WILLIAMS BROTHERS

TWICE OUTLAWED

A PERSONAL HISTORY OF

ED AND LON MAXWELL

ALIAS THE

WILLIAMS BROTHERS

A RECORD OF HIGHWAY ROBBERY, HORSE STEALING, ROMANCE, AND MURDER

TO WHICH IS ADDED A DETAILED AND GRAPHIC ACCOUNT OF THE

ARREST AND LYNCHING

OF EDWARD MAXWELL

AT DURAND, WISCONSIN, NOVEMBER 19, 1881.

BY

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Hardly had the first report of the firing on Sumpter reverberated throughout the length and breadth of a sore stricken land before the flight of Union refugees from the South commenced in serious earnest. Among the number of those who either loved the stars and stripes too well, or feared too much the dangers of a civil conflict calculated to call for a general conscription, for them to remain longer than absolutely necessary below the cotton belt of a divided country, were the Maxwell family, with whom this history proposes to deal impartially. The Maxwells, at the time a

family of five, consisting of father, mother and three male children, the youngest of whom was an unweaned babe, were said to have come from Arkansas, and settled in Fulton county, Illinois, during the summer of 1861.

Captain Maxwell, as he came somehow to be called—perhaps from his excellent command of the discretionary part of valor—rented a small farm in Fulton county, and remained throughout the war uninterrupted in the tranquil possession of peace and plenty. The boys grew up as finely as fond parents could desire, though the incipient inclinations of the elder two were apparently averse to following the plow for their own future, as yet bright as the blue of a cloudless sky, with no suspicion of the darkness and despair to follow in the wake of a wrathful storm cloud rising on the far horizon, and destined years on to enshroud and finally entomb their lives, and that fairer, purer life of another —she, whose romantic history and sad fate may be said to adorn this tale and to point its moral. The Maxwell family continued to reside on the Fulton county farm until 1868. Edward, the eldest son, was then about eighteen years old; Alonzo, the second and favorite child, being in his twelfth year, and Charley, the youngest, a lad of seven.

For several years previous to this date, Edward's disposition had been frequently shown to be in a state of unhealthy development. His growing assumption of the manners of an overbearing and unscrupulous leader, accustomed to be blindly obeyed without questioning, plainly betokened that

the time was not far distant when he would deliberately resort to the methods by which men of that class seemingly succeed but too well, ere the race run by each with the law is brought to an end. Edward would try to bully his brothers when he could not make them do his bidding by means of a fairer form of persuasion. Alonzo, or Lon, as he continued to be called in after years the same as in his boyhood days, was bright and brave from his birth, frank-spoken and free-hearted. Fond of fun, he was led for the sake of a frolic into many a piece of mischief planned or suggested by Edward's fertile brain. Charley was an exceedingly mild mannered child, given more to assisting his parents in work about the house and farm and less to "having a good time," according to a popular notion among American youth, than his brothers could either approve or appreciate.

It was a natural consequence, as the boys progressed toward manhood, that Ed. and Lon were thrown much together, and generally alone, the greater part of the time, while Charley remained the home boy. As is generally the case, however, the affections of Captain and Mrs. Maxwell were not bestowed as lavishly upon the child whose deportment and demeanor caused them the least trouble, as upon his dearer head, whose intelligence was the keener and appearance indicative of a higher ambition and greater promise, even while his footsteps seemed to wander the least bit astray.

Lon was naturally in his youth the pride and joy of his parents. Partaking of none of his older brother's offensive braggadocio, which at times gave way to a strange taciturnity, afterwards becoming more marked in Edward's intercourse with strangers, and with so much more vim and dash about him, on the other hand, than his younger brother possessed, it is not at all surprising that Lon should have been regarded as he was, the fairest flower of the family. In the fall of 1868, Captain Maxwell gave up an extended lease of his farm in Fulton county, and moved to Woodford county, Illinois, near the village of Washburn.

It was here that Edward was first detected in crime. His *debut* in this direction was made in the character of a sneak-thief. He became quite noted among a certain class in the community presumably prone to the unlawful taking by one of another's small valuables, for the dexterity with which he could pick up and walk off with any little trifle belonging to some one else that he happened to fancy. Farmer Maxwell seemed to have grown dissatisfied on leaving Fulton county, for he stayed but a twelvemonth in Woodford county, going next to McLean county, where he managed to pass another year or two, at Lexington. His next removal was to Colchester, McDonough county, where the family remained until Ed.'s criminal propensities had developed to a degree that led to the destruction of domestic ties and a separation of the different members of a once happy household.

During the few years which elapsed between the date of the removal from Fulton county and the family break-up in McDonough county, Ed. Maxwell followed nothing in particular for a living, and daily became fonder of the evil associations that fast were dragging him onward and downward He did not appear to be so fond of dissipation simply, and the mere society of disreputable companions of both sexes. What he seemed to crave was the unrestrained indulgence of a growing appetite for the theft of things he desired to appropriate for his own use, profit or sport. Lon, meanwhile, was encouraged to enter mercantile life at the stepping-stone of the humble under clerk, whose duties include the dusting and sweeping of the store, the taking down in the morning and putting up at night of the outside shutters, and such trivial but necessary things as always remain to be done by the person lowest in authority about an establishment of the kind. In this capacity Lon served several terms of employment in different stores and in course of time came to be promoted to the post of salesman proper. Charlie became more the right-hand assistant of his father on the farm, as he increased in years and size, and gave early proof of his liking and aptitude for a farmer's life.

The petty thievery practiced chiefly as a pastime by Ed, while at Washburn, grew correspondingly with the time bestowed upon it as an art, and it was not long before he had cultivated in his own way the acquaintance of the good people of Colchester, and before his reputation as a robber was

made to rest upon the most conclusive and to his depraved mind the most illustrious grounds. When his true character could no longer be concealed, Ed. repeatedly approached his brother Lon, and in every imaginable way endeavored to lead him into temptation. Every inducement and hope of illicit reward that the cunning young cracksman could think of was held out to his brother who was made to see a sin so dazzling with the dash and excitement of successful rapine as to appear by contrast with the quiet, humdrum life of a country store clerk, alluring to say the least. To his credit be it said, Lon for a long time firmly resisted his brother in attempts against his own peace of mind and refused to have anything to do with Ed.'s various schemes for plunder.

Occasionally Ed. made a pretense of working on the farm of some simple countryman, whom he generally managed to get the best of before leaving his service and roof. One Saturday, while ostensibly hired out to a farmer near Colchester, Ed. rode into the village to do a little shopping, for himself principally, at the stores. Visiting a leading clothing store he carefully selected a suit of the highest priced clothing kept for sale. He tried on the coat and vest and seemed inclined to take the clerk's word about the pants being just his size.

"So you think this suit of clothes will just about fit me all around, do you?" Ed. remarked.

"They will, for a fact, and you'll be getting them mighty

cheap, too, I tell you," answered the clerk, over-anxious to conclude the sale.

"All right, young man. You're about right, I reckon. You have them clothes done up in a bundle with my name on and I'll call and get it when I'm better fixed."

The bundle was done up and laid away as requested. True to his word, and truer to his own meaning, Ed. did call and get the clothes, and got them "cheaper" a good deal than the clerk had the least idea of. It seems he waited until dark before he felt well enough "fixed" to pay the call, and then visited the store through a rear window, the sash and a couple of panes of glass readily yielding to his expert force. The robbery was discovered on Monday morning, and on learning that Ed. Maxwell had carried a bundle out to his employer's place the day before, the proprietor of the store started for the farm to identify his property if it should be found, leaving an officer to obtain a warrant for Ed.'s arrest and follow on after with it.

The clothing merchant dismounted in sight of Ed. who evidently recognized him, and in a moment made up his mind as to what course he should pursue. As the merchant passed him, Ed. carelessly unbuttoned his coat, displaying two ugly-looking revolvers in his belt, and the handle of a bowie knife which protruded from the bosom of his shirt. The clothier passed on, in mortal fear and trembling like a leaf, going into the house where it was some time before he could collect his senses sufficiently to proceed to an exami-

nation of the bundle Ed. had brought home, which proved to be of course that containing the stolen suit.

In the meantime Ed. had taken and fully improved the chance afforded him, and mounting the mare on which the clothing merchant had ridden out to the farm, he started off at a lively lope in an opposite direction from the road that led to town. On the discovery of his second and greater loss, the poor clothier was confonnded completely. Chase was immediately instituted, and within an hour half a dozen men were in hot pursuit.

Ed. Maxwell knew a thing or two, though that seemed to be beyond the comprehension of his pursuers, for before night he had thrown them completely off the track, and doubling up on that track returned after dark to the farmer's house. Finding everything quiet here, with only the women folks at home and they abed, Ed. put up his horse, and made his way to the room occupied by the comely young wife of the farmer, where he had evidently been before in the absence of that much-abused head of the house. He remained thus sheltered all night, while the poor clothier and poorer farmer with the officers' posse were twenty miles away on a cold trail. At daybreak, Ed. arose and ate a warm breakfast hurriedly prepared for him, in the kitchen. He concluded to leave the clothier's saddle mare in the stable, and made bold to ask the loan of one of the farmer's ponies, which was readily granted him by the unfaithful wife. Ed. then rode off and was not molested further on

this score. He returned the farmer's pony the next week, and likely had an interview with the farmer's worse-half at the same time.

Publicity of acts like this gave Ed. such a hard name that every member of Capt. Maxell's family came in a manner to share it. So great was the grief of the parents at the downward course their eldest son persisted in taking, that a removal from the state of Illinois was finally determined upon as a possible escape from much of the bad odor attaching more every day to their family name and reputation. The old folks went to Kansas, and are understood to reside there still.

There were some reports afloat a few years after their removal west, about the appearance at the time of a "long lost daughter," who had been left in the south during the war and afterward, until coming North with her own means obtained as a sewing girl, in which capacity she had made her living since childhood. It was said this daughter joined her parents in Kansas and became to them the blessing they had expected to find in one of their boys. It is extremely doubtful, however, if Capt. Maxwell's wife ever had a daughter, certainly and nothing definite has been ascertained of her whereabouts from her birth up to the present time. Charles, the youngest son, preferring to remain in Illinois, hired out to a farmer in another part of the state, and gradually accumulated a competence, which he is said to have turned to

good account in the village of ——— where he now lives.

Lon Maxwell could not make up his mind to leave Colchester with his parents and so remained where he was much to the satisfaction of his elder brother, Edward, the evil genius of an unhappy family.

CHAPTER II.

BROTHER FOLLOWS BROTHER.

LON'S WEAK POINTS.—ED IMPROVES HIS CHANCE—THE COMPACT BETWEEN BROTHERS.—LON LAUNCHED ON THE SEA OF CRIME.—A DAY'S RAID.—MUZZLING A MARSHAL.—A RECORD EARNED.

Lon Maxwell was not naturally given to wrong-doing, as his brother Ed seems to have been. Like most other young men outside of the doubtful originals of the characters enjoying an effeminate existence in Sunday School books, Lon had his faults and his weaknesses. He was assuredly over-fond of dissipation to a degree harmful both to health and morals. Gaming, drinking and the society of wanton women were three things he found he could not, or at least did not, go without for many weeks at a time. Beyond this ordinary debasement of man's moral nature, Lon had not fallen at the time Ed and himself were left in Colchester, on the family's separation. His occasional spreeing, however, gave Ed many opportunities best suited to the purpose, which were fully improved, and the downfall of a

brother was finally accomplished, under the following circumstances: Lon had been drinking heavily one night, and after losing all his money at the card-table had quarrelled with the woman he visited and regarded as his mistress, a browzy-haired blonde he was ambitious to "keep," after the fashion set fast young men of his class by their superiors in point of social station. Ed. met him as he was going into a saloon to drown both his real and imaginary sorrows.

Noticing his brother's half anger and half distress, Ed. treated him at the bar to a couple of drinks, and then engaged him in close conversation in a private corner of the room where the two brothers seated themselves. The old subject thus renewed found Lon passively inclined to listen without his usual interruptions. Ed. saw his advantage, and pushed his point.

"Here, Lon, take this, and brace yourself up for business. Have all the fun you want of your kind, but come with me for real sport. You bet I can show you how to get more the same way this came." So saying Ed. handed his brother a couple of twenty dollar bills. Lon mechanically reached out his hand and after slowly rolling the bills up into a little wad, deposited them in his vest pocket, with an air that seemingly betrayed his consciousness of having accepted an offer, and received the first payment of the purchase money down, for as much of his life as might remain until forfeited to fate with death. Certain it was, that from that hour Lon

Maxwell's soul could not be called wholly his own. At length he answered:

"I know what you mean, Ed., and you know how long I've fought against it. But the luck seems turned the wrong way for me to-night, and I'm with you at last. Here's my hand—you know whether you can trust me or not." The brothers parted for the night without further words. There was no mistake about a compact which gave Ed. so much pleasure that before he went to bed he drank deeper than was his wont and became quite hilarious for him at the various bars he visited in company with his busy thoughts.

It was not long before Lon was given an opportunity to substantiate the sincerity of words beyond his recall, however much inclined he may have been to take them back, if he only could. To a person of his temperament and mind, there was no escape from a fate he had chosen, whether deliberately and in his right senses or not, for himself. Of the three sons of Capt. Maxwell, Lon had probably profited the most from the occasional terms and limited amount of schooling afforded them. But the trouble was that a taste for dime novel literature had taken up the mental threads where the district school education had dropped them all too soon, which resulted in confusing and clouding perceptions of right and wrong and creating a false standard of personal honor. In Ed.'s case the evil thus wrought was far greater than with Lon, but the latter having taken the first steps

on the broad road was drawn constantly nearer contaminating influences which it was not in the nature of things as they presented themselves to his mind for him to resist any great length of time. Ed. cautiously paved the way for Lon's entrance on a career of crime, the proper beginning of which occupied his mind to the exclusion of all thought as to where and how it might end. Lon was at first assigned the part of the accomplice on watch, ready to render assistance in the event only of its being needed, while Ed. performed the more hazardous duties of the expedition himself. Several minor robberies were committed in this way by the brothers in adjoining neighborhoods, and considerable booty of the kind was obtained, which seemed to reconcile Lon to his new method of making a living. Lon soon found that work in the store by day, when his nights were so often employed in another field of operations, was both irksome and illy-paid, and he thus came to adopt Ed.'s scheme of hiring out to some farmer in the country, as a cover to his real line of business, mainly transacted after dark.

Both Ed. and Lon had been known from boyhood up as remarkably fine shots. Each was an expert in the use of the rifle, shot-gun and revolver. They were often in the woods, and in the absence of ordinary game they would find amusement for hours at a time in firing at inanimate objects, which served their purpose better than the common

target. They became skillful marksmen, and at the same time obtained a knowledge of wood-craft which afterward came to their aid when they were sore pressed to push every advantage they could command, owing to the apparent odds against them.

Lon's appetite for adventure, on being whetted by his first few experiences under Ed.'s leadership, speedily grew upon him. He told Ed. that he wanted to "take a full hand" in their future depredations. Said he: "If I do get the name, why I propose to have the game; that's all."

Ed. was of course only too glad to admit Lon into a full partnership of crime with him, and from that time on, the acts of the Maxwell brothers became bolder, and both "name" and "game" got to be theirs by common report.

They had just about made up their own minds to quit Colchester as a loafing place, owing to its precincts becoming too hot for their comfort, when they were forced to leave in short order to avoid arrest, on warrants charging them with a series of daring highway robberies in different parts of the county committed during the few days previous. These robberies were unparalleled in McDonough county for the coolness and boldness which characterized the young highwaymen.

Starting out on horseback one morning in the direction of the town of La Harpe, the subject of a big steal with some sport about it came up between the brothers, Lon remarked:

"It's a fine day for harvesting, Ed. You and I might be in the field working, too. But seeing we've got started for a vacation, suppose we stop in and see the women folks as we go along."

"Yes, you bet. And we'll look through the houses at the same time, and pick up what we can lay our hands on easy. It's a good scheme, Lon, and we'll have some fun out of it."

Plans were hastily laid, and on coming to the next farm-house, they dismounted and tied their horses to the fence. Going up to the house, Lon asked the young woman who stood in the doorway for a drink of water. She went into a rear room to get it, and both brothers, not waiting for an invitation, came in the house and seated themselves. The girl returned with the water, followed by her mother and several little children. Lon took the cup and drank as if really thirsty, while Ed. commenced a conversation with the lady of the house. "Where are all the men ?"

"They're working down in the field. You can go and see them there if you want to, as they won't come up to the house till noon."

"That's all right. We haven't any business with them. It's you women folks we come to see. Now don't get excited, but keep quiet and keep those young ones' mouths shut. We are armed and are going to do as we please, but if you do what we tell you, we won't harm you any. We come for plunder, and we want to be quick about it."

Throwing open their coats the Maxwells contented themselves with simply showing up the formidable little arsenal they carried on their persons, and had everything their own way without drawing a revolver.

"Now, Lon, I'll stay here with the children and the girl, and you go through the house with the good lady here, and pick up what valuables you come across. And mind that she shows you where everything is."

The terrorized women could not but comply, and while Lon was foraging through the rest of the house, under the enforced guidance of the mother, Ed. made the daughter perform a similar service for him in the sitting-room where they were. In a short time Lon and his guide returned, with two watches, a purse containing several dollars in change, and a black silk cravat Lon had taken a fancy to. Ed. having seen nothing around the room that was worth his while to purloin, had only secured a couple of rings from the fingers of the daughter and her pocket-book, which latter he returned to her on opening and finding it empty. At Lon's request the rings were also returned to the girl.

"This has been a poor haul, Lon, and if we had the time we'd stop awhile and have our satisfaction out of these ladies. But we must be moving and perhaps we'll have better luck next time." Bidding the women good-day, they touched their hats, Ed. rather awkwardly but Lon with a

careless grace which many a polished society man might envy, and swinging themselves into their saddles they rode rapidly away.

During that day, ten farmers' houses were visited in the manner above described, and in some instances as much as $100 in bills was secured by the daring freebooters. At several places they met with farmers' daughters so rosy-cheeked and plump as to cause Lon to wish that their business could be made to wait upon his pleasure occasionally. He did not need to be told by Ed., however, of the folly of wasting precious time, as well as the great and unnecessary danger to which they would expose themselves by going out of their way as gentlemanly robbers to storm the unprotected citadel of a country lassie's virtue. So the women were not harmed in the least, and it is likely enough that, in spite of the raid on the valuable effects of their husbands' and fathers' homes, they were even sensible in a manner of a certain indescribable charm attaching to the character of the polite pillager, such as the dashing Lon Maxwell certainly was at this time. Before dark the officers of La Harpe were on the track of the Maxwells, who had kept on straight ahead, stopping at about sunset at a cross-road saloon. They were overtaken here by the town marshal and a posse of six men. The marshal, accompanied by two men, went into the saloon where the Maxwell brothers sat at a small table with a lunch and beer set out before them

Placing a hand on Ed.'s shoulder, the marshal remarked: "You are my prisoner."

In the twinkling of an eye, Ed. drew a revolver and covering the officer, exclaimed: "Not if I know myself."

At the same moment Lon drew two revolvers from his belt and pointing them at the two deputies, intimated that they would consult their own welfare by a speedy exit the way they came. The discomfited marshal and his men retired precipitately, and the Maxwells, each with a cocked revolver in either hand, had the solid satisfaction of seeing the entire pursuing party remount and take up the homeward line of march. After finishing their lunch and washing it down with a couple of glasses of beer, the brothers rode off in the darkness.

This day's exploits advertised their outlawry to the world, and henceforth the Maxwell brothers were popularly reputed to be among the most fearless and dangerous types of their class.

CHAPTER III.

A FULL HAND AT OUTLAWRY.

TAKING AN INTEREST IN HORSE FLESH.—A SLICK TRADE ALL ON ONE SIDE.—HORSE STEALING BY MOONLIGHT.—A NIGHT'S SPORT AND THE NEXT MORNING'S PERIL.—AN EVEN EXCHANGE.—BAFFLED PURSUERS.

The attention of the Maxwell brothers was next paid particularly to the blooded stock interests of their State, and they were not long in cultivating a mania for fine horse flesh. As stolen fruit is said to be the sweetest, so are stolen horses evidently rated by an outlaw as the fleetest. Ed. and Lon Maxwell certainly made the most of this maxim among thieves, and for several years studied horse-stealing as a science. Their signal success may be inferred from the fact that they evaded capture for so long a period without being compelled to leave Illinois for the more congenial clime of Texas or New Mexico.

Experience is admittedly the greatest of instructors ; and it may teach evil as rapidly and as thoroughly as it can good. The Maxwells were not long in getting fully initiated in all the arts and artifices of the expert horse-thief, and with the practical knowledge of woodcraft they had picked up, they were rightfully regarded to be as hard game of the kind to bag as the Illinois sheriffs had ever encountered. Like most men of their stamp they were fond of proving their prowess and would frequently go out of their way to display a daring worthy a better cause. There were none shrewder than they, at the same time, when it became necessary to draw an immediate conclusion about the chances which, to use a slang phrase, they were "compelled to take in their business." Ed. Maxwell never was as much addicted as his brother to any of the three small vices wherein Lon was weakest, and when on "business" of recognized importance both brothers kept their heads clear and cool for the emergency liable to arise at any moment.

Their stolen horses were either disposed of at some county fair in progress in a distant part of the interior, or sold to one of the numerous dealers in that kind of horse-flesh, who generally shipped them from different points, mostly on the river, (Mississippi), to St. Louis. Ed. and Lon changed their own saddle horses quite frequently for obvious reasons.

At some of these rural fairs they would figure extensively

as jockeys, under assumed names of course. On one of these occasions, after concluding the sale of two fine horses, stolen only a few days before within 100 miles from where they then were, a dispute arose between Ed. and one of the two purchasers, who were cousins by the name of Courtney. On counting over the money paid him for the horses while they were all four taking a friendly drink together in a neighboring saloon, Ed. claimed to have discovered something wrong.

"There is a five dollar bill short here, gentlemen."

"I don't see how that comes," said one of the Courtneys, who looked up suspiciously at the remark and the tone in which it was made.

"There is only one way to account for it," continued Ed. with an oath. "You smart alecks took me for a greeny who couldn't count small bills. I'm up with you, boys, and you shan't forget it soon, I tell you."

With this Ed. pulled his ready revolver, Lon reluctantly following suit, whereat the bar-keeper and the two Courtneys, being unarmed and probably without much experience in handling weapons, put on a terribly scared look. A five dollar bill was hurriedly produced, and tendered to Ed. through the bar-keeper, the Courtneys fearing to move lest one of those little "pet murderers" should blaze away in their direction.

"I don't want your money at all. The trade's off. We

didn't draw our revolvers to shoot you fellows. It's only a measure of self defense with us, that's all,"—saying which he and Lon put up their pops, and Ed. went on to say with a hoarse laugh: "Come, get over your scare, and we'll go outside and change back. You can have your money and we'll keep the horses."

There was no refusing anything he might propose, and the four went out and crossing the street proceeded to where the two horses had been tied by the Courtneys. On the way Ed. gave Lon an expressive wink, unobserved, and in a moment the brothers understood each other and without a word being spoken had laid their plans. Lon walked to where their own or the horses they were then riding were hitched, and untied them. Ed. meanwhile engaged the Courtneys in conversation, and seemingly was being persuaded by them to let the bargain stand.

"I'll let my pardner, here, decide it, gentlemen, and then we must be going, as we've got a little business to attend to around town. Here he comes now with our horses."

Lon came up with the ready saddled horses, and was appealed to by the Courtneys. Ed. stood by, with the halters of the other two horses in his hand, and in almost less time than it takes to tell it, he had handed one of the halters to Lon, and they had both mounted in their saddles.

"Gentlemen, good afternoon. Remember the Maxwell brothers!"

With this dare-devil's speech by Lon, the Courtneys saw the last of the horses they had bought and the money they had paid for them. The Maxwells dashed down the road at a hard gallop, the two led horses having all they could do to keep up with the animals under bit and spur. Pursuit was organized at once, but on learning from the marshal in the place who the Maxwell boys were, it is not strange that the pursuing party allowed a full hour to pass before getting started. It is needless to add, that the bold bandits were not caught this time.

On paying a second night's visit to a neighborhood they would change their tactics as completely as possible, in order to throw people off their guard and to effect both what they came for and an easy escape. If they stole a few horses in a certain locality on a dark night, they would make sure of a bright moonlit canopy o'erhead when they wished to make another raid thereabouts. Moonlight nights were generally preferred by them, for the reason that it was only on dark nights, as a rule, that extra precautions were taken to prevent horses from being run off by thieves. They would wait until the stillness of past midnight, and then securing only as many horses as they could manage to take care of, they would ride off at their ease. When surprised, or when put to the necessity of shooting a dog or two and thus alarming a somnolent household, the Maxwells would get away with but one horse apiece, in addition to the ones they rode.

