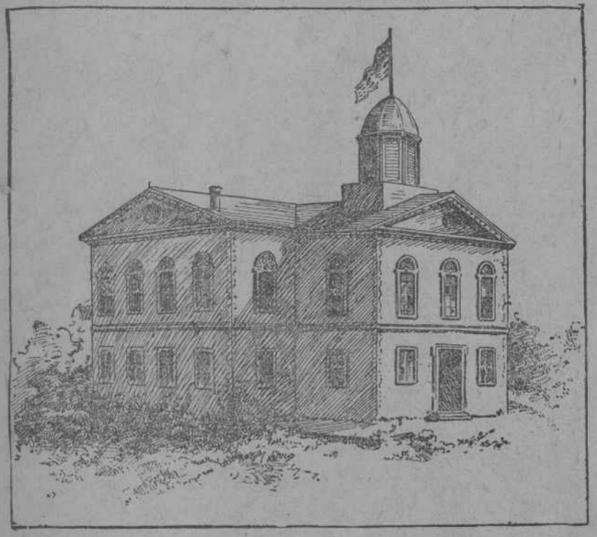


FIVE MEN HUNG FOR A BURGLARY.



Courthouse and Jail at Versailles Raided by Lynchers.

Versailles is the county seat of Ripley County, and is a town of about eight hundred residents. Its courthouse was "contrived a double debt to pay" and serve also as a prison. This dual dignity did not awe a mob of three hundred lynchers who dragged five robbers out of it and hung them.

MARSHVILLE, Va. Osgood, Ind., Sept. 15.—Five men were lynched here last night. They were burglars, highwaymen and thieves. Though their offenses did not go beyond crimes against property, the farmers and townspeople of Ripley County are pleased with their work, and are talking of continuing it; the objects of prospective attention being members of the same lawless gang to which the five men now hanging to the old elm tree in the public square are supposed to have belonged.

The five dead men are Ayley Levi, Bert Andrews, Clifford Gordon, William Jenkins and Henry Schuler. Gordon and Andrews were caught breaking into Woolley Brothers store. Levi furnished the buggy in which the housebreakers traveled to the scene, and it was at Jenkins' house the "slaying" was planned. Schuler was in jail for robbing the barbershop at Osgood last week, and the mob, while lynching the other four, concluded to clean out the jail.

It was a savage lynching and three of the victims—Levi, Jenkins and Schuler—were probably dead before the ropes were put around their necks under the elm tree. They had fought the mob in the jail and had been shot and beaten and only their lifeless bodies were dragged to the bank near the jail.

Citizens' Patience Exhausted. The lynching was not unprovoked, as it would seem at first. The people were incensed by innumerable deprecations of an organized gang that robbed and killed and terrorized the community until they revealed the hiding places of their members. The lynchers were of this gang, the lynchers claimed, though they could not prove it.

It has been understood among the citizens that as soon as any of the robbers were lynched, they should be lynched, but so quietly was this determination reached that the authorities had no idea of it, though almost every influential man of the vicinity was party to the plan.

At 1 o'clock in the morning when the lynchers began to assemble on a hillside near Versailles, they seemed to spring out of the ground. Shadows loomed up in the darkness, and the lynchers met them and investigated them and then the shadows joined the steadily growing group on the dark hillside. A word was spoken above a whisper, instructions had already been given, and the lynchers, who numbered a regiment of four hundred men, marched into town; their horses were left tethered to the trees. There were four men in the party, and they had just out of sight of the jail.

The jail was in charge of William Keenan, Sheriff of Ripley County. He was about through the hand while capturing the burglars.

In front of the jail proper is the residence and in that were Acting Jailor Keenan and Robert Barnett, William Block and Len Wenzel, deputies.

No Fearful in the Jail. At 2 o'clock in the morning there was a knock at the door of the jail. The deputies peeped out and saw three men, apparently two officers, with a prisoner between them. Versailles, though the county seat, is off the railroad, and the appearance of officers with a prisoner for the county jail, even at 2 o'clock in the morning, was nothing out of the ordinary. The jailer threw open the door and found himself looking into the muzzle of a pistol in the hands of the supposed prisoner. The other two men, who their guns covered the other deputies in the jail. All three men were masked, but this could not be noticed until the jail door was opened.

