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VOL. XXII. HARTFORD, KY., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1896. NO. 23.

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Take The Herald.

A PEERLESS HANGMAN

GEORGE MALEDON, THE HERO OF GALLOWS CITY.

None Can Equal Him in "Scientific Jobs"---He Has Sent Eighty Men Down the "Straight Chute."

SEVEN MURDERERS HUNG AT ONCE

[San Francisco Examiner.]

George Maledon, of Fort Smith, Ark., is the champion hangman of the country. From his gruesome service he has accumulated a sufficient sum to buy a fine farm in Kansas, and has announced his retirement as an executioner, and expects to pass the rest of his days on his farm.

Maledon has lived in this town twenty years, and during that time was the official hangman of the United States Court and superintended every legal execution that took place in this Federal judicial district. He has hanged eighty-eight men, and has certainly earned the title of the "American Jack Ketch."

It was his work on the scaffold here that gave to Fort Smith the name of the "Gallows City," by which it is known over all Arkansas and the Indian Territory. It will be a long time before people of the country will think of Forth Smith without associating the name of the town with a four-line dispatch in a daily paper, telling of another ruffian hanged by George Maledon.

The gallows on which so many men have met their death is a massive affair. It stands just south of the United States Jail, and about 100 yards away. There is a well-worn path running from the jail to the gallows, along which the men are led to execution. The drop on this monstrous gallows is twenty feet long, giving ample room for hanging ten men at one time. Seven men have been hanged at once —a feat which broke all previous records, and has never been equaled since. Six men were hanged at another time, and there have been several quadruple and triple hangings. Surrounding the gallows and at a distance of about fifty feet from it is a board fence twenty-five feet high, which completely hides the gallows from public view. Nearly all the men who have been hanged here were desperadoes from the Indian Territory.

LIKES TO TALK ABOUT HIS WORK.

Maledon is a small man who talks with a German accent and is a decided Teutonic cast of countenance. He takes the same pride in his work that a skilled carpenter would in a neat job he had done, and he loves to talk about his work with stranger visitors. He says that he had a certain rule that he followed in hanging men, and that it depended on the weight of a man how far he would let him fall. Heavy men did not require the distance to dislocate their necks that a light man did. He refused to say exactly what his rule was, but declared that it was infallible. When he had a man to hang he ascertained his exact weight, either by questions or an estimate, and then arranged his noose accordingly.

A hanging by Maledon was worth going miles to see. It was a thing of scientific beauty. From the moment the subject was led from the prison for the march to the scaffold the little Dutch hangman was at his heels. He had been up before daylight, greasing his ropes, oiling the hinges of the gallows trap, and adjusting and readjusting his noose. As the body swayed from the gallows, and when the foot of the step leading up to it was reached the little hangman would trot around and trip jauntily up the stairway ahead of all the rest. From that moment Maledon's face was a study for a physiognomist. He heeded not the spectators or any one on the scaffold except the subject, and he moved around him with an air of ownership. Sometimes, if the subject was slow and backward, Maledon would encourage him with words of his chosen words of impatient hurry, as:

"Oh, come on, now; it's nothing at all. You won't feel it, and I'll have it all over in a jiffy."

Maledon would stand the victim on the trap and then, generally, would take a chew of tobacco and stand with the noose ready in his hands, while the clergyman prayed. After that it was not a minute till George had the noose fairly adjusted, the black cap over the head and the trap sprung. As the body hung limp and swayed gently back and forth, the little hangman would walk around the square hole of the trap with his hands on his hips, looking down at the swinging body and surveying it critically from every point of view, while he chewed tobacco anxiously and vigorously and spat down through the hole past the body. When Maledon had from two to ten to hang at one time, he attended to it all alone, adjusting the nooses with his own hands.

HIS FIRST EXPERIENCE A FAILURE.

Maledon gained his proficiency as a hangman by experience. He was not so successful with his first two or three jobs as he was with later subjects. The first man he hanged was a little fellow who weighed about ninety pounds. He was not dropped far enough and the noose slipped so that the knot was under the chin instead of the left ear. As a result the man was strangled to death, and owing to the position of the rope it took a trifle over an hour to cause death.

When he came to hang his second man the lesson learned in the other hanging job was remembered, and the doomed man was dropped about eight feet. He was a large man, and the drop not only dislocated the neck, but jerked the head almost off the body, and the scene resembled a slaughter pen when the execution was over. Blood spurted out and over the spectators, and such a sight was presented as sickened the beholders. Had the drop been an inch more the small rope would have completely severed the head from the body, as nothing but the tendons and muscles in the back of the neck were left intact.