When convenient, and the risk was not too great, they would come on foot, with a bridle and blanket each, in the expectation, generally realized, of obtaining both horses to ride and others to lead. It was seldom, at this exciting period of their lives, that they had occasion to hire out to anybody. Continually on the go, from one place to another, they found the few friends they cared to have among the dissolute and depraved classes, to be met with everywhere.

Visiting one evening a town in Tazewell county, where they were unknown, Ed. and Lon were attracted to a low den, where a dance was in progress. On occasions of this kind Lon always took a leading hand, and joined every set on the floor as well as responding to the drawling call of "Choose your partners for the next waltz." Ed. posed, not very gracefully, as a wall-flower, deigning now and then to chaff some blear-eyed "belle" and perhaps accept her invitation to step up to the bar and pay for two drinks of the devil's own fluid dealt out recklessly at these places. On this evening Lon imbibed rather too freely of the miserable adulteration of whisky, and wishing to go to bed and sleep off the effects of his debauch, proposed to Ed. that they pass the night where they were. To this Ed. readily assented, and after seeing their horses made comfortable in the small stable attached to the place, he followed Lon's example, and selecting a companion from among the "ladies"

of the establishment retired for the night. At the early hour when "day begins to break and night is fled," Ed. was awake and lying quiet amid the stillness unbroken throughout the house save by the deep breathings of its inmates sleeping off their stupefaction with liquor, he heard unusual sounds without, which his ear, ever quick to catch the like, told him were the stealthy footsteps of men. Rising, he stepped on tip-toe to the window, and drawing aside the curtain a trifle, peered out on a group of armed men, in secret consultation, near the house. Dressing himself hurriedly and quietly, Ed. went to the room where Lon lay soundly sleeping, and shaking him up to consciousness, bade him dress and "fix" himself for business. The brothers returned together to the room which Ed. had just left, and held a whispered council of war.

"We're trapped, Lon, but not caught yet, by a jug-full. Those fellows are as near their game right now as they ever will be."

Ed's surmise that the party outside was a Sheriff's posse, in search of his brother and himself, was correct. Learning of their whereabouts the day before, the officers of the law had managed creditably enough to track the Maxwell's to their present lair. Arrived at the house where the desperadoes were as good as known to be quartered, the Sheriff's men were debating on how next to proceed with the dangerous business in hand. While the perty outside hesi-

tated before adopting the offensive, the Maxwell brothers, who were wider-awake on the inside than their would-be captors had any idea of, resolved to make a break of some sort, and rousing up the woman in whose room they were, then questioned her about the different modes of egress from the house. Pointing a revolver at her aching head had the combined effect of keeping her still and getting a satisfactory answer. She informed them that there was a side entrance opening at one side of a private parlor, which was situated in the rear of the building. This entrance was rarely used save by certain prominent citizens of the town who were not above visiting the bagnio when their presence could be concealed. At Ed's command the woman led the way to the private parlor and unbolted the door leading into the passage which terminated in the alley, at a short distance from the street running parallel with that on which the dance-house fronted. Fearing to trust her to keep silence five minutes after their departure, the Maxwells led the woman back to her room and tearing one of the sheets into strips tied her arms and legs together and put a gag in her mouth. Then telling her not to attempt to release herself under penalty of being killed some time for it, and to lay quiet where she was until she was set free, they stole away from the house with stealthy steps, and gaining the other street were so fortunate as to find themselves near by a livery stable. The stable had just been opened by a lad,

who was alone at the time. Accosting him with drawn revolvers, the brothers ordered him to saddle two of his best horses on the instant. The boy did as he was bidden, with the assistance of Lon, and in about three minutes the Maxwells were mounted on every bit as sound steeds as those they were compelled to leave behind them. The exchange, under the circumstances, was not disagreeable to them, and inasmuch as they never rode anything but stolen horses, it mattered but little in their minds in whose name a bill of sale might be made out. Riding off at a right smart pace, with no one the wiser at the time to hinder their departure, they were inclined to be jolly.

"I wonder how the the old gal feels by this time. She's welcome to her life now if she turns herself loose and raises the whole town," and Ed. gave a prolonged chuckle.

"I'd like to be around, in somebody else's clothes, when those greenhorns outside spunk up courage enough to enter the house. They'll take on a heap when they find out that we've skipped, but you bet your boots they won't feel as sorry as they make out." Lon laughed outright at the scene he pictured to himself, and on the brothers rode right merrily. They had stopped for breakfast at a farm house some three miles away, before their flight was known to the sheriff's squad, which had just been ordered to move on the house, when a messenger from the livery stable came to them with news of the daring robbery of two horses that had taken place a half hour before. The inmates of the

dance house were aroused, and a useless guard was stationed at each door, until it was ascertained beyond all doubt that the birds of prey had flown. The chagrin of the sheriff was exceeding great, though it is probable that the majority of the men with him were secretly glad of their own escape from a dreaded encounter, Lon Maxwell having "sized" them up pretty accurately. While the sheriff had secured two stolen horses, he had indirectly caused the theft of two others equally as valuable, and it is little wonder that he returned home with his posse very much crestfallen and out of spirits.

CHAPTER IV.

FAST AND LOOSE.

WELL-EARNED FAME.—VISITING MINNESOTA AND WISCONSIN.—LON'S HALF-WISH.—AN EXTENDED FIELD OF OPERATIONS.—A COOL "CALL" ON THE HIGHWAY.—THE TIME A SHERIFF GOT LEFT.—A CLEVER RUSE.

The fame of the Maxwell brothers was not long in spreading all over the State, and with warrants out for their apprehension in a number of Illinois counties, the boys became convinced that it would be to their interest to absent themselves every now and then and enjoy a spell of rest and recreation in other commonwealths. For some reason they had never fancied Texas and the Southwest very much, and besides did not feel the need, as yet, of making straight for that part of our civilization's end familiarly known as the "murderers' paradise." When they left Illinois, it was only for a fortnight or so, and their favorite pleasure resorts were sought and found in the beautiful States of Minnesota and Wisconsin. Their early visits to these States were made

solely with the view of exercising what might not so very inappropriately have been called their "right of asylum," and with no evil designs on the equinal property of the farmers of the Northwest. Immediately following some bold escapade down among the "Suckers," credited to the renowned Maxwell brothers, the population of Wisconsin or Minnesota would be temporarily increased by two young men, appearing sometimes in the guise of raw country working-hands, and at other times dressed and behaved like well-to-do young gentlemen of considerable means and some education. Lon much preferred the costume and character of a gentleman, while Ed. was generally indifferent, with a slight predisposition, perhaps, for the coarser garb and ruder station in life.

It was during one of their visits to Wisconsin that Lon's fancy was taken by a certain charm about life in the lumber districts of the Badger State, and an attachment was half-way formed by him for a mode of existence wonderfully placid and peaceful by contrast with his own roving life of desperate adventure, which afterward ripened, for a brief while to blossom like a summer's rose! If ever Ed. was sensible of receiving impressions of this sentimental character, while in Wisconsin or Minnesota, he kept his thoughts to himself, and treated Lon's confidences of this character as extremely childish. Ed. formed a liking of his own for Minnesota, but it was most assuredly not on account of the matchless scenic beauty of its "laughing waters," its crystal

cascades, and its mirroring lakes. The oftener he visited its towns the more persuaded he became that here lay a fruitful field, awaiting industrious cultivation of the peculiar kind he felt himself to be fully competent to undertake. The brothers were frequently at Stillwater, and it is thought planned there many an expedition after plunder.

While horse-stealing was unquestionably their forte, the Maxwells were not by any means above robbing stores by night, or when opportunity offered of relieving travelers on the highway of any extra money or valuables they might have in their pockets. They grew restive of the restraint which their good behavior while away from home put on them, and it came to pass very naturally, therefore, that before many months from the date of their first appearance in the Northwest they began to ply their criminal trade there with as much confidence as in Illinois. Several horses stolen near Stillwater, and never heard of again, are now believed to have been run off, on the bright moonlight night they were last fed and watered by their owners, and disposed of effectively some time after, by the Maxwell brothers.

Shortly before this a party of four farmers, two of whom were in a wagon and the other two mounted, were stopped on the highway in the same neighborhood, at about dusk, by two armed men, whose long black beards were plainly false ones. With four six-shooters pointed at their heads, the badly non-plused grangers were at the mercy of their captors.

"Gentlemen, oblige us by 'shelling out' at once, and you won't be detained long." Eyeing the black gelding and brown mare which the two mounted men rode, the speaker who was none other, probably, than Ed. Maxwell, continued: "As for you gents in the saddle, we'll have to trouble you to dismount."

The farmers on the wagon-seat handed over their pocket-books, which were inspected by one of the outlaws, while the other stood guard. Only $65 was found in both purses, and a levy was next made on the horsemen who had dismounted and obediently held their horses by the bridles. The second collection only produced $20 more, whereupon the spokesman of the occasion remarked: "Not enough cash, my friends. We'll have to take your horses to get paid for our pains."

One of them thereupon got down from his horse and advancing to where the two men stood at their horses' heads, was allowed without a protest to take the bridle of each in his right hand, while significantly flourishing in his left a cocked revolver. Mounting one of the horses thus easily obtained, he stood his turn in guarding their four powerless prisoners, while his comrade, or brother more likely, exchanged his seat likewise from the back of one stolen horse to that of another. Leading the horses they had themselves dismounted from by their halter straps the highwaymen sang out a "Good Evening, Gents!" and rode away at a rapid pace. The horses they were riding just previous to

this exploit, were found a few days afterward in the stable of a widow, who carried on the business of farming on a small scale with the assistance of two sons. She was innocent of any knowledge of the horses beyond the fact that two strange men had left them in her keeping for a few days and had paid her liberally for the feed and care they bargained for.

Although this daring piece of highway robbery by daylight was never brought home direct to the Maxwells, the opinion is general among the best informed in the matter that they were responsible for this among the numerous acts of lawlessness of a similar and of other kinds with which their names were intimately interwoven at the time. Of a truth, things came to such a pass, in certain portions of Illinois and Minnesota, that whenever an unusually bold robbery of any kind was committed, and the perpetrators of it were not positively proven to be other parties, the same was credited in full to the Maxwells.

Revisiting their old haunts about Colchester, McDonough county, the Maxwells were recognized and reported as having been seen in the neighborhood, to the sheriff. They were not without friends, on their side, and were warned that the officers were on their track. Nothing daunted, and little fearing, Ed. and Lon told their old associates that they proposed to take their own time about leaving the county. Their words were repeated with the usual exageration to the sheriff and that officer made ready to act as

if in response to a challenge from the desperadoes to come on and take them if he could. Now the Maxwells were not the kind of men to needlessly invite the interference with their plans by officers of the law, and as a matter of fact had sent the sheriff no direct message at all. The latter officer, however, proceeded with his arrangements to capture, if possible, a couple of hardened and desperate criminals, who had openly defied him to arrest them. A large posse was sworn in and preparations made for a "fell swoop" down upon the Maxwells, who were understood to be harbored at the house of a notoriously hard character residing on the outskirts of Colchester. An "unlucky" Friday night was chosen as the time, and the members of the sheriff's company, numbering twelve men in all, rendezvoused at nine o'clock, at a place about four miles distant from the supposed point of attack. The cunning Maxwells were not to be trapped so easily, for they had kept posted thoroughly during the few days previous, as to the Sheriff's impending movements. Informed that they were to be surrounded and taken at whatever cost as sure as Friday night came, the brothers coolly received the intelligence as a good joke—"too bully good to keep long," Ed. is said to have told their host. After eating their supper on the Friday night, which Lon, with a laugh, "reckoned would be the last seen of the Maxwell boys" for some time, but not for the reason the sheriff would have unhesitatingly stated, the brothers remained in conversation with their friend and his

wife until the clock struck nine. At the sound they rose to their feet.

"In one hour this house will be surrounded by a parcel of fools, and we will be — never mind where, but out of reach of their kind, you bet your life," Ed. remarked.

Their saddle horses were brought out of the stable, and bidding the people of the house a pleasant "Good-night!" Ed. and Lon Maxwell rode away as yet free as the wind that lightly played with the rustling leaves overhead. After proceeding about five miles they turned and doubled on their track, a favorite trick of theirs when pressed, halting every little while for sounds and signs. They were rewarded for their skilful pains, before long, by hearing the clattering noises made by an approaching cavalcade. Hastily making for the timber at one side of the road, and rubbing their horses' nostrils with hands wet in whiskey, to prevent their neighing, the Maxwells remained securely hidden while their pursuers rode past almost within reach of them.

When the sheriff's party had ranged their "stone-wall" about the suspected house, a loud "hello!" was sounded, which brought the owner of the dwelling to the door with a candle. It did not take long for the officers to satisfy themselves that their game was gone, and on plying the man and woman of the house with questions at the mouth of revolvers, the only satisfaction afforded was the intelligence that the Maxwells had indeed taken supper there

but had departed a half-hour or so before, in a certain direction, which was pointed out under compulsion.

The Maxwells made their way back cautiously to the house they had left hardly an hour earlier, and quietly aroused its inmates.

"We changed our mind down the road a piece, and thought we'd come back and stay the night out with you," Ed. explained to the woman who admitted them at the door. Early the next morning they departed for good, but in an opposite direction from that taken by them as a blind the night before.

CHAPTER V.

RUN INTO JOLIET.

BAD AND BOLD.—BLOOMINGTON'S DISTINCTION.—PROSPECTING.—A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE.—UP IN A HAY MOW.—WORSTED IN THE WOODS.—BAD LUCK PREDICTED.—CAPTURE AND CONVICTION.—LAWLESS LAURELS.—"THE LAST OF THE MAXWELLS."

The ease with which they had heretofore managed to elude the over-reaching grasp of the law, had a natural tendeney to make the Maxwells over-confident as to their personal prowess in particular. Reckless they frequently became, to a degree barely justified on any grounds, owing to the odds always against the outlaw. On the heels of the unsuccessful attempt to take them at Colchester, the sheriffs of half a dozen different counties put themselves in readiness to receive the fleet fugitives if they should happen to pay one of their respective bailiwicks the honor of a visit.

On leaving McDonough county, the Maxwell brothers threaded their way by a circuitous route in the direction of

Minnesota. Before quitting Illinois this time they resolved on having some further sport.

Among the towns which may lay claim to having had a share in the nurture of these striking specimens of the bud and bloom of bravado, was Bloomington, where there resided, also, at one time the Coleman family, the life-paths of two of whose most promising members were, years afterward, by a strange and sad spinning of the web of fate, to arrest for a moment fatal to them the criminal course of the two desperadoes, born a second time in the womb of iniquity.

Near Bloomington the Maxwell brothers had previously figured a little in the role of house-breakers, and had become acquainted with the lay of the land well enough to "locate" a promising point for any piece of deviltry they might undertake. It occurred to them while on the "long way around" which they had taken to get to Minnesota, that it was getting to be, "a long time" not "between drinks," but since they had swapped horses! They resolved, therefore, to be on the look-out for fresh animals, and happening to think of Bloomington, at the same time, they were not slow in deciding on a *flank* movement of the sort for which they were reputedly famous. Heading their horses in that direction, a day's ride brought them conveniently near the designated point of plunder. The farmer with whom they stopped for supper, little dreaming of the revolvers and knives stuck in the belts underneath their buttoned-up coats,

and of the true character of his guests, afforded them some valuable information about the fine stock of his section. He was not willing that his neighbors should have all the credit of raising and owning prize cattle and horses, but expatiated eloquently upon his personal treasures of the same kind. Doubtless he had an eye to business, as well, for on the strangers making themselves known as prospective settlers in that part of the country, he insisted on showing them what he possessed.

The Maxwells were particularly interested in a couple of high-bred colts, the offspring of a fine brood-mare by a sire that had been honored previously by more than one trotting record of 2:40. These colts had lately been broken to the saddle, so the farmer said, but were soon to be put in the hands of a jockey for the trotting course. The Maxwells had seen enough to determine on their plans for that night, and on returning to the house took their departure at once. They rode leisurely along for several miles, when they be took themselves into the open timber handy, and tied their horses to a tree, after having unbridled them. They returned on foot, each with a bridle in one hand and a revolver in the other. Access to the stalls where the coveted colts were safely housed, however, was more difficult to gain than had been anticipated. The stable-door was impregnable against a noiseless assault, and a ladder had to be procured and an entrance sought through the door of the hay-loft above. The latter attempt proving successful, the

next step was to secure the colts and obtain a mode of egress from the stable. The colts were bridled without very much trouble, but there was no way of finding a way out for them. The stable had two doors they found, but these were both provided with superior locks, instead of being secured with the ordinary latch, staple and padlock, for which only they had come prepared. While deliberating on what to do Ed. heard faint footsteps approaching from without, and no sooner had the brothers darted under cover behind some convenient feed barrels, than a key turned in the lock of the smaller door, and on its being cautiously opened, the rustle of skirts betrayed the presence in the stable of a woman, the nature of whose visit at that unseemly hour was soon made apparent.

Drawing the door to, but not locking it behind her, she groped her way gradually toward the steep stair-steps leading to the loft, and called out in a loud whisper, "Are you up there, Charley?" The crouching Maxwells held their breath, and on no answer being returned, the female party to an assignation in the hay-mow became petulantly convinced that she was alone.

"Of course he ain't here yet. He never is on time," she said, in an impatient, half-suppressed tone of voice. "I might as well go on up and wait for him. He'll find me asleep probably."

So saying, she begun the ascent of the stairs, and in another minute she was heard overhead moving about in the hay.

"Let's skip out of here before 'Charlie' comes, unless you want to lay for him, while I go up above and tackle the girl," whispered Lon, in whose mind a fast horse and a fast woman were two things hard to choose between.

"We aint got any time for your monkeying. We've got to make tracks as quick as we can or we'll get ourselves into trouble," replied Ed., whose authority was rarely ever questioned.

While Lon went to the door and watched, Ed. proceeded to make sure of the colts. They were as quiet as possible though well aware that it would take a pretty big fright to cause the woman in the hay loft to give herself away by raising an alarm. They were balked again, however, by the appearance of "Charley," whose tardiness they would have prolonged indefinitely, without any regard for the outraged feelings of his forlorn mistress, awaiting his coming quite in a *hay-fever* of impatience. Lon returned to his former place of concealment, and Ed. stood still at the head of the colt he was caressing. Charlie pushed open the door, turned the key on the inside after closing it softly, and went straight on upstairs. It was "now or never," certainly, and with as little noise as possible the colts were led out of the stable, and the road having been gained, were mounted bareback and urged on at a fast pace. It was to be expected, of course, that the guilty pair in the hay-loft were made aware of the mysterious movements underneath them, and that on discovering the great loss to which the master of the house

had been subjected through their criminal carelessness, experienced a chilly change from their previous state of amativeness to a sense of sickening fear. The woman was likely packed off to her proper couch, while her lover bethought him as speedily as possible of some way to rouse up the male members of the household without attaching any suspicion to himself. Whatever plan he determined on, he lost little time in putting it into execution, and within half an hour the farmer, his elder son and two field hands were in pursuit of the horse-thieves. When the Maxwells had ridden about as far as where they thought their saddled horses would be found, they turned off the road, and dismounting, led the colts through the timber. The young, high-strung animals, unused to this procedure, became exceedingly hard to manage, and after holding on to them a much longer time than less experienced persons could have done under similar disadvantages, their captors suddenly found themselves the victims of a forcible desertion, Lon lying sprawled out on the ground, and Ed. rubbing his eyes at seeing the stars that fell in a shower consequent upon the concussion produced by his being violently hurled against the body of a tree There was no help for it, curse as roundly as they might at their confounded luck, and they made their way slowly toward the best horses they were just then able to command.

Ed. was the loudest in the condemnation of their folly, in trying to lead the fiery young colts through the woods, simply to secure a pair of common horses such as they could

obtain almost anywhere *without* the asking, and predicted a change in their hitherto uninterrupted streak of good luck. Not long afterward, Lon had occasion to refer to his brother's words in the woods that night as unconsciously prophetic. Their luck, certainly, seemed to have changed from that time.

The farmer's party met the colts coming up the road towards home, at an easy canter, and had little difficulty in securing them, much to the relief, in particular, of the farmer and the amorous couple who very likely found thereafter another mating-place than the hay-mow. The Maxwells remained in the woods an hour's time to satisfy themselves that the pursuit had been abandoned, and then resumed their journey, which they pursued in an uneventful manner until its end in Minnesota was reached. Bridles were bought the next day at a way-side store, and to all appearances it didn't improve their tempers much to have to pay for anything, even though with money dishonestly obtained.

Arrived in Minnesota again, and in hard lines according to their notion, the Maxwells took somewhat more kindly than their wont to dissipation. Drinking, gambling and associating with vile women, they passed several weeks of time, which officers of the law were quietly making the most of. A deputy sheriff of McDonough county had been sent to the part of Minnesota where the desperadoes were reported to be stopping for awhile. On his arrival at the town near where they were last heard from, he was given the assist-

ance of officers who volunteered to assist at making an arrest so often attempted in vain.

Accounts of the capture of the Maxwell brothers are conflicting. One report, published in an Illinois paper, states that "the outlaws were overpowered by the numerical odds against them. Encountered and surrounded in a saloon by half-a-dozen officers, as well armed and as determined as themselves, they surrendered at discretion."

The more accurate, or else imaginative correspondent of a St. Louis paper furnished the following graphic description of the event:

"The services of a detective—indispensable in cases of emergency it must be admitted—were secured, and the Maxwells were shadowed completely. One night, at a late hour, the waiting officers were apprized by the detective to hold themselves in readiness. It was explained by their "silent partner" that the Maxwell boys were in a certain house of ill-repute, beastly intoxicated. They were with a party consisting of six women and two men besides themselves, and with an utter disregard for consequences were enjoying themselves in an uproarious fashion. The officers were stationed near the house, and the detective went inside to await developments. An hour passed, by which time the two other men in the room where the debauch was being carried on, had staggered off, each in company with one of the women. The Maxwells had grown maudlin and were oblivious of everything except their more

immediate surroundings. The four remaining women were rapidly passing from the noisy to the sleepy stage of drunkenness.

"The time had come to act. The officers were summoned, and were no little relieved at finding the job of disarming and hand-cuffing the celebrated Maxwell brothers an easier one than they had expected. Of course liquor had the most to do with affecting their capture so satisfactorily, for both brothers were stupefied with drink, and would have been unable to hold 'their end' up, even if not as completely taken by surprise, as they were in this case."

The noted prisoners were jailed to await a requisition from Springfield. Before that highly important document came to hand, Ed. broke jail, by prying out a couple of bars in his window, and climbing out, wristlets and all. His flight was soon discovered and he was retaken before he had enjoyed his freedom long enough to obtain the full use of his hands.

Taken back to McDonough county, the Maxwell brothers were tried separately for horse-stealing, on a charge the most easily "proven up" at the time. Ed. was given five years, and Lon but three.

The prosecuting attorney, Mr. W. H. Neese, was not disposed to show any greater leniency towards Lon than with Ed., and did his best to have Lon's time fixed at five years at least. Lon registered a mental vow to be even

with the lawyer on this score, and it remains to be seen, further on in this history, whether he remembered and how well he kept his word with himself.

The belief exists in the minds of many that the Maxwell brothers whose fortunes we have followed and the brothers of that name who are said to have served in several campaigns of the James and Younger brothers, are the same parties. It is the opinion of the best informed among authorities that this identity is far from being complete. The single fact going to establish an identity, which, did it exist, ought to be more easily apparent, is that both pairs of men have shed a luminous lustre of its kind upon the same family name. So far as reputation goes, at any rate, Ed. and Lon Maxwell have nothing particularly to gain from any notoriety this alleged identification might add to their laurels of lawlessness.

The removal of the Maxwells to Joliet took place in the Spring of 1876. Their disappearance behind the walls of the Illinois State Penitentiary marked the *finale* of the criminal career of the "Maxwell brothers," who doffed a family name for which they had no further use, on the divesture of their striped suits, on being set at liberty at the end of their respective terms.

CHAPTER VI.

REFORMATION.

PREFATORY.—LON WILLIAMS, OF WISCONSIN.—THE LIFE OF A LUMBERER.—THE INTEMPERANCE PROBLEM, AND KNAPP, STOUT & CO.—LON'S HAZARD IN DRINKING.—A BETTER LIFE.—HEART HUNGER.

Penitentiary penitence has been likened to the total abstinence pledge of the fellow whose last night's spree has soured on his stomach and who stands ready the next morning to "swear off" without any reservation whatever as to the "once more time" that "a true gentleman" never thinks of counting. To make use of a hackneyed expression there is probably more truth than poetry about the above, yet there certainly appeared in the case of the younger of two brothers incarcerated at Joliet during our Nation's centennial year, fairly hopeful signs of a reformation. Without having much conversation with any one on the subject, and but rarely ever, it is likely, holding an introspective interview with himself, the young man nevertheless profited by many a practical reflection on the evident error and real misfortune of his former ways.

