

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY

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WITH this number of McClure's Magazine we begin the publication of the confession of Harry Orchard. Orchard is the State's chief witness against the so-called "inner circle" of the Western Federation of Miners, composed, it is alleged, of Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone, and Simpkins. The trial comes as a climax to fifteen years of bitter conflict between labor and capital in Idaho and Colorado, — years marked by a long series of riotings and murders, including the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, for whose death the officers of the miners' union are placed on trial. Orchard confesses to eighteen of these murders, including that of the Ex-Governor, and in his confession implicates the four defendants. This is, therefore, the core of the great Idaho contest. Irrespective of its truth or its value as legal evidence, it is of great historical importance.

THE HISTORICAL SETTING

Orchard went to the Idaho mining district in 1896, and in 1899 joined the miners' union. He tells much intelligently and coherently about the Idaho labor war from that time on. For several years previously there had been frequent outbreaks of murder and lawlessness. These began in 1890, when the mines of the Coeur d'Alene district* were organized by agitators from Butte, and a savage campaign was begun to drive non-union men out of the district. The first of the more violent disorders occurred on July 11, 1892. Twelve hundred armed union men at that time attacked the concentrating mills of the Gem and Frisco mines in the town of Gem and blew up the latter, filled with non-union men, with dynamite. Three men on each side were killed in the fight, and only a miracle prevented the death of sixty more.

The non-union men, who numbered only two hundred, after several hours of fighting, surrendered and agreed to leave the section. The union men then filled the mill of the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine at Wardner with dynamite and gave the manager of the mine his choice of sending out his

* The Coeur d'Alenes are in a narrow slit in the empty hills of northern Idaho. In 1886 extensive lead and silver mines were found there; by 1890 it was one of the greatest mining sections of the country. It was immediately filled with miners — not of the type of the rough soldier of fortune who came in to the old-time gold field — but the hired workmen of corporations. Even more than in other mining-camps, society there slipped back into primitive and brutal conditions.

non-union workmen or losing his plant. He chose the former. On the next evening, when the unarmed non-union men were waiting to leave the district at a lonely steamboat landing at Mission, Idaho, they were attacked and robbed by a band of men composed partly of unionists and partly of roughs. Many of them were driven out into the woods, one man was shot through the body and barely escaped death, and it was asserted that several more were killed, cut open, and sunk in the Coeur d'Alene River.

On July 13, 1892, martial law was declared by Governor N. B. Willey, and about one thousand Federal troops were brought into the district. Martial law was kept in force until November 18th. During this time some three hundred and fifty union men were confined in an improvised prison at Wallace called the "bull pen."*

A few of the leaders in this 1892 trouble were punished with short sentences, the number including George A. Pettibone, who himself caused the destruction of the Frisco mill by sliding dynamite down the penstock.

It was as a result of this outbreak that the Western Federation of Miners came to be organized. The Federation was first formed at a meeting in Butte, Montana, May 15, 1893; but it is a matter of common knowledge that it had its inception in the Coeur d'Alene troubles, and its leaders have said publicly that it was first planned by men confined in jail at Boise for that outbreak. Since then this union has spread over the great mining states of the West, and although it contains less than forty thousand men in regular standing, it has been concerned in the most serious strikes in the history of the United States.

As soon as the Federal troops had retired, after the disturbances of 1892, the Union resumed the policy of driving out all non-union men from the district. Those who did not go were cruelly beaten or killed. At Wallace, on July 3, 1894, John Kneebone, † one of the principal witnesses against the union leaders in 1892, was shot down while at work in the Gem mill, by a party of forty masked men, and the superintendent and two other employees of this non-union mine were escorted out of

* The name "bull pen" was first given to the temporary prison for the rioters in the Coeur d'Alenes. Later it was applied generally to the prisons of all kinds used to imprison strikers.

† For years in the Coeur d'Alenes objectionable persons were notified to leave the district by threatening letters, signed "Kneebone."

the district. Four weeks after this event, the Gem and two other large mines gave up their fight with the unions and agreed to discharge all non-union men and never again employ them. All the mines in Gem and Burke were now union, and the union absolutely controlled the business and politics of those places. By 1898 the same conditions existed in Mullan.

The Bunker Hill & Sullivan mine in the town of Wardner, the largest single mine in the district, refused steadily to recognize the union, being practically the only mine which did so. On April 29, 1899, all of the union miners of the district came to Wardner in a body and wiped out this company's two hundred and fifty thousand dollar concentrator, with a charge of over two tons of dynamite. The mob killed two men — one union and one non-union. On May 3rd martial law was again declared in the Coeur d'Alenes, and five hundred Federal troops were brought in, the State militia being in the Philippines. For eighteen months the region was under martial law. Over seven hundred men were thrown into a "bull pen" at Wardner, and the miners' unions were practically driven out of the district. Steunenberg was Governor of Idaho at this time and was very active in suppressing the disorder. This outbreak is described clearly and adequately in the following instalment of Harry Orchard's autobiography. The next two instalments will take up the story of the labor troubles in Colorado.

THE MAN

The first emotion on seeing Harry Orchard is invariably astonishment. This is the confessed assassin of eighteen men. In appearance he is like nothing so much as your milkman — the round-headed, ruddy-faced, sandy-mustached milkman, with his good-natured diffidence, breaking easily into an ingenuous smile.

A year and a half ago, when he was first arrested, this man was clearly one of the most dangerous characters our civilization can produce. His face showed this more accurately than words. It possessed the characteristics of a clearly developed type — the nervous eyes, the compressed lips, and the hardened face muscles of the hunted beast we call the criminal. Immediately after his arrest Harry Orchard reached the great determining crisis in his life.

It is no permanent amusement to be a hunted beast, whatever may be the individual theory concerning the criminal. His face showed that. There was more than defiance and cunning about the muscles of that mouth; there was pain. On his arrest for the murder of Governor Steunenberg, Orchard believed that, if he would keep silence, he could never be convicted. This belief was undoubtedly justified. But his career had come to a culmination. The question raised itself if the whole game were worth while; if he cared to continue this existence of the damned. Under the suggestion of the master detective, McParland, he eased his tortured mind by confession, fell over from sheer weakness, and staggered back to his cell for his first sleep in over a week. Under the sympathy of Dean Hinks of Boise, — a man's man, and one of the noblest and most devoted Christian characters alive, — he returned to the simple faith of his childhood. In eighteen months the deep marks

cut in his face by the last decade of his life have gone like an evil mask.

It is difficult to believe in a transformation of this kind. The men who saw Orchard most — professional handlers of criminals — declined at first to do so. Gradually they have become convinced. No promises of clemency have been made to the man. He refuses absolutely to favor himself in the smallest detail of his story. His judgment of the men whom he accuses is much more lenient than that of any other person connected with the prosecution. He has turned to the task of assisting the State with the same unhesitating directness which made him the surest murderer of a generation. And every one who has seen him closely is now absolutely convinced of his sincerity.

I have been for two weeks in constant personal communication with Orchard. He has impressed me, as he has practically every one who has observed him, with three things: — his absolute and level sanity, his extraordinary and detailed candor, and his utter vacancy of fear.

The man is about five feet seven — wide forehead, short nose, bright blue eyes that kindle quickly into a smile, and a mouth with possibilities of both humor and tenderness — though when closed, in the pictures of the time before he put on his mustache, it lies across his face like the straight gash of a knife. He comes toward you, across the ante-room of the penitentiary, — a round head, a deep, rounded barrel of a body, the kind that carries large, strong vital organs, balanced sturdily on short, stout legs — a most excellent and workmanlike human machine, with the power and directness of a little Orkney bull.

It is a wanton waste of good American time to discuss the question of Orchard's sanity — whoever or whatever was responsible for raising it. He is sane to the point of bleakness. It is a mind direct, practical, concrete, absolutely devoid of imagination. It is this last quality which accounts for the man's utter lack of fear.

The first inevitable repugnance to the acceptance of Orchard's story comes from the accepted conventional belief in the cowardice of the assassin. This particular feeling is entirely unjustified in this case. In fact, the active and successful assassin, working, as Orchard did, with high explosives and firearms, planning his "get away" to avoid the safeguards and precautions of the big modern city, can scarcely be a physical coward. This man was from the first — from his varied and resourceful ventures in business and his burning of his factory, down to his readiness in exploding mines and transforming human beings into a pile of bleeding jelly — shrewd, self-reliant, direct. He is without the timid imagination of the ordinary man; these matters simply do not present themselves to him in terms of horror. He discusses his own death and preparations for it as impersonally as he would a problem in arithmetic. He followed his career of murder as practically as he had followed the plow. In another century — four hundred years ago — he might have been the invaluable instrument of some petty European sovereign as the most fearless and workmanlike of bravos.

Harry Orchard is an uneducated man. He has small power of generalization. But for the concrete he has a mind that is a marvel of accuracy. His memory has the sensitiveness and retentiveness

of a child's. It is a camera, which catches and holds every arrested detail of the actual scene, with all the fidelity of the instantaneous photograph. The relations and significance of these details in the picture of the whole must be brought out by other minds.

There is no question with those who are the most intimate associates of Harry Orchard of the sincerity of his change of purpose and of character. They believe, unreservedly, that this man, under the influence of a simple and unquestioning faith, has turned from a career of hideous crime to an unqualified devotion to truth; and upon this faith in his sincerity has been placed—first of all—the carrying foundation for the weight of one of the greatest criminal cases ever tried in the United States.

Finally, it is simply as a human document that Orchard's confession most deeply engages our interest. He tells a story of crime that is monstrous, staggering to the imagination, "so full of horror as to be unbelievable," as the Governor of Idaho said in his message to the present Legislature; yet his narrative must make an impression on the most skeptical, in its grasp, its continual calculated reference to easily tested data, and in the use of a strong memory that does not appear to remember too much; it seems on its face unimpeachable by any lesser genius than Defoe. Its defects of grammar and form are a part of the biographical value of such a record as this, and in this case its historical importance makes any corrections out of the question. We publish it as it was taken down from Orchard's lips by stenography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

MY EARLY LIFE IN ONTARIO



I WAS born in Northumberland County, Ontario, Canada, on the 18th of March, 1866. My father was born of English parents, and my mother of Irish. I was brought up on a farm and received a common school education, but as my parents were poor, I had to work as soon as I was old enough. I never advanced farther than the third grade. I was one of a family of eight children, consisting of six daughters and two sons.

While we were poor and had to work for a living, we always had plenty and dressed respectably. The country was prosperous, and poverty was a thing almost unheard of in the country at that time. Most everybody worked there at that time, either for themselves or for some one else, as the chief industry there was farming; and the people were happy and contented. The cost of living there then was much less than it is to-day, and the people dressed and lived much plainer than now.

I was brought up to love and fear God and to believe in a hereafter. My parents usually attended church, and I was sent to Sunday-school and church, and always had to observe the Sabbath, as there was no manner of work practised there on the Sabbath except chores about the farms that were necessary to be done. Most of the people in that section of the country belonged to some church and usually attended it on Sunday.

I was next to the oldest of our family, and my brother next to the youngest. We bought a small farm when I was about ten years old, and I and my sisters used to work and help father all we could, as we used to raise garden truck for market. I used to work on the farm summers and go to school winters. As soon as I was old enough, I used to work out for some close neighbor, sometimes by the day and sometimes by the month, but my parents always got the benefit of my work until I was past twenty years old. When working away from home, I always looked forward to Sunday, as I would have a chance to go home and spend the Sabbath with my folks; and they always looked for us on that day if we were away from home. It makes me feel sad now when I look back over those happy days and think especially of our dear loving mother and the anxiety she had for our welfare, and the many hard, weary days she toiled and worked and underwent many privations for us, as a loving mother will do for her family. We may not have had as nice clothes as some of our neighbors, but they were always clean and neatly mended. I always loved my mother very much and thought I was good to her, but I can look back now and see that I did not love her half as much as she did me, and I might have been much better to her. My dear mother is dead and gone many years ago, and I am glad in my heart on her account that she never lived to see me where I am to-day. My father also died since I left home.

When I was about twenty-one years old, I thought I ought to keep whatever money I earned myself, as my parents were not able to give me anything, and they did not object, so I worked away from home all the time then and saved all I earned. I had never been very far away from home and always worked on a farm. When I was twenty-two, I think, I went to Saginaw, Michigan, to work in the lumber woods, as wages were much more there.

I had been keeping company with a young lady at home and was engaged to be married. I went back home and went to work for a farmer I had worked for previous to going to Michigan. I had saved up a little money by this time and got married the next summer and went to keeping house a little time after.

My Wife and I Become Cheese-makers

My wife had worked in a cheese factory before we were married and learned how to make cheese, and as that was a great industry there and paid pretty well, we thought we would try to get a factory and try cheese-making. We had no money to buy a factory, but that winter we succeeded in renting one and moved there in the spring. The cheese-making was carried on only during the summer months, about six or seven months. We did not have any money left to start with, but got credit for what we needed and started out pretty well. It was an old factory we rented and pretty well run down, but we worked up a pretty good trade and had some good friends that helped us. Competition was keen, and a person had to understand the business perfectly to make a success. My wife understood it thoroughly, as she had learned with a man that was very successful, but I knew practically nothing about it. We did our own work at first and got along well, but I soon discovered there were many little tricks in the buying and many ways for the buyer to job the maker.

I will explain briefly how the cheese was mostly sold at that time. There would be a salesman for every factory, and they would meet at the most central city and had a regular cheese board of trade. The board met every week during the early summer, and after they had bought the cheese they would send out their inspectors to the factories they bought from. This would sometimes be several days after they had been

sold, and often the market fluctuated a good deal, and if it happened to fall during the time the inspector was inspecting the cheese, he often culled them and would leave some of them on your hands or would take them at a reduced price. A maker did not like to have it get out that his cheese had been culled. That would give him a bad reputation and hurt his trade. I did not know what to do at first when an inspector culled some of our cheese, but he told me if I would weigh the cheese and knock off a pound or so on a cheese and make out two invoices, give our treasurer the short one and send him the correct one and also a copy of the short one, that he would accept them and no one would be any the wiser. I at first thought there was no harm in this, but I kept it to myself; I do not think I even told my wife.

Sharp Practices in Cheese-making

It takes lots of patience to make cheese, and especially if a person is not particular in taking the milk. The patrons will not all take good care of their milk, and it often comes to the factory tainted with some bad smell, either from the cows eating something or drinking bad water, and it often comes from the milk being kept in some filthy place, and it takes lots of work and time to get this out of the curd, often all day and part of the night; whereas, if you had all good, pure milk you could get through in eight or nine hours; and I think after I had worked at the cheese-making awhile I was not as particular as my wife and often hurried it up to get done early. While we were bound to make a first-class cheese, we also had the patrons bound to furnish first-class milk, but we did not have them bound to send any at all if they did not see fit, and as I have stated, competition was very keen, and a good many of the patrons were so situated that they could send their milk to different factories, and if we would send it home and tell them it was not good, they would often do it, and we had to take a chance on lots of milk that we ought not, especially in hot weather.

This throwing in a few pounds of cheese to the buyer by making the short invoices would seem all right, but if you did much of this you would run the average away up, and it would take too much milk to make a pound of cheese. As it takes about ten pounds of milk to make a pound of cheese, we had to keep pretty close to this to compete



HARRY ORCHARD

From a photograph taken in January, 1906, shortly after his arrest for the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg

with other factories, and thus the only way to do this was to weigh the milk short. Still another difficulty confronted us, as a great many of the patrons weighed their milk at home, and if there was too much difference they would kick, and so the man that did not weigh his milk at home suffered the most. We could usually find this out through the man that hauled the milk. Our salesman and treasurer was on to all this, as he had been in the business a good while, and he said it was all right, and a maker hadn't ought to make up any deficiency at the price he got for making, and that they did not pay enough anyway. This man was a good friend of mine and helped me in many ways.

They used to most always contract the last two or three months' make about the middle of the season, and often the market would fall, and this worked a great hardship on the maker, as the buyers were more particular. The first year we made cheese they contracted the last three months' make, and the market fell afterwards, and they left

several hundred dollars' worth of cheese on our hands, and I sold them to the man I rented the factory from. He failed to pay all for them, and I had to borrow about four hundred dollars to make up this, and I never got it from him, as he had sold the factory and was not worth it. I never did get it. We bought the factory after that and stayed there four years.

I Begin to Live Beyond My Means

I just want to relate these circumstances to show the reader where I first fell and began to be dishonest. This was the first business I had done for myself, and I was handling quite a lot of money, and it was quite a change from working for somebody on a farm sixteen or seventeen hours a day for twelve to fifteen dollars a month. As long as I stayed home with my wife and worked in the factory, I was all right, but I thought I would keep a team of horses and haul a milk route and haul away the cheese to the depot, and hire a man or girl to work in the factory to help my wife when I was not there. Then I got to buying the whey at the factory and keeping hogs there and feeding them, and all this took me away from home more and more all the time, and took me to the city a good deal, where I met a different class of people from those I had been used to. I got to drinking some and spending a good deal of money and staying away from home longer than my business required, and I got mixed up in politics some, and to make a long story short, I got to living beyond my means and going in company that I was not able to keep up my end with. The patrons of our factory noticed this and talked a good deal about it, and I kept living a little faster all the time. My credit was good, and if I wanted money I could go to the bank and borrow it.

My wife did not like my being away from home so much, but she made no serious objection, but looked after things the best she could when I was not there. For that part, she would do it better than I, because she understood it better and was more particular, and if I had attended to my business and done my work and saved the money, we would have been all right and could have saved some money. But I could not stand prosperity, and kept good horses and rigs, and lived a pretty fast life and did not deal very honestly with the patrons.

Where I made the greatest mistake of my life was in not telling my wife anything about my business transactions, or very little, and I think this was the cause of our first estrangement. I did not keep this from my dear wife because I did not love her, but I knew if she knew about how I was doing the business she would not stand for it, and would wonder what I was doing with the money. If she asked me about something I did not want to tell her, I would either tell her a falsehood or put her off some other way, and I think the truth began to dawn upon her, and she got so she did not ask me anything much about business matters at all. I thought at the time I was only saving her pain. I knew I was doing wrong, but I kept doing more to cover up what I had done, and so it was I kept on. I did not drink to excess, nor did I seem to spend any great amount of money. We made pretty good money through the summer, but nothing in the winter, and as I kept two or three horses all the time and had to buy everything, the money got away, and after working there four years and selling the factory for about four hundred dollars more than we gave for it, I think I was some in debt yet, although most folks thought we had some money.

Our Patrons Become Dissatisfied

The way we came to sell the factory was like this: The patrons began to get dissatisfied, and the treasurer and salesman advised me to sell, and found a buyer for me, and no doubt it was a good thing for me.

We moved from Cramahe the spring of 1892, and went to make cheese for a company at Wooler near my home. There was not as much money in this as we had been making. We had more work to do in the factory, as there was more milk to handle. I was at home more here, and as we were amongst my own folks I tried to lead a better life. We had an uncle who was a preacher, and we were close to his church and usually went to church. I had many good Christian friends there that gave me good advice and tried to get me to lead a better life, and I did try, but to no purpose. I only tried to keep my wicked life away from my Christian friends, and I would make some excuse to get away from home as often as possible to the city or away hunting and fishing, any place to get away from home and have a little time, as we called it. We stayed there



HARRY ORCHARD

From a picture taken at the Boise Penitentiary, in May, 1907

three years, but the people did not like the way I lived, as most all the patrons were Christians, and my actions would get out.

I had some good friends that managed to keep the factory for me three years, but at the end of that time I lost it, and a friend of mine put up money to buy a factory at Hilton, and I was to manage it and pay him back. That winter I started to build a new factory a few miles from the one we bought, and this kept me away from home a good deal that winter. I stopped in a town called Brighton near where I was building the new factory. This was the beginning of my downfall. I boarded there with a man and became infatuated with his wife and she with me.

I finished this factory and moved there about the opening of the cheese-making season. There was a dear little girl born to us this spring, and thus my dear wife was no longer able to look after the cheese-making as she had formerly done, and I had to depend altogether on hired help. I rented a nice house in town shortly after our dear little girl was born, and lived there. I was

away from home most all the time now, and when I was not at the factory I was downtown. Our once happy home had lost all attractions for me now, and my dear wife would often complain and plead with me to stay at home, or at least to come home early. To make a long story short, I lived away beyond my means and was some in debt, and my credit was not so good, and as I neglected to look after the making of the cheese and depended all on hired help, they did not turn out any too good, and my chief prop was not able to look after this as she had formerly done.

I Burn My Factory for the Insurance and Leave the Country

But I managed all right until we had to settle up in the fall of 1895, and this woman and I had planned to run away together, and I had to have money to do this. I was all right at Hilton; but at Brighton I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars and was still in debt, and to cover up some other misrepresentations on the books, I burned the factory I had built and got the insurance. I had taken from five to six hundred dollars' worth of cheese from the storehouse at Brighton and sold it and kept the money. The factory was insured in my name and the cheese in the name of the company. In the fire everything was destroyed, and the account books of the company were destroyed, with the record of my debt in them. I paid up my debts with the insurance money, and had about four hundred dollars left, and I left there a month or so afterward, and this woman followed me a short time later and met me in Detroit, Michigan, and we went to Nelson, British Columbia. We stayed there three months or so, and I found out that she had written home and her folks knew where she was, and I bought her a ticket, and she went home, and I left there and came to Spokane, Washington. I did not hear from her after I came to Spokane, only in an indirect way. I wrote to a friend of mine about six months afterwards. He told me she was living with her husband again and everything was all fixed up. He also told me my wife had written to him and wanted to know if he knew where I was. He said she said some pretty hard things and said he thought it would not be best for me to come back there. I had no notion of going back, and did not let him know where I was.

I was a very miserable man and began to see the great mistake I had made, but did not know how to repair it. I thought my wife would never forgive me, and I made up my mind to begin life over again and forget the past, but alas, that was not so easy to do, but I thought that was all there was left for me to do, and I started in to do it.

I got a job up at Wallace, Idaho, driving a milk wagon for Markwell Brothers; and thought I would start over and save up some money and get in some business. I went under an assumed name (my real name was Albert E. Horsley), and worked steadily for a few months. I saved my money, and bought an interest in the Hercules Mine. It was only a prospect then. I bought one-sixteenth interest for five hundred dollars, and if I had kept it I would be worth probably five hundred thousand to-day. I worked on that milk wagon nearly a year, but the last few months I got to drinking and sporting around, and could not content my mind on anything, and tried to drown my sorrow in many evil ways, and kept going from bad to worse. I quit the milk wagon and bought a wood yard in Burke, the mining-camp I had sold milk in. I might have made good money had I attended to business, but I got to gambling and spent my money faster than I made it. I was pretty well acquainted there and had a good business; I worked hard all day, but stayed up at night until I spent what I made that day.

II

UNION RULE IN THE COEUR D'ALENE



I BOUGHT out the wood yard and one team at Burke, Idaho, early in the year 1897, and quit the employ of Markwell Brothers. I was well acquainted in the camp, having delivered the milk there nearly a year.

The Coeur d'Alene district is composed of the following towns and mining-camps, as they are called—this is one of the greatest silver and lead producing districts in this country: Wallace is the largest town in the district and a distributing point for the rest of the camps, also the county seat of Shoshone County; Gem, Mace, and Burke are all up Cañon Creek, Burke being the farthest up, and the end of the railroad being about six miles from Wallace. There are several large mines up this cañon.

Then Mullan is about ten miles up another cañon, and there are also several large mines up there. Wardner is about twelve miles down the Coeur d'Alene River, with several more large mines. Then Murray is about twenty-six miles from Wallace; this is mostly a gold-producing camp and is the oldest camp in the district. At the time I was there, there were about four or five hundred miners working in and around Burke.

I will endeavor as far as I know to give the past history and also the history during my stay there for the next three years or so. I do not know the past history only from hearsay, but as to the next three years or thereabouts, I will speak of what did actually happen.

The Outbreak of 1892

The miners up there seemed to be a pretty good lot of fellows and seemed to be worse to themselves than anybody else. The worst trouble with them was that they drank and gambled, and some of them neglected their families on this account.

There were six saloons in Burke, and they all ran gambling, and the other things that go with such places were there; there were no churches there. There were two general stores, drug-store and post-office. Most of the saloons kept some furnished rooms. There were also one or two restaurants there, and a big company boarding-house.

The men were well organized; I do not think there was a man working there that did not belong to the unions. The men working underground belonged to the Western Federation of Miners, and those working on the surface belonged to the Knights of Labor. They could transfer from one to the other. Of course, there were men working there that did not belong to the unions, such as held some official position connected with the mining companies. The unions would not admit these.

When I first came to work for Markwell Brothers, almost the first thing they asked me was if I belonged to any labor organization or had ever had any trouble with them. I told them I had never belonged to any nor ever had any trouble with any. Mr. Markwell then explained to me some of the conditions up at the mining-camps and told me of some of the former troubles they had had during the strike of 1892 and 1893. He said it nearly broke them up in business, as their

father had talked against the unions, and the only way they could settle it with the unions was to buy their father out and for him to leave the country, and the dairy was in the three brothers' names.

He told me something of that trouble, but I do not remember the cause, so I will not attempt to tell much about it. I know there was a fight up at Gem on the 11th of July, 1892, between union and non-union men; several men were killed, and the Frisco mill was blown up with dynamite and completely destroyed, and the non-union men were run out of the camp. The United States soldiers were brought there a little afterwards, and a great many of the men were arrested and thrown in the bull pen, and some were sent to the penitentiary, but they all were released in a short time. I do not know how this strike was settled, but the miners always claimed the victory and celebrated the 11th of July every year as long as I was there.

Mr. Markwell told me if any one up in the camps that I went to with milk was killed or run out of the camp, to say nothing about it, or at least not to express my opinion one way or the other. He said that was what got his father into trouble, as he openly condemned these depredations, and the unions boycotted them, and the best way was if anything like this happened to say nothing one way or the other. I thought this a queer condition of affairs at first, and began to think the stories told of the wild and woolly West were no dreams, and from time to time I heard of many such things that had taken place, but I said nothing about them to anybody except to Mr. Markwell.

The Killing of Whitney

They did not ask me to join the union while I was on the milk wagon, and I got along all right, but after I quit the milk wagon and went to Burke, I joined the Knights of Labor. There were some men run out of the camp while I was there, and one or two killed because they refused to go. I did not know who did this. The miners' unions were so strong that they weren't satisfied with only driving out the scabs, but they did the same thing with bosses or superintendents they did not like. For instance, there was the case of Mr. Whitney,* who was foreman of the Frisco mill. They sent a letter

* Frederick D. Whitney, shot December 23rd; died December 25, 1897.

to him and told him to leave the camp or he would suffer the consequences. Mr. Whitney answered that he would not leave, and a while after this a gang of masked men with Winchesters went to Mr. Whitney's room in Gem one night, a little before midnight, and started to drive him down the cañon. I talked with a woman who saw them taking him out. They came marching down the street at Gem under the bright electric lights, and when people began sticking their heads out of the windows, she said, these men with guns told them to go back in again or they would shoot them. They took Whitney down the railroad. A little way below Gem he tried to get away from them. There was some box-cars down there, and he thought if he could run back of these in the dark he could escape. But they shot him in the hip and left him there, and somebody else got him and took him down to the hospital at Wallace, and he died there a few days afterward when they were operating on him. Mr. Whitney's relatives were wealthy people, and they and the State offered seventeen thousand dollars reward for the men who shot him, but nothing ever came of it, and nobody was ever arrested, though a great many people must have known who did it. Nobody in Cañon Creek ever dared to testify about a thing like this. They knew if they did they would be killed themselves. You would hardly ever hear a man express his opinion unless he was drunk, and they generally expressed themselves as well pleased, and no doubt this was best for them.

There never seemed to be much exertion on the part of the officers to find out who did these things, especially if there was just some one run out of town. All the peace officers — the sheriff and constables and justices of the peace — were elected by the unions and were in with them. The miners made up their minds who they were going to nominate and vote for, and when they did this, they voted almost solid for their man. The peace officers, of course, always sided with the unions, and whenever a non-union man got into the camp and got beaten up and they took him before the justices of the peace, they would fine him or send him to jail. George A. Pettibone was justice of the peace at Gem back in 1892 and used to tell how he did this.

In the summer of 1898, I had to take in a partner. This was a Scotchman named James McAlpin. We were in partnership

until March, 1899. I stopped gambling and tried to straighten up. But I used up so much money paying off my old debts, that when we made a settlement, I found I had overdrawn my account several hundred dollars, and finally I offered to sell my share of the business to McAlpin for one hundred dollars in cash. He accepted this offer, and in this way I went out of business for myself.

The last of March, 1899, I got a job through Lewis Strow, a shift boss I knew well, as a "mucker" in the Tiger-Poorman mine — that is, I shoveled out the rock the miners blasted down in the stopes. I had to be transferred from the Knights of Labor to the miners' union, and then for the first time I became acquainted with the workings of this union as a member.

I Join the Western Federation of Miners

It has often been said that the Western Federation of Miners is an anarchist organization, but this is very wrong to speak of the organization as a whole this way, but I do believe, and in fact know, that the head men of this organization from the time it was first organized until the present time have been murderers and anarchists; that is some twelve or fifteen years ago, I do not know the exact time it was first organized. I can speak from my own personal knowledge of some of them for the last seven years, and they have told me many things that I know did happen that the head men that preceded them were responsible for, and it is true the head men of this organization have been anarchists ever since its first inception.

But I think I would be safe in saying that there is not over ten per cent of this organization that know their leaders are anarchists and murderers and are personally responsible for many murders and depredations that have been committed throughout the many mining-camps where they were organized. There is no doubt but a good many had a good idea where these things came from and also approved of them, but the great majority of them did not, especially when there was no trouble. A man never heard anything of these things in a union meeting, and during all the union meetings I ever attended I never saw nor heard any of the propositions mentioned except once, and that was a special meeting.

The Famous "Inner Circle"

The Western Federation of Miners is composed of a national president, secretary, and an executive board, of which the latter is made up of one representative from each district, who are elected at the regular annual convention. Each district also has what they call a district union made up of one representative from each union in the district. In some cases the local district unions used to be called the central unions.

The great majority of the union men pay their dues and let a few run the unions and know practically nothing of the workings, and a great many never attend the meetings without they are compelled to by a fine sometimes being imposed if they do not attend every so often. This, in my opinion, is just where union men make the great mistake. The rank and file takes no interest in the unions and let a few men run things to suit themselves. It was common talk almost from the first, in the Coeur d'Alenes, that there was an "inner circle," which ran the district. The "inner circle" was supposed to be a few men that were really back of the central union, and planned all the rough work, as they did in the Federation. George Pettibone was one of these when he was there in 1892, and later Ed Boyce and Lewis J. Simpkins and Marion W. Moor, who were in the "inner circle" of the Federation. I have no doubt they got their idea of the Federation from the Coeur d'Alenes, for the Federation started just after the first fight there in 1892, and a good many of the men in the Federation "inner circle" came from there.

The "Boyce Policy" and the Arming of the Unions

Ed Boyce, who was president of the Federation for a long while in its early years, had more to do with getting it started than any other man. He began the "Boyce policy"* soon after he was elected; that is,

* Ed Boyce, as president of the Western Federation of Miners, said in an address to its annual convention at Salt Lake City, May 10, 1897: "Every union should have a rifle club. I strongly advise you to provide every member with the latest improved rifle, which can be obtained from the factory at a nominal price. I entreat you to take action on this important question, so that in two years we can hear the inspiring music of the martial tread of 25,000 armed men in the ranks of labor. I would recommend the adoption of a new ritual. The Constitution (of the Western Federation of Miners) should also be amended so as to declare all members of the National Guard ineligible to membership, and withhold our patronage and assistance where any member of the National Guard is employed or admitted to membership."

This speech inaugurated what became known as the Boyce policy.

he advised that every union man should arm himself with a rifle, because they all might have to go out and fight the capitalists before long; and that nobody in the union should join the militia. The leaders of the different unions took this up, and I have heard it advised in unions time and time again by the officers that every union man should buy a good rifle and plenty of ammunition, for the time was coming when they would need it.

As a matter of fact, many of the men did arm themselves. I think there was quite a number of guns left over from the fight of 1892, and then I know there were some shipped in. George Pettibone has told me that he sent in rifles from Denver in 1899 for the union men. He sent a hundred of them in piano boxes, and ten thousand rounds of ammunition, and addressed it to Jim Young, who was sheriff at that time, and was in deep with the unions. Then, in 1897, the guns which belonged to the militia company that had disbanded as Mullan, were stolen one night by masked men. The union denied having done this, but a great many of the guns showed up in the hands of union men when we made our raid on the Bunker Hill & Sullivan Mill in Wardner. All these guns which the union men used were cached in places known to the union leaders, so that when the time came to use them they could be dug up and given to the men.

I had worked only a little over a month when the strike at Wardner broke out. Wardner, as I have stated, was down the cañon about twenty miles from Burke. They never had paid the same scale of wages there as they had up Cañon Creek, and had never recognized the union. Although there were a good many union men working there, the mines did not all recognize them, but the union men at Wardner thought they were strong enough to compel the mine operators to comply with their demands and recognize the union and pay the same wages the mines in the rest of the district did. I think myself this was a just demand as far as the wages were concerned, as these mines were the largest and richest in the district, but they did not do it, and in a few weeks the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, the largest mine there and employing from five to seven hundred men, and the one which the principal fight was being made on, was working again nearly full-handed, and the men kept breaking away from the union.

III

WE BLOW UP THE BUNKER HILL MINE



IN THE morning of the 29th of April, 1899, as I was going up to breakfast in Burke, Idaho, I was told there would be no work at any of the mines that day, and that there was going to be a meeting at the miners' union hall early that morning, and they wanted every one that belonged to attend.

After breakfast the union men began to gather at the hall, and it soon was crowded, and Paul Corcoran, the secretary of the Burke miners' union, called the meeting to order, and began to address it and to explain the object of the meeting at that unusual time. As he was the representative of the Central Union, he told the men at the meeting that the Central Union had held a meeting the night before at Gem and had decided to go to Wardner in a body that day and blow up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill or hang the superintendent or both. I am not quite sure whether he stated openly of the latter, but I know that was talked of through the crowd. He went on and explained the conditions of the strike at Wardner, and said the rest of the mines, besides the Bunker Hill & Sullivan, had temporarily granted the demands of the union and would abide permanently by whatever agreement was made with the Bunker Hill, but that that company had absolutely refused to grant the demands of the union and furthermore to have anything to do with the miners' union; that the union men at Wardner were breaking away from the union and going to work; and that other non-union men that had been driven out of the camp from time to time were coming back and going to work at the Bunker Hill, and that the Central Union had decided to go to Wardner that day in a body, drive the scabs from the mill, and blow it up, and put an end to the strike.