No such bungling job was ever done by him again. He got strong sacks and filled them with sand, so that they weighed all the way from 90 to 225 pounds, and he practiced dropping them through the trap until he knew to a nicety just how far a man of any given weight ought to fall to have his neck broken scientifically.

Among the first men hanged by Maledon was George Childers, a full-blooded Cherokee Indian, who was convicted of killing and robbing a peddler named J. W. Wedding, who hailed from Kansas. Childers attempted to prove an alibi, and did show that he was sixty miles from the scene of the crime when the body was discovered. The appearance of the body, and the fact that the blood, which still oozed from a horrible gash in the throat, was fresh and unclotted, favored the alibi, as it did not look as though Childers could have committed the crime and then put the distance between him and the scene of the crime which he did. It was afterward discovered that the reason the blood was not clotted was that the dead man had been left with his head in a stream of running water, which kept the blood washed away as fast as it left the gaping wound. The circumstantial evidence was strong against Childers and he was convicted. Even after the jury had pronounced him guilty, Childers maintained his innocence, and a great many people believed him. He was in jail for a long time and made friends with the officers, many of whom believed he was not guilty and ought not to hang. Maledon himself did not want to hang the Indian, as he believed him innocent.

CONFESSED AT THE LAST MOMENT.

"I did not relish the job," said Maledon, "but since some one had to do it, I thought I might as well. I had my doubts about the guilt of Childers, and did not like to think that an innocent man was to be hanged. Childers was game, and stoutly declared that he knew nothing of the murder, and swore by all that was holy that his execution was legal murder. October 14, 1870, was the date of the execution. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when we took up our march to the gallows. When we reached the gallows there was a short prayer by a minister, who had been consoling the doomed man. The minister said: 'You are about to enter eternity, John Childers, and I urge you to confess your crime before you go. Did you commit the murder?'

"'I did not, so help me God,' said Childers.

"'Good-by,' said the minister, 'and may God bless you. If you are innocent you have nothing to fear.'

"The minister left the scaffold, and I adjusted the noose around the neck of the condemned man. As I pulled the black cap over his head, he said: 'Wait a minute.'

"I removed the cap, and Childers turned to the United States marshal and said: 'Are you really going to hang me, Captain?'

"'Yes,' was the answer. 'You will be a dead man in a few minutes.'

"'Then I might as well confess,' said Childers. 'I killed the peddler.'

"When I heard that confession all the sympathy I had for Childers vanished, and he was no more to me than a log. I hurriedly replaced the cap and pulled the trigger, and John Childers plunged through the trap.

"As we left the jail and walked toward the gallows there was a little cloud in the sky. During the preparations for the hanging this cloud had been growing larger and darker, and hung there like a pall, while the sun was shining all around us. The cloud did not seem to be larger than the jailyard, which is but a few acres in extent. Just as I touched the trigger that released the drop, there was the most awful crash of thunder that I ever heard, and the rain came down in torrents. The last sound that assailed John Childers' ears was that frightful crash of thunder, and the accompanying flash of lightning was bright enough to reach his eyes, even through the black cap and the closed eyelids. I have often wondered what effect the noise and the lightning had on the doomed man as he dropped to his death. The minister was about half way down the steps when the man made his confession. When he heard the confession he let loose of his umbrella, began clapping his hands and singing, and he kept up this performance all the way to the jail, walking bareheaded in the rain, without seeming to realize what he was doing."

ASKED FOR A CHEW ON THE SCAFFOLD.

Childers was a fool in more ways than one. After his crime he had been arrested and placed in the jail at Van Buren, from which he made his escape. He then took up his residence in Fort Smith and lived there with a notorious woman of the town until the United States Court was moved here, when he was again arrested and lodged in jail, where he remained until he was hanged.

On January 14, 1887, four men were hanged at once. They were James Echols, James Lamb, Albert O'Dell and John Stephens. A little girl of eight witnessed this quadruple execution, which, in one respect, partook of a humorous character. As the four men were standing on the trap, Lamb asked Maledon, the hangman, who was standing near, for a chew of tobacco. The guard took out a plug of the weed and handed it, together with a pocket knife, to the man who was so soon to leave earthly scenes. Lamb cut off a good-sized chew, which he placed in his capacious mouth, and then cut off a larger piece, which he put in the hip pocket of the new suit of clothes which had been furnished for the execution. Maledon watched this proceeding with considerable curiosity. As the tobacco and knife were handed back, he remarked to Lamb: "Well, I suppose it is well to prepare for a journey. If may be some time before you get where you can buy any tobacco."

