

### God-Fearing Lynchers

PHOTOGRAPH OF A NEGRO CORPSE AND THE GENTLEMEN WHO SWUNG IT OFF.

*From the Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.*

There is on exhibition a photograph of a scene which was recently enacted in one of the counties of Mississippi, which, for the novelty of the subject, outdoes anything ever recorded in the annals of photography.

It was a *bona-fide* picture of a lynching scene, exhibiting all its startling details in naked reality.

There is, of course, nothing unusual in the mere circumstance of a party of outraged citizens meting out just punishment to the perpetrator of a vile crime. But that the men so concerned should conceive the audacious design of having themselves photographed in such an act, and should coolly take along their own artist and all necessary equipments for the purpose, is a feature which is not generally down on the programme of such performances.

The lynching took place under the following circumstances:

A negro fiend had by brute force committed a crime against the honor of woman. His victim was a white lady. Tidings of the crime passed rapidly from mouth to mouth, and soon a silent band of resolute men gathered in pursuit of the dastard.

Day and night they hunted him with bloodhounds, and finally on the ninth day captured him and took him back to the scene of his diabolical deed.

The photograph shows six men, including the principal actor in the tragedy, and gives a most perfect and easily recognized likeness of them.

The lynching party is ranged under a clump of trees, and directly in the foreground hangs the lifeless body, suspended from a limb, some two or three feet from the ground, the knot under his right ear and his head bent to the left. His arms are tightly pinioned with three coils of rope and on his breast is pinned a placard, the writing of which is illegible.

He is a young negro, seemingly not over eighteen years of age, and evidently must have passed away without much struggling, as the expression of

his face denotes perfect peace and rest.

To the left of the hanging negro stands a young man, probably twenty-five years of age, with a pistol in one hand, while the other holds the negro's left leg, apparently to steady him for the artist. On the other side is a man some three or four years older, with a rifle, while back in the rear are three others.

There is nothing of fear or reproach in the faces of these men. They are intelligent-looking, and have the air of men who are discharging a duty, and have nothing to fear from God or man.

### An Artist.

"Where have you been, Frank?"

"Down at St. Louis."

"What were you doing there?"

"I ran a photograph gallery."

"Did you get anything to do?"

"Well, I should say I did. I put out a sign, 'Babies taken here,' and next morning there were four of them left on the door-step."

The Cod bank of Newfoundland is 600 miles long.

A woman is like a cigar, you cannot judge the filling by the wrapper.

One reason a man's stockings do not cost so much as his wife's is that they do not come so high.

Our readers will please notice the change of address of the U. S. Photographic Supply Co., as explained in the following notice received from them:

### TO PHOTOGRAPHIC MERCHANTS:

New York, Feb. 1st, 1892.—We have removed to our new store, No. 57 East 9th Street, N. Y., where with increased room, and better shipping facilities, we trust to receive your order for our importations. Yours truly, U. S. PHOTO SUPPLY CO., New York, 57 East 9th Street.