

LEADEN HAIL.

Four Brave North Grafton Men Fought Six Burglars.

Twenty-Five Shots Exchanged and One of the Crooks Killed.



SURRENDER OF LAWRENCE DAY IN THE POSTOFFICE.

Thomas McGrath, a Michigan Desperado, and Lawrence Day, a Boston Safe Blower, Captured at Points of Revolvers in the Post Office After an Exciting Fusilade.

NORTH GRAFTON, Nov 7—Four citizens, three of them armed, bested six burglars in an exciting encounter with revolvers early this morning, the crooks being caught at work on the safe in the postoffice. As a result of the vigilance

and determination of the citizens, two desperate men are locked up in the Worcester county jail, while a companion is dead.

In replying to the revolver volleys of the robbers the citizens shot and killed one of the gang, who has been known as "French Louis," but who is believed to be James Kenney, alias "French" Kenney, alias George French. It has been impossible so far to obtain a positive identification, but the man he is believed to be is an old offender, who served time in Worcester for larceny in 1887 and later in New Hampshire. He is supposed to have been living recently in Boston, as one of the two men arrested says he met him there.

The two men captured are Thomas McGrath and Lawrence Day, the former giving his home state as Michigan and the latter hailing from Boston.

This morning's work has undoubtedly resulted in breaking up the gang of burglars who have been for several weeks at work in the small towns of central Massachusetts. There is every reason to believe that these men who failed to break open the safe in the postoffice are the same who have been terrorizing Worcester county and who have been reported in Charlton, Rochdale, Uxbridge, Millbury and other places in that vicinity.

The desperate character of the men was shown in the aggressive attitude they assumed this morning when the party of citizens appeared on the scene. They opened instantly with their 38-caliber revolvers as the party of four honest men approached, and sought to hold them off until the men at work on the safe could get out.

Three of the men kept up an unrelenting fire until the chambers of their revolvers had been emptied, and then fled. Another stood by the building, discharging his weapon at the two town constables as he waited near the window for his two accomplices to

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climb out as they had entered. In the exchange of shots he received a bullet in the chin, and then, with a parting salutation with his revolver, he hurriedly climbed an embankment and staggered off, only to drop 100 yards away and die in the backyard of a tenement house after an hour's agony.

When the firing ceased two men were found unharmed in the postoffice, where they had about half completed a hole in the safe door. They had appreciated the futility of resistance to such a force as had driven off their comrades and surrendered without further protest.

This was the fortunate and remarkable ending of an encounter that for some few minutes had all the aspects

of a most sanguinary battle. Fully 25 shots were fired, and the greater part of them by the burglars, who showed poor marksmanship, for it appeared as if they intended to hit the disturbers of their operations. That Amos G. Getchell, his son William A., Louis Desmarais and George Allen, who made up the party interrupting the work of the cracksmen, were not killed, much less wounded, is an almost inexplicable circumstance.

The burglar who ran away from the scene to die, fired his revolver at both Amos Getchell and his son when standing within 25 feet of them, while the opening shot of the skirmish flew over the heads of the entire party and lodged in a house very near a window through which Mrs. Allen was looking. Then three men stood out in the road hardly 50 feet distance firing all about the little postoffice building, which the citizens had surrounded, until their charges had been expended.

Although the engagement was soon over the four men who distinguished themselves say that "it seemed for a few minutes as if the bullets were flying like hailstones." All showed great courage, and none more than Amos G. Getchell, who, although an old man, led the attack vigorously, dashing down upon the armed burglars with a war-whoop.

He was the head and front of the operations, and made the arrest of both burglars in the postoffice at the point of his revolver. His coolness under the fire is shown by the fact that he only discharged his revolver twice, because, as he said, he only had five cartridges and didn't want to fire unless he was sure of hitting something.

His son was an able second, for after possessing himself of George Allen's revolver William Getchell brought "French Louis" to bay, and it was in all probability a bullet from his 32 caliber weapon that settled the crook's career of crime.

The postoffice is in a story and a half wooden building on the main street, on the corner of a way that runs up a sharp incline to what is known as the upper road, there being a steep bank behind the building. The burglars came in a carriage, which they left back on this upper road, while they approached the postoffice from the rear, passing a row of tenement houses to reach the building.

Judging by appearances they had got well down to work drilling the safe when their presence was discovered by George Allen, whose house is about 100 feet away. The mother of this young man heard the sound of voices outside, and saw a light in the postoffice, and as there had been an attempt to rob Barker's store opposite a week ago Friday night she was quickly appreciative of the situation.

Mr. Allen let himself out of his house by the back way, after having secured his revolver, and ran down the street a short distance to the residence of Amos G. Getchell and his son William, both constables. On the way down Allen had reconnoitered enough to see several men about the building, and so, when the two Getchells came out in answer to his summons, it was deemed advisable to awaken Louis Desmarais, who lived just across the street.

The elder Getchell had a 32 caliber revolver, but the son did not arm himself. Mr. Desmarais carried a big 44 "Long Tom" weapon.