

Maine's First and Only Lynching.

The mother of the only man who was ever lynched in New England by a mob of his neighbors died at Mars Hill in Aroostook county, Me., last week. This wasn't her only claim to distinction. At the time of her death she was 105 years and some months old. Her name was Mary Cullen, and she was the mother of eleven children. One of them was Jim Cullen, and the story of Jim Cullen is one of the most tragic tales in the history of the State.

Thirty years ago Jim Cullen mingled labor in a Presque Isle sawmill with petty deceptions in the section. He was a huge man. He had a red beard and red hair and scowling red brows, and his frontal bone sloped back with a forbidding slant. He was a giant in stature and Gargantuan in his strength. It is related of him that he would lug out of a mill ten bunches of shingles at one time. He has shouldered and lugged a 40 foot timber that five men couldn't stack.

One night he employed his strength to wrench off the shutters of a store in Presque Isle village. He stole a pair of boots and some other things. 'Twas in the early spring, and there was snow at the rear of the store. The sheriff knew that Jim Cullen had committed the burglary on account of the size of the tracks in the snow. No one else in the town had such big feet.

The deputy sheriff was Granville Hayden—the most popular man in town. He was a leading Mason and a prominent citizen. The warrant for the arrest of Cullen was placed in his hands, but it was hinted to him that the people would rather have Cullen scared off out of town permanently than to have him on the hands of the county in jail. Word came to the village that Cullen was at a camp in Mapleton woods—a camp occupied by two young men named Sandback and Bird. So Hayden took a Presque Isle man with him and started for the camp some dozen miles away. The two reached there just about nightfall. Cullen was there. Hayden exhibited the warrant and informed him that he was under arrest.

'Jim,' said the deputy significantly, 'you ought to have run harder. Then I shouldn't have caught you. We don't want you around here, anyway.'

'I guess I've given him enough of a hint,' said Hayden to his Presque Isle companion 'so that Jim will clear out in the night. We'll lie down and go to sleep and give him all the chance in the world. Of course if he's here in the morning we'll be obliged to take him back with us. But I reckon he'll take the opportunity and skin out.'

So Hayden and his associate left Cullen unbound. At about 9 o'clock they rolled themselves into their bunks and went to sleep. The boys, Bird and Swanback, also went to sleep.

Cullen all the evening had been sitting in a corner and muttering about the way he was being used by 'some people.' He declared that every time anything was stolen they came chasing after him. He growled that he had had enough of it. He wasn't going to stand it any longer—and he delivered much more talk of the same sort.

At 10 o'clock all was quiet in the little camp except for the sputtering of the dull fire on the hearth. Cullen stealthily arose still muttering to himself, creaked across the floor and wrenched the axe from a block in which it was set. Thus with a growl of rage he leaped to the bunk where the officer and his man were sleeping and thuck! thuck! he buried the weapon to the head in their skulls. The men never moved. Then with the lust of blood in his eyes and his heart Cullen whirled with the dripping axe in his hands and started for the bunk where Bird and Swanback were sleeping. Bird was facing the murderer with eyes in which horror was superseding the bewilderment of slumber suddenly disturbed.

Cullen, giant that he was, was an arrant coward. He couldn't kill even a boy while that boy faced him. He dropped the axe and commenced to blubber.

'They driv' me to it, John,' he snuffed, 'they jest driv' me right to it chasin' me with warrants and sech like. They want to put me in jail and break up my springs work, that's what they wanted to do.'

Bird's voice quavered with fright, but he affected to his side with the murderer. He told him he had done just right in killing the men. In his mortal fear that the giant would suddenly decide to slay him and his companion for the sake of covering up the crime he never let his eyes fall from the face of Cullen. Cullen decided

that he would burn the bodies. He made the boys assist him in his grisly task. A huge fire was built out of doors and the bodies were carried out and thrown upon the pyre. Daylight was streaking the east before the hideous work had been accomplished.

Then Bird and Swanback argued long with the man. They wanted him to allow them to go home. Suspiciously he eyed them and pondered. He kept insisting that if he allowed them to go they would 'blow on him.' They protested they would do nothing of the sort. They explained that if they didn't get home that day their folks would become suspicious and come to the camp for them. At last Cullen grudgingly allowed them to leave. The moment they out of sight of the camp down the wood road Bird whispered to Swanback, 'Now run for your life. The minute we are gone I bet he'll be sorry that he left us off.' So they ran like deer.

It developed afterward that Cullen came raging through the wood after them with all the speed of his long legs. He repented of letting them go. The vacillating mind in his huge bulk had been controlled by them so long as they were present, but once they had departed he was after them with the bloody axe. The boys were just five minutes ahead of him at the Mapleton main road. They hurried along and notified the farmers.

