

HE FEEL TWENTY-FIVE FEET.

And Death Finally Came to Relieve His Sufferings.

SUDDEN DEATH OF MR. T. H. MOFFAT.

Ray Cook Has an Exciting Midnight Race With a Pair of Determined Highway Robbers.

John Madison, a young man about twenty years of age, who was employed as a painter in the Morse dry goods company's new store, met with an accident last Thursday morning which resulted in his death Tuesday.

Madison was engaged in painting the interior of the elevator shaft at the second floor and was standing on a ladder which rested on a board placed across the shaft in such a manner that the end of the board projected about two feet beyond the crossbeam in the center of the elevator shaft.

Another man was occupied in the same way immediately above Madison and called to the latter, "Look out for your eyes, I am going to move my plank." Madison replied, "Wait until I get down," and stepped off the ladder onto the end of the plank which projected over the beam and was unsupported.

The plank tipped up and Madison fell a distance of about twenty-five feet, striking the heavy beam and reaching of a freight elevator in his descent, and falling heavily to the bottom.

His companions ran to him at once and asked if he was badly hurt. He replied that his hip and legs pained, but otherwise he felt all right.

The injured man was taken to St. Joseph's hospital, and the men about the building did not suspect that their fellow workman was fatally injured, consequently nothing was said about it.

Madison was a single man with no relatives in this country, his parents living in Denmark, the Swedish immigration at Twenty-third and Davenport streets, of which he was a member, took charge of the remains, and the funeral was held yesterday afternoon from that church, the men in the building where Madison was employed contributing towards the expense of the funeral.

Deputy Coroner Coulter viewed the remains and inquired into the circumstances surrounding the man's death. He decided that an inquest was not necessary.

MORTUARY.

Death of T. H. Moffat, Secretary Bankers' and Business Men's Ass'n.

Thomas H. Moffat, died very suddenly at his late residence, 1112 North Twenty-fifth street, at 4:15 o'clock yesterday morning.

Mr. Moffat left town for his home Tuesday evening at 5 o'clock. He was apparently in good health, though really had been suffering from a cold for several days. He attached but slight importance to it, and was absent from his desk only during the afternoon of Monday last. After reaching home he took a short walk, and upon returning home complained of feeling sick. His wife suggested that he send for a doctor, but the suggestion was unheeded, because during life Mr. Moffat had had but little use for the attention of physicians.

About 11 o'clock he was taken with a heavy fit of coughing and a heavy sensation about the throat. Dr. Parsons was called, prescribed and retired. The medicine did not have the desired effect. The doctor was recalled and Mr. Moffat asked: "Doctor, what's the matter? Am I nervous?" "You are not," replied the physician. "You are a sick man."

The patient was afforded all the relief within the power of the doctor. The hoarseness about the throat continued. He finally ceased to speak and in twenty minutes died. He was attended only by his wife and little daughter Marcia, the suddenness of the attack rendering it impossible for his demise to be anticipated and to procure the attendance of Mr. Moffat's many friends.

The cause of death, the doctor announced, was apoplexy of the lungs. When the news of Mr. Moffat's death reached the business district yesterday, which it did about the time the banks and mercantile houses were thrown open, it shocked every individual who had been acquainted with the deceased. Many traced the announcement with disbelief, seemingly holding that a man of Mr. Moffat's physical appearance, energy and vitality could not pass away in so short a time. The feeling of incredulity, however, faded away, giving place to heartfelt regret.

No man it may be safe to state was so well and favorably known by the business men of this city. He had had dealings with all of them. He was minutely acquainted with their business affairs, was the repository of their secrets, their source of information in a hundred different ways and their counselor in doubtful transactions, when, without him, some would have made moves which would have reached against them. He met them on equal terms, looked after their interests, which were also the interests of Omaha, and in return was esteemed by them as but few are esteemed in the exciting and complex relations of commercial life. The feeling is therefore of one of those who know him in that of personal bereavement, which, without doubt, will find some means of expression before the last rites of his burial shall have been concluded.

Thomas H. Moffat was born in St. Louis in 1848. He was educated in the public schools, completing his business education at Bryant and Stratton's commercial college in the sixties. On December 20, 1861, he enlisted as private for three years in A. Company, First Regiment Missouri state militia. He was discharged as commissary sergeant on April 18, 1863, and became chief clerk in the office of the city of St. Louis in 1865. He served in this capacity until June 23, 1865. He also served in the same capacity on the staff until July 4, 1864. In 1865 he went to Chicago, where he entered the service of the Western news company as correspondence clerk and remained with that institution a number of years, helping to establish a number of its branches throughout the west. The office of the company which was opened here a number of years ago was tendered him by the president of the company, John R. Walsh, but declined.

