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Fredericton Nov. 16th, 1891.

GEO. L. WILSON,
Barrister, Notary Public, etc.

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Queen St. Fredericton, N. B.
March 4, 1895.

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10.30 A. M.—Week days for Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points east.

3.00 P. M.—Week days for Fredericton Junction and St. John, Yancocho, Montreal and the West, via the Short Line; Bangor, Portland, Boston, etc.

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ST. JOHN, N. B.

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THE ROW COST FOUR LIVES.

Result of a Row that Desperado Started.

Four lives is what a row cost in Trigg county, Kentucky, the other night, near a small place called Higgins Landing. The tragedies were caused by Abithah Colston, an ex-convict and desperado, who was himself one of the victims.

He had recently been released from the penitentiary, where he had served seven years for killing a farmer, John Crump, on the edge of the Tennessee and Kentucky line. Colston was a quarrelsome man, and soon after his return was involved in rows with his neighbors. On the afternoon of the tragedy he appeared at Higgins Landing armed with a double-barreled shotgun.

John Rhodes, who had before incurred the ill will of Colston, came up in time to be used as a mark for the ex-convict's lead. They quarrelled and then began fighting.

Rhodes was getting the better of the rough and tumble match, and Colston finally broke away, snatched up the gun, and shot his antagonist down. The wound was fatal, and Rhodes fell to the ground.

Colston went to a saloon near by, but returned in a few minutes, and was greatly enraged to find that Hammond bringing a drink to his victim, who was still alive and begging for water. Hammond was a friend of Rhodes, and angrily threatened the ex-convict with arrest and hanging.

Colston did not reply, but finally raised his gun and fired at short range. Hammond was killed instantly. A dozen men had come up, but had not foreseen the second tragedy. They were armed, and Colston threatened to kill the first man who should molest him, and backed off slowly to get to a safe place and then broke into a run and escaped. He went only a short distance away to the house of Molly Smith, a woman of ill repute. She persuaded him to go with her, and the two went to the house of a farmer to ask him to hide the murderer. The farmer refused and drove them away with his gun.

They returned to the woman's house, a log cabin on the bank of a creek, but night the county was aroused and a lynch party was organized. They demanded Colston's surrender, but he would not give himself up and opened fire. None of the lynchers were hurt, but both Colston and the woman were shot down and killed. Their bodies were found the next morning. Both had been riddled with buckshot. Rhodes died the same night.

ECONOMY IN FEEDING HOGS.

Profit comes from both ends of a business: 1st, by keeping the cost of production at a minimum, and 2d, by exchanging produce for the greatest possible amount of return. One of the serious

BUCHANAN'S DEATH.

A GOOD VACATION ON \$10.

A Man who was an Amateur Tramp and Enjoyed His Experience in the Country.

A New York man who went west on a two months' vacation, and did it at a cost of only \$10, was telling his friends about it. He was particularly proud of the fact that he accomplished the feat without being obliged to beg, borrow or steal, or even do any work when he didn't feel like it.

"In the first place," he said, as he carefully rolled a cigarette between his palms, "a person would be more than foolish to think of undertaking such a tour unless he was able to rough it. Of course, this bars out invalids. Again, it would be very foolish for a person who has enough money to live comfortably in civilization to contemplate the journey. The reasons that made me take the step were: 1st, I wanted to see the world; 2nd, I found myself in the city, out of work and no immediate prospect of a job. Besides all these reasons, there was a longing in my heart, to see the green fields, and so I started. Summer had almost set in, and I found a piece of soap, a razor, a comb, some ground coffee in a tin cup that had a tight-fitting cover, and a large Sunday edition of a daily paper, which was both a luxury and a necessity.

It was about 11 o'clock one night that I left my room in a rough, strong winter suit, a soft felt hat and a fannel shirt. I went up to Fifty-ninth street and turned down toward the river until I came to Eleventh avenue. Climbing into an empty wagon I possessed my soul in peace for an hour or so, and then I found myself in the city, out of work and no immediate prospect of a job. Besides all these reasons, there was a longing in my heart, to see the green fields, and so I started. Summer had almost set in, and I found a piece of soap, a razor, a comb, some ground coffee in a tin cup that had a tight-fitting cover, and a large Sunday edition of a daily paper, which was both a luxury and a necessity.

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Maud Huntington Booth, Effie Adelaide Rowlands, Martin Hunter, John Jerome, Ruth Raymond, George Meredith, Mary Kyle Dallas, George Elshelber Walsh and others.

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With two electric contacts, consuming not over a minute, Dr. Buchanan was put to death in Sing Sing prison on the 10th inst., just before noon. Like all the others who have preceded him, he went to death calmly and did not say a word in the death chamber. The only appearance of fright or weakness was the fact that he closed his eyes when he entered and did not open them again. Two contacts were made, but all the physicians and electricians claim that the second contact was merely precautionary, and that the victim died instantly. There were no burns and no unpleasant features, and every physician present declared the execution a success. The body had been claimed by friends, and the case will go down into history as a cause célèbre.

Seldom, if ever before in the history of criminal procedure in this country, has there been such a determined and untiring legal fight made to save or prolong the life of a condemned murderer, as that which has been made in behalf of Dr. Robert W. Buchanan, the convicted wife poisoner. Buchanan has practically been on the threshold of death no less than three times since he was sentenced. On two of these occasions his life was prolonged by the clemency of Gov. Morton, and the other respite was due to legal technicalities. It was a very early hour on the morning of the execution when a messenger arrived at the prison with the opinion of the Attorney General, to the effect that the warden would not be in the prison when the execution was to take place. In the case of Dr. Buchanan, as Buchanan sat on the edge of the iron cot in his shirt sleeves, he could hear the guards in the death house arranging the room and electrician David getting his wires ready. This made him nervous, and he paced up and down the cell, chewing, sighing and talking to himself occasionally. His nervousness increased as the minutes went by, until at last Warden Sage entered the death house.

Early on the morning of the execution, Mr. Buchanan, who had served seven years for the murder of his wife, was ordered to induce Gov. Morton to commute his husband's sentence to life imprisonment. Shortly after five she was driven to Ellerie. Mr. Morton was in bed, but on being informed of Mrs. Buchanan's presence, arose, and before six o'clock met her in his library. The woman sank on her knees before the Governor and pleaded for her husband's life, though her grief almost prevented her from speaking. Gov. Morton was moved by her woman's pleadings, and tears rolled down his eyes as he lifted her to her feet and told her that he could not grant her request. Mrs. Buchanan left Ellerie and took the eight o'clock train for Sing Sing in order to see her husband for the last time alive. When she arrived at Sing Sing, Warden Sage sent word that she could not see the prisoner as he was all ready for the fatal shot.

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