

# LIFE CHOKED OUT

## Sydney Randolph Taken From Jail and Lynched.

### MOB OF DESPERATE MEN

#### Jailer Payton Surprised and Keys Taken From Him.

#### REFUSED TO CONFESS CRIME

Shortly After 1 o'clock This Morning Half a Hundred Masked Men, by a Ruse, Secured Entrance to the Jail and Took Randolph in a Buggy to a Point More Than a Mile Away, Where He Was Lynched—The Victim Refused to Confess Having Committed the Buxton Assault—The Maryland Community Is Satisfied That He Was Guilty—Inquest by the Coroner—Action of Authorities.

(From a staff correspondent.)  
Rockville, Md., July 4.—Sydney Randolph, the negro charged with the brutal assault upon the Buxton family on the 25th of May and which resulted in the death of little Sadie Buxton, was taken from the Rockville jail, where he was confined awaiting the action of the November grand jury, about 2 o'clock this morning, by a mob of half a hundred men, and hanged near Rockville.

He went to his death without saying whether he was guilty or not of the horrible crime, his only utterances being cries of murder, as he was carried away by the resolute body of men from the jail.

The lynching took place on the Frederick road, about a mile and a half east of Rockville. It was 1 o'clock this morning when Jailer Charles M. Payton was aroused from his slumbers by a heavy knock at the front door of the jail. Payton slept in the small front room at the left of the hallway. Getting up he went to the door and inquired who was there.

"It is Deputy Sullivan with a prisoner from Brookville," came the answer.

The jailer opened the door slightly and looked out. He saw three men on the five stone steps that lead to the ground. One was colored apparently, and the other two were struggling with him.

It developed afterward that this was but a ruse, and that the supposed negro was a white man with his face blackened.

The rest of the incident is best told in Payton's own words.

#### ENTERED THE JAIL.

"Before I had time to shut the door," said he, "the men were joined by others and an instant later the door was pushed in."

"They demanded the keys, and I refused them. With that some of the men pushed me back into the room, and four or five of them held me there. The hall was filled with men.

"All of them were masked with handkerchiefs or rags, and some wore false beards. Again the men that held me demanded the keys to the cells, for they already had the one that opened the grating to the cell room.

"On my second refusal they threw me on the bed and took them from my pocket. There were nine keys on the ring, and I myself would have had to hunt a minute for the right one, but quicker than I can tell it I heard Randolph's cell door open.

"He must have awakened with their first entrance. All I could hear him cry was 'murder, murder.'

"A dozen rough voices answered him 'Kill him.' Somebody said 'Hit him,' and 'Knock him down' followed, and then somebody in the yard cried 'Gag him,' and this was repeated several times.

"The next thing I knew they were dragging Randolph through the hall past my door. He made no noise, and the lynchers made very little.

"The men left me in the room. I got up and followed them to the door. Four of them were standing at the corner of the house, and every one levelled a revolver at me, and told me not to come back. They waited there watching me until the rest of the party dragged Randolph back to the lane past the barn.

#### THE LYNCHING.

"They cut three wires in order to get through into an open field. Then the four guards turned and went down the lane leading toward the town, and I followed shortly to give the alarm.

"As I reached the other end of the lane I noticed a buggy near by. Before I could reach it, however, two of the lynchers, still masked, ran up and drove away. I gave the alarm over at the hotel, and a searching party was formed. I would guess there were at least forty men in the company.

"I did not know one of them. As soon as the desperate men had cut through the wires by the barn they half dragged, half carried the wretch through the high weeds of the field that stretched to the roadway leading west from the village."

The rope was already around Randolph's neck. At the edge of the field an open spring wagon formed one of a procession of wagons and buggies. The negro was thrown rather than dropped in, and with muffled voices the order was given to move on.

Up the hill to the right the procession moved in a quiet, leisurely manner. At the top of the hill another turn to the right was made, and by a circuitous route the wagons finally reached the Frederick road, but a short pace down this road brought them to the corner of Rozier's.

A little chestnut tree, not more than five inches in diameter, stood here.

Randolph was unloaded from the wagon. There were willing hands enough in the party. It could not have been but another moment until he hung high in the air, with his feet four feet from the ground.

