

Lucer

Greenville, Pa., 4/11/27

My dear Miss Tarbel: Three years ago I came here after the death of an invalid brother; for years the gang had designs on him; we could not understand why they were so anxious to get rid of him; we had been holding down the old homestead which had become very valuable on account of a coal Co. coming into the neighborhood prospecting for stripping coal; we had two or three openings on our farm and knew just what was there, beside a four foot vein of stripping coal there is a deeper one at least five feet thick, Ever since I came here I have been in the hands of the "Poison Squad," until the first of the year they used strychnine and I was able to combat it. There is a widow and I who share apartments and mess

together, when they changed to mercury
 she put herself under the care of a physician
 so when obliged to partake of food to
 get me to partake she had the medicine
 to take it right through her body
 where it lodged in mine settling
 in my joints causing them to swell
 and be painful; I think my vital organs
 paralyzed and I am dying by inches.
 I think it was in October I wrote the
 Judge asking him if he would not use
 his influence with the Coal Co., as I was
 out of funds and at my wit's end.
 It is the same gang who think Henry
 Ford has lived long enough.
 The Judge knew what their plans were
 and kept postponing answering thinking
 every day he would hear I had passed
 away. While ^{my} brother was living they
 sent the Judge and his three brothers to
 find out some things that they were

unable to find out any other. I trusted them or would not have fallen.

I have accused him of his treachery and that is why he has helped me and beside he will get thousand out of my farm. They are bantering it around putting it up for Sheriff Sale and I do not know what else! They tacked a notice on the house but they have never served a notice on me. Now if the Jude did not belong to the gang and was a man he would help me through. I am a frail little woman 5 ft 6 in tall and scarcely ever tip the beam at one hundred pounds but have been putting up the bravest fight; but realize I am knocked out for I am not able to call a physician as they all belong to my tormentors. Thanking you for past kindness. I am sincerely yours
Miss Minnie Henderson