Shortly before the great Chicago fire in 1871 he separated from the news company, went into the big business with a large firm there and remained with them for three years. He then became the city reporter for R. G. Dan's commercial agency at that place, in which capacity he served until 1885. During this service he became acquainted with all the leading firms of the city and found many congenial and warm friends among the leading newspaper writers of that time.

In 1879, on December 24, he was married to Miss Marcia Palmer who, with her little daughter above referred to, survives him in sorrow and in tears. In 1887 Mr. Moffat and his family removed to Omaha, where until about six months ago he acted as city reporter for the branch of R. G. Dan's agency at this place. Two years ago he became the commercial editor of THE BEE. The excellence of his reports, his knowledge of all lines of business, his urbanity and reliability made him welcome in every commercial house, the result being the admirable market page which for some time past THE BEE has presented to its readers.

When the bankers and business men's association was organized Mr. Moffat took an active interest in the undertaking and so great was the confidence of those interested in the enterprise that he was unanimously elected secretary, a position which he held up to the time of his death. Mr. Moffat was not a member of any secret society, although at one time he had been connected with the Masons. Recently he had made application for admission to General Grant post, G. A. R., in this city and the same was shortly to have been acted on.

THE PET SNAKE SAVED HIM.

Remarkable Adventure of a Ranger on the Texas Plains.

CARRIED THE MESSAGE TO CAMP.

This Man Would Undoubtedly Have Perished if Bobo Hadn't Made His Danger Known to His Companions.

In 1850, while a member of E company of the Texas State Rangers, says a writer in the New York Sun, I was ordered up into Presidio county with a squad of men to follow Victorio's murderous band of Apaches. After the death of that famous chieftain in the Canadere mountains, Chihuahua, Mexico, the remnant of the band recrossed the Rio Grande, and my command trailed them into the Sierra Diablo, just across the line of New Mexico, killed several and brought three prisoners back to Fort Davis, the seat of Presidio county. It was feared that the scattering hostiles would unite again and make another raid into Texas, and to be prepared for an invasion of that sort I was ordered to go into permanent camp at Mooldie's ranch, which is about eight miles from the post.

Before we had been established at the old post a week our camp was overrun with salamander rats, a small rodent resembling the common field mole, but a trifle larger. The pests created great havoc among our forage, and as corn was high-priced and hard to get we soon were obliged to abandon our own and to procure it from the surrounding country. It was almost impossible to get rid of salamanders once they establish themselves in a place. One of our Mexican herders suggested a way out of the difficulty. He assured us that the king snake, a prairie rattlesnake with a saddle-shaped band of black and yellow, would eat a few of these reptiles and would soon rid us of the pestiferous rats.

On the big prison plain beyond Mito we went to a point where the Southern Pacific railroad crosses the Rio Grande, a favorite haunt of the snakes, and a score of men were ordered out to capture a few. The boys were gone two days and returned with a score or more of the reptiles. The squirming lot were never in any way touched by the two days' time and dispatched the last salamander. After their food supply became exhausted the snakes disappeared, and as they can travel like a race horse, probably made their way back to the Rio Grande. The rats were still there, and so badly wounded that he was left behind when his fellows migrated, and speedily became a great pest. It ultimately recovered, but we did not feel like leaving. We christened his snakeish Bobo, and it soon became as tame as a kitten. Bobo was very fond of milk, and as we had an abundant supply, a neighboring ranchman giving us all that we could carry away, the snake was always given a big bowl of its favorite beverage every night.

Bobo had the freedom of the camp, and every man in the command was his friend. In the morning when the horses were sent out to graze, Bobo would accompany the herders, calling like a lariat about the horn of one of the men's saddles. Sometimes the snake would make a trip to Fort Davis with a ranger, but it would never be away from the camp for over night. As soon as the sun had set it would scuttle away, and being able to travel as fast as the average horse, would reach the ranch in time for its evening ration of milk.

There was an abundance of game, deer, antelope and elk in the vicinity of our camp, and one day a big horn, or Rocky Mountain sheep was started up by the Davis mountain, but it escaped before a shot could be had at it. I was particularly fond of the mountain sheep. I had a big horn, and without saying anything of my purpose I left camp early one morning with the determination of bringing in the horns of the big sheep. I stayed away a week.