"Give us the keys," said the man who held the pistol to Keenan's head. Keenan began to argue. "I'll blow your head off," the keys were forthcoming.

The keys were forthcoming. The rest of the lynch party, and they filed into the jail until the lower floor was filled. Keenan, Keenan and Schuler were on this floor. They realized what the noise meant and as each of their cell doors were opened they rushed at the men who entered. Levi, a heavy old soldier, armed himself with the leg of a chair and would have been the leader of the mob had not another lyncher about the desperate thief through the breast before the blow could fall. He dropped and lay in his cell door with his battle scarred old face twisted up in agony.

Jenkins and Schuler stood at the door of their respective cells exchanging blows with the mob. The crowd stood back long enough to let somebody swing a stool and Jenkins and Schuler went down with crushed skulls.

Andrews tried to talk, but whether he meant to plead or curse, he never heeded. A noise was thrown around his neck, he was jerked down stairs and into a wretched procession that was headed for the public square.

Death Before Hanging. All five men, quick, dead and dying,

Shot, Beaten and Dragged from Jail to the Hangman's Tree.

THEY FOUGHT FOR LIFE. Three Were Dead Before They Reached the Execution Place.

CITIZENS APPROVE THE ACT. The Governor Directs the Sheriff to Arrest Members of the Mob but No Action is Taken—Thiefry Had Enraged Farmers.

The Governor Directs the Sheriff to Arrest Members of the Mob but No Action is Taken—Thiefry Had Enraged Farmers.

were subjected to brutal treatment in the effort to make them give up their hidden money, but the robbers wore masks and their identity has never been revealed, though suspicion fell upon several persons who were supposed to have a more or less intimate connection with the gang. As a rule, however, the robbers entailed but small losses upon the victims, and it was only in exceptional cases that violence resulted.

Governor Mount to the Sheriff of Ripley County.

Indianapolis, Sept. 15.—Wire me at once particulars of the lynching that has occurred in your county. I further direct that you proceed immediately, with all the power you can command, to bring to justice all parties guilty of participation in the murder of the five men alleged to have been lynched. Such lawlessness is intolerable, and all the power of the State, if necessary, will be vigorously employed for the arrest and punishment of all parties implicated. JAMES A. MOUNT, Governor.

were effected the same way. Their arms and feet were bound and they were dragged along by the ropes around their necks until they were able to take care of themselves and that nobody would ever be punished for the hanging. Even if indictments should be returned it is hardly probable that a jury could be secured who would convict any one.

Gang a Desperate One. For four or five years the farmers of the county have been the victims of a lawless gang, who lived an outlaw existence, robbing indiscriminately and sometimes committing graver crimes. Farmers would come into town with a bunch of cattle or load of farming products and next morning they would be found robbed and beaten by the roadside.

Old German farmers have been visited and both men and women have been tortured at midnight, into the woods as Agard German women have been forced to stand upon red hot stoves in an effort to compel them to disclose the hiding place of some treasure in the house.

These deprecations have continued unceasingly. Arrests have been made, but the guilty parties have covered up the law and it was seldom that conviction followed. During the past week robberies had increased to a fearful extent.

On last Saturday word was received by the sheriff that the store of Woolley Brothers, at Osgood, was ten miles from here, and was entered.

The information was given by one of the gang who had been suspected. Sheriff Bushing arranged that his informant should accompany them, and, securing five deputies, they went to the place.

Sheriff Bushing concealed himself in the cellar, while his deputies were stationed at a convenient distance outside. Shortly after midnight the gang reached Woolley Brothers store, Clifford G. Gordon and the Sheriff's informant were designated to break into the building. Gordon, however, stepped inside the Sheriff grabbed him. Both pulled pistols at the same time and began firing. Bert Andrews was with law robbers and he joined in the fusillade while the deputies came to the assistance of the Sheriff.

Thirty shots were fired. The Sheriff was shot through the hand and Gordon was shot several times. Three pistol balls entered his body, and he was also shot in the leg. Gordon was hit in the chest and he stepped into the room and came to Osgood, where they were arrested.

