

Horrible Crime Brings Swift Punishment.

NEGRO RAPEIST SHOT TO DEATH WHILE ATTEMPTING TO ESCAPE

Discovered in Hiding By Two Small Boys, He Comes Out and Runs For His Life

FATALLY WOUNDED BY A RIFLE SHOT

—A PISTOL BULLET STOPS HIS COURSE

Body Swung From South Marshfield
Bridge—Coroner's Jury Finds
No Crime Has Been
Committed.

From Thursday's Daily.

Alonzo Tucker, a negro, was arrested shortly before noon yesterday, on a charge of having committed the crime of rape upon the person of Mrs. Ben. Dennis, of Libby.

The information was telephoned to Marshal Carter, with the request that he intercept Tucker, who was said to be on his way to Marshfield, and place him under arrest. The marshal had seen Tucker coming into town a few minutes before, and had no trouble locating his man and landing him in jail.

Mr. and Mrs. Dennis came to the Bay the latter part of last year. They lived for a while in Marshfield, where Mr. Dennis worked as a painter. Last spring they moved to Libby, where he had obtained employment in the mine. They have two children, and those who know them speak in the highest terms of Mrs. Dennis.

Tucker has been on the Bay for some time. He worked at Libby and afterward came to Marshfield where he blacked boots in a local barbershop. He professes to be a prize-fighter and recently opened a "School of Physical Culture" in the building formerly occupied by the Y. M. C. A.

Various stories of the outrage were current on the street, but the facts as stated by Deputy Prosecuting Attorney Farrin, who visited Libby in the afternoon and talked with the woman, is that Mrs. Dennis had been in Marshfield and started home about 10 a. m. When she reached a point on the wagon road not far beyond the I. O. O. F. cemetery, the Negro emerged from the brush. He seized her and placed his hands over her mouth to stifle her cries. Carrying her into the bushes he choked her into submission and accomplished his purpose.

He then left her and started toward Marshfield. She made her way as quickly as possible to her home at Libby

where she reported what had occurred.

One story is that Dr. Tower overtook her on the road out and took her to Libby in his buggy.

The village was soon aroused, and P. Hennessey and Alf Nichols at once armed themselves and started out after the black fiend, arriving in Marshfield but a short time after he did. They said the lady positively recognized her assailant, and that there could be no mistake as to his identity.

There was naturally much talk on the streets of making short work of the perpetrator of this crime, and the opinion was freely expressed that a crowd would be down from Libby last night to take vengeance on the perpetrator of this dastardly outrage.

As night approached it was reported that a crowd of armed miners were collected out at the railroad depot apparently waiting for night to come.

Just at dusk they came in about one hundred strong, and a large number of them armed with rifles. They marched down Front street and out to the jail, which is located on the wharf back of the engine house.

The miners were evidently bent on doing business. They made no unnecessary noise but went swiftly and silently to their objective point. The floating population of Front street went with them.

Arriving at the jail, it was soon discovered to be empty, and the crowd fell into confusion. Then the word was passed that the Negro was loose in the immediate vicinity and there was a scattering of the party in search of him.

The disappearance of Tucker was accounted for by Marshal Carter and Constable Sunderland in this way: A few moments before the mob reached the jail warning was brought that they were coming. This was sooner than the officers expected any trouble, and they were not prepared. They at once took Tucker from the jail and ran him across to the boat slip back of the I. O. O. F. building, where they expected to find a boat in which to take him out on the bay or "to Empire." Carter was ahead with the Negro while Sunderland brought up in the rear. Reaching the

slip, they saw that no boat was there. Then Tucker gave Carter a push and sprang to the mudflat under the wharf it being low tide.

By this time the mob was on hand, and to them Marshal Carter confided his troubles. Search under the wharf showed tracks in the mud. These were traced to a point back of the O'Connell hardware store, where the trail was lost.

No further trace of the fugitive could be discovered and matters were fairly quiet until just before ten o'clock, when watchers on the wharf discovered a boat two-thirds across the bay toward the East Marshfield wharf and apparently heading in that direction. The boat could be plainly seen in the moonlight but no occupant was visible.

Repeated hails bringing no response a fusillade of rifle shots at once commenced and was kept up for several minutes, probably a hundred shots being fired at the boat.

Then a boat load of men put out from the dock and made its way across to where the suspected craft was still floating peacefully upward with the flood. They overhauled the stranger and passed around it, and then a still small voice wafted back the tidings: "He aint here."

As this paper goes to press the wharf is guarded and the search is being prosecuted by the miners, who are determined that the black fiend shall not go unpunished.

From Friday's Daily.

Within 24 hours of the time when the Negro, Alonzo Tucker, committed a criminal assault on the white woman, Mrs. Ben Dennis, his lifeless body was dangling at the end of a rope from the bridge leading out from South Marshfield.

