

TRAGEDY ON EAST WATER ST.

James Lee Shot and Killed by Augusta County Negro.

DEATH ALMOST INSTANT

Bullet Passes Through Heart and Stomach.

MANY THREATS OF LYNCHING

Maddened Mob Rushes to Jail, Desiring Blood of Negro—Sheriff Carickhoff Holds Crowd Back with Guns—Judge Haas Addresses Crowd—Details of Shooting.

Harrisonburg's Fourth of July celebration had a tragic ending yesterday, when James Marshall Lee, 60 years old, manager of Garber & Will's feed stables, was shot and almost instantly killed by Pink Barber, 25 years old, a negro from Harrison, Augusta county, who was spending the holiday in town. Following the shooting intense excitement prevailed. Hundreds of persons flocked to the jail openly avowing their intention of lynching the prisoner. Sheriff Carickhoff held the mob at bay and later as the crowd increased and violence seemed imminent Judge Haas twice addressed the surging mob urging them to calm themselves and let the law take its course. In the meanwhile Sheriff Carickhoff was quietly swearing in deputies and special officers and with the jail turned into a veritable arsenal, he was fully prepared to repel an attack on the jail. No attack, however, was made. As a further precaution the saloons of the town were ordered to be closed for the rest of the day.

Cause of the Shooting.

Shortly after the shooting, which occurred a few minutes after 3 o'clock, Coroner Biedler, assisted by Dr. Firebaugh, summoned a jury to investigate the cause of the tragedy. The inquest was held in Garber & Will's office, a few feet from the scene of the shooting. According to the testimony of the several witnesses examined, the negro Barber had been around the stable apparently trying to steal a whip and had actually taken the whip, when Mr. Lee interfered and ordered the negro to leave the stables. It was at this juncture that Barber whipped out a .38-caliber pistol and fired four times at Lee. The fourth ball entered Lee's side, passing through the heart, stomach and liver and caused almost instant death. The injured man threw his hand to his side, saying that he was shot and asking a bystander to catch the negro. Lee was dead in a few minutes.

The Negro's Arrest.

After firing the shots, Barber took flight, running directly across the street, where he was caught by Charles A. Johnson, a young man

from Staunton, who held him fast until two officers took him in charge and hurried him to jail, where he was placed behind the bars; none too soon.

Threats of Lynching.

While the negro was being taken to jail the crowd along the streets did not know what the trouble was. And even when it became known that a white man had been shot and it was some time before it was definitely known that the victim was dead. In fact, it appeared that everything was conspiring to save the neck of the negro. Finally when the statements went out from the stable that Lee was actually dead and the facts that led up to the shooting became known, the anger of the crowd began to show itself. Scores of men standing in the street talked loudly and openly of lynching.

A visitor from the county jumped upon the steps of the office, a few feet from the dead man, and called out to the crowd:

"Men, I am for lynching the nigger. All in favor hold up your hands."

At once there were a hundred or more hands that shot in the air. Some of the more enthusiastic gave a cheer as they put up their hands.

"All right, then, follow me," replied the county man.

Then followed a howling, tumultuous crowd. Some may have wanted to lynch, but certainly a majority of the mob went along for curiosity. Still there were enough in the crowd to engineer a full-fledged lynching under favorable conditions.

Sheriff and His Guns.

At the jail, however, the mob found itself confronted by Sheriff Carickhoff, who stood on the porch with two ugly looking pistols in his hands.

Others joined the maddened mob. And in a little while there was a surging multitude flocked about the jail.

Cool-headed Harrisonburgers and others began to exhort the noisy individuals to restrain themselves. Quiet would follow, but the least remark or expression concerning the dead man would rekindle the passions of the mob.

"I know Jim Lee; he was a good man, too," some one would remark.

"I have known him like a book for twenty years," said another, "and it looks like a pity—"

But the words of the man were lost. The cries and threats of lynching started again with renewed vigor.