He went on and outlined the following program which had been agreed to by the Central Union: The Northern Pacific train left Wallace for Burke every morning about ten o'clock, and he said after the train left Wallace the wires would be cut so that the railroad officials could not find out anything that was going on up the cañon, and he said when the train arrived at Burke they wanted to be all ready, and five or six men would go out and take possession of the train and give the train crew orders to make up what empty

cars were needed and run down to Wardner. He said the Gem union would be ready when we arrived at Gem, and the Mullan unions would meet us at Wallace. He said it had been arranged to stop at the Frisco magazine, and it would be open, and we would load on what powder we wanted to blow up the mill. He said there was a militia company at Wardner guarding the mill, and he wanted everybody that had any firearms and ammunition to get them. He said they had some new rifles, and they would be distributed at Gem, and he thought we would have enough firearms to easily whip the militia company.

There were a good many that objected to such proceedings, and a lively discussion followed. During this discussion the president of the union came in and was very angry to think a meeting had been called without consulting him; he said he had not been notified and only just heard of it a little before and that by chance. The secretary said he had sent him word and thought he knew, as he said he had been up all night and notified all he could and told them to tell every one they could. After Mr. Devy, the president, learned the object of the meeting, he did not approve of the plan at all, and so expressed himself, as did many others, but Mr. Corcoran said it was the wish of the Central Union, and he believed it the best thing to do, and did not believe that anything would be done about it. He said the Governor would not do anything, because they owned him, as their district had voted solid for him and the Federal government would not do anything either, because they did not propose to interfere with the United States mail, as the train could go back to Wallace on time. That was as far as they carried the mail, as this was just a local train running between Burke and Wallace. Some thought differently and thought we would have the Federal troops there, and many remembered when they were there a few years before, and did not want them again. But it was finally left to a vote, the men dividing on either side of the hall and counting them that way, and it was carried by a very small majority to go to Wardner, and it was soon whispered around that any that did not go had better be going the other way.

I do believe a great many voted through fear, not having the moral courage to stand by their convictions, and one did not know

at first how the other would vote, and then the way the vote was taken, the men being divided on either side of the hall, there was not so much chance for him to change without everybody noticing it. After the vote was declared, I think nearly every union man in Burke made ready to go. Every one was supposed to get himself ready; he was to get a piece of white cotton and tie it around his arm, which would signify he belonged to the Burke union, and he was also supposed to get some kind of a mask to disguise himself.

The Run to Wardner

It is a peculiar thing to say, but when they were once started nobody seemed to think there was anything serious going to be done. I do not even remember how I voted in the hall. When the train arrived, a few masked men took possession of it and boarded the engine with rifles in hand, and the train was made up of box-cars, some flat bottom cars, and a passenger car or two and a baggage-coach, and the men boarded the train. Some were in the passenger coaches, and others on different parts of the train. I think everybody that rode in the passenger coaches paid the regular fare to Wallace.

At Wallace, James Young, the sheriff, and Tom Heney, a former sheriff and then a deputy sheriff, got on the train, and though I did not hear them, I was told they were advising the men on the way down to Wardner how to do the work and not get into trouble over it.

The train was stopped at the Frisco magazine about a mile from Gem, and about forty fifty-pound boxes of powder were loaded in a car, and the train then went down to Gem and stopped in front of the miners' union hall. A number of the Burke men got off the train and went into the hall, and some new rifles and ammunition were distributed amongst them. It was thought we did not take enough powder, and the train was backed up again to the magazine, and about as much more as we had taken first was loaded in the car with the first, and we ran back to Gem, stopped at the union hall, and the men from Gem boarded the train, and we ran on down to Wallace. The union men from Mullan and Murray joined us there and got on the train, and we switched over on the Oregon Railroad & Navigation track and ran on down to Wardner, stopping at the depot. There was a large crowd at the depot. The

sheriff got off in front of the crowd and demanded that the mob should disperse and go home. Everybody knew this was a bluff and that he really would make no attempt whatever to stop them, and there was some laughing and joking about it.

The men all got off the train except some that were left on the engine to see they did not run away and leave us. W. F. Davis, who was one of the heads of the Gem union, was in charge. The powder was unloaded, and armed guards were left to guard it, and the rest of the men were lined up in the following order: All men from Burke union with long guns were ordered to fall in line two and two. I do not remember in what order the other unions came, but all with long guns out of each union followed, and the others that had only six-shooters followed them, and there were a great number left that had no guns at all. I did not get into the line myself, as I waited at the depot restaurant to get something to eat. I only had a small revolver and wouldn't have been any particular use. After the crowd were all formed in line, there were twelve men sent around upon the hill above the mill as a skirmish line, to fire on the mill and see if they could draw any fire from it, as we supposed it was full of armed guards. The mill was about half a mile from the depot. These twelve men went up on the hill about two or three hundred yards above the mill and about the same distance from our men below in full sight of us, and when the signal from our leader was given for these men on the hill to fire on the mill, they did so. It seems our leader had not told all our men about the arrangements, for as soon as the men on the hill fired on the mill, a lot of our men fired on them and killed one of them before they could be stopped. This was a man named Smith. No one fired from the mill, and we found a couple of men there, a Scotchman named James Cheyne who was watchman at the mill and a man named Harris, who told us there was no one in the mill. So they got ready and began to take the powder up and put it in under the mill to blow it up. Eighty or ninety of us who were at the depot each took one of the fifty-pound boxes of dynamite and carried it on our shoulders down to the mill. I remember even then I didn't understand who those fellows on the hill were, and I said to Gus Peterson, who was carrying a box of dynamite beside me, "What do they let those scabs stay there

for? They will be shooting at us and blowing up this dynamite before we know it." Then we left the dynamite down there, and I stayed around near the mill.

Dynamiting the Bunker Hill Mine

While we were doing this, the crowd that had captured the two men shot Cheyne. I didn't see this, but as I heard it, somebody told them to hike and get out of the country, and they started to run away, and then somebody else began to holler, "scab, scab," and a lot of the fellows somewhere else hollered, "where, where, where," and began shooting at them. One of these men shot Cheyne in the hip and grazed the lip of Rogers, the other man. Rogers ran and got away, and a woman* came out and helped Cheyne and kept the men from killing him, but he died a day or two later in the hospital.

Meanwhile the men were putting the powder into the mill, with Davis in charge. There was about forty-five hundred pounds of this, and they planned it all out scientifically. The charges went off fifteen seconds apart and tore the whole thing all to pieces. Before touching it off, we set fire to all the other buildings, including a large boarding-house, the superintendent's residence, office, and some other buildings. We then boarded the train and started back home.

We all dispersed at Wallace. I think nearly everybody went back to their homes or where they had come from and went to work the next day as if nothing had happened. That evening I went back home and went to bed as usual without thinking much about it.

I worked in the mine for four or five days after this, and there were all kinds of stories coming in. It was reported that the Federal troops were being hurried from different points. At first we did not believe this, and the union leaders advised everybody to stand pat and not leave, as it was argued that they could not prove anything and therefore there was no danger of any one getting punished. The men soon began to leave when it was known for sure the troops were on the way, and the night before it was known for sure that some of them would be there the next day, the men were going in

* The woman who saved Cheyne from immediate death at the risk of her own life, was Mrs. Ida J. Sinclair of Wardner.

every direction all night, most of them going over the trail to Thompson Falls, Montana.

Arrival of the Federal Troops

I went down in the mine the next morning to work, and when I saw so few left, I had no heart to work, so I quit and got my time. I went to my room, packed up my trunk, and took it to a friend's house and left it there. I could not get my pay that day and was undecided what I would do, so I went up on the hill on the south side of the town, as most of the snow was off there, and it was warm. There were a good many up there in the same fix as I was, undecided what to do, and were waiting developments.

We did not have long to wait, for about three or four o'clock the train came creeping up the cañon loaded with Federal troops. We had made arrangements with a business man if it was safe for us to come down he would give us a certain signal from his residence, but we got no signal, and we could see for ourselves what they were doing. They were rounding the men up like a bunch of cattle and loading them in box-cars. There were some cabins scattered around on the mountain, and some had provisions in them, and some prospectors were working, and we all found places to stay that night. We sent two men down to the town after it got dark to find out what they could. They found the town all picketed with soldiers, but they managed to reach some of the houses and learned from the women that they had arrested every man in the place, business men and all, even to the post-master. I think there were about fifteen or twenty of us at one cabin that night, and after we found this out, part of us made up our minds we would leave the next morning for Thompson Falls. It was about forty miles over the mountains, and the snow was still deep in the mountains.

The next morning all backed out except two of us, so he and I started about five o'clock. We made good headway for three or four hours, and then the sun had thawed the snow, and we would sink away down into it, but we were going down hill then, as we had crossed the summit, and after we got down on the other side the snow was all gone. We got to Thompson Falls that night about ten o'clock and found a number there that we knew.



THE EXECUTIVE BOARD OF THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS, IN 1905

Reading from left to right: Ernest Mills, James Kirwan (present acting secretary), L. J. Simpkins, standing (now under indictment, but not in custody), Frank Schmelzer, Marion Moor, J. C. Williams, Charles H. Moyer (president, now under indictment), William D. Haywood (secretary-treasurer, now under indictment), D. J. Brown, and C. E. Mahoney (now acting president)

INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

BY GEORGE KIBBE TURNER

 FROM May, 1899, to July, 1902, Harry Orchard — like many of the union fugitives from the Coeur d'Alene mines — had a varied experience. He worked in different places in Utah, California, Arizona, Nevada, and southern Idaho; and, with characteristic enterprise and insouciance, he turned his hand to a variety of occupations, ranging from mining to driving milk wagons and taking wood-cutting contracts. The story of this period of his life will be told when his autobiography is published in book form.

In the meanwhile the Western Federation of Miners — wiped out of the Coeur d'Alenes — found its principal stronghold in Colorado. In 1901 its headquarters were moved from Butte, Montana, to Denver. In 1902 Ed Boyce, who had been president of the organization since 1896, resigned its leadership. W. D. Hayward, who was elected secretary-treasurer in 1901, and C. H. Moyer, who succeeded Boyce as president in 1902, have held it ever since.

For the ten years ending in 1904, Colorado had experienced an almost continuous series of strikes conducted by the Federation, starting soon after the formation of that body in 1893. All of these struggles were violent.

In February, 1894, when the Federation was being established in Cripple Creek, several of the large mines in that district attempted to reduce wages. The miners began a campaign of maltreating and driving out the non-union men, with whom the mines were being worked. The sheriff of the county, co-operating with the mine owners, swore in several hundred deputies to protect the mines. The miners, thoroughly armed, established a military camp on Bull Hill, took possession of a number of mines, and blew up the shaft house and machinery of the Strong mine with dynamite. The militia were called out, and a pitched battle between the strikers and deputies prevented by them, but only after one man had been killed and six wounded in a skirmish. A settlement favoring the strikers was finally arranged in June, Governor Davis E. Waite acting as the strikers' representative in making this.

In May, 1896, the Federation local union at

Leadville declared a strike to secure a raise in wages. The strikers armed themselves, large consignments of rifles being shipped to them. Their representatives, deputized by the sheriff, patrolled the district, which was practically under their control. No mines were started until August, when the Coronado and Emmet began work. Shortly after midnight on September 21st, a company of strikers attacked the Coronado mine, blew up an oil tank with dynamite, and burned the mine buildings. Three of the strikers — all Federation members — were killed by those defending the mine, and a member of the city fire department, who was endeavoring to put out the blaze, was shot and killed, after the mob had threatened the firemen with death if they tried to stop the fire. A few hours afterward the strikers attacked the Emmet mine, where another member of the Federation was killed. Governor A. W. McIntire immediately ordered in the militia, and peace was restored. By February, 1897, most of the union miners had returned to work on the mine owners' terms. The Federation has never gained a strong footing in Leadville since.

In May, 1901, the Federation local union at Telluride began a strike against the Smuggler-Union mine there. The management continued work with non-union men. On July 3rd two hundred and fifty armed men attacked this mine. One striker and two of the company's employees were killed, and six men were wounded. The non-union men surrendered on the promise of safety, but eighty-eight of them were maltreated and forced to walk out over the mountains by the strikers. One was beaten into insensibility, and another shot through both arms. Three days afterward the mine made an agreement with the strikers. On the evening of November 19, 1902, Arthur Collins, manager of the mine during the strike, was shot through a window of his residence and killed.

Orchard went to work at Cripple Creek in the summer of 1902. The next summer came the great culmination of the labor troubles in Colorado. Orchard tells the story of these, and his sensational connection with them, in the following instalment of his autobiography.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

I

I GO TO LIVE IN CRIPPLE CREEK

 ABOUT the middle of July, 1902, I left Salt Lake City with Arthur Dulan for Cripple Creek, Colorado. On arriving in the district I stopped at Victor first. I only stayed there a few days, and then went over to Independence, and Mr. Dulan introduced me to Minnie Neville, who ran a saloon. He was an

old miner, and got hurt by a man falling on him in a stope, and so had to stop work, and went into the saloon business. Mr. Neville was a liberal and good-hearted fellow. He and I got to be quite good friends, and I boarded with him quite a while.

I will give a little account of the Cripple Creek district and its surroundings. This was then the greatest gold-producing camp in the world. It is about one hundred miles from Denver,

* Begun in July, 1907

and about thirty miles from Colorado Springs. It has three different railroads running to it, one from Florence and two from Colorado Springs. The altitude is about ten thousand feet above sea level. The climate is mild, and there is very little snow in winter. The country is not rough like most mining-camps. It is a long way to bed-rock,—in some places nearly a hundred feet,—so it is a pretty hard place to prospect. I think the district has a population of about thirty thousand.

Cripple Creek is the largest town, and Victor next, and there are several other smaller towns. Goldfield, Independence, Altman, and Midway are on Bull Hill. Then Elkton and Anaconda lie between Victor and Cripple Creek, and Cameron lies on the north side, at the foot of Bull Hill. There is an electric car system all over the district, and you can ride from Cripple Creek to Victor for ten cents, and the cars run every half-hour. The steam roads also run suburban trains, so you can ride practically all over the district. It is more like living in a city than a mining-camp. They have a fine opera-house at Victor, and also one at Cripple Creek, and nearly all the good plays come there. There are good hotels. There are no company boarding-houses or stores. All work at the mines is eight hours. The wages run from three to four dollars per day, and without an exception this is the finest mining-camp to work at that there is in the country, if not in the world. I think they employ about six thousand miners. There are hardly any foreigners there, and no Chinamen at all.

Mr. Neville introduced me to some of the mine managers, and I got a job in a few days in the Trachyte mine. I had learned to mine pretty well by this time, and ran a machine drill. I worked at the Trachyte about four months, and then had a little trouble with the engineer and quit. I got a job right away at the Hull City mine. I worked in the Hull City altogether three or four months. Then I went over to the Vindicator No. 1 with Mr. Warren, the contractor I was working for at the Hull City. I worked for them till the strike in August, 1903.

When I was working here at the Vindicator I got to "high grading." Most of the miners were looking for high-grade ore or "glomings"—"something good for the vest pocket," they called it. The other ore they called "company ore." Most all the paying mines there had more or less "high grade" in bunches. Some places in the ore chutes you would find sylvanite that was almost pure gold. There was plenty of ore that would run two or three dollars a pound. There were two of us working

alone in the stope when I started. We would put high-grade screenings between our underclothes and pants legs, down where they were tucked into our shoes. I remember once of carrying out a little over fifty pounds stored away in my clothes. My partner said to me, if I fell down, I would not be able to get up again. Still, altogether, I did not get so much as many did. In all I must have made not to exceed five hundred dollars "high grading" while I was in Cripple Creek.

I believe there have been hundreds of thousands of dollars taken out of these mines this way. I know of one man that it was said made about twenty thousand dollars in two years, and smaller amounts are accredited to others. There was a superintendent at Independence that some of the miners have told me they stood in with, and had to divide up with. He was a gambling fiend, and used to lose twice as much as his salary was every month gambling. There were plenty of assayers that made a business of buying stolen ore. There were four assay shops in the little town of Independence, and besides the producing mines had their own assayers. These outside assayers were mostly all there to buy high-grade ore from the miners. The miner would steal it from the mine, and when he took it to the assayer to sell it, the assayer would steal about half of it from the miner, and the miner could not say anything, and the assayer knew this. The only thing he could do was to take it to another assayer, but I never found any difference. They were all alike, and had an understanding with each other, and they would all give about the same returns. They would buy anything that would run fifty cents or over a pound, and some would buy a lower grade. There were several of these assay offices blown up in Cripple Creek—once, I think, seven in one night. This was laid to the mine owners, and no doubt they had it done, thinking this would scare the assayers out, and the miners would have no place to sell the ore and would not steal it.* The mine owners used to watch pretty close, and in some mines made the miners change their clothes down to their underclothes at the mines, but there was always some way to get "high grade" out.

I worked around the mines on Bull Hill about a year before the strike, spending my money as fast as I earned it. I worked pretty steadily and got good wages—four dollars per day of eight hours most of the time, and the "high grade" on the side. Still I was a very unhappy man, and seemingly had no mind of my own and no purpose in life, and often wished I was

* It is generally believed in the Cripple Creek district that the mine owners did this—not finding any legal process through which they could reach these assayers.

dead, and often thought to end my miserable existence. I tried to be cheerful, and think perhaps I made a good showing on the outside, but if any human mortal could have read my inner thoughts as God can, they would have had a different story to tell.

I often drank to stop and deaden my thoughts, for sometimes my past life would rise up before me as fresh as though it was but a day ago, and, try as hard as I could, I could not get it out of my mind. I would think of my dear wife and little girl, and wonder if they were still living and how they were getting along. At such times I would go to the saloon and drink to drown the sorrow, as I thought I must forget that they were anything to me. I often thought I would take a trip back there and disguise myself and see what had become of them, but I never got started. I used to go out in company some, but never enjoyed myself.

I met a lady in Cripple Creek and kept company with her a short time that spring, and asked her to marry me, and she consented. She was a widow and was keeping house; her husband was killed in the mines there a few years before. Her name was Ida Toney. I saved up a little money, and we were married. I think this was in June. I did not mean anything wrong to her, and thought the past dead to me, and thought if I had some place I could call home I would be more contented. I was going under an assumed name, and it was about seven years since I had heard from home. I had never met any one I knew, and as I had changed a great deal during that time, I did not think any one would recognize me.

This was a good, true little woman, and while I might not have loved her as a man ought to love the woman he is going to make his wife, still I loved her as much as I could love any one, and thought enough of her to be good to her, and intended to take care of her well. I had worked about two months after we were married when the strike was called in August, 1903. In that short time after we were married, I had saved up a little money and bought some furniture, and had it almost paid for, and fixed up the house some. Mrs. Toney owned the house herself.

II

THE BIG STRIKE OF 1903

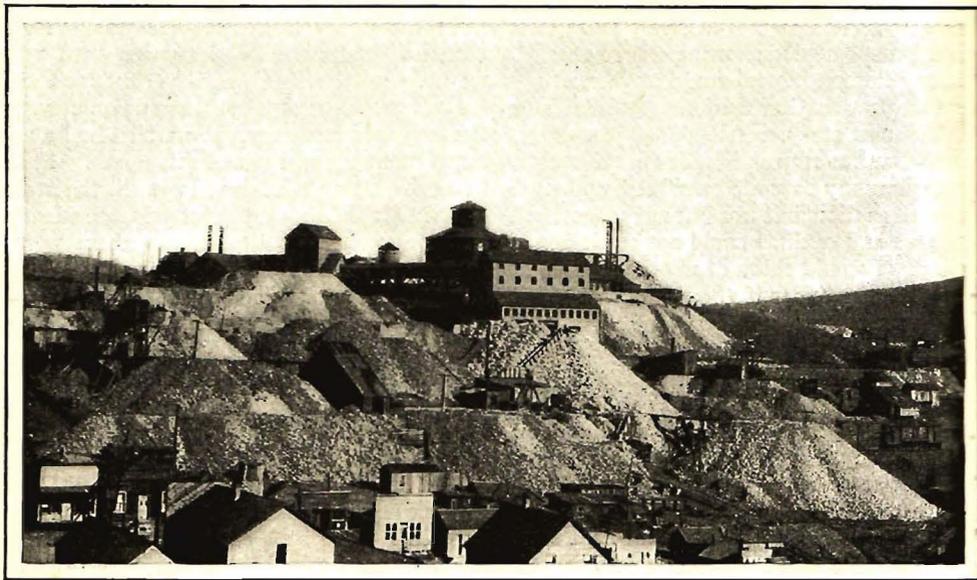
I HAD never taken any particular interest in unions up to this time. I had never worked anywhere, since leaving Burke, Idaho, where there was a miners' union, till I came to Cripple Creek. W. F. Davis and W. B. Easterly had come to me when I first went to work in the district, and asked

me to join the Altman union. I knew Davis from the Coeur d'Alenes. He was the man that had command of the union men when we blew up the Bunker Hill & Sullivan mill. He was president of the Altman union now, and Easterly was secretary. So after I had a payday I went up and joined this union. Still, I never took much interest in it till the strike.

The Cripple Creek district was considered a union district, notwithstanding there were a good many men working there that did not belong to the union, and part of the mines ran on the open-shop principle. The big mines on Bull Hill all recognized the unions, and this end practically controlled the unions of the district. There were eight unions in the district — one miners' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, one at Anaconda, and one at Altman; one engineers' union at Victor, one at Cripple Creek, and one at Independence; and a mill- and smelter-men's union at Victor. These unions each selected one or two delegates, and the delegates composed the district union.

The Victor union was the largest and most conservative. The men belonging to the Free Coinage union at Altman, where I was a member, used to often be called "the Bull Hill dynamiters." This was only the third largest miners' union in the district, but they had always had very radical leaders. Dan McGinley had been a former leader. He had been looked up to as a great man, and although dead they used to keep his memory alive by having his picture hanging in the union hall.

The Cripple Creek district was so large that the unions could not control it the same as they did the Coeur d'Alenes, and non-union men were pretty safe in big towns like Victor and Cripple Creek, but the Free Coinage union had the vicinity of Bull Hill well under their control, the same as in the Coeur d'Alenes, and there was hardly a man both working and living on Bull Hill that did not belong to some of the unions. There had been a great many men beaten up and run away from there because they did not join the unions, or pay their dues, or because they were suspected of being spies. The Free Coinage miners' union kept a "timber gang," as they called them, to do this work. Easterly, who was an ex-secretary, and Sherman Parker, who was secretary when the strike came, had helped to do this kind of work before they became officers of the union. Steve Adams, Billy Aikman, "Slim" Campbell, H. H. McKinney, Billy Gaffney, and Ed Minster and others were in the gang. These men hardly ever worked and always seemed to have plenty of money, and Steve Adams has since told me they were ready for any old thing, from running



THE VINDICATOR MINE ON BULL HILL

After an unsuccessful attempt to destroy this mine by exploding a carload of powder stored within ~~the~~ Orchard succeeded in blowing up the superintendent and shift boss on the sixth level with a charge of fifty pounds of dynamite

men out of the district to killing them, as long as they got the money.

This strike in August, 1903, was called because the Standard mill in Colorado City discriminated against union men, and the miners at Cripple Creek were called out in order to cut off the ore supply from the Standard mill and force a settlement. The Telluride mill was also closed at Colorado City. The Portland mine was the only big mine that was not called out, as it had its own mills and granted the union's demand. There were a few smaller mines working, but only a few. One strike against the mills was called in February, and some of the miners went out for a short time in March. Then there was a settlement for a while, but in July the mill-men were called out again, because it was claimed Mr. MacNeill, the manager of the Standard mill, was not keeping his agreement; and on August 10th the Cripple Creek miners went out again.

I know this whole thing had been arranged at the Western Federation of Miners' convention at Denver in May and June of 1903. And while I do not think the convention acted on it officially, the leaders on the executive board and some of the local leaders in Colorado agreed to make Colorado a "slaughter ground," as W. F. Davis later expressed it to me — that is, to call out all the miners, mill-men, and smeltermen in Colorado, and force all the managements to give them all an eight-hour day and a

recognition of the union. Most places in the mines and mills of Colorado had the eight-hour day — though the smelter-men and the Leadville miners and perhaps some others did not. But there were many conditions which the Federation leaders did not like, and they meant to change them at this time. Haywood and Moyer and others of the labor leaders have told me that they took advantage of the legislature failing to pass an eight-hour bill after the State had voted for it the year before by such a large majority,* to make all the mines, mills, and smelters, where unions were organized, recognize the unions and pay the union's scale of wages all over Colorado. At the same convention, they passed a resolution allowing the head officers of the union to call a strike if they thought best to, when they wanted to support another strike.

Mr. Moyer and Mr. Haywood have always denied that they had anything to do with calling this Cripple Creek strike, because this resolution did not take effect for six months, until after it was endorsed by the local unions. They claimed that the district union of Cripple Creek called the strike there. This is true, they did call the strike, but they were acting on advice, and you might say orders, from Moyer and Haywood. The district union in Cripple Creek

* In the election of November 4, 1902, the State of Colorado voted for constitutional amendment providing for an eight-hour day in the mining industries by a majority of 46,714, in a total vote of 99,246.

was mostly composed of men that were controlled by Moyer and Haywood, and it appointed three men on the committee to see about calling the strike, and they approved of it. Sherman Parker and W. F. Davis of the Altman union were on this, and Charles Kennison of Cripple Creek, all radical men; and the Victor union, that was the largest miners' union in the district, and was conservative, had no representative at all, while the most radical one and the next to the smallest, at Altman, had two. If this sympathetic strike had been left to a referendum vote of the miners of the district, it never would have passed, and the men who favored this strike knew this. I never will think it is wise to call out four or five thousand men to enforce the demands of a hundred and fifty or two hundred. And I know that many quit against their will when the order came.*

Some will ask, 'What did they quit for? they did not have to.' There are several reasons why men quit against their will. In the first place, the unions were in the great majority, and had most of the local peace officers on their side. Men had been run out of the district and beaten up because they would not join the union, and they could not expect much protection from the local authorities, and again men did not like to be called "scabs" and to have their names, and in many instances their photographs, sent to every miners' union in the country, for miners travel around a good deal. The secretaries of the unions post up these names in the union halls, and also the photographs, if they have them. There is 'most always some one in every camp that knows these men, and many men have disappeared in mysterious ways, and others have been killed in various ways while working in the mines. These are always reported as accidents, and some of them no doubt are, but I know of some that were not, and have been told by reliable sources that many are not, and I know there are many ways to get away with a man working in the mines and make it appear an accident. So, after taking all these things into consideration, one can readily understand why men quit work and go on a strike when ordered to do so by their officers.

*The Colorado City mill- and smelter-men's union, which started this strike, was first formed August 14, 1902. On February 14th, the date of its first strike against the Standard mill of the United States Reduction & Refining Co., forty-six out of two hundred and twelve employees belonged to the union. On July 3rd, the date of the second strike, thirteen of the one hundred and fifty employees were union men. On August 11th, the day after the Cripple Creek miners were called out the second time, the number of men on strike in that district was three thousand five hundred and fifty-two. The United States Commissioner of Labor's report on the Colorado labor troubles to the United States Senate in 1905 says, concerning this second miners' strike: "There is no doubt that this sympathetic strike was very unpopular with the miners. Indeed, many well informed, disinterested persons assert that ninety per cent of the miners were opposed to the second sympathetic strike, and this has been admitted even by some prominent members of the Federation."

As I have said, it was the intention of the Federation leaders to call the miners out all over the State, and tie up the mines, mills, reduction works, and smelters. They called out the smelter-men at the Globe and Grant smelter works at Denver. They also tried to call out all the miners in the San Juan district, as they were well organized there, but most of the miners in this district had agreements with the mine operators and would not break them. However, at Telluride they found a way around this. Most of the men went on strike for an eight-hour day for a few mill-men there, although many of the mill-men did not quit themselves, but were forced to by the closing of the mines. The Smuggler-Union miners did not strike, but they got the cooks and waiters at their boarding-houses to leave, and this gave the miners an excuse to quit, as they would not board where there were non-union cooks and waiters. Telluride was the only camp in the San Juan district where they succeeded in getting the unionists to quit work. I think they had from ten to twelve hundred men in the miners' union at Telluride.

C. H. Moyer, president of the Western Federation, tried to get the miners out at Ouray, but they finally decided not to come out, after he had got them once to vote to do so. At Silverton the largest union in the district absolutely refused to come out. Most of the coal-miners in Colorado went on strike, too, about this time.

But, as I have stated, in Cripple Creek the men practically all quit work when ordered to do so, and there was a strike committee appointed, and there was a circular sent out from headquarters to all kinds of unions throughout the country soliciting money for a fund which they called the "eight-hour fund." And they also sent men all over the country soliciting aid for the strikers. They got up great public sympathy because the legislatures refused to pass the eight-hour bill, as they should have done when the people of the State voted so strong for it. But, as I have explained, the big strike at Cripple Creek had nothing to do with the eight-hour law and this was the case at Telluride, so far as the miners themselves were concerned.*

* C. H. Moyer, president of the Federation, when cross-examined before the commissioner appointed by the Governor to look into the Colorado City and Cripple Creek strikes of February and March, 1903, gave the following testimony:

Question. "What was the cause of the strike?"
 Mr. Moyer. "The discharge of men from the mill for being members of organized labor."
 Question. "You were not making any complaint regarding hours?"
 Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."
 Question. "Have these men in the Cripple Creek district any grievance against their employers?"
 Mr. Moyer. "None whatever."
 The situation at the opening of this strike—so far as the eight-hour question and the relations between the employers and employed at Cripple Creek was concerned—was exactly the same as in the second strike.



Courtesy of the Denver News

Panorama of the eastern slope of Bull Hill, in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado, where many of the non-union men who were murdered in the dynamiting of

III

THE MILITIA COME TO CRIPPLE CREEK

 T first, after the strike was called at Cripple Creek, things went on pretty orderly for two or three weeks. The sheriff was a union man before he was elected, and the union men expected him to protect them.* There were some non-union men brought in, and some of them were deputized, and the union men were after the sheriff to make him arrest the non-union men for carrying concealed weapons, and the mine operators were after him to disarm the union men. 'Most every one went armed, and there were several arrested on each side. If a non-union man was brought up before a justice of the peace that

* The following list of civil officers in the Cripple Creek district, who were members of the Federation in 1903, shows the influence of that body in the local government.

Teller County — sheriff, H. M. Robertson, member of miners' union No. 32; under-sheriff, Jim Gaughan, miners' union No. 19; coroner, M. J. Doran, miners' union No. 32. The county clerk and assessor were union men, and other officials were said to be controlled by the Federation.

Cripple Creek — only one or two officers were Federation men, but many offices were held by union men, and others were said to be controlled by the Federation.

Victor — day marshal, Mike J. O'Connell; night marshal, Mike Lamb; street commissioner, Simon O'Rourke; fire chief, J. Murphy, Jr.; jailer, James Printy; aldermen, J. Murphy, Sr., James J. Tobin, and Hugh Healy; and four policemen — all members of miners' union No. 32.

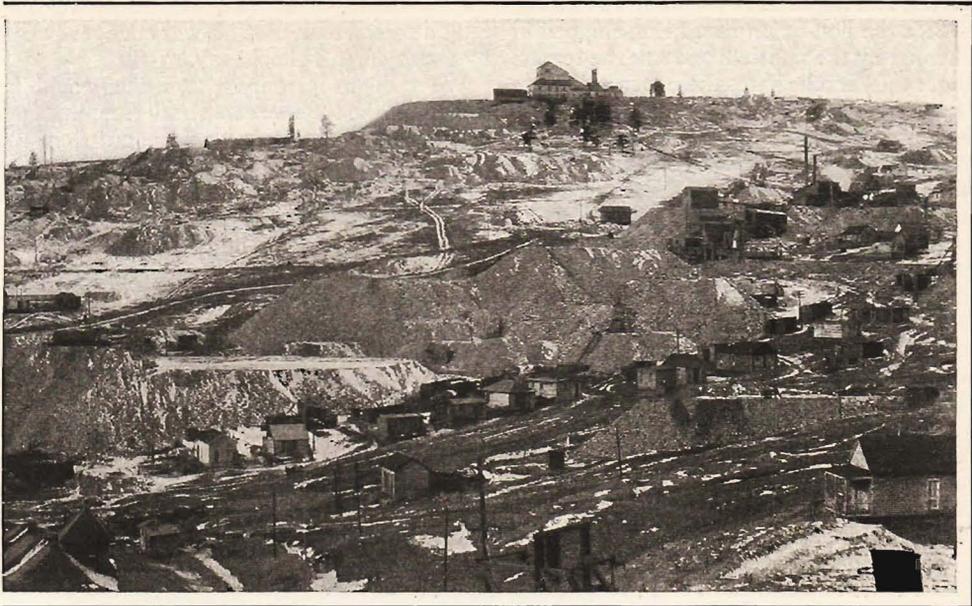
Goldfield — police magistrate, H. P. Kean; day marshal, J. J. Brothers; night marshal, R. C. McCarthy — all members of miners' union No. 19. Aldermen all Federation men.

Independence — marshal, Harvey Starbuck, miners' union No. 19. Anaconda — aldermen, A. Petersen, Burt Hutchison, Paul Hensen, all members of miners' union No. 21. Marshal and all officials said to be partisans of Federation.

Altman — justice of peace, J. W. Cooper, miners' union No. 19.

was a union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit, and if a union man was brought before a non-union sympathizer, he would be fined the limit. The justices were nearly all either union men or sympathizers, and they would let the union men go as light as possible, but the non-union justices did the same for their men. The mine operators were after the sheriff to call upon Governor Peabody for the militia, and the union men were after him not to, but to deputize all the men he wanted, and they would furnish them, and he was between two fires. There had been no depredations committed at this time, and the strike committee assured the sheriff there would be none.

The last of the month there was a non-union man brought before a justice of the peace at Anaconda, named Hawkins, for carrying concealed weapons, and he was let off with a light fine or none at all, I have forgotten which. A few days afterwards this justice was over at Altman one afternoon, and Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell, of the Altman "timber gang," slugged him and beat him up some, and this was the real beginning of hostilities. Right after this there was an old non-union carpenter named Stewart taken out of his house at Independence at night, beaten up and shot and left for dead. This was done by the Altman "timber gang." The strike committee and union leaders were always advising the rank and file of the unions publicly to be quiet and



the mines involved in the labor war are situated. In the foreground at the left is the Findley mine. the Independence depot were returning from work in this mine

not commit any acts of violence, but secretly they were having these things done.* I did not know that then, of course. The mine operators appealed to the sheriff to call on the Governor for troops, but he said he would not, as he said he was able to handle the situation.

So the Mayor of Victor and some of the leading citizens of Victor and Cripple Creek petitioned the Governor for troops, and he sent a committee to investigate, and the troops followed the next day. This was on September 4th, I think. The troops were in charge of Sherman Bell, adjutant-general of Colorado. I think there were between a thousand and twelve hundred of the State militia. They did not declare martial law at first, but the troops acted with the civil authorities.