Men of standing in the community are openly applauding the work of the mob, declaring that there was no power in the State that would suppress lawlessness in Ripley County, and that the murder of the suspects was the only remedy that remained for the people. It is true that the vengeance has been swift and sure, but the acts are not the work of the mob, as well as the evil disposed, for the few that have been bold enough to condemn it have been met with revillings and in some instances with the threat that their treatment will be accorded them if they lead their aid to the discovery of the members of the mob.

This vicinity has not been the theatre of any desperate crimes for years, and the most from which people have suffered was petty thieving with the occasional robbing of a store in this and other towns in the county. It became apparent a short time ago that a gang of thieves and robbers had been organized in the county and that the work of plunder was being carried on more systematically than ever before.

Several robberies have occurred of late which greatly incensed the people, as some of the victims were women who were alone in their homes, and others were aged farmers who came to town with a little produce and were robbed and maltreated when darkness overtook them on their way home. In one case an aged farmer and his wife

THORN AND NACK AGAIN INDICTED.

Grand Jury of Queens County Finds a True Bill Against Them.

WILL LEAVE THE TOMBS. Guidensuppe's Slayings Will Be Taken to the Long Island City Jail To-day.

PEOPLE'S CASE IS VERY STRONG. Only Eighteen of Forty-Two Witnesses Were Needed to Convince the Grand Jury of the Prisoners' Guilt.

The Queens County Grand Jury yesterday afternoon presented true bills against Augustus Nack and Martin Thorn for the murder on June 25 of William Guidensuppe at the cottage No. 248 Second street, Woodside.

The jury wasted no time in getting out the indictments, and the strength of the case was only eighteen of the forty-two witnesses called were taken into the grand jury room to testify.

Application will be made to Judge Fitzgerald this morning for the transfer of the prisoners from the Tombs to the Queens County Jail. When they reach Long Island City the first actual step will have been taken toward their punishment for the most brutal murder of recent times.

Assistant District-Attorney Rosalsky, of this city, who has all the details worked up by the Journal and Detective Sergeant Price, at his fingers ends, sat with District-Attorney Youngs in the Grand Jury room and assisted in the examination of the witnesses. These included Captain Stephen O'Brien, who was in charge of the Central Office when the crime was unearthed; Detective Sergeant Samuel E. Price, who arrested Mrs. Nack and elicited the reputation of her ally; John Gotha, the barber to whom Thorn made his confession; G. W. Arnold, the Journal reporter who brought about the identification of the dismembered body; Louis Shearen, the undertaker who let the survey for the Saturday afternoon ride in which the three portions of the body were disposed of; Mrs. Riger, who sold the remains of the body; and the man who found the fragments of the body, the man who found the fragments of the body, the man who found the fragments of the body.

His opponent, William F. Howe, arrayed in a garb that put the loungers about the court house in speechlessness, had a tall, thin, and a small crew. She was well loaded with freight, having taken on 200 barrels of sugar, in addition to her customary cargo, just before leaving the pier. The loading of extra freight had delayed her, and it was after 6 o'clock when her moorings were cast off.

On the Weehawken Flats. Within half an hour after the collision the Catskill, which had been quietly taken in tow by a passing tugboat and headed for the Jersey shore, was hard and fast upon the flats abreast of Weehawken.

The Catskill left her berth at the foot of Christopher street a few minutes after 6 o'clock, a sis her custom. She had on board forty-three passengers—a small lot for her—and a small crew. She was well loaded with freight, having taken on 200 barrels of sugar, in addition to her customary cargo, just before leaving the pier. The loading of extra freight had delayed her, and it was after 6 o'clock when her moorings were cast off.

Passengers at Dinner. Nearly all the passengers had gone into the dining room before the boat left. When she had passed Fifth Street Captain Parker and the wheel man in the pilot house saw the St. John brilliantly lighted and carrying about 1,000 excursionists, whom she was bringing back from a "round trip" to the Hudson.

Both vessels were well in midstream, and a strong tide was running. Signal whistles were blown, but they seem to have been misunderstood.

