

## THE MURDERER HERE

Albert Bamberger, Fiend Who  
Butchered the Kreiders,

IS SAFE BEHIND THE BARS.

His Narrow Escape From Lynching  
Yesterday—The Murderer Inter-  
viewed—Story of His  
Capture.

Safe behind the bars of an inner cell in the Grand Forks county jail, heavily manacled, is Albert Bamberger, the fiend who so wantonly butchered Mr. and Mrs. Kreider and four of their children, near Cando on Friday last. The prisoner is likely to remain here until public sentiment in Cando and vicinity arrives at a condition when it will be safe to take him to Towner county for trial. The murderer arrived last evening in charge of Sheriffs McCune, of Towner county, and Barton, of Ramsey county, and Deputy McCanna, of Devils Lake. Although an effort was made to keep the fact of his coming from the public here, the news leaked out and when the train arrived about an hour late a crowd nearly 300 in number were at the depot to get a sight of him. Several messages had been received from Devils Lake and Cando people urging citizens here to lynch him when the villain arrived, and although the officers here had no fear of such a result, they were prepared to protect the prisoner. A hack met the train at the coal shed and received the prisoner with the officers accompanying him, and before the crowd fairly knew what was up the prisoner was safely landed at the jail. The story of the several attempts to lynch the murderer yesterday is given below.

### THE MURDERER INTERVIEWED.

Through the courtesy of Sheriff Fadden a HERALD representative visited the prisoner about one hour after his arrival, and found him contentedly smoking a cigar as he rested on the narrow bed the cell contains. He is a young man of 23 years of age, of rather slight build and weighing 135 pounds. He has a rather intelligent appearance without the least sign of viciousness about his features. To the newspaper man he expressed himself as very ready and willing to talk on any subject except the crime itself, which, however, he readily admitted. In answer to questions Bamberger gave substantially the following account of his history, escape and capture.

### BAMBERGER'S HISTORY.

"I came here from Pennsylvania about five years ago. I am not a relative of the family, but I knew the Kreiders out there. They came away seven years ago and I hardly remembered them. I worked about a year for the Brightwell Bros. on their ranch. Then I went to the coast and traveled about considerable until last October, when I came back to Cando. The first of December I went to work on Kreider's farm. We always got along together without trouble. On the 4th I took the young children to Cando with me to see the celebration. They were my favorites.

### THE PRISONER'S ESCAPE.

"I left the house about 6:30 in the morning, riding the pony. I had about \$45 in money, but did not take any gun or revolver. I rode rapidly to the north for about three hours, and then coming to a place where there was no houses in sight, I dismounted and let the pony rest half an hour, after which we started, following the Turtle mountain trail. At noon I came to a vacant house and barn. In the latter I found some oats, which I fed the pony. I ate my lunch and rested there for two or three hours and then started on again. It was slow traveling as we had to cross several coulees and sloughs. About 5 o'clock I passed within a mile or two east of Rolla and went on north, passing within sight of St. John. I followed around the foot of the mountain, keeping in the brush. About 9 o'clock I came to the house of a French family where I staid over night, and started out again Saturday morning. At noon I came to Boisveen, after passing through some small town, and put up at a hotel. After dinner I smoked two or three cigars, drank three or four glasses of beer and played pool for a while. Then I bought some crackers and sardines for a lunch and started on again. But before dark I came to Deloraine and concluded to put up there for the night. I put the pony in a livery stable and was walking up the street, when I noticed two men walking along behind me and watching me closely. I

### EXPECTED TO BE CAPTURED

sooner or later, and made no resistance when each of the men grabbed one of my arms and said: "You are in my charge; come along." I was taken to an office, where I was searched and asked some questions. I asked them if I couldn't have some supper and they took me to a hotel. After supper we went upstairs and in a few minutes Sheriff McCune came in with Emmet Pew, of Cando. In a few minutes two or three other Cando men came in. The Cando people kept coming all night I guess. Anyway there were a good many of them the next morning. I told Sheriff McCune I would go without papers and we started about 10 o'clock. The crowd of Cando people followed us and I understood they meant to take me away from the officers as soon as we got across the line. But we kept going east at a lively speed and got away from them. I think they turned off south, thinking we were going to the railroad at St. John. Besides the sheriff, Charley Allen was in the rig with me. Emmet Pew and

another man was in another buggy. At Boisveen we changed horses and kept on going east. We passed two small towns and then changed teams again, driving fast all the time. We rode all night Sunday night, changing horses twice on the way. About daylight we passed within a few miles east of Cando. They were watching for us and soon a mob were in pursuit. We hurried on and drove to Powell's place, twenty-six miles north of Devils Lake. We stopped there to change teams, but had to hurry on, as we could see the mob coming in large numbers. Nine miles from Devils Lake Jim McCanna and another deputy met us and took charge of me. He had a fresh team and we soon left the Cando folks way behind. It was nearly noon when we reached Devils Lake. We had ridden nearly 300 miles without stopping."

### SHERIFF BARTON'S EXPERIENCE.

At this point Sheriff Barton was introduced to the newspaper man, and continued the story. It appears that when he received word that the prisoner would be brought to Devils Lake, he sent his deputies to meet them, and had everything ready at the jail for the prisoner. He had no thought, however, of Devils Lake people engaging in any lynching festivities, and was thinking only of how he should manage the Cando people who it was well known were on the way in large numbers determined to avenge the murder of their neighbors. But when the officers drove up with the prisoner and delivered him into Sheriff Barton's hands he found that a mob of nearly two hundred people had assembled and a rope in the hands of one of the cow boy leaders made the prisoner's prospects look dubious for a few minutes. Sheriff Barton was twice knocked down and but for the plucky work of his deputies and ex-Sheriff Wagner the prisoner would have been strung up in short order, but they succeeded in getting him into the jail, and the mob decided to

### WAIT FOR THE CANDO MEN.

Arrangements were all made for an attack on the jail as soon as the Cando people arrived and several deaths by torture were provided for the murderer. At last the sheriff decided to bring the prisoner to Grand Forks and succeeded in getting him out of the rear door of the jail and into a closed carriage without his being seen. Just as the carriage was being driven rapidly through the outskirts of the city eastward, the mob discovered the fact, and with a yell like demons started in pursuit. But they were too late. The east-bound train passed through the city just then, and a dozen or more of the mob succeeded in boarding it. Sheriff McCune was on the engine, and Sheriff Barton and Officer McCanna were with the prisoner. Five miles east of the city the train was flagged, and the prisoner placed on board. Sheriff Barton was pushed off the train by the mob, but succeeded in getting on again. Quite a scene followed in the car, and several of the excited cowboys were determined to lynch the murderer then and there. Col. E. Smith, who was on the train, counselled moderation and succeeded in subduing the leaders. The prisoner was finally placed in the baggage car and safely brought to this city.