I just want to say a word in regard to the State militia, and especially when they are mustered in on short notice. Every place I have seen them, there has always been a low,

* On the evening of September 2, 1903, the following statement was issued by the executive committee of the miners' union in the Cripple Creek district:

"The executive committee wishes to say that they deplore the outrages perpetrated upon Mr. Thomas M. Stewart and Mr. John P. Hawkins on Tuesday, and the committee further states that they realize that outrages of this character will be charged to the union, no matter if perpetrated by irresponsible outside parties. The committee will not countenance any lawlessness, knowing that this is the greatest harm that can possibly happen to the union cause. They realize that the unions have all the best of the strike, and they earnestly caution and implore the union men to encourage no lawlessness, no matter what the provocation may be from the other side. The committee positively disclaims that any unions of the district are in any manner, directly or indirectly, implicated in the promotion of the assaults, to which reference has been made.

"EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE,

"District Union No. 1, Western Federation of Miners."

hobo element among them, and while there is, no doubt, plenty of good men, this low rowdy element always take advantage of their position and commit many disgraceful things, and the whole body are blamed for them. It is not my purpose to wrongfully criticize either party, but I want to give the facts as they occurred. There were several deputies there, working with the militia, that were men who had just recently been paroled or pardoned from the State penitentiary, and had come almost direct to Cripple Creek and been deputized. Some of these men were well known in the district, and had been sent to the penitentiary from there, and they were considered all-round bad men, and showed no signs of reform. When I saw some of these militia and ex-convicts going around to men's houses searching for firearms — sometimes at night after men had retired; and I knew some of them had no respect for the privacy of the wives and families — it made me angry. This, of course, did not happen much, but it happened enough to create a very bitter feeling.

In this strike, as in most others, the real issue at stake was soon lost sight of. Especially if the militia is called upon, a strike soon narrows down to a personal enmity between the militia and the non-union men on one side, and the union men on the other. As frictions arise, as they surely will, most of the strikers forget the real cause of the strike, and although a man at first might not have been in sympathy with

the strike, and might have known it was wrong, as he sees the non-union men being shipped in and herded by the militia like cattle, he forgets all about this, and he hates these men and hates the militia, and they become more and more bitter toward each other. The union men call the militia "scabs" and "scab herders," and the militia call the union men anarchists and dynamiters, and the breach widens as the strike proceeds, and it is more like two hostile armies — only the strikers know they cannot fight in the open. After they are prodded around with a rifle and bayonet a while, they begin to think up some way to get even, and men will do things at such times, and feel justified in, that they would not think of at ordinary times.

When the militia first arrived in the Cripple Creek district, they were divided into three camps — one near Anaconda, one between Victor and Goldfield, and the other on Bull Hill between Independence and Altman. There had been no disturbance there since Stewart had been beaten up and shot, and there wasn't much for the militia to do that way at first. Their first work was to guard the mines, as fast as they got non-union men to start them up. During August there were union pickets armed with six-shooters around the mines, but there were no union pickets placed at the mines after the militia arrived. The militia patrolled the district day and night with cavalry, and there were guards stationed at all the non-union mines.

IV

THE EXPLOSION IN THE VINDICATOR MINE



I THOUGHT at first I would not have anything to do with the strike, and I had taken no part in it up to the time the militia came. I had been "high grading," and had a little money saved up, and had not asked for any relief from the union. A few days after the militia arrived, Johnnie Neville and myself went to Denver, and went from there over to Routt County hunting, and were gone about a month.

There had nothing unusual occurred then. But soon after we left, the militia made several arrests of men active in the union — most of them from the Bull Hill end of the district. Some of these men, whose names I remember, were Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, W. B. Easterly, H. H. McKinney, Tom Foster, Paddy Mulaney, "Slim" Campbell, and Victor Poole. The militia established a "bull pen" at Goldfield. This was nothing like the "bull pen" in the Coeur d'Alenes. It was a small affair. I do not think they ever had had more than twenty arrested at once up to that time. They

used a small jail at first, and afterward they built a special house. This was not over twelve by twenty feet, I should say.

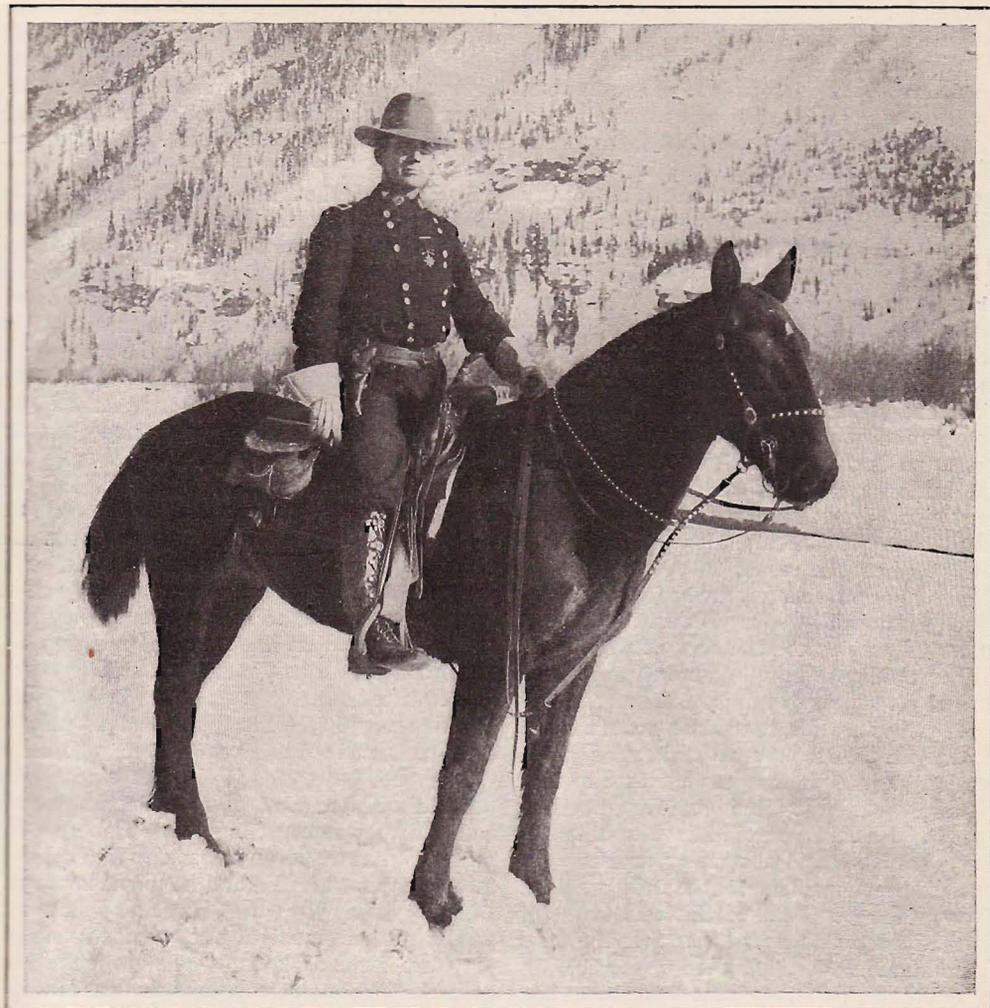
We thought perhaps the strike would be settled by the time we came back from hunting, but we found out when we came out from the hills that it was far from settled, and was getting worse all the time. If I had not been married there, I would not have gone back, but I went back about the middle of October.

While we had been gone, the civil courts and the militia officers had been fighting over the union leaders they had in the "bull pen." The judge of the district court had issued habeas corpus papers to compel the militia officers to bring these men into court and show cause for holding them. The officers were satisfied they ought to hold these men, but they knew they could not prove anything against them and did not want to take them into court. But they were finally brought into court, and the judge ordered them released or turned over to the civil authorities. The officers refused at first to do this, and the union leaders wanted the judge to have the sheriff enforce his order, and the sheriff to deputize enough men and arm them to carry it out. This would have meant much bloodshed, as it would not have been much trouble to get men to fight the militia, and the miners had a good many arms and plenty of ammunition. But the lawyers advised the judge not to do this.

Now, nothing could have happened to suit the head officers of the union any better than this, unless it would have been for the judge to direct the sheriff to enforce his order. This looked to the public like persecution, and as if these militia officers wanted to hold these men in the "bull pen" just because they were union men and leaders. But finally the Governor ordered the union men released, and there was no more trouble then.*

After this first clash between the civil officers and the militia, things went along pretty quiet for a time. The militia released the men, and after that they and the civil officers worked more in harmony. I did not take any active part. I attended the union meetings and felt more in sympathy with them, as I, like most every one else, thought they were persecuting these men because they were active union men, and I hated the militia more than I did the

* These are the habeas corpus cases heard by Judge W. P. Seeds at Cripple Creek from September 21st to 24th, during which time the prisoners were guarded by militiamen. Judge Seeds held that a military commander, ordered into the field by the Governor, could make arrests, but must immediately turn the persons arrested over to the civil authorities. He consequently ordered the prisoners discharged. The military commander held that he had a right to retain the prisoners, as an agent of the Governor, and did not release them until he received a telegram from Governor Peabody ordering him to do so.



SHERMAN BELL, ADJUTANT-GENERAL OF COLORADO

General Bell was in personal command of the troops sent by Governor Peabody to the Cripple Creek district

non-union men. But I hated them all, and felt more bitter against them all the time. Some of the militia were camped at first not more than a hundred yards from our house. There were some kids amongst them that did not look to be more than fifteen years old. They would be peddling ham and anything else they had to the saloons for whisky, and the better acquainted they got with the people, the more officious they got. I am speaking of these things to show the reader how such bitter feelings get worked up between men at such times. There were some of the militia that lived, or had lived, in the district, and they sometimes had some old score to settle with the union men, as none of the union belonged to the militia.

During the quiet time I went to "high grading" again in the Vindicator mine. This was a little risky, as the shaft we had to go down was only about a hundred feet from the shaft house, where some of the militia were camped; but as this shaft had no shaft house over it, we could get out of sight pretty quick. This "high grading" was no easy job, as we had to climb down an old man-way nine hundred feet, where the ladders were out in some places, and then go through old stopes and drifts two or three thousand feet, dig out our load, and pack it back. This would take us nearly all night. We would pack all the way from forty to eighty pounds. Sometimes this would not be very high grade; we got from fifty cents to a dollar

a pound for it. When it got below that, we quit.

During our trip into this mine, we discovered they had stored about a carload of dynamite in a cross-cut on the eighth level of the mine. I met Davis, the president of the Altman union, right after that, and, more as a joke than anything else, I said there was a carload of powder down in the mine, and if they wanted to do anything, they could go down and blow that up. But he seemed to take it seriously, and talked about how we could do it. A few days afterwards they started this mine up, as they were starting the mines as fast as they could get men. The strike leaders would report to the unions every week that the mines had only a few men, and would soon have to settle with the unions, but it was very evident that, while the mine owners might not be getting first-class men, they were getting all the men they wanted, and that they had no intentions of yielding to the demands of the union.

Davis came to me a few days afterwards and wanted to know if I would go down and set that powder off when the shift was at work. He said he would get "Slim" Campbell to go with me, and give me two hundred dollars. After he had talked a while, he said he would have to go and get this money at Federation headquarters, and it might take him three or four days after we did the job, but he would be sure to get it. He said we would have to do something to scare these "scabs" away, and scare our men and keep them in line, or the strike was lost.

Now, when Davis talked this way to me, it was the first time I ever knew that the head officers of the Federation were responsible for the many depredations that had been laid to the Western Federation of Miners. I did always believe that these crimes were caused by union men, as the victim was invariably some one opposed to the union, but I always supposed some hot-headed union man did these things of his own accord, and most all of the union men believed this, for if it had been known the strike leaders were responsible for any such violence, the union would not have tolerated it for a minute. But after Davis proposed to me to blow up the Vindicator mine, and said he would have to go to Denver to get the money for me, I then began to realize that the head officers must be behind these things.

Now, only looking at one side of the question, and having no money,— as the little I did have I deposited in the First National Bank of Victor, and that institution had failed and left me without a cent,— the resentful feeling I had against these "scabs," who were taking our places, together with the offer of money, influenced me.

I told Davis I would go down and set off the dynamite, but I would rather go alone than with "Slim" Campbell. He said if I would he would give me two hundred dollars. Of course, if we set this carload of powder off, it would blow out the whole mine and kill everybody in it.

I afterwards thought I would go and ask Joe Schultz, who had been down there "high grading" with me, and see what he thought about it. He also knew the powder was there, as we had gotten two fifty-pound boxes of it, and carried it up and sold it to some leasers we knew. After I told him about it and about the money, he said he thought we would be justified in doing it. He was a quiet, conservative fellow, but this strike had made him feel just as I did. So we got our things ready, and went down in the mine, and waited until we thought the night-shift had gone up to lunch at twelve o'clock. We had to go by the station on the shaft in the eighth level to go where the powder was. We went out pretty close to the station, and waited about ten minutes, and thought sure they had all gone up, and we knew we had to hurry, as they took only a half-hour for lunch.

We started out to the station, which was all lighted up with electric lights, and as we got close to it there was a cager there, who said, "Hurry up, boys, this is the last cage." He thought we were some of the miners at work, and had been late getting out. This so surprised us that we began to back up in the dark, as we were not masked and he might know us. But he got his light and began to follow us, and as we had our light out, we could not go very fast in the dark, and we had to make him go back. We took a couple of shots at him, as we both had six-shooters. We did not hurt him, but he went back in a hurry, and we knew we had to get out of the mine as quick as possible, and we did not bother to look for the powder. We told, or at least I told, Davis afterward it was not there. I told him we went on across to where it was after we shot at this fellow, and they had moved it — which proved to be true, as we found out afterwards they had moved it up into the magazine the first day they began work. We knew nothing about this when I told Davis, but I wanted to make out how brave we were, and they, of course, believed us, after they learned it had been moved.

But, to tell the truth about myself, I was pretty badly scared, and I think my partner was in the same fix. We had to go up a hundred feet to the stope, and then go a couple of thousand feet or so through a drift, and then go down through another old stope on the timbers, and crawl on our stomachs in some places

through a narrow passage we had dug out when we were "high grading," and climb about nine hundred feet up an old, wet man-way, where the ladders were out in some places. The militia were camped out over a hundred feet from where we came up, and the place was well lighted up with electric lights. We came up as fast as we possibly could, and made good headway, as we knew the way well and were used to climbing out of there with a load, but still it took us about half an hour. My partner wanted me to tell them, if we were caught, that we were down counting how many machines there were running; but I told him he could do as he pleased, I was going to shoot my way out and take a chance if the shaft was guarded, as we expected it would be. I knew this was our best chance to get out, for if we waited until the next day, and we were missed, they would surely guard every possible place, although there were a dozen or more places we could get out. Although they had a half-hour to set guards, there were no guards at this shaft, and we came out unnoticed. After we got away so we were out of danger, the world never looked quite so large to me before, and surely kind Providence was with us, for they had every other entrance guarded, and kept them all guarded for some days, thinking we were still somewhere in the mine. I reported our experience to Davis and Parker the next day.

This caused no little excitement at the mine, as the cager reported it, and none of the men would go down to work again, but all went home, and they had the sheriff and some of his men over there and kept the soldiers down in the mines for guards. After the excitement subsided a little, the officials reported they believed the cager was lying and just made up this report, and they fired him. Whether the officials believed this or not, I do not know, or whether they just told it so the men would not be afraid to work in the mine, for a good many were quitting. But it soon died out, and many believed it was only a story gotten up by the mine operators to keep the soldiers there.

I went to Davis after this and wanted him to let me have thirty-five dollars. I wanted this to pay some taxes for my wife (Mrs. Toney), on some mining property she had in South Park. He said first he would see if he could get it, but he said no more about it. I then asked Sherman Parker, the secretary of the Altman union, about it, and he said he was going to Denver in a short time to get some money from the Federation headquarters, as he had to pay some others for some work they were on. He said he supposed he would have a hard time to make them dig up, as nothing had been done. He spoke of

the failure they made in blowing up the powder plant at Colorado Springs, and he said all the attempts they had made to pull off something had failed, and luck seemed to be against them. He said he hated to ask headquarters for more money until we pulled off something. He said if we could have killed that fellow we shot at in the mine we could easily have gotten all the money we wanted, so I said nothing more at that time. Parker and Davis talked to me again about blowing up the Vindicator or the Findley mine, and wondered if we could not get some kind of a trap by the shaft, so when the cage came down with the "scabs" it would set off a bomb. But I thought this was not a good idea, for if the cage was to set it off, they might run the cage down empty — for they often did this — and so we would not get anybody. Parker came to me and told me he would give me five hundred dollars if I would fix something in either mine to kill some of them so as to scare the rest and make them quit, and keep our men from going back to work, and scare outside men from coming in there to work. I thought this looked easy. I knew I could go down after the shift went off at night and set this, if they did not have guards in the mine.

I got Easterly, who knew all about these things, and we went up in an old vacant building, and shot a six-shooter into some giant caps to see if this would set them off, and it did. So we conceived the idea of fastening a six-shooter on the timber of the shaft at the station, and fastening a wire to the trigger of the six-shooter and to the guard rail, so that when they raised the guard rail it would pull the trigger; we would have the powder under this buried in the dirt, and a box of giant caps right close to the muzzle of the gun. These guard rails are always raised by the men as they get out of the cage, and then lowered again to prevent any one or anything from falling into the shaft. Easterly did not go with me, because none of these active labor leaders did anything themselves, if they could help it. They always managed to be in some conspicuous place when anything was likely to happen.

I went to Schultz, who had been with me when we started to blow up the powder, and asked him if he wanted to try it again. He said no, he did not care to take another chance when there was nothing in it if it failed, and besides he was working then for some leasers. I told him I did not think I wanted anything to do with it either. I said this so he would not think I did it if it happened. I told Parker he did not want to go, and he spoke of Billy Aikman, and said he was not afraid of a little blood either. I knew this man, and asked him if he

wanted to help do a little job, and he said yes, he did. I think Parker had spoken to him in the meantime. So I went and rustled some powder from Joe Craig, Mrs. Toney's brother, who was a leaser, and he thawed it out for me. I thought we ought to have a man to stay at the mouth of the shaft, or a little down in it, while we went down and set this. So I got Billy Gaffney, and also got some more powder from him, and we went to his house, which was not far from the shaft, and got everything ready.

When the shift went off, about two-thirty in the morning, we took about fifty pounds of dynamite, and went down the shaft of the Vindicator mine, and across in a drift to the main shaft No. 1. We were on the fourth level then, and we climbed down the main shaft to the sixth level, and we looked around and thought this was the seventh level. I had not worked on the seventh level of this mine, and had been off there only a time or so, and it looked to me like the seventh level. We hurried to set this as I have described, and I used my own six-shooter. Then we got out as soon as we could. This was not the same way we usually came in, but Aikman said this was the best way, and besides we thought they might be guarding our former passage or have closed it up, as it came from another property. When we came to the surface, we could not find our watcher, and we suspicioned there was something wrong, but we could not hear or see anything, and we came out unmolested. We found Gaffney later, and he said he got to coughing, and thought he had better leave. We had some turpentine which we poured along in our tracks after we started away from the mine, so they couldn't follow us with dogs, and got home all right.

Davis came to my house the next morning before I was up and wanted to know if we had set the bomb. I told him we had, and he said there was no excitement about the mine. I got up about noon and went down to the house of Billy Aikman, and he had heard nothing, so we thought it must be another failure, and we watched around the mine to see if we could find out anything, but we could not see anything unusual, nor did we hear anything for a week.

During the time that elapsed between our setting the bomb and the explosion, I tried again to get some money from Davis and Parker, and the latter told me he was going to Denver in a day or two, and he would try to get some from the Federation headquarters, but he also told me they were trying to pull something off, and if it came off it would be no trouble for him to get money. He told me they had made

an attempt a night or two before to ditch the Florence and Cripple Creek train that left Midway for Cripple Creek at 2:30 A. M. He said their tools broke, and they had to leave the job partly finished, and that H. H. McKinney, one of the men that had made the attempt, had walked along by the place that day, and there were two men standing looking at what they had done. Parker told me they were going to work at a different place, on one of the high banks between Victor and Cripple Creek. This early morning train carried the night-shifts of non-union miners that lived on Cripple Creek and worked on Bull Hill to and from their work. 'Most all of these non-union men that worked there then lived in Cripple Creek or Victor, because it was safer there for them than anywhere else.

There were a good many union men working in the Portland mine. The reader will remember that this mine was not affected at this time by the strike, and there were five or six hundred men working there, and all supposed to be union men. Some thirty or forty of these union men that were working on the night-shift lived in Cripple Creek and rode on this night train, and if they ditched this train they would be likely to kill the union men also. But a few days before they were going to ditch this train, they made arrangements for a car with the electric road, and the union miners of the Portland were supposed to ride on the electric car. Whether this arrangement was made to protect them and keep them off the steam train they were going to wreck, I do not know, as none of them ever told me and I never asked them, but I supposed that was what it was for.

When Parker told me this, we were in the union hall at Victor. He told me how they intended to work the job, and said he had gotten the men some good tools in place of the ones they had broken, so he thought it would be a go all right this time, and he said, "If it comes off to-night, there will be martial law here to-morrow."

After he told me this, I felt somewhat jealous and angry. I hate to write this, but I cannot tell anything but the truth, and I must not try to favor myself. Yes, I was jealous to think they would go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, after I had taken such chances down in the mine, and right under the very noses of the soldiers. This looked like an easy thing to me beside what they wanted me to do, and I was angry because, after I had gone through all the worst part and taken all the chances, they should go and get some one else to do an easy job like that, and would not give me a pleasant look, or at least would not give

me a few dollars. I had used my own six-shooter and rustled fifty pounds of powder, and they knew I did not have a cent. I felt pretty sore, and made up my mind right there to go to Cripple Creek and notify the railroad authorities and block their game, and quit the outfit and expose them. I also meant to tell them about putting that trap in the Vindicator mine, for I felt sure they had found it by that time. But when we started to go home from Victor that night, it was snowing pretty hard, and Parker said they would not be able to pull that off to-night, and he said, "It's more hard luck, everything seems to be against us." I felt sure they would not attempt it, as they could be easily tracked in the snow, and so I did not go to Cripple Creek that night, because I thought the next day would do just as well.

The next afternoon I went to Cripple Creek. I knew one of the conductors on that road, and I talked to him on the way over and asked him who the proper authorities would be to go to, and, in fact, I told him there might be some plot to wreck the train. He said, "They did try to do something last night, did they not?" And I said I did not know but I thought not. He said he thought they did, but he told me to go to D. C. Scott, who was their secret service agent, and I think he introduced me to Scott. Scott's office was over the depot at Cripple Creek.

I talked with Mr. Scott and told him all the details I knew, and when I had told him everything, he said he believed me. He said he was one of the two men standing by the rail when McKinney went by, and he also told me that McKinney was now under arrest, and they were looking for his partner. He also told me they had made a second attempt the night before, and had taken the outside rail clear out; this was over between Elkton and Victor. I was surprised at this, for that was the first time I knew they had made the attempt, as I thought the snow would hinder them; but they figured on getting to Victor, and they could not track them in the city, as the snow would all be tracked up there. I told him I would not tell him how I knew this, at this time, at least; I told him I just happened to find it out by accident through a friend of mine. He thanked me and wanted me to come over and see him again, and I told him I would, and I intended to tell them more and quit the gang.

I will have to say that this was not from any remorse of conscience I had. I would to God I could say it was, but I cannot, for I had no conscience, or, if any, it was seared so with sin it would not act. No, I was prompted to do this

from purely a selfish and jealous standpoint, although much good might have come out of it. I would have no doubt exposed those two men as soon as I had been assured of protection, if it had not been for the following incident:

I went home that night and told Mr. Scott I would come back over and see him again in a day or so, but a day or two after, I think about noon, as I was going to Victor, I heard that the Vindicator mine was blown up and a lot of men killed.* I went on to Victor, and in a little while word came that Charlie McCormick and "Mel" Beck, the superintendent and shift boss, were killed and the station on the sixth level was wrecked. Then we soon figured how the trap had been there for so long and not set off. I have before told you we intended to put this on the seventh level and thought we had until now, as we knew they were not working above the seventh level, but we made the mistake and got this on the sixth level instead of the seventh, and it happened no one got off the cage on this particular level during the time since we had set this bomb. But it seemed the superintendent and shift boss were going in on the sixth level to see about starting up some work, and they were the first to raise the guard rail, and both got killed and blown to pieces right there.

Now, when I heard this I was very sorry that I had told Scott what I had, for I thought I had to stand pat then, and I was afraid to see Scott for fear he would suspect me of knowing more than I told him, and I was afraid I would act nervous if he sent for me, which I felt sure he would, and I was nervous at first when I heard these men were killed. I had no thought of killing them; I thought it would kill a cage-load of non-union men, as the men always went down first going on shift. I knew both McCormick and Beck, and they were good fellows, and good men to work for. As I expected, Mr. Scott sent me a letter to come over to Cripple Creek, he wanted to see me right away. I felt nervous and was afraid to go for fear he would notice it. This was the first of anything like that I had been mixed up in, and I was afraid it would haunt me, and I rather wished I had not done it at first. I saw them when they took the bodies to the coroner. But I saw Davis and Parker, and they braced me up and said it was all right.†

* The second attempt to wreck the Florence and Cripple Creek train was November 16th. The Vindicator mine explosion was November 21st.

† A pamphlet issued by the Federation after the Vindicator mine explosion attributed this to the agency of the mine owners, advancing the following theory: "It is evident that McCormick and Beck planned to bring off an explosion, as it was currently reported that the State militia was about to be ordered home, and the mine owners' association was against this removal. McCormick and Beck, in planning this infernal machine, made some mistake, which resulted in their death."

earnest desire in his horsy heart nevermore to see his master.

At this psychological moment, while the audience still stood breathless at the rapid progress of events, Alexander Hamilton, *alias* the Doctor, mule, opened his mouth and emitted a bray that rang out over the countryside like a clarion. "Hee haw! hee haw! hee haw!" we inadequately represent it; but what letters, what words shall really tell the mighty blare of mulish sound that waked the echoes of Medchester?

An instant's hush, and then the laughter, shrieks, and giggles of the onlookers broke forth in a volume of sound that almost equaled the bray that had gone before. Men nearly fell from their horses, and Jimmy Daniels doubled up over the fence he was climbing, and hung helpless. And, curiously enough, the focus of the laughter was not the mule, nor yet the man riding him, but it all turned on him who, mounted on as good a hunter as money could buy, had been defeated and humbled by a mule.

Sharples showed the kind he was by instantly putting in a claim for the stakes of a thousand dollars, on the ground that a horse had been specified in the bet. The committee, still shaking with delighted amusement,—and

not one of them that would not have paid half the thousand for Sharples's mortification,—repaired to the club-house to consult the memorandum of the terms of the wager. There it was found that the word horse had nowhere been used. Kerstaw was to ride his "green hunter from Virginia"—and unanimously the committee voted that Alexander Hamilton had proved himself a "hunter" beyond peradventure of a doubt. "Anyway," Jimmy Daniels rather cruelly told Sharples, "Alexander Hamilton is half horse, and that half is good enough to beat you."

Kerstaw was one man who enjoyed an added quiet laugh all by himself. While the Medchester Hunt was appreciatively examining the cropped ears of his new hunter, and calling Kerstaw a foxy devil and other endearing names for having outwitted the sharp and detested Sharples, he himself was grinning over St. Claire and his mule. He recalled the Virginian's words, "He may be a mule for all I know," and chuckled afresh. It was a good joke on him; but he had passed it on with interest to Sharples.

And Alexander Hamilton in time became the pride of the Medchester Hunt, although his bray sometimes astonished strangers who did not know his story.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

The last instalment of Orchard's confession might be called the story of his apprenticeship in murder. In this he told of the attempts he made—successful and unsuccessful—to blow up the Vindicator mine in the labor war at Cripple Creek in the fall of 1903—an operation undertaken, apparently, in much the same spirit with which a sailor might undertake the blowing up of an enemy's ship in naval warfare. In the following instalment, covering the winter and spring of 1904, Orchard becomes, according to his story, a professional murderer and dynamiter.

MY FIRST VISIT TO HEADQUARTERS

THE Vindicator explosion happened on a Saturday, when we were all over to Victor. Davis and I went home, and I intended to stay there that night. But after supper Davis came to my house and wanted me to go over to Victor with him to the union meeting. Davis was on the strike committee, and was going over to make the weekly report the committee had to give every union about how the strike was going. I told him I had better not go, and that it would be better for me not to be seen with him, as they might mistrust me.

He said there was no good of being afraid. He said to look at Parker; that he was liable to be lynched for the explosion. And that was right; I knew they were talking about it. Anyway, I got ready, and we went to the meeting. After the meeting Parker and Davis and I walked home together as far as the lower end of Independence, and I told them I was not going to be seen any more with them. I told Parker and Davis they ought to give me some money, so if I had to hike out I could. I told them they were likely to be arrested, and I would not have a cent if I wanted to go away. Parker told me he would give me some the next

* Begun in July, 1907

day. He said it would be no trouble to get money now from headquarters. So we parted, and I went up through Independence and on home.

On Monday, the second day after, D. C. Scott, the railroad detective, sent for me to come to Cripple Creek, and, as much as I dreaded going, I thought it best to go and play innocent and put on a bold front. So I braced up the best I could and went over, and Scott said K. C. Sterling, the mine-owners' detective, wanted to see me. Mr. Sterling came down to Scott's office, and I talked to him an hour or so, and he wanted to know if I knew anything about the Vindicator explosion, or if I mistrusted any one. I told him I did not know a thing about it, and that I did not mistrust any one. I further said that I thought it must be an accident. Sterling wanted me to tell him who told me about the attempt to wreck the train, but I told him I would not.

They kept sending for me every little while after the Vindicator explosion, and I wished many times I had never said anything to them. But I knew I had to play the string through now, and I always went over when they sent for me. Mr. Scott had given me twenty dollars in money, and wanted me to go to work for them and they would pay me one hundred dollars a month. I told them I was a union man at heart, and did not like to double-cross those men, and I did not believe they were responsible for this Vindicator outrage. But I said I would tell them anything of importance I found out on the quiet. Of course, I never intended to tell them the truth.

There was a lot of wrangling about these men they had arrested. The militia held some of them, and some were in the county jail. Those that the militia held had no charges placed against them, and the civil courts would issue writs of habeas corpus, and the militia would take them into court, and when they were released would hold them; but, finally, they were all released but six of them—Parker, Davis, and Kennison, the members of the strike committee, and Steve Adams, Foster, and McKinney.

A Delicate Situation

I kept pretty quiet all this time, but I was rather uneasy, for it was reported that McKinney had made a confession and had implicated Parker and others, and, in fact, Scott told me he had. I knew McKinney, but had never had anything to do with him, but I was afraid Parker might have told him who set the bomb in the Vindicator. I had tried to get into jail to see Parker and Davis, but the sheriff would not let me in, and I asked Mr. Scott if

he would not arrange for me to get in and see the boys. He asked me what I wanted to see them for, and I told him I just wanted to say hello and give them a bottle of whisky and some cigars. So he telephoned up to the sheriff, and I went up, and he let me in; but I could not get a chance to ask Parker or Davis anything about McKinney, because a guard was with us all the time.

I found out from Scott that Easterly had been to Denver and Pueblo, and that Frank Hange, one of the Federation attorneys, had been in and seen McKinney and got him to make a statement. They also had a detective in to see him, and Scott wanted me to go to Denver with him and see Billy Easterly, and find out, if I could, what they got out of McKinney. This just suited me, as I thought Easterly knew Moyer and Haywood, the president and secretary of the Federation, and could get me some money from them. Mr. Scott got me transportation, and gave me some money to pay my expenses, and we went to Denver the next afternoon. We were not to be seen together, and we did not stop at the same hotel.

I went up to the Federation headquarters the next morning, and introduced myself, as I only knew them by sight. They said they knew me by reputation, as Easterly had told them about me. I asked them where Easterly was, and they told me he was in Pueblo, but would be back in a day or two. They wanted me to wait until he came back, and told me if I wanted any money they would give me some. I told them I had a little, and Moyer gave me twenty dollars. We did not go into any details about what had happened in Cripple Creek, but only spoke of it in a general way at that time.

I went and met Mr. Scott over at his hotel, and reported to him that Easterly was in Pueblo, but they expected him back in a day or so, and he said we would wait for him. I forget what I told him they said to me; I made up something and told him, and I cannot remember a falsehood like I can the truth. However, Mr. Scott had to go home before Easterly came back, and he wanted me to stay until he came, and I think he gave me some more money. In all, I got not to exceed forty dollars from Scott, and I never got any money at all from Sterling.

A Private Meeting at Headquarters

Easterly came in a day or two, and we were there a few days longer together, and Moyer, Haywood, Easterly, and myself discussed the strike and the chances of the boys who were in jail. Haywood and Moyer said that was a fine job we did at the Vindicator. Haywood said we got two good ones, and they were the kind to get,

and said a few like them and we would have everything our own way. He said they would rather have one of the bosses than a carload of "scabs," for when you took away the cause you had it all. They wanted me to stay in Denver a few days and enjoy myself, and to go back and tear something loose. They said we could not get too fierce to suit them, and Haywood said he would like to have some of the tin soldiers made an example of, as none of them had been hurt. He said we could get all the money we wanted if we would keep up the night work. They asked me how much money I wanted, and said not to take too much, as I could get more any time I needed it. I told them I wanted three hundred dollars when I went home, and in a day or so afterwards Haywood gave me three hundred dollars, and I went back. He told me to be careful and not to make any show of the money. So I left them and returned to the district.

I had never said anything to the men that went with me at the Vindicator about getting any money, or at least any amount. I think I told Billy Aikman, the man that went down in the mine with me, that we would make them put up a piece of money for the job. When I got back I gave him fifty dollars, and in a few days I gave him twenty-five more, and in all I think I gave him a hundred dollars or more. I did not tell him how much I got or where I got it. I used to give Billy Gaffney, the fellow we left at the mouth of the shaft, a dollar or two once in a while. I was afraid to give him any money to speak of, as he was drunk all the time when he had the price. He did not know I got any money at all. I gave most of this money to my wife to keep.

After I got back from Denver I went over to Cripple Creek and saw Mr. Scott, and told him I could not get much out of Easterly. I told him Easterly told me about seeing Mrs. McKinney at Pueblo, and some other stuff I made up. I have forgotten just what I did tell him, but I did not tell him the truth, and after that he did not bother me much more. The fact was, Easterly was sent down to see McKinney and his wife, to brace him up and get him to go back on his confession.

A Bomb for a Coal-bunker

I did not try to do anything for a while. Then, sometime in January, I got some roofing-pitch and melted it, and took a dozen sticks of giant-powder, and tied them up in some burlap, and wound them tight with twine, and put them in a bucket, and ran this melted pitch around it, and let it get cold, and hacked it up a little, so it looked like a chunk of coal.