Cullen's house was near the place where they came out of the woods. His mother and his wife lived there. Cullen crouched behind a woodpile for a few moments and his wife came along the road going to a neighbor's. She was confronted by her husband, who rose from behind the woodpile.

'Why, Jim,' said she, 'Gran Hayden is after you to arrest you. He went past here yesterday afternoon.'

'I don't care for 'Gran Hayden nor any one else,' said he with a snarl. 'I've killed Gan Hayden and now I'm going to kill you and the young one and that—' naming a neighbor of whom he had been jealous on account of attentions shown to his wife.

The woman saw that his appearance boded trouble.

'Run for the house, Jim,' she shouted. 'I hear them coming.'

Cullen was even then advancing towards her with the axe. But at her cry all his cowardice returned. He dropped the weapon and hastened to the house. His mother was washing dishes at the sink. His little son was playing on the floor. As Cullen entered he picked up the child and raised it above his head with a menacing motion as though to dash it on the floor. The grandmother turned and faced him.

'Set that boy down and behave yourself,' she snapped.

Again the big coward subsided. A moment later a murmur of voices sounded in the distance. Cullen looked out of the window. Afar down the road came tramping along a group of men. Some of them bore scythes and some carried guns and axes. They had grabbed whatever weapons were handy and were on a man hunt.

'Run down cellar, Jim,' cried his mother. The cellar of the house was merely a dark hole in the ground with a ladder leading down into it. Cullen disappeared.

When the men entered, the spokesman stamped the snow off his feet and said, 'Mia' Cullen, where's Jim? Is he here? Is he down cellar?'

'I hain't got nothin' to say,' said the woman, without turning her head.

'Boys, he's down cellar here,' declared the spokesman. 'We saw his tracks leadin' right here to the door.' He raised his voice. 'Jim Cullen, come up. If ye don't we'll commence firing through this floor and we'll have ye if we make it look like a pepper box top.'

There was a long silence. The man shouted again. 'We commence shooting when I count ten.'

In muffled tones from below came Cullen's quavering query. 'Will ye use me like a man if I come up?'

'We'll use you like a man, Jim,' was the response.

In a moment the trap door was pushed aside and the hairy hands appeared grasping the edges of the hole. Then into the light came the giant blinking after his confinement in the darkness. Immediately a man named Dudley stepped forward and making as though to shake hands with the man seized his great fist and drew it behind the prisoner's back. The other hand was drawn back without protest on the

part of Cullen and he was pinioned. His hands were never unloosed. He died that way.

Cullen was at once taken to the only store in the place. There he was tied to the central post in the space between the counters and given a salt box to sit upon. Crowds came and pressed into the room. Cullen sat with his cap upon his head, his face on his breast and the perspiration streaming down into his beard. Thus he crouched until evening. The crowds increased. The people from Presque Isle rode out that way. They came by the hundred. There were whispirings and plottings. Gran Hayden had many friends in the village—Jim Cullen not one.

Hayden's brother frothed and screamed when the news came to him. He clamored to be allowed to get at the murderer. They set men to watch him and keep him in Presque Isle. But he escaped them and all at once he appeared, wild eyed and haggard in the centre of the throng that was pressing in the hot little store. The people instinctively separated. They expected that the brother would not only immediately kill Cullen but any one who interposed between him and his vengeance. The brother walked up to the cowering giant and grated between his teeth after an awful hush. 'Darn your measly soul, I've got a good mind to kick you till you're cross-eyed.' Nothing more—not even a move to strike the pinioned giant.

That was about the only humorous feature that was connected with that grim day and night.

Just at dusk a horseman arrived at the store. He came in and set tenderly down on the counter a handful of something tied up in a red handkerchief. 'Boys,' said he with a choke in his throat, 'boys, that's all that is left of Gran Hayden and his friend—jest what's in that hankcher there.'

A man stepped forward. He directed the eyes of the great giant to the pathetic little bundle.

'Jim Cullen,' said he, 'now say that ye're sorry ye done it.'

'I'm sorry,' said the murderer suddenly, 'I'm sorry that I didn't kill about half a dozen more of the mis'able critters here.'

There was silence at these words. The group stood and looked at him. One man without saying a word, took out his knife, cut twenty feet off a bundle of clothes line, took a cake of yellow soap out of the box near by and commenced soaping the line. Cullen looked on. The man sat right in front of Cullen so that he might look on. Cullen commenced to whistle. 'Stop that Cullen,' said a man sternly, 'or we'll tear you apart right here. Gran Hayden's ashes are lying over there.'

