

SHOT DEAD IN HIS TRACKS.

A Highwayman Killed While Attempting to Rob a Street Car.

DRIVER WOOLDRIDGE'S SURE AIM

His Uttering Bullet Pierces the Daring Desperado's Heart.

THE ROBBER NOT IDENTIFIED.

His Name Said to be Charles Collins, Residence Unknown.

HIS SHORT CAREER IN OMAHA.

A Bold, Bad Youth—Some of His Recent Criminal Escapes.

He Robs Three Street Cars Successfully—His Fourth Attempt Fatal—How the News of the Courageous Act Was Received.

"Give me that cash box," were the words which were shouted into the ears of an Omaha street car driver. The result was a duel with revolvers at short range, terminating in the death of an audacious desperado who has been carrying on the business of a road agent along the line of the street railway for two weeks past.

Last evening at 6:48 o'clock, H. L. Wooldridge, driver of street car No. 10, of the Green line, shot and killed a highwayman who attempted to rob the car of his cash box, near the corner of Eighteenth and Lake streets.

The Scene of the Shooting.

The information of the tragedy was soon brought down town, and the news spread like wildfire. Crowds gathered in front of the opera house and the corner, engaged in speculative discussion of the event. All sorts of wild rumors were floating about, from which the listener would have some trouble in determining whether there had been one or a dozen men killed. Coroner Drexel at once made preparations to go to the scene of the event, and in a very few moments started off in company with Deputy Sheriff Ed. Crowell and a reporter for the Bee.

When the spot was reached, a crowd of curious spectators were found surrounding the body of the desperado.

THE BODY OF THE DESPERADO, which lay outstretched on the west sidewalk, in front of the residence of L. P. Fryn, 1574 North Eighteenth street. The eyes were partly open, but glazed in death; the lips were slightly parted, stained with the last life blood; the arms were rigid and cold, the fingers of one clutching the butt of the revolver which the robber had attempted to shoot the driver. The shirt had been torn open, and the bloody spot on the breast showed where the unerring bullet of Wooldridge had

PIERCED THE HEART.

The face was evidently that of a young man not more than twenty-one or two years of age, bearing lines which showed its owner to be a bad, desperate character. Dr. Leisenring, who was among the first to arrive on the scene, made an examination of the man's condition, and satisfied himself that life was extinct. Coroner Drexel made a brief preliminary examination of the affair by questioning several of the witnesses, and then drove to the undertaking rooms with the body.

Thousands View the Remains.

The body was conveyed through the dense crowd, which fairly blocked the street, into the back room of the building, where it was exposed to view. Thousands of people filed in to get a glimpse of the dead desperado. Policemen were on hand to keep the crowd orderly, and the procession was kept moving until a late hour. The dead man's shirt was turned back, revealing the small hole where the fatal bullet entered. The first one who

RECOGNIZED THE DEAD MAN

was a representative of the Bee, who, while visiting the jail some weeks ago, saw him confined behind the bars. The recognition was corroborated by several members of the police force, but the nature of the offense with which he was charged at that time was not known. One of the numerous reports concerning him is that his

NAME IS CHARLES COLLINS

and that he has had charge of a bunch of cattle at the stock yards. A number of residents of North Omaha, who viewed the remains, were positive that they had seen the deceased frequently in the past few days, in company with a second man, who was also unknown.

Ed Hesselwood, driver of car No. 17, of the Green line, informed a reporter that he recognized the dead man at a glance as one of two parties who attempted to rob his car last Monday evening. Hesselwood was driving along Eighteenth street about 8 o'clock that evening, when at the corner of Nichols street he was accosted by the parties in question, who asked him when the next car went to the depot. As they came nearer the car Hesselwood saw that one of the men had his face concealed with a handkerchief. He immediately apprehended their object and, drawing his revolver, ordered them to keep away from the car. As the men started to leave, the handkerchief, which the man wore because untied and dropped,

REVEALING HIS FEATURES.

They were the same as those of the dead man. His clothes were also similar—a brown overcoat, black suit of clothes and fur cap.

In the man's overcoat pocket was found a broad-brimmed white hat, which he evidently carried to effect a sudden change in his appearance. There was also found in his pockets a note-book containing the name of Frank Ward,

A NOTE OF WRISKY

and a few other minor articles. On his hands was a pair of heavy buckskin gloves, and strapped around his body a belt full of cartridges. The revolver which he discharged at Wooldridge was a MURDERER-LOOKING WEAPON, of forty-four calibre. It was by no means new, but was in perfect working order. Two other weapons were also found on his person.

STRONG RESEMBLANCE.

At police headquarters, in the criminal record book, a photograph was found which bears a strong resemblance to the dead man. It is that of John Davis, alias John Davis, who is wanted at Cedar Falls, Iowa, for shooting a conductor on the Illinois Central railroad in August, 1884. The printed description also tallies in almost every particular with the appearance of the body, the height, color of hair, age, etc., being alike in both

cases. Some of the officers of the force were of the opinion that the two men were identical.