Maledon says he is really sorry that he is going to retire as executioner and leave town. He has hoped to hang his one-hundredth man before giving up the business, but the subjects have come in slowly in recent years and as he has only hanged eighty-eight men, he presume it would be a good many years before he hanged twelve more. There is not so much money in being hangman nowadays as there is in farming, and it is that which has retired Maledon to voluntary exile. He says he believes his record of eighty-eight hangings is safe anyway from being broken by any other man, so he will have the consolation in his retirement of knowing he is champion of the world in his line.

DELICATE WOMEN
Should Use
BRADFIELD'S
FEMALE REGULATOR.

IT IS A SUPERB TONIC and exerts a wonderful influence in strengthening her system by driving through the proper channel all impurities. Health and strength are guaranteed to result from its use.

My wife was bedridden for eighteen months, after using BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR for two months, is getting well.
J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
Sold by all Druggists at $1.00 per bottle.

NAPOLEON M'KINLEY REVIEWING HIS TROOPS.
WITH APOLOGIES TO MEISSONIER.
—New York Herald.

Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain cures diarrhoea and summer complaint, cramps, colic and pains by healing the inflammation. It stops fermentation and relieves immediately. All danger of fevers is avoided by its use. 25c and 50c bottles guaranteed by all dealers. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro.

Played it Low Down on Him.

[Harpers Bazar.]

"That scoundrel in that flat above is tooting another cornet."

Mr. Bickers was excessively angry.

"I paid him $25 for the measly instrument he had been playing on—"

Mr. Bickers scowled at the ceiling.

"—for the express purpose of putting a stop to that confounded racket; but he must have used part of the money to buy him another instrument, which is quite as big a nuisance as the one which tortured us so long."

"No; he did not buy another instrument."

Mr. Bickers looked at his wife as she made this statement, and waited for her to proceed, but as she seemed to be waiting for her husband to say something, he asked:

"Some one made him a present, I suppose?"

"No; he sent down this morning and borrowed the one you bought from him."

Perhaps no diarrhoea remedy on earth has sold as rapidly since its introduction as Dr. Bell's Anti-Pain. This is due to the fact that all who use it speak well of it. It cures. Sold by all dealers. For sale by Z. Wayne Griffin & Bro. tf.

A Herd of Bulls.

[Household Words.]

"A certain politician, lately condemning the Government for its recent policy concerning the income tax, is reported to have said: 'They'll keep cutting the wool off the sheep that lays the golden eggs until they pump it dry.' The glorious work will never be accomplished until the good ship Temperance shall sail from one end of the land to the other, and with a cry of 'Victory' at each step she takes, shall plant her banner in every city, town and village in the United Kingdom.' An Irishman, in the midst of a tirade against landlords and capitalists, declared that 'if these men were landed on an uninhabited island they wouldn't be there half an hour before they would have their hands in the pockets of the naked savages.' Only a few weeks ago a lecturer at a big meeting gave utterance to the following: 'All along the untrodden paths of the future we can see the footprints of an unseen hand.' An orator at one of the universities unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that 'the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India, or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns or retire into its shell.'"

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT ELSE COULD SHE DO?

A Tale of a Maid, a Proposal and a Troublesome Telegram.

She paced excitedly to and fro.

Just why she paced, instead of trotting or galloping, is a matter that it is difficult to understand, but it is not unusual for women to pace in novels.

"It's too bad, too bad," she said.

Then she continued pacing.

"Such a combination of circumstances," she declared a moment later, "is enough to drive one crazy."

"What's the matter?" asked her dearest friend.

"I received a proposal of marriage from Mr. Goodfellow this morning," she explained, wringing her hands at the thought that there was no ring to be wrung with them, "and he sent it by telegraph."

"By telegraph?"

"Yes. He was suddenly called away, and he couldn't wait until he came back for my answer, so he telegraphed."

"Rather awkward," suggested the dearest friend.

"Worse than that," she answered. "I might have forgiven the awkwardness, but he wanted me to telegraph my answer."

"Oh, dear! I never would have the courage to take such a message into a telegraph office and watch the clerk count the words."

"Well, I didn't like it, but I might have overlooked that."

"What was the trouble, then?"

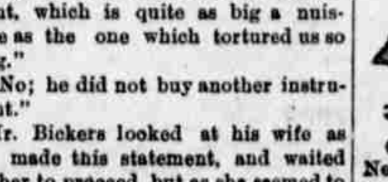
"Why, try as hard as I might, I couldn't put an acceptance into exactly ten words. Eight was the nearest I could get to it, and it was hard work to make it eight."

"Well, what did you do?"