At 8 o'clock that night Cullen was tied to the bottom of Farmer Bull's wagon, and with a procession of teams following, was started for Presque Isle village. But it was well understood that he would never reach there. Ahead rode the horseman with the bag of ashes tied to his saddle bow.

At the brow of the great hill sloping to the eastward the birch growth was thick. Out of this growth, as the wagon drew abreast, stepped men who were masked with white cloth.

'We want the prisoner,' they said quietly. The constable who was in charge, made some protest. He was immediately hauled off the seat of the wagon and rolled in the snow.

A dozen men pitched themselves at the giant. He was yanked out of the farm wagon so ferociously that pieces of the boarding to which he was tied came with him. The next instant a rope was around his neck. He didn't touch the ground. A limb hung out over the road and the rope was thrown over that.

One hoarse voice shouted, 'Now damn ye, climb!' and up he went, then down chug! and then up again. There was he left swinging till the next morning.

He lay in a vacant Presque Isle store all the next day. Throgs flocked past to look on him and execrate him. No woman in Presque Isle would make his shroud. A grim joker sewed up one out of sackcloth. Cullen was poked in a rough box and was buried in a swamp on the outskirts of the village.

Some months later Prof. Luther C. Bateman, who years after was Populist candidate for governor of Maine, was in Presque Isle lecturing on phrenology. Some of his friends in the village told him that they ought to have Cullen's skull to add to his collection. With the man who buried the murderer the professor went at midnight into the swamp and dug up the remains out of the muck and water. The head was severed and the skull properly mounted. The groomsome trip was made at midnight because Cullen's brothers had sworn that they would shoot the man who interfered with the body.

Some years later Prof. Bateman lectured in Presque Isle and had the skull displayed on his table. Cullen's son was in

the audience and at the close of the lecture came forward with the others and examined the grisly relic. The skull today is in Prof. Bateman's cabinet in Auburn.

A Story From Life.

SHOWING HOW SUFFERING CAN BE OVERCOME.

A Mill Operator Who Suffered From Kidney Trouble Spent Many Dollars in Useless Experiments to Restore His Health—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Acted Promptly and Effectively.

Good health is the chief requisite to happiness. Low spirits, moroseness and irritability can in most cases be traced to ill health, and in not a few instances are direct symptoms of kidney trouble. These, added to the severe pains in the back which accompany the disease make the life of the sufferer one of abject misery. One such sufferer was Mr. Darius Dean, of Jordan, Ont. Mr. Dean in an interview with a reporter recently gave his experience as follows:—"I am a saw and grist mill operator, and naturally a strong man; but the life of a miller is a hard one, with long hours of labor and frequent exposure. Some years ago as the result of this exposure I was afflicted with kidney trouble, and although I spent much money in various remedies I did not find a cure until I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the autumn of 1898 the trouble began to assume an aggravated form. I suffered from most severe pains in the back, and a feeling of drowsiness, and yet so severe was the pain that many a night I scarcely closed my eyes. My appetite was poor, I suffered from headaches, lost flesh, was miserable and wholly unfit for work. It was while in this condition that I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and procured three boxes. Before I had finished the third box I felt much better, and then I procured a half dozen boxes more. I used all these, but before they were all gone I felt that my health was fully restored. In the interval since then I have had just one slight return of the trouble, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills soon drove this out, and my health since has been the very best. I have gained much in weight, eat and sleep well and consider myself as healthy a person as there is in the county, and the credit for this I feel is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills increase the supply and richness of the blood, and in this way cure physical and functional weaknesses. Most other medicines simply act upon the symptoms of the disease, when the medicine is discontinued the patient is soon as wretched as ever. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will go directly to the trouble and cure to stay cured. Hence it is unwise to waste money in experiments with other medicine. These pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MONEY OF CHINA.

Finances of Whole Empire Based on a Queer Looking Copper Coin.

'China is full of mysteries,' said the chief clerk of a New Orleans steamship agency to a newspaper reporter, chatting after business hours the other day, 'but the greatest of all is money. I was stationed at Hongkong during the larger part of '98 as assistant manager for the principal German export house in the city, and I made a desperate effort to master the intricacies of native finances, but I never entirely succeeded. Whenever I thought I had grasped the subject, some new complication would arise and leave me worse muddled than ever. To begin with, the finances of the whole empire are based on the queer looking copper coin with a square hole in the centre, known as a 'cash.' It is the only recognized legal tender; all taxes are assessed in it and the great majority of big business deals with Chinese merchants are first figured out in that medium. For convenience they are generally strung through the centre in bunches of 300. I was in China for over nine months and never found out exactly what a cash was worth. Most Americans over there have a misty idea that they ran about a bushel to the dollar, but while that isn't very far from the truth, the estimate is hardly accurate enough for commercial purposes. The official value of the coin is about 1,200 to the silver tael, or Chinese ounce, but the real value depends on circumstances. Every province mints taels and they range all the way from 40 to 80 cents, according to the amount of pot metal the director is in the habit of mixing with his silver. And that isn't all. While I was in Hongkong the American copper trust began to get in its work and pretty soon some of the cash were worth more silver metal than as money. I say 'some,' because, the confounded things vary in size. The ones coined back in '60 and '70, for instance, are nearly eight times as big as those struck off in '95 and, by making every issue different and then working the copper market up and down, the viceroys have been getting rich for years. On the particular occasion to which I refer all the largest cash were promptly melted and sold for junk.'