The other end of the rope that had been drawn over a limb was tied to the trunk of a neighboring tree.

At this time, or possibly before, one of



Sydney Randolph.

the lynchers ran up and dealt the hanging man a blow in the back of the head with a pick that was left beside the tree.

As quietly as it had assembled the mob disbanded. As soon as Jailer Payton left the jail he notified the men at the village hotel. Ed Peter had seen the party dragging Randolph through the field, and he went down into the village. Payton, Peter, Samuel Riggs, Minor Anderson, John K. Turner, Benjamin Riggs and Samuel S. formed a searching party.

By this time it was almost 3 o'clock. Payton telegraphed to Sheriff Collier, while the rest continued the search. About 4 o'clock Miner Anderson and Samuel Riggs discovered the body.

It was cold and stiff in death. The eyes were closed, but the tongue protruded far from the lips. Clots of blood covered the back of the head and shoulders and clotted blood surrounded the mouth.

He had died of strangulation. The rope was only a quarter-inch rope. Such rope is used in the country as a plowline. It was new. The legs were bound together by a piece of tarred twine. The body was permitted to hang until 9 o'clock. Meanwhile, Acting Coroner Justice Charles M. Jousa. After they had looked at the body it was cut down and removed to the undertaking shop of W. R. Pumphrey. Here a throng of people gathered the whole morning through to look at the remains.

No one has been found who heard Randolph utter a word other than the cries of "murder" reported by the jailer. His cell was an 8-by-10-foot room at the northwest corner of the jail.

There were a few signs of a struggle in the room, for the mattresses on the floor were slightly torn and the blanket had been cast into one corner.

The wretch must have had a scratch as he came through the door, for two small spots of blood were found on the floor in the hallway running in front of the cells.

Perry Elcorn was confined in a cell near the one occupied by Randolph. He heard nothing, other than the wretch's cries of murder, and was too badly frightened to come to the door of his cell and see what was going on. There was a new lock on Randolph's cell, and Jailer Payton had taken every precaution possible for the preservation of the prisoner.

Randolph was feeling unusually bright yesterday and was out in the jail yard. He received a new pair of shoes and a new brown shirt during the day. The collar of this shirt was found in the jail yard this morning and the rest of his apparel, including the shoes, was on the body when it was discovered hanging from the tree.

Continued on Second Page.

#### ASSAULTED THE GIRL.

#### Iola Carter Badly Bruised by Two Pugnaclous Colored Youths.

Iola Carter, sixteen years old, lies bruised at her home, No. 341 Seventh street southwest, as the result of an assault committed on her by Henry Ashton and Ernest Sewell, colored, aged, respectively, eleven and fourteen years. Ashton is at police station No. 4, and Sewell is at large.

The assault and arrest caused intense excitement in the neighborhood in which it occurred, and the tension between the crowd of white and colored people was so great that a riot was probably averted by the arrival of Policemen Patton, Baur, Byer and Anderson.

The trouble occurred at the southeast corner of Four-and-a-half street and N at noon. Iola was walking west along the south pavement. The colored boys were walking east. The Ashton boy had a toy pistol, and as he met the young lady he pointed it at her. It is charged also that he made an offensive remark.

Iola slapped the boy. The trio grappled. There was a human tangle and a chorus of cries. The girl was struck in the face with a stone and thrown to the street, her head striking the curbing. She was rendered unconscious and the boys ran. They were chased by James Henderson, who caught Ashton.

A crowd of angry colored people gathered and threatened to rescue the little captive from his captor. The whites who had collected were ready to accept the gauge of battle, and matters looked ominous when the police arrived. Ashton says the girl assaulted him, and that Sewell threw the stone.

#### Cut by Reaping Knives.

Reaping, July 4.—A frightful accident in the operation of a reaping and binding machine occurred on the farm of Samuel Kachel, near Green Tree, Cumru township. Mr. Kachel and his son were on the machine, when the horses ran away. His son was thrown in front of the knives and was so badly cut about the legs, arms and body that he cannot live. Mr. Kachel was also thrown before the knives and considerably cut, but the stoppage of the team by the falling of one of the horses saved his life.

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