I made a black-powder fuse and filled it full of giant-caps and bored a hole into the powder, and put this fuse in it and sealed it over so it would not be noticed. I made a couple of these,—Owney Barnes helped me do this,—and I got a man to throw one of them into the coal-bunkers of the Vindicator mine. This was an old man named Dempsey. He was an old-timer, and the soldiers did not pay any attention to him, but let him go in and out as he pleased. But Billy Aikman said he was all right; he was a thoroughbred; and that he was one of the men that shot the deputies in 1894. So Billy Aikman gave him one of these bombs, and he promised to throw it into the coal-bunkers. I don't know what he did do, except he called me up later that night over the telephone, when I was in Aikman's saloon, and said he had delivered those goods. He was drunk at the time, and I shut him off quick for fear he would get to talking, and I felt sore at Aikman for getting that sort of man to do the job. But I don't believe now he ever did it—because I believe, if he had, it would surely have gone off. If it had, it wouldn't have done much but blow up the boilers, as there was less than three pounds of powder in it.

Making Alibis in the Railroad-wrecking Case

A short time after this all the men in the jail were released on bail of from fifteen to twenty thousand dollars each, and we dared not do anything then on their account. I should say all but McKinney; he was not released then.

Foster, Parker, and Davis went on trial together. Davis was released soon after the opening for lack of sufficient evidence, but Parker's and Foster's trials went on jointly. Foster was charged with the first attempt to wreck the train near Anaconda. McKinney was a witness against them, he having turned State's evidence, and he swore that he and Foster had been hired by Parker to wreck the train, and they had made the attempt, but failed on account of breaking their tools. The prosecution had these tools, as McKinney and his wife had told them where they had been thrown, down an old shaft and into an out-house at Foster's home.

The defense that they put up was an alibi. I don't know how many people—I think a dozen or so—swore Foster was in a saloon in Altman all the night in question, and that he was carried home drunk about seven or eight o'clock in the morning. Now, there is no doubt Foster was drunk this morning we speak of, and

some of his friends had to help him home from this saloon; but there is no doubt, either, that he wasn't in the saloon all night, but came in there after they had tried to wreck the train, and they made up a fake alibi for him. I know this because I helped to make it. While I was not a witness myself, I helped to get the witnesses, and we would take them up to Frank Hangs' office in Cripple Creek. He and Mr. Hawkins were Parker's and Foster's attorneys. These witnesses were told what they were wanted to swear to before we took them up there, and Mr. Hangs and Mr. Hawkins went over their testimony. There were women that were told what to swear to.

That alibi was made out of whole cloth, and they made it stick, as they usually have for twelve or fifteen years. I was to be a witness once in a case of this kind, but I didn't have to, because the case was dismissed against the man. I have often heard the union leaders laugh and tell how easy it was to get out of such things, and, as the judges in these camps are usually elected by the miners, they favor them all they can, and it is seldom that a man charged with an offense connected with the union — such as beating up a man or even murder — is ever convicted. I have often talked with Haywood about these things, and he has told me the more they arrested the union leaders — as long as they could clear them in the courts — the better it suited them, as this would make the public and the rank and file of the unions believe it was persecution. And the system was to get men to swear to whatever best fitted the case.

Foster and Parker Acquitted

Now, after they had failed to wreck the train and Foster got drunk, McKinney reported this to Parker, and Parker suggested another man to help him, or McKinney did — I have forgotten which. Anyway, this was a man called Beckman, who was really a detective in the employ of the mine operators, and he had been in the "bull-pen" with Parker, McKinney, and others when they were first thrown in there. This man Beckman was a German, and had joined the Federation at Murray, Utah, and had his card, and after coming to Cripple Creek he went into the Victor Union. Parker called him a fool Dutchman, but he had the wool pulled over their eyes all right, and they thought he was an anarchist. I guess he proposed some of these outrages to them; anyway, he got into their confidence, and his wife belonged to the ladies' auxiliary. So McKinney and Beckman made it up to make the second attempt, and I know Parker got McKinney a spike-puller and wrench, because he told me so after the trial.

McKinney told his story at the trial, and Beckman told all his connection with the thing, and also some things Parker had told him and suggested to him, and also of Parker's giving him money to leave the district just after this, and promising him more. But McKinney had sworn to two statements, the one just the opposite to the other. When he was first arrested, they took him to Cañon City and kept him at the penitentiary awhile, and then took him to Pueblo and kept him in jail there. During this time they did not let any one see him, and he made a confession to Scott and Sterling, and told them all, and connected Parker, Foster, and Beckman. But afterwards Frank Hangs and a detective in the employ of James Burns, manager of the Portland mine, got into jail to see McKinney, and induced him to deny what he had told Scott and Sterling, and Hangs dictated another statement refuting the former confession, and he swore to that also. The reason they took Mr. Burns' detective in was that Mr. Burns had the only big mine that was open to union men, and the Federation leaders had to convince Mr. Burns that McKinney was lying and that the union did not try to wreck the train. When the trials came up, McKinney swore on the witness-stand that his first confession was right, and that the statement Hangs had dictated and he had sworn to was false.

But I have told you the methods used, and that both men and women swore that black was white and white was black, and the lawyers for the defense made it seem plain that it was a detective's job from start to finish. They killed McKinney's evidence to a certain extent by his having sworn to two statements, and they brought such strong evidence that Foster had not been connected with the first attempt, and the last one looked so much like a detective's job, that the jury was out only about twenty minutes, and brought in a verdict of not guilty, and all the men that had charges against them were dismissed.

The Policy of the Federation Leaders

I used to go in every day and listen to this trial, and Mr. Moyer was there, too, and I got to know him a good deal better, and I learned more about the way he felt about the strike. Now, there are a great many people who will claim that Moyer and Haywood just started this strike so they could get to handle a lot of money and take out some of it for themselves, and that they stirred up all this trouble to do that. But I do not think so myself. I know that both Moyer and Haywood were talking to the rank and file of the union to be quiet and not commit any outrages when the strike began.



WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD, CHARLES H. MOYER, AND GEORGE A. PETTIBONE

and I know Haywood was mad at that time because Ed Minster and "Slim" Campbell got loose and beat up Hawkins and Stewart, and gave the mine-owners a chance to call in the militia. And it is only reasonable to believe this, because the mine-owners wanted to get in the militia. They couldn't get non-union men to come in and work for them any other way, for if the militia did not come in, all the union men had to do was to sit there and wait, because not many of the non-union men would dare to go to work in the mines while they were there—for it was known all over the United States what the unions would do to "scabs" in these mining-camps. But after the militia came in the non-union men got to work, and then the only way to get them out of the district was to commit secret outrages; and as time went on and the strike kept going against them, they

kept growing stronger and stronger, until they didn't care whom they killed.

President Moyer's Apprehension

Mr. Moyer was a good deal worried during the McKinney trial, and particularly once when McKinney was giving his testimony, and told about Parker telling him about a fluid that would burn like fire when thrown upon or against anybody or anything. Mr. Moyer said he expected every minute to hear his name brought into it then, but for some reason the lawyers for the prosecution did not ask McKinney anything about this; and, of course, we told our lawyers not to ask anything, and it was only referred to slightly in the direct examination. But Moyer was very much provoked at Parker for talking and telling so much to people he did not know, and said he did not know but we ought to put him out of

the way.* I had asked Parker before if he had told McKinney anything about my being connected with the Vindicator explosion. He said he had not, and I was pretty sure he had not, as Scott and Sterling had told me before they knew nothing about who caused it.

Now, I did not want to do any of this business with Davis and Parker, myself, after this. And I knew, besides, that they used to hire men to commit these outrages, and keep about half the money they collected from headquarters and not give it over to the men that did the job. Steve Adams has told me since they did this with him. So I told Mr. Moyer that whatever I did after this would be with him and Haywood, and he said he would not have anything more to do with Parker in that line himself. So after that I did business with headquarters direct. Moyer had given me one hundred and fifty dollars while he was at Cripple Creek.

The Unions Organize Politically

Some little time before this trial there had been a convention called to meet in Denver by the State Federation of Labor. They sent out a call to every branch of the labor-unions. The real object of this was a political move, although it was not so stated at the time. I was elected one of the delegates from the Altman Union to this convention, and I think nearly every branch of labor in the State was represented. We met in Denver and talked over our grievances, especially those of the Western Federation of Miners and the United Mine Workers, the latter being coal-miners, who were also on strike. The two miners' organizations were by far the largest, and they reminded the other organizations very forcibly that it was their interest to support the miners. But the real object of the convention was to raise money for a campaign fund, and to support the strikers, and form organizations all over the State to take in every branch of labor, and levy assessments on the members, so much a week or month, and get so well organized that we would be strong enough to say to one of the political parties, "If you don't recognize us and let us name the head of the ticket, we will run an independent ticket."

I was elected on the Ways and Means Committee, and there were men chosen to organize these clubs in every town and district in the State. We were requested to attend a meeting one night during this convention over at Western Federation headquarters. Mostly all that were there were Western Federation men, I

* Parker met a violent death in the fall of 1906, being shot, in Goldfield, Nevada, by a man whom he employed in an assay-office he had started there.

think about twenty. It was discussed there which would be the best policy, to try to unite with one of the old political parties or run an independent ticket. The Republican party seemed impossible and the Democratic was the only possible party. Some thought the latter would give us recognition if we got well organized, and others thought we could elect an independent labor ticket. Mr. Haywood said he did not think it would be advisable to run an independent ticket, but that it would be better to fuse with the Democratic party. John M. O'Neill, the editor of the *Miners' Magazine*, thought the same, and said if we ran an independent ticket it would be sure to elect Governor Peabody again. Mr. Moyer said if we did not run an independent ticket he would vote the Socialist ticket, as he did not believe there was much difference between the Democratic and Republican parties, as they were both against organized labor. But there was not any talk to speak of for the support of the Socialist ticket.* The meeting was pretty evenly divided when a vote was taken, and we thought the best thing to do was to go ahead and get organized, and not let it be known at present that this was purely a political move, or at least not give it out in the convention this way, as many would object to the assessment if they knew it was going to be used for a political purpose. The convention broke up harmonious, and all these committees went to work, and most of the unions levied an assessment on their members of from twenty-five cents to a dollar a month.

Pettibone's Chemical Experiments

After the meeting we had at the Western Federation headquarters, during this convention, I met George A. Pettibone. This was the first time I had met him to know him, although I knew of him. I talked freely to him and he did to me, and he told me about the Grecian fire Moyer told me about, and some other things, and wanted me to come over to his store the next day, and said he would show me something that would beat a revolver for setting off a bomb. Moyer said yes, I had better go over and see the "devil," as he called him. He used to call Pettibone this because he was always making experiments with chemicals, and Moyer said he was never so

* The conventions of the Western Federation of Miners, beginning in 1902, have repeatedly passed resolutions recommending the adoption of Socialism by its members. This policy was inaugurated by Ed Boyce, who became a Socialist under the influence of Eugene V. Debs, and was carried out in the nomination of W. D. Haywood for Governor of Colorado on the Socialist ticket in 1906. The Federation, however, has never been a practical Socialist organization. The policy of its management has been purely opportunist, and its alliance is naturally with the Democratic party. The normal Socialistic vote in its strongholds has never been in a majority.



THE DEPOT AT INDEPENDENCE AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF JUNE 5, 1904

It was here, according to Orchard's confession, that he and Steve Adams exploded an infernal machine which killed thirteen men and maimed many others, among whom was Dan Gainey, whose remarkable letters of forgiveness and cheer to Orchard are printed on pages 528 and 529

happy as when he was doing something of that kind.

So I went over, and Pettibone showed me how to mix chlorid of potash and sugar together, and set it on fire with sulphuric acid, and this would set off giant-caps. He also told me about this "hell-fire," as he called it. This is made up of the following mixture: Stick phosphorus, bisulphid of carbon, benzine, alcohol, and spirits of turpentine. After this is mixed together properly, when thrown on anything with force so as to break the bottle, it will immediately be a flame of fire. I don't think they knew about this very long before this time, and Haywood told me they got the receipt out of a little book he had that was gotten out by an Irish chemist who was an anarchist. You can mix this so that it will be a longer or shorter time in taking fire.

This "hell-fire" has to be handled with care when being mixed. If it gets on your clothes or hands it will burn, and it seems to go right through cloth. Pettibone told me about getting it on his shoes, and when he began to scrub them on the floor of his cellar it started to burn all over. He told about how Marion Moor, who was on the executive board, went out on the prairie with him to learn how to mix it, and got some of it on his coat. They soaked the coat in water and thought that would put it out, but when it got dry a little it began to

burn again, and they had to soak it in water again, and even then it began to smoke before they got it home.

Outrages as Revenue-Raisers

Mr. Moyer told me while I was in Denver this time that things had been pretty quiet for a while, and that we had got to get busy up in the district and tear something loose, as there was no money coming in to the Federation. I asked him if that made any difference, and he said it did, and that as soon as things got quiet up there the money began to drop off, and as soon as something was pulled off so they got some advertising, the money picked up again. And he said they had to have money to carry on the strike. I have thought that many of these horrible depredations were committed for that purpose, as well as to terrorize the mine-owners and non-union men and make them afraid of their lives. I do not mean that Moyer and Haywood figured this out before the strike, but that it grew on them and they found it out while the strike was going on.

They wanted me to take a lot of this "hell-fire" up to the Cripple Creek district with me, and throw it through the car-windows at night when they were full of non-union men, and throw it down the shafts and set them on fire. So Pettibone got me enough material to mix several gallons of it, and I took it home with me.

He would not buy this all together, but sent different men to buy it, for fear the people would mistrust and wonder what he was going to do with it, as a chemist would be likely to know what this would do when mixed. You have to have bottles with glass stoppers to keep it in, as it would burn cork. I took this home with me, and Pettibone came up in a day or so to show me how to mix it. We did not mix any, but he told me how, and we hunted up Steve Adams, and he said he knew how to mix it. I took the materials out and buried them back of my house, as they smelled very bad in the house.*

Haywood gave me one hundred and ten dollars this time when I came away from Denver. I gave Billy Aikman fifty of this. But before I used any of this "hell-fire," Moyer came up to the district and told me I had better not use any of it, as they might have an idea where it came from and what it was by what McKinney had said, and so I did not try to use it.

Local Unions Prepare to Fight

I went to work and appointed committees in my part of the district, and started to organize these labor political clubs, and we got them pretty well organized. About this time, or a little before, the militia got busy and issued an order for every one that had firearms to turn them over to the militia officers, and they would give a receipt for the same and return them after the strike was over. I don't know how many were turned over. They published in the papers that there was a great number, but I think this was only a bluff. I never heard of any one that gave up his firearms, but they began to search houses again for them, and this made people very indignant.

There were a good many of the old miners in the district then, and we all were feeling pretty ugly. After the union miners had been deported from Telluride we organized in Cripple Creek, and especially on Bull Hill, and planned so we wouldn't be taken by surprise. We were going to blow a whistle on one of the mines for a signal, so we would not be taken by surprise. We were well armed, and the unions had quite a number of rifles shipped in. The Altman Union got about forty rifles up from the Telluride Union at the beginning of the strike, and a lot more from Denver. In all there must have been not less than a hundred of these anyway, mostly thirty-three and thirty-four Winchester. They distributed these arms among the men who didn't have any of their own. I

know I got a rifle and a six-shooter. And there was a password, where you would say "Gold," and the answer would be "Field." And if they had tried to run the union men out at that time, there would have been more trouble than there was when they did run them out. This was not until some months after, and at a time when most of the union leaders were out of the district attending the Federation convention at Denver.

Moyer was in Victor about this time, and the militia made an attempt to arrest him, but he was secreted away at night. I did not attempt to do anything, as I did not want anything to do with Parker, and he said if we did anything and did not tell him there would be trouble.

II

HOW WE TRIED TO ASSASSINATE GOVERNOR PEABODY

BOUT this time a mob and the militia ran some more of the union men out of Telluride, Colorado, in the night, and forbade them to return on pain of death. Moyer sent for me to come to Denver, so I got ready and went. I met Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone at Federation headquarters, and they wanted me to go down to the San Juan district with Moyer. They had two pump shot-guns, sawed off so they would go in our grips when they were taken down, and plenty of shells loaded with buck-shot. The reason for this was some one had told Moyer or sent him word if they caught him they would use him as they had the United Mine Workers' officers. Some of the latter had been taken off a train and beaten up and nearly killed. They laid this to the deputies the mine operators had employed.

The next night Moyer and I started for Montrose, where they had sent John Murphy, the Federation attorney, to get an injunction from Judge Stevens against the militia and citizens of Telluride to compel them to let the union miners return to their homes peaceably and not to interfere with them. We had three six-shooters, and two shot-guns in our grips, which we left unfastened in the seats in front of us, and we sat near the middle of the car; but no one troubled us. We arrived at Montrose and met Mr. Murphy, and he had the injunction all ready. We went on to Ouray, where most of the men were that had been deported, and the next day Moyer sent a telegram to Governor Peabody informing him of the injunction, and wanted to know if these men would have the protection of the militia if they returned peaceably to their homes, and he got an answer that all law-abiding citizens would be protected. Moyer said, when he sent his telegram to the

* These materials were dug up after Orchard made his confession to the authorities, and were placed in an old safe in the office of the Cripple Creek Mine Owners' Association. They afterward burned up there, taking fire by spontaneous combustion.

Governor, that he had promised himself that he would never ask him for anything again, and he hated to do it, but this would be the last time. Moyer sent a few men back on the train the next morning, but they were met at a station some distance from Telluride, and forced off the train by militia and armed men, and threatened with death if they attempted to come into town. Sherman Bell, the adjutant-general, had arrived in Telluride, and martial law was declared, and Bell disregarded the order of the court in regard to the injunction.

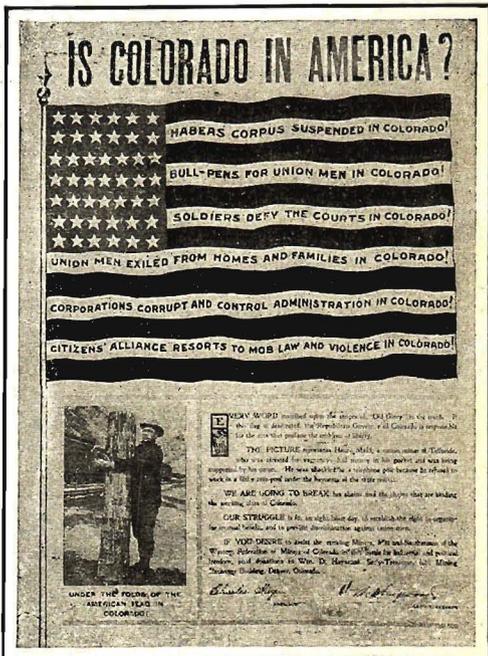
Plots Against Telluride

After these men were sent back from Telluride, Mr. Moyer was angrier than ever, and he began to advise the men that they could not expect any protection from the State, and the only way was to take the law in their own hands, and go back to Telluride in a body and clean out the town. There were some methods discussed as to the best way to proceed. The first thing that we thought necessary was to get concentrated at the most convenient place, and get what arms and ammunition and other material we would need. We also spoke of filling beer-kegs with dynamite, and attaching a time-fuse, and rolling them down the mountain-side into Telluride, as the town was in a cañon with high mountains on either side. Another plan spoken of by Moyer was to poison the reservoir where they got their water for Telluride with cyanide of potassium.* This is easy to get around the mills where they use the cyanide process, and of course it is deadly poison and kills any one taking the least particle of it instantly. But Mr. Moyer only started to carry out the first of these plans when he was arrested.

After Bell disregarded the injunction, Moyer sent over to Silverton, which is thirty miles from Ouray, for Frank Schmelzer, the president of the San Juan District Union. He wanted to confer with him about what to do with these men who were deported, as there were about a hundred of them stopping at the hotel at Ouray, and paying about a dollar a day there, and he said the Federation could not afford that. Mr. Schmelzer came over the next day, and they talked the situation over. There were some more of these deported men over at Silverton. The final outcome of the conference was that they decided to lease one or more of the idle mines up at Red Mountain. This is about half-way between Ouray and Silverton on the divide, and not far from Telluride, I think less than twenty miles. Another

*The exposed reservoirs of Telluride, as a matter of fact, were guarded by the mine-owners and militia at this time as carefully as the water-supplies during a military campaign.

man came down from Red Mountain with Schmelzer; his name was Tom Taylor. He had a partner at Red Mountain, and he said there were some large boarding- and lodging-houses there, and he thought there would be no trouble in renting them, as almost everything was silver-mines around there and they were closed down on account of the low price of silver. The object of getting this out-of-the-way place was to have some place to concentrate the men and keep them together, and this place was just where they wanted them



THE POSTER ISSUED BY THE WESTERN FEDERATION OF MINERS

It caused the arrest of Charles Moyer, the Federation president, on the charge of desecrating the American flag

and the lease was a bluff. The real object was to send these men up there and arm them all, get a car or two of provisions, and send all the outlaws they could get hold of up there, too.

They were going to try to get Vincent St. John to go up there and drill these men and be their leader, as they all knew him, and it was said they would do anything he told them or follow him any place. These men were mostly all foreigners—Austrians, Finns, and Italians. They thought if they could get enough men up here in this out-of-the-way place, and have them well armed, and keep them there until the snow got settled in the spring so they could walk on it, some night they could march

them over the hill to Telluride and clean out the town. This was the plan, but it was not told except to a very few, and they were well satisfied with it. If we had had another day these arrangements would have been finished, and perhaps we would have been away from there.

The Arrest of President Moyer

But the morning that we might have finished up and left later in the day, before we got up, the sheriff rapped at the door and wanted to see Moyer. I was sleeping with Moyer, and we got up and dressed, and when we went out the sheriff arrested him. He said they had wired him from Telluride to hold Moyer, and that the sheriff from San Miguel County was on his way with a warrant. Moyer wired his attorneys at Denver and wanted to know if the sheriff at Ouray had any right to hold him without a warrant. I think they told him they had; anyway, they did hold him, and about noon the sheriff and two deputies arrived and took him to Telluride. Moyer had given me some papers and his six-shooter before the sheriff from Telluride arrived, and the Ouray sheriff did not search him or lock him up, but let him stay in his office. The charge they arrested him on was desecration of the American flag. The Federation had sent out by the thousands posters imitating the American flag, with advertising on them. They only arrested Moyer on this as an excuse. They took him to Telluride, and he was released on bail, but the militia re-arrested him right away.

I left Ouray that night and went to Silverton with Schmelzer to escape arrest, and Moyer telephoned me from Telluride in a day or so, and wanted me to fetch his things and meet him at Durango, but before we got through talking they cut us off. He was telephoning me just after he was let out on bonds, and while he was talking they cut off the connection, and the militia arrested him right afterward and held him for over three months. That was the last I saw of him for nearly a year.

I stayed at Silverton a few days, and then went back to Denver and reported to Haywood. The lawyers from Denver had gone to Telluride in the meantime, but they could not get Moyer out, as the militia held him under military necessity. A few days after he was arrested, Sheriff Rutan of Telluride came to Denver to arrest Haywood on the same charge, but Haywood blocked his plans by getting a friend in Denver to swear out a warrant on the same charge, and a justice in Denver that was friendly to him put him in the custody of the deputy sheriff, who stayed with him all the time; and

he had his case continued from time to time.

Pettibone and Haywood decided we ought to teach them a lesson for sending Rutan up there, and Pettibone and I were laying for Rutan the evening he went to take the train in Denver for home. We waited in an alley off Seventeenth Street, just before you got to the depot, and Pettibone was going to hit him with some brass knuckles, and we were going to drag him into the alley and finish him. But he had seven men with him on his way to the depot, and we couldn't get him.

"The Only Way to Get Justice"

Haywood and Pettibone were pretty warm under the collar about this time. They said they could not get any justice in the courts, that Peabody was holding Moyer down there under martial law, and that he had no right to, and the only way they knew of to get any justice was to take the law into their own hands and put Peabody out of business. So they decided then they wanted me to get away with the Governor. Pettibone told me where he lived, and they wanted me to take a look around his residence and see what the chances would be to get away with him. I took a look around there, and told him I thought a man could lay alongside a stone fence in a vacant lot that was on one side of his house, and shoot him with buck-shot when he came home at night. I went and sat around the Capitol building and read until I saw him, so I would know him and learn his habits, and I told Haywood I thought he could be gotten all right, but that I ought to have some one to help me. It is better to have two men on a job of this kind, so that one can watch, and of course two men could hold up the police better than one, if you had to. Besides, you get half crazy thinking of a job of this kind, when one man is alone.

Haywood said Steve Adams was the best man he knew of to go in a job of that kind, only he said he was so well known. But we thought if he came down there in the city, and did not go around in the daytime much, he might not be known. So I left there and went back to Cripple Creek, where Steve lived. I had never had anything to do with him at this time, and was only slightly acquainted with him. I went and saw him, and told him what they wanted, and he said he was ready for any old thing.

I made arrangements with Adams to come to Denver in a few days, and I went right back to Denver, and told Haywood and Pettibone that Adams would be there soon. I kept a watch around the Governor's place, and learned all I could about his habits, and learned he usually came home in a hack quite late at night.

Adams came down to Denver in a few days, and Haywood gave him money to get some new clothes and fix himself up some, and we got rooms out of the main part of the city a little, and each got a sawed-off shot-gun from Pettibone, and kept a lookout for the Governor. We had a place fixed in Pettibone's lot back of the house to hide our shot-guns after we had shot the Governor, if we got a chance, as Pettibone lived only a short distance from the Governor and there was a dark street we could take part of the way to get there, and Pettibone was to take the guns and clean them up and put them away.

Plan to "Get" Governor Peabody

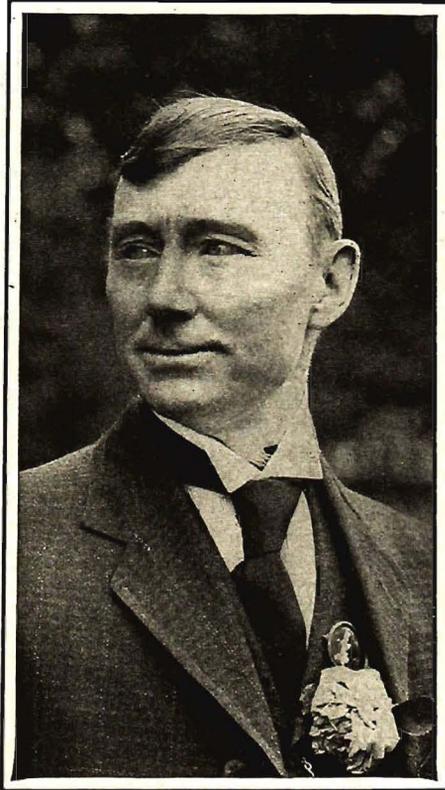
We worked on this for some time, and never happened to catch the Governor coming home at night, and we conceived the idea of planting a bomb under the edge of the sidewalk, and stretching a fine wire across some vacant lots that were there, and hiding it in the grass, and setting it off by pulling the cork out of a bottle filled with acid. When the acid touched the giant-caps it would explode the bomb. We expected to pull this wire when Governor Peabody came along

there in the morning on his way to the State-house. It was his habit to walk from his residence to the State-house every morning between nine and ten o'clock. Adams went up to a little mining-camp not far from Denver to a friend he knew, and that knew about some of these outrages, and got about fifty pounds of powder and brought it back in a grip. He took it over to Pettibone's store, made a box and put the powder into it, and fixed a lid so we could bury it and leave a wire out of the ground a little, so we could attach another wire to it.

About the time we got this ready, and were

going to bury it under the sidewalk some dark night, the executive board of the Western Federation of Miners met to make arrangements for the annual convention. It was now sometime in May. The board were gathered in Denver and were going over the books, as the custom is, just before the convention, and Haywood stopped us from using a bomb at this time, as he thought it might be laid to some of the executive board.

We had seen Mr. Peabody coming home late at night in a hack, and one night we had our pump shot-guns all ready, and waited across the street opposite in a yard under some trees, and when we saw his carriage coming, we got out on the street, and as the carriage slowed up we followed up behind it, and were only about thirty or forty feet behind it when they got out. We had our guns leveled at them to shoot as soon as we saw the Governor. We had watched so we could tell him, and it was also quite light there. But there were only three women got out, and the carriage began to turn round, and we put our guns down quick and got on the sidewalk and started down the street. The carriage-driver let his horses walk and kept looking at us, and



STEVE ADAMS

Who confessed in writing to being Orchard's partner and co-worker in the field of professional murder. Adams subsequently repudiated his confession

the women kept watching us too, and stood on the porch as far as we could see them. We took the first cross-street and got out of sight as quickly as possible. We noticed the next day in the papers that the Governor had gone out to Fort Logan with some military men and did not return until the next day.

However, Haywood said he had been studying up, and had come to the conclusion that Dave Moffat was behind the whole thing, and that Governor Peabody was often closeted with him in Moffat's private office, and he said Mr. Moffat had been mixed up in the Leadville strike some years ago, and he wanted us to leave

off Peabody and see if we could not get Moffat. We went to watching Mr. Moffat's habits, but we could not get much track of him. We knew where his residence was, but we could never see him coming or going from it, and we worked along on this for some time without ever being able to see Mr. Moffat around his house. Haywood would tell us when he was in the city, as he did his banking at Mr. Moffat's bank, and was there every day, and while he said he hardly ever saw Mr. Moffat, he could always tell when he was there, as he always kept a guard at the door of his private office. Haywood furnished us with money all this time.

III

THE SHOOTING OF LYTE GREGORY BEFORE THE CONVENTION

THE executive board had met and were having a pretty stormy time, and James Murphy from Butte would not sign the emergency bill—that is, for the expenditures out of the emergency fund. During one of their sessions it was reported by Foster Milburn, a Federation man from Idaho Springs, that Lyte Gregory—who had been a detective in the Idaho Springs labor troubles, and had been a deputy and a leader of the deputies in a strike down in the Southern coal-fields, several depredations being laid at his door—was in the city, and that Milburn met him the morning he arrived in Denver. Milburn told Pettibone about him, and Pettibone went over to the Federation headquarters, where the executive board was in session, and told them about Gregory, and they said there ought to be something done with him. That afternoon Pettibone saw Adams, and wanted him to go out with him that night, and take Gregory and mutilate him, as they claimed he had helped do that to an old man down in the coal-fields. And a little later they saw me and told me about it, and wanted to know if I would go along, and we fixed up to go.

We three—Pettibone, Adams, and myself—all went over on Curtis Street, where Gregory, Milburn, and another man were in the back part of a saloon talking, and we went in and got a drink, and saw them, so we would know them. Then we came out and stood across the street in front of the St. James Hotel, where we could see them when they came out. Milburn understood what we were going to do, and stayed with them to find out where they were going, and while we stood there watching for them, Pettibone made an excuse to go some place, and said he would be back in a few minutes. But while he was gone they all three

came out, and Gregory and this other man took a street-car. Adams and I took the same car, and followed them when they got off. They went down to a saloon on Santa Fe, near Tenth Street South, and Milburn came out on the next car. He had been up to see some men in the Granite Block, where a good many men we knew were, so he could establish an alibi. The man that came with Gregory was also from Idaho Springs, and ran a poker game in the saloon they went to. After Milburn came he told us all about this. Gregory and some others sat down in the main saloon and went to playing cards, and we thought we would give up our former plan and kill him outright.

The Death of the Detective

It was now about ten o'clock at night. I went out to our room two or three miles away, and left the rest watching him. We were going to shoot him through the window of the saloon as he sat at the table. I got a sawed-off shot-gun, and brought it back in pieces under my coat. But when I got back with the gun, they had moved into a little room in the back part of the saloon, and we could not see them, though we could hear them from the street through a window. But this window had the blinds so closely drawn that we could not see them. I went in once and bought a bottle of beer, to see if I could see where they were, but the door was closed, and I could see nothing, and we concluded to wait until Gregory came out.

A little after twelve o'clock he came out and started up the street alone, and we three followed him. We had to cross the street to get on the same side he was on. In doing this we ran into some wires stretched on the outside of the sidewalk to protect the lawns, and when we stumbled into these we attracted his attention, and he started to reach for his gun and back up toward the fence. When he did this, I shot him three times in quick succession before he fell, and then ran down the alley, as we were just opposite it. We separated as soon as we got out of the alley. I discharged another shell accidentally, before we got out of the alley, in taking the shells out of the gun. All the shooting, including this, took place within a minute or so, and we saw no one and no one seemed to be following us.

I took the gun down and put it under my coat, and we made our way to Pettibone's house—that is, Adams and I. Milburn went by himself. We left the shot-gun at Pettibone's in the place that had been previously arranged while we were working on the Governor, and we went on to our room on Downing

Avenue. Adams and I put some turpentine on our shoes, so they couldn't follow us with dogs. They did try to follow us the next day with some bloodhounds they got from Pueblo, but they went just the opposite direction from the way we went.

The Emergency Bill is Signed

The next morning the papers had the account of the murder in them. We did not go down-town until the afternoon, and then went to the Granite Block to Jack Simpkins' and Kirwan's room, they both being members of the executive board. This was Sunday and the board was not in session. Haywood and Pettibone came up there a little while later, and Haywood, Pettibone, Simpkins, Adams, and myself talked over the murder, and they told us that we did a fine job. Haywood said he had run across Armstrong, the sheriff and chief of police in Denver, and he said Armstrong said that whoever "bumped off" Gregory had done a good job, and that his men would not look very much for any one. Haywood said the detectives had had Milburn over and had questioned him, but did not arrest him, though they told him they wanted to see him again. He said Milburn was a cool, level-headed fellow, and that he had given an account of where he went after leaving Gregory at the saloon on Curtis Street, and they had gone and seen these parties that he was with, and they had told the same story. I don't know, but I think this had been previously arranged. They had Milburn up a time or two afterwards and questioned him, but did not arrest him. There was a lot of newspaper talk about this, but that was all; there was never any one arrested for it.

Haywood told me some time afterwards that some of the members of the executive board were up at the office the next morning after this happened, and Simpkins took the paper with an account of this murder in and handed it to Murphy, and that Murphy looked at the head-lines, and put the paper behind him and would not read it. I don't know whether it was before or after this—but I think it was after—that they handed Murphy the emergency bill and told him to sign his name the first one. I think at first he refused, and Haywood told him that he (Murphy) would sign it, and say that he liked it. This was the bill that Murphy had refused to sign, but Haywood told me that he signed it and they had no more trouble with him; Haywood said if he had not signed it he would not have left the room alive, and he said he guessed he thought of Gregory.