His resolve to reform may have been brought in great measure by his self-acknowledgment that as a freebooter he had been u failure, from thr principal point of a view in which he had been taught by a brother to look at life. He may have passed three years in prison without feeling once at his heart an emotion which some one has described in verse as being *in memoriam* of a mother's voice in days of childhood. His moral nature may have been so blunted by a few years of crime as a following, that he was rendered insensible of any inner-consciousness of wrong doing, and deaf to all inward appeals to turn to the right for the right's sake. This may be all so, and still the fact remains, that the seed of a reformation had been sown in this younger brother's breast. We shall see how it took root there, and that it thrived and gave promise of a healthy development and permanent growth—and how the fair flower hope had tended so carefully was withered by the blight of the contaminating touch of an evil hand.

In the fall of 1879 a young man of about twenty-three, who gave his name as Alonzo Williams, appeared at Hersey, St. Croix county, Wisconsin. From previously formed impressions of the lumber district, the new-comer had several years before, so it seems, contemplated the possibility of his taking up his residence there with feelings of much inward relief and secret satisfaction. Accustomed as he had been to assimilate himself to conditions and surroundings as he

found them, Alonzo Williams—"Lon" he soon came to be called by his familiars—was not long in drifting into the life and falling into the ways of the mill hand in summer and the wood chopper in winter. He was as full naturally of animal spirits as an egg is of meat, and on becoming acquainted thoroughly both with others and with his own new self in the fresh existence he had entered upon, it is not at all surprising that his inner nature should have strangely warmed and rapidly expanded under the benign influences around and upon him. The boys, generally, grew to esteem Lon Williams as one of the best of companions, whether in the mills, when in town, or in the camps when the rigors of a Wisconsin winter are laughed to scorn by hardy woodmen at whose hands the grand old forests are despoiled ruthlessly of their kingliest specimens.

Like every other labor class in this country, the lumberers of the Northwest furnish their proportionate quota of hard drinkers, and generally speaking are addicted to the habit of tippling neither more nor less than any other body of workingmen wherever found and at whatever employed. There are exceptions, of course, to this common rule, in the lumber country as elsewhere. There is no question but that the employers of a large number of laboring people can, if they will, exercise a great influence for good in this direction on the part of their employês. Drunkenness and drinking can be made to be odious on more than one account, by the adoption of a policy and the enforcement of a princi-

ple, that will not countenance in the least wrong conduct of this sort. A notable instance of the successful treatment of the intemperance problem, is afforded in the case of the Knapp, Stout & Co. Company, one of the wealthiest and most liberal lumber and mercantile corporations in the entire Northwest. The employês of this company are among the best citizens of the various towns they inhabit, and it is a very rare occurence for one out of a hundred of their number to be guilty of the "breach of contract," which "drunkenness or the introduction of intoxicating liquor on the premises" is considered to be and so stipulated in express language.

At Hersey and Knapp, the two towns where Lon Williams chiefly resided during the interim of peacefulness and hopefulness between his two checkered careers, there was considerable spreeing done by the younger men, after hours during the week and on Sundays. In company by no means considered as bad or vicious, Lon occasionally drank rather freely, but abstained from carrying a frolic of this kind to the excess his companions would often reach after he had left them. Getting drunk for the alleged fun of the thing was something he had lost all desire for, and it was more for the sake of conviviality that he tasted of liquor at all. Herein Lon Williams made the mistake of so many, better reared and higher gifted, far, than he. The old enemy can never be trusted, and it is treason to one's self to harbor it for an instant, no matter in which of the many guises, as-

sumed for occasions, it may knock for an admittance. Reinstated, the fiend incarnate of the "bottomless cup" which the inebriate quaffs in vain to quench a burning thirst, will wreak a greater ruin than escaped before. "Lay not that flattering unction to your soul," ye, who would institute a reform half way, that human will is able to give odds in a contest of this character to human weakness.

The danger Lon ran in drinking was not that ordinary one of becoming a "frightful example" for some temperance lecturer. He was hardly "cut out" for an occupation of that half pitiable and half despicable description. The risk he took in yielding to the influence of liquor was of having his mind and soul *tampered with*, when in that condition, by another person, bent on accomplishing his satanic purpose at whatever cost and for the sake solely of sin's satisfaction. So long, let it be understood, as he was left free to follow out his own inclinations, whether good, bad or indifferent, Lon's hazard, even on repeated intoxication, could not be called his jeopardy.

For the company of abandoned and vile women, Lon exhibited hardly a trace of any former liking. It was true of him, but only so far as it is true of the large majority of unmarried men and too many bland Benedicts, that he did, more or less frequently, resort to the companionship of frail and fallen persons of the opposite sex, but he was known to be averse to indulging in disgusting indecencies of a semi-public nature which commonly are part and parcel of an

"evening out's" fund of entertainment for men—men who are often pillars in the flimsy fabric of society and the church, that see in the social evil, woman's degradation, but are blind beyond.

"Come on, Lon. We're out for sport," was an invitation he accepted mostly to please some friend. His repugnance, at times seemingly greater than at others, as if due to an inward resolve to do and be better, to wanton dissipation, not infrequently subjected him to good-humored chaffing by an intimate. Said one of his confidental associates to him one day:

"Why, Lon, the first thing we know you'll be getting tied to some woman for life."

"Maybe that's what I need more than anything else," replied Lon with a half perceptible sigh, continuing as follows: "And if I do ever marry the right sort of a girl, I'll behave myself."

"It wouldn't trouble you much to settle down, seeing that you aint much of a hand now to run around with the boys."

"If you had known me once—a good many years ago it seems like—you wouldn't have had such a good opinion of me perhaps," said Lon.

"When was that?" asked his companion.

"Oh, never mind, But I tell you, old fellow, that I never felt so much like getting along the way every man ought to, as I do right now."

Who can doubt but that he spoke the truth?—a truth not less eloquent upon his lips than in the grandiloquent utterance of speech set in more polished phrase. His words proceeded from a heart as yet hardly conscious of its own hunger.

CHAPTER VII.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

IN GOOD SOCIETY.—REFINING INFLUENCES OF FEMALE LOVELINESS AND VIRTUE.—A NEW YEARS EVE PARTY.—FANNY HUSSEY MET.—AT LOVE'S CONFESSIONAL.—CUPID CONDUCTS A COURTSHIP.

The main portion of the winter of '79-'80 was spent by Lon in and around Hersey and Knapp. In common with his associates, as a means of pleasant relaxation, he attended the various neighborhood dances, so popular in these parts, and none more than he enjoyed the innocent diversion thus afforded.

The companionship of virtuous young women, upon whose cheeks the glow of health was painted, and with whose buxomness of figure and of manner, there was an absence of all affectation, was to Lon a source of pure delight.

It does not make a male person of the right stamp one whit less manly to be a trifle fonder of female society of an

elevating character than of himself, or of some personal pastime or pursuit of happiness in another direction.

At these assemblages of the young people, Lon moved in an element admirably calculated to develop both a pure sentiment and a moral strength within his breast. He breathed a pure moral atmosphere, and was the better, more hopeful and more contented man for it.

A ball was given at Knapp on New Year's Eve., and among the lightest hearted of those in attendence to dance the old year out and A. D. 1880 in, was Lon Williams. Little did he dream, however, as he adjusted for the last time with great care his cravat, and put the finishing touch to his simple toilet just before starting for the gay scene of mirth, of the great New Year's gift which that night had in store for him.

There had assembled early a bright array of sweetly smiling female faces, opposed demurely to huddled groups of young men, a bit bashful and a trifle awkward, perhaps, at first, but "the ice of ceremony being once broken," the evening's festivities were speedily under full head way. On Lon's arrival the second dance had been reached and he plunged at once into the pleasure before him.

Of the fairest-featured of the girls of Knapp, in form rounded out to symmetrical curves, in style inviting and in speech engaging, was counted to be by common concurrence, Fanny Hussey, the sunshine of whose presence had been lent to this occasion. To Lon Williams, who had only seen

her casually a time or two on the street before, she was dazzling at the short distance at which he was now permitted to behold her.

Approaching nearer to obtain the introduction he had craved, he stood "puzzled with mazes" and all on fire within from the electric flash of love-light that followed the arrow Cupid sent straight into a quivering heart. He hardly heard and "at a loss to comprehend the question" would have been, had he been asked what words they were that suffered him to take the hand of her whose heart his own in love desired from that first moment of ecstatic revelation and resolve.

The homely bit of conversation attendant upon what very soon afterward proved to have been an interchange of wild love and wilder hope, was so very commonplace that it would have been indeed strange had the newly-made lovers "stooped to conquer" it.

"Miss Fanny, this is Lon Williams."

That was all there was *said* of it.

Lon bowed very low, by a mechanical effort, but as a machine cannot be made to talk, he said not a word.

Miss Fanny smiled sweetly, looked, and blushed a deeper red at the crimsoned cheeks and tell-tale air and attitude of him who stood in silence, a suppliant at love's confessional; then she experienced the same sensations which had in a manner quite overwhelmed poor Lon, and upon moving her lips as if to articulate, said—nothing!

In the meantime, having performed his duty by his friend, Lon's benefactor had quietly withdrawn.

A few moments of a golden silence that spoke volumes, sufficed to recall the lovers to a consciousness of present time and place, and on Lon's finding the language in which to frame an invitation to join in the next dance, Fanny found the words for an acceptance in reply.

Time fairly flew with them. Lon, selfish but happy fellow, put in his first claims on the affections and attentions of his lady-love by coolly proceeding to monopolize her society for the entire evening, and Fanny, selfish from sympathy and quite as happy, gave up all her dances and every intermission to him with whom she shared equally every fleeting moment of their time together.

The infatuation of a couple so thoroughly absorbed by and absorbing each other, could not escape being noticed, but the laughing banter at their expense was mingled with many an honest compliment bestowed upon her beauty and lovable character and upon his handsome face and manly bearing.

As the evening lengthened, mutual confidences were exchanged at every opportunity, and a troth being plighted that admitted of no delay, an engagement to be married the very next (New Year's) day, was made before midnight.

On the new year's being ushered in with a lively reel, the party broke up, and sweethearts were taken home under the starry canopy of heaven, and made love to with a

warmth so sweet as to neutralize the bitter in the cold night-air.

Repeating for the last time their good-night kiss, Lon and Fanny parted with love-like reluctance, for the night their first together and their last apart before being mated in marriage. Each retired to rest in the company of fond thoughts that took them together from the arms of Morpheus on a pleasant journey adown the flower-edged paths of dreamland.

Thus it was Lon Williams wooed, and thus was Fanny Hussey won—theirs a courtship that had been conducted by Cupid in person, whose magic wand had never been moved with celerity more charming before, by the record kept above of pages printed and unwritten of the romance of love's young dream.

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIED AND DOING WELL.

A READY CONSENT.—AT HYMEN'S ALTAR.—"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."—CONNUBIAL BLISS.—HOUSEKEEPING AND HAPPINESS.—AN ACCIDENT.—IDLENESS.—A TOUCHING EPISODE.

The hour appointed for the wedding was 12 o'clock, noon. They were to meet an hour or two earlier at the residence of Fanny's mother, where Lon was to attend as became an obedient lover to the formality of requesting a hand which no power on earth could have easily prevented his taking as he desired. Miss Hussey's mother was the wife of William Thompson, whom she had married not long after laying aside the widow's weeds worn for Fanny's deceased father. Mrs. Thompson had her consent all ready for her future son-in-law, ere he called for it, having been just previously made acquainted with the interesting affair by her daughter, whose wishes she wisely refrained from thwarting one trifle, in a matter of such chief concern to Fanny's own happiness and welfare.

The services of Elder Donner, of the Methodist church, an old-time acquaintaince of the Thompsons, and one of those who had watched Lon Williams' career since coming to St. Croix county with feelings of the greatest interest and heartiest gratification, were readily secured, he being in town at the time.

The marriage ceremony was performed promptly at the hour of noon. The simple but expressive and sincere words being said that made them man and wife, Lon and Fanny Williams, thus united, under Hymen's altar, standing in the sunlight showered down upon them by the smiling God of Marriage, made a picture for a painter, and to a poet would have lent an inspiration. Heart to heart, and soul to soul—the old, sweet story, coupled thus:

"Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one."

A New Year's dinner worthy the undivided attention of all others beside the bride and groom in whose honor it was prepared, was partaken of next at Mrs. Thompson's, the afternoon brought calls and congratulations from as many friends and neighbors as had been let into or themselves found out the sweet secret.

The happy couple were cosily installed in a cheerful room in the house occupied by the Thompsons, with whom they lived for several months prior to the departure of the latter for Arkansaw, a small town in Pepin county. Lon and Fanny began their married life under the brightest of aus-

pices. All accounts agree that the devotion of this young married and mated pair was exhibited to an unusual degree on every occasion of their appearance together in public and exceedingly demonstrative in their own home.

Lon remained at work and was regarded at this period to be as steady and industrious as one would wish to see a young man. He found amusement always in the good company of his wife, with whom he attended dances and evening entertainments. It was observed that his attentions to Fanny on these occasions were as many and marked as are only looked for by society in a lover before marriage. Lon was a lover ever after, and unlike most men, he never tired of his wife's company, or left it for that of another among women, to whose charms he was henceforth decently indifferent.

When the Thompsons removed to Arkansaw, Lon Williams rented the house they vacated and his wife proved to be an excellent housekeeper. They had comparatively little of this world's goods, yet were well-to-do in that which constitutes contentment, the most substantial of all happiness.

In the natural course of time, the young wife became *enceinte*, and a happier fellow than Lon it would have been hard to find. The thoughts and hopes of paternity thus kindled within him gave his mind and heart that to feed upon which is calculated to develop the higher stages of manhood's self-enfranchisement from the slavery of sins of

the flesh. At parties they attended, when his wife was compelled to abstain from dancing much, and was forbidden by Nature's law, more particularly, to indulge in the waltz, polka and other round dances, Lon would wait upon her every want and remain constantly at her side.

During the next winter after their marriage, Lon had the misfortune to cut his right foot while out chopping wood, and on account of this accident was left without employment until spring. Through inattention or carelessness the wound became worse, and after it had caused him no little pain and annoyance, an amputation of the large toe was performed from necessity.

Idleness is noted by the Church of Rome as the seventh sin among the deadly or mortal ones to which flesh is heir to according to the creed of a Christian. Proverbially among all people, it is one of the roots of evil. The condition or quality of being idle remains to be taken, as a matter of course, in any of the various senses of that word; there being, for instance, an enforced idleness such as Lon's was on first being laid up with his sore foot; to which the animadversion of the papal church and of people in general is not intended to apply.

There was some danger, nevertheless, for one of Lon's temperament in his position. He could illy brook the restraint upon his physical liberty, and the loss of time and money which he felt the less able to afford in view of the prospective "increase of his house" on the approaching

açcouchement of his wife. He grew to be exceeding restive, and a bit blue and down-hearted at times. He used to tell his wife that he was both ashamed and afraid to stay idle so long.

"Fanny, this will never do for me. I've got you to look after as well as myself, and it won't be long before—"

Here he hesitated, his voice taking a tender tone, and his manner becoming abashed all in a moment.

"Yes, Lonnie dear, I know what you mean. But don't get to feeling bad, and everything will come out all right."

Advancing to her, Lon clasped his arms lovingly about his wife, and drawing her gently within a close embrace, whispered:

"God bless my darling! She must help me keep my spirits up and be a man."

CHAPTER IX.

AN EVIL GENIUS REAPPEARS.

A HARD WINTER.—THE BLUES.—A MYSTERIOUS WHISTLE. THE OLD "CALL" TO LON.—THE BROTHERS' MEETING.—EDWARD WILLIAMS.—THE CHANGE IN LON.—A GRIEVING WIFE.

The winter of 1880-81 will long be remembered as one of exceptional severity throughout the country. Between the time of Winter's actual departure and that of Summer's arrival on the calendar, there was scarcely enough seen of Spring to give the usual amount of "inspired" employment to the languishing poets and poetesses of rural America.

Lon Williams, being idle, naturally saw the darker side of things, and brooded a good deal over the extra expense of living incurred in many ways on account of the protracted spell of cold weather on into the spring months. Then, again, there would be times when he would cheer up as bidden by his sunny-haired and sunnier dispositioned helpmeet, and his laugh would ring out as clear as a bell at some jest they were enjoying in common. It was one night in

the fore part of what should have been in fact Spring, while they were seated around a blazing fire, with whose warmth and light their spirits were in sympathy, that Lon experienced, on a sudden, sickening sensations attributable to Fear and Doubt, the hand-maidens of Despair.

"What is that, Lon?" asked Fanny, straining her ear to catch a possible repetition of something that had sounded above the wail of the night wind like a shrill whistle.

Again it sounded, clearer and more distinct, during a pause by the sighing breeze as if for breath—a long, loud whistle, plain enough in her ears and in Lon's heart, piercing the latter as with a sharp steel instrument.

Another whistle, long and loud as before, followed by two short, sharp signals of the same sort—the signs a human call-bird gave of his presence and purpose.

"Do you hear, Lon?" said Fanny, breaking the silence that had followed her first unanswered question.

"Yes, I hear, Fanny—my God, only too well!" and Lon aroused himself by an effort and left his seat.

"Where are you going Lonnie—what is the matter?" anxiously asked the young wife, greatly disturbed by what she was at a loss to understand.

"I'll tell you all about it, Fanny, when I come back. Perhaps I'm mistaken, but I must go outside and see. Help me on with this overcoat, Fan, and don't be frightened."

Submitting to a few fond caresses, and promising to be back soon, Lon bade his wife not to be uneasy and to remain

where she was, and then opening the door went out into the darkness whence the strange signals had proceeded.

Lon had recognized the notes of a call familiar to him in a dead past that it seemed to have resurrected in a second from a ghastly grave.

On leaving the house, Lon walked as rapidly as his lamed foot made comfortable in a moccasin would permit, toward where a man stood, tapping his feet on the ground to keep them warm, within a few rods of the house.

"You wasn't in a hurry at all. I'd just started to draw up a little nearer and see if I could get a peep inside o' your snug nest. It's a cold night this, and I've done some traveling on foot since morning."

"And so you've come back to life, have you, Ed?" said Lon, taking, almost reluctantly, as it seemed, his brother's proffered hand.

"Well, I should remark, and a few months in advance of my time, owing to my 'good behavior' they said. I found out my new name this morning over at Knapp. 'Williams,' I believe?"

"That's my name," said Lon, rather hesitatingly.

"Yes, and seeing as how it has done you so much good, why, if it's all the same to you, I'll just go in partnership with you, like the brothers we used to be."

"No, Ed., not the old way. You can take my name if you like, and I'll not disown you for a brother as long as

I've got a home of my own, but there musn't be any more devilment."

"Oh, I heard all about your pretty wife and what a quiet fellow you had become, before I knew it was my brother Lon they were talking about," said Ed., with the slightest suggestion of a sneer.

"Well, you heard what was so, and you'll find it out for yourself if you stay about here long," said Lon, whose words were braver than he felt at heart, where he was sorely troubled with secret misgivings.

"We won't quarrel about it to-night, anyway. Have you any room in there and a couple of blankets for me?" rejoined Ed.

"Why of course, and you're welcome to it. But mind you, Ed., not a word to *her* about what's past."

Ed. promised compliance, and the Williams brothers entered the house together.

"Fanny, this is my brother Edward. You have never heard of him because he was away out of this part of the country and I didn't know as I'd ever see him again." Then turning to his brother, he said :

"Edward, this is my wife."

While it was some time before Fanny Williams came to know anything of the former history of her new brother-in-law, glimpses of his true character were ere long obtained by her. She first observed, with a painful heaviness of of heart, that he took up the most of Lon's time and that

he was by degrees, and stealthily as it seemed, committing the theft of the latter's peace of mind. They would go out for long walks together, and on returning, Ed would be the nearer to cheerfulness, while Lon appeared depressed to a degree that plainly betokened the cause of an effect.

Lon had introduced Edward Williams to Hersey people in pretty much the same words used by him in the presentation of a brother-in-law to his wife, and it was not many weeks before the private opinion entertained by Fanny came to be shared by a community, as to the character of the new-comer and the weight and nature of his influence over Lon. The brothers were seen in saloons more frequently than Lon had been known to visit such places, in Hersey or Knapp, even before his marriage, and a frequent theme for town talk was afforded by the great change coming upon Lon Williams. He got to be slovenly in his appearance and was either sullen or strangely boisterous in his demeanor.

Lon tried less and less, as if tired of further feigning, to maintain a cheerful composure in Fanny's presence, but at the same time avoided all her approaches toward the confidence she invited.

The young wife grieved greatly at the alteration rapidly taking place in Lon, but bore her burden bravely, exhibiting the patience and fortitude chiefly characteristic of woman's mission here on earth.

CHAPTER X.

WAYS OF WICKEDNESS.

LON'S PERIL.—WHY HE DRANK.—A WIFE'S WANING INFLUENCE.—CRACK REVOLVER SHOTS.—WINCHESTERS.—BROTHERS AGAIN IN CRIME. STILLWATER.—A THICKENING PLOT.

The danger to which Lon Williams was exposed by drink, and which had almost entirely disappeared on his marriage—the culminating point of his reform—had now returned, and an hundredfold worse it was. What had been his hazard, only, when among the young men of the mills, became his imminent peril, in the presence of the arch-enemy of his peace and better nature. Ed. knew his brother's failing of old and craftily led him on to the brink of a precipice, where to slip and to fall was to be plunged headlong in a pit botomless save to the dead. Out of pretended respect for Lon's words to him on the night of his reappearance, Ed. allowed a little time to elapse before broaching the subject nearest his own heart—a seat of blunted sensibilities. Drink, however, was an accomplice

he called to his aid at the earliest opportunity. Lon drank on Ed.'s pressing him to adopt a popular mode of relief, if not cure, for the blues, but became lower-spirited in consequence. He drank to be social, and was saddened. He drank to kill time, and found that it had never hung so heavy on his hands before. He was depressed and despondent, but though he might know why, he lacked the moral courage of convictions to meet his danger like a man, and inspired by the thought of the wife of his bosom soon to be mother of his child, make the good fight against a lowering fate.

Fanny looked on with an aching heart, and exerted her influence to the utmost to restore and revive an ambition fitfully flickering in Lon's breast. Always tender and affectionate with his wife, Lon was more than once drawn by her into making a half-confession of the cause of his present trouble. So great, however, was the influence his mind exercised over hers, in the "melting moods" of their intercourse, that as a result of their partial confidences, Fanny was irresistably brought gradually nearer the inevitable conclusion that Lon must fall, and that her fortunes were to follow his, life-linked as they were.

It was during this period that the remarkable pistol-practice of the Williams brothers, for which alone they would have been famous in the eyes of their acquaintances, took place in the woods around Hersey and Knapp. They would go out in the timber and entertain the boys at dinner time

with free exhibitions of a skill in handling a revolver, the like of which the amazed lumberers had never witnessed before. In conversation with many of the mill-hands at Hersey, *The Chicago Times* correspondent dispatched to obtain the full particulars of the life and career of the Williams brothers in Wisconsin, was highly entertained on this head. He writes:

"I could fill a column with the marvelous shots both brothers made in sport of this kind last spring. Among the many in my rough notes are the following: At a distance of forty paces Lon would shoot off a revolver in each hand hitting together a couple of sweet potatoes tossed up by the hands of a person seated on the ground. At eight rods Ed. would knock an oyster can off a fence-post with a shot from his right-hand revolver, and before it reached the earth would put a ball through it from the "navy" in his left hand. Coming up the railroad track together at one time, they drew two revolvers each, and at a distance of sixteen rods sighted a mark on a log at one side of the track. Walking leisurely along, they put the twenty-four shots of a couple of pairs of Colt's navy sixes within the space covered by the palms of one's two hands. One of the brothers would hold in his hand a clay pipe, and the other, at twelve yards, would break the bowl. This shot required a steadiness of aim rarely reached with a revolver."

Both Ed. and Lon shot equally as well with the left as with the right hand. When practicing with their favorite

Winchesters, weapons which it was noticed they came to possess shortly after Ed. Williams' appearance, they fired from the hip with an aim few shots are sure of from the shoulder. Their familiarity with fire-arms and intimate acquaintance more especially with the deadly Winchester rifle cast a great many doubts in the minds of Hersey people, which were not long afterward more than confirmed.

When Ed. ran short of funds, and Lon was unable to supply him with more, the time to strike in the former's mind had fairly arrived. One day, seated in a saloon, a trifle mellow with liquor, charged at the bar to Lon's account, Ed. in an off-hand way addressed his brother:

"I say, Lon, it ain't very pleasant to get out of money. I don't know how you feel about it, but I would like to go to work. Why, it's getting to be a matter of necessity."

"There's only one kind of 'work' you can do," said Lon, gloomily.

"That's all right for me, brother; but I'm a thinking that you used to be no slouch yourself at it. And now, it looks like, we might better go at that, just a little anyway, rather than starve, which you'll come to, along with a wife and baby directly, if you keep on much longer the way you are now."

"Well, Ed., I don't know my own mind hardly, since you've come here. I feel all broken up, and I can't tell what's the matter with me."

