

door. the east door, overpowering the sheriff turnkey and a handful of deputies, and began the assault on the iron turnstile to the cells. The police from the south door were called inside to help keep the mob from the cells and in five minutes the south door had shared the fate of

with all the entrances and yard gates blocked by fully 1,500 men, thus making it impossible for the militia to have prevented access to the negro had the iron partition leading to the cells re-sisted the mob effectually until cold chisels and sledge hammers arrived a few minutes later. The padlock to the turnstile was broken, and the mob soon filled the corridors leading to the cells. Seeing that further resistance was useless, and to avoid the killing of inno-cent prisoners, the authorities consent-ed to the demand of the mob for the right man. He was dragged from his cell to the jail door and thence down the store given is a word court in the the stone steps to a paved court in the jail yard. Fearing an attempt on the police to rescue him, the leaders formed a hellow square. Some one knocked the negro to the ground, and those near to him fell back for five feet. Nine shots were fired into his prostrate body, and, satisfied that he was dead, a dozen men grabbed the lifeless body and with a triumphant cheer the mob surged into Columbia street and marched to Fountain avenue, one of the principal thoroughfares of the town.

men climbed the pole, about 18 feet above the street. Then they descended and their for 30 minutes the body was kept swaying back and forth from the force of the rain of bullets which was poured into it. up convulsively when a muscle was struck and the mob went fairly wild with delight. Throughout it all perfect good humor and good order was maintained and everyone seemed in the best of spirits, joking with his nearest neigh-

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