While the excitement was at the highest pitch, Sheriff Carickhoff appeared with the guns in his hands and spoke a few words to the crowd.

The Sheriff urged them to let the law take its course, assuring them that a grand jury would be speedily summoned and that justice would be meted out to the negro. The sheriff made it very plain that he was going to do his share towards upholding the majesty of the law.

Judge Haas to Mob.

Later Judge T. N. Haas appeared upon the scene, and taking his stand upon the porch, sought to calm the anger and fury of the noisy throng with words of admonition. The Judge personally assured them that he would take every legitimate step to see that justice was not delayed.

The tumult calmed down for a time and then revived with redoubled vigor and the mob was recruited by additions from the holiday visitors.

Finally Judge Haas thought it wise to return and address the crowd a second time.

His words had a wholesome effect.

Saloons Closed.

As further precaution Mayor Roller, after consultation with several

persons, ordered the saloons of the town to close. It was feared that after the games and amusements of the day were over, the mob might flock to the saloons and become further inflamed by strong drink.

Testimony Before the Coroner.

C. S. Sandy, of Mt. Crawford, was the first witness examined by Coroner Biedler. Mr. Sandy saw Barber go back into the stable and then return to the office door. Saw the negro shoot three times. Lee fell and then negro ran across the street, where he was caught by a man. Sandy followed and caught the negro by the hand and also by the throat. Barber threatened to shoot Sandy, but Sandy replied: "No I do not, reckon you will." Sandy admitted that he was scared. He never saw the darkey before.

W. D. Garber, one of the proprietors of the stable was the next witness. Mr. Garber said: The negro came to the office door and said that he wanted to go back to one of the stalls. I told him he could not go back there with a lighted cigarette. Barber then laid the cigarette down on the steps and started back; but instead of going to a stall he went to a buggy and took a whip. I saw the whip by his side. Then Lee remarked that the negro had come in there to steal and then Lee told the negro he would have to get out. I then told the negro that if he did not get out I would call a policeman.

Lee Picked Up Board.

Mr. Garber here testified that Lee picked up a board and remarked that he would make the negro get out. He saw Lee following the negro and next heard the shot. Mr. Garber was standing in his office and went to the door and just on the outside the negro fired again, the ball this time almost grazing Mr. Garber's leg. There were two more reports.

I noticed that after the fourth shot Mr. Lee had dropped the board and had his hand on his side. He said that he was shot and told me to run and catch the negro. I helped Mr. Lee into the office door and left him on the floor when he urged me to restrain the negro. I found that the men across the street had caught the negro. When I got back Mr. Lee was too weak to talk and he died in a few minutes.

Charles A. Johnson, of Staunton, was the next witness. He told substantially the same story of the shooting as the others. I saw him when he did the shooting. Rudolph Eubanks lowered the saloon window at Willis' and told me to kill the negro. I grabbed the negro on the sidewalk across the street and held him until the policemen arrived.

Afterwards the policemen of the town were loud in their praise of Johnson. And several bystanders also had a good word for him. He showed great nerve and pluck and kept the negro from escaping.

The Wound.

The negro's bullet entered Lee's left side, passing through the heart, stomach and probably the liver and lodging near the skin in the right side towards the backbone. Practically no blood came from the wound.

While the coroner's inquest was being held Undertaker Fultz made a slight incision in the back of the dead man and removed the bullet with a small pair of forceps. The bullet was taken out with but small difficulty.

The Prisoner.

Pink Barber, the man who fired the shot that killed Lee, is a son of Daniel Barber, and lives near Harrison, Augusta county. There is a conflict in the statements as to the negro's condition. While it is generally admitted that he had been drinking during the day, those who witnessed the shooting do not think that he was drunk. They say with certainty that he was sober enough to know what he was doing.

On the other hand the negro's actions and condition at the jail indicate that he was either drunk or filled with drugs. Some are inclined to believe that he is a dope

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Condensed Report to the Comptroller of the Currency of

The First National Bank