"Oh, there was only one thing for me to do, as far as I could see. I found I could put a refusal into exactly ten, and I either had to do that or let the company beat me out of two words. If he doesn't get angry and marry some one else before he gets my letter explaining matters, it will be all right, but if he does"—

She wrung her hands again and continued to pace.—Chicago Post.

Miss Frade's Bicycling Costume.



Could anything be more modest?—New York World.

How He Kept Cool.

The subordinate stopped in the shelter of the entranceway to light a cigar, and his city friend paused to watch the operation.

"I never should have thought Billings a man with much presence of mind," said the city friend reflectively. "I have seen him get off his books on very slight provocation."

"But he came out strong this time," said the subordinate between puffs, "remarkably strong. A number of people noticed it. Just after the accident, when the cars were piled at the bottom of the embankment and tongues of flame were beginning to show here and there in the wreck, Billings was the coolest man anywhere about."

"You don't say so!"

"It is a fact. He was on the refrigerator car fell on."—Chicago Tribune.

The Heart of It.

See the man.

Has the man laid his heart at the feet of the woman?

The man has not done a thing but lay his heart at the feet of the woman.

Unless the woman accepts his heart, the man will have no heart for anything. Let us hope that she will take his heart, in order that he may take heart.—Detroit Tribune.

A TERRIBLE TORNADO.

ST. LOUIS VISITED BY A DEATH-DEALING STORM.

Thousands Injured and the Property Loss will Reach Millions of Dollars---The City Paralyzed.

HUNDREDS KILLED IN THE COUNTRY

ST. LOUIS, MO., May 28.—Five hundred men, women and children of this city were killed or badly injured by a cyclone yesterday evening.

Two hundred lives were lost in this city and as many more were killed in East St. Louis, while thousands were injured, many of them so severely that they cannot recover. The exact number will not be known for many days, and perhaps never, for the debris of ruined buildings all over the city cover hundreds of human beings. The damage and destruction of property will aggregate many millions of dollars, but the exact amount cannot be even estimated with any degree of certainty.

The greatest damage on this side of the river was inflicted within a three-mile strip along the mighty stream. Many buildings totally callapsed from the force of the wind, others were unroofed, while very few in the city escaped some injury.

Ten million dollars' worth of property has been destroyed, and the desolation now prevailing words cannot portray.

This is a conservative estimate.

South St. Louis is littered with bodies of the dead. East St. Louis is a gigantic cemetery. Under the debris of the numerous buildings of that city are many scores buried, whose bodies will not be brought to the light for many days, perhaps never. It was the most disastrous storm from every point of view in the history of the city. The storm did little damage in the business portions of the city.

Big strong buildings fell before the wind like houses made of cards. From where it entered the city, out in the southwestern suburbs, to where it left, somewhere near the Eads bridge, there is a wide path of ruin. Factory after factory went down, and piles of brick and timbers mark the spots on which they stood. Dwellings were picked up and thrown in every direction Business houses were flattened.

Thousands of families in South St. Louis are homeless, practically, and the temporary hospitals shelter scores and hundreds.

Elevators were blown down, boats were sunk, and churches and school houses were demolished.

The wires in the city are dangling from the poles, but every electric light current is cut off.

The Postal Telegraph Company were the first to secure communication with the outer world, and now have seven wires working to Chicago.

The storm did not vent all its fury in St. Louis. After working its chaos of destruction in South St. Louis, it moved westward and out in the country, leaving another trail of ruin in its wake. It is impossible to get the full list of the killed or of casualties at this writing. At Clayton, the county seat, a new Presbyterian Church was leveled to the ground and another church was wrecked. Part of the court house at Clayton was also torn away. Houses were unroofed or totally destroyed in the path of the storm.

The barometer commenced to fall at noon, and by 3 p. m. it had fallen 0:13 inch. About this latter time the sky quickly became thickly covered with dark, cumulous-stratus clouds, which by 3:30 p. m. had settled into a uniform mass of stratus cloud, which commenced to assume a light green color in the northwest. This green color slowly advanced from the northwest, spreading more toward the West and North, and at the same time the temperature commenced to fall. The normal cyclonic circulation thus brought winds of different temperature and humidities into suppressed position, with the result that a decided instability was produced in the atmosphere, and a violent secondary storm center was created. The barometer continued to fall rapidly, and by 5 p. m. it had fallen 0:25 inch since noon. The winds were becoming variable, with a tendency toward a northerly direction. Lightning and thunder had commenced at 4:06 p. m., and rain in the form of large scattered drops at 4:43 p. m. At 5:04 p. m. the storm broke forth in all its fury; the wind changed suddenly to northwest with rapidly increasing velocity and the rain fell in torrents.

