

# LEGALLY SHOT TO DEATH.

## Four Bullets Through the Heart of Patrick Coughlin, the Worst Man in Utah.

Salt Lake City, Utah, Dec. 19.—This week Patrick Coughlin was legally shot to death. A law of this State permits a prisoner condemned to death to elect whether he will be hanged or shot.

Under circumstances most dramatic and in a manner singularly appropriate, Coughlin paid the penalty of a brief career of bloodshed and utter defiance of the law. He was the worst desperado in the Territory, and as fearless as he was bad. The particular crimes for which he paid with his life was the shooting of Officers Stagg and Dawes on July 30, 1895.

The scene of the execution was Sage Hollow, about three miles north of Woodruff, in Rich County, and twenty-five miles from the spot where Dawes and Stagg were killed.

Sage Hollow is a little depression in the flats. All about is a cheerless waste, with here and there a low hill, that scarcely breaks the monotony of the view. To the north a couple of miles is a spur of the Wasatch Mountains, at the base of which flows the Bear River.

It was the first execution in Rich County's history, but, though it created some excitement, not more than 200 people assembled to see Coughlin's taking off. Though small in numbers, the crowd was very serious. Many men were armed with Winchester, in apprehension of some attempt at rescue.

In the middle of the hollow the death chair was placed. It was of common oak, with round arms. Its legs were fastened to stakes driven deeply into the ground, while its back was supported by two heavy planks. Thirty feet from the chair was the rifleman's tent. In the west side of which were five openings, just below the meeting of the roof and side wall. The most southerly of the apertures was directly opposite the chair, the remainder being to the northward.

Two hours before the hour fixed for the execution by Sheriff Dickson, the early arrivals at Sage Hollow began. Those first upon the ground were Deputy Sheriff Calverly, of Evanston, Wyo., and the five men selected by him to do the actual work of inflicting the death penalty.

At 8:30 o'clock they arrived. Before the coming of the next visitors Calverly's men had prepared their duties several times.

From that time they remained within the little tent that had been erected on Monday. Who they were none knew and none sought to learn.

At 10:15 o'clock the Sheriff's wagon appeared, and from it Sheriff Dickson, the Father Galligan, Dr. E. Lee, of Handolph, and Dennis Lane, of Park City, a constable of Coughlin, descended.

A moment later Coughlin followed. He alighted almost in front of the chair, upon which for a season's space his gaze fell. He was wrapped in a heavy storm coat. The over-shoulders had been removed from his feet, leaving as their covering a new pair of patent leather slippers. The boots were taken from his ankles, and his overcoat, coat and vest removed.

Coughlin stood upright, the ashen hue of his face intensified by the black silk shirt he wore. His eye roved slowly over the little, pitiless gathering, the cluster of wagons in the background, and the low limestone hill to the east, upon whose summit another little knot of curious had gathered. As he looked, he stroked his downy mustache pensively.

"Patrick Coughlin, have you anything to say?" asked Sheriff Dickson.

"Nothing," replied Coughlin, "except that I don't want my picture taken."

Then, in obedience to the Sheriff's pointed finger, the condemned sat in the chair, while the Sheriff, assisted by Deputies D. W. Eastman and Archie McKinnon, began to fasten him tightly to the wooden seat. By the ankles, wrists and shoulders they bound him to the chair with stout hemp rope.

With scarcely a tremor, he viewed the preparations of death. The only indication of feeling he gave was when Dr. Lee plucked over his heart the white paper target for the concealed marksmen. Coughlin appeared for a moment to catch his breath, but he was calm again in a moment.

Then Father Galligan gave spiritual consolation to Coughlin, who had already expressed penitence.

"Be of good courage," said the father, and Coughlin, replied, "You bet your life."

The black cap, which in this instance, was a large silk handkerchief, was adjusted, and Coughlin's cousin, Dennis Lane, affectionately kissed him good-by, and with tearful face shook his hand.

Following the priest's words, Coughlin several times repeated:

"Into Thy hands I commend my spirit, Lord Jesus, receive my soul."

He kissed the crucifix held in his lips by Father Galligan, who asked, "Do you forgive everybody, and want everybody to forgive you?"