"You brace up and listen to me, and I'll promise to put

some life in you. I've got a scheme here that's a dead sure thing, with no risk to speak of, and you bet it will bring money in the camp."

Lon listened, half listlessly and half impatiently, while Ed. unfolded the plans he had sketched out in a busy brain for "earning a little money." He had fixed an evil eye on the cash-drawers of certain stores in several small towns across the river in Minnesota. Horses were to be "borrowed" at the first chance that offered, in the adjoining state where he proposed to strictly confine his plundering. He seemed to think the latter fact would go somewhat towards mollifying such resistance as might still be encountered in Lon.

"We won't soil our hands in Wisconsin, and by keeping shady and doubling up on our tracks the way we used to, we can take to the river again after the job is finished over there, and none of your Wisconsin friends will ever be the wiser—nor your wife, either, for that matter."

Lon had suffered himself to be led a second time into "the terrible temptation" of his life, and as a drowning man catches at a straw, he held to a last hope that his evil-doing might somehow be hidden from the public gaze. He would endeavor, he thought, to keep Fanny in the dark as long as possible, but should the worst come to her ears, he felt sure that her love and devotion would stand the test and trial, even at the cost of bitter anguish of spirit. It was of the most importance, in his eyes, to save his "bub-

ble reputation" in the eyes of new found friends in Wisconsin.

Again the two brothers "understood" each other, and before going home to Lon's fireside, that afternoon, they had arranged the details of an expedition to Minnesota in accordance with the plans already formed in Ed's mind.

The associates at Hersey whose company Ed. preferred, and with whom Lon therefore became thrown, were of a morally low character, the best dressed of them belonging to that class in every community which is held in suspicion on general principles, as bearing, outwardly, the faint semblance of a respectability it would be hard to find, on a fair presumption, within the walks of their private lives. Among these semi-respectable people, with whom the Williams brothers maintained cordial if not confidential relations were the DeWolfe brothers, of Hersey, whose actions later on were certainly confirmatory in a great measure of the doubt and distrust entertained of them.

Frequent long excursions came next to be made by Ed. and Lon Williams, and no one knew of their whereabouts during the intervals of their absence. They were sometimes, when thus "called away on business" as Fanny would say to neighbors if they questioned her, merely on prospecting tours, while at others in search of plunder at designated places. As Ed. expressed it, "enough to live on" was in this manner obtained.

The scheme to rob a number of stores in different towns

across the Mississippi, which Ed. had for some reason deferred, was finally put into partial execution during the first part of May, 1881. A couple of horses were stolen in the country near where they crossed the river in a skiff, and the cracksmen headed for Stillwater, their designs as to the other towns on the way having been abandoned as involving too great a risk at one time. The "steal" at Stillwater lacked the elements of peril and excitement which go to make up the romance of outlawry. It was quite a common-place affair, as contrasted with episodes of a similar sort in the former criminal careers of its perpetrators. A store was broken into during one night and some money and goods were taken. The haul was not a large one, but yielding to Lon's wish to return home again before pursuing the path of pillage further, Ed. consoled himself with the reflection that it was worth going after at any rate, and that it would keep them in spending money until the next raid. When ready to cross the river again, Ed. wanted to swim their horses over, and keep them for their own use. To this Lon would not consent, for fear the animals would be found in their possession or traced to them if hidden in the woods near Hersey, and so the horses were turned loose, and not long afterwards recovered by their rightful owners.

The muddy Mississippi was recrossed in the skiff, and the stolen goods were conveyed to a hiding place within a few miles of Hersey. The brothers then returned to Lon's house, and resumed their occupation of killing time.

The fresh plot of the criminal history of the "Williams brothers" was fast thickening, "like the storm that flies."

CHAPTER XI.

OUTLAWED ONCE MORE.

A CONFIDANTE OF FANNY.—THE LOYAL WIFE'S DEVOTION.—A WARRANT FOR THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS. SHERIFF KELLY ENTERTAINED.—A SCENE.—OFF FOR ILLINOIS.—A SAD PARTING.—TWO HORSES WORTH HAVING.—AN OLD SCORE PAID.—A LIVELY CHASE.—HOMEWARD.

On their return from Stillwater Lon told his brother that he intended to take his wife into their confidence, so far at least as letting her into the secret of their present mode of life. Ed. had no objections to offer, provided Lon would be responsible for Fanny, to the necessary extent of seeing that she kept her mouth shut.

The young wife, then nearing confinement and in consequence drawn closer than ever to her mate on his return to the home nest, had been prepared by the much she had seen and the more she had surmised, for the confession Lon made to her one night. A devoted wife, with whom joy is duty and love is law, may it is said, forgive where she can not forget, and will as it proved to be the case with

Fanny Williams, invent excuses for very much of that to the error and sin of which she can not be blind, and which the while preys gnawingly upon her peace of mind. "With all his faults," she not only "loved him still," but yet remained the constant and true soul, sealed to his as sincerely pledged "for better, for worse."

The Williams brothers were not long permitted to plunder at their pleasure without an exposure which sooner or later follows every crime, big or little, and in their case it was an early one, putting them to many inconveniences. They had been seen across the river and in Stillwater, and the detectives followed up the clues so skillfully as within two weeks' time to determine the fact of the robbery having been committed by the Williams boys. A warrant was placed in the hands of Sheriff Kelley of St. Croix county, and that officer undertook without any uneasiness whatever, the arrest of the two alleged thieves.

No trouble was apprehended by the officer, who set about his task without "fixing" himself further than to put in his belt the ordinary six-shooter carried by sheriffs. He went alone, armed only with his revolver and the authority of the State. He had had, of course, no previous means of knowing how extremely fond the men he was after had become, again as in that past of which as yet their Wisconsin acquaintances were ignorant, of challenging that same authority of the law when opposed to them in all its moral

majesty, but in a numerical minority on noses and revolvers being counted.

Proceeding to Lon's house Sheriff Kelley knocked at the door which was opened by Lon, whom he knew slightly and with whom he shook hands.

The officer was invited in and given a chair in the room where Lon rejoined his wife and brother. The "business of the meeting" was called up, after a few preliminaries of conversation.

"Gentlemen, I'm sorry to disturb you, but you're wanted across the river and a warrant for your arrest has been put in my hands to serve."

At his words both Ed. and Lon rose to their feet, and the sheriff following suit, all three drew their revolvers.

"We don't intend that you shall disturb us much, Mr Sheriff, and you may as well make up your mind right away than you'll have to go back alone," said Ed.

At this juncture Fanny, trembling with fear, and next to sobbing with emotion, the greater because of her delicate condition, excitedly threw herself upon her husband and implored him not to shoot.

"Come, it's time for you to be making tracks out of here," said Ed.,watching Sheriff Kelley narrowly. Throwing on a sudden two revolvers down upon the officer he added:

"Put up your pop, and get out of that door or I'll make a 'blood pudding' out of you in no time at all."

What could the Sheriff do? Let those who will condemn an officer for backing down under such circumstances. The odds were against him, "the drop" was on him, and life was too sweet to throw away in such a manner.

Sheriff Kelley, therefore, made the best of a perilous predicament, and retired with a discretion *sans* grace, *sans* glory, *sans* everything that he came for.

Ed.'s derisive, mocking laugh followed the officer out.

"Send to Stillwater for a Minnesota sheriff, and let him try his luck with the Williams brothers. Ha! ha! ha!"

The sheriff of St. Croix knowing that the Williams boys had a great many friends in Hersey, and fearing that another attempt at the time to arrest them would be disastrous to him, left for his home in Hudson, with stinging cheeks conspicuously betraying his sense of shame at the fiasco that had fallen upon him, whether through his ignorance or imprudence it mattered not so far as a public, fond of its laugh at anybody's expense, was concerned.

As it would have been the height of folly to remain much longer where they were, after the cool piece of impertinence to which they had treated the High Sheriff of their county, the Williams brothers completed their arrangements to leave Hersey and the country a few days later.

The parting between Lon and Fanny was indeed sad. She felt instinctively that it was for the last time on earth.

To her this was a final separation, one of the partings such as Byron says

—press
The life out of young hearts.

He was sorrow-smitten to an almost equal degree, if he did not secretly share her superstition. Locked in each other's arms for upward of an hour they remained, he powerless to console, and she inconsolable.

The brothers traveled southward and crossing the Mississippi struck down into Illinois, where Ed. had a piece of work mapped out to perform. A couple of good saddle horses were wanted by them more perhaps than anything else at the time, and Ed. had resolved to obtain them in Illinois, a state that had furnished two brothers of another name but of about their build, some years before, many a steed none the less sounder for being stolen. On reaching Henderson county on opportunity offered, and two valuable horses, a bay gelding and a brown mare, were secured on the night of May 30th. The stars were out but there was no moon—they couldn't afford to wait for that talisman of success. They rode their new horses through the old haunts of the Maxwell brothers to whom they bore such a striking resemblance that there were people who saw them on this visit to Illinois who never took them to be the brothers by the name they bore in Wisconsin. They went next to Colchester, McDonough county, and spending a part of one day and night there, proceeded to Macomb, a village in the same county.

Macomb was the residence of Mr. Neese, the lawyer who had prosecuted Alonzo Maxwell for horse-stealing, and against whom the younger Maxwell had made a threat to get even some day. On the first and last night of their stay in Macomb, they paid a visit to the stable of Attorney Neese, and stole a double harness, a single harness and a fine top buggy. Hitching their well-mated team to the buggy, they drove off through the woods. After going a distance of about thirty miles the buggy was run into a stump and completely ruined, and the two sets of harness were left in a mutilated condition.

They then remounted and rode to Smithfield, near where they camped in the woods. On the next morning they were seen by a boy, too quick-witted to swallow their stories about being out hunting. The boy on going to town told the officers, and his description of the men and horses tallying with that furnished only the day before by Sheriff Anderson, of Henderson county, the latter was promptly telegraphed. The wily Williamses, however, had made many a mile on their journey, going by way of Peoria, before sheriff Anderson had reached Smithfield. Their tracks were readily taken up by the Anderson county sheriff, and the pursuit urged on with all alacrity. Just above Peoria the brothers crossed the Illinois river, and night coming on they stopped for shelter in a school-house, stabling their horses in a coal shed near by. A man passing along the road at an early hour next morning saw the horses' heads sticking out

of an aperture in the shed, and raised an alarm. An investigation was made by several parties and the school-house was found to be locked. One of the school trustees was sent for, and with a dozen men at his heels walked up to and unlocked the door. Entering, the trustee was terrified beyond expression at finding himself facing four revolvers, held in the hands of two men.

"Good morning to you. We had to climb in a window last night, seeing you had the key," spoke up Ed.

The trustee smiled a sickly smile and on Lon's nodding him permission, backed himself into the chilly bosom of a crowd that allowed itself, as it were, to quietly disperse.

The Williams brothers leisurely mounted their horses and rode off. After making four or five miles they turned and doubled on their track—an old trick of the Maxwells, oddly enough—and experienced the great satisfaction, later in the day, of lying by in the woods while sheriff Anderson and posse, in hot pursuit passed within a few rods of them.

It was over a week before their trail was again found, when it was discovered, to the great astonishment of the officers, that the Williams brothers had turned back, going as far as Washburn, Woodford county, where they were recognized under another name. Sheriff Anderson only reached Washburn to learn that they had been gone several days. It was ascertained that they had taken a northerly direction, and becoming satisfied that they were bound for Wisconsin, sheriff Anderson sent postal-cards giving a des-

cription of the "Maxwell brothers," and announcing the reward of $200 which Henderson county had offered for their capture, to a number of points including Hudson, Hersey, Arkansaw, Durand and Menomonie.

While working their way up toward Wisconsin, Ed. was full of glee at their eluding so cleverly as keen an officer as sheriff Anderson, but Lon's mind was full of forebodings he could neither apprehend the portent of nor shake off.

CHAPTER XII.

DESOLATION AND DESPAIR.

FANNY AT HER MOTHER'S—AN OFFICER'S VISIT.—THE CRISIS.—THE DELIVERY OF DEATH.—SUFFERING AND RELEASE OF THE YOUNG MOTHER.—AT HER GRAVE.—LON'S RETURN AND REMORSE.—THOUGHTS OF REVENGE.—A LETTER OF DESPAIR.

The day after Lon's departure with his brother, Fanny Williams set off for Arkansaw, it having been arranged with her husband that she should seek the shelter of her mother's house while undergoing her approaching ordeal. The oppressed state of her spirits, together with the secret apprehensions naturally aroused within her breast on about becoming a mother for the first time, threw her into a nervous, feverish illness. Mrs. Thompson, whose heart was racked to see the cruel lines of poignant and uncontrollable sorrow in her daughter's face, wept over and waited on her with a mother's thoughtful tenderness and deep devotion.

Sheriff Anderson's postal cards, and the promise of the

$200 reward, had the effect of stimulating to a degree the Wisconsin authorities, who were not slow in putting together the *aliases* of the desperadoes as duly described. An impression existed in the mind of Under-sheriff Knight, then in charge of affairs in the office of the Sheriff of Pepin county, that the Williams brothers had come into his county and had not gone any further north. The opinion was based on the knowledge of the removal to Arkansaw, in that county, of Lon's wife, and the belief that Lon would remain near her side as long as he was not directly disturbed. Acting upon this theory, Under-sheriff Knight, in company with a deputy, proceeded one day to Arkansaw and rode out to William Thompson's place, with some idea of earning a fatter fee than he had made in many a day. Knight failed to find either the Williams brothers or any traces of them, but succeeded admirably in frightening a helpless young wife, lying in the most delicate condition known to her sex, and agitated beyond measure at the nature of the noisy visit paid the house by the officers.

The crisis in the case of the confined wife came about the middle of June, and laid Fanny Williams at death's door. During the delivery of a still-born child, she suffered the most excrutiating agonies, at the hands of her physicians, who were powerless to save either life. For a few dragging hours, during which her physical misery was hardly greater than her mental torture resultant from a heart breaking on its utter abandonment in a gulf of grief, she lingered.

Then the angels of Death, in mercy, settled down upon her in their "hovering mist" of supernatural light, and bore away the stricken spirit to the realms of rest and peace eternal.

The funeral sermon, over the remains of mother and child, was preached by Elder Donner. The good man's words were simple and earnest to a touching degree, bordering upon that rare eloquence, "out of the abundance of the heart." Recalling the fact that a year and one-half ago he had pronounced the blesssing upon the marriage by him of Fanny Hussey to Lon Williams—a "perfect union" that had promised the best fruits only of the matrimonial state—the preacher recounted brief portions of the sad story of her wedded life, whose damask bloom had faded beneath the crushing weight of the curse she in her loyalty took up as her cross, bearing it until death, without once, even while in the depths of her distress and despair, murmuring *his* name save in the tones of love.

Elder Donner thus conducted the second service he was called on to perform, wherein he saw the hand of a cruel fate that had raised up and for a while tended with nurturing care the love-branch consisting of the entwined lives of two young and happy hearts, only to destroy the tender vine, killing outright its principal root and the tiny shoot that had but just started to appear upon the bearing stem.

Sad though his heart, his peace of mind was as yet free from any consciousness of the nature and occasion of the

third service—curiously connected with a sad history not yet half spun out from the wheel of that fate which had only numbered the first of its victims—he should feel himself to be called on to perform.

The Williams brothers returning from Illinois, reached the river, which they crossed below the mouth of the Chippewa, on the date of the death of Lon's wife. The spirits of the younger brother were in mysterious accord with the great sorrow soon to overwhelm him, on the intelligence of the funeral of his Hope.

Making their way through Buffalo county, the brothers gained the northeastern strip of Pepin county and then changing their course they rode west, swimming their horses across the Chippewa above Durand, and took the direction of Arkansaw. The Thompsons were unexpectedly awakened from sleep one night, and on rising and going to the door Mrs. Thompson was met by Lon Williams, who greeted her with the impulsive affection of a child, as he anxiously plied her with inquiries about Fanny. Gently disengaging herself from his embrace after returning it in a motherly manner, Mrs. Thompson broke the awful news to Lon, as best as she could command her words between spells of sobbing, in which she was joined by her son-in-law, who shed hot, scalding tears of keen remorse and extreme bitterness of spirit.

Ed. and Lon remained at William Thompson's house several days, on one of which Lon drove his mother-in-law

in a buggy over to Hersey. When at Hersey Mrs. Thompson and Lon were seen and spoken to by no few of their friends.

To those with whom he conversed freely on the subject of his wife's death, and of his own probable future, Lon expressed himself in the same strain. He said that with the loss of his wife, the only incentive in his life to reform had gone—and forever—and that he didn't care to live any longer except for revenge upon those he fancied had injured him. He had somehow got the idea that his wife might have been saved, if he had not been driven away from her side at the time he was needed or wanted there the most, and he had brooded over his troubles, real and imaginary, to an extent that left him an exceedingly desperate and dangerous man. He said, to one of his old companions among the mill-hands:

"I've got the 'name' again, and I'll have the 'game.' Since Fanny's death I've got nothing left worth living for, and I'll die first before they'll ever take me."

Driving to the telegraph office, Lon called the operator out, and after telling him how he (Lon) felt, threatened to shoot him if he sent a message during the day to the Sheriff, informing that officer of Mrs. Thompson's and Lon's presence in Hersey. Among other acquaintances accosted on the street by the occupants of the buggy, was Mrs. Adams, a former next-door neighbor to Lon and Fanny Williams. Mrs. Adams stated afterwards that Lon spoke to

her most feelingly and reverently of his departed wife.

The true state of Lon's feelings at this time is accurately ascertained from his own words, penned in an impulsive outburst of a bosom "inly raging" with its desolation and despair, in the form of a letter to Elder Donner, the firm friend to Fanny and himself. This letter read as follows:

"SUNDAY NIGHT, June 26, 1881.

Mr. Donner—Sir:—I have been wanting to speak with you ever since I came back, and not having the opportunity I will have to transfer my thoughts to paper. I want to say this (although it isn't much), that what few of the neighbors and acquaintances of mine that respected me in the least when I was first married, I want to keep their respect. I know at the present time that I have very few sympathizing friends. The majority doubtless say, 'I pitied his wife, but *him*—let him go to the dogs.' Now, as far as I am concerned, I want to say this—that what the folks say about me I don't care so much for as this: The talk was started that I married Fanny with the intention of leaving her. I want to say that no man was ever more honest in his dealing with or profession to a woman than I was with her. Circumstances placed me in such a position that I could hear nothing of the way things were a-going up here till I finaliy came up. But too late. She was dead. Oh, this has been a terrible shock to me, although few would believe it. They doubtless say this, 'He is glad of it.' but, Mr. Donner, you had better buried me than her, for I now am a ruined man.

My life is wrecked, and I care no more for it. I was always alone in the world till I got her, and now I stand alone again, with nothing to live for, and no object in view. It almost sets me crazy when I hear of any one saying, 'He intended to leave her in the spring anyway,' but, Mr. Donner, if my word is good for anything, believe what I have said. It can now make no difference to me what people say, only it seems as though I had ought to say it for her sake but not my own. I know she was too good a woman for me; I knew it, but still I knew as well how to appreciate her as any one could, and now that she is dead I want to clear her memory of every chance of reproach because she was innocent as any angel could be; and now, Mr. Donner, she has been torn from me. It might have been the will of God, but I think it was the doings of men, and my desire to retaliate is fearful strong,—nothing but respect for her holds me back; but now, if they come for me again I won't run from them. I have nothing to keep out of their way now for. When Fanny was alive I kept out of their way for her sake, but now they have done all they could; they have driven me away from her and I'll never see her again now. All they can do is to come and take my life, they can take it easy if they know how. Mr. Donner, my life is so wrecked that I almost want them to come on to me that they can see what a desperate wreck they have left. Now, Mr. Donner, I simply tell you all this because I know you to be a man of principle. I mean this just for yourself, and if justice were

done me, no charge could be brought against me. I merely wanted to help my brother, and that ruined me. If it is not asking too much of you, I wish you would pray for me. A petition to God from some one, it seems, would do me good, for I can't do it myself. Farewell,

Respectfully, LON WILLIAMS."

He had turned to that friend, as if in a moment of hesitation—pausing to ask of another an assistance he could not recruit within himself, before casting all to the winds and burning every bridge behind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GREAT CRIME.

BUGGY-RIDING—TAKING IN A CIRCUS—THE SAFE-KEEPING OBTAINED FOR A STOLEN HORSE—VENGEANCE VOWED — A TRIP TO DURAND — THE COLEMAN BROTHERS—THE OUTLAWS CROSS THE CHIPPEWA — PREPARATIONS FOR AN ENCOUNTER—"INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH"—DESCRIPTION IN DETAIL OF A BLOODY BUTCHERY.

The Williams brothers were next seen together near a small farm clearing in the "big woods," in Dunn county, a short distance from the St. Croix county line. They were then driving one of their Illinois horses in a top buggy, leading the other. Where they stole the buggy has never been known, but that addition to their outfit was made most likely somewhere in Wisconsin.

On Thursday, June 30th, the brothers visited Menomonie. Great numbers of the country people for miles around had flocked in the county seat of Dunn county, allured by the flaming show-bills of a circus, which had pitched its tents there on that date. The presence of the Williams brothers

was due to Ed.'s desise to "take in" the show. Both Ed. and Lon were recognized several times on the ground, but even if the officers had been put upon their track it would have been by no means an easy task to pick out thieves from among the sea of faces in the crowd.

Leaving Menomonie as quietly as they had come, the brothers hitched up one of their horses, which they had left with the buggy in the woods just out of town, and still leading the other, drove off in the direction of Pepin county taking the Eau Galle road. They concluded that it would be policy to leave one of the horses in good hands, if such could be found, and on coming to a farm-house several miles below Eau Galle, they stopped to see who lived there. On learning from the lady of the house, Mrs. Sands, that she was a widow and lived pretty much alone, Lon asked and obtained her permission to place the led horse in her stable, promising to pay liberally for its care and feed. They told her they would be back in a few days to get the horse, and after thanking her for her kindness and a drink of cool water, they drove away in the buggy.

A day or two after undersheriff Knight, of Pepin county, happened along that way, and on learning that a fine looking horse had been left with the widow Sands, by two strange men he called at the widow's place to see the animal. As soon as he saw the horse, the officer recognized it as the bay gelding stolen in Illinois, from the description furnished him. He told the widow what he knew of the

horse and informed her that he would be compelled to recover it for the owner, as stolen property. He added, as he was about to leave, that if the two unknown parties should return for the horse, she might tell them that "Sheriff Knight would be responsible" for its safe-keeping in Durand. Knight was told by Mrs. Senz, who respected his authority as a matter of course, that the men who had left the horse in her keeping had said they would be back for it in a few days. It is the opinion of a good many that Undersheriff Knight should have either acted on this information and obtaining a posse surrounded the premises and lain in wait for the desperadoes, against their return, or else have not taken the horse at all. It certainly seems that an excellent opportunity offered itself here to effect a capture which had it been thus accomplished, by means of stratagem and force of numbers, would have spared an unnecessary slaughter and the sorrow and and suffering entailed in consequence. However, Knight may not have put any faith in the assertion of "the strangers" that they intended to return for the horse, valued as high, perhaps, as $500, and have thought best to secure the animal first, without paying much regard to the thieves at that time.

Agreeably to their word, the Williams brothers reappeared at the widow Senz's place, after the lapse of a few days. They asked for their horse and wanted to know how much they owed the lady for its safe-keeping. On learning to whom and how the gelding's "safe-keeping" had been

entrusted of a necessity by Mrs. Senz, the strangers (to the widow) waxed wroth.

"So Mr. Knight said he would be responsible for that horse, did he? It's mighty hard to lose a fellow's horse, right in haying time, too, don't you think?" asked one of the "injured parties."

"Well, we'll go down and settle up with Knight. I've got a personal grudge against him myself," said the other.

The widow was almost led to believe in the virtue of indignation so great as that exhibited by the unknown parties who might, for all she knew, be the hard-working young farmers they professed to be, and watched their departure, in an angry mood, with some failing of confidence as to the course of the officer.

The Williams brothers drove off in the direction of Durand, but had only proceeded a few miles on their way when they turned aside from the main road into the woods. Driving in amid the brush, a distance of several hundred yards from the highway, they unhitchad their horse and left the buggy. The mare was led a short distance further on and there tied to a tree. Making their way on into the woods, the brothers soon came to a house, where they were welcomed by its tenant and owner with a warmth that showed them to be in possession of a friend in this locality —one among their many familiars residing in different portions of the big woods. The outlaws partook of a rude repast here, and then prepared themselves for their journey

and business below. Their belts were refastened over their vests, so that the ready revolvers would be handier to get at, and their Winchesters were brought out and examined with a critical eye.

Armed, truly, to the teeth, the Williams brothers set out on foot for Durand.