THE INQUEST.

The coroner will hold an inquest on the body of the dead desperado this morning at 10 o'clock.

The Driver's Statement.

H. L. Wooldridge, the plucky and courageous driver, talked freely with a reporter about the shooting. He said: "I was driving along Eighteenth street at a rapid gait, as I was a little behind time in making the switch where I was to meet the car going in the opposite direction. I saw a man standing on the sidewalk, about five feet from the Lake street crossing. He

SIGNALLED ME TO STOP, and walked toward the car. I slowed up, and as I did so I placed my hand on my revolver, which was holstered over my knees. I thought perhaps he might be a robber, and, remembering my experience of ten days ago, I determined to be prepared for him. He came to within three feet of me, and in a threatening tone of voice said:

"GIVE ME THAT CASH BOX."

at the same time raising his gun. I pulled mine up at the same time, but he fired his quickest. I wasn't much behind him, though, and just as his gun was discharged mine went off. His bullet whistled past me pretty close, and

I KEPT MY WEAPON BUSINESS.

Thereupon I drew and a man in the car, and I called to the man to come and hold the horses. By this time the robber was running down the street. I jumped from the car and ran after him. When I saw him coming he turned and fired at me twice. I blazed at him once between his two shots. He then ran on to the sidewalk and turned and was going to shoot again, when I took a good aim and let him have it. He dropped over the sidewalk and never moved. When I got to him he was just alive and that was all. He didn't speak a word. In a minute or two there was a big crowd gathered, as the people around heard the shots. Just what happened then I don't know. Pretty soon somebody said:

HE WAS DEAD,

and then I got on the street car and drove to the barn. Some of the street car men and police told me I could put up the car and then come down town and give myself up. Some of the officers came down with me but did not arrest me.

"I am sure that the man I shot is the same one who held me up ten days ago. At least he is built exactly like him. I could not see his features as

HE WAS COVERED

with a cap, drawn down over his eyes, and he never told me I could put up the car. His voice sounded the same as on the night of the other robbery. He appeared to be confident that he would have no trouble in getting me to hand over the box.

HE WAS FIXED FOR HIM.

In addition to having my revolver handy, I had taken an old rubber coat, doubled it up and strapped it on my breast under my coat. I was confident a bullet could not get through it. But when I came to see his gun—a 44-caliber—I made up my mind that the rubber would not have done much good if the bullet had ever struck me.

"It was generally known that I carried a gun. In fact, I told the other drivers I didn't want one. I let them understand that if anybody pulled a revolver on me and asked for the cash box they could have it. I didn't

TO RISK MY LIFE

for \$15. But I told the foreman that the next man who touched me for the cash would either be killed or kill me. I did what was right and am willing to take the consequences. I have been in the employ of the company since the 18th day of August last and board at 916 North Sixteenth street.

Later in the evening Wooldridge was taken to the county jail, where he will await the action of the coroner's jury.

A Series of Interviews.

There were four people in the car when the tragedy occurred. They were Miss Mattie Munnecke, resident at 1719 North Eighth street, her friend, Miss Minnie Has-Hagen, Mr. C. J. Gregg and Mr. W. O. Taylor, the latter gentleman manager of Bradstreet's local agency. Miss Mattie was met by the reporter at the Bee on the scene of the occurrence last night. He at first declined to make any statement of the affair, but finally concluded that it wouldn't do him any harm to say what he could remember. "Give me that cash box," he said, "chatting with the gentleman by me, my position being next to the front window against which the driver was standing on the platform. My first view was of the man who shot me, and he was pulling his revolver he jumped to the ground and pursued the man, firing as he went. The fellow had fired one shot at Wooldridge, which, however, had not taken effect. He fired two more shots, each missing the mark, and Wooldridge fired three times, the last shot proving the fatal one.

"Did you hear the man say anything besides 'give me the cash box'?" "No, not that I can remember of."

"Did you see anyone with the robber at the time he made the attempt to rob the car?"

"No, sir, the whole thing was done so quickly that I did not and could not take any close observation of the affair."

Mr. Gregg did not notice the man drop, as drinking he was, and his seeing very far ahead. Mr. W. O. Taylor, the other gentleman in the car, could not be seen.

Learning from one of the bystanders that there had been an accomplice in the robbery, who had been recognized by William Munnecke, resident on Eighteenth and Lake streets, the reporter at once determined to look him up. He was found at his residence, and his statements threw important light upon the transaction. Before giving them, however, it is best to detail the story of Miss Mattie Munnecke, his daughter, who was in the car at the time of the occurrence. She is a girl of but 17 or 18 years of age, very pretty and of more than ordinary intelligence. Her statement was clear and concise. "I was sitting in the car conversing with my friend, Miss Has-Hagen," she said, "replying to the reporter's leading inquiry, when the affair occurred. The passengers were just talking about the street car robberies that had been going on for the last two weeks, when the shot was fired. I heard several more shots fired, and then I heard a dull thud, as if a falling body."