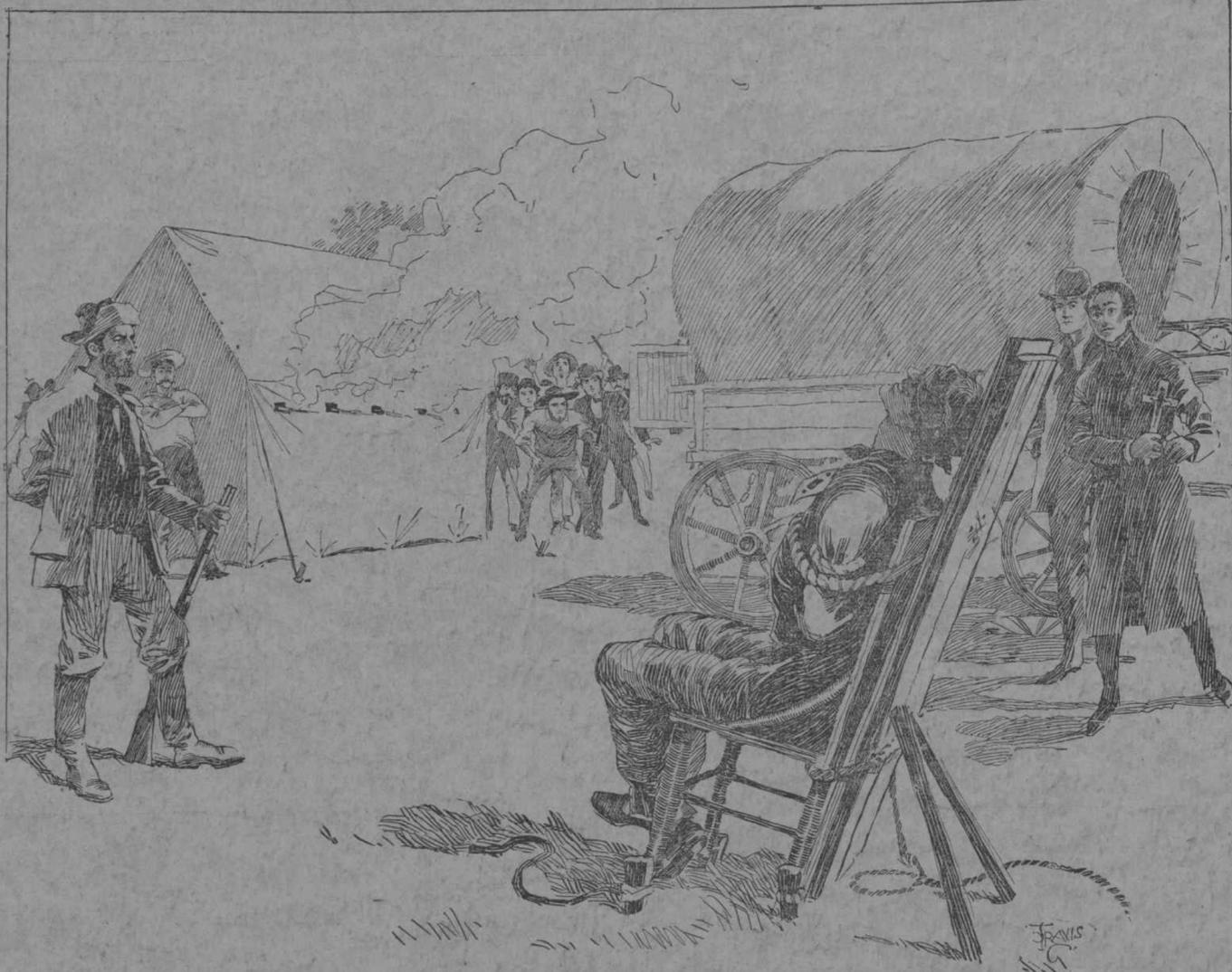
"Yes," came the answer.

"Keep up your courage, my boy," repeated the father, "and it will soon be all over."

Then Father Galligan said farewell, and Coughlin responded, "Good-by."

These were the last words he uttered, for as the priest had withdrawn a few yards, Sheriff Calverly had begun to count slowly. When he reached eight there was a volley of sound, and five streaks of flame were emitted from the tent side. Coughlin appeared almost to straighten up from the impact of the bullets. Death was not instantaneous, but sensibility ceased at once.

# UTAH'S WORST DESPERADO, SHOT THROUGH THE HEART BY FOUR BULLETS.



# LOOKS LIKE A CURSE.

## Witnesses in the Cronin Trial Who Have Met a Violent Death.

Death by the knife, by shooting, by drowning and by disease has, like a Nemesis, pursued and brought to their graves nearly a score of the principal witnesses in the Cronin murder trial, which took place in Chicago in 1889. Here is a list of sixteen of the victims:

- Peter McGeehan.
- Michael Gannon.
- Frank Shea.
- Robert Gibbons.
- Edward Spelman.
- Luke Jordan.
- John F. Beggs.
- Patrick O'Sullivan.
- Martin Burke.
- Frank J. Woodruff.
- Agnes McNearney.
- Sarah McNearney.
- Patrick Dinan.
- Dr. Lewis.
- William Nieman.
- H. Owen O'Connor.