Wife—I made you what you are, John. Husband—No, I was a woman hater before I married you.

FLASHES OF FUN.

The man looked up and saw 'Exit' on the door.

'Well,' he mused, 'that let's me out.'

'Can I see your father, Jimmie?' 'I don't believe you can. He's just had an argument with me, and he looks pretty small.'

'So the surgeon has agreed to take part in the amateur minstrel. What is his speciality?' 'Bones.'

Hungry Hooley—How d'yer feel, old chippie?

Hungry Eagan—Like a meal ticket with every meal punched out.

'So you saw 'L'Algon' Did Sarah make you weep?'

'No. I did my weeping at the box office when I bought my tickets.'

She spends a good deal in charity work, I am told.

'Oh, yes, indeed! It was only the other day she paid \$150 for a slumming gown!'

Dorothy (for the first time combing her grandmother's hair, astonished at its coming out so freely) I—I guess I'd better stop grandma; your head is all unraveling.

Mrs. Niblick—I see they are compelling everybody in New York to be vaccinated. Mr. Niblick—Poor chaps! That's the only trouble with golf. You can't play with one hand.

Wife—You weren't sober last night. Husband—How do you know?

Wife—Well, you looked at me when you came in and said you never knew I had a twin sister.

'They say that Lawyer Pailbin, the new district attorney of New York, is full of fire.'

'Well, his name would indicate that he meant to have plenty of fuel.'

Milk Bottle—Hello! what are you doing?

Barrel of Cider—I'm working.

Milk Bottle—What for?

Barrel of Cider—For mother.

Husband—Aren't you going to church today?

Wife—No. I am not feeling well.

Husband—Then call a messenger boy and send him. The family must be represented.

Hunter (in Adirondacks)—I want the very best guide to be had!

Guide—Waal, I don't wenter brag, Mister, but I've been took for a caribou time an' again by hunters with only three or four drinks in 'em!

Reuben—No use of talkin', times hain't so good as they were a year ago.

Abner—That's right. The storekeeper down ter the Corners says there's over twice as many whittlings left on his floor each night as there was durin' the correspondin' time of last year.

It was suggested to the great man that he ought to feel flattered to know that his fame was such that a cigar had been named after him, but he shook his head doubtfully. 'How can I be sure,' he asked, 'that the apparent honor is not to be construed as an intimation that I ought to be cremated.'

'It's dreadfully queer,' said the housewife, 'that the potatoes you bring should be so much bigger at the top of the sack than they are at the bottom.'

'Mias,' said the honest farmer, 'it comes about this way. Potatoes is growin' so fast just now that by the time I get a sack full the last ones is ever so much bigger than the first ones.'

'I'm sorry I didn't go to that bargain sale,' remarked the soprano. 'I understand some very lovely things went for a song.'

'That's so, dear,' replied the contralto, 'but do you think any of your notes would be high enough?'

'Little Willie—This paper says that Mr. Hamlet Smithers received an ovation. What does that mean?'

Father—The word ovation, my son is derived from the Latin ova, which means an egg. Ovation means a shower of eggs.

The man who knows many things was instructing the new and verdant stenographer as to the use of various office appliances and finally introduced her to the speaking tube.

'Now, see,' said the man; 'you put one tube to your ear and the other to your mouth, then whistle.'

'Into which do I whistle?' asked the guileless stenographer.

'Heavens!' cried the man, 'which one do you suppose you whistle in, the one at your mouth?'

'That was what I wanted to know,' said the stenographer; 'for I whistle as I sing, entirely by ear.'

IT'S MIRACULOUS.

Catarrh, Colds, and Headache Can be Relieved in 10 Minutes and Cured. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is a Wonder Worker.

"I had Catarrh for 1 year." "I had Catarrh for 2 years." "I had Catarrh for 5 years." "I had Catarrh for 20 years." "I had Catarrh for 50 years" and Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me. These are sentences from the volumes and volumes of testimony for this great catarrh cure, not mythical patients, but words from men and women all over the continent who have been cured. It relieves Colds and Headache, due to Catarrh, in 10 minutes.