Considering Putting President Moyer Out of the Way

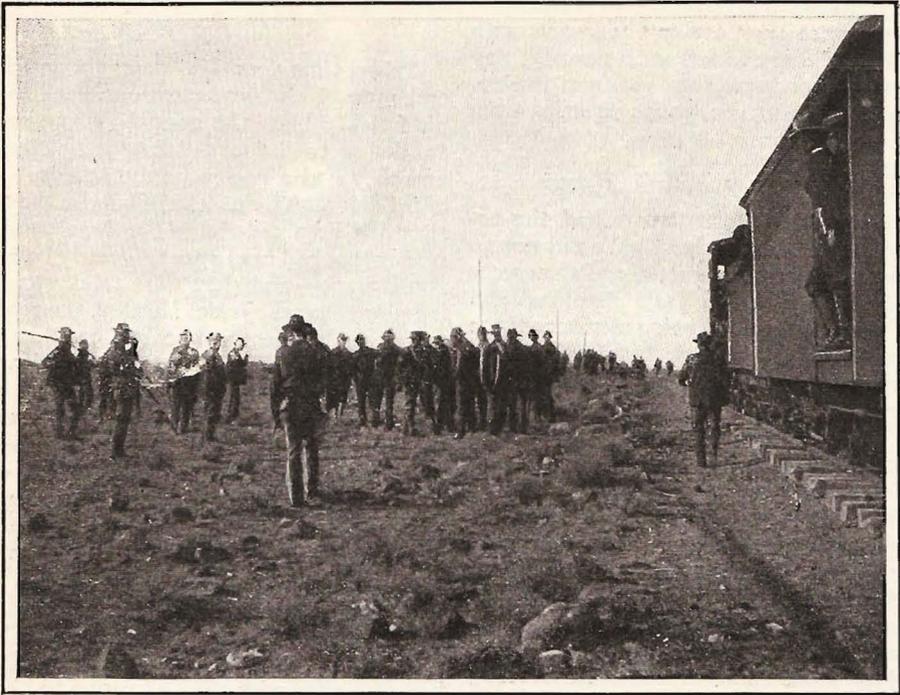
A short time after this Adams got on a drunk, and some of his friends sent him back to Cripple Creek. Then the annual Federation convention met. I attended this most of the time, and they had a pretty stormy session. Many of the delegates were dissatisfied with the strikes that had been called and the large amount of money that had been spent,—nearly half a million dollars,—and they were talking of electing new officers. James Murphy, the representative on the executive board from Butte, had been down to Telluride and had seen Moyer in the "bull-pen" there, and it was said that Moyer had made some deal with Butte and was going to turn Haywood down, and it was thought there was going to be a split and some of the districts would withdraw from the Federation.

Moyer always seemed to be jealous of Haywood, and he had some reason to be, as Haywood always seemed to run the office. And when Moyer was in jail at Telluride their relations became more strained than ever. Moyer used to send what letters or other business he had connected with the Federation to his wife, and had her get Copley of the executive board to attend to them. This made Haywood pretty angry. It was also reported that Moyer had shown the military officers at Telluride great respect. This also made Haywood angry, and when Murphy went down to see Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone thought there was some job being worked up by Moyer and Murphy to oust Haywood; and Pettibone and Haywood thought Moyer was weakening, and we talked of putting him out of the way. After Moyer got out, he explained that the reason he was so friendly to the militia officers was that he was sick and thought they would use him better. But he and Haywood were not very good friends afterward. Moyer was in jail over three months, and when he came back to the office again after he was released from the "bull-pen," Haywood and he just spoke to each other, as if he had only been out a day.

IV

HOW WE BLEW UP THE INDEPENDENCE DEPOT DURING THE CONVENTION

HEN W. F. Davis, Parker, and Pettibone wanted me to go to Cripple Creek and pull off something, and stir up the delegates, so they would quit this quarrelling, and be united, and finish up their business and go home. The different factions were having their little meetings nights. During



Scene showing union men as they were being deported from Telluride by the militia

this wrangle Pettibone, Davis, and Parker said I had better go to Cripple Creek and blow up something, as that would not only unite the convention, but if it happened when all the union leaders were out of the district, they would not know who to lay it to. I told them it would not be much trouble to blow up the Independence depot. We had talked of this before. The idea was to get the night shifts of non-union miners that got on the two-thirty train there every morning. They said that would be all right. Haywood said he did not want me to get mixed up in a job like that, and wanted me to get some one else to do it, as he said he had some heavier work for me to do. He said as I had never had my name mixed up with the Federation, and they had never suspected me, I could do this work better than some one that had been written up in the papers in connection with some of this work. I told him I would not get mixed up; that I would get some one else to do it, or I would set it off with an alarm-clock.

Pettibone was doorkeeper at the convention hall, and Parker, Davis, Pettibone, and myself were talking this over, and they wanted me to go up to the district that afternoon. The convention had just assembled after lunch, and Haywood came in while we were talking, and we asked him about it, and he said no doubt it would be a good thing, and that anything went

with him. He gave me some money, and told me to be sure and not get mixed up myself.

I bought an alarm-clock and went to Cripple Creek that afternoon.

Getting a Partner

I went and asked Billy Aikman if he wanted to help do a little job. He told me he did not see how he could get away, as he had bought a half-interest in a saloon at Independence and was tending bar nights, and he thought he might be missed if he wasn't there. I did not tell him what we were going to do. Then I went and told Adams they wanted a little job done, and he said all right, he was ready for any old thing, or words to that effect. I told Billy Easterly what we were going to do, and he said all right, if we wanted any help he would help us. I went and saw Floyd Miller, where he was working on a lease, and asked him if he would get me a hundred pounds of powder and two boxes of giant-caps. He said he would, and I gave him the money to get them.

I got Adams and went over that night after the powder, where Miller said he would leave it, but it was not there. Adams and I went over to see Miller the next day, and Miller said they did not deliver it, but that he had ordered it and thought it would be up sure that day. We went over that night, and carried it over to Independence, and hid it in an old cellar in the

back of a cabin that Adams had a key to. I think this was on Thursday evening, and we intended to use the powder on Saturday night.

The Burning of Neville's Saloon

A good while before this, Johnnie Neville and myself had planned to go out on a camping and hunting trip, and as his saloon had not paid him since the strike, he said he would close it up, and I said to him that he had better burn it up. So he got the saloon insured after this, and we took out some of the liquor and buried it in a dump. So when I went to Cripple Creek to get Steve Adams to go after Governor Peabody, we set the saloon on fire. I took five bottles of the Grecian fire and poured it round in the upper rooms of the saloon, and shut the doors and went away. I got these bottles in the dump by Easterly's cabin. He told me where they were when I saw him in Denver. The saloon was all in flames a short time later, and no one could get near it, and it burned up completely.

Now, after Adams and I had fixed up everything to blow up the depot, I thought it would be a good plan to go off with Johnnie Neville on this camping trip. I figured it would be a good thing for me to go away from there in the daytime with him, and then come back at night on horseback and do the job; and as Neville had a good reputation and was well thought of, I took advantage of the saloon fire and thought he dare not go back on me. Neville wanted to go with me, and we looked around for a team and wagon, as we intended to drive through the country. We bought a team and wagon from Joe Adams, Steve's brother. We got all ready and intended to leave on Saturday, and I intended to come back on horseback Saturday night and blow up the depot and ride back to where we camped.

Delayed by the Strike Committee

But Friday evening Billy Easterly came to my house and told me Parker was up from Denver and wanted to see me. I went down to Parker's house in Independence, and he told me the convention had appointed a committee to come up and investigate the strike, and to see the mine operators' representative and get both sides of the story. The Haywood faction did not want this committee appointed, and after it was appointed Parker said they did not want them to come up alone, and they decided to have him come with them. I told them we were all ready, and intended to finish the job Saturday night, but he wanted us to wait until they got away. He said they would hang him if anything like that happened when he was there, but he said if it was going to make any particular difference to go ahead, and he would

take his chances, and would rather like to catch this committee up there, so they would get a touch of high life. I told him we would wait until they left, so Parker and this committee went and had a conference with the secretary of the mine operators, and the committee were favorable to some kind of a settlement.

Now, Haywood and the strike committee and some, if not all, of the executive board did not want this committee to make any settlement or interfere with the strike, and Haywood said they had spent too much money to let them settle with any one else, and that when they wanted to settle they would have to come to them. Malcolm Gillis from Butte was on this committee, one man from Wyoming, and one from British Columbia. The Haywood faction were sore at Gillis, and said he was chairman of the Republican State Central Committee of Montana and stood in with the mine operators. The fact was that Gillis was a bright and, I think, reasonable man, and they were afraid he would open the way for settlement, and they would have no hand in it, and lose the glory.

After the conference with the secretary of the mine operators, the committee made some further inquiry about the district, and visited the union at Victor Saturday evening, and left Sunday for Denver. Sunday evening, Neville and I and his little boy Charlie left Independence with a team and wagon, and drove down the road toward Colorado Springs a few miles — I think six or eight miles — and camped for the night. I told Neville I intended to go back and do a little work that night. I told him I would make some excuse before Charlie, and if anything happened that I was ever mistrusted, I was supposed to be there all night with them. I had gotten a saddle from Tom Foster before I left, and had made arrangements with Adams to meet me where we left the dynamite.

Planting the Depot Bomb

A little after dark, I saddled one of the horses and rode back within a mile of the depot, and tied my horse in some bushes, and walked the rest of the way to the cabin, and found Adams already there. This was about ten o'clock. He had a candle, and we stayed in there about an hour, making a little wooden windlass to set off the dynamite with. We fastened two little vials on the cross-piece of this with a little strip of leather, so when you pulled on the windlass these bottles would turn over and spill sulphuric acid on the giant-caps we had put in the powder.

About eleven o'clock, when 'most everybody around there had gone to bed, we took the two

fifty-pound boxes of powder with us and went over to the depot. This depot had been closed for some time, and they kept no operator there, though the train stopped there for people to get on and off. The depot was built on a side-hill, with a long platform in front of it. We walked under this platform, and I crawled under where the plank came right close to the ground. I dug away a little place in there, and

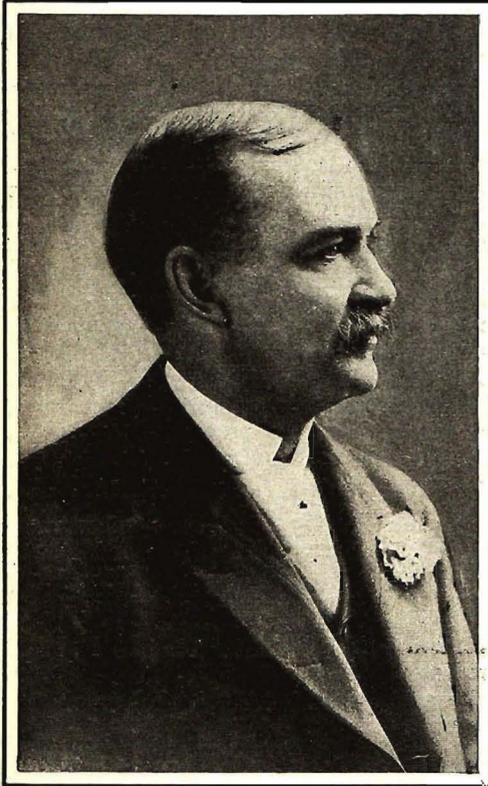
and tied a chair-rung to the end of it. We went back to an old ore-house beside the spur track, and waited. It had been dark and lowery that night, but about two o'clock it began to lighten up. We were a good deal put out by this, as there was a small moon and it got quite light. The train we were waiting for came in every evening about two-thirty, and it generally was on the dot. We heard the men come on the platform talking, and finally we heard the train. Then we got down to the end of our wire and took hold of the chair-rung, and when the train was within about a hundred feet of the depot, we each had a hold of one end of this chair-rung which the wire was attached to, and pulled it and kept right on going. We intended to take the wire with us, but forgot that part, as the rocks and debris were falling around us pretty thick, although neither of us got hurt. I do not know how many men were on the platform at the time, but I think there were thirteen killed outright and some others were maimed and crippled for life.

The "Get-away"

We ran as fast as we could, and soon got up on the railroad and followed it around nearly to the old Victor mine on the north side of Bull Hill, and then separated. Adams went on around to Midway, where he lived, and I went down to where I left my horse, on the Colorado Springs road, and rode back to our camp as fast as possible, and got there just at daybreak. Mr. Neville and Charlie were awake, and I crawled up in the wagon and went to sleep for a while, or at least tried to sleep.

Mr. Neville asked me what we had blown up. I told him nothing at first, or put him off with some evasive answer. He said there were two reports and they shook the ground there. He then asked me if it was the Findley mine; I told him I was not there, and this was reasonable enough for him to believe, for the explosion was at two-thirty and it was only a few minutes after three when I got to the camp. But it was all down grade and my horse was cold standing so long,—for it was a cold night for that time of year, with a frost,—and I ran him most of the way at full speed, only slacking a couple of times close to two houses, so they would not hear the horse running.

We got our breakfast and started on down the road toward Colorado Springs about eight o'clock. We did not meet or see any one who said anything to us until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when we got close to Colorado Springs, and a man asked us if we were from Cripple Creek. We told him we were, and he asked when we left, and we told him the day



JAMES H. PEABODY

Ex-Governor of Colorado, whom Orchard repeatedly attempted to assassinate

buried the two boxes of dynamite in the ground close up to the planks, put in the giant-caps and set up the windlass on one of the boxes, and filled the two little bottles with sulphuric acid from another bottle I had it in. This was ticklish business, as it was very dark in there, and I had to fill these little bottles without seeing them; and though I kept a pasteboard over the giant-caps and the dynamite while I was filling this, yet a drop of the acid would have set the whole thing off. We had a mixture of sugar and potash on the caps, too, that the acid would set fire to immediately.

Then we stretched a wire out from the windlass about two hundred feet on to a spur track,

before, and he began to tell us about the explosion, and said there were sixty men killed and several hurt, and the depot was blown to atoms, and some of the people living close by were thrown from their beds. This startled Mr. Neville and Charlie, as Neville's house was only about a hundred yards from the depot, and I had to tell him I knew his folks were not hurt. I did not let Charlie hear me tell his father this, but I told him I was not more than a hundred feet from it when the explosion occurred, and this somewhat pacified him. When we got to Colorado Springs we got some later papers and found that the first reports were exaggerated and that none of the people living around the depot were seriously hurt, and we bought some things in the city that we needed, and went on about four miles beyond the Springs and camped that night. The next morning I walked back a ways until I reached a street-car line, and went into the city and got the morning papers and came back. We found in the paper where a piece of plank had gone through the roof of Mr. Neville's house, and a sliver had struck Mrs. Neville on the breast while she was in bed, but had not seriously hurt her. This relieved me a whole lot, for I realized my position if any of his family had been hurt.

We started on again, and drove a few miles beyond Palmer Lake, and camped the next night, and the next afternoon we reached the suburbs of Denver and got a little barn to put our horses and wagon in. It was only a little way from the end of the street-car line, and after we put our horses up, we took the car and went into the city. We got there a little before dark.

Satisfaction at Headquarters

I left Mr. Neville and started to go to Jack Simpkins' room in the Granite Block. I met Simpkins on the street, and we went up to this room together, and Kirwan was there, and a little later Haywood and Pettibone came in, and while we were talking Steve Adams came in. Kirwan did not take any part in the conversation; I think he left the room soon after Simpkins and I came up. They were all greatly

pleased with the job, and they said it was the only thing that ever saved the Federation from being split up. They said every delegate there wanted to get through as soon as possible, and there was no more kicking and no more new candidates for office, as no one wanted the offices, but wanted to get away as soon as possible for fear something would fall. They told us everything was on fire up in the district, or words to that effect, and they had declared martial law and had established a "bull-pen," and were deporting men, but still they did not think anything of this. They were well pleased to think they had all been elected again, except one member of the board, and they did not want him. They said the dogs had followed my trail several miles down the cañon, but Haywood said he did not think they were on to anything. Adams had stayed home and the next day went over to Cripple Creek, and his friends advised him to leave the district, and Monday night after dark he started to walk to South Park, and he caught the train there and came in to Denver. He did not leave any too soon, for that night or the next day, I have forgotten which, there was a mob of about a hundred men came to his house, and if they had found him, there is no doubt but they would have lynched him, as he had the name of being a dynamiter.

Haywood and the others asked us what we intended to do, and I told him I was going up through Wyoming on a prospecting and pleasure trip. He asked us how much money we wanted, and said it would be better for us not to take it all now or all we expected. Adams told them he wanted two hundred dollars now, and he said he was going to send for his wife, and I don't think he said what he intended to do—if he knew. I told Haywood I wanted three hundred anyway then. Next day I got the three hundred dollars from Pettibone, and Mr. Neville and I bought a tent and some other things we needed, and I think after we were there three or four days we got our team and started for Cheyenne, Wyoming. I think we were four or five days going to Cheyenne. We put our horses up there and intended to let them rest a day or so.

THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD*

THE following instalment of Orchard's story — covering the period from July, 1904, to August, 1905 — deals almost exclusively with his attempts to kill prominent officials and men of affairs in Colorado and California with dynamite. The high explosive is becoming the chief modern instrument of assassination in class warfare, but Orchard's method of using it was a new departure. In European murders of this kind, the assassin throws the bomb himself, and is sacrificed with his victim, or is captured immediately afterward. The story of this American assassin shows the development of a most ingenious type of man-trap, in which the victim kills himself, and the assassin is able to escape. This new device proved, in itself, the most baffling feature of the tragedies in which Orchard was engaged to the authorities investigating them, and was never fully understood until his confession. A part of Orchard's narrative, dealing with his trip into Wyoming after the Independence depot explosion, is omitted at the opening of this instalment, but will be given when the story is published in book form.

HOW I WENT TO SAN FRANCISCO AND BLEW UP FRED BRADLEY

FTER I had been gone about six weeks from Denver after the Independence depot explosion, I went back there, and met Haywood and Pettibone at the latter's residence. I told them of my trip through Wyoming. I did not tell them I had lost my money gambling, but said that I had invested it in some real estate at Cody, Wyoming, and that I needed some more money, because Johnnie Neville and I were going into the saloon business there. I got some money from Pettibone then. But we decided that it would not be safe for me to go back to Cody, as Haywood and Pettibone said there was no doubt about the authorities at Cripple Creek being after me.

They told me they had Art Baston working on Governor Peabody, but that he seemed to be slow, and Haywood told me that he was married, and that they did not seem to work so good after they were married. They told me about Andy Mayberry, superintendent of the Highland Boy mine at Bingham, Utah, discharging one hundred and fifty union men because they laid off to take part in some labor demonstration, and Haywood said he wanted me to see Art Baston, and thought he would like to send us up there and put Mayberry out of the way, as he said they could not allow a man to do that kind of thing with the union men, or the union men there would think they had no protection from the union.

Pettibone made an appointment with Baston, and I met him at Pettibone's store one evening.

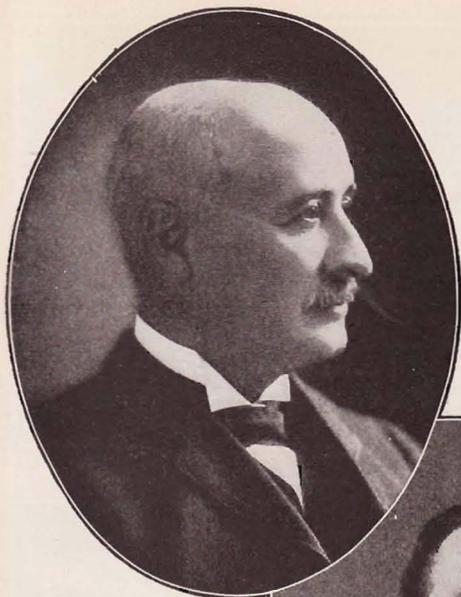
He said he had been around Governor Peabody's place some, but that Adams had told him about us being there close to his carriage with the shot-guns, and the women seeing us, and Baston said he was a little leary about hanging around there, for fear Peabody had guards.

Steve Adams Sent after Ex-Governor Steunenberg

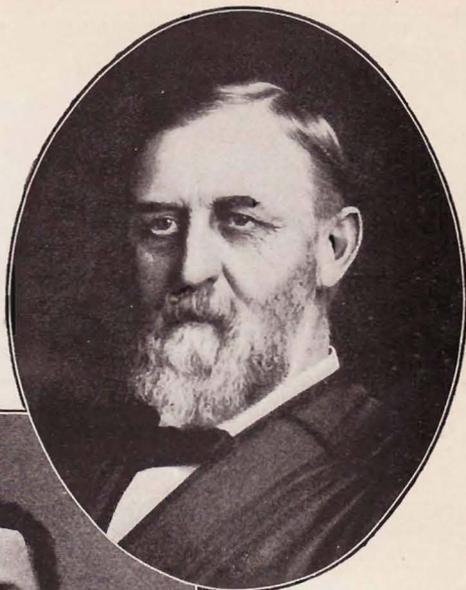
Right after that — sometime in August, 1904 — I met Haywood and Pettibone on a Sunday afternoon, and we had a long talk in Pettibone's back yard. They told me that Adams had gone up to Wardner, Idaho, to help Jack Simpkins get rid of some claim-jumpers that had jumped his and some other claims, and that after that Steve was going down to Caldwell, Idaho, and get ex-Governor Steunenberg of Idaho. They asked me if I knew where Gordon Post-Office was up there, as they wanted to send Jack some money there to give to Steve, to come down to Caldwell on when he got through with this job for Simpkins. I told them I did not know where Gordon Post-Office was, but if Jack told them to send it there, likely it was all right. But they said they would send it to Ed Boyce at Wallace, and he would give it to Jack.

A Mission to the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang

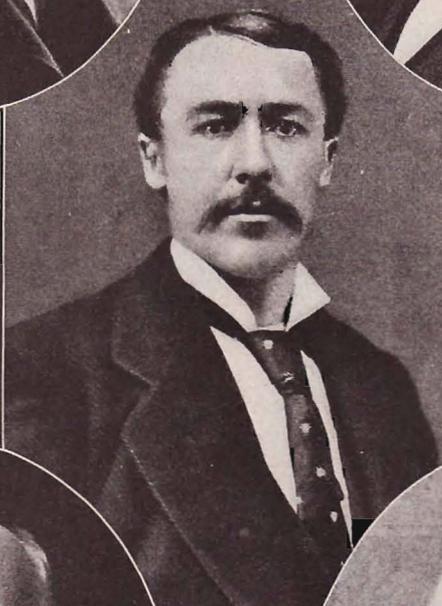
They also said Adams was going to stop at Granger, Wyoming, on the way up to Idaho, and Haywood said that he had given Adams instructions to look up where the gang of train-robbers and bank-robbers and hold-ups called



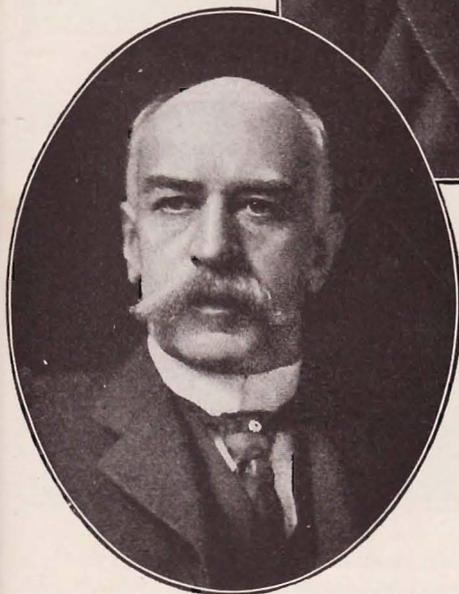
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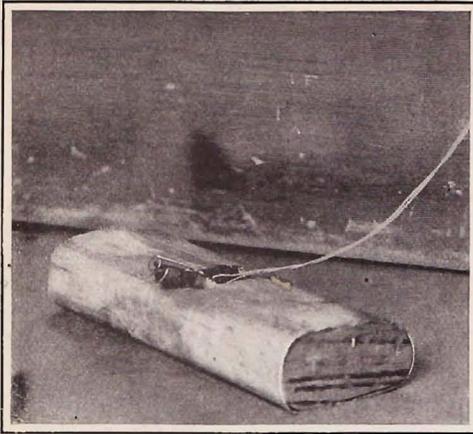


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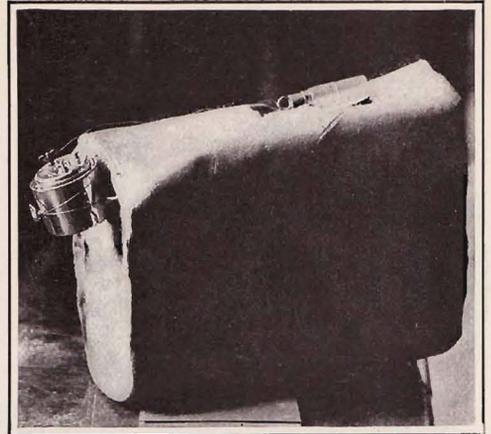


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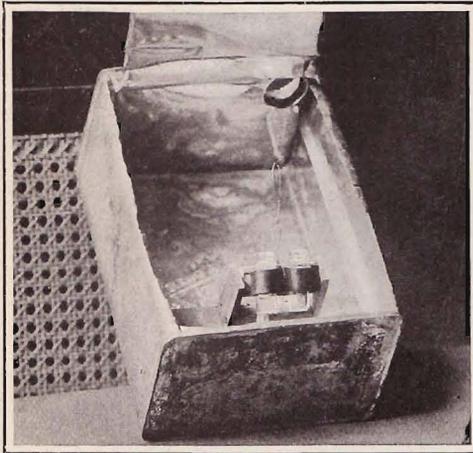
1, CHIEF JUSTICE WILLIAM H. GABBERT 2, JUSTICE LUTHER M. GODDARD,
3, JOHN NEVILLE 4, FRANK HEARNE 5, MERRITT W. WALLEY



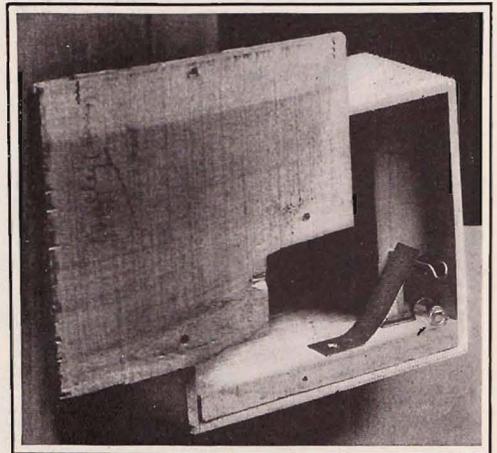
The Bradley Bomb



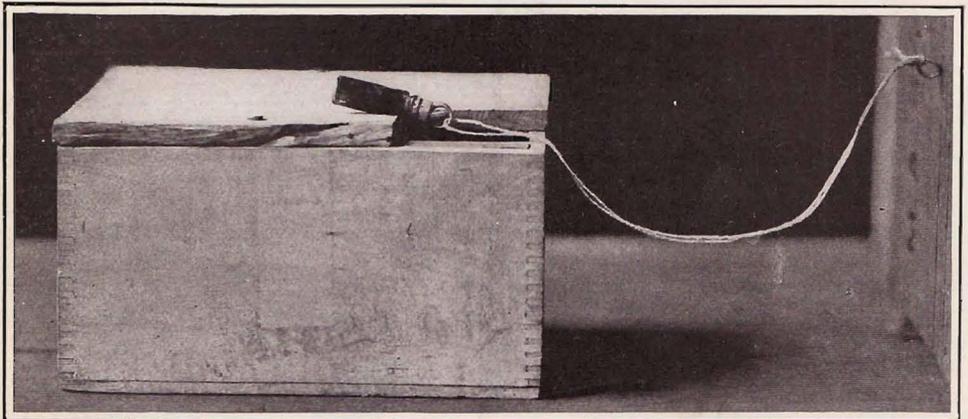
The Big Peabody Clock Bomb



The First Gabbert Bomb



The Bomb which Killed Walley



The Goddard Bomb

THE ORCHARD INFERNAL MACHINE

The photograph of the Peabody bomb is taken from the lead case of this shown in the State's Exhibit at the Haywood trial, equipped according to Orchard's directions; the pictures of the other four are from models made by Orchard. Explanations of the operation of these are given in the text of this instalment of his confession.

the Hole-in-the-Wall gang were. Haywood was going to get this gang to kidnap Charles MacNeill of Colorado Springs, manager of the United States Reduction and Refining Company, who was the chief man that fought the union in the Colorado City Mill and Smelters' union strike. Haywood said if he could get this gang in with him, and kidnap MacNeill and hold him for ransom, they would get as much money as the strike would cost them. This gang had headquarters in the Big Horn Mountains, where you could look out for miles over the level and see anybody coming. They said the only way you could get up where they were was through a very narrow box cañon, and they had that fixed so that a regiment of soldiers couldn't get through there without being killed off.

But the man they sent Adams to told him there was none of the gang there then; that they were all South; Adams wrote Pettibone a letter, and said "the birds had all flown South."

We talked over our going to Bingham, Utah, and I told Haywood I was well acquainted there, and was also acquainted with Andy Mayberry. He said if I was I had better not go there. He said they had some work in California, and thought I had better go down there, and he said they had some of this old work that they had wanted done a long time, and that this was the best time he knew of, as they had plenty of money, and could get it out easier now and it would not be noticed so much. They received more money the next month after the convention than any month during the trouble; I think they received between forty and fifty thousand dollars for the strike or eight-hour fund, as it was called.

"To Show Those Fellows We Never Forget"

We held this latter conversation one Sunday in Pettibone's back yard,—Haywood, he, and I,—and Haywood finally asked me if I would go to California alone and see if I could put Fred Bradley out of the way. Mr. Bradley was manager of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mine at the time of the trouble in the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, in 1899, when they blew up their mill, and Haywood said he was at the head of the mine operators' association of California, and he said they were raising an immense fund to drive the Federation out of the State, or words to that effect. He said they wanted to show those fellows that they never forgot them. He also said he had sent Steve Adams and Ed Minster to California to get Bradley, but they did not accomplish it. I told them I would go down and try it.

The next day, I think, Haywood gave Pettibone one hundred and fifty dollars more, and he got me a ticket and a new grip, and I took the early train the next morning for San Francisco. Pettibone told me any time I wanted any money just to wire him and he would send it to me. I went by the name of John Dempsey. I arrived in San Francisco in a few days, and stopped at the Golden West Hotel. I looked around in the city directory and the telephone guide, and located Mr. Bradley's office and also his residence, and called up his office by phone, and they told me Mr. Bradley had gone on a trip to Alaska and would not be back for three months. I wrote a letter to Pettibone and told him this. We had a sort of a cipher to write by, so no one could tell anything about it if it fell into their hands. I also told him in this letter to send me a hundred dollars.

During the time I was waiting for an answer I noticed in the paper where Johnnie Neville had been arrested at Thermopolis and was being taken back to Cripple Creek, and that they also expected to arrest me soon and take me back there, too; so I thought I had better leave the hotel and get a private room, and not go around much in the daytime. But I had told Pettibone to address me at the Golden West Hotel, and had not received his letter yet, but had gotten a telegram from him stating, "Business bad, Johnnie on the way, wrote you to-day." I did not want to stay at the hotel any longer, but I wanted to get this letter, so I went and hunted the secretary of the bartenders' union, named Peter L. Hoff, and arranged with him to get the letter for me at the hotel. I told him I was a union miner from Colorado. I left the hotel then and got a private room a little way out. Hoff sent a man down to inquire for the letter, and he said as soon as he asked the clerk at the hotel if there was any mail for Dempsey he touched a button. He thought he did this to call an officer, and he said the mail-carrier also happened to be there, and he spoke up and asked where Dempsey was, and he became more suspicious then, and said I was a traveling man and had gone to Stockton, California. The mail-carrier asked him my address, and he told him Stockton, California, general delivery. There was nothing in these manoeuvres,—they just happened that way,—but this man thought it looked suspicious, and so it did. I would say that when you are on work of this kind you soon become suspicious of everybody and everything, and, in a word, of your own shadow.

So Hoff wrote to Stockton, and told them to forward the letter to him at 211 Taylor Street, San Francisco, and he got a card in a

day or so from the post-office on Mission Street, and there was a registered letter there for John Dempsey. I gave him an order to get it, but they would not let him have it. I did not want to trouble him any more, and he said he did not believe there was any one watching for me there, and that if I went down there he would identify me, so I went down with him later and got the letter without any trouble.

Pettibone told me to lay pretty low and not let them pick me up the first thing, and be careful, if I wrote to him, what I wrote, and to destroy his letters immediately. He also told me to go a little slow on money, as it was hard to dig up. I got the hundred dollars I sent for in this letter. I got the Denver papers there all the time, and knew pretty well what was going on in Colorado, and kept pretty quiet for a while, staying in most of the time during the day. But I got tired of this, and thought I would go out to some little summer resort and stay there a while, and I went up to Caliente Springs and stayed there about a month. I then came back to the city and got a room out near the Presidio. I noticed by the papers that they held Johnnie Neville in jail, and would not give him bail, and I noticed the names of several others I knew who were arrested. I used to send for a hundred dollars to Pettibone about once a month, and he wired it to me. He used to send this to Harry Green, in care of Peter L. Hoff. He sent this as coming from Pat Bone, or Bowen, and sometimes as from Wolff. I had some little trouble getting the first draft, as I was not sure what name he gave when he sent it, but I got it all right. Mr. Hoff was acquainted with them down at the Postal Telegraph office, and after the first time he identified me they used to give it to me without any fuss.

They held Johnnie Neville between two and three months, and then released him on his own recognizance, and also released all the others, only placing charges against two, and releasing these on bail. I felt more easy then and went around more, and Johnnie and his boy went back to Thermopolis and got the team and wagon, and drove back to Denver. I noticed these things in the papers.

Stalking the Mine Manager

I had bought ten pounds of dynamite to make a bomb with, and got a room only a few doors from Mr. Bradley's flat. This room was on Washington Street about a quarter of a block away, but on higher ground, and my windows were about on a level with the Bradley flat, and I could look right over into it. There was a little grocery-store and a saloon on the opposite corner from Mr. Bradley's residence,

and they used to buy their groceries there, or part of them. I used to loaf there in the saloon a good deal, and spent quite a bit of money with this man. He was an Italian or a Swiss. The girls that worked for Mr. Bradley used to be over at the store every day, and Guibinni, the proprietor, gave me an introduction to them. So I got to talk to them, and took one of them to the theater once, and found out from them when they expected Mr. Bradley home, etc. I stayed there until he did come home. I went by the name of Berry there.

After Mr. Bradley came home, sometime in October, I noticed his movements, and learned his habits pretty well. He used to leave his residence about eight o'clock in the morning. They lived on the corner of Leavenworth and Washington streets, in a big three-story residence flat that had six families living in it. There was a big archway at the entrance, and the flat was built out flush with the sidewalk. They all went in at this archway, but each family had a private entrance to their apartment. I had figured a good many ways how to get away with Mr. Bradley the easiest and not get caught. I had stood across the street in front of the entrance to his residence, with a shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and tried to catch him coming home at night; but it was not light enough to tell him from the rest, as they all went into this archway. I was getting sick of staying there, and Pettibone had sent an answer to my last letter, asking him to send me five hundred dollars, to call it off, and did not send the money.