With a crash that could be plainly heard all along the water-side, the two heavy walls came together. There was a great crunching and splintering of the light woodwork on the Catskill, and the screams and the pleasure to one who swarmed on the St. John's echoed over the water in a fearful chorus.

A Great Ragged Hole. The excursion boat struck the Catskill on the starboard side, about thirty-five feet above the deck, and tore a great hole in her side the whole depth of the decks and freeboard, and away below the water line.

Captain Braisted, of the St. John, seeing that the Catskill's injuries were sufficient to sink her, and that speedily blew his whistle for aid. The Catskill's help signals also sounded, and passing craft and tugs came to the rescue along shore, hurried to their assistance.

The dining saloon of the Catskill is on the lower deck. The passengers, peacefully engaged at their meal, were hurled from their seats pell-mell by the shock of the collision. The boat lay almost upon her beam ends. The dishes and food were swept from the tables.

With screams of terror the passengers rushed from the saloon, the stronger hurrying to the upper deck, where they had to hasten to the lifeboats. Before they could mount the stairways the lights were extinguished, and they were groping vainly in the dark in search of life preservers.

Passengers in the Water. The water rushed into the great gap in the vessel's side in awful volume, and more quickly than it can be told, the stricken fabric began to sink. Five minutes after the crash came the water was over the main decks, and the passengers, all in the dark, was wading about in it,

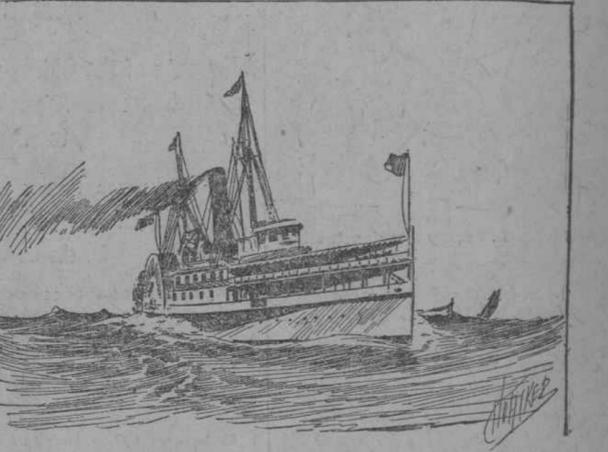
STEAMER CATSKILL SUNK BY THE ST. JOHNS.

Two of Her Passengers, Perhaps Four, Are Drowned.

PANIC AND DARKNESS. Lights Go Out, Water Rushes in Through the Breach and She Sinks Quickly.

THE WHISTLES MISUNDERSTOOD. St. Johns, Coming Down the River with a Party of Excursionists, Strikes the Catskill Going Up Off Fifty-eighth Street.

The sidewheel steamer Catskill, of the



Excursion Steamer St. John, That Sank the Catskill.

New York, Catskill & Athens line, plying along the Hudson, was sunk by the big excursion boat St. Johns, Captain Braisted, owned by the Central Railroad of New Jersey, a little before 7 o'clock last night, just opposite Fifty-seventh street, on her north-bound trip.

Her forty-three passengers all escaped save one man, who was in his stateroom, and Bertie Timmerman, a boy of five years, son of Moses Timmerman, of Leeds, N. Y.

It was reported last night, though the confusion forbade absolute verification of the report, that two women, Mrs. Maria McDonald and her daughter, Mrs. Susan Morris, of Guttenberg, were lost.

Leonard P. Miller, of No. 3433 Garden street, another passenger, was trampled by the panicstricken people who were running about in wild efforts to escape. His leg was broken. He lies in Roosevelt Hospital.

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ashing the life preservers about them, and preparing to leap into the river.

Five of them did hurl themselves overboard from the hurricane deck, to which they had climbed in fright, but which they judged from the screams of those below would soon be reached by the rising flood.

Captain Braisted, as soon as he had backed his boat away, got out a lifeboat. He saw the dark forms on the other vessel dropping one by one with wild screams into the tide. The St. John's boat picked up three of the struggling ones.

Tragic Swarms to Give Aid. Meanwhile the signals of distress, heard by every craft on the river, had brought several tugs, including the Grand Central, belonging to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company.