Milton Coleman, under-sheriff of Dunn county, and Charles Coleman, an ex-sheriff of Pepin county, were among those officers into whose hands the postal cards of Sheriff Anderson, of Illinois, had fallen, and who had formed the brave and honorable resolve to earn the reward of $200 by personally effecting the arrest of the Maxwell-Williams brothers. Milton Coleman arrived in Durand, where his brother Charles resided, on Sunday, July 10th, in charge of a prisoner named Walker. The man Walker had been arrested early that day in Wabasha, Minn., having in his possession a number of watches stolen from Toft's jewelry store in Menomonie on the night of July 1st. The jeweler, Toft, accompanied the officer in order to identify his property, and bore Under-sheriff Coleman and his prisoner company on their return to Menomonie. They reached Durand at about 6 o'clock, and it was agreed by the officer and the merchant that they should stop for supper and an hour's rest.

At about 7 o'clock in the evening several persons on the Durand bank of the Chippewa descried a skiff, in which were seated two men, put forth from the shore opposite.

The prow of the boat was turned toward a point across the Chippewa just above the village, and on drawing nearer its two occupants were seen to be armed with a rifle and revolvers each. The Durand parties were persuaded that the men in the skiff were bent on serious mischief, and on the boat's coming within better sight one of their number declared that he recognized Ed. and Lon Williams. Before leaving the skiff, on running it ashore, the two men put on false beards, very long and black, and their assumption of this disguise served to confirm the belief of the watchers on the bank in their identity with the twice outlawed desperadoes of Illinois and Wisconsin. The armed and disguised men disappeared in a piece of timber on the outskirts of Durand, while the spying villagers betook themselves with all haste to spread the great news they had to tell. It was not long before a considerable number of people in Durand knew of the Williams brothers' approaching visit to the village. Strange, though, it was, that among the daring denizens of Durand, with whom stories had been common of late as to what "Big I" would do should the chance to make a couple of hundred dollars offer on the appearance of the men wanted, only a few—a very and a precious few—were to be found on this Sunday evening who showed any real desire to meet the Williams brothers at least half-way, on their manifestation, in a manner, of a wish to be neighborly. Those few were Milton and Charles Coleman, *principally*—if there were any more,

their names are not known to this history, which aims but to give the impartial fact. No reflection is cast, or intended to be cast, on the ordinary quality of bravery and usual quantity of courage of the men of Durand, when it is stated that on the Coleman brothers making known their intention of meeting the Williamses, they were not called on to share the glory and reward of an expedition "sore beset" as this was. The Colemans, who laughed at the common dread and scorned the common fear, had not the least difficulty about dissuading the more curious than brave in the small crowd congregated near the jail from a purpose to accompany—not to assist—them.

The officers made their preparations for the encounter all too hastily and with an undue amount of "zeal, the blind conductor of the will." Milton having but a single revolver with him, and Charles being unprovided with any weapon, a couple of double-barreled shotguns and an additional pistol were borrowed from the first hands to offer them. When it was learned that both barrels of each gun were loaded with small bird shot, some one had his senses sufficiently about him to make the suggestion that the charges of small shot be drawn out and duck shot substituted on reloading. Probably this would have been done had the Colemans dreamed of the danger they were about to run into all at unawares. But they anticipated nothing of the sort.

"The guns will do as they are. We only want them for

company's sake anyhow," said Charles Coleman, who vouchsafed to explain further that it was the firm expectation of his brother and himself to effect their object without firing a shot. The desperadoes were to be compelled to surrender at the discretion of "the drop."

"Remember they are known in Illinois as desperate men," spoke up Under-sheriff Knight, whose proposition to deputize a large posse to accompany the Colemans had been declined by the latter.

"Yes, we'll keep that in mind. We won't take any more chances than necessary. We know the kind of game we're after, and we propose to bag it the best way we can," responded Milton.

Thus the Coleman brothers set out upon their undertaking, hazarding their lives upon what proved to be a fatal error in judgment. Their experience and fate recall the words of Shakespeare:

> I see men's judgments are
> A parcel of their fortunes.

The officers proceeded toward the upper edge of Durand, where the Williamses were expected shortly to arrive on emerging from the woods. Milton assumed command by virtue of his office, with a good second in Charles, acting in the capacity of special deputy.

The Williams brothers had meanwhile crossed the main road at a point where it was skirted on both sides by brush and timber, and were directing their steps by a circuitous

route toward the town. A long village street ran quite into the timber belt, merging itself finally in the principal highway. The residence of Mr. Dorchester fronted on this street, and was situated at a distance of two hundred yards from the main road. Behind the Dorchester place was a patch of the timber through which the highway took its course, and the triangular plot of ground bounded by the main road and village street on two sides and Dorchester's side fence and the timber patch on the third side, was covered with sumac bushes and clumps of smaller undergrowth. The outlaws made their way through the timber behind Dorchester's residence with the evident intention of gaining the village street just beyond. They had entered the sumac bushes when they heard the sounds of voices in conversation and stopped to listen.

The voices were those of the Coleman brothers and two small lads, sons of Mr. Dorchester. The officers had walked up the street from town, and had stopped in front of the Dorchester place to make inquiries of the boys, engaged in play within the door-yard. The little fellows had seen nothing of the two armed men described by the Colemans, whose words were borne on the still air to the ears of the human hyenas, lurking privily close by. The latter heard enough to instantly conjecture the errand of the officers, and their resolve to come out and try the issue of the drop was doubtless due to Lon's determination not to be trifled with or thwarted in their prosecution of his plan

to get even with Under-sheriff Knight. If they could get and hold such an advantage of the officers as to compel the latter to abandon a useless undertaking, and allow them to proceed without further interruption on their way, why then so much the better. If not—they, at least, were fully prepared to take the chances, at whatever cost to innocent lives.

The Coleman brothers, a bit undecided whether to go on or retrace their steps, stood side by side on the walk. The hour was about passing its first quarter after eight. Between dusk and dark the gathering gloom, presageful, enveloped them as in the shadow of the valley of death.

On a sudden the Williams brothers strode out of the brush and came forward.

Recognition was mutual between officers and outlaws.

Milton Coleman, generous to the fault of giving up his own life rather than to take without warning the life of another, insisted upon the performance of what he conceived to be his duty, and held out to the Williamses the fair chance to surrender peaceably.

"You are my ——."

"The word, "prisoners," was not spoken. He, upon whose life the unfinished sentence found utterance in mercy, had said his last.

Four loud reports rang out upon the stillness of the Sabbath evening. In a cool head a correct ear would have distinguished between the sharp crack of a repeating rifle

and the explosive discharge of a shot-gun, and noted that two of the shots were of the former and two of the latter sort.

Three more shots followed in startling succession. Of these reports, but one came from the muzzle of a shot-gun.

Another—"seven"—and another—"eight"—were counted. These, the last two shots, were rifle reports.

At the first round Milton Coleman fell, dead, shot by Lon Williams in the neck, the assassin's bullet breaking both branches of the jugular vein. The contents of one barrel of his gun had first been discharged. The small shot took effect mostly in the branches of the one of a row of shade trees under which Lon Williams stood. A few of the shot grazed the desperado's forehead, speeding on harmlessly, but a majority of the bird-balls pin-holed the leaves above his head. Had the officer's gun been loaded with duck-shot, a life for a life would have paid the penalty on both sides of an affray such as this. Charles Coleman fell upon his knees with a mortal wound in his left breast, inflicted by the bullet from Ed. Williams' Winchester. He had missed his human mark, and had he hit it, the petty pill-dose could hardly have accomplished anything

The Dorchester boys noticed, despite their terror, that while the sheriffs had drawn their guns up to the shoulder, the desperadoes had fired their rifles held at the hip.

The second round was shockingly one-sided and brutal. Lon Williams put a ball into the left cheek of his slaughtered

victim. Charles Coleman, by an almost superhuman effort nerved himself to hold his gun in position and pull the trigger at an aim, while in the throes of his final struggle. The dying officer's second shot struck the left hand of his murderer, who flirted the bleeding fingers with an impatient motion, that left traces of blood on the fence and side-walk near where he stood. Ed. Williams fired his second shot into the prostrate body before him, which completed the round.

The seventh and eighth shots were repeated rifle reports, being the third and fourth times that Ed. Williams, with the deliberation of a fiend, fired at the bleeding corpse of the man he had massacred.

The Williams brothers withdrew from this spot with the blood of two noble lives upon their heads. The commission of this, their capital crime, had fixed from this time on their rank among the deepest-dyed of desperadoes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CALAMITY OF TWO COMMUNITIES.

EFFECT OF THE TRAGEDY IN DURAND—A PARALYZED PEOPLE—STREET SCENE THE NEXT MORNING.—ARRIVAL OF SHERIFF PETERSON.—SOMETHING DONE AT LAST.—THE NEWS IN MENOMONIE.—CAPT. DOOLITTLE HEADS A POSSE.—THE REWARDS.

Parties at the jail and on the streets of Durand, who were informed of the Coleman brothers' movements, and of the whereabouts of the Williams brothers at the same time, instantly divined the cause of the rapid firing and betook themselves to the scene, there to have their worst fears confirmed as to the result of a fatal encounter. News of the terrible tragedy was conveyed from mouth to mouth on breathless tongues, and an awful gloom "overspread the minds" of all. Congregations were dismissed without a benediction, and dispersed in fear to their homes. The

business streets were deserted, doors were shut and locked, lights extinguished, but no one dared to go to bed for hours. A hush so great and perfect had fallen on the town, that the air seemed doubly hot and close, and people breathed hard and deep between spells of intensive listening for strange sounds.

The bodies of the murdered men were removed and taken care of, though it is related that the effort required to stay long enough in personal proximity to the dread spot to place the bleeding remains on stretchers seemed possible only out of respect for common decency and humanity.

Not a man in the appalled and frightened town stirred that night in the important matter of pursuing and overtaking the murderers. A patrol, it is said, was established by Under-sheriff Knight along the river, but of what earthly use that was does not appear, since the patrolman had learned that the Williams brothers had recrossed the Chippewa. It is extremely probable, if the outlaws had known the state of fear and consternation into which the villagers as a whole were to be thrown by their supreme act of red-handed deviltry, that Lon Williams would not have left town without paying his call on and having his satisfaction out of Under-sheriff Knight, whose visit to the house where his wife lay sick and miserable Lon could not soon forget. Anticipating, on the contrary, an immediate and resolute organization of armed citizens, determined to lose

no time in an exhaustive effort to effect their capture, the Williams brothers had made for the river with all haste. Finding the ferry handier than their own skiff, they forced the old boatman to row them over with his quickest strokes. Lon, who had pushed back his hat from his wounded forehead, lost it in his hurry. The hat, a soft black felt, medium brim, with a double mourning band of crape, was afterwards picked up and identified.

The next morning all was hubbub and excitement among the men, and women wrung their hands and ran crying through the streets.

The wife of Charles Coleman, at the time just recovering from a severe sickness, suffered a dangerous relapse. She was taken with fits of the most agonizing description and alarming character. The mother of the Coleman brothers, and a married sister, who also resided in Durand, were stricken with great grief likewise.

The arrival of Sheriff Peterson, who had been summoned from his farm at Stockholm, put a different and practical aspect on the face of affairs. It should be explained here that the office of sheriff of Pepin county is a non-paying one to its incumbent during the greater part of the year, on account of the small population, circumscribed extent, and sparsely settled state of the county. It is a wise high sheriff, therefore, who provides himself with an outside occupation to fill in his time profitably between terms of court.

Sheriff Peterson went to work at once, and organized the pursuit according to the best of his ability at the hour it was undertaken. Scouting parties were sent out in different directions through the woods, where it was most likely the Williamses would seek refuge. The sheriff took the field in person and remained there, on duty, until the last hope of a successful issue had been abandoned. Intelligence of the direful calamity which had fallen upon two communities, the State, and law and order, only less than upon the bereft mother and her remaining sons and daughters, a widowed wife, fatherless children, mourning relatives and dear friends, reached Menomonie on Wednesday morning. A scene similar to that previously described as taking place at Durand, was enacted in Menomonie. The chief mourners who lived here were the betrothed wife of Milton Coleman, and a married sister, widowed, whose devotion to her brother Charles had always been especially marked.

The part performed by Sheriff Peterson at Durand, was assigned by common consent in Menomonie to Capt. Doolittle, an ex-sheriff and an officer of high ability. Doolittle's possê lost no time in getting to the field. Provisions were prepared in short order by the noble women of Menomonie, whose bake-ovens were kept taxed to their utmost by their hands, anxious to render all assistance in their power, until a regular plan of securing supplies was adopted by Sheriff Severson.

The rewards now offered for the Williams brothers were

as follows: By the State of Wisconsin, $500; Dunn county, $500; Pepin county, $500, and the original reward of $200 offered for the "Maxwell brothers, horse-thieves," by Hen derson county, Illinois.

Thus began a pursuit which, in many respects, before its close justly came to be regarded as the most remarkable on record.

CHAPTER XV.

A BIT OF BIOGRAPHY.

SKETCHES OF THE SLAIN.—MILTON ASA COLEMAN.—HIS LIFE AND CHARACTER. — HIS LOVE. — IN MEMORIAM.—CHARLES G. COLEMAN. — THE SOLDIER, CITIZEN AND OFFICER.—A TOUCHING INCIDENT IN HIS ARMY LIFE.— A SISTER'S DEVOTION.

Milton Asa Coleman was, at the time of his death, twenty-five years of age, "as flush as May" in the hopes of a grand young manhood. Personally he was beloved by all with whom he came in contact, and deservedly so to a degree, being of exemplary habits and elevated character as a man, and as an officer all that is comprehended by the three words, "dutiful, faithful and fearless."

Milton was engaged to be married but one short month later, to a most charming and estimable young lady, Miss Rose Nott, one of the acknowledged belles in Menomonie's best society. She, who was "a dearer one still and a nearer one yet than all other," sustained a loss greater than the bereavement of a community in common.

In a sketch of the deceased, published by the *Menomonie Times*, the following words of tribute to his memory occur:

"Milton Coleman was, at the early age of twenty-four years, raised to the responsible position of under-sheriff of Dunn county, by Sheriff Severson, he having previously served nearly two years as deputy sheriff under ex-Sheriff George. He was made under-sheriff because he had made himself familiar with the duties and powers of the sheriff's office, and because of his general intelligence, sagacity, courage and integrity. All the people hailed his appointment with approval. Alas, they could not look forward a few short months to see him perish at the hands of an assassin, and it is well they could not. But it will be long before the people of Dunn county forget the name and memory of the man and officer who sacrificed his life in the defense of law and order. Milton was brought to Menomonie that he might be buried amid those he served so faithfully, and who loved him so well. On last Tuesday afternoon, at 5 o'clock, the funeral cortege from Durand entered the streets of Menomonie, with the tolling of bells, silent business houses, and a mourning people giving testimony to the swelling tide of woe. Sunday morning he had left home full of life, ambition and hope! He was brought back and carried by that home a cold en-coffined corpse. The remains were taken to the court-house and placed in the hall—the casket opened, and the people looked on the unconscious face of their defender, and then the sad proces-

sion—the largest funeral procession ever seen in Menomonie—wound its way to Evergreen Cemetery, where dust was remitted to dust, and the grave hid from our sight forever the form and features of Milton A. Coleman."

Charles G. Coleman had lived to be forty years old when struck down by the assassin's bullet. His had been a battle-scarred existence, reflecting high honor upon his character and conduct as a citizen, a soldier of the Union, and an officer of the law.

An interesting sketch of his life was published in the same paper quoted above, from which the following extract is made:

"Charles Coleman was among the old settlers, and was one of the most prominent citizens of Pepin county. During the war of the Rebellion he served the country as a volunteer soldier in Company B, Tenth Wisconsin regiment. While in the service he received a shot in the forehead that fractured his skull, and for that injury he was twice trepanned. He never recovered from the effect of the wound, and he retired from the service to bear to his grave an honorable scar, and suffer, ever and anon, the terrible effects of epileptic fits. But notwithstanding this, four years ago his fellow-citizens elected him sheriff of Pepin county, and he proved a most efficient officer, and vacated the office at the close of the term to be appointed undersheriff by his successor in office. His failing health compelled him some months ago to surrender the appointment, and the last few

months of his life were passed without regular employment. The feeble condition of his body, however, did not prevent his prompt acceptance of Milton's request for assistance in the prospective encounter with the criminals whose arrest was sought, and the sad sequel all know. He leaves a wife and several children, and an humble homestead in the pleasant village of Durand. Surely the good people of that county will see to it that neither wife nor children of one who lived in their midst so long, who served the county, the State and the Nation so faithfully, suffer for any of the necessaries of life. An immense concourse of the people of Pepin county attended his funeral—which was solemnly conducted with Masonic honors—thus testifying their high appreciation of the deceased as a man, a citizen, an officer, and a maimed soldier of the Republic, and their profound sorrow for his violent and premature death. It is not for us to seek to lift the vail and behold the sorrow that wrings the heart of the aged mother, bereft of two such sons and in such a manner. In this hour she may well exclaim, 'Was ever sorrow like my sorrow?' and we may well give to her and to the mourning relatives our sympathies and our tears."

A touching incident in the army life of Charles Coleman, related by Col. J. A. Watrous, is taken from the *Dunn County News*, and will be found to be highly interesting in this connection. The sister alluded to is Mrs. S. J. Andrus of Menomonie. The relator's words were as follows:

"There is something inexpressibly sad in the reflection that a man can pass through such dangers as Coleman did during the war and then be shot down by a fiendish murderer. When he enlisted in the Tenth Wisconsin his sister made him promise that if he was wounded he would inform her by dispatch, and that he would have it arranged with a comrade to send her word in case of his death. Twice a week he received a good, long, loving, sisterly letter. At the battle of Perryville he received his bullet and was reported dead. The next morning's paper had his name in the list of the dead. The sister was at Waukesha when she read the list. In half an hour after seeing the name she was on her way to Perryville. Reaching the field, she lost no time in entering upon a search for the body of her late brother. All day long, with eyes full of tears and a heart ready to break, she searched among the dead and dying—searched in vain. After dark she heard of a hospital that had not been visited. Going there, she was informed that he had been mortally wounded, was brought to the hospital two or three days after the battle, and had just died and was with the other dead, awaiting burial. Alone, aided by the flickering light of a candle, the weary, sad-hearted, loving sister hunted among the long rows of the dead patriots for the one most dear to her. She was rewarded; and as she knelt down to kiss the white face, she found that it was still warm. Was it possible that the dear one was still alive? Placing one hand over his heart and with the other holding

his emaciated wrist, it required but a moment to convince her that the last spark of life had not taken its departure—that the Death angel had not wafted his spirit to the great unknown. In an instant she flew to the surgeon and fairly dragged him to the side of the dying man. He was tenderly conveyed to a tent, supplied with the most powerful stimulants at hand, cared for as only a loving sister, wife or mother can care, and the next morning there were unmistakable signs of returning consciousness. Day after day and night after night the sister remained at his side, ministering to his every want, and each day witnessed an improvement in his condition. At the end of a month or six weeks he had so far recovered that brother and sister started for their Wisconsin home. It was many months before the man who had been laid aside to be buried was able to walk, but he finally recovered his strength, or most of it, and it was with great difficulty that he was prevented from enlisting again and returning to the field. Poor Coleman presented a most remarkable case of recovery from a gunshot wound, for he was unconscious for five days after being shot, and during three of those days he was alone on the battle-field, with no care whatever; and when found and taken to the field hospital, his case was considered so hopeless that he was given no food or medicine; nothing but a hasty bathing of his shattered head, was given. The recovery seems miraculous. To that loving sister he owed his life."

The murdered brothers were survived by two more sons

of the widowed mother, Harry Coleman, the junior of Milton, and Edward, whose age was between that of Milton and Charles. The remaining pair of brothers were prominent among the pursuers of the assassins, and rendered valuable service, not only at councils in camp, but in the performance of hard work in the field.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BIG WOODS.

THE OUTLAW'S PARADISE.—THE WILDS OF WISCONSIN.—TOPOGRAPHY AND POETRY.—WIERD SCENIC BEAUTIES.—THE ROADS.—POOR FARMERS.—EVIL CHARACTERS.—FLYING RUMORS.—WHERE THE WILLIAMSES WERE "SEEN" DURING ONE WEEK.

The fugitive from justice who could not be satisfied with the asylum afforded by the wilds of Wisconsin would be hard to please and might be termed an Oliver Twist among outlaws.

The "big woods" begin on the banks of the Mississippi, and are brought to an end upon the shores of Superior. In extent they vary from ten to twenty-five miles in width, and have a running length of perhaps one hundred and fifty miles. The topographer assigned to the pains-taking survey demanded by his science would meet with untold discouragements in a surface, which to poet and painter would present a picturesqueness and possess a charm indescribable if not unknown to others.

Bold bluffs, crowned with chaplets of tall timber, succeeded one another, broken in piece-meal in places where the force and fury of the storm had angrily been spent anent the earth. The sides of the ridges were covered with a thick growth of miscellaneous timber and tangly brush. Here were ravines, choked up with an impenetrable mass of scrubby forest vegetals. There, great coolies, clothed in the green garb of the wild-wood, where paths are trackless when the leaves fall among the natural brush heaps. Rock deposits were traceable at frequent intervals. In localities stony-sided chasms would yawn forth frowningly. At their mouths these fissures would sometimes be seen to recede into caves, running back into the earth from one to two hundred yards. Streams of all sorts in size from the tiny brooklet of Longfellow to what were called creeks or rivers, take their serpentine paths in and about the valleys, at the feet of high hills. Springs in refreshing plenty come bubbling up whithersoever they will out of the fulness of Nature's bosom—delighting the most where their dancing waters burst forth through rocky ledges, forming crystal cascades as they fall.

To relieve the solitude, clearings for farms which are tilled with toil and trouble, occasionally peer out, a more than welcome sight to benighted travelers seeking signs of civilization. For the most part the roads through this region are as bad as the character, generally speaking, of its inhabitants. New roads are made, under compulsion and

after a fashion, where old ones on being storm-ravaged have disappeared in crumbling ruins of rock and earth. The streams are forded often-times perforce, where the rude timbers of log bridges have been torn asunder by the flood and such of the *debris* as freshets have not carried away remain to mark the spot.

Following a zig-zag course, up and down hill, sometimes directly ascending or decending the sharp elevations, at others winding about and around, hugging the steep sides, the traveled road frequently becomes hardly less impassable than the thickets themselves.

The dense shade in the heart of the forest effectually repels the direct influence of the sun. Riding through the woods if one is so fortunate as to approach the edge of a clearing at sunset, he will see in the gold-and-crimson coloring given the leaves and the illumination carried a little distance into the oppressive gloom by the last rays of the sun-blazoned beams—a sight to feast upon.

Raising small crops of wheat, corn, oats and hay among the stumps in one of the clearings, which like oases appear now and then in the big woods, is farming under difficulties, and it stands to reason that the poor living in this instance determines the poor farmer. With some exceptions, the farmers in these wilds are of this description,—"not much account." Then there reside in log cabins, on the wooded land, another class, less in estate but advanced in general cussedness, from whose combined poverty and prowling

instincts, travelers with money on their persons in these parts after nightfall have much to fear.

Rumors that the Williamses had "been seen" in different neighborhoods and by various parties, began to come in before noon on the first day of the pursuit, and speedily got to flying so thick and fast that it became impossible for the authorities to distinguish between the confusing and conflicting rumors without end. It will prove interesting to review these reports in the order they came, for the first week.

The next (Monday) morning after the murder, about nine o'clock, while a Mrs. Pericol and her little boy were walking along the road, on the west side of the Eau Galle river on their way to Carson & Rand's store at Eau Galle to trade, and when about three-fourths of a mile from the store, two men came up the bank from the river, into the road. On seeing her, one of them jumped into the bushes by the roadside, and the other walked slowly along until she and her boy passed them. The latter was carrying two guns, but she could not tell whether the one in the bushes had a gun or not. Mrs. Pericol did not know of the tragedy the night before, and heard it for the first time when she reached the store. She then told her story about the two men she had met, and her description of them answered to the appearance of the Williams brothers. Word was at once sent to Durand, but it was late in the afternoon before a posse reached Eau Galle, and the probable course of

the murderers—for they it was—could only be conjectured.

On Monday evening, at about seven o'clock, two men, armed with guns, were seen by a young man at the ford three miles above Eau Galle. An hour later two armed men passed four German boys from Durand on the road about four miles above Eau Galle.

On the same evening, at about half-past ten o'clock, a guard stationed by Sheriff Peterson in an old school-house near the mouth of Knight's creek—the very building where the Williams brothers had more than once established head-quarters on their expeditions—saw two men come out of the brush and approach the house. Three of the four guards were positive that they recognized the Williams brothers, whose faces they saw in the moonlight, and who carried rifles in their hands. Dr. J. R. Branch was in command of the squad, and instead of taking the advantage of a position, "bold in close ambush," and letting the outlaws get within reach, he blazed away with a revolver, whereat the Williamses—if they it was—dropped to the ground and regained the cover of the thicket.

On Tuesday afternoon, two men were seen in the bushes by a woman who was picking berries in the vicinity of Pine Tavern.