My money was getting low, and I was getting desperate, for I thought they just took advantage of me, not sending me money because they thought I dared not come back to Denver, and I made up my mind to go back and show them. I knew Haywood, Moyer, or Pettibone dare not refuse me money if I asked them personally.

The Strychnine in the Milk

The desperate and horrible means I conceived at this time to carry out my plan to kill Mr. Bradley I would gladly withhold and let die in my breast. But I feel that perhaps I owe some one a duty that may have been blamed for this, and wrongfully accused; and I feel it my duty to make this known, as I have promised God I will write the whole truth of my wicked and sinful life, and not try to favor myself. I have made this attempt several times, and it has required no small effort on my part to write some of these things.

I knew this place well, and there was an empty house with a flat roof just behind the apartment where Mr. Bradley lived, and there were

stairs up from the back way on the outside of the apartment. I went up these stairs and got on the roof of this vacant house,—for it was right close to the stairs,—and waited there until the milkman brought the Bradleys' milk, which was a little before daylight. I knew he left this milk there in bottles, as I had watched him before. I had a little powder of strychnine made for each bottle, and raised the paper cover and emptied one of these in each bottle of the milk and cream, and stirred it up a little, and pressed the paper cover back again, and left and went back to my room. I figured the girls would serve Mr. and Mrs. Bradley's breakfast first, and they would get the poison first. I could see their kitchen plainly from the window of my room, but I could not see anything unusual there that morning.

I did not get up until ten and sometimes later, and then I usually went down to the little saloon bar at Guibinni's and got a drink, and sat there and read the morning paper. This morning I did the same, and I noticed a bottle of milk standing on the back bar, and asked Guibinni if he was selling milk, or drew his attention to the bottle in some way like that. He began to tell me about this milk, and wanted me to taste of it. He said he tasted of it, and could feel it in his throat yet. He told me the girls over at Mr. Bradley's had brought that bottle over, and wanted him to take it down and have it analyzed, as they believed there was poison in it. He said it was bitter as gall. Now I never knew before that strychnine was bitter, but it seems the cook had tasted of some of this, found it was bitter, and told Mrs. Bradley, and then they came over to Guibinni's place to get some more milk and cream for breakfast.

The Bomb at Manager Bradley's Door

After this failed, I got a bomb ready. I bought a piece of five-inch lead pipe about a foot long at a plumber's, and put wooden ends in it. Then I hammered one side of it flat, so it would lie straight without turning over, and I cut a piece out of the other side, and turned back the flap, and fastened a little vial on this, so that when you filled it with sulphuric acid, and you pulled out the cork, the acid would run out into the hole in the pipe. Then I filled up the lead pipe with about five or six pounds of No. 1 gelatin, and put some caps and sugar and potash on top of this and opposite the hole in the lead pipe, so the acid would fall on them. Then I planned to hitch a little string to the cork of the bottle, and fasten the other end of the string in a screw-eye in a door, so when you opened the door it would pull out the cork and set off the bomb.

I practised with this while I was making it in my room, so as to see if the cork would come out of the bottle instead of moving the bomb. I had the dynamite in, but not the caps or acid, and I tried it by fastening a screw-eye and string on my closet door, and it worked all right. But one day I left the screw-eye and the string and the cork on my door, and went down-town, and forgot about it; and when I got home I thought that was a nice trick to leave that thing there, for I thought the woman that kept the house must have seen it when she cleaned up my room. But she never gave any sign she noticed it.

After that I watched what time Mr. Bradley usually came down-stairs in the morning, and how soon after he ate his breakfast. As I was on a level, or about so, with their dining-room in my room, I could look out of the window and see them when they were at their meals. I noticed Mr. Bradley came down-stairs soon after he had finished breakfast, and I had to guess that he would be the first one down-stairs, so as not to catch any one else. In order to be sure he would be at home, I called him up one night on a phone at his residence, and told him I was from Goldfield, Nevada, and had some good mining property up there, and wanted to raise some money, or get some one with money interested, so I could develop it; and that I had been recommended to him, and would like to make an appointment to meet him. He said he would be pleased to meet me and talk the matter over at least, and could meet me the next morning at his office. I asked him if he could as well make it the morning after that, and he said he could,—at nine o'clock, I think,—and I told him all right. I did not want to try the bomb the next morning, as I was not ready.

The next night I went and fastened a little screw-eye in the door of his residence, where it opened out of the stairway into the archway, and the morning after I watched him from my room when he went in to breakfast, and waited until I thought he was about half through. Then I took the bomb that I had all ready, walked up to his door in the archway, laid it down, and hooked a little cord over the screw-eye I had screwed in the door, and laid the mat over the bomb. This looked like a small parcel, as I had it done up in a paper.

An Interruption by the Sheriff

I had told the lady where I was rooming, the night before, that I was going away for a while, and I had also taken my grip down-town the night before and left it at a saloon. After I left this bomb, I took a car and went down-town, and got another room down on Taylor

Street. After I rented this, I thought I would lie down and sleep awhile, as I had not slept much during the night. A little while afterwards I was awakened by some one rapping at my door, and, on asking what they wanted, was told to open the door and I would see. I told them they had better get away from there, and a little while after they came back. I asked them who they were and what they wanted, and was told it was the sheriff and to open the door. I told them to wait until I dressed. I thought I had been seen putting the bomb at Mr. Bradley's door and had been followed. I dressed and took my gun in my hand and opened the door, intending to shoot if they wanted to arrest me. But the landlady was there when I opened the door, and explained to me that the sheriff had seized her furniture and was removing it. This was such a happy surprise to me that I left the house, and never said a word about the room-rent I had paid her, nor the annoyance they caused me. This always seemed a little peculiar to me, that I should happen in a place of this kind at such a time.

The News of the Explosion

I think it was about four o'clock in the afternoon when I left there. I bought the *Evening Bulletin* to see if there was any account of anything about the bomb, and there was not a thing. I felt pretty uneasy, as I knew if it had not been exploded it would be sure to be discovered, and I thought I might have been seen there, and leaving that neighborhood that same morning I would be apt to be suspected. I thought, too, that when they found the way that bomb was set, the lady where I boarded would be sure to remember the screw-eye and string that I had left fastened to my closet door.

I took a walk over on the west side, a little out of the busy part of the city. I did not have money enough to leave the city, and felt pretty miserable, and the world looked more desolate to me than it ever had before. I could not see much for me to live for, and I thought everything was working against me. I could not settle my mind on anything or do anything. I was strong and able to work, but could not set myself about it, as my mind was in such a state, and I came nearer ending all than I ever had before.

I went into a restaurant to get something to eat, as I had not eaten anything all that day. I picked up another evening newspaper, the *Evening Post*, and there was the picture of the explosion and a full account of it. This paper stated that Mr. Bradley would probably die,

or at least lose his hearing and eyesight. They gave as the cause of the explosion leaking gas pipes and fixtures, and said the gas had escaped and filled the hall and the stairway entrance to Mr. Bradley's apartment, and as he lit his cigar coming down the stairway the gas exploded. When Mr. Bradley opened the door, practically the whole stairway and entrance into the archway was blown out, and Mr. Bradley was thrown out onto the sidewalk with the debris, and the flat was more or less shattered from one end to the other, and the glass was broken across the street and for some distance away. It seems now to me a horrible thing to say, but I felt better after reading this, for I knew I could now get a good piece of money without any trouble, as Haywood and Pettibone would be so well pleased.

I sent Pettibone a copy of this paper and told him to wire me some money at once, and he did so in a few days. After about a week I went up and looked at Mr. Bradley's place, and saw Mr. Guibinni, the grocer and saloon-man. He told me they thought Mr. Bradley would lose his eyesight. He said he did not believe that gas caused the explosion, himself—he thought it was a bomb; but he said Mrs. Bradley would not hear to such a thing, and said she had smelled gas escaping for some time. The owners of the property sued the gas company, and were awarded ten thousand dollars damages, and when this was carried to the Supreme Court, they affirmed the lower court.

In Disguise to Denver

I stayed in San Francisco two or three weeks after the explosion, and thought I would take a trip back to Denver. I went and got a suit of soldier's uniform, and wore that to Denver as a disguise. I set off the bomb at Mr. Bradley's house November 17th, and I got back to Denver about the first part of December, 1904. I went to a rooming-house, and got a room a little way from Pettibone's store, and then telephoned him to come over, and a few minutes after he and Steve Adams came. We talked a little while there, and I told them if Mr. Bradley did not die, he was at least maimed for life, and would be deaf and blind. Pettibone was well pleased with this news, but said it was hard luck that it did not kill him. Really, Mr. Bradley got well after a while, and is neither deaf nor blind; but I thought then he was very badly hurt.

Neville and the "Inner Circle"

Adams had come back in September, and he and his wife were keeping house in Denver then, and Steve asked me to go home with him.

I went with him, and Billy Aikman was stopping with them, and Billy Easterly had been there some. I asked Pettibone why he did not send me the money when I asked for it, and what he meant by saying to call it off. He then told me the time they had had with Johnnie Neville after he had been released from jail in Cripple Creek. He came to Denver and told them he knew all about their work, and especially the Independence depot, and that I had told him they hired me to do it, and if they did not give him twelve hundred dollars he was going to expose them. Pettibone said for a while he had them all up a tree, and they had it all planned to kill him if he kept on. He said that Moyer was especially excited over it. But finally they scared Neville off by springing on him how he set fire to his saloon, and saying they would tell the police, and then he quit and left the country and went to Goldfield, Nevada.

II

OUR FIRST BOMB FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY, AND OTHER BOMBS FOR STREET WORK



KEPT pretty close for a time after arriving in Denver. I lived with Adams for a while, and I did not go out much except at night. I went over to Haywood's residence at night, and talked to him once in a while. He said he was better pleased to have Mr. Bradley maimed the way he was than to have him killed outright, for he was a living example, and he said Bradley knew himself where this came from all right. I think he said he would write and tell him sometime how it happened. I got money any time I wanted it; Haywood gave it to Pettibone, and he gave it to me, and they wanted us to work on Judge Gabbert and see if we could not bump him off, as they were very bitter against him — especially Moyer. Judge Gabbert was Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, and had decided against Moyer when they brought him to Denver from Telluride on a writ of habeas corpus, when he was in the hands of the militia.

So Adams and I strolled around Judge Gabbert's residence some at night. They kept the blinds of the windows pretty close, and we could never see him at night, but would often see him in the morning or at noon while he was going or coming from the State Capitol, as he usually walked back and forth. The weather was cold and stormy part of the time, and we did not make any great effort to get him. We had plenty of money and lived good, and had plenty of beer to drink, and took things easy.

Haywood also wanted us to watch Mr. Hearne, manager of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. He said they had sent him out there from Pennsylvania to fix the legislature, as he had done there, and that he was a bitter enemy to organized labor. Adams and I strolled around his residence some, but did not make much of an effort to do anything to him. If we had seen him at night when we were around there, we would have shot him, no doubt, if it had looked favorable for us to get away.

The Wrangle over the Governorship

This was the winter they had such a wrangle over the governorship, and there was some doubt about them seating Adams, the Democratic candidate, who was elected by twelve thousand majority for Governor over Peabody, but the Republicans were crying fraud. Haywood told us then to keep quiet and not pull off anything until we got Adams seated as Governor, for if we bumped Judge Gabbert off then, it might hurt his chances for being seated. But when it looked almost sure that Peabody would be seated again, he wanted us to try and get him then. But they seated Adams, and then Peabody began proceedings to oust him, charging fraud in his election, and it came to a legislature investigation. When it looked like the legislature was going to seat Peabody and throw Adams out, Pettibone came to us, and wanted us to go after Peabody again and try hard to get him, so we would not have him for Governor again.

We started in to watch Peabody nights, and carried our shot-guns part of the time, but we imagined he had guards around his residence at night, and once or twice we were followed, and we concluded we would not try it at night at his residence. We thought of lying up the street and waiting for his carriage, but it was too cold to lay around and wait long, and then, we had to be sure he was in it; sometimes there were only women in it. But Peabody always walked up to the Capitol in the morning while he was Governor.

Setting the Big Street Bomb

There came about six inches of snow one night, and it drifted up against the curbstone in some places, and was deeper there than in the streets. We made a big bomb and put about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in it, and we stretched a wire from Grant Avenue to Logan on Thirteenth Avenue. This bomb was shaped a good deal like the one I made for Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a good deal bigger, and made in a lead case that Steve Adams got fixed at a plumber's, instead of a

lead pipe. Mr. Peabody usually walked up Grant Avenue to the Capitol between nine and ten o'clock in the morning, and we laid this wire in the evening before the streets were empty, and covered it up with snow, and then came back a little before daybreak, and looked again to see if we had it covered up well. There was a little space between the curbstone and street for the water to run through at the crossings, and we dug the snow out of this enough to lay the bomb in.

We had Billy Aikman get a horse and buggy and drive Adams and me over there about eight o'clock in the morning. I got out a block or so away from the place, and walked over there, and when there were no people in sight I motioned to them, and they drove up close as though they were talking to me, and they handed me the bomb, which we had done up in a cloth. There was a bottle of acid on top of it, with a cork that had a wire through it, with a hook on the end; so all I had to do was to loop the other wire we had laid in the night over this hook, and kick a little snow over it. This only took a minute or so, and then Billy drove on and waited two or three blocks away with the rig. We had two rifles and a shot-gun in the rig, and plenty of ammunition, and intended to fight it out as long as we lasted, if we got cornered; for, of course, there is more danger in your "get-away" with a bomb like this than there is with one that sets itself off like the one I had used with Bradley. Adams and I stayed on the street where we could see the Governor and his body-guard when they came along. We had seen them so often, we could tell them more than a block away.

Governor Peabody Escapes Again

When we saw them coming, we went to the other end of the wire and waited until they were just stepping over the bomb, and then we intended to jerk this wire, and that would jerk the cork out of the little bottle of acid, when the bomb would explode instantly. There was an alley in the middle of the block, and while we were at the end of the wire, a large coal-wagon came out of this and drove up toward us. This wagon was nearly opposite us when another came out, and there seemed to be about a dozen people coming along right close, and I think the last wagon was close behind the first, when the Governor came over the bomb. So we did not dare to pull the wire until he was too far beyond it to be sure of getting him. We took the bomb up and carried it over to the rig, and drove back and got hold of one end of the wire, and pulled it in the buggy and coiled it up. We thought we would try it

again another morning, but it got warm and melted the snow, and what was left was hard, so that we could not cover up our wire. We then tried digging into the sidewalk near his house, or at the edge of the walk; but the ground was frozen too hard. One night we thought a watchman was after us, and I threw away the spade I was carrying wrapped up in a paper, and went home.

A little while after we made this attempt with the bomb, Mr. Peabody moved his offices down in the Jackson Block, and did not walk up Grant Avenue as usual. Haywood said then that he thought we might set a bomb in under his desk, so that when he opened the desk it would explode it. He asked me what I thought about it. I told him we could if we knew for sure his desk, and that no one would open it but him; and he said he thought perhaps Peabody had a private desk, and that he would find out. He said the Federation wanted to move their offices, and he could easily go up in the Jackson Block looking for a location, and find out where Peabody's office was. But he never did, and we never made any further attempt on Mr. Peabody's life in Denver.

As the legislature investigation proceeded, it was thought until the very last that Adams would hold his seat; but they made a compromise to seat Peabody, with the understanding he was to resign in twenty-four hours, and the committee had his resignation before they voted to seat him. Then the office went to Jesse McDonald, the Republican Lieutenant-Governor, and Haywood said we need not bother with Peabody for the present; that we could go down to Cañon City and get him any time.

The Bombs in the Rubber Balls

Then they wanted us to get some of the Supreme Court justices. Judge Goddard had been appointed to the Supreme Court by Governor Peabody before he retired. They were very bitter against Judge Goddard, as they said he had written up most of the opinion in the Moyer habeas corpus case, and had been instrumental in declaring unconstitutional the eight-hour law that had been passed by the legislature a few years previous, when he was on the Supreme bench before; and that he and Frank Hearne, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company manager, had influenced the Supreme Court in their decisions after he had got out. Haywood wanted us to see if we could not make a bomb that we could throw or drop out of a window. He thought we could make one and cover it with a big rubber ball. He said that Mr. David Moffat stopped at the Denver Club a good deal, and walked between his bank and there, and

Haywood thought if we had a bomb we could drop or throw out of a window, that we could get a room along the street, and when Mr. Moffat came along, we could drop it out of a window close to him, and get away.

We had moved over near Globeville in January, 1905, close to Max Malich, and Max wanted us to blow up the Globeville smelter boarding-house. Malich was a leader among the Austrian workmen at the smelter. He kept a grocery-store and a saloon, and they called him the King of Globeville. He had been Mayor of the town, and he was strong in politics because 'most all the Austrians would do what he wanted them to—though after that they got on to him, and he couldn't handle them so well. He belonged to the smelter-men's union, and they met in his hall, and, though he wasn't an officer, the Austrians and others in the union did about what he said at that time.

There had been a strike at this Globeville smelter for nearly two years then, and their union was affiliated with the Western Federation of Miners. The smelters were working all non-union men, and I think two or three hundred stopped in this boarding-house. Max said there was not much trouble to get in the cellar or up in the hall, as things had been quiet for some time, and they did not guard it very close. He had a man there that had boarded there before the strike, and knew the place well, and he said he would help us. We wanted some No. 1 powder, anyway, to make some bombs, or to experiment with making them. So we found out where the magazines were, and concluded to go out there and get what dynamite we wanted.

Adams and I started a little before dark one Saturday, and walked out to the magazines. There were a number of magazines out there on the prairie, and as soon as it was dark, we pried off a lock from one of them, and carried six hundred pounds of powder out a little way from the magazine. Then we pried the lock off another little magazine, and got about fifteen boxes of giant-caps. Then Joe Mehalich came with the rig, and we loaded it all into the wagon, and brought it to where we lived, near Globeville, and buried it in the cellar.

When we told Haywood and Moyer that Max wanted us to blow up this boarding-house, they said not to do it, and we thought no more about it. But we now had powder to practise making bombs to throw. We made these bombs by taking plaster-Paris and making a little ball. We stuck this full of giant-caps, and let it get hard, and then stuck a wire nail in each of these caps, point inwards; and shived the nail up with slivers of wood, so as not to let

the nail press upon the powder in the caps. But a little jar, like throwing it against anything, would drive the nail into the powder, which is in the bottom of the giant-cap, and set it off. After we made this frame with the plaster-Paris, giant-caps, and nails, we took a large rubber ball, cut it open, and slipped it around the outside of the nails. Then we filled it with dynamite, and sewed up the rubber. We tried two or three of these throwing-bombs, and they exploded instantly when they were thrown and hit anything hard. Adams and I took one of them out near Riverside Cemetery, and Steve threw it up against a big cottonwood-tree that was there, and it exploded and tore out a big hole in the trunk. Steve was back of another tree when he threw it, but it shook him up badly when it went off, and the nails and caps flew everywhere. This one must have weighed four or five pounds.

We told Haywood and Pettibone then that we could make these work all right, but they did not want us to use them just then, but to see if we could not shoot Judge Goddard through the window of his residence, as he lived pretty well out, and they said the police were not often around there. We had long overcoats, and each carried a sawed-off pump shot-gun hung at our sides under our arms by a shoulder-strap. We worked awhile, but never saw him but once, and then we thought we would wait until it was a little later, as it was Sunday night, and there were quite a number of people on the street; but we could never see him again; we could see some of the rest of the family, as they hardly ever pulled the blinds clear down, and the house was built up flush with the sidewalk on one side, and only a few feet back on the other, for it was on the corner of the street. Mrs. Adams went with Steve and me sometimes for a bluff, as we thought the police were watching sometimes. There had been a drug-store held up about this time not far from there, and there were extra police around, but we thought they wouldn't be so likely to suspect us with a woman along.

Steve Adams Gets Through

Sometime the last of January, Adams had gone down-town and got drunk, and was put in jail for stealing a bicycle. We did not know where he was for a week or more, and looked all over for him, and thought some one had killed him, for he had had a fight with a man just before that. After he got out and came home, we gave him a good lecture, but it did not do much good, as he got drunk again some little time after, and had to be helped home. Haywood and Pettibone did not like the looks

of this, and we didn't know but we had better get rid of Adams, as he knew too much to be around drunk that way.

I left Adams' house about the last of March, and got a room only two blocks from Judge Goddard's residence, so I could watch him. We could always see him leave on the car in the morning and go down, but could never see him at night. Soon after I quit living with Adams, he had some dispute with Haywood and Pettibone, and told me they would not give him money enough, or only a few dollars at a time, and he was angry at me and blamed me, too. I told him there must be some mistake about it, and that he had no reason to blame me, and I told him I was going away, and that he and Joe Mehalich could work together after that, as they chummed together, and the women visited back and forth. I told him I was going down to Cañon City or Colorado Springs to get MacNeill or Peabody. He said all right, he would go with me; but I didn't encourage this, as I wanted to get rid of him.

Steve went down to get some money, and Pettibone gave me a few dollars, and said that was all he had left out of the last Haywood gave him. Adams sent Pettibone down to Haywood's office to get some more, and Haywood would not give it to him. He told Pettibone he had given Mrs. Adams, I think, forty dollars the day before, and that ought to be enough for a while. Adams went down and saw Haywood, and they had some words, and Haywood did not give him any money, and when I saw Adams he would hardly speak to me. I told him we were the last ones that ought to have any trouble, and that he had no reason to feel hard at me. He said they had used him dirty mean, and that he was through with them. I told him it was his fault—that he had no business getting drunk so much, and that was the reason I quit him, and that they were afraid to give him much money at a time for fear he would be drunk. He said they would use me the same when they got through with me. I told him they wouldn't, for I wouldn't stand for it—not if I was where I could get to them.

I would say that Haywood was always very close and stingy with the money for this work, and would always be putting you off and saying he would pay you next week, and we had to look to Pettibone to get it for us. But we could always get it from Pettibone all right, as he would go down and tell Haywood he had got to have it, and Haywood would give it to him. But, of course, with Steve getting drunk the way he did, none of us wanted to do any business with him, and, in fact, wanted to get him out of the country.

Adams and Joe Mehalich got ready to go away then, and I went over to Globeville to see them the day they left, as I did not want them to leave feeling hard toward me, if I could help it. I did not ask them where they were going, as they did not tell me, but I called Adams to one side and had a little talk with him, and told him I was not to blame, and he had not ought to have any hard feelings toward me. He said he felt sore at everybody, and that perhaps he had no reason to feel hard toward me, but that he had thought I had run him down to Haywood. I told him that Haywood knew about him getting drunk without my telling him.

Adams said they were going to beat their way, as they had no money to pay their fare. I only had a little money with me, but I borrowed twenty dollars from Max Malich and gave it to him, and I told Max to give the women what they wanted to live on from his grocery-store, and send the bill to Haywood and make him pay it. It was sometime in April, 1905, I think, that they went away. I found out later they went to Park City, Utah, and afterwards went to eastern Oregon on a land claim. But that was the last time I saw Steve until they arrested him in Oregon in February, 1906, and brought him to Boise, Idaho. I paid Max Malich the twenty dollars back the next day.

III

OUR FURTHER PLANS FOR GOVERNOR PEABODY AND HOW I SET BOMBS FOR JUDGES GODDARD AND GABBERT



WAS down in Pettibone's store a few days after this, and a man came in that had worked for him a good deal, and said he had a better graft now—that he had been out writing life-insurance, and had made about eight hundred dollars in a month. Pettibone wanted me to go and get a contract, and that would be a good bluff if I wanted to go to any small place. As they wanted me to go to Cañon City and get Peabody, I thought the insurance scheme would be good, and then I thought I could make good at it, too. So I went down to the Mutual Life office and had a talk with John L. Stearns, the manager for Colorado.

He wanted me to give him some references, and I gave him Pettibone, Horace Hawkins, of the law firm of Richardson & Hawkins, James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen, the law firm, and John Sullivan, president of the State Federation of Labor. I knew Horace Hawkins pretty well, as he was the attorney that defended the boys at Cripple Creek. I went and

saw him, and told him I wanted to get a contract with the Mutual Life-Insurance Company to write insurance, but did not want to give them my own name. I told him my name was Thomas Hogan, and I said I had given him as reference, and would like him to give me a send-off, and he said he would. I saw John Sullivan and told him, and Pettibone saw James J. Sullivan and Henry Cohen. I was only slightly acquainted with the latter two, and that through Pettibone, as they were great friends of his. Mr. Stearns wrote to these in regard to me, and in a couple of days after he wrote me to come down to his office. I went down, and he said my references could not be better, and he would make a contract with me, and he fixed it up right there and advanced me twenty-five dollars then, and a little later twenty-five more. I told him I would go to the southern part of the State, and would start in at Cañon City and Florence.

A few days later I went to Cañon City, and did start in to talk life-insurance, and canvassed some. But I could no more get my mind on insurance than I could fly. I had located Mr. Peabody's residence, and noticed he had no guard around it at night, but went around the same as any private citizen, and I discovered he usually sat near a window on one side of his house next to an open lot at night, and did not pull the blind clear down. At first I stopped at the hotel, but later I got a room only about a block away from Mr. Peabody's residence, on the same street, so I could watch him. Then I figured out a plan to make a big bomb, and fix it to go off with an alarm-clock. I thought I could lay this on the window-sill where he sat, and set the alarm-clock to go off in a few minutes, and I could have time to go to a saloon, and be there when the bomb exploded, and take a chance of Mr. Peabody moving away from the window in the meantime.

The Clock Bomb for Peabody

I think I stayed there about a week, and on Saturday I told the old lady where I roomed that I was going to Denver to stay over Sunday, but would keep my room and would be back the first of the week. I took the train and went to Denver, and told them what I was going to do, and I went over to Max Malich, and got fifty pounds of No. 1 powder and a box of giant-caps. This was the powder we took from the magazine, and Adams and Mehalich sold it or gave it to Max, and he had it buried in his drive-shed. I put this in a suit-case and brought it over to Pettibone's store. I went to a plumbing-shop in Denver, and told

them I wanted a lead bucket made about eight or nine inches across by fourteen inches high. I told the plumber I wanted it for a cactus-plant, so I could bore holes in it to let the flowers come through.

He made this for me, and put a bottom in one end of it, and I hammered it flat on one side, so it would lay on a window-sill, and packed this as full of powder as I could, and fitted a wooden end on the top, and hammered the lead over it, so it would not come out. I cut a hole in the top side of it and took out a little powder, and filled this space full of giant-caps, and wired an alarm-clock on the end of the bomb, and took off the alarm-bell. Then I had a little bottle of acid, so I could wire it over the giant-caps, and set the alarm, and had a fine wire so it would wind up around the key which wound up the alarm, so that when the alarm went off, and this key started turning, it would pull the cork out of the bottle and let the acid run on the giant-caps. I fixed this up later, after I went back to Cañon City. Except for the clock, it wasn't fixed much different from the bomb I used when I was after Bradley in San Francisco, only it was a great deal bigger, and was made in this lead case instead of a pipe. There was about twenty-five pounds of dynamite in this, and if it had gone off, I suppose it would have blown that side of the house all to pieces, as Pettibone and I figured we ought not to take any chances of missing Peabody when I set this off.

Writing Insurance as a Blind

When I was in Denver this time, I stopped at the Belmont Hotel. I was well acquainted there, and they wanted to know what I was doing, etc. I told them I was writing life-insurance. Some of them wanted to know how I was making it, and I told them I was making all kinds of money; and a man that I had met there a great deal, and a great friend of Pettibone's, said he thought he would try that, too, as he had written insurance before. His name was William J. Vaughan. He went right down and saw Mr. Stearns, and got a contract in a day or two. I left in the meantime, and took my bomb and went back to Cañon City. I told Vaughan he could come down there, if he liked; that there was room enough for both of us.

After I got back to Cañon City, Mr. Peabody started to repair his house, and I could not see him at the window; and Vaughan came there in the meantime, and I thought if he did room with me that would make it all the better for me, for, if I could see Mr. Peabody at this window, I could make an excuse to go out, and not be gone over five minutes, and

Vaughan would not notice it. I used to keep the little alarm-clock running, and he asked me one day where that clock was ticking. I told him it was a bomb I had in my grip, and he half believed it. Mr. Peabody had his house all torn up, and I could not see him, and Vaughan did not write any insurance, and also knew that I did not either, and he felt pretty well discouraged and his money got short. I gave him some money and told him to brace up. He wanted me to go down in the Arkansas Valley with him, and probably we would do better down there amongst the farmers, and I thought that would be a good way to get rid of him and I could come back again. We got ready, and I left my suit-case with the old lady, and set it away under a table where she said she would have no occasion to move it. I told her I had it full of insurance papers for advertising. I thought I would be gone only a few days, and it was so heavy I did not take it with me. It must have weighed close to fifty pounds.

Vaughan and I left and went to Rockyford, about a hundred miles or so away in Arkansas Valley, and got a rig and started out to canvass insurance. We had only been out a day or so before we met a man writing hail-insurance—that is, insuring a farmer's crop against hail. A man named Peterson, who was general agent of the company, was in Rockyford, and offered us a good thing to go to work for him, and we took him up. We went down to Las Animas, which is about thirty miles from Rockyford, and we worked there about a week and did a fine business. I got quite interested in this, I guess because it was crooked. We made from about twenty to thirty dollars a day at the start, and later made as high as a hundred, but the latter only a couple of times.

I had promised Max Malich to be in Denver on a certain day to help him on a job he had, and so I went up to Denver one Saturday afternoon the last part of May to do this. But Max Malich said he was not ready to have this job done. I saw Pettibone, and he said they wanted something pulled off before the Western Federation convention met at Salt Lake.

Haywood had told me this before; he said it would look bad for the executive board if we didn't do something, as we had used so much money during the winter, and not a thing to show for it. He said after he and Moyer left for Salt Lake he did not care what we blew up, so long as we made some showing.

Planting Dynamite for Judge Gabbert

Haywood and Moyer had been gone to Salt Lake some little time now to get ready

for the convention, and Pettibone said he was going to the convention, too, but he wanted to pull off something first. I told him I did not like to do anything with Peabody just then; that Vaughan mistrusted something, and that I might not be able to do it in a hurry.

He said he would rather get Judge Gabbert than any one else. We had watched Judge Gabbert, and, as I have before stated, he usually walked back and forth to the Capitol, and when he went down in the morning, he walked down Emerson Street to Colfax Avenue. There is a vacant lot in one corner on Emerson Street and Colfax Avenue, and a foot-path across the same, and Mr. Gabbert usually took this cut-off. We made a bomb and buried it in this path. We had it fixed with a little windlass, with a fine wire wound around this with a loop on the end of it. We left this loop just enough above the ground so we could see it, and had a stiff wire run through the little windlass, so it would not turn over until we took this out, and we fixed this wire so we could just see it above the ground. We made this in a two-quart tin molasses-can, so the little windlass and the acid in the giant-caps were all protected from the dirt, and we made little holes to run the wires through. We put this a little to the edge of the path, and were careful in digging so it would not be noticed by any one walking across there, but we knew just where to find it.

The next morning Pettibone was going to watch, and I was going to walk around on this corner, or sit down there and pretend to be reading, and when Judge Gabbert came out of his house, which was only a block away, Pettibone was going to give me the signal, and I was to walk along this path and hitch a lady's hand-satchel or large pocket-book to the wire on the bomb. We had a hook all ready fixed in this pocket-book, and all we had to do was to hitch it in the little wire that was wound around the windlass, and pull out the other wire which held the windlass upright. We tried this the next morning, but some one cut in between Judge Gabbert and us, and he was too close for me to fix the pocket-book after they passed. I think we watched two or three mornings, and I was afraid to touch the bomb after it had stood that long, for the little windlass swung very easily, and if anything had touched the wire at all before we came there, the least touch might turn it over. Pettibone had to go to this convention at Salt Lake then, and he wanted me to work on this job until I caught a morning when there was no one coming on the sidewalk but the judge. I could tell

him as soon as he came out of his house from this corner.

The Death of Walley

As I was afraid to touch this old bomb, I made another one. I went to Pettibone's store, and in the basement he had some old eight-day clocks. I took the spring of one of these, and practised with it to see if I could get it so it would break those little vials that I had with sulphuric acid in for the bombs. I had tried a few vials with it, and it broke them every time. Then I made this new bomb in a wooden box, and fixed it with this spring. I fastened the spring along the under side of the cover, and bent the spring back, and held it there with a piece of stiff wire that went down through the box. I had a little eye in the top of the wire to hook the pocket-book on, and left this so I could see it. When this wire was pulled out, it let the spring hit a couple of half-dram vials that were filled with acid, and broke them, and the giant-caps were right under these. This wire pulled out very easily, and I knew the spring was sure to break the bottles.

I buried this second bomb as close to the first as I dared, and not touch it. The next morning I found the sidewalk clear when the judge was coming, and had Pettibone's bicycle, and rode along, and stopped at the bomb and hooked on the pocket-book, and rode away. I listened, and knew that something had happened to it, or else he did not see it, for I did not hear it go, and I did not have time to get more than a block away by the time he would be there. However, I was afraid to go back there for fear some one had been watching me, or for fear something might have happened that it did not go, and they had discovered the bomb. Anyway, I was too big a coward to go back, and made up my mind I would let it go. I did not think the judge would walk over it and not notice the pocket-book.

I went on down-town, and about an hour afterwards I heard the bomb go off; but it was not the judge that got it, but another poor unfortunate man by the name of Merritt W. Walley. There were about ten pounds of dynamite in each of these bombs, and they both went off. It blew this poor fellow to pieces and broke the glass in the windows for many blocks around. There were many theories advanced in regard to the cause of this explosion, but not any of them came anywhere near the truth. Some thought that a yeggman had buried nitroglycerin there and Walley stubbed against it. I have been told since that Judge Gabbert saw a friend on the corner and followed the walk around instead of going across the

vacant lot that morning. I thought when this failed I was out of luck sure, and that there would not be any chance to work there any more, as I did not suppose Judge Gabbert would go across there for the present. So I gave up trying to do him any harm for the present at least, but I thought I would make one more attempt, nearly on the same line, with Judge Goddard.