Reaching the Davis range, I entered one of the numerous canyons which traverse it, and, trotting along, kept a sharp lookout for big horn sign. The canyon in which I was riding had ages before been the bed of a mighty river, and I was obliged to watch sharply for natural wells, hundreds of which pierced the old bed of the stream. Night overtook me, and I had not yet seen the faintest signs of the quarry. I began to look about for a suitable camping place, where there was grass and water, and as twilight is very brief in that latitude, I was soon surrounded by an inky gloom. Suddenly my horse pulled up so sharply that I threw myself back in the saddle, and then I found myself falling, with the horse beneath me.

There was a shriek and for a moment I was stunned. When I recovered consciousness I found that I had tumbled down a natural well, thirty feet in depth, and had been instantly killed. I was considerably shocked, but fortunately no bones were broken. It did not take me long to realize the seriously uncomfortable position, for plainness think quickly.

The well into which I had fallen was perfectly round. Its sides were as smooth as glass, and it was two feet from side to side for me to climb out by the use of my hands. I was obliged to wait until a drop of rain splashed in my face and I heard the distant rumble of thunder. A storm was coming on, and in ten minutes' time, if there was a heavy fall of rain, my trail would be obliterated. I tried to calculate how long I could hold out before a search party would come after me, and gave it up when I considered my position. I was not anything but the merest accident would bring the searchers to this particular place. I was in a tight hole in more ways than one, and the thoughts that came to me in the next two or three minutes were dreadfully solemn ones. Suddenly a cold, clammy body touched my hand, and I heard Bobo's familiar hiss. I spoke to the reptile, and it climbed up my body to my shoulder. Where it had managed to secrete itself I did not know, but at first I thought until I remembered that on the morning previous I had found his snakeship in one of my saddle pockets, to which it had crept for shelter from the cold night air.

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KANSAS CITY ROOM HISTORY.

Allegations Made by a Deceased Investor from Pennsylvania.

A very interesting petition was filed in the circuit court which throws much light on the fabrication of booms, says a Kansas City dispatch to the Chicago Herald. The plaintiff is Samuel J. Shoop, Joseph J. Baughman and the Centropolis Car and Machine company, and they ask \$200,000 damages from Dr. Munford, Charles H. Grasty and L. R. & L. T. Morris. The petition explained a Times boom, and tells how Chairman Munford, of the present manufacturer's committee, encouraged the location of industries at Kansas City not long ago. Shoop conducted a car factory at Baughman, Pa., in 1888, as he asserts, when through the blandishments and promises of Dr. Munford and Mr. Grasty he located in the Blue Valley. He alleges that those gentlemen procured in a written contract, certain pieces of real estate and that after he located they refused to allow the contract to go on record and they mortgaged and sold the promised land, and for the space of two years, diligently sought occasion out of malice to injure him and the company in which he was the principal stockholder, and that through their bad faith and evil actions the company was forced to assign last month. The petition alleges that a scheme was laid to cause him to move to Kansas, hood his property, and accomplish that which they planned to get hold of his property for their personal profits.

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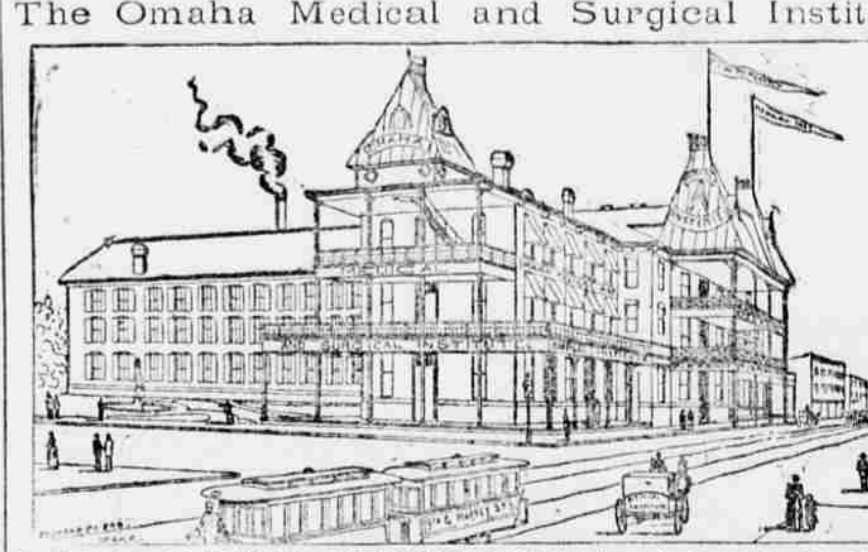
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