On Wednesday, on Thursday and on Friday, the reports of different persons at different places who were privileged to see the outlaws without endangering themselves, agreed in their material and meagre points. It had now got to be

the case that the sight of two armed men anywhere in the woods promptly "settled it," so far as a fresh rumor about somebody's having seen the Williams brothers, who were, moreover, recognized as a rule by persons who had never had the slightest previous acquaintance with so much as a photograph of either Ed. or Lon.

On Saturday morning, two men were seen by John Adsit, entering the woods near Jack Allen's place near Waubeek, and on the same night at the hour "when churchyards yawn" and a person's imagination plays hob with his fears, two armed men, believed to be though not accosted as the Williams brothers, were seen crossing a field, in the same neighborhood, by a young German.

The horse which the outlaws had tied to a tree, had been left by them to starve, owing to the new complication of their affairs. The brown mare was fastened with two halter straps, and had evidently been without anything to eat or drink for several days, when it was found and rescued from a cruel death by one of Sheriff Peterson's scouting parties. The buggy was found near by where its last occupants had left it.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN HOT PURSUIT.

BRAVE MEN BROUGHT TO FAME.—SHERIFF PETERSON IN THE KIND HANDS OF "THE CHICAGO TIMES" CORRESPONDENT.—ELDER DONNER'S THIRD SERVICE.—PROGRESS OF THE PURSUIT.—REVIEW OF DOOLITTLE'S CAMPAIGN.—NEWSPAPER ACCOUNTS.—A "PIONEER PRESS RE PORTER'S SUMMARY.—"ARE THEY IN THE WOODS?"

The pursuit of the Williams brothers, while it was strictly speaking and despite the thrilling interest centered in its every incident barren of results, served to introduce to something more than local fame a number of brave men who distinguished themselves by the ardor and ability by which their connection with the chase was marked throughout. The names of these new "aspirants for applause," the which, let it be said, they neither sought nor particularly cared for, will duly appear in the pages to follow descriptive of the progress of the pursuit. Prominent among them stands A. F. Peterson, sheriff of Pepin county, in whose case the exceptional distinction is made of prefacing,

here, the account of his part on the field of duty and action, for reasons that are left to unfold themselves to the reader. *The Chicago Times* correspondent on the ground had occasion and sought opportunity to become well acquainted with this officer and gentleman and his characteristic opinion of the individual in both capacities is gladly made use of in this connection.

"Sheriff Peterson is a man with whom an acquaintance cannot be had in an hour, and for whom a friendship is something to be cultivated—let me add, something, I am assured, that will richly repay careful cultivation. I was unusually impressed on the start with his personal appearance an l carriage. He stands a trifle above medium height, is well built, has broad and square shoulders, and for being firm and erect on his feet is not, as so many similarly built men are, without a graceful stature and step. His fair face, full featured, is smooth shaven, and with blue eyes and short curling hair of a light shade next to golden, unmistakably proclaim the Swedish parentage of which he may properly enough be proud. He was only twenty-five years of age when his fellow Republicans honored themselves by nominating him for the office of Sheriff, to which his fellow citizens of Pepin county elected him by a handsome majority. The duties of the sheriff of Pepin county are very light, ordinarily, and mostly of a civil character, performed during the terms of court. At other times the sheriff is expected to provide himself with private employment. Sheriff Pe-

terson, who is yet unmarried, unfortunately for himself and another—a fair unknown—resides between the times of holding court in Durand, with his parents on his father's farm, situated on a pretty spot at Stockholm, on the shore of Lake Pepin. What I regard about him and see in him as exciting the greatest interest and worthy the highest admiration is the fact and the manner of the development within him of the personal force and executive ability needed in one in his position for the emergency which had on a sudden and unexpectedly arisen before him. Courage, sound sense, proper reserve, and excellent discretion plainly have been his from youth. Experience as an officer of the law, and familiarity with its execution and the ways of evil-doers, he was without, his selection as a candidate for sheriff being based solely on his personal character and bravery. An opportunity had thus offered itself, for the first time, for him to comprehend and grasp, if he could, the widest possible range of what were the duties, the dangers, the responsibilities and the cares of his office. That he proved himself to be equal to the occasion, is attested most conclusively, in my judgment, by the manner in which he has conducted himself and managed his part of the pursuit."

The posse raised by little Pepin county to assist its sheriff was a small one, after the first few days of more intense excitement were over, and Sheriff Peterson made the most of his men by distributing them into small squads which were scattered through the woods between Durand and Eau

Galle and to the north and west of the latter place. Undersheriff Knight was left at Durand in charge of the sheriff's office and entrusted with the important duty of superintending the arrangments for victualing the forces in the field. Sheriff Peterson divided his time between the temporary camping-places of the parties on picket and guard duty, until placed by the Governor in command of the force contributed to the body of pursuers by the State.

The number of men under Capt. Doolittle, of Menomonie, varied during the first two weeks of the pursuit, from three hundred to thirty. Owing to superiority of numbers, and supposed proximity of position to the lair of the human game being hunted down, Doolittle's company was expected to do the most in the field, and its movements were accordingly watched with the closest attention and interest. Sheriff Severson remained in Menomonie, where private business interests detained him, in charge of the *commissariat*, and saw that the brave men comprising Doolittle's command were kept well supplied with provisions. The untiring attention shown by him to their needs was fully appreciated by the members of the different camps established by Capt. Doolittle.

Foremost among prominent citizens to join Capt. Doolittle was Elder Donner. He had watched Lon Williams' career at Hersey and Knapp, and rejoiced to see the progress in the right direction of one who seemed to him to be an industrious and upright young man. He had known Fanny

Hussey and her parents for years, and when called on to unite the young people, in every way so worthy of each other, he had pronounced his fervent blessing under the approving smiles of Heaven. He had observed with great pain and keen disappointment the blasting of fair young hope, and had officiated at the funeral of a broken-hearted young wife and mother. Two services in his ministerial character had he performed. A third was one that he had been brought to do, however much against his heart, by his own convictions of right and sense of justice. He felt that the third service was due to society, to law and to order, and with a sad heart and reluctant spirit Elder Donner shouldered his rifle and went out to hunt down Lon Williams—the young man he had befriended, whom he had married, whose wife he had laid away to an eternal rest by the side of the babe that had come into the world not of it. The elder was reputed to be one of the best shots in the State. When asked if he would shoot Lon Williams, he replied that he would not hesitate to do his duty, and that he would feel it his duty to protect both himself and society by shooting any one who had voluntarily put himself in an outlaw's place such as Lon had done, in the event it came to close quarters. Elder Donner remained in the field several weeks. It is not unlikely that he returned from a fruitless pursuit convinced that inasmuch as he had bravely done his duty, it was no sin in him to experience a strange sense of relief to have been spared a terrible trial.

The progress of the campaign underwent by the Doolittle party, can be followed best by a perusal of extracts taken from newspaper articles published at the time.

Reviewing the work performed with signal ability and clear-headedness by Capt. Doolittle during the first fortnight, the *Dunn County News* says:

"The pursuit of the Williams desperadoes has been vigorously pushed during the past two weeks, but thus far the chase has been fruitless. There is every indication that they are still in the woods along the Little Missouri creek west of Eau Galle. Sheriff Doolittle, who started out with the first squad the next day after the murder, has been in command of the pursuing party ever since, and the number engaged in the hunt has ranged from twenty-five to several hundred well-armed men. The section of country to which the party have mainly devoted their attention is along the Eau Galle river, and Little Missouri and Knights' creeks, its tributaries. All the region between these points and as far west as Maple Springs has been as thoroughly patrolled as the nature of the country would permit. Early in the chase Mr. Doolittle established a camp at the school-house near the mouth of Knights creek, and placed Capt. Dan. Harshman in charge. Another was established at a deserted mill on Little Missouri creek, about six miles south of the Knights' creek camp, in charge of Capt. Frank Kelley. The headquarters were at Eau Galle mills between the two camps. From these points scouting parties were sent every

day to find some trace of the fugitives. At night pickets were placed at various points to keep a constant watch of roads and paths. Whenever any report came in that was deemed reliable, a possê of men would be sent to investigate it with all possible haste. In this manner the hunt has been kept up nearly two weeks."

The *Pioneer-Press*, an excellent paper printed at St. Paul for the joint benefit of that "Little Giant" among cities of the future and its twin sister, Minneapolis, had an expert correspondent in the field at an early day. His review of the principal ground covered by Capt. Doolittle's forces, will afford the reader an excellent synopsis of events in this connection. Under date of July 21st, the *Pioneer-Press* man writes from the front as follows:

"I cannot imagine a country better suited for a hiding place, or one that presents so many difficulties to the pursuers. The surface is a constant succession of hill and bluffs, broken by deep, dark ravines, and coolies, with creeks and brooks running in every direction, some dashing over ragged rocks, and others flowing placidly beneath the overlapping trees. The entire region, with the exception of the openings redeemed for farms at an immense cost of labor and patience, is covered with a thick, ragged growth of trees and underbrush, in some places so close and interwoven that it would seem impossible for even a squirrel to make its way through. Such a brush country affords a perfect shelter for men like these desperadoes, who are

skilled in wood-craft and have long been familiar with the intricacies of the trails and the gloomy secrecy of the innumerable ravines. Those best acquainted with the country acknowledge the hopelessness of finding these two alert men, who are seeking to save themselves from the terrible fate which they know awaits them if captured, and they can only be secured by some providential accident, as was the Younger brothers' gang. There are fewer chances of taking these red-handed brothers than there were of catching the Youngers, as this country is more difficult to hunt, and the fugitives are as much at home in the jungle and timber as a *Pioneer-Press* reporter is in the streets of St. Paul, while besides the Williams boys undoubtedly have sympathizers and friends throughout this section. Some will extend them aid through friendship, while others will assist through fear. The Youngers were utter strangers in an utterly strange land. It is impossible to march a picket line through these woods with any hope of their keeping their positions. It cannot be a still-hunt, as the obstacles met would necessitate a series of signals, in order that the men might know the positions of each other. A line of men five feet apart would, in the greater part of these woods, be completely concealed from the right or left guides. In the confusion and displacement, the murderers could easily slip through, and make good their escape in an opposite direction, or they could flank the slow-moving line, and obtain the same result. The pursuit has, undoubtedly, been as thorough

as possible thus far, and it is obvious that, while diligent watch must be continued, some other method must be adopted to insure success, or else an accident must be relied upon. I believe in the latter. Bloodhounds will be useless, or nearly so, as there is no fresh trail to start them on, and no scent to give them. It has been suggested that Lon Williams' hat, which he left at Durand, might prove sufficient for the intelligent hounds; but, as the hat has been handled by at least a thousand people, the experiment would prove futile, and perhaps dangerous. Indian scouts, if any were available, might prove useful with their tracking instincts, especially as it is known that Lon is wearing either a moccasin or old rubber overshoe on his left foot, which he cut severely, at Hersey where he chopped wood last winter, injuring the large toe so much that it was amputated, and the wound is badly healed. The hunt is now being conducted under the charge of ex-Sheriff Doolittle of Menomonie, who has the reputation of always getting his man. There were at least 300 engaged in the search at first, but the number is now reduced to not more than fifty—that is, in the Doolittle party. These men can do but little more than picket duty, several squads relieving each other, but occasionally parties will sally out and make a search, generally following the direction indicated by some rumor. At times the discharge of firearms will be heard, when a rush will be made for the point from which the shot proceeded. It is invariably learned, after a tiresome search, that

some foolish party has been firing at a squirrel or a bird. Such a case occurred this morning when two men driving through the woods in a buggy fired five shots near the lower, or Little Missouri camp just for fun, causing thorough demoralization. The men who were sleeping after a night's vigil were aroused, and hastened out, equipping themselves as they ran. Pickets on duty deserted their posts to join the fight, and hours were spent in a search, of course fruitless.

To-day has been the most unpleasant of the season, and my trip of course anything but pleasant, made as it was over more than forty miles of heavy, hilly, muddy roads, in a loaded wagon, and through a rain, sometimes drizzling and again pouring. We left Menomonie with a load of provisions for the camps. The most of our route lay through forests, by narrow roads where two teams could scarcely pass. We saw but few frame houses, the farmers still occupying the primitive log cabin, but in most all cases having fine, large barns and good corn cribs and other farm buildings. After riding about four hours we reached the town of Eau Galle, a place where much lumber is sawed. Mr. Carson, who now lives on Summit avenue, St. Paul, is the proprietor of the mills here, and I was quite interested in viewing the wildly romantic spot in which he had lived for nearly forty years. The mansion he occupied is of rustic style, and stands in a fine garden, and by its side is a little one-story house, the first ever erected in these wilds, and

which Mr. Carson built in his earlier manhood. At Eau Galle we left a portion of our provisions, reserving the remainder for the camp at the mill on Little Missouri river, three miles below. This camp is situated in a most picturesque spot, the little creek broadening out into a spacious meadow pond, while all around wooded bluffs arise to quite lofty heights. The mill, whose saws and stones have long been silent, stands dark and gloomy under the shadow of a high hill covered with brush and timber. The mill is completely equipped and ready to start on its work the moment power is applied, but twice the angry waters have rushed down the ravine and swept away the dam, leaving the mill useless, the property valueless. I found about a dozen men here, all glad to see us, and I gladly partook of their hospitality, in the shape of black coffee, graham bread and salt pork. It was a delicious feast after my tedious ride. Hay and blankets deposited along the floor served as beds, a few rough boards answered for the banquetting table, and a concealed hole in the bluff outside was used as a kitchen where a fire for making the coffee and cooking the pork was made. I spent some time with Capt. Scribner, who was in command here, and I am satisfied that he is doing faithful work.

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Returning to Eau Galle we loaded a quantity of provisions and proceeded by a narrow road through a dense forest to the school-house camp, about six miles distant.

Fording creeks and picking our way among the blackened, decayed stumps, with the rain sifting through the trees above us, we, after a slow, dark ride, came out into a spot which had been partially cleared, and discovered a dilapidated little log hut, a good sized wall tent, and several smaller tents grouped together and forming the upper camp. Our reception here was also hearty.

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Starting from the school-house camp, we made our way, with Harry Coleman as a guide, to the new camp. It was at least seven miles, and in a country twice as difficult to hunt as any I had seen. The wooded bluffs were closer together. The ravines were more numerous and the thickets thicker. We would drive along a trail, so rough that the bumps would renew the soreness in our backs, and on each hand would be ravines from thirty to fifty feet deep, where a fugitive might hide, and calmly view his pursuers without fear of being seen. We would pass open places where a thousand men might find shelter behind the black, burned logs and stumps, and innumerable deserted log huts where two determined men could, with plenty of ammunition, hold a score of men at bay. There were river bottoms concealed beneath overhanging trees, high bluffs with deep caves at their bases, great boulders behind which a score of men might hide, thickets impenetrable, and tall trees unscalable. How can you hunt men in such a place? The pursued are alert. They are sure to have the drop on their

pursuers. And the men we were after are desperate. These fellows have a method: they travel on the crests of the bluffs, one on each side, and they overlook their pursuers. I tried to trace some rumors, but in every case I found that those who had supposed they had seen the murderers were not certain, and I feared lest some of them might identity me with the desperate outlaws and bring a squad of anxious men to shoot me on sight. One woman was sure she had seen the Williams boys, because one of two men who came near her house had a bandage on his head. I afterwards met two anglers, who were fishing in a trout stream near by, and one had his head tied up, a wasp having stung his forehead. So the stories go. The new camp is in a romantic valley about eighty rods wide, where several fine claims have been deserted owing to the floods of 1879 and 1880.

* * * * * * * *

We reached Menomonie on our return, that night after a long, dark ride, and as I sit down to think the matter over, after talking with a host of people, I am undecided whether the murderers are in those woods or not."

The perplexity of the *Pioneer-Press* reporter, it may be added, was shared by a great many others at this time.

A serious accident which befell one of the Menomonie volunteers under Capt. Doolittle, remains to be recorded in this connection. While on his way to the woods in a wagon, Mr. Kelley Nott, a brother of the young lady betrothed to Milton Coleman, had the misfortune to acci-

dently cause the discharge of his gun, the muzzle of which rested against his arm. The gun was a cavalryman's carbine, and its ball made an ugly wound, penetrating the fleshy part of the arm above the elbow and coming out at a point just below the shoulder blade. Mr. Nott's suffering was intense for weeks, and the loving care of a devoted wife, mother and sister was unremittingly exercised in his behalf.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LUDINGTON GUARD.

THE ATTENTION OF A COUNTRY AROUSED.—GOV. SMITH ORDERS OUT "THE LUDINGTON GUARD."—A FINE COMMAND.—ITS RANK AND FILE.—TO THE FIELD.—OLD SCHOOL HOUSE CAMP.—RECENT REMINISCENCES.—CAMP CADY.—CONFERENCE WITH DOOLITTLE.—A TALK WITH THE COLEMANS.—RESUME OF OPERATIONS AND EVENTS.

Public attention had been arrested throughout the country by the great crime of the Williams brothers, and their pursuit by the aroused and exasperated citizens of two counties was being watched with thrilling eagerness by readers of the daily press. Gov. Smith kept himself informed of the highly agitated condition of affairs in Pepin and Dunn counties, and was not slow in responding to the call formally made upon him for material assistance by the state. In obedience to the request of Sheriff Severson and others, of Menomonie, His Excellency ordered the Ludington Guard, a cavalry company, to proceed to the front and lend its

power to the prosecution of a pursuit which was "not without hope" so long as there was "life" left on the part of the law. Captain George was ordered to report for duty to Sheriff Peterson of Pepin county.

The Ludington Guard was organized in 1876, and called in honor of Wisconsin's governor by that name. It is the only cavalry company in the state, with the exception of an independent command at Milwaukee, and has been splendidly uniformed and finely equipped. Regularly put through the practice of its elementary tactics, the Guard, while seeing for several years only the bright side of military life, has remained in readiness, thanks alike to the efficiency of its officers and diligence of its file, for the emergencies of actual service. The Guard had enrolled some sixty-five men in all, but owing to the absence from town of a number, its complement could not be obtained at the time, and the roster and roll of the company showed but forty-three men to have been mustered into the actual service of the state on this occasion.

The Chicago Times supplied the Guard with an "historian," in the person of a special correspondent of reputed familiarity with the particular kind of work to which he had been assigned, and by means of the mail bulletins and dispatches by wire furnished *The Times* by him, and additional notes from his pen, hitherto unpublished, an account has been preserved in this history of the Ludington Guard's week of work in the woods, and on being "handed down,"

as below, can hardly fail of arousing as much interest in the mind of the general reader as it will naturally excite in the martial breasts of the young men, of whom, on the morning of their departure, it might have been said, in the blind poet's lines:

> See them, in what martial equipage,
> They issue forth.

The Ludington Guard, forty-three strong, as it marched from Menomonie on Monday morning, July 25th, 1881, consisted of the following rank and file:

Captain, T. J. George.
First Lieutenant, Geo. R. Brewer.
Second Lieutenant, H. E. Knapp.
Surgeon, E. H. Grannis.
Orderly Sergeant, H. A. Wilcox.
1st Duty Sergeant, E. H. Wiggins.
2d Duty Sergeant, S. A. Peterson.
3d Duty Sergeant, W. J. Nott.
Quartermaster, W. J. Yates.
1st Corporal, Wm. Flood.
2d Corporal, A. S. Ladd.
Bugler, Jacob Miller.
Blacksmith, Ed. Witcher.
Saddler, Byron Rosebud.

Privates:—L. S. Tainter, C. Remington, J. G. Watterson, H. Campbell, M. A. Farnum, E. Harshman, R. Vesper, Henry Curtis, R. D. Watterson, Charles West, Charles

Anderson, W. B. Ward, John Campbell, A. O. Curtis, John Bull, F. Lewton, F. Campbell, W. Tubbs, W. Chappel, E. Morgan, A. L. Curtis, J. C. Phillips, M. Doolittle, Ed. Cornell, John Sales, D. Chapin, D. Lucas, John Kelley, H. Bundy.

Enough saddle horses could not be obtained on so short notice, and consequently the entire command did not go on horseback. Between twenty-five and thirty mounted cavalrymen, however, uniformed for the field, and armed with carbines, constituted an imposing cavalcade. Following the mounted men came two wagon-loads of "cavalrymen afoot," the conveyance used for transporting supplies for the *commissariat* which had the aspect of an army ambulance in time of war, and a wagon containing the surgeon and historian.

The story of the Ludington Guard's experiences and, as well, of contemporaneous events occurring during the continued pursuit of the outlawed brothers, will best be told by adopting the style and substance of articles of correspondence, as re-written in great measure and altered by liberal additions expressly for this volume by *The Chicago Times* correspondent:

Old School House Camp, Dunn Co., Wis. July 25.—"Bulletin No. 1" from the shifting headquarters of the organized pursuit of the Maxwell-Williams brothers by the Ludington Guard in the wilds of Wisconsin, is written by the flickering light of a lantern placed on an inverted bar-

rel the bottom of which serves my purpose better than a drum-head. The Guard arrived here at just about supper-time. As it filed up into a position to receive the order to dismount it presented a fine appearance and behaved in a martial manner. Its members are recruited from the first young men of Menomonie and have readily received the discipline and drilling which have to-day made soldiers of them.

The situation of the camp is a remarkably picturesque one. The deserted school and the camping ground stand in a valley at the side of the road, immediately surrounded by heavy undergrowth and thick patches of timber, and distant but a few hundred yards from the base of high wooded bluffs that in the background rise in a majesty all their own upon three sides of the scene. The peculiar enchantment of the locality, however, lies in the fact that the old log school-house, which was never completed, by the way, and within whose walls the first lesson in the three R's has yet to be taught, was a favorite rendezvous of the bold bandits themselves. It was here that the spoils of more than one expedition were divided by Ed. and Lon Williams with the confederates on whom they relied as the monkey did on the cat, in disposing of the stolen goods they had undertaken to sell on the liberal "commission" they appropriated under a *del credere* of their own construction.

The history I am charged with keeping records particularly the possession of the building on Friday, July 1, by

the Williams brothers and two accomplices—lesser lights in crime subject to an almost total eclipse in such company—who it is thought arrived here during the previous night. A "living witness" to this was in camp this evening. He is a small farmer, by the name of Austin, and exists on the small clearing in the woods just above here. He states that on the Friday morning in question, as he came along the road in search of stray cattle he heard a noise in the school-house and was led by curiosity to approach and quietly open the door. He saw three men busied in sorting over a lot of gentlemen's fine clothing and small jewelry. "Hello!" he ejaculated, when in the twinkling of an eye—his eye, for a fact—two revolvers were thrust into his face, and a surly demand made upon him for his business there. While the two armed men and their companion were engaged in frightening the poor farmer out of his wits, a fourth party came running up around the house from the thickets just behind. After fully satisfying themselves of farmer Austin's inability to do anybody any particular harm, the outlaws suffered him to proceed on his way to "call the cattle home."

Again on the night after the murder at a late hour when the moon had risen, Ed. and Lon Williams were seen to leave the thickets across the road, at a short distance, and approach the school-house as if seeking a shelter for the night. One of the guard of four persons, stationed inside the building, cried out all too soon: "Halt!" and fired al-

most at random in his great excitement. The Williams brothers slunk back in the woods and were seeu no more.

Sheriff Peterson, who had been notified of the action of the governor and of the movements of the Guard, arrived in camp about dusk according to appointment. Capt. George was received by his superior in command with a quiet civility and in a manner betokening an appreciation of the serious business in hand.

It has been determined that the Ludington Guard shall cooperate as far as possible with Doolittle's company. Marching orders will be given at an early hour in the morning and the cavalry will proceed on its road into the "big woods.' A halt will be made on the way at Capt. Doolittle's camp, where a conference of the leaders will be had. Sheriff Peterson has taken this action in justice to Doolittle, who has thus far conducted field operations in an able and satisfactory manner, and whose work has been too valuable to be undone in the least, as might be the case were an entirely independent command to reoccupy a part of the field already covered by him. What remains of the Pepin county posse is separated into squads, on guard at different intervals through the country below here, where the Williamses were first reported as having been seen.

Camp Cady, Pierce Co., Wis., July 26.—The Ludington Guard folded its tents at the old school house at an early hour this morning and took up the line of march through a veritable "howling wilderness." Here and there

we came across a farm opening, but for the most part the clearings were small and the farms in keeping with the general character of the people living in this out-of-the-world region. There were a few exceptions, certainly, both as to farms and farmers, but we were impressed with the belief that, generally speaking, the Williamses would ordinarily be as free to travel the road as to press against the thorns and interwoven brush through the dark ravines and deep coolies and across the rocky ridges covered with thicket and timber. It is surprising how many school houses—"old" ones and new ones—there are in the "big woods," and still more surprising where the school children are expected to come from.

We reached Camp Cady about noon, with appetites whetted for the good dinner we enjoyed as the guests of Capt. Doolittle, whom we found here with thirty-five men. Edward and Henry Colemen, of Knapp, brothers of the murdered men, Capt. Kelley, Capt. Scribner, Sheriff Anderson, of Henderson Co., Illinois, and Prosecuting Attorney Woodard, of St. Croix county, are prominent members of the Doolittle party.

