jewett, and from Marion Cunard, their married daughter, and myself, when the mob appeared. We knew of an attempted trying with received Monday in a note from Mr. Jewett, which we have in our possession, and stated that "we had better look out, for they will be down on you, Tuesday night and kill, and we will be ready." Wednesday night we had a very severe wind storm, and we were in a very severe wind by, for we all were sick (Sunday).

Mr. Jewett said in this anonymous letter, "Tuesday evening we were in Jackson and we heard a man talking to a crowd of men on the corners of the streets, who stood it a week we would be down on you, and we would be down on the lower winding and cutting you up like Mrs. Cunard's cows." There were no men in the party, all were masked. Their shoes and boots were all with heels on, and they had the marks upon the ground in front of the house, they quietly came forward and was in the house in seconds, the old man Jewett asked where the other d—n "Mormon" was, and he was for him to come out, and he kicked off, as received the same British treatment.

THE WOMAN SHOT.

"Mrs. Cunard raised her chair to ground and begged the men not to hurt her or shoot. She called the leader by name, then he commanded one of the party to shoot her, and he did so. This fired the shot from the double-barrel shotgun, and the shot struck her, and was so near that the powder burned her face badly. When the men saw that they had done the deed they quickly ran out of the house, and they were engaged in some form the name of their terrible crime and set into the woods, and we heard no more of them. We told them we would do anything they said, as we had done both to us for trouble, but that we had not intentionally wished a happy home, we remain below as shooting distance, and we would do anything in reason and consistent, and that we would stop preaching the lower called for volunteers to what happened, and it was to be done. That evening the volunteers assembled. The plan received some following, and some opposition, and it was finally decided that we and the girls should have to be sent to that community. The matter was left open for a few days, and we decided that four days from that time we would be ready to go. We kept going all the time, and we left Jackson on Friday, October Wednesday morning before we was ready, and we left at Mr. Jewett's."

SAYS THEY ARE WELL KNOWN.

This Rogers (accepted three men in the party, and Mr. Cunard is well acquainted with the leader and can give name to other, but he is well known in Jackson community. Mrs. Cunard, the other of that community, Mrs. Cunard, was not because she called the leader by name, and was shot, thinking he was dead, and he commanded her to be shot. The man commanded her to be shot. The man commanded her to be shot. The man