Events had moved swiftly for the black fiend in the mean time. He had been arrested and placed in jail, made his escape from the officers with a mob at his heels, had spent the night under the wharves, had heard a couple of hundred shots fired over his head at a boat in which he was suspected to be attempting his escape, had been discovered in his hiding place, had come out and made run for his life, had been shot down and carted to the spot where his body was left hanging.

To take up the story where yesterday's paper stopped, the night passed quietly

after the incident of the empty boat. It seems that the search under the dock was discontinued at that time and the avengers devoted their attention to keeping a strict guard on all possible avenues of escape. They were confident that the negro was still in hiding under some of the buildings along the water front, and they patiently waited for daylight, confident that their prey could not elude them.

After daylight the search was resumed, but was unsuccessful until about nine o'clock. Then two small boys Shirley Prentiss and Madoc Galovson discovered the fugitive under Dean & Co's. store, where he had crawled back on the ballast as far as he could get. When he found the boys had seen him, the Negro started for them with a threat to wring their necks. Fortunately for them he could only crawl, in the cramped space, and they were able to scramble out before he could reach them. The boys raised the alarm, and the Negro made his appearance immediately after they did.

He emerged at the south side of the warehouse and started around the south east corner. Several men were on the corner of the wharf behind him and one fired a shot which passed through the Negro's right leg about half way between the knee and the hip, severing the large artery and inflicting a wound from which, the doctors testify, death must have resulted in about ten minutes, but which did not stop the fugitive.

He ran across from the warehouse with the evident intention of going west on A street. Seeing guards in that direction, he then turned north and started down Front street. He was running easily with his arms at his sides, as if taking his exercise.

When the fugitive was nearly in front of Dean & Co's. store, he staggered and threw up his hands but did not fall. Turning, he ran in at the front door of the store. Seeing Elijah Lewis in the store, Tucker again threw up his hands and ejaculated, "Oh Lord, have mercy."

He then ran through the opening into the side wareroom and to the back door opening upon the wharf. Seeing armed men closing in from that direction, he passed through the small door into the main store and started up the stairs, leading to the second story. When half way up one of his pursuers armed with a revolver reached the foot of the stairs. He called on the fleeing man to stop but the warning was unheeded, and just as Tucker reached the head of the stairs his pursuer fired. The Negro reeled and

fell headlong through a door which led into the loft over the ware room.

This shot was from a 38 caliber revolver and took effect in the back. It lodged against and broke a rib, and while the wound in itself would not have been fatal, the shock and impact of the bullet was enough to stop the action of the heart, already about to collapse from an immense loss of blood.

Several men reached him a moment later and found him stretched upon his back, as if dead. He was not dead, however, as he had life enough to make some resistance when he was dragged to the wide back door of the loft from which he was lowered on a rope to the wharf below.

Here a rope was placed around his neck, and loading him upon a store truck the crowd started with him for the scene of his crime.

Before the outskirts of town were reached, however, he was discovered to be dead, and when the bridge leading from South Marshfield toward the cemetery was reached, the rope which was already around his neck, was tied to a timber of the bridge and the body was pushed over the side and left hanging about six feet below the roadway. This was a few minutes before ten o'clock.

The crowd which witnessed the last act of the tragedy is estimated at about three hundred. They were quiet and orderly, and it is safe to say that no such lawless proceeding was ever conducted with less unnecessary disturbance of the peace.

Coroner Horsfall being notified proceeded to the scene and impaneled a jury for the inquest. At 1.35 p. m. the body was cut down and brought into town, where it was taken to the room where the dead pugilist had been conducting a school of physical culture, where the inquest was held.

The coronor's jury consisted of the following well-known and responsible citizens: W. B. Curtis, foreman, R. Walter, Dr. A. B. Prentiss, Chas. Stauff, A. C. Kruse and J. W. Fianagan.

Examination of the body showed only the two wounds mentioned above. Doctors McCormac and Gross testified that the wound in the leg was sufficient to cause death in a very limited time.

Dr. McCormac had met and joined the crowd as they carted the Negro out of town and had examined him before the hanging and he stated positively that the man was unquestionably dead before he was swung off the bridge.

Some other witnesses were examined but no evidence as to the identity of the parties responsible for the death of the Negro fiend was elicited.

It was shown in evidence that the Negro was a fugitive from justice, and that the shooting was undoubtedly done by parties who were assisting the officers in his re-capture.

The verdict of the jury was to the effect that the deceased came to his death by a gunshot wound in the thigh, inflicted while resisting arrest for a felony; that the persons who inflicted said wound were unknown to the jury; and that no crime was committed thereby.

This seems to settle the matter officially, so far as any complications are concerned, and it is not likely that any attempt will be made to go behind the verdict of the jury.