I had an interview of some length with the Colemans—fine fellows, said to resemble their butchered brothers in bravery and manliness. Their theory of the tragedy is that Milton and Charles Coleman had set out to make a peaceable arrest, and that they threw their own lives away in giving the Williamses a fair chance to surrender. Had they

started out to shoot the horse thieves on sight, they would have been, probably, more than a match for the desperadoes, but it is not unlikely that their success in such event in ridding the country of two bad characters would have been open to criticism on the part of many who have, since the sudden debut of the Williams brothers as man-slayers, found cause to censure the Colemans for rashness and indiscretion. We obtained late news here of the outlaws, who are furnished with supplies by more than one family of sympathizers in these peculiar parts.

The woman of a dilapidated dwelling back from the road, a mile distant, where the Williamses are thought to have obtained provisions, in conversation with one of Doolittle's scouts, showed her feeling pretty plainly. "You fellers will never ketch them 'ere boys. They be too smart for ye. They've got a glass along with 'em an' ken see jest what you're about all the time." She further vouchsafed the consoling information that if any of the pursuers did "ketch up" with the human tigers, they would have the daylight put through them in no time at all. Other reports confirm the homely hag's statement that the Williamses have a field-glass with them, through which they watch the open movements of their pursuers from on high, securely hidden from similar inspection by the almost impenetrable undergrowth and overgrowth on the steep bluffs.

The freshest trail yet struck was the one taken up and

then lost, a few days after the murder, by a squad of scouts under Capt. Kelley, who struck the trail on a hill near the house of "Bill" Henry Thompson, one of the "cousins by marriage" of Lon Williams. Following it they came upon a place where the fugitives had stopped to rest. Traces of blood and matter were found on leaves which the Williamses had evidently used in dressing their wounds. The tracks made by one of them plainly showed that he had worn a boot on one foot and a moccasin or overshoe on the other. The trail was finally lost, and search in that direction proving fruitless was not long after abandoned.

Among the best friends of the Williamses are ranked the De Wolfe brothers, of Hersey. A woman who knows Lon Williams saw him with the De Wolfes at their house one day last week, and an intercepted letter of about the same date, from one of the De Wolfes to a young lady in St. Paul, conveyed the information that the Williams boys had "returned from their trip, somewhat jaded, but feeling in good spirits," and that they had taken supper there the night the letter was written. On last Saturday one of the De Wolfes called at the express office in Hersey with a forged order for a lot of ammunition sent to a party intending to join in the pursuit, and left Hersey that night with the express package in his possession. He most assuredly carried this ammunition to a rendezvous of the Williamses. He has since returned home, but the arrest of the De Wolfes has been deferred in hopes

of tracking one of them at least to a lair of the fugitives.

Doolittle has now in his paid employ certain parties whose names are properly withheld, who have been in communication with the Williams brothers, but who have been open to bribes to give away the whereabouts of their friends. Under the lead of one of these spies, the outlaws might have been run down on Sunday but for the swarm of pursuers everywhere in the suspected neighborhood, into whose hands the unknown party would most provokingly fall, when he would be stopped and brought to the camp under arrest. This happened no less than three times during that day and night, and, as the spies' business could not be given away, the trail grew cold. The desperadoes were constantly shifting their positions, each one of which is next to impregnable, unless betrayed or stumbled on by accident. It is the opinion of the leaders in the Doolittle party, however, based upon reliable reports of persons who have seen one or both of the Williamses, that they are keeping themselves in daily view of the field proceedings of their pursuers. Aided as they are on almost every hand, both by people who are half-way on the road to total depravity and by ignorant country folk who are forced through fear to lend assistance, and with their skill in woodcraft, the Williams brothers cannot be said, as yet, to be making their way against such great odds as it would appear to the reader abroad. There are half a dozen vast caves within three miles of here, in whose fastnesses fugitives from jus-

tice, also anxious to avoid the forked lightning of a stormy night, could find dry comfort. These caves are at the head of rocky ravines, and appear to a casual sight like mere fisures, or cavities. Fresh ashes were discovered in one of these caves one day last week.

The conference between Capt. Doolittle, Sheriff Peterson and Captain George reached the conclusion that the cavalry should proceed seven miles further, in a southeasterly direction, and camp in Dunn county at a point where it can act in concert when desired, or on its becoming necessary, with the posse on foot.

CHAPTER XIX.

EXPERIENCES OF SERVICE.

IN CAMP AT MAPLE SPRINGS.—MENOMONIE'S SCARE.—"WE 'UNS AND YOU 'UNS."—A PRISONER.—THE SOCIAL SIDE OF CHARACTER IN THE CAVALRYMEN.—GOOD COMPANY.—TAINTER'S FANCY SHOTS.—PREACHING TO THE "HEATHEN."—SHERIFFANDERSON.—ONE OF HIS POSTAL CARDS.

MAPLE SPRINGS CAMP, Dunn Co., Wis., July 27.—Resuming the line of march across the ridges and through the valleys, the Ludington guards arrived here yesterday afternoon. The camping grounds lie in a romantic vale, through which a little brook runs from its source, where a "cool spring bubbles up," taking its course "through the meadow, across the road," and, leaving the clearing, is lost among the thickets at the foot of an adjacent ridge or bluff. The water is cool and "clear as the crystal flood," and highly prized. Officers' headquarters have been established in the Spring Tavern, a deserted wayside inn, roomy and comfortable for the purpose. The old sign, found where it

had fallen during some wind-storm, was hoisted, reviving old assocations in the strangely new ones now being made a part of the humble hostel's history.

The cavalrymen are resting their horses to-day, and are all detailed on outpost duty, with the exception of a small number left as a garrison for highly-prized horses, the invaluable stores, the skillful surgeon and the humble historian. Camp life with us "at home," is jolly enough, and as little restraint as is necessary has been placed on the naturally high spirits of active young manhood. What a change would be wrought by the appearance in the near background of the scene of the Williams brothers! The State's soldier boys would be equal to the occasion undoubtedly, but it would certainly put them as much on their mettle as if the toughest experience of a life in the regular service was about to be encountered.

The news from the towns supplies us with all manner of reports about the grand search. It was told in Menomonie this morning that Capt. George had been relieved of his boots at the camp last night by a thief who might be an emissary from the bandits. Great Jupiter! to imagine our valiant captain without his high-top boots is to think of a shorn deity.

Menomonie has hardly recovered, I should judge, from its first-class scare the other night, when a couple of Knapp boys arrived at a late hour from the front. They were armed with Winchesters, had revolvers in their belts, and

looked as near like the Williams boys as their alleged photographs. Stepping into a saloon and dance-hall, the gentlemen from Knapp quietly got the drinks and withdrew. Their Winchesters gave them dead away, it seems, for no sooner were they safely out of sight than the barkeeper raised an alarm which well-nigh awakened the whole town. Sheriff Severson was roused up, and his family so badly frightened that he was only allowed by his wife to go down town to investigate the rumor upon awakening enough neighbors to secure a comfortable garrison for the jail building.

Capt. George has secured the services of a valuable guide and proposes to scour this part of the country thoroughly. While the horses are indispensible to the guards when moving from one place to another, the real work has to be done on foot and generally amid surroundings that render the detection of an ambushed party exceedingly difficult within one's conservational reach. The pursuers aim to cut off the supplies being sent from different places to the Williamses, and to this end have set spies to watch the comings in and goings out of more than one of the "first families" in the smaller clearings.

Maple Springs Camp, Dunn Co., Wis., July 27.—A scouting party of the Guard rode up to-day to a log shanty in the woods, and halted in the presence of two buxom damsels, aged about 16 and 13, respectively. Upon inquiries after any strange men that might have been seen in the

timber, one of the girls, whose cheeks had whitened at the unusual sight of the armed cavalrymen, spoke up: "We 'uns was terrible 'fraid o' you 'uns, 'cause we thought mebbe you was some of the Williamses. No, we ain't seen nothing o' nobody, and don't know nothing." Their sincerity could not be doubted, and the squad moved on. One of the boys looked back, when a few hundred yards away, and gracefully saluted the rustics, who were on a sudden seized with an irresistible desire to fly, and, joining hands, took to their heels. The shouts of laughter sent after them served to increase their speed, and the way they "legged it" was a rich sight.

Under the escort of Orderly Sergeant Wilcox and two of the guards, and accompanied by Surgeon Grannis, *The Times* correspondent was treated this afternoon to a ride of five miles over the worst roads yet encountered—they were as bad, about, as the thickets through which at times the road was next to lost. We passed one very dark and deep ravine which particularly impressed us as a place where but half-dead men could positively be relied on to tell no tales. The party—an old woman named Mrs. Fitch—we started out to see was sought at her son-in-law's, W. H. Thompson, a cousin of the Bill Thompson whose step-daughter Lon Williams wed. The old lady was found to be not at home, but the sergeant obtained for a consideration, the services of Thompson as a scout and guide. Going to the well for a drink, one of the guards accosted a little three-year-old

shaver in the yard and asked him where his gran'ma was. "Down cellar!" was the urchin's answer. Now we have no reason to think the Thompsons told us an untruth, but a sharp little grand-son, all the same, gave away what likely enough had been the old lady's favorite hiding place on former visits to the house, during the "hunt," of armed pursuers.

On our return Sergeant Wilcox overhauled a suspicious old customer, whose stories conflicted, and who had told different parties of his having seen the Williamses half a dozen times yesterday. We overtook him in the act of hiring out to a farmer for a few days' labor at harvesting, and the sergeant's suspicions being properly excited by his failure to tell a straight story, we gave him a seat with us in the wagon, under guard.

Scattered through this region, and generally accounted among the more respectable of the settlers on the cleared farms, reside numerous branches of the Thompsons, related to Lon Williams by marriage. Occasionally one of their number falls under suspicion, but it is by no means easy to prove a thing of this sort on any one, however crooked their actions may appear.

The many opportunities afforded me for studying the social side of character in those, both in the rank and file, of the Ludington Guard, with whom I have been thrown most in contact, I have done my best to improve. I am fond to a degree of good company, and it is my rare good fortune

here in the wilds of Wisconsin, on an errand which had promised nothing of the sort, to have found it of a like degree. Capt. George, whose appearace of being "every inch a soldier" is in accordance with the meritorious fact of his having served with gallantry in the civil war, is a hearty wit, to "top off" with. He can tell a capital story, and sing a good song, possessing as he does fine dialect powers.

Lieutenant Brewer reflects distinction upon his rank as next in command, and is a pleasant gentleman, whom I shall remember long withal.

Lieutenant Knapp is a fine conversationalist and a highly refined gentleman, both in speech and manner, and with whom it must be an honor and a pleasure to be on terms of friendly intimacy.

Surgeon Grannis is, like the staff officers, a young man, and in his honored profession stands deservedly high, as well as being much sought after for his social qualities. The doctor has been our "friend in need and indeed." The boys have frequent recourse to his pill boxes and array of interesting looking bottles, big and little. The bowels have to be taken consummate care of on expeditions of this character

Orderly Seargeant Wilcox is one of the most jovial fellows and best yarn-spinners in camp. I never tire of hearing him as he relates anecdotes of his experience as an undersheriff and deputy United States Marshal, with the Norwegians, French, Indians and other classes among the popu-

lation of Northern Wisconsin. He, too, has dialect powers of a kind to envy.

If it were possible, and being possible would be polite, in me to express a preference among companions such as these grand young men are, then I might name Louis Tainter. Though, like Lieut. Knapp, a son of one of the members of the Knapp, Stout & Co. Company, a powerful, wealthy and liberal corporation, whose lumber and mercantile interests foot up into the millions at a year's end, private Tainter is as unpretentious and open-hearted as the humblest in his military file. He is bubbling over constantly with the wit that is in him, and is altogether one of the most congenial of those companions one finds on the wayside of life's fleeting journey that it has ever been my lot to meet.

We have an artist, also, with us. Prof. Jacob Miller, everybody's familiar as plain "Jake," can draw as good a sketch in black and white, as one would want to see. Jacob's other forte is story-telling. The amorous passages from the leaves of a well-stored memory are what he delights in chiefly. He unravels his plot—literally and figuratively—and in such a manner that often "worse than Tantalus" is their "amoy" who sit and listen, in nervous impatience to get to the naked fact on which the ten-mile tale is hung.

The rest of the boys are all good fellows, among whom it would be hard to particularize.

Maple Springs Camp, July 28.—The fact that skilled shots though the Williams brothers are, there are others in

Wisconsin who can "shoot some" as well as the outlaws, received to my mind, on to-day in camp here, "exemplification by example" of a most positive character. The boys were allowed to indulge in a little target practice with their new Colt's six-shooters, sent by Uncle Sam from the Rock Island arsenal, and obtained on yesterday evening by wagon from Menomonie. Pistol practice becoming a little tame, we were highly entertained by Louis Tainter and his Winchester. His off-hand exhibition embraced a number of fancy shots executed in imitation of, and as well as, Lon Williams. He would bring down small objects thrown by another up in the air at distances of from six to ten yards, and broke with ease the bowl of a clay pipe held in the hand of his friend, Sergt. Wilcox. Looking about for more sport of the kind, the skillful marksman sighted the tail of a pig, feeding in the bushes on the hill behind where he stood at a distance of about fifty paces. He parted the curl of that tail right in the middle. Taking similar aim at another shoat, Tainter fired, but with an "indifferent success," as owing to a sudden move by the restless young hog, the pig, in this instance, may be said to have been shot off the tail.

Maple Springs Camp, July 28.—The pictures of the Williams brothers, from which their published descriptions were obtained, do not appear to be such likenesses of them as their friends would care much about keeping in order to remember them by. I have seen no less than a dozen par-

ties, both men and women, who knew the Williamses well —some of them intimately—and in no case were the descriptions verified. The photographs of Lon Williams, taken in different positions, in his Sunday clothes and in an outlaw's habit, armed to the teeth, are for the most part poorly executed. In Menomonie the side and front views of Lon were exhibited and duly labeled as the picture of Ed. and Lon respectively. The only picture I have seen that doesn't resemble any of Lon's photos, and so may be the likeness it is said to be of Ed., was given me by Undersheriff Knight, of Pepin county. The following description of the two brothers I have based on the testimony of parties who knew them both: Ed. Maxwell, alias Williams, five feet seven inches in height, compactly built, about 140 pounds in weight, age between 30 and 35 years, dark complexion, black hair, black or very deep blue eyes, short black mustache and goatee, dull heavy set features, taciturn disposition. Alonzo (Lon) Maxwell, alias Williams, five feet ten inches in height, medium build, weight about 150 pounds, age 25, light complexion, auburn hair, gray or blue eyes, brown mustache and chin whiskers, cheerful disposition. Lon's manners were more those of a gentleman than Ed's, and it may be stated that the family resemblance is not perceptible between them. Both are supposed to have smooth faces, unless they have grown negligent about shaving while in the woods with so much else to think of.

At the time of the murder both wore false heavy black beards.

The portly old prisoner Sergt. Wilcox took in yesterday proves to be a party named or called Pennywell, who occasionally preaches for a living. He is related to a hard crowd—the Bishops—who reside farther north in the woods. "Old Pennyroyal," as the boys call him, got permission to hold religious service in camp, and preached a short sermon very much at random as to text and ideas. He gave us the revised Lord's prayer, and led in several hymns, the boys joining in the chorus with a vocal vigor that awakened the resounding echoes.

Sheriff Anderson, of Illinois, who has been in the field with Capt. Doolittle throughout the pursuit, and has been untiring in his efforts to bring to justice—immediate justice—the outlaws whose crime was brought about by the incentive of reward held out in his postal cards to the Wisconsin authorities, was in camp to-day. He told me that one of these postal cards was found in the breast pocket of Milton Coleman after he had been laid out upon his bloody bier. The words written in ink—"Be careful and go armed, they are desperate men,"—seemed to stand out in bold relief from their background of the crimson blood of man. The sheriff was bound for below, and had in his possession the stolen steed which was found in the woods where the Williamses had tied and then left it to starve. The Illinois sheriff will pick up the other horse at Durand, and ship

them both home by steamer from Reed's Landing, at the mouth of the Chippewa, on the Mississippi. He expects to return himself with the horses unless something turns up in the next day or two.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT FRAUD.

A PITILESS PURSUIT ON PAPER.—"BUFFALO CHARLIE."—WHERE ARE THE BLOODHOUNDS?—THE LONG-LEGGED DUTCHMAN IN PERIL.—HOW HE "TOOK THEM IN."—EPISTOLARY CONFIDENCES OF A BELLE OF THE BIG WOODS.—BEEF FOR THE BANDITS.

READERS of the widest circulated newspaper in the country, *The Times*, of Chicago, were thrown into a fever heat of excitement by a telegraphic despatch from the seat of war, published on Friday morning, July 29th, announcing a new departure of an intensely thrilling nature in the plans and tactics of the pursuing party. The dispatch ran as follows:

"MAPLE SPRINGS CAMP, Dunn Co., Wis., July 28.—New life has been infused into the pursuit of the Williams brothers by the arrival of eight Indian scouts with thirty bloodhounds, employed out west by the United States government. The scouts are headed by Buffalo Charile and Yellowstone Kelley. With these names the readers of *The*

Times were made familiar during Custer's and Miles' campaigns in 1876 and 1877. Buffalo Charlie's parents, brothers, and sisters were killed by Indians over six years ago, since which time he has given his whole heart to his work of tracking redskins and fugitives from justice generally. The trail of the outlaws will be taken up in the vicinity of Doolittle's camp, and the scouts will go ahead with the entire pack of bloodhounds, starting such a hunt as was never witnessed in the big woods before. If the outlaws will kindly remain where they have been for the past fortnight they are certain to be run down. The exciting chase will begin some time before night."

The associated press, as is its invariable custom, took its pick from the news columns of *The Times* on that day, and by the next day "a whole world knew" more about those bloodhounds than "we in the woods."

Everybody shared a disappointment, felt abroad only less keenly than by bamboozled Badgers—of which *The Times* man counts himself one of the first—the following day, when there appeared a second dispatch, dated the same as the preceding one, which had been delayed while in the hands of a messenger until too late an hour to get into telegraphic communication with Chicago that night. The second dispatch was as follows:

"Maple Springs Camp, July 28, 6 P. M.—The information dispatched *The Times* this morning that eight Indian scouts and thirty bloodhounds had arrived to join the pur-

suit of the Williams brothers was based and still rests solely on the statements of a party calling himself Buffalo Charlie, who reported the scouts and dogs a few miles below here. As yet no dogs have been seen, and investigation fails to reveal their whereabouts in any part of this country up from Reed's Landing, where Charlie said the men and dogs had arrived early this morning. The suspicions of the authorities have been excited, and the alleged scout has been placed under surveillance. We are looking anxiously for the hounds. If they do not turn up, it will be made hot for Buffalo Charlie, who seems anxious to get into the woods alone."

A bulletin sent out the next day continues the narration, as follows:

"MAPLE SPRINGS CAMP, July 29, 6:30 A.M.—The all-absorbing topic in both camps at daybreak this morning is furnished in the mysterious person of the party naming himself Buffalo Charlie, the Indian scout. His tale of thirty bloodhounds, which he promised to have here, together with "Yellowstone Kelley" and six other scouts, by night before last, he first said, and within a few hours, whenever he has been approached since, has not, so far, been verified in a single instance. Buffalo Charlie is a long-legged Dutchman, talking with a slight accent. Further information about him will be thankfully received by the Ludington Guard and Doolittle's company, both of which commands have had all their plans and calculations upset by the advent

of the great unknown. Yesterday noon Charlie started out on a scout through the woods, accompanied by ten men from Doolittle's camp and three of the guards, who were under orders to keep an eye on the Dutchman. They were out all night, and have not yet returned. Nothing has been heard from the dogs yet, and speculation is rife as to "who in h—l and the wilds of Wisconsin" is this Charles de Buffalo. If he is not what he represents himself to be, just what interest may he have in the pursuit of the Williams brothers? It is safe to say that if those hounds do not appear to-day, that Buffalo Charlie will be seized as an accomplice of the outlaws, and called up in the woods to answer the charge of a conspiracy to convey information and assistance to the enemy. Developments are anxiously awaited."

The next dispatch was of the same date, at a later hour, and read as follows:

"CAMP CADY, Pierce County, Wis., July 29, via MENOMONIE, Wis., July 30.—Buffalo Charlie's fellow scouts and thirty bloodhounds failing to come to time, and his movements taking a suspicious turn, he was put under arrest by Capt. Doolittle this morning. Charlie now says that the bloodhounds have not left Fort Lincoln yet, and the other scouts have gone to that point. He says that he is known out west by the various names of Buffalo Charlie, Charlie Lewis, and Yellowstone Charlie. He dictated telegrams to be sent to Portage, Wis., and Fort Snelling,

Minn., asking for identification. Unless this identification comes in due time, and is fully satisfactory, it will be impossible to restrain his captors from dealing summarily with the alleged scout, who is strongly suspected of complicity with the Williams brothers, to whose assistance he is believed to have come as a spy. Buffalo or Yellowstone Charlie is six feet one inch in stature, well built, weighs 165, has brown hair, hay-colored mustache and goatee watery gray eyes, and talks with a slight German accent He will be held in camp until his telegrams can be answered, ample time for which will be given.

"According to his own story, as revised to date, Buffalo Charlie has not been in regular government employment since 1878. He says he has done occasional scouting since in the summer, and hunted buffaloes in the winter. Evidently he has been working his way for the past two months up the river towards St. Paul, hiring out as cook in hotels along the route. The following, written in pencil on a telegraph blank, dated at Portage, Wis., was found in his pocket:

PROPRIETOR DEVIL'S LAKE HOTEL:—What about the cook? Answer.

It was probably intended for a telegram, but was not signed. If he can satisfy his captors that he is not in league with the Williams brothers, whatever may have been his object for telling such yarns, Buffalo Charlie will be given his freedom. In that event he says he will continue in pur-

suit of the outlaws and obtain the trail, and will yet have those bloodhounds here. He was photographed to-day by an artist from Menomonie. Doolittle's company will not give up pursuit yet, believing the game is still concealed in the big woods.

Readers of *The Times* were not long without "the full particulars," as to the movements of the mysterious personage, conveyed in the following article of correspondence:

CAMP CADY, Wis., July 30.—The first seen of "Buffalo Charlie" was on Wednesday afternoon. He was brought to Maple Springs camp in the wagon of an Eau Galle man, who had met him in that place en route from below, for the pursuit of the Williams brothers. The stranger told the same story about his thirty bloodhounds and the other seven scouts coming on behind him that he regaled the men at the camps with, and was readily given a lift as far as Maple Springs. Here he was accorded a warm welcome on his errand and importance being made known by the party driving the wagon, and given an escort and ride on to Camp Cady. Buffalo Charlie left a parting injunction with the Ludington Guard to be on close watch that night for the hounds, which he said he expected along the road about dusk. Arriving at Camp Cady, he was introduced in a like manner to Doolittle's company, and at his request given a detachment of men for scout service that night, in order to discover, if possible, the "moccasin trail" of Lon Williams, whose sore right foot, the large toe of which is

missing, causes him to wear an overshoe or moccasin, with one boot. Buffalo Charlie's party were kept hard at work all night, the scout professing to have obtained clues worth following up. During the night he sent a messenger to Maple Springs Camp, asking that all the guards save a small garrison, be sent up to join him at Howard's farm, several miles distant. In the absence of Capt. George, who was out on a scout, Lieuts. Brewer and Knapp concluded on consultation that an order by an unknown party could not be obeyed, and refused to send the men. Thursday morning Capt. George started up to see about the dogs. Charlie was met near Howard's, and when questioned said that the bloodhounds and the rest of the scouts would be in before noon, from Menomonie, where they had gone by rail, instead of coming across the country from below. Night came, but no dogs. During the day Charlie had obtained a dozen men and started out to scour the woods. He was not seen again until caught up with Friday morning and put under arrest. Thursday afternoon was passed by Charlie's command in following trails he claimed to have struck. The scout showed the boys a thing or two in the way of imitating the sounds made by barking wolves, baying hounds, and hooting owls, which he explained as signals in woodcraft. He also fired off his gun several times when desirous of calling in the picket guards. On Thursday night Charlie and four men were quartered in a barn on Widow Gibson's place. Charlie, so his men allege, was

anxious for them all to go to sleep and rest, saying he would sleep light and be responsible for guard duty. But the men, under other instructions, kept up a watch by turns through the night, having an eye out for the horses in the stable. On Friday morning, as neither the bloodhounds nor any trace of them appeared, after minute and careful investigation, Capt. Dcolittle sent out a squad of men detailed to arrest the suspicious character and bring him into camp. The arrest was made easily, Charlie professing great surprise mingled with ill-concealed contempt at the stupidity of his captors in taking him for "one of the Williamses." Several hours passed after he was taken into camp, during which time the situation was one of imminent peril to the prisoner, before Buffalo Charlie decided to take any definite steps toward establishing his reputation.

At last he dictated two telegrams to parties in Fort Snelling, Minn., and Portage City, Wis., asking for his record as a scout in 1873.