The last of these whose names have been added to the list was Henry Owen O'Connor, who committed suicide in Chicago December 8. He was a friend of Dr. Cronin, and testified in the trial of Daniel Coughlin to remarks which he overheard at a meeting of Camp 20, of the Clan-na-Gael. Many people believe he was led to kill himself by remorse.

Others believe that all those connected with the trial rest under a curse. A strange mystery surrounds the ending of some of these witnesses, and more than one is suspected of having been the victim of foul play.

Some of those who are yet alive dread a violent death, and a strange terror possesses their superstitious friends. The facts show that even while the Cronin trial was in progress death began to claim its victims among the witnesses.

Peter McGeehan, who was accosted on the street by Dr. Cronin in April, 1880, and charged with being in a plot to murder him, died a few months after Dr. Cronin's death. While in the hospital McGeehan was constantly attended by members of the Clan-na-Gael for the purpose of preventing any possible confession. His burial place, as that of Gannon, has always been a mystery, except to certain members of Camp 20.

Michael Gannon, a bartender in Patrick Dolan's saloon, a resort of the anti-Croninites, died of pneumonia, resulting from a cold contracted while intoxicated, during the trial in November, 1889.

Frank Shea, whose part in the Cronin trial was drilling child witnesses for the defence, died of pneumonia in 1890.

Robert Gibbons, an alibi witness for Martin Burke, and ex-Alderman McCormick, picked a quarrel in the Lake View Exchange, Chicago, in November, 1890, with Captain Herman Schuetzler, of the police force, who was active in running down Dr. Cronin's murderers. Schuetzler shot Gibbons, who died a few days later. Schuetzler was fully exonerated.

The Misses Agnes and Sarah McNearney, who were in Dr. Cronin's room when the mysterious stranger summoned him to Carlson's cottage, both died in 1891. They testified for the State in the Cronin trial.

Edward Spelman, the wealthy distiller of Peoria, whose evidence on the stand stamped him a bitter enemy of Dr. Cronin, was killed in 1891 by falling from a ladder.

Luke Jordan, one of the Cronin conspirators against whom little legal evidence could be secured, died in 1881.

Patrick Dinan, the North Side Irishman, who rode the white horse and buggy in which Dr. Cronin was driven from his North Clark street office ostensibly to attend one of Patrick O'Sullivan's employes, but really to his death, died March 28, 1892.

Dr. Lewis, the dentist, who was working on Dr. Cronin's teeth the day before his murder, and who identified the body by getting the plate in his mouth, died in Denver, Col., of consumption, in April, 1892.

John F. Beggs, senior guardian of Camp 20, Clan-na-Gael, tried for the murder of Dr. Cronin and acquitted, died April 5, 1892.

Patrick O'Sullivan, the ice-man, by the use of whose business card Dr. Cronin was decoyed to the Carlson cottage, died in Joliet prison, May 5, 1892.

William Nieman, who testified for the State that at 10:30 o'clock of the night of May 4, 1889, just after Dr. Cronin was killed, O'Sullivan, Coughlin, Kanuse, and another man, came into his saloon at Lincoln avenue and Roscoe street, died in 1892.

Frank J. Woodruff, the first Cronin suspect arrested, died while serving a sentence for horse stealing in a Kansas prison in 1892.

Martin Burke, one of the convicted murderers of Dr. Cronin, died in Joliet prison, December 9, 1892.

Matt Danahy, a member of Camp 20, kept a saloon on Chicago avenue which was a resort for members of the Clan-na-Gael. He was an alibi witness for the defence. Shortly after the trial he disappeared, and has not since been heard of, and it is generally believed he is dead.

Henry O. O'Connor, one of the witnesses for the prosecution in the Cronin trial, his now committed suicide at his home, No. 457 Wabash avenue, Chicago.

Another death which some claim is traceable to the Cronin case is that of Thomas W. Mulvihill, a nineteen-year-old son of Thomas Mulvihill, a bailiff in the Chicago Criminal Court, about 1 o'clock of the morning of May 4 last—the anniversary of Dr. Cronin's murder—he disappeared from his home, in company with two young men, named John Shea and Patrick Flynn.