A million dollars will not cover the damage done to property. The damage was done in a few minutes time, and how many persons in the path of the cyclone escaped is a mystery to all who passed over the devastated section. The wind struck the levee just north of East St. Louis about 5:30. The west half of Wiggins' wharfboat wast the first to suffer, and it was thrown far up on the levee.

None of the railway yards escaped, from the Cairo Short-line up to the Wabash, and hundreds of cars stand in all shapes far away from their proper places. Two engines in the Vandalia yards were thrown down an embankment and destroyed. Far down along the levee from the bridge wrecks of steamboats are found.

The tornado vented its greatest fury along the river front. The levee for miles up and down was devasted and laid waste. Great steamers were torn from their moorings at the flast blast and blown down the river for miles.

Of all the craft that lined the river for miles but one remains to tell the story of disaster.

The steamer J. J. Odell, of the Illinois River Packet Company, was blown out from its wharf at the foot of Morgan street, crashed into the second pier of the Eads bridge and sank. Her boilers blew up before she disappeared in the boiling water of the river. She had a crew of twelve and three women passengers, besides her Captain, George Townsend.

The tug Belle, of Baton Rouge, was anchored up the river, was carried far down the river, falling over and over, and finally struck the raft of the Wiggins Ferry Company at the front of Choteau avenue, where it sunk.

The steamers Pittsburg, City of Vicksburg and the Providence, the Capt. Monroe and boats of the smaller craft were pitched and tossed about until the final blast rent them from their anchorage.

The storm swept diagonally across the river and struck the Illinois bank within a few blocks of each other. The loss of life on the east side seems to be light.

The Belle of Calhoun and the Libbie Conger were almost totally broken up. The Elon G. Smith, the harbor boat, was blown away down the river and was wrecked.

While the storm was at its height, the passenger train of the Chicago & Alton railway pulled out on the bridge from the Missouri side. It was on its way East. Engineer Scott had only proceeded a short distance when he realized the awful danger which threatened the train. The wind struck the coaches, at first causing them to careen. At that time he was about half way across. Overhead the poles were snapping and tumbling into the river, while large stones were shifting loose from their foundations and plunging into the water. Realizing that any moment his train would be blown into the water or else the bridge would be blown away, Scott, with rare presence of mind, put on a full head of steam in an effort to make the east side shore. The train had scarcely proceeded 200 feet, and when within about the same distance from the shore, an upper span of the bridge was blown away. Tons of huge granite blocks tumbled to the tracks where the train, loaded with passengers, had been but a moment before. At about the same instant the wind struck the train, upsetting all the cars like playthings. Luckily no one was killed, but several were taken out severely injured.

EAST ST. LOUIS, May 28.

In comparison to its size, the fatalities and losses suffered in East St. Louis greatly exceed those on the other side of the river. The larger part of the central portion of the city is razed to the ground, while on the flats along the river bank to the north of the Eads bridge not a house is left standing.

In the latter portion the loss of life is terrible. Scarcely a family seems to have escaped without some member being killed, while in many instances whole households were wiped out of existence. A conservative estimate of the death is placed at 150.

Salesmen Wanted.

Good wages to sell our Nursery Stock. Apply for terms. We will have for Spring and Fall, 1896, an immense stock of Apple, Pear, Peach, Plum, Apricot, Cherry, Grape, etc. Also small fruits, shade and ornamental trees, roses, etc. We make a specialty of wholesaling to large planters direct. We will sell to responsible parties and take note payable in six, twelve and eighteen months. Write us for wholesale prices. Address: SOUTHERN NURSERY CO., Winchester, Tenn.
10-6m

The Future of the South.

[The Form.]

The South is large; it yet remains thinly peopled and practically undeveloped. Great as has been the industrial advance made, considerable as appears the present immigration movement, they but faintly forschadow the development now at hand. If so much has beed done in the last thirty years under such disadvantages and practically unaided by immigration, what may we not expect when that rich tide which has created the Empire States of the Nothwest is turned in even greater volume southward? Only the marvelous growth of the great West itself can guide the imagination in attempting the forecast, and even that must be surpassed. To the South unquestionably belongs the future. In such an expansion of its population and wealth as even a single generation has witnessed in the West, its race problem must vanish, even though the emigration of the blacks should cease; sectional lines must be blotted out, and South and North merged in the indevisible Union, which is identity of interest and condition, as well as of blood, of language, and of history. The people of the South are ready for the more perfect Union, the prophetic aspiration —never the attainment—of the fathers. Louisville, Chattanooga, and Atlanta have spoken our feeling. It but remains for the people of the North to come and share "all the wonder that shall be."

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