The Box at Judge Goddard's Gate

I made a little square wooden box that would hold about ten pounds of dynamite, and fixed this out with a little bottle and a cork which would pull out and spill the acid on the giant-caps, like the one did on the bomb I made for Bradley. I told Max Malich about this, and took it over to his place in Globeville, and stayed there all night. And just a little before daybreak the next morning, he sent his rig with a man to drive me over there. As I have told you, Max had a lot of these Austrians around him that would do anything he said, and this man did not ask me any questions, but drove where I told him. So we drove over to Judge Goddard's place just before it was light, and I got out and dug a square hole with a sharp spade I had for the purpose, and was careful to take the sod off so I could replace it again, and it would not be noticed. I made this hole right up against the gate-post, but on the outside. The gate opened both ways, but it looked as though they usually opened it on the inside. I put a little screw-eye in the bottom of the gate, and spread it enough so I could slip a loop of a small cord in the eye. I buried this bomb, and fixed the sod back carefully, and pulled some green grass over it, and had the cord long enough so I could hook it in the little screw-eye later. This cord was attached to the cork in the little bottle at the other end. This cord was a greenish color like the grass, and I scattered a little grass over the loose end of it. Then I went back to Malich's place and got breakfast.

After breakfast I came back on the street-car from Globeville, and about half-past eight I walked along in front of Judge Goddard's place, dropped a newspaper carelessly, and stooped down to pick it up, and hooked this cord with the loop into the screw-eye in the gate. I took a car and went down-town, and I expected to hear this go before I got down-town, as I waited within about fifteen minutes of the usual time that the judge came out and took the car to go down-town. I did this so there would not be so much danger of some one else opening the gate first. But I never heard anything from it, and did not know what had become of it. I thought perhaps they had

noticed me when I hooked in the cord, although I was only a moment and the gate is right close to the sidewalk, so I did not go along there for a good while afterward; but when I did I noticed the grass was dead over this bomb, and then I figured out what had happened.

I had fastened the cord to the bottle by a pin which I put through the cork, and made into a hook on the outside. I had put this pin in two or three days before, and left the bottle full of acid, and evidently the head of the pin on the inside had been eaten off, and allowed the pin to pull through the cork, and so none of the acid had come out, as the rubber cork would close up after it. Then afterward, as they were watering the lawn all the time, the water had soaked through and spoiled the giant-caps, for these are no good when they are wet. And after this the acid would have no effect on the caps if it did eat the cork out, and so could not set the bomb off. This was the only reason I can give for its not going off.

Well, I thought at the time that I was clear out of luck and everything was against me, and I left Denver and went down to the San Luis Valley, where Vaughan was writing hail-insurance, and went to work again with him. We worked there about two weeks and made good money. They all came back from the Federation convention at Salt Lake about the 1st of July, 1905, Haywood and Moyer both being elected again, and I told Haywood the hard luck I had had, and he thought I had better lay off for a while. Haywood and Moyer left right away again for Chicago, where they went to form a new organization which they called the Industrial Workers of the World.

General Bell and the Little Dogs

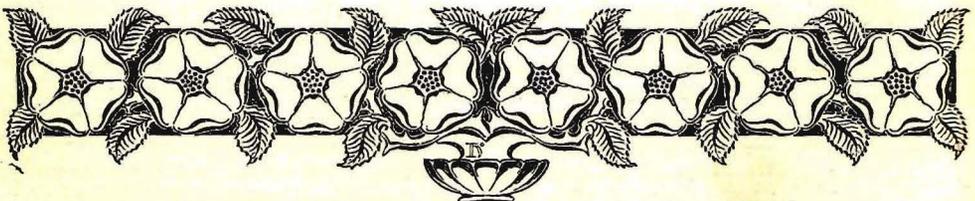
I did not do anything for a time — not until Haywood came back from Chicago in July. I left this grip down at Cañon City with the bomb in it so long that I was afraid to go after it, for fear they had found out what was in it and might arrest me; but we had concluded to let Peabody alone for the time being, and

do some work in Denver, so I went down to Cañon City one day and got the grip all right; and the old lady said it had never been moved. I told the old lady some yarn about leaving the grip there so long, and came away and brought the bomb to Pettibone's house, and put it in his cellar, but a little later took it out and buried it.

Pettibone and I told Haywood if we had a good horse and buggy we would do some work in Denver. Pettibone wanted to get Judge Gabbert, Judge Goddard, or Sherman Bell, and Haywood sent up to Cripple Creek and had them bring a team and wagon down from those the Federation had at their stores there, and we tried these horses, but they were all used up and were no good for drivers. He sent them back again, and then bought a horse and buggy from a colored man. I had a barn rented about a block and a half from Pettibone's residence, and Pettibone and I took the rig there and started in to assassinate Sherman Bell. This was in August, 1905.

We drove around there nights, and I would go by his place in the daytime and see if I could see him. He lived right on the edge of Congress Park, and the shrubbery came right close up to his back yard, and I was going to crawl up as close as I could and see if I could not see him through the window. I tried this several times, but they had some little dogs that used to bark when they heard a noise, and I never got any closer than the back-yard fence. I was trying to get between his house and the one next to it; the house next to his was empty, and they did not pull the blinds down at the windows on this side of Bell's house. I was working to get in between these houses, but these dogs always made a racket. Some one would come out, but I could not tell in the dark who it was. I had a pump shot-gun loaded with buck-shot, and could have shot this man; but I was not sure whether it was Sherman Bell or not, as I had seen another man there. Pettibone kept the rig and waited for me out in Congress Park, a little way behind the house.

[The next instalment of Orchard's confession will tell of his assassination of Ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg of Idaho; and of his arrest, confession, and experiences in prison.]



THE CONFESSION AND AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF HARRY ORCHARD

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

HOW I STARTED AFTER EX-GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG



OMETIME in August, 1905, Moyer came back from California, where he had been on a vacation nearly ever since the Industrial Workers convention at Chicago. I saw him on the street, and he asked me what I was doing, and I told him we were after General Bell. He said we would have to cut that out in Denver while he was there, as he could not stand any more torture from being thrown into prison, as he was half dead now. He said they had some work to do on the outside, and for me to come down to the office and we would talk it over. The next day I went down, and I think Pettibone went with me, or came a little later, and Moyer said he would not take any more chances of being thrown in jail, and said further that, the way his health was, he could not stand another siege like they had given him at Telluride, and that would be the first thing that would happen if we bumped Sherman Bell off. He said they had some work on the outside to do, and then he said he wanted me to go down to Goldfield, Nevada, and do away with Johnnie Neville. He said he could not get him out of his mind, and could not sleep nights thinking about him, and that he knew too much and was liable to get them in trouble any time, and especially so if he got hard up.

Moyer called Haywood and Pettibone into his office, and he explained his condition to them, and said we had some work on the outside that they had wanted done for a long time and that we had better do that now. Pettibone said he would like to get some of these fellows in Denver while we were fixed for it, and Haywood said he was willing to take his chances, but Moyer absolutely refused to have anything done in Denver while he was there. Then Haywood said he wanted to get ex-Governor Steunenberg before he left the office, and further said he had sent two or three men down there to get him, but they had all failed. These men

they had down there at different times were Steve Adams, Ed Minster, Art Baston, and a man named McCarty from the Coeur d'Alenes.

To Make a Terrible Example

Moyer said that he thought it would have a good effect if we could bump Steunenberg off and then write letters to Peabody, Sherman Bell, and some others that had been prominent in trying to crush the Federation, and tell them that they, too, would get what Governor Steunenberg got; that we had not forgotten them, and never would forget them, and the only way they would escape would be to die, and they need not think because we had overlooked them for a while that we had forgotten them. Haywood said we would go back to Paterson, New Jersey, and send these letters from there, and write them in such a way that they would think it was some of those foreign anarchists that had sent them, as that is the American headquarters for the anarchists. He said he did not know what would be worse than to know some one was on your trail to kill you, and not to know who it was or when to expect it, and that it would be like a living death, and that these fellows would be afraid of their shadows, and if we got Steunenberg, after letting him go so long, then they would think sure that we never forgot any one that had persecuted us.

We talked a whole lot more on this, and Pettibone said this would be all right, but he would like to do a little work at home, and he further said he was afraid it would be a hard proposition to get Steunenberg down in a little country town like Caldwell, Idaho, where he lived. Haywood said he had been told that Steunenberg was in the sheep business, and got in a buckboard and drove out to his sheep camps in the mountains, and paid no attention or even thought his life was in danger, and that it had been so long since the Coeur d'Alene trouble that he likely had forgotten it. They said I could make the round trip — either go to Nevada for Neville, and then to Caldwell, or to Caldwell first. I told them I would go to Caldwell first. Moyer wanted me to go to Nevada

first or to get around there as soon as I could. Their plan was for me to go down to Goldfield and get in with Neville, and pretend to get drunk with him, and put some cyanide of potassium in his whisky or whatever he was drinking. This, they thought, would be easy, as he kept a saloon. They wanted this done as quietly as possible, and thought there would be no suspicion attached to it if he did die suddenly, and no notice would be paid to it in a new place like Goldfield. Moyer was the only one that was very anxious to have Johnnie killed. I told him I would do it, but I did not intend to at the time.

On the Way to Steunenberg's Home

Moyer told me to get what money I would need from Haywood; he asked me how much I would need, and I told him three hundred dollars. Haywood had given me sixty dollars a few days before this, and he gave me two hundred and forty more, and said he hoped I would succeed in getting Steunenberg, as he had already cost them a lot of money. I told him I would do the best I could. I did not see him again before I left. Moyer went out that afternoon fishing up Platte Cañon, and Pettibone wanted me to go with him that night and make one more attempt on General Bell, and I did, but did not try much to see him. The next day I got everything ready, and packed the big clock bomb that I had brought up from Cañon City in my trunk, and bought a return ticket to Portland, Oregon, good for ninety days, with stop-overs any place on the route, good also to return via Seattle and Spokane, Washington.

We had talked over the proposition, and Pettibone wanted me to look over the country around Seattle and Puget Sound and see if I could not find a small place on the Sound close to the British line. We had letters from Arthur Parker, a Cripple Creek miner who had gone up there and got a place, and he liked it very much. Pettibone and Haywood said if I found a place that I thought would suit us to write them, and they would dig up the money to buy it; and I told them I would hunt up a place somewhere, as I thought I had taken chances enough and was entitled to the price of a small place. Pettibone and I were going to live there, but we were going to make it a headquarters where Haywood and Moyer could send men they wanted to keep out of sight. We also thought that, being near the British line, we could do some smuggling there.

I left Denver between the 25th and 30th of August, 1905, over the Rio Grande Railroad. I stopped at Salt Lake City a few days and met

some of my old friends, amongst whom were Charlie Shoddy and Lewis Cutler. The latter lived in Salt Lake, but Shoddy came from the Coeur d'Alenes, Idaho, with me shortly after the trouble in 1899. We had worked together in Arizona and Nevada since, but I had not seen him since leaving Utah for Colorado, and we talked over old times. He said it had been coming pretty tough for him, and said I looked pretty prosperous, and asked me what I had been doing. I told him I had found a new way of making a living without working so hard, and he said he wished I would tell him how. I told him to keep me posted where he was and I would write to him if I had something on.

I then left Salt Lake and came on to Nampa, Idaho, which is about nine miles from Caldwell, and stopped off there and stayed a few days at the Commercial Hotel. I met a man named Wilcox from Colorado there, and I talked with him a good deal, and he told all about the country, as he had been there before. I asked him if he knew Mr. Steunenberg, and he told me he did, well, and was talking to him just a day or two ago at the depot, when the Governor was waiting for a train. Mr. Wilcox spoke of the trouble in Colorado, and said Mr. Steunenberg said that Governor Peabody did not act quick enough in that trouble. I think I stayed in Nampa three days and Mr. Wilcox left.

Steunenberg's First Escape

Then I went down to Caldwell and stopped at the Pacific Hotel, and told Mr. Dempsey, the proprietor, I would stay a few days, and that a friend of mine in Colorado wanted me to stop off there and see what the chances were to buy some lambs. He told me the names of some sheepmen there, and amongst others he mentioned Governor Steunenberg's name. He further told me that he was not at home much, but was in Boise and Mountain Home most of the time and was engaged in buying and selling sheep.

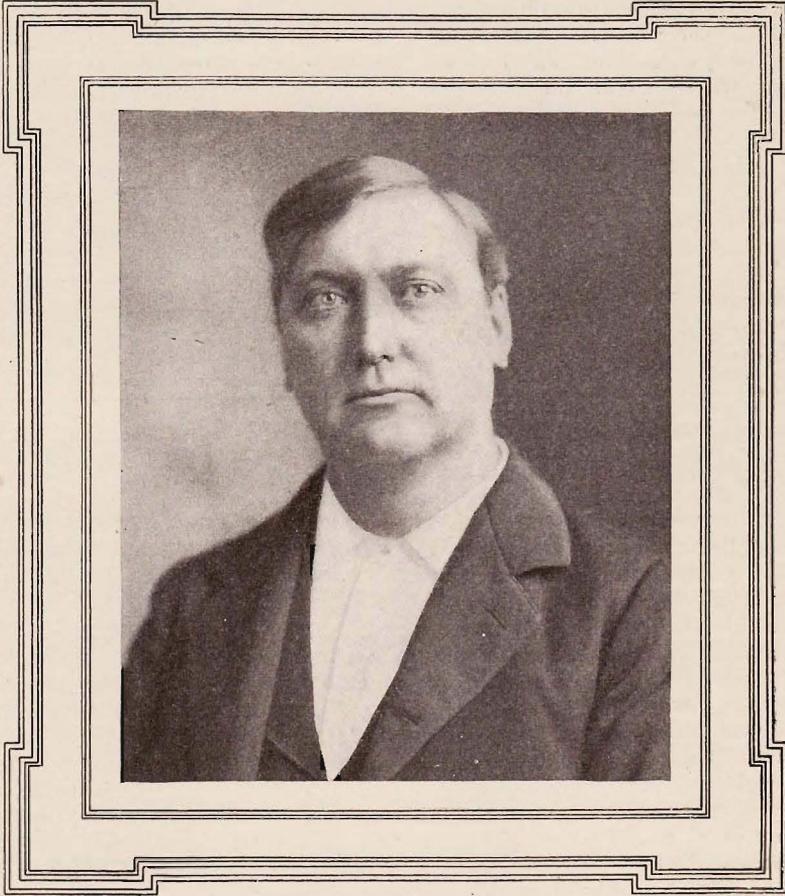
I took a walk around and located where ex-Governor Steunenberg lived, and then took the train in the afternoon and went to Boise and stopped at the Capitol Hotel one night. This was in the early part of September. I looked over the register, but did not find Mr. Steunenberg's name. The next morning I went over to the Idan-ha and took a look over the register, and found his name there. I went back to the Capitol and paid my bill, and got my grip and went over to the Idan-ha and got a room. My room was on the same floor that Mr. Steunenberg's was, and that noon, when the chambermaids were off the floor, I tried a skeleton-key

I had to see if it would open his room, and it did all right.

I got to talking to a man down in the hotel lobby that afternoon, and he asked me my business, and I told him I was going to Portland to the fair, but I stopped off here for a friend of mine in Colorado to make some inquiry what

ably so, as ex-Governor Steunenberg was in the sheep business. Then he said, "By the way, that's him over there in front of the Idanha now," and he pointed him out. That was the first time I had ever seen Governor Steunenberg to know him.

In a little while we went down and went back



FRANK STEUNENBERG

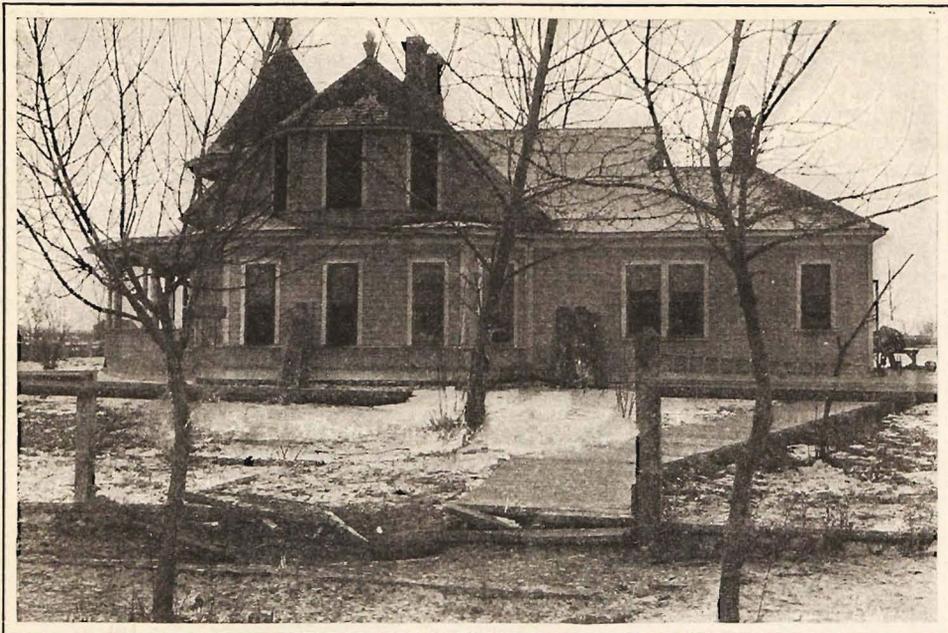
Ex-Governor of Idaho, for whose murder by a bomb Secretary-Treasurer Haywood of the Western Federation of Miners was tried.

the chances would be to buy a few thousand lambs for feeding purposes. He said that was his business, and that he was working for a stock company from Wyoming, and he took me across the street from the Idanha Hotel and introduced me to a Mr. Johnson and his son, who were commission men. Mr. Johnson named over some of the big sheepmen, and I told him I thought I heard my friend say that he bought some the year before from a man by the name of Steunenberg. Yes, he said, prob-

ably so, as ex-Governor Steunenberg was in the sheep business. Then he said, "By the way, that's him over there in front of the Idanha now," and he pointed him out. That was the first time I had ever seen Governor Steunenberg to know him. In a little while we went down and went back

to the hotel, and I thought I would get my grip and go to Nampa, and get the big bomb I had made for Governor Peabody in Cañon City out of my trunk in the depot, and come back, and either set it with the alarm-clock, and leave it in the grip and set it under his bed, or set it like the Bradley bomb — with a string on his bedroom door, so it would go off when he went to his room.

While on my way from Boise to Nampa I got to thinking what this would do, and that they



The Steunenberg house, just after the tragedy. The ground and broken fence show the results of the explosion of Orchard's bomb.

would look pretty close after all strangers, and that my coming there and going away so quick would look pretty suspicious. This bomb had twenty-five pounds of dynamite in it, and I knew it would blow that part of the hotel all to pieces and probably kill a lot of people. But that was not the reason I stopped, for I had no heart at that time, and thought very little of how many I killed, as long as Mr. Steunenberg was one of them. I was only thinking what the chances of myself were in being discovered. I knew I could get the bomb in his room, and get away from the hotel, and if I used an alarm-clock I might be half-way to Portland and not be discovered. The only danger of this was that he might look under the bed and find it, and if I set it at his door, the time he would be killed would depend on what time he went to bed. I knew this latter was the surest way to catch him, but I did not know how far I might get away before he might go to his room, and I did not want to set this at the door until about dark, for fear some of the chambermaids might go in the room.

As I had my ticket and money enough, I made up my mind all at once I would go on to Portland and Seattle, and look around Seattle and the Sound for the little ranch we had spoken of, and then go up to Wallace and look after a proposition D. C. Coates had spoken of when he was in Denver the month before. I always

dreaded to do these murders, and usually put them off as long as I could, or rather as long as I had money.

A Side Trip and a Visit to Simpkins

So I took the train and went on to Portland that same night, and stayed there a few days, and took in the fair, and then went on to Seattle and stayed there a week or so. This was about the middle of September. Pettibone had given me the address of an old partner of his at Seattle named William Barrett, and I hunted him up and he showed me around the city. This was my first time there. I told Barrett I wanted to get a small place up on the Sound somewhere close to the British line. He took me down and introduced me to some real-estate men, and I went out and looked at some places near Seattle; but I did not like them, and I did not like the weather there, as it was cold and raining there then. I got Barrett to send Pettibone a good map of the Sound country, and I left there for Spokane, stayed there one night, and started for Wallace, Idaho. I stopped off at Wardner to see Jack Simpkins, and I found him and told him where I had been, and what I went to Caldwell for, and what I was in Wallace to look up.*

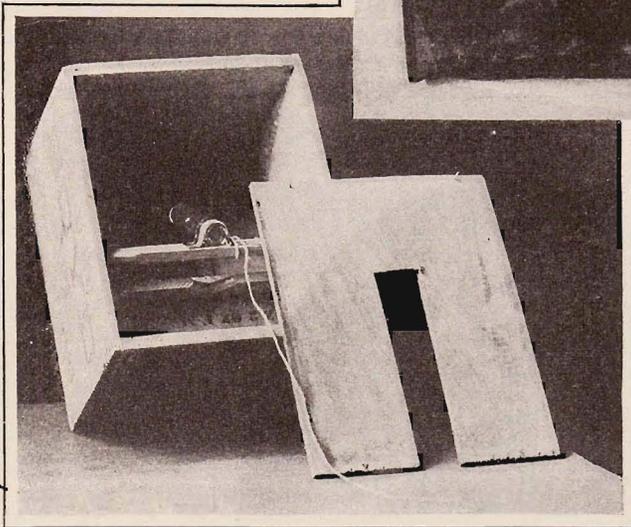
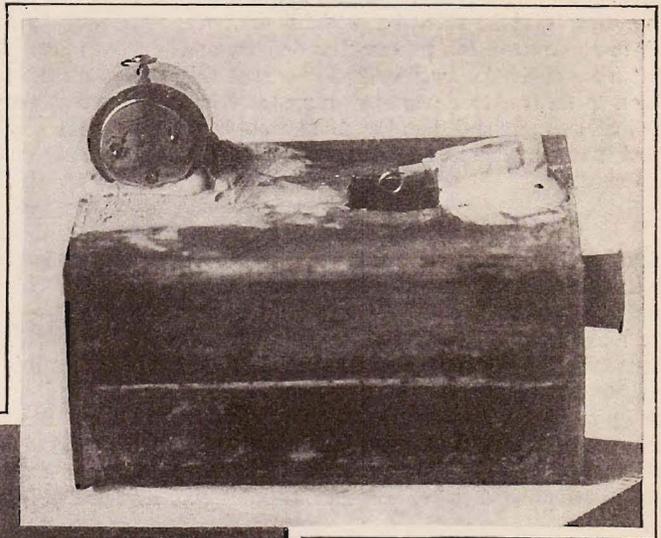
* The story of Orchard's unsuccessful plan to kidnap the young children of August Paulson, of Wallace, is omitted here, but will be given when Orchard's confession is printed in book form.

II

THE ASSASSINATION OF GOVERNOR STEUNENBERG

JACK and I left Wallace for Spokane about October 20th, and Jack wanted to go over Marble Creek to his claims, and I was going with him for a little hunt, as he said there were deer and elk up there. We got tickets to Harrison and from there to Spokane by boat and electric line. My trunk got checked wrong on this trip and I waited a few days in Spokane for it. Then finally we started for the Marble Creek country. We went up to the head of navigation on the St. Joe River. On our way up we found the trunk at Harrison.

The last part of October we came to Spokane again and had planned to come to Caldwell, as Jack wanted to have a hand in the killing of Governor Steunenberg. Jack said he could make it as an excuse that he wanted to visit the unions at Silver City and vicinity, and then he could charge the Federation with his time and



THE TWO STEUNENBERG BOMBS

From models made by Orchard. The lower of these failed to explode. The ex-Governor was killed by the upper one; the clock on this was not used, the cork of the bottle of acid being pulled out by a string fastened to a gate.

expenses. I made up my mind I would sue the railroad company for damages for holding my trunk. Jack had ordered ten pounds of No. 1 dynamite the day before at a hardware-store, and after we went over and got this we went up to Robertson, Miller & Rosenthal's law office, to see about lodging a claim against the railroad for damages for holding my trunk. We met Miller on the elevator, and he went up with us. This was the first time I ever saw him, and Jack introduced me to him, he being the only member of the firm there then. I told him about the trunk,

Jack and I went over twenty-five miles or so from the head of the St. Joe, over to Marble Creek; we were gone about a week. During the time we were over there Jack showed me where he and Adams and the others killed Boule the year before, and his horse and dog, and where the other claim-jumper that was with him ran as they were shooting at him.

and he asked me how much a day my time was worth and what my business was. I told him I was a mining promoter, and my time was worth ten dollars per day. I think he figured up sixty dollars and drew up a paper, and I made an affidavit to it, and he said he would sue them right away and send me half of what he got. I gave him no money, as he was

to get half of what he collected. Jack had this little box of dynamite with him, and Miller asked him what he had in the box, and he told him dynamite. I don't think Miller thought it was dynamite, as Jack said it as though it was a joke; but it was a common thing for any one that knew us fellows to call us dynamiters in a joking way, and I must say that we felt somewhat proud of the name. Miller told me sometime after that he settled my claim with the railroad company for twenty-five dollars, and sent me a check for twelve-fifty. He sent this check to Denver to Pettibone's store, as I had my mail go there and then Pettibone would forward it to me wherever I was; but I never got this check.

With Simpkins to Caldwell

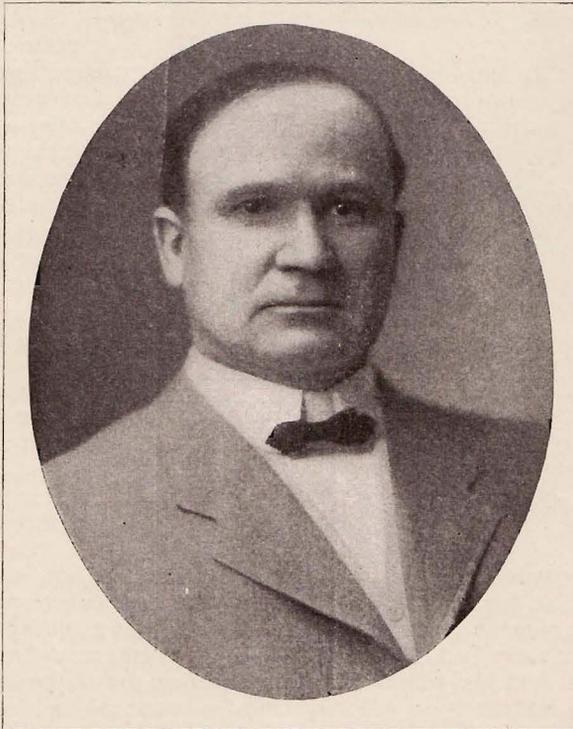
Jack and I got ready in a few days and came to Caldwell, Idaho, and stopped at the Pacific Hotel. It was now about the first of November. We looked around to see if we could see Mr. Steunenberg for three or four days, and as we did not see him we thought we would take a run up to Nampa and telephone to his residence from there — as he had a phone in his house — and make some excuse to find out where he was. I telephoned to his residence at Caldwell,

and they said he was home, but was down-town. I told them I would call him later.

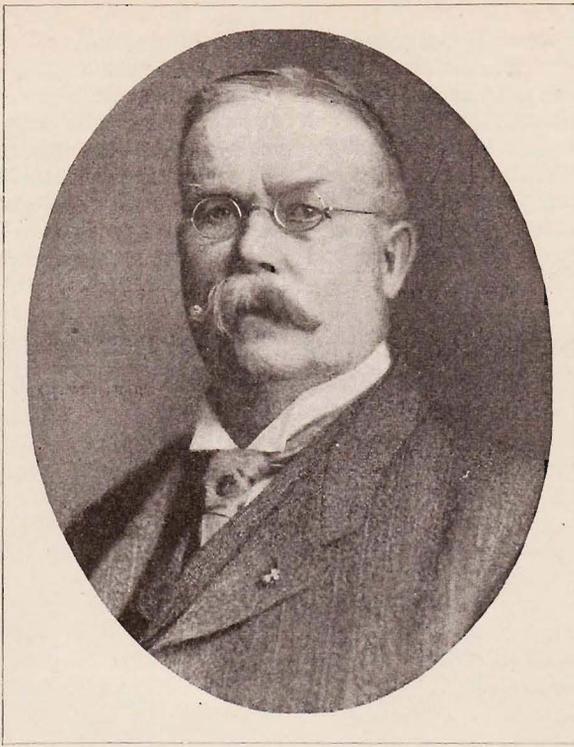
We then left Nampa, and went back to Caldwell; this was on a Saturday evening. We registered both at Caldwell and at the Commercial Hotel, Nampa, I as Thomas Hogan and Jack as Simmons. We went around Mr. Steunenberg's residence that night, but did not go close to the window, and, as his house stood back quite a little from the street, and it being bright moonlight, we could not tell him for sure, although the window-shades were clear up and we had a good pair of French opera-glasses. The next day we fixed a bomb, and thought if we caught Mr. Steunenberg down-town we would watch him, and, if he stayed until after dark, we would place this along the pathway leading to his residence, and tie a cord or fine wire across the pathway, so that when he walked into it he would explode the bomb.

The Bomb that Missed Fire

We did locate him on Sunday afternoon, sitting in the office of the Saratoga Hotel, and we watched him, and he remained until after dark; and as soon as it was dark we took the bomb up on the street leading to his residence and placed it close to the path where he would



GOVERNOR FRANK GOODING



DETECTIVE JAMES MCPARLAND

be most apt to pass, and laid it close to the path, and put some weeds over it, and stretched a fine wire across the path and fastened it on the opposite side. Mr. Steunenberg's residence was the only one up this street, and we thought he would be the only one likely to be going up there that night, or would be apt to be going home and be the first one along. This bomb was just the ten-pound box of dynamite we bought at Spokane, with some giant-caps in it, and a little vial of sulphuric acid in a windlass that would turn over and spill the acid on the caps.

After we placed this, we hurried back to the Pacific Hotel, so we could prove where we were, if necessary. We waited an hour or two, and as we did not hear any explosion, we went down by the Saratoga Hotel to see if he had gone from there. He had gone, and we went up where we had placed the bomb, and found he or some one had passed and broken the fine wire across the path, and had turned the little windlass with the bottle of acid in it over so quick that none of the acid had spilled out, though the bottle had turned clear over and was nearly right side up again. It was turned over enough so that the acid was about dripping out, and it was very ticklish business to handle it, and I thought at first I would leave it where

it was; but finally I put my finger over the mouth of the vial and took it out, and took the bomb up and carried it over by the railroad track and covered it up with some weeds, and went back to the hotel. We looked for Mr. Steunenberg again the next day, but could not see him, nor did we see him for some days after.

Simphins Decides to Leave

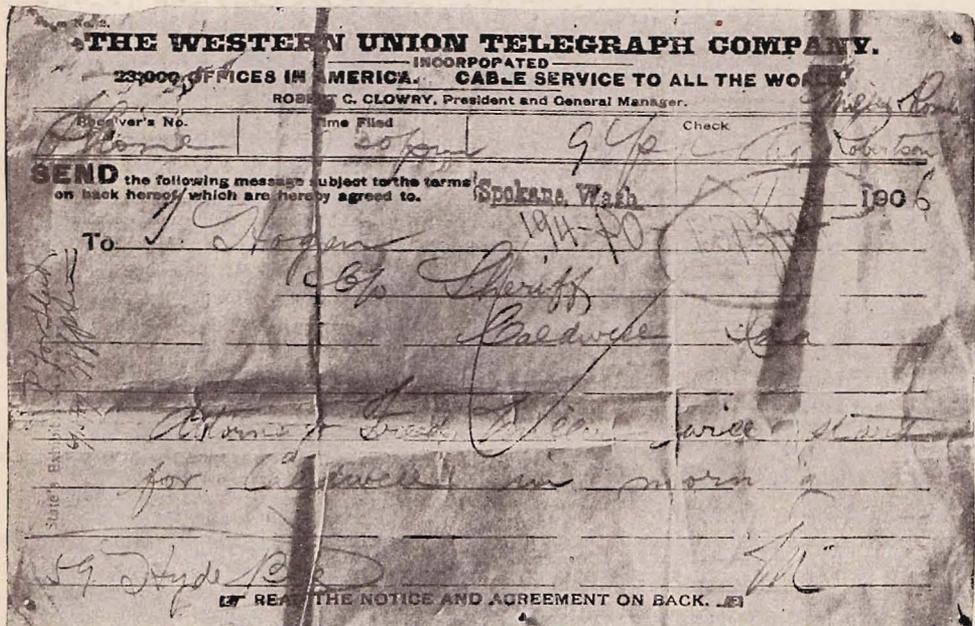
Jack got afraid to stay there, and began to think it would look bad for him and make it worse for me if we did kill Mr. Steunenberg, and he was found there and known — and he had seen some people there that he knew; so he decided to go over to Silver City and De Lamar and visit the unions there, and he wanted me to stay and see if I could not get a chance to finish the job.

When Jack went, I left the Pacific Hotel and rented a room over on the Boulevard at W. H. Schenck's — a private house. This was on a street that Mr. Steunenberg would be apt to go up and down to and from his residence when he came down-town, and I had a front room and could see up and down the sidewalk. I stayed there two weeks, but Mr. Steunenberg was away most of the time. I think he usually came home

Saturdays and stayed over Sunday. I noticed in the papers that Governor Gooding had appointed Mr. Steunenberg on some committee to meet in Boise about this time, and I thought I would go to Boise again and see if I could not catch him at the hotel. I went out and got the bomb where I had it cached by the railroad track.

I had two letters from Jack, and he told me Moyer had been up to Silver City, and Easterly had told him we were at Caldwell, as I had

around our bomb. We got this lap-robe, and Jack went to a hardware-store and got a ball of twine and a sack-needle, and we made a sack out of the lap-robe in my room; and about half an hour before train-time we went down and got this saddle and put it in the sack, and I helped Jack carry it nearly over to the depot. I had a railroad ticket good from Spokane to Denver, and I gave this to Jack, as he was going to Denver to attend a meeting of the executive



The Miller telegram, introduced as a part of the State's evidence in the Haywood trial

written to Easterly, and Jack said that Moyer flew right away from there.

Jack went up to Hailey from Silver City. I was in Nampa the night he came back from Hailey, and he stopped off at Nampa, too. But he got up and left the next morning for Caldwell before I was up, and I did not see him. He went up to the house where I was, and they told him I went away the day before and did not come back that night, but my things were there. I went back to Caldwell that afternoon, and met Jack at the depot as he was going to take the train, and he said he had left a letter for me. I told him he had better wait and take the midnight train, and he did. We went over to my room, and in going over he said he had a good saddle spotted, and that he would get it, now that he had waited, and take it home with him. It was hanging up on the outside of a little out-building by a house. We had picked up a light lap-robe some time before, and wrapped it

board of the Western Federation of Miners, of which he was a member.

Simpkins said for me to be sure and not get discouraged and leave until I got the Governor, and if I got broke to let him know and he would see that I got money, and he would fix it so that after the job I would get a good bunch of money — enough to buy a ranch and quit this work and let somebody else do it, as I had done my share. He wanted me to buy a ranch up on the St. Joe River, and I got several letters from him, — some of them after he went to Denver, — and he told me in one of these that he had everything all fixed, and Pettibone would send me the money as soon as the job was done.