The morning of May 10 Mulvihill's body was found floating in a pond in the Union Stock Yards, south of Forty-third street. Shea and Flynn were held to the Criminal Court by a Coroner's jury, which charged them with having a guilty knowledge of the death of Mulvihill, but May 21 the men were discharged by Judge Baker on the recommendation of E. S. Bottom, Assistant State's Attorney.

Young Mulvihill often violently denounced the murderers of Dr. Cronin, and it is the belief of his friends, this cost him his life on the anniversary of Dr. Cronin's death.

# TWO STRANGE ROMANCES IN THE SHADOW OF THE GALLOWS.

in Park City, the famous mining camp of Utah.

He was a spare, well built youth, with a pale, hard face. He always glared in the reputation of being tough, and was a dead shot in his teens. Many were the crimes and outrages he committed, but the majesty of the law received a final affront when he and his partner, Fred George, stole a horse.

The horse was stolen at Murray on July 24, 1895. Learning that the thieves had gone in the direction of Park City, the authorities here notified Sheriff Harrington, of Summit County, to look out for them. Sheriff Harrington did so, and it came near costing him his life, for a bullet from Coughlin's Winchester crashed through the horn of his saddle while he was in pursuit of them. This incident made the Sheriff believe that caution would be of value in his efforts to arrest the young bandits.

At this time Coughlin and George were on their way to Wyoming. Sheriff Harrington organized a strong posse, took up the trail where he had left it and started in pursuit. The trail led to a deserted cabin in Rich County, only a few miles from the Wyoming line, where Coughlin and George stopped to take a much-needed rest.

They were surrounded, but learned their position in time to fight. The cabin was riddled with bullets by the attackers, but they were hopelessly exposed, and Constable Stagg, of Robb, and ex-City Marshal Dawes, of Evanston, Wyo., were shot dead.

After this loss the posse fell back, and as soon as the coast was clear Coughlin and George left the cabin and were lost. From all parts of the Territory reports were received with reference to the movements of the murderers. According to these Coughlin and George were travelling hundreds of miles a day and were seen in innumerable places by countless people.

The first actual encounter between the officers and the murderers after the killing of Stagg and Dawes was on August 1, at the head of the City Creek Canyon, when Officers Pratt and Shannon and a posse of men from Salt Lake City met Coughlin and George. Officer Pratt attempted to fire at George, but the trigger of his gun caught, and the next moment a bullet from Coughlin's rifle whizzed past his head. A fusillade followed, but the three murderers kept cover cleverly and escaped again.

On the morning of August 5 Coughlin and George were finally captured. They were surprised at their camp in Willow Creek Canyon by Sheriff McKellar and a large posse of determined citizens, who had been upon their trail since the preceding night.

In September, 1895, they were tried at Ogden for the murder of the two officers. George, realizing the state of public feeling, pleaded guilty to the charge of murder in the first degree and threw himself upon the mercy of the Court. The result was that he was sentenced to life imprisonment in the State prison.

But Coughlin looked at the matter in a different light. Unmindful of the fact that the men were endeavoring to arrest him for a crime previously committed, he pleaded self-defence, and with the aid of skilled lawyers, fought the case.

The evidence was overwhelming, however, and the jury promptly returned a verdict of murder in the first degree, without a recommendation for mercy. Coughlin elected to be shot, a mode of death which he evidently thought was more in keeping with his life.

The section of the statutes permitting the shooting of murderers reads as follows: "The punishment of death must be inflicted by hanging the defendant by his neck until he is dead, or by his being shot, at his election. If the defendant neglect or refuse to make the election the court, at the time of rendering the sentence, must declare the mode and enter the same as a part of its judgment."

Love will flourish even in the shadow of a shameful death. Two recent occurrences have illustrated this side of the greatest of all human passions.

In one case a man of mature years and good repute conceals a deep affection for a strange woman, who has been sentenced to life imprisonment for murder. In the other case a man, condemned to death for the murder of his sweetheart, and hitherto careless of his fate, regains hope and the desire for life through a new love.

The first case is that of Raymond Christian, of Summit County, and Florence Viola Haun, it is the more remarkable, and contains a greater element of mystery.

This week there was erected in the Green Hill Cemetery, near Amsterdam, N. Y., a beautiful monument of Indiana light stone, with a rustic cross, bearing the following pathetic inscription:

"Florence Viola Christian, Erected to the memory of a wronged child. Dead to the world, but alive in Christ."

It was placed in the family plot of Raymond Christian, one of the most respected merchants of Amsterdam. The person it commemorates is not interested beneath it, but is in jail, a convicted murderer. The name that is given her was never properly hers, but was bestowed on her by Mr. Christian as one of the many marks of his devotion and sympathy.