After these telegrams were written Charlie was pressed for the names of parties who knew him within the last month. This brought him to the confession of the fact that instead of having been traveling across the country in company with Indian chiefs during the past few weeks, he had been working, since June 1, as a cook in various hotels along the river, not far from this part of Wisconsin. What a fall was *here*, my countrymen! From a scout under Custer to a second-rate cook in a country tavern! The revela-

tion caused every one to feel worse sold out than ever, and didn't help Charlie any. Time, however, was allowed him to prove his standing either as a scout or as a cook, and under either of the names he now says are "all his own"—Buffalo Charlie, Yellowstone Charlie, Charlie Lewis and Charlie Shubert. His photograph was taken in camp today by Ordemann, a photographic artist of high repute, who brought his camera with him from Menomonie.

While the disgust that was uppermost in the minds of the pursuers prevented much of anything like a relish from being obtained by the perpetration of the ordinary joke, the historian succeeded in creating a momentary ripple of mirth, on an occasion we will take his own words to explain:

The old Spring Tavern, where we are quartered so comfortably, was a frequented resort five years ago when kept by old man Bailey. Searching its abandoned apartments for relics, I came upon a letter written three years ago by one party feminine to another, which afforded some amusement for the boys. As indicative of the culture and refinement which markod the average young woman of this picturesque section, the missive was filed away among the archives of this department of the expedition. The sweetest-spoken sentiments of the writer, Emma Winters, addressing her dear friend Ella Alton in the greatest confidence, were contained in the following touching references to their school (one of the numerous log school houses in

the woods) and school teacher: "If I was you I would not read to-morrow just to spite him. I don't see what you done. Yes, ser, we will have a bully old time up there to school, and if that old sticker says anything to me, I will knock his by-God head off, as fank Blair said. If you had of been me when he sent you tow your seat I would of took my book and bonnet and went home, and give him fits besides."

Capt. George did not lose any more time than could possibly be helped with "Buffalo Charlie," but continued the careful exploration of the section of country he had undertaken to "round up." One of these expeditions resulted in the finding by a party in command of the Captain himself, of the carcass of a recently killed steer, out of whose flank a twelve pound chunk of meat had been cut. Tracks, made out with extreme difficulty, near by were believed after a close examination to be those of the outlaws, the moccasined foot of Lon Williams having left its "give-away" mark.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PURSUIT ABANDONED.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE.—MONEY AND TIME OUT.—THE LUDINGTON GUARD RECALLED.—A "BULL RUN" EPISODE.—"THE TIMES" CORRESPONDENT THEORIZES ON "BUFFALO CHARLEY."—LOTH TO LEAVE THE FIELD.—A WILD RUMOR.—PALMYRA'S FRIGHT.—THE WILLIAMS BROTHERS AHEAD OF THE LAW.

It is said that nothing succeeds like success. *Per contra*, nothing fails so far as failure. After spending a good deal of both time and money, to all appearances in vain, the organization for pursuit was ready to declare that the game it was after was not to be found in the wilds of Wisconsin. A press dispatch, dated at St. Paul, on July 31, stated: "A special messenger just in from the field, after a full ingestigation, reports that the idea that the murderers are still in the woods is not now seriously entertained. It is thought they escaped from the river several days since. The pursuers were misled by a tramp calling himself Buffalo Charley, a noted Indian scout, and he is now under arrest. He claimed that he was to be followed by several scouts and a

pack of blood-hounds, and the pursuers depended on his promises until too late to accomplish anything. Several thousand dollars have thus been squandered on a fruitless search, and the men in the field will abandon the chase in disgust."

So the State felt at any rate, and the following telegram to *The Times*, chronicles the end of a brief but by no means inglorious campaign:

MENOMONIE, Wis., July 30.—Quartermaster General Bryant visited Maple Springs to-day to ascertain the progress of the Ludington Guard's campaign in pursuit of the Williams brothers, under orders from Governor Smith. General Bryant, satisfying himself from reports of what had been done, and a survey of the situation, ordered the guards to return to Menomonie and disband from actual service. The Quartermaster General told *The Times* correspondent that he considered further search by a cavalry company, under the circumstances, as useless and involving unnecessary expense to the State. He did not believe the Williams brothers were in the woods at all, but that they had improved the opportunity to escape.

On the return of the Ludington Guard, an incident occurred along the somewhat scattered line of march taken up in single file through the woods, which was duly recorded at the time by a faithful historian, and is given below for the fun there is in it:

"MENOMONIE, Wis., July 31.—While we were "home-

ward bound" to-day, one of the high privates in the Guard met with a thrilling adventure on the road. His name it was John Bull, and the scene of his "run" was in a lonely spot, where he happened at the moment to be riding along alone with his thoughts. It was here, he says, that he was joined by none other than "one of the Williamses," disguised only in having no arms on, or at least showing none in sight. He reeled in his saddle, and offered Johnnie Bull a drink out of his bottle. He called himself a detective from Ohio, seemed to have taken a decided fancy to young Bull ("Sitting" uneasily in his saddle the while), and among other conversational bits, honored him with the following: 'What in h—l are you fellows giving up the chase for yet? Why, those Williamses are right here in the woods, and I could put my hands on them this minute.' The Bull-y boy of the Ludington Guard, the more he stared at the stranger, became convinced that he beheld one of the Williams brothers. The "detective from Ohio" certainly looked like several of the many guaranteed likenesses of the outlaws, and had withal a mien ferocious and a manner careless and free to an alarming degree. There were no more of the Guard near by, and Johnnie Bull began to feel the flesh creep along his bones. The stranger repeated that he came from Ohio, at the same time diving his hand into a breast pocket to produce 'papers to show it.' This was too much for the single-handed guard, armed with only a carbine and a Colt's six-shooter, and, while in mortal fear lest the 'd—d

desperado' should draw and shoot him in the rear, he turned and put spurs in his horse's flank. Rejoining his companions later on, after the mysterious detective had disappeared down a cross-road, the hero of another 'Bull-Run'—No. 3—recounted with suppressed excitement his daring adventure with "one of the Williams brothers," to whose identity he was willing to take oath."

Concerning the "inexplicable individual," *The Times* correspondent insisted on having his way towards establishing a theory that would explain if it could not excuse those little eccentricities in the conduct of the "half-scout, half-cook and two-thirds 'what-is-it?'" In correspondence with his paper he says:

"By mutual agreement, Sheriff Peterson and *The Times* representative have been making a close study of Buffalo Charlie, as a character, for the past few days, and on comparing mental notes this morning it was found, as a curious coincidence of trains of thought, that we had each arrived at the same partial solution of the perplexing problem as to his identity. This opinion, in brief, may be stated as follows: Buffalo Charlie's unblushing disregard for the truth, taken in connection with the terrible risk he coolly ran in telling such a lie as that about the bloodhounds, at the time and in the place he did, establishes, first of all, an evidence of monomania on a subject to which his chief time and thought have been wholly occupied with, to the exclusion of everything else. His gun-shot and tomahawk wounds about the head

and bullet-holes in different parts of his stringy anatomy, together with the killing, in his sight, of his parents, brothers, and sisters, are experiences calculated certainly to prey on his peace of mind, as well as to effect his mental capacities —they tending to confirm the above impression, and to help explain the source from which may be said to flow his provoking prevarication. But Buffalo Charlie is no fool. His familiarity with woodcraft has been proved by his movements in the brush and timber. His knowledge of signs and sounds is great and thorough beyond dispute.

He would stoop down and show the track of a man's foot where the faintest traces of it were invisible to the eyes of his companions, until they followed his words as he revealed to them the art of the practiced Indian scout. Charlie's knowledge of the Yellowstone country, of persons and places in Dakota and Montana, and of dates and Indian campaigns, further strengthen the belief that he has been, for a greater or less period, what he represents himself to be—an Indian scout on the plains. As to the bloodhounds, they may or may not have been his own, or belonged to the government; they may have existed, indeed, only in a diseased mind's-eye. It is easy enough, further, to understand how he could have fallen into hard lines and have been working his way as a cook, with whose duties he was more familiar than with those of a skilled artisan, when news of the $1,700 offered as the price of work he was peculiarly fitted to perform attraced him thither. To sum up, Buffalo Charlie is a person

who, while from a partial and peculiar derangement of certain mental faculties, is not to be entirely relied on, can be made useful, under the eye of one who understands and can control him, in tracking the Williams brothers to their haunts, whether in the big woods of Wisconsin or elsewhere. Let him be kept in check as a hound would be until his keen scent can be made available, and then give his natural wit a chance to display itself."

The pursuit was not immediately abandoned upon the recall of the Ludington Guard, although that step by the State naturally and speedily led to this result. There were still parties in the field who were loth to leave, as is shown by the following article of correspondence taken from *The Times:*

MENOMONIE, WIS., Aug. 2.—The pursuit of the Williams brothers has not been abandoned. It can not be expected, of course, that men who are poor and compelled to work hard for a living can subscribe their services for any protracted length of time, free, while their little crops which should have been harvested by now, are waiting to be gathered; and unless some assurance is given Doolittle's men that they shall be paid for their time, it is likely enough that a considerable number of them will leave the field this week. Doolittle, Kelley, the Coleman brothers, and other leaders, however, state their determination to remain in the woods until the outlaws are caught or positive proof is obtained of their escape from this part of the country.

Sheriff Peterson, of Pepin county, will either take command of a Pepin county posse or join Doolittle with a few men, and may be depended on to stay at his post of duty as long as that duty calls him. He has been in the field ever since the chase began, and has rendered assistance and co-operation whenever invited, and often without, as I think, the thanks of any one.

The scheme the most practicable at present is for the pursuing party to inaugurate a still hunt through those parts of the big woods where the bandits are the most likely to be if in Wisconsin's wilds at all.

Hunting the Williams brothers has been an expensive job, and a far more difficult one, by the way, than the general chase after the Youngers in Minnesota. The latter were in a strange country, without friends, and had become demoralized. The Williamses are perfectly at home in the vast woody deeps where trails become lost before they are found, and they are nearer more friends than can possibly be ascertained by the authorities. If the movements of every suspected party were to be shadowed, it would require a detective force larger than the entire number of men in the pursuing parties at any time during the past three weeks. The pursuit of Sam Bass, the Texan train-robber, through the river bottoms and thickets of Denton county was relieved and enlivened occasionly by an exciting dash across a stretch of open prairie, pursuers and pursued mounted on fleet horses. There has been no such sport here, where so

far as practical results go the days pass monotonously into weeks with nothing to show for the hard, fatiguing work of brave and determined, but, in a measure, powerless men.

There is every reason to suppose that the fugitives are still in the state, until conclusive evidence is afforded of their voluntary desertion of the forest fastnesses with which their familiarity enables them to maintain right along a positive advantage over a hundred or two hundred pursuers. They are safer here than anywhere else, and it is a fair presumption that they know such to be the fact. Their capture, their death, may be compassed by stratagem, or occur through a lucky accident, and a quiet pursuit by the right body of men, small in numbers though it be, holds out now the one remaining hope of Wisconsin's ridding herself within her own domain and at her own expense of her now widely celebrated brace of bandits.

Rumors, catching at the growing belief, now became prevalent of the Williams brothers having been seen in other parts of the state. A telegram was sent to *The Chicago Times* by a local correspondent at Palmyra, Wis., on August 1st, stating that the outlaws had entered a hotel in that village and taken breakfast, after which they had left without paying their bill. Another dispatch was sent the next day, as follows:

"PALMYRA, Wis., Aug 2.—Sheriff Messerschmidt has consulted with Gov. Smith regarding the capture of the

Williams brothers, who have been identified from their pictures in his possession by several parties who saw them in this village and vicinity Saturday, Sunday, and Monday as being the original Williams brothers. When last seen they were in the woods between here and Eagle. Gov. Smith ordered Sheriff Messerschmidt to arrange as speedily as possible for following and watching them, but in no case to attempt their arrest, but telegraph him at Madison, and he would send a special with troops to the nearest railway point. The matter will be arranged promptly and with as much skill and safety to the pursuit as possible. It is thought the outlaws will not again escape. Sheriff Messerschmidt's official description of them exactly tallies with that of the men who were here—who are supposed to have struck the Western Union road at Eagle, south, or intended to give that impression from inquiries made in several places Sunday morning and Saturday afternoon, when a man came upon them unexpectedly in the woods on the Troy road. Each time their inquiries were regarding the distance to Eagle Station, five miles from here, where connection is made with a branch of the Western Union road. This clue and the western route to the river system of the state, south and west, will be closely followed by officers now in pursuit, who express themselves confident of being on the right track. The elder of the two men here was heavily built, dark hair and eyes, prominent nose, wounded face, desperate looking; the younger, more boyish, light

hair and eyes, sun-burned face, insignificant and common looking, would have attracted no attention but for carrying his left arm and hand in a bright red cotton sling. Their resemblance to the Williams brothers was freely commented upon before and after their departure, but there was no suspicion of the truth till the following day's papers brought the news of their escape from the Eau Galle woods several days ago. As matters now stand, if they are the outlaws, they have twenty-four hours' start of their pursuers, are wounded, worn, not sure of their way, and apparently without money or friends in this section. Their capture is considered sure."

Nothing came of this so-called "pursuit." The pursuing party took excellent care to remain twenty-four hours behind the men dubbed as the "original Williams brothers," who, if overtaken, would in all likelihood have proven to be a pair of common tramps.

The real pursuit, meanwhile, had come to be abandoned, in deference to public opinion, in both Dunn and Pepin counties, which, right or wrong, came to the conclusion that the murderers had escaped from the big woods, and that it was unwise and improvident to continue the chase longer.

Thus the Williams brothers escaped an immediate capture and the summary punishment which came as near—and only as near—the former to being effected, and the latter, its natural consequence, to being meted out to them, as we have recounted.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE LAST TRAGIC CHAPTER IN ED. MAXWELL'S WILD CAREER.

THE SKILLFUL ARREST—ED. TALKS FREELY OF HIS WILD LIFE—THE SCENE IN THE COURT HOUSE—SUDDEN CHANGE IN THE PERFORMANCE—THE CONFESSION—JUDGE LYNCH—DANGLING IN THE SNOW STORM.

The wild freedom of these twice outlawed brothers was destined to come to an end, at least in the case of the elder of the two, and that end as tragic as the life had been lawless. The boy who began his career as a sneak thief at Washburn, Illinois, in 1868—after thirteen years of crime—died a death of shame at the hands of Judge Lynch, at Durand, Wisconsin, on the 19th of November, 1881. The fruitless pursuit of the murderers of the Coleman brothers had been for some time abandoned; a conviction seemed to be growing that these desperate outlaws could not be arrested.

On the 5th of November, however, Sheriff Joseph Killian, of Hall county, Nebraska, received some startling intimations. Constable Chris. Stahl, of Merrick county, telegraphed that there were two suspicious characters at the house of a neighboring farmer, named William Niedfeldt, living near Grand Island. It was believed that these men

were the outlawed Williams brothers. In the darkness of the early morning of Saturday, November the 6th, Sheriff Killian, Stael and Ludwig Shultz, and August Hitsch, well armed with shot-guns and revolvers, started for Niedfeldt's house, and, arriving there about 5 o'clock, A. M., assumed the role of hunters, and asked that breakfast might be prepared. They do not appear to have excited the least suspicion, for, while breakfast was being prepared, they were shown into the room occupied by the suspicious characters, whose Winchester rifles were near at hand, and under whose pillows lay a couple of revolvers. The two occupants of the room entered freely into conversation, and represented themselves as goose-hunters from Hastings, Mo.; but when they were unable to answer certain questions concerning the town of Hastings, and some of its inhabitants, the early morning visitors began to feel pretty sure of their men. Everything now depended on coolness and tact. Lon Williams, who was known to have lost one of the toes on his left foot, gave himself away by putting his stockings on under the bed-clothes. After dressing, Ed posted himrelf near the corner of the room, with his right hand on his Winchester, while Lon left his hat and coat and leisurely walked out of the kitchen door and towards the barn. Changing his plans, Killian cooly walked up to Ed. and said: "I want you." As Ed. moved to bring up his gun, Killian grabbed and floored him, and took the gun away, Nitsch covering him with a shot-gun. On being thus secured, he saw that he was fairly caught, and that any resistance would be as foolish as useless. The brotherly instinct in Ed, suggested to him to give his brother Alonzo a chance, which he did by a series of wild yells, the meaning of which

Lon was not slow to apprehend. He ran to the corner of the house, but was confronted by Killian, who was there, and covered him with a revolver, and ordered him to halt. Lon replied with a shot, but Killian dodged, got into the kitchen and closed the door, and put his foot against it. Lon came up, expecting it to fly wide open. It only opened a few inches, and Lon found himself looking into the muzzle of Nitsch's gun. He then jumped around a corner of the house and went to another window, but Nitsch was ready for him and aimed at his head. Both cartridges, however, failed to explode. This seemed to satisfy Lon that further attempts at rescuing his brother would be futile, gave it up as a bad job, and made for the tall grass on the bottom at full speed. By 7:30 that night Ed. was landed at Grand Island jail.

From the moment Ed. was arrested, he seemed to count himself a "gone coon," and made no effort and entertained very little hope of escape. Indeed, he seemed to be sick of life, as he himself confessed. The plea of having shot Coleman in self defense was the only straw to which he clung for a moment, and it was a very feeble straw at best. The visit of a reporter of the St. Paul *Pioneer* gave him an opportunity to talk of his doings, and he availed himself of the opportunity with a sort of morbid gratification.

Speaking of the murdered Colemans, he said: "They were the grittiest men and had the most sand of any men who ever stood before us. They were too gritty for their own good." When questioned as to the wanderings of his brother and himself, after the fatal doings of that July Sunday evening, the prisoner said:

"Well, we went due west, or maybe a little north of west, and got out near Breckenridge. We traveled mostly nights, but some days, and, as we were skillful burglars, we did not have much trouble in getting all we wanted to eat. If there was any money handy, of course we took that, but we let horses alone. To take them would kick up too much hullabaloo to suit us just then. We saw a good many people, but did not have to make any bluffs. If we

saw any men coming, we threw our rifles into the long grass, and sometimes crouched there ourselves. We did not have a bad time till Lon got the fever. He was terribly sick with it for two weeks, and I thought he was going to die lots of times, but I pulled him through. I tell you Lon is all broke up, and it's not his hard times, but his grief for his wife that's done it. I don't want to say it from vanity because she was my sister-in-law, but she was a mighty nice girl, and her death nearly drove Lon crazy. We never went near her grave that he did not sit there for an hour. Of course I'd go with him for company, and once I had to keep guard with a cocked rifle. I heard Lon say once: 'What did they take a quart of blood from my wife for?' And another time, when I asked him for his knife to cut a hole in a strap, I looked up in time to see his eyes glaring at me like a tiger, and his knife in his hand ready to strike. I called to him, and he drew his hand across his eyes and kind of sighed, and then said: 'Is that you, Ed? I thought it was one of them doctors.'"

"We suffered so much with our wounds, and traveled so much at night and in such out-of-the way places, that I got kind of mixed up about localities, and maybe my story won't always seem like a straight-out one, but I mean to tell the truth, as near as I can get at it. I guess it must have been along about the first of last October when we struck south and headed for Sioux City. We were good walkers, and we traveled some day-times—when we were in the open prairie, that is. Do you know, I'd a thousand times rather be on a prairie and be pursued than in a wood? Lon and I can shoot straight for a long distance, and out in the open country we'd surprise some of our pursuers, while in the woods they might surprise us, and any hour could always keep under cover easy enough. We burgled a good many houses, just to get the newspapers and see what was going on. When we got to Sioux City we skirted the town and struck for the railroad south of it. We partly walked and partly stole rides on night trains to Omaha, and that was the way we did when we got into Nebraska. We walked

right through the principal streets of Omaha, and I carried the guns while Lon lugged the blankets. No one noticed us at all. They are used to Winchesters, but in the upper part of the country every fool wanted to know about the 'new-fangled' shooters—where we got them, how they worked, and a lot of such stuff as that. I never suspected Killian at the farm-house where we were captured. If I had, I'd have shot Gus, the man he had with him, and Lon could have killed the other fellow. The sheriff wasn't around, so far as I knew. I think Lon did all he could to help me. He's a mighty good shot, but he missed Killian because he came on him in a hurry, and it was the dark of the morning. The fellows, while they had me down, beat my hands terribly with the butt of a revolver. Look at these scars; I am surprised the wounds healed up so quick."

He distinctly denied any share in the murder of the Sheriff of Calhoun county, Illinois; for the apprehension of whose murderer or murderers Governor Cullom had offered a reward of $500. He was very frank in admitting certain escapades in Illinois in other days:

"Lon and I had a good deal of fun in Illinois, near Smithfield, once. We stole a couple of horses, and then got some harness and a buggy from another barn. The man that lost the buggy made an awful row and followed us. We were lunching when he caught sight of us, and he ran back. Presently I saw a whole mob coming down the road, some armed with pitchforks, some with clubs, and one fellow with a big rock. When they got within thirty rods of us I took a revolver in each hand, leaped into the road and gave a yell. You should have seen these fellows run. But Lon covered the fellow with the rock with his revolver, and made him come clear up to us and tell us how far it was to a town we wanted to reach. We did that sort of thing so often, with sheriffs and officers mostly, that we began to think we could not be captured, or that we were the only brave men in the world. No, it was not reading dime novels or such stuff that started us on the road. It was just

what I've told yon, our luck in standing off so many who had a right to be brave."

He declared that he could tell of many more wild adventures than the public dreamed of. How he and Lon had been shot at, and how they had shot at people, protesting, however, that he never shot unless he was first attacked. He said he looked upon his life as a profession. He believed in religion—believed in it hard—but, said he, "I'd rather have my Winchester."

For a while he paced up and down his cell. Suddenly he stopped and said with a wild sort of bravado:—

"You don't think I'm walking about here because I'm nervous, do you? I never felt less like it in my life. I don't feel a bit afraid, and, really, this is honest. It is a sort of relief to be captured, and free from that everlasting hunted feeling; that, glancing at every fellow with one eye, while you look at your pistol with the other. I was getting mighty tired of that sort of thing, though, of course, I fought hard against being taken. Now I know I'm in a mighty ticklish place. I know that as well, or better, than you do, but I don't believe they can rightfully convict me, for I shot in self-defense. I would get a lawyer, but I have a deathly fear of a snide attorney. I'll wait till I find who's really a good one."

At last the fatal morning dawned. His preliminary examination was to have taken place at 9:30 A. M., but was postponed to 2 P. M. Meantime, people came trooping into Durand from all quarters. There was a strange look in men's faces that betokened stranger purposes; but the confederates, who had determined to avenge the bloody murder of the Colemans, kept their council well. By noon the crowds were gathering round the court house, and Ed. Maxwell, in the most cold-blooded manner, suggested that, as there would be a big crowd at the examination, they might sell tickets at the door, and he hoped that whoever sold them would "divvy on the square."

At the appointed time, the prisoner took his place in the court house. An angry crowd had surged into the dilapi-

dated court of justice. Ed. looked around him with a sneer on his wretched face. When the formal question was put, "Guilty, or not guilty," he replied: "Not guilty! I waive examination, and wish to make a statement." He was told to go on; and then, in a calm, conversational tone of voice, he made the following confession:—

"We killed the Coleman boys in self-defense, but did not know them from Adam. We were sitting in the grove up town when we saw them pass us. They had guns with them, and looked around often, as if searching for something. We knew there was no game about there, and that they wouldn't go hunting Sunday if there was; so we knew they were after us, and kept a sharp look-out. When they got past us they started to run. Then we got over the fence and followed them up the road, thinking we were being surrounded and caught in a trap. We had not gone far before we met them, and the one nearest the fence (Nichol Coleman) fired first, his shot hitting Lon in the face and arm. Charley fired at me, and me at him, a second later. His shot struck my arm, and he fell to my bullet, but got on his knee and fired again. Lon had shot the other one before that, and both men were down. Then we turned and run."

As the confession went on, the crowd pressed closer and closer to the murderer, and before the echo of the last sentence died away, a dozen men sprang on him. The efforts of the attendant police to protect him were all in vain. Women shrieked and men yelled. A perfect pandemonium ensued. A rope appeared as if by magic, the noose was thrown over his head from behind, and amid cries of "Hang him!" "Choke him!" "Burn him!" he was dragged out of the court house only to be greeted by the execrations and curses, loud and deep, of a great mob of five hundred men, women and children. He was heard to groan out, "If I had but my Winchester, and a second's freedom!" But it was too late! He was dragged more dead than alive to a gnarled old tree in the court yard, the rope was thrown over a limb of the tree, and the half-strangled outlaw was

drawn up between earth and heaven to choke. A spasm, and all was over! It was said that the widow and daughter of the man he had murdered gazed on the awful scene. The bleak November day closed in storm, sleet and snow sweeping through the court yard of Durand, half hid the dangling form—the victim of Judge Lynch.

So ended in darkness, tragedy and storm, the wild career of Edward Maxwell.