Two of the tugs came close alongside the sinking craft, which had by this time settled so low in the water that the people were able to step directly from the steamer's decks to the upper deck of the tug. A third boat had made fast a towing hawser, and while the passengers were being disembarked, the Catskill was making such laggard headway as she could toward the Jersey side of the river, in hopes to prevent her from going to bottom in the deep water of the channel.

People ashore in the neighborhood of the collision rushed down to the West Fifty-ninth street pier of the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, and hundreds of witnesses gathered to witness the sinking of the Catskill and hear the cries of those who had fallen into the water and the calls for help of those who were still on the sinking steamer. From the New York side the spectator thought they counted about five people in the water.

The Grand Central succeeded in taking off and bringing away forty-two persons. Among those who were brought ashore was Leonard P. Miller, sixty-six years of age, and Mrs. Susan Morris, forty-six years of age. Mrs. McDonald, seventy-five years of age, and Mrs. McDonald's daughter, both lives in Guttenberg, N. J.

The police of the West Forty-seventh Street Station were quickly notified of the accident by Patrolman Edward Hayes over the telephone.

Acting Captain Abram C. Hulse and Detective Walsh, Ward, Delmore, McMahon and Perkins, all five policemen of the reserve, reached the pier within ten minutes, and had their hands full with the excited crowd which had gathered.

The Catskill is owned in Albany and was built at Mystic, Conn., in 1882. She was formerly called the Escort, but had been twice rebuilt and lengthened from 137 feet to 228 feet. She is a wooden side-wheeler

of 675 tons, 23.6 feet beam and 9.6 feet depth. She has 90 staterooms and is allowed to carry 300 passengers. She has a main deck, saloon deck and hurricane deck. She is valued at \$75,000. Captain Joel Cooper has been in command of her six years. Her first pilot was Alfred Turner, who has been on the river thirty years. It was Pilot Turner who steered the boat. The St. Johns is an iron sidewheel steamer, and was built at Wilmington, Del., in 1878. She has been running to the Atlantic Highlands for many years. She measures 1,048 gross tons, is 250 feet long, 38 feet in breadth, and 12.5 feet deep.

GIANT'S BODY DUG UP. Petrified Form of a Human Mastodon Found by Italian Laborer in a Connecticut Town.

Bridgeport, Conn., Sept. 15.—A petrified human body was discovered yesterday in the vicinity of Trumbull Church, the physical proportions of which seem to be equally as great as those of the famous Cardiff giants of years ago.

It is said that about 150 years ago there lived in this immediate vicinity a man whose name was given to the petrified body in proportion. It is also claimed that he resided close to the spot where the present interesting discovery was made.

When found the body was reclining in a horizontal position, the right arm drawn up and the right arm shielding the face. The subject is in unusually fine condition, there being no fractures of any kind. It is said to be Mr. Plumb's intention to turn it over to the Fairfield County Historical Society for preservation.

NO DECEIT WAS USED. Another Brief Chapter in the Celebrated Case of Wanamaker Against Reede.

Easton, Pa., Sept. 15.—Justice of the Peace Koch, of Pen Argyl, who took the complaint in the conspiracy case against General Frank Reeder, late Secretary of the Commonwealth, and others, on the charge of conspiring to defame the character of John Wanamaker, set out with a reply to the affidavit made by Constable Thomas of Reeder, telling him to serve the information against Detective Tillard. He denies the statement made by Thomas, who says that he had signed the affidavit, which he had affixed his signature, was unknown to him. Koch says that Tillard's name was frequently mentioned and Thomas said it was not necessary to read the information, as he knew all the paper contained.

She Has a "Wad." Derby, Conn., Sept. 15.—Patrick Moreland and Mrs. John Walsh have eloped and are believed to be at present in Boston. Both are married and Moreland leaves a wife in Derby and Mrs. Walsh leaves a husband in Ansonia, to whom she has recently written saying she is happy. She has "a wad of money" and no intention of returning to a life in a town that was tedious and tiresome. Moreland is well known through the Narragansett valley as a sporting man and plunger.