

## LYNCHING BEE SPOILED.

TOO MUCH ATTENTION PAID TO THE  
ETIQUETTE OF THE OCCASION.

Pete Lansing Wanted the Diamond Centre Vigilantes to Acquit Themselves in Style When They Hung Him and He got off With a Run for His Life.

'I don't take the personal interest in lynchings that I used to,' said Uncle Tom Atkinson, as he sat on the veranda of his hotel talking over the recent lynchings in the South. 'It isn't entirely because I am getting old, but the last lynching party I took part in disgusted me with the whole business. You see, Pete Lansing stole a horse and we got a party together and started out after him. Pete gave us quite a chase, but at last we struck a hot trail near Pine Hills, and then we gained on him so fast that when our little party of Vigilantes swept around the curve at the foot of the hills Pete was only half a mile ahead and pushing his horse at a gallop across the prairie. We called to him to stop. Of course, he couldn't hear us at that distance, and as he knew we wanted to hang him for horse stealing, he wouldn't have stopped if he had heard, but it was the first time since we organized that the Diamond Centre Vigilantes had been called out, and we wanted to do things in proper style. So we formally summoned Pete to surrender. Dick Evans, our leader, wanted everything done exactly right, but I and some of the other boys think he was too particular on this occasion. A swell bonton society affair is one thing and a lynching bee is another, and there isn't any use trying to combine them.

However that may be, after we had called upon Pete to stop we thought we had done all that etiquette,' as Dick called it, required, and we began to pump bullets at him. Pretty soon one of the bullets struck his horse and it tumbled over. Pete knew there wasn't any use running after that, so he lit a cigarette—he was a sort of a dude in some ways—and waited for us to come up.

'Guess we've got you this time, Pete' says Dick.

'Looks that way,' replies Pete, 'as calm and unconcerned as if he didn't have any part in the show. What is the next thing on the programme?'

'The nearest trees were about half way up the Pine Hills and we allowed the first thing to be done was to take Pete to where the trees were. After we reach a tree we won't have much trouble finding out what to do next, Mr. Pete Lansing,' said one of the boys in an ugly kind of a way. The man who spoke had lost three or four good horses that season and was feeling kind of sore over it, but Pete looked quite hurt at being talked to in that kind of fashion and Dick Evans spoke up:

'That'll do for you, Tom. That's no kind of a way to speak to a man who is almost dead.'

'But our trouble has only begun. Pete's horse was dead and he swore he wasn't going to walk to the Pine Hills. Nobody ever heard of a man tramping a mile to his own hanging. You fought me fair and square,' says Pete, 'and I don't kick on that, but I'll be darned if I am going to hoof it across this prairie. A man in any position ought to have a little politeness shown him.

'Jim Haly, who runs the Crescent saloon, happened to have a deck of cards in his pocket and he proposed that we throw around and the low man give up his horse to Pete. We all agreed to this, and Pete being in one way our guest we let him deal. That made a delay, for Pete dealt himself the low hand, and as he didn't have any horse we had to deal again. One of the boys got stuck this time, so Pete took his horse and we started out for the Pine Hills.

'It was pretty dark when we reached the Hills, but one of the party got out a rope and we thought the business would be over in a few minutes. But here Pete made an other kick. For a man who was going to be hanged he was the most particular, bothersome fool I ever ran across.

'I don't want to be hung right here alongside of the road where everybody will see me. Take me a little ways into the woods and do the job there.'

'But we want your body to be an example,' says Dick Evans, sort of doubtfully.

'That made Pete mad. Example be damned,' he snarled. 'I takes a horse, you boys catches me and strings me up. So far all right. But I don't want my body used as the tag end of a Sunday school lesson. Besides, what kind of a thing would that be to show strangers thinking to invest their money in the growing town of Diamond Centre? You fellows ain't got any patriotism. Example! Example be hanged!' says Pete scornfully.

'There seemed to be a lot of sense in what Pete said, so we pushed on about a hundred yards into the woods. It was pretty dim outside by this time, and in among the

trees it was really dark, but Pete was riding in the middle of the party, and it didn't look as if there was any way in which he could escape. Pretty soon we reached a tree with big boughs hanging low down, just the tree for what we wanted.

'I guess this will do all right,' says Dick, who was riding ahead.

'We stopped and one of the boys threw the end of the rope over the bough of the tree, while I fixed the noose about Pete's neck. Pete had been riding with his head as if he was thinking pretty hard and not paying much attention to what was going on, but when he felt the rope about his neck he looked up, sorrowful and disgusted rather than angry.

'I guess this is the first time any of you boys have ever taken part in a festivity of this kind,' says he, sort of sarcastic like.

'Well, it is a good thing you have me a resident of Diamond Centre, to try it on first, for you would make the camp a laughing stock if you acted this way with a stranger. I wish I had time to give you a rehearsal,' says Pete kind of regretfully, but it's growing too dark. Why, I actually believe you fellows would jerk a man over the pearly gates without giving him a chance to say a few words and speak a little prayer.