As I have before stated, I thought I might find Mr. Steunenberg in Boise, and I left Caldwell for there a day or so after Jack left. I stayed a few days in Boise, but saw nothing of Mr. Steunenberg, and I thought I would like to have some one to help me, and I was lonesome

and disgusted to have to wait so long. I telephoned to Silver City to Easterly and asked him if he wanted to take part in the contract, and he said he could not leave there just then, and I made up my mind to go to Salt Lake City and get Charlie Shoddy, the man I met in Salt Lake City when on my way out to Caldwell the first time.

The Death of Neville

I left Boise for Salt Lake City about November 20th, and went up to Siegal Brothers' store there, as they owned this mine where Shoddy was working, and I asked if Charlie was still out at their mine. They said they thought he was, and I wrote him and addressed the letter to Siegal Post-Office, but never got an answer from it.

I stayed in Salt Lake City about three weeks, and while there I got a letter from Pettibone stating that my friend Johnnie Neville had died quite suddenly in Goldfield, Nevada, and a little later I saw the account of it in the papers. Now, I had written Moyer a letter some time before this and told him to send me a hundred dollars, or to send it to Jack for me, and also told him in this letter that I had sent Shoddy to Goldfield, Nevada, to do that job. This was a lie, of course; but when I saw the account of Johnnie's death, I thought I would take advantage of it and make Moyer believe this man had done this, and I wrote him to this effect, and also wrote Simpkins at Denver and told him to tell Moyer. He answered me that he did, and would get some money for Charlie. I also told them that Charlie was there in Salt Lake City with me now, and we were going to Caldwell, and that I had money to take us there, but that they had better send me five hundred or so for Charlie to Nampa, as I told them Charlie was to stop there while I was looking after things in Caldwell. When I did not hear anything from Charlie, and as my money was getting low again, I left for Caldwell. This was about the middle of December, 1905.

I went to the Saratoga Hotel at Caldwell, and got an answer to my letter that I sent Pettibone before leaving Salt Lake City, and he said he had sent my letter to Jack, and I supposed they had given him the money for me to give Charlie. Awhile after I got a letter from Jack, and he said he had stopped off at Salt Lake City on his way home from Denver to see me, but could not find me and did not know where I had gone. He sent me a piece of a type-written letter that he had received from Haywood, which stated that he thought if there were any more remittances for assessment work that they had better be sent through him. This was the work they

referred to that I was doing. But before he sent me any money I was arrested. I told them I was looking to buy a ranch, and I saw a number of real-estate men about this. I had stayed at the Saratoga Hotel all the time.

Steunenberg's Escape on Christmas Night

On Christmas day, which was Monday, I saw Mr. Steunenberg going to his brother's about noon,— as I supposed, for a Christmas dinner, — and I watched for him to come home after dark, and had a pump shot-gun and was going to shoot him with buck-shot. I had not been up by his residence long before I heard him coming, and started to put my gun together, as I had it down and one piece hung on each side of me with a cord around my neck under my overcoat; but I had some trouble getting it together, as this cord bothered me, and they got into the house before I got it together. I went around the house and waited to see if I could get a chance to see him through the window, but I think he went into the bath-room shortly after coming home, and went from there to bed and had no light. I stood behind a tree close to the house, and could see some one in the bath-room, but the steam was so thick I could not be sure it was him. I waited there until they went to bed, but did not see him, and then went back to the hotel. I buried some shot-gun shells loaded with buck-shot under the sidewalk on my way up, as I had too many, and did not want any left in my room if I should use them.

There was a mask ball at the Saratoga that night, and I had thought, if I shot Governor Steunenberg, I could easily go up-stairs and not be noticed, as they could not tell me from anybody else in the crowd.

I did not see Mr. Steunenberg again until the next Thursday. I did not know where he went when he was away, and I saw his son on the street one day, and I spoke to him and asked him if they had any sheep to sell. I thought I would find out this way where his father went. He told me that he knew nothing about it, as his father attended to that, but he said I could find out by telephoning to his father at the Company ranch at Bliss. But he said he would be home the next day, and I could see him if I was there. I told him I just wanted to find out where some sheep could be bought, as a friend of mine wanted them to feed.

The next day, Friday, I went to Nampa, and thought I might get a chance to put the bomb under Governor Steunenberg's seat, if I found him on the train, as the train usually stops fifteen to twenty minutes at Nampa. I had taken the powder out of the wooden box and

packed it in a little light sheet-iron box with a lock on, and I had a hole cut in the top of this and a little alarm-clock on one side. Both this and the bottle of acid were set in plaster-Paris on the other side of the hole from the clock, with a wire from the key which winds the alarm to the cork in the bottle. The giant-caps were put in the powder underneath this hole, and all I had to do was to wind up the alarm and set it, and when it went off it would wind up the fine wire on the key and pull out the cork, and spill the acid on the caps. I had this fitted in a little grip, and was going to set it, grip and all, under his seat in the coach, if I got a chance. I went through the train when it arrived at Nampa, but did not see Mr. Steunenberg, and the train was crowded, so I would not have had any chance, anyway. I saw Mr. Steunenberg get off the train at Caldwell, but missed him on the train.

The Fatal Explosion

I saw him again around Caldwell Saturday afternoon. I was playing cards in the saloon at the Saratoga, and came out in the hotel lobby just at dusk, and Mr. Steunenberg was sitting there talking. I went over to the post-office and came right back, and he was still there. I went up to my room, and took this bomb out of my grip, and wrapped it up in a newspaper and put it under my arm and went down-stairs, and Mr. Steunenberg was still there. I hurried as fast as I could up to his residence, and laid this bomb close to the gate-post, and tied a cord into a screw-eye in the cork and around a picket of the gate, so that when the gate was opened it would jerk the cork out of the bottle and let the acid run out and set off the bomb. This was set in such a way that, if he did not open the gate wide enough to pull it out, he would strike the cord with his feet as he went to pass in. I pulled some snow over the bomb after laying the paper over it, and hurried back as fast as I could.

I met Mr. Steunenberg about two and a half blocks from his residence. I then ran as fast as I could, to get back to the hotel, if possible, before he got to the gate. I was about a block and a half from the hotel on the foot-bridge when the explosion of the bomb occurred, and I hurried to the hotel as fast as I could. I went into the bar-room, and the bartender was alone, and asked me to help him tie up a little package, and I did, and then went on up to my room, intending to come right down to dinner, as nearly every one was in at dinner.

I was going to take some things out of my room and throw them away, and I emptied some acid I had in a bottle into the sink, and

put the bottle in my coat-pocket, intending to take it down and throw it away, and a moment after doing this there was a flash like a pistol-shot rang out. It almost unnerved me for a moment, but I soon understood what it was. I had taken a giant-cap out of a box I had in my grip, a few days before, to try it to see if they were all right, as I had had them a good while; and I did not try this, and forgot to take it out of my pocket, and there must have been a little acid left in the bottle I put in my pocket, and this got into the cap and exploded it. This tore my coat all up, but did not hurt me a bit; but it unnerved me, and I thought everybody in the house would hear it, as my room was directly over the dining-room and everybody was in there to dinner. I had another coat there, and I slipped that on and hurried down to dinner. Everybody was talking about Mr. Steunenberg being blown to pieces, but I never heard a word about the explosion of the giant-cap in my room. I think everybody was excited about the explosion, and did not hear it, or did not pay any attention to it.

A Suspect's Strange Paralysis

Now, I cannot tell what came across me. I had some plaster-Paris and some chlorid of potash and some sugar in my room, also some little bottles and screw-eyes and an electric flash-light, and I knew there might be some little crumbs of dynamite scattered around on the floor. I intended to clean the carpet, and throw this stuff that might look suspicious all away, and I had plenty of time. But after this cap exploded in my pocket something came across me that I cannot explain, and I seemed to lose my reasoning power for the time, and left everything there just as they were, and at that time I had some letters and papers in my pockets that would have looked bad and been hard for me to explain.

I stood around there until about ten o'clock, as the hotel was jammed full, and in the meantime a special had come down from Boise, and they were sending out men to surround the town and telephoning to the surrounding towns. About twelve o'clock I went up to Mr. Steunenberg's residence with the hotel clerk, and came back and went to bed, and did not get up until about eleven o'clock the next day — Sunday. I went down and read the papers, and was sure one of the suspects referred to was me. Then I destroyed some letters and papers I had, and began to pull myself together; but I thought they were watching me, and I was afraid to start to clean my room or throw those things away, and thought what a fool I had been not to have cleaned every suspicious-looking thing

out of my room the night before. I cannot account for what made me so stupid, as I well knew these things would look suspicious, and it would be hard for me to explain what I had them for, if I was called upon to do so.

I just began to realize this and come to myself, and would have gotten rid of them then had I had a chance. I did go up to my room, and took a fish-line off a reel I had there and threw it in the water-closet, as I noticed in the papers that they referred to a fish-line or cord on the gate at Governor Steunenberg's, and I had used a piece of this fish-line. I would have cleaned the room then if I had had time. I could not throw all this other stuff in the toilet, and was excited and left it all there, and even left the gun which I usually carried in my grip. I had always said that I would not be taken alive, but did not value my life much anyway, and would sell it as dearly as I could, if ever suspected of anything and they tried to arrest me. I am sure they suspected me, and I took a walk up to Mr. Steunenberg's residence with a Caldwell man, and he said every stranger in town would have to give an account of himself.

The Arrest at Caldwell

I was sitting in the saloon of the hotel in the afternoon, and a stranger asked me to take a little walk, and pretended to be acquainted with me. I afterward learned this was Sheriff Brown of Baker City, Oregon. I told him he was mistaken, and he told me that they suspected me of having something to do with the assassination, and he said he told them that he thought he knew me. I told him I would go and see the sheriff at once, which I did, and asked him if he wanted to see me; and he asked me if I was going away, and I told him I was not at present, and he said we would have a talk after a while. I went over to the hotel and sat down, and in a few minutes the sheriff came over and said he would have to arrest me. I told him all right, and he went off and came back in a few minutes and told me the Governor had ordered him to take charge of my things that were in my room, and he said he would parole me, and I was not to leave town or the hotel, I have forgotten which.

Then I thought what a fool I had been to leave all those things in the room, when I had all kinds of chances to take them out, and had even let them get away with my gun. I would have made an attempt to get away that night, but I knew they were watching me; and, again, if I had succeeded in getting away from the hotel, it was bitter cold and the ground was covered with snow; and therefore I made no attempt to get away. I knew that they had

organized a committee to investigate, and thought they might take me before this committee and ask me to explain what I had such stuff for, and I was thinking how I would answer them if they did.

But they said nothing to me until the next day — Monday — about four o'clock, when the deputy sheriff asked me to go over to the district attorney's office, and when I went over there, they said they would have to search me. This is the time I would have used my gun had I had it. They searched me, and the sheriff read the warrant to me, and they said they wanted me to go to Boise with them. We went over to the depot and waited for a while, and then they took me up to the county jail at Caldwell.

III

MY EXPERIENCE IN JAIL AND PENITENTIARY

I WAS arrested and taken to jail at Caldwell the evening of the 1st day of January, 1906. I had never before been arrested. I now began to think over my past life and what it had brought me to; and, oh, how I regretted that I had allowed myself to be arrested, and had not sold my life as dearly as I could have done, and ended all! as I felt the life I had lived for the past few years was not worth living, and that I would rather be dead than alive, and felt there was nothing left for me worth living for, and why suffer the humiliation in prison? I knew it meant a long siege at best, and I knew, if I succeeded in clearing myself of this, that I probably would have to go to Colorado and face other charges there.

I thought of ending all, and then what my dear mother taught me many long years before about God and the future life came up to me, and I could not get these thoughts out of my mind, although I had denied them for years and tried to forget them, and said many times that the hereafter did not trouble me, and that I did not believe in any hereafter, but that the grave ended all. But now, when this stared me in the face, and the thought came of taking my own life and taking the desperate leap into the Great Beyond from whence there is no return, I knew then that deep down in my heart I did believe there was a God and a hereafter, and that I had only been trying to deceive myself all these years because it answered my wicked purpose better. Now, although I had read the Bible some when I was young, I had never read it with enough interest to understand it, and remembered very little of it; but I thought it said that no murderer could enter the kingdom of heaven, or would not be forgiven. This

troubled me, for I felt great remorse of conscience and felt repentant. I tried to keep up the bravado spirit and appear unconcerned and deny the charges against me, but still I thought, if acquitted, the old life was not worth living, and I wanted to be sure whether there was hope for me, or forgiveness, or if I had committed the unpardonable sin. If I had been fully convinced of this, and that there was no forgiveness for me, then I would never have undergone any torture or imprisonment, as I would have had nothing to live for.

The Arrival of the Attorneys

Haywood and Pettibone had always told me if I ever got arrested not to wire or write to them, but that they would see that I had an attorney to defend me as soon as it was possible; and when Simpkins left me he had said, if I got into trouble and had to have an attorney, he would send Miller or Robertson of Spokane. A day or two after I was arrested I got a telegram from Spokane stating that Attorney Fred Miller would leave next morning for Caldwell to represent me. This telegram was not signed, but I understood it. I waited for three or four days and heard no word of him, but in the meantime James J. Sullivan, an attorney that I knew from Denver and a personal friend of Pettibone's, came to see me, but they would not let me talk to him alone. He said he was going to Baker City on some business, and stopped off to see if it was me they had arrested. I felt sure they had sent him to me from headquarters. I told him I had thought of wiring him, and asked him if I could engage him to defend me; but he shook his head and said it was a long way from home, and that he would advise me to employ a local attorney, and said if I wished he would look around and get me one. I told him I had expected Mr. Miller from Spokane, and had had a telegram from Spokane a few days before, stating that he would leave the next morning for Caldwell, but had heard nothing more from him, and Sullivan said he would wire him and see if he was coming.

He sent Mr. Miller the telegram, and he answered he would leave for Caldwell on the next train, and he arrived there the next day or so. They let Mr. Miller see me alone, and he told me that Jack Simpkins had sent him and that he had started when I got the first telegram. I think he said he got as far as Walla Walla, and they called him back, as the papers came out with big head-lines charging the Western Federation of Miners with the assassination of ex-Governor Steunenberg, and they did not want it to appear that any one had been sent by them to defend me, but thought they would wait until

I wired them, because we must make it appear that I was putting up my own defense and keep the Federation out of it. He also said that Robertson had told him before he left that they might make it appear that they were engaged by me to sue Dan Cordonia to recover the interest I had sold him in the Hercules mine or a part of it, so as to have it look as if they were my regular attorneys. I spoke about them being engaged by me before to collect damages from the railroad company for holding my trunk, but he said that was too small a matter.

I did not know Mr. Miller very well, having only met him once, and I told him I was going to put up my own defense, and had upward of two thousand dollars, and had friends that would see me through if this was not sufficient. He asked me if I did not have some mining property, or some friends I could refer him to that he could make it appear were putting up money for my defense. I told him I would give him an order to get the money all right. He said Jack had only given him a hundred dollars, and asked me if I did not have any money there. I told Miller I had only a few dollars there, and he said to never mind, he would get some money from home. I gave him an order, and told him to see J. J. Sullivan and have him send the money when he got to Denver. I told him Sullivan knew Pettibone and would get the money all right. I also gave him an order, or told him to see Lewis Cutler of Salt Lake City, and he would turn him over a sixth interest in some mining claims he had at Goldfield, Nevada. I had loaned Mr. Cutler a little money at different times, and he made this proposition himself the last time I saw him in Salt Lake City. Mr. Miller stayed until after my preliminary hearing and I was bound over to the district court without bail. Mr. Miller then left for Spokane, and said he would be back in a few days, and stay there and work on the case.

Mr. Swain of the Thiel Detective Agency from Spokane came to the sheriff's office at Caldwell, and they took me out in the office, and he asked me some questions and I answered some of them. I told him I had been in the Coeur d'Alenes, and had been out hunting with Jack Simpkins just before I came down here. He asked me if I knew Haywood and Moyer, and I told him I had seen them and was slightly acquainted with them. I think I also told him that my name was not Hogan, but Orchard, and that I had a good reason for going under an assumed name and would give the reason at the proper time. I knew I need not answer any questions, but I thought these things could be easily proved, and that it would look better for me to answer them. Later he wanted to ques-

tion me further, but I told him I had told him all I had to say, and he did not trouble me any more.

The First Appearance of McParland

I was in Caldwell jail eighteen days, and they removed me to the State penitentiary at Boise. Mr. Miller wrote me two or three letters, and stated he was waiting for some mail and would be down as soon as it arrived. I think I had been at the penitentiary about ten days or two weeks, and the warden took me out into the secretary's office and introduced me to an oldish man — I have forgotten the name he used. He then went out and left us alone. I do not remember the first part of our conversation, but he said he had seen a paper with my picture in, and got permission to come up and have a talk with me. I asked him who he was and what he wanted to talk to me for. He told me he was a detective, and went on and said, perhaps if he had kept the same kind of company I had, that perhaps he would have found himself in the same position I myself was in, but he said he had chosen the right course. He said he would like to give me some good advice, if I would take it. I told him I did not object to talking to him, but I did not need any of his advice, and protested my innocence, and said I was being wrongfully persecuted. He said if I was innocent I was the victim of very unfortunate circumstances, and that he thought I had left a bad trail behind me; and he further said it looked bad for me going in and out of Denver so much and visiting Federation headquarters. He further said he did not believe I did this of my own accord, and that he believed I was in a position to be of great benefit to the State. I told him I knew nothing about the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg whatever, and that I did not know what he was trying to get at.

He asked me if I had heard of the Molly Maguires. I told him I had heard of them, but did not know much of their history. He started to tell me about them, and it struck me right away that he was McParland, as Haywood had given me a description of him some time before. I asked him if his name was not McParland, and he said it was. He then went on and told me a lot of the history of the Molly Maguires, and some of the parts he had played. I listened to him and said nothing much. I think at first he asked me about my people and if I believed in a hereafter and a God. I think I told him I believed in a Supreme Being or something like that. He also told me he believed I had been used as a tool. I think that was about the substance of what he said to me the first time he came up, and he asked me to think these things

over when I went back to my cell. I protested my innocence all through and told him I had nothing to think over. He told me I would be convicted of that crime, and that I would think of the words he had told me afterward. I told him I had no fear of being convicted. When he left, he said that perhaps he would come up and see me again. I told him that it helped to pass away the time and was a little more comfortable, or was a change.

I think it was two or three days when he came back again, and I think he started in on my belief in the hereafter, and spoke of what an awful thing it was to live and die a sinful life, and that every man ought to repent of his sins, and that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He spoke of King David being a murderer, and also the Apostle Paul. This interested me very much, but I did not let on to him. I think I asked him a little about this, and he told me about King David falling in love with Uriah's wife, and ordering Joab, the general of his army, to put Uriah in the thick of the battle and then to order the rest to retreat, so he would be killed; and of St. Paul, who was then called Saul, consenting to the death of Stephen and holding the young men's coats while they stoned him to death. I wanted to ask more about these things, but did not want to let on that they interested me. He also told me of some cases where men had turned State's evidence, and that when the State had used them for a witness, they did not, or could not, prosecute them. He said, further, that men might be thousands of miles from where a murder took place and be guilty of the murder, and be charged with conspiracy, and that the man that committed the murder was not as guilty as the conspirators, and, to say in a word, he led me to believe that there was a chance for me, even if I were guilty of the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg, if I would tell the truth; and he also urged me to think of the hereafter and the awful consequences of a man dying in his sins. He further said he was satisfied I had only been used as a tool, and he was sure the Western Federation of Miners were behind this, and that they were about to their limit, and had carried their work on with a high hand, but that their foundation had begun to crumble, as all such must that followed the policy that they had. He said further that they had had a gang of murderers at their head ever since their organization. He told me plainly he could not make me any promises, and if he did he could not fulfil them, but he said he would have the prosecuting attorney come up and have a talk with me. I told him that he need not trouble. I had not told him anything, nor had I promised

to at this time; but I told him to come up again the next day and I would let him know if I had anything to tell him.

The Story of the Confession

I went back to my cell that night and tried to pray, and thought I would do almost anything if God would forgive my sins. But my past life would come up before me like a mountain, and I feared there was no chance for me. I thought, though the authorities in Idaho would let me go clear if I gave evidence and told the real men responsible for the murder of Mr. Steunenberg, that there were so many other crimes that I was guilty of that there would never be any chance for me. The only real hope I could see for me was to make a clean breast of all, and ask God to forgive me; but I felt very uncertain about this, and prayed to God in a half-hearted way, and I felt a little hope at times, and then I would doubt, and think of self. I knew well the methods of detectives, and did not believe many things Mr. McParland told me; but my mind was in such a state and, as I have before told you, I cared little what did become of me, and did not want to live any longer the old life, and when I would think of doing away with myself, the awful hereafter would stare me in the face, and something seemed to say to me that there was still hope. But I could not bear the thought of being locked up, and every hour seemed like a month to me.

Now, I had thought before I ever saw Mr. McParland of making a clean breast of all; but I would rather have him get the evidence than any one I knew, for the reason I knew his reputation and knew there would be nothing left undone to run down everything I gave him. Then there came a doubt in my mind that this might not be Mr. McParland. I told him this when he came up the next day; and, as he wore an Elk charm, and I knew the Elks always carried a card that they used to make themselves known to a brother Elk, I asked him if he would mind letting me look at his Elk's card to satisfy myself that he was Mr. McParland, and he handed me his card, as he said no Elk was ashamed to show his card. After I was satisfied of this, I told him I was going to tell him all, and that he need not send the prosecuting attorney up; that I would not ask any pledges, but would tell the truth, and felt I did not deserve any consideration and cared very little what became of me.

I told him I would tell him my life's history, and we talked over a part of my career that day, but nothing in connection with this case; and the next day Mr. McParland came up, and

the clerk in the penitentiary took down my statement. I began at the first of my early life, and finished with the assassination of Mr. Steunenberg, but I kept a few things back that I thought too horrible to tell. We were three days at this. There were some things that no one in this country knew anything of, but I told them, and in a way felt somewhat relieved. I felt that I had taken the right step, but when I thought of the awful ordeal I would have to go through to carry this out, and that I must face these men and give evidence that perhaps would send us all to the gallows, it seemed terrible to me. Sometimes I would think perhaps they would only send me to the penitentiary for life, and this I thought would be worse than being hanged, and that I would prefer the latter. I tried to pray and ask forgiveness, but this only in a half-hearted way. Sometimes I felt a little relieved, but other times I doubted, and I was very much in doubt whether God would forgive such a sinner, and I thought I would have to go through some long lamentation, and the greater the sin the greater the sacrifice would have to be on my part. I wanted a Bible, but would not ask for it, and I did not want it known that I wanted to repent of my sins. I longed to read the Bible, but did not want any one to see me doing so, and every day seemed almost like a year.

The Arrest and Confession of Adams

During this time, or about the 20th of February, 1906, they brought Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone to the penitentiary, and a day or so later they brought Steve Adams. I had told them about Adams being mixed up in other things besides what he was mixed up in with me. The warden asked me, before he brought Adams in, if I thought best to put him in my cell, and for me to have a talk with him and persuade him to tell the truth. I told him I would do the best I could, and that I would tell him that I had told everything, but not at first, until I found out how he felt about it.

When Adams first came into the cell he did not let on that he knew me, or while the warden or guards were there; but after they left he began to talk to me, and he spoke about my having made a confession. I laughed it off and partly denied it, but said I thought of doing so, and told him I thought it would be better for us to tell the truth and clear everything up and be done with it, as it was bound to come out sometime, as so many knew about the crimes that we had been mixed up in, and that somebody was bound to tell of them sometime — if not while they were up and around, some one would make a death-bed confession; and I told

him I was tired of such a life and wanted to reform and ask God's forgiveness.

He said at first that he could not think of such a thing, and spoke of the disgrace it would bring upon his people, and that there would be no chance for us at all; and he wanted me to go on through the trials, and then we would tell those fellows to cut that kind of work out. I wanted him to lead a better life, and told him I could not rest, and that my conscience troubled me so that I did not want to live unless I could repent and be forgiven, and that I did not feel as though I could repent of my wrong-doing unless I told all, and made all the earthly restitution that was within my power to society, and clear my own conscience. He thought I would not feel any better after I had confessed all. I also told him there might be a chance for us to save our lives, as we had only been used as tools.

I talked to him, I think, two days on about the same lines, and he did not change his mind much, if any, and finally I told him that I had made a statement and told about all, and he asked me if I had told them about him. At first I told him that I had not, and he asked me to promise him that I would not, and I think at first I told him I would; but I finally told him that I had made a clean breast of everything, and told them all about the things he had been implicated in, and wanted him to tell the truth. He said at first he did not see how he could go that kind of a route, and asked me if they had promised me anything. I told him I did not ask them to, but I told him the party that I had made my confession to had cited similar cases, and that those that had been used as tools, as we had been, had not been prosecuted. I also told him that I did not know if this were true or not. After I had told him all, I said to him to do as he pleased, but that I had told the truth and was going to stand by it, let the consequences be what they would to myself or any one else.

I told him the warden wanted to have a talk with him, and to go out and have a talk with him; and a few minutes afterward the warden came in and asked him to go out in the office, and he did. When he came back in, he said the warden was a pretty good talker. I think that same afternoon Mr. Moore, Adams' attorney from Baker City, Oregon, came up to see him. He did not tell me what he said to him, but a friend and neighbor of his named Bond, from Haines, came with Mr. Moore, and Steve told me that Bond had advised him, if he knew anything or had been used as a tool to commit any crimes, to tell the truth — or that would be his advice to him. Adams told me after that

Moore had told him the State hardly ever prosecuted any one they used as a witness, and he said he thought he would do as I had done and tell the truth. He said that Moore had gone to Colorado to see the Governor and find out if they would take Steve back there if he became a witness in this trial.

Mr. McParland came the next afternoon, and I had a talk with him, and told him I thought Adams would make a confession, but perhaps not until after Moore had come back from Colorado; so Adams went out in the office and had a talk with Mr. McParland, and he told him he would make a confession and tell the truth in everything; and the next day Mr. McParland and his private secretary came up and took down his confession. I do not think there were any threats or promises of any kind used. Adams never told me, if there were.

I was taken sick a little after this, and they moved me over in the hospital, and a day or two later they moved Adams over there too, and we had a room together. My mind was in an awful condition about this time. I felt that I did not want to live, and I was afraid to die. A little before Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were arrested, Miller, my attorney, came back, and came to see me, and I never let on to him I had made any confession. He told me he had been to Denver; that he had waited several days in Spokane, and they did not send him the money, and he thought best to go and see them. He said Jack Simpkins was keeping close — that they were hard on his trail. I asked him where he was, but he did not tell me, if he knew. He said he got fifteen hundred dollars from Pettibone, and he said they were all scared; and he said Pettibone told him if he could use his deposition, all right, but that he would not go to Idaho as a witness.

Miller further said he stopped in Salt Lake City and saw Lewis Cutler about the interest in the mining claims at Goldfield, Nevada, and Cutler told him he would turn it over to me any time. Miller got me a suit of clothes and some other little articles, and came to see me two or three times before Haywood, Moyer, and Pettibone were arrested; and then he put a piece in the paper that he would withdraw from my case and defend the Federation officials. I sent him a letter that that would suit me all right, but he came up to see me after. I did not see him the first time; but he came again, and the warden brought him in the hospital to see me, and he said the newspaper report was false — that he had not stated he would withdraw from my case. I told him that I had made other arrangements, and would not require his services any longer.

Orchard's First Testimony

Mr. McParland came up a few days later, and said they wanted me to go to Caldwell before the Grand Jury and give some evidence. So I went to Caldwell before the Grand Jury, and told them the conversation I had had with Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone in regard to assassinating Mr. Steunenberg, and how I carried out the assassination. I came back then, and about a week later Mr. McParland came up again, and told me I would have to go to Caldwell again and plead to the indictment, or at least to go before the court. He said he would make arrangements and have an attorney there to represent me.

The next day I went to Caldwell, and no one said anything more to me; and when I went into court, they read the indictment to me, and I expected Mr. McParland had made arrangements for an attorney to represent me, and that he would answer for me; but no one answered for me, and the judge then asked me if I had counsel, and no one said anything. He asked me then if I wished an attorney, and I told him no; and he said I was entitled to one, and he would appoint Bryant and Cox to represent me, and that I could take the statutory time to plead. Mr. Bryant and I went down in the sheriff's office, but I told him nothing of what I had done. I thought after the confession, as I intended to tell the truth, I was going to plead guilty; but Mr. Bryant told me there were three pleas I could enter — guilty, not guilty, or not plead at all. I told him I would make no plea, then; and we went up before the court then, and I told the judge I had no plea to make, and he instructed the clerk to enter a plea of not guilty.

I came back to the penitentiary that night, and felt pretty blue, and felt as though I did not have a friend in the world, after Mr. McParland not keeping his word in regard to getting me an attorney and taking me into court like a dummy, and I not knowing what to say or do. I came back feeling more blue than ever, and, to finish up everything, when I came back that night to the penitentiary, they had my things moved back out of the hospital into a cell; and as it was pretty cold there, and I was not feeling very well physically and worse mentally, I just broke down again and felt like giving up entirely.

I did not get up the next day, and really contemplated putting myself out of the way, and wrote a letter to my brother and put it between the lining of my vest, and I told Adams if anything happened to me to send this letter to my brother, and that he would find the address on the letter. I think I told him I had something there to put myself out of the way

with, but I had nothing particular, only my watch crystal; I was thinking of pounding this or the electric globe up and swallowing it, but I hardly knew what effect it would have. I had heard of people pounding up glass and killing dogs with it, and I had not made up my mind definitely; I was only thinking about it. When I would think of the hereafter, something seemed to say to me not to do it, but there was hope for me, and I would pray — but, oh, I had no heart to pray. But I am sure, now, that I had dear ones praying for me, and God heard their prayers, and kept me from making the last desperate leap into the Great Beyond. I was not very well, and the cells were very cold, and the warden moved us back in the hospital.

Shortly after this, Steve told his wife about my writing this letter, and she told the warden, and Mr. McParland and Governor Gooding came up to see me, and Mr. McParland asked me about it, and told me he understood I had the means of destruction on my person and that he wanted me to give it to him. I told him what I had thought of, but that I had not thought seriously of it, and that he need have no fear, as I felt better. He talked to me about the hereafter, and said that to do or to think of such a thing was awful, and that there was no possible hope then; but said if I would truly and sincerely repent and pray for forgiveness that there was no sin that God would not forgive. He told me he had been praying nearly all day, as he had had word that his nephew, whom he thought a great deal of, had been killed in a wreck near Florence, Colorado, and had been virtually burned alive. His talk helped me a great deal, and I felt ashamed of myself, and also felt provoked at Adams for telling such a thing; and I don't think that I ever would have carried it out, as I was not sure that it would have killed me, and I had not fully decided to do it. If I had had a gun, I believe there were times when I would have ended all.

The Forgiveness of God

Soon after this some missionary society in Chicago sent me a Bible, and the deputy brought it in to me; and I felt mean and told him to take it out, as I did not want it, and at the same time I longed for it, but did not want any one to know, or see me reading it. I had been trying to pray and ask forgiveness of my many sins, but in a very half-hearted way, and I felt more miserable than ever then, and resolved I would ask for this Bible, but kept putting it off from day to day. At last I asked the warden to bring it in to me, and I began to read it. I was not long reading it through, and I could not find anything in it that said no murderer could enter

the kingdom of heaven; and I prayed earnestly for forgiveness, and read and reread the glorious promises, and determined not to give up before I found peace and pardon. True, I was long weeks and months before I found the light or even the dawn, but I kept praying and persevering. I had no thought of turning back. I never doubted God's word and promises; I only doubted because of my own weakness. This peace crept in a little at a time, and I can hardly tell when or how, but I at last began to realize the change, and took great delight in reading the Bible and praying earnestly to God several times a day. I had it in my head I was such a sinner that I had to go through some long lamentation, and the greater the sin the more God would require of us before He would forgive us.

Mr. McParland had asked me if I would like to have a minister come up and see me, and I told him I would. He asked me if I would like to have Rev. Dean Hinks of the Episcopal Church. He said he had met him, and thought he was a good man; and he came up to see me, and has come occasionally ever since, and has been a great comfort and help to me spiritually. He also brought me several good books that have enlightened me very much, and I thank God to-day that I know I am a sinner saved by grace, through no good merits of mine, but all through the blood of Jesus Christ, our blessed Saviour and Redeemer. I do not mean to say that I have all clear sailing—far from it. I have one continual battle to overcome my wicked and deceitful heart, but I praise God that His grace is sufficient.

I thought at first that this was not right and that God had not forgiven me. These thoughts would arise in my mind, and I thought this had not ought to be; I had no desire to do it, but I would think of them often and try to get them out of my mind, and I praise God they don't arise as much as they used to. But I have found, as I read the experience of many noble, good men in the books in which they give their experience, that Jesus Christ is the only way that we can approach God's Throne and plead His mercy, as Jesus is our Mediator and Redeemer who took upon Himself our sins. It all seems clear to me now.

I only give this as my experience, hoping that it may help some one if they have or should have a similar struggle. I would not go through

such remorse and torment again for all the world. This may seem an exaggeration to some, but it is true, nevertheless. Any one that has had such a struggle and prevailed can readily grasp the truth of my statement.

The Love of a Deserted Wife

I will now tell you what I believe saved me. It was the prayers of a dear, loving wife, whom I had shamefully and disgracefully left many years before with a darling little baby girl about six months old. As I have related how this came about, I need not repeat here, only to say that when God took away the bitterness out of my heart and let His love shine in, then the former love I had for my wife returned, stronger than ever, if that were possible, and I longed to know if she was alive or what had become of her and our little baby girl, as my mind was made up then to tell the whole truth, regardless of the consequences to myself or anybody else.

I knew I would have to tell my true name, and then all would come out, and I asked Mr. McParland to write to Road Macklon, Brighton, Ontario, Canada, and ask him if he knew anything about Albert E. Horsley or his wife. Mr. McParland wrote to Mr. Macklon, but he was dead. But Mrs. Macklon answered, and said that nothing was known of me,—I was supposed to have gone West several years before,—but that Mrs. Horsley and her daughter lived at Wooler. I then wrote my dear wife, and told her the trouble I was in, and asked her to forgive me. I also told her that I had accepted Jesus Christ as my Saviour and found peace at last. I got a letter from her that broke my heart, but only made me cling closer to the Crucified One. She said that she had forgiven me years ago, and had never ceased to pray for me, and never would. I will leave the reader to imagine the rest she said to me. I will only say further that there never was a harsh word written in any of her letters, and her dear letters and those of our darling little girl from time to time have been a great source of comfort to me, and they make me cling closer to Jesus, knowing if I never am permitted to meet them here below again I can meet them up yonder, where meeting and parting will be no more, if I am faithful until death; and this makes heaven seem dearer than ever to me.