On November 6, 1895, this woman, who was then Mrs. Florence Viola Haun, shot and killed Charles Landry in an avary over his saloon, at the corner of Main and Church streets. She gave herself up voluntarily to the police and was subsequently tried before Judge Stover.

The story she told was a pitiful one, although she seemed to have been the principal sinner in it. She had been married to a man for whom she cared very little, and then had met Landry, a saloon keeper, and a burner of money. He overwhelmed her with his attentions, and early persuaded her to leave her husband and go to live with him.

Then he grew tired of her and she found that she would soon be turned adrift by him. Dishonored and about to be homeless, she became utterly desperate and killed Landry. Her story did not create a very favorable impression on the jury, for their verdict was not such as trials of unfortunate women in this city usually end in. In spite of her youth and the fascination she has exercised over several men, she did not appear at all attractive to the ordinary observer. The jury found her guilty of murder in the second degree, and Judge Stover sentenced her to imprisonment for life. She was sent to Auburn.

Raymond Christian had never seen her before the murder, and his first meeting with her took place accidentally between that event and the trial. He is forty years of age, married and a trustee of the Baptist church. He is a coal dealer by trade and quite wealthy. He has always borne a high reputation for morality, good sense and business sagacity.

From the moment her met the accused woman she seems to have exercised a strange influence over him. He made repeated visits to her in prison, and had long conversations with her. Perhaps in his sympathetic company the unfortunate girl was able to tell a more moving story than

when she stood terrified before the men who had her life in their hands. She may have brought home to him the unhappiness of her married life, the power of a man like Landry over a young and wretched girl, his subsequent brutality and her despair.

Christian became her fast friend, sent her presents and money, supplied her with delicacies and did all he could to help her. His conduct then was regarded as indicating an infatuation for the woman. After her conviction he remained faithful to her, and did what he could to comfort her. He had himself appointed her guardian, and then caused the monument, already described, to be erected.

The man in whom the love of woman has restored the love of life, is Paul Genz, who now lies under sentence of death in Jersey City. He has once been respited by the Governor, and it is now a question whether he will be hanged or not.

Genz killed his sweetheart, Clara Armin, in a fit of jealous rage, as the jury believed, or in a fit of temporary insanity, as his friends claim. He was engaged to a girl in Germany, and met Clara Armin, who was a very pretty girl, after he came to this country.

He fell madly in love with her, and went home to break off his engagement. When he came back to America he found Clara engaged to another man. Then he induced her to go with him to the Hackensack meadows, where he shot her. Afterward he dabbed a bunch of edelweiss in her blood, pressed it to his heart and gave himself up to the police.

At the trial Genz was morose, and showed no desire to escape punishment. In the jail he attempted three times to commit suicide, and once he tried to brain the death watch. When he was respited on the day fixed for the execution, he cursed the Governor and the lawyers who gave the respite. His only plea was:

"Let me die that I may join my Clara."

About six weeks ago a transformation was effected in him, and the cause of it was Mrs. Marie Caen, a charming widow. She had once gone to school with a cousin of the prisoner, a Miss Spies, who wrote and told her about the tragedy. She very kindly went to the jail and visited Genz.

Her sympathetic manner at once relieved his moroseness. She asked if he would like to see her the next day, and he said he would. She went and then he talked rationally about the facts which might help him to escape death.

A few days ago Paul Genz and his lady love were communing with one another through the bars, when Warden Lennon opened the door on an official visit of inspection to Genz's cell. Before he could close it the fair visitor pressed forward and taking the prisoner's hand between her hands, pressed a kiss upon his lips.

Mrs. Caen, who has displayed this strange devotion, is a young woman of pleasing appearance. She has blond hair, which she dresses in the most tasteful French style, a fair complexion and a fine figure. She is of Swiss birth, and seems to combine the most charming qualities of the French and German races. She lives at No. 231 Grand street, Jersey City.

Speaking of the case, Mrs. Caen said: "When Paul Genz murdered Clara Armin he did not know what he was doing. There is insanity in his family, which he concealed during the trial, because he did not then want to live. He is now anxious to live because of his family. If Maria Barberi goes free, then he should, because both killed while not responsible. Genz suffered from convulsions when a child and never fully recovered. A few years ago he was affected by being struck on the head with a red hot iron."

His sister was confined to an asylum for three months after the news of her brother's conviction reached her. I think that if these facts had been presented to the jury he would not have been convicted. If a new trial is granted, the new evidence will be introduced. I intend to do all I can to secure Genz's freedom."



The Man Who Would Wed a Murderess and the Woman Who Would Wed a Murderer.