'We all was silent at this, for we had forgotten all about that part of the programme. So Pete dropped off his horse and went over to a little bush a few feet away from the tree we had thrown the rope over. Then he began to pray. I don't claim to be an authority on prayers, but I have always said that was no slouch of prayers. Peter began with the Diamond Centre camp and recommended every man, woman and child in it to the Lord. Most of them needed it, but it made a long prayer. Then

it was a good prayer and covered the ground but it took an awful long time.

'There didn't seem to be anything to interfere with the work we had assembled together to perform,' as Pete styled it in his prayer, when all of a sudden Pete cried out:

'My God, boys. The woods are on fire.'

'We all looked as hard as we could, but didn't see anything.'

'Yes, they are,' said Pete. 'Look, you can just see the blaze away off to the northwest.'

'Now, Pete had sort of entered into the spirit of the occasion so cheerfully and seemed so anxious to have the first lynching of the Diamond Centre Vigilantes go off just right that none of us suspected him of being the treacherous hound he really was. We all looked off to the northwest as hard as we could for a minute or two.

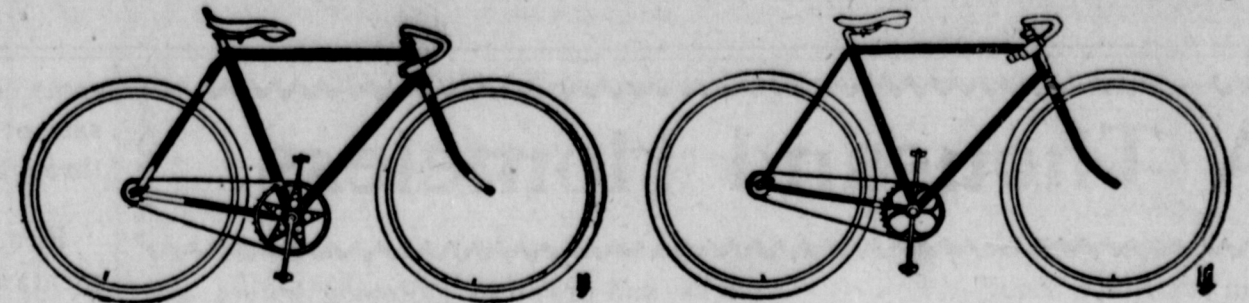
'Your eyes are off, Pete,' says I turning around to where he had been. But there wasn't any Pete, only away down the gully we could hear some one tramping down the bushes and running for all he was worth.

'We all rushed into the underbrush, but it wasn't any place for horses, besides it was too dark to see much of anything. That thief of a Pete Lansing had run away from us in the first place until his horse was shot and then he had said he couldn't be hung anywhere except on the pine hills, and then, all the time pretending that he was anxious for the credit of the camp, he had prayed until it was too dark for us to see anything. He was nothing but a hypocrite and played it low down on the boys who had always treated him right and were trying to send him off in good style. What became of him I don't know and don't care. None of the Diamond Centre boys ever heard of him again.

'Two or three times since then the boys have wanted to get up lynchings parties on appropriate occasions, but I have always said: 'No; if you catch a man cheating at cards or stealing a horse shoot him. If you don't catch him tell the sheriff. But as for lynchings parties count me out. I am disgusted with them.'

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Another bathroom is a little octagon chamber walled with mirrors of French plate. One large mirror forms the door,

pink marble, and Diana, with her nymphs at a forest pool, appears on a ceiling canvas. Pink in the flowers and draperies prevails in the picture, and then about the marble tub are hung voluminous pink silk draperies. This tub itself is cut in the form of a huge shell and is set high on a dias of marble, while the rosy curtains, lined with oiled silk, can be drawn about the tub to protect the rest of the room when the bather wishes to use the spray bath.

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## ARTISTIC BATHROOMS.

Decorations in the New Houses Built by Very Rich People.

Art assists science in fitting out the bathrooms of the new houses built by very rich people. What is described as the most beautiful yet designed is a room about ten feet square walled and floored in cream-white tiles, decorated profusely and gracefully with violets. The door itself is overlaid with similiary ornamented tiles, so that when it is closed the symmetry of the walls is preserved. A dome of heavy rosy violet glass sheds all the light needed into this cool, dainty grotto. No tub occupies any of the flowery floor space. Instead, a portion of the tiling is slightly depressed, and here the bather stands to re-

a single sheet of glass covers the ceiling, and all the basins, handles, &c., necessary in the fitting and trimming off, are done in cut crystal, while cut crystal globes enclose the electric light.

A colonnaded circular room, in pure white and gold, forms a Roman bath. Nereids are sculptured on the walls; by three steps the bather goes down into an unusually large bathing pool, into which water spouts from dolphin mouths. Though every convenience is supplied in this bathroom, the air of antique simplicity has been admirably preserved, and one might easily believe it to be the bath of a Roman princess in the days of Augustus. In still another bathroom the walls, floor, tub, basins, &c., are all of polished

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