"You don't know then how many shots the robber fired, or whether he fired any more after the first one?"

"No, I heard shots fired, but of course couldn't tell by whom."

"Did you see the man's face, when he

first stopped the car, plainly enough to identify him?"

"No, he was masked. Besides, I could only get a partial view of his face. Judging from his voice, when he cried out that he was shot, I thought that he must have been a young man, more than that I couldn't tell anything about him."

"What did you do after the shooting occurred?"

"I jumped out of the car and ran towards the house to tell my brother. On the way there we noticed something crouching in the weeds by the side of the walk, which I am satisfied must have been the accomplice of the robber, although we didn't stop to make a very thorough examination, you may depend upon it. I called my father to the door, and he went out at once to see if he couldn't capture the supposed accomplice of the man who had attempted the robbery."

MR. MUNNECKE'S STATEMENT.

Taking up the thread of the story where his daughter had dropped it, Mr. Munnecke continued: "I stepped out down with my revolver in hand, and saw some one running past. I supposed at once that he might have had something to do with the affair, and at once gave chase. He was about fifty feet ahead of me when I fired and missed him. He turned from Eighteenth on to Elm street, and ran past Colver's barn to Sixteenth, when he ran towards the river. I saw that it was of no use to follow him, and gave it up."

"Can you tell anything about the description of the man?"

"No, I didn't see his face. So far as I could observe through the weeds, he was a young man, of somewhat lighter build than the fellow who was killed. I have no doubt, from what I saw that this man, whoever he was, had something to do with the attempted robbery of the street car."

MISS HAS-HAGEN'S STORY.

does not differ in any material point from that of her companion Miss Munnecke.

HE TORE THE MASK OFF.

Charles Morley, a Union Pacific shopman, resident at 1611 North Nineteenth street is the man who tore the mask off the face of the dead man, being one of the first to arrive on the spot.

"When I heard the firing and came out doors, I rushed to the spot where I heard the last shot fired, and found the robber lying on the sidewalk just as you see him now. He was pretty nearly unconscious, his head almost touching the ground. He soon ceased the attempt to articulate, and was dead almost before I knew it."

WHAT DR. LEISENRING SAYS.

As already intimated, a local physician to arrive on the scene of the tragedy was Dr. Leisenring. He was questioned by a reporter for the Bee, but vouchsafed no important information. "When I got here," he said, "the poor fellow had done nothing for the poor fellow, as he was extinct. He was shot through the heart, and could only have lived a few moments after the bullet had pierced him."

SUPERINTENDENT SMITH TALKS.

Superintendent Smith, of the Street Railway company, was seen by a reporter an hour after the occurrence. In answering an inquiry, he said that he knew no facts in connection with the occurrence that were not in the possession of the reporter. "Yes, sir," he continued, "there can be no doubt but that Wooldridge was perfectly justified in what he did, and the Street Railway will back him to the last extremity."

"Have these street car robberies been of frequent occurrence?" was asked of him. "Only up to within the past ten days or two weeks," he replied. "There was one or two three years ago, and another one about seven years ago. With these exceptions we have never been troubled much in the way of having our cash boxes robbed by the occupants of the street cars."

CAPTAIN MARSH.

The president of the railway company remarked that the street car company would stand by Wooldridge. "We shall take care of the man who shot him, and he won't suffer by this," he remarked. "About the circumstances of his shooting the fellow, I know nothing. I was not even aware that he carried a gun."

Many as are the views expressed on the circumstances of the tragedy, there seems to be but one sentiment as to the justifiability of Wooldridge's act. Everybody is of the opinion that he did the right thing in shooting the highwayman, and everybody commends his pluck in following up the man whom he knew to be desperate and armed for bloodshed. In fact, the act seems to have raised him in general estimation to the position of a hero—a public benefactor. It is probable that he will be released after the formal preliminary trial, and that the prosecution, if indeed, there be any—will be of a merely nominal character.

The Recent Robberies.

The shooting last evening was the result of a series of street car robberies in the outskirts of the city recently, no less than three having been committed in the past ten days. The bold manner in which they have been carried out has brought terror to the hearts of the drivers and passengers who have been obliged to travel lonely streets after nightfall. Men have armed themselves with revolvers and held them in readiness to do execution in case an attack was made.

THE FIRST OF THE SERIES

was committed on the evening of Monday October 19, and the car robbed was No. 10, of the Green line. Wooldridge was the driver, and when a revolver was placed to his head and a demand made for the cash box, he yielded it up. He was not armed, and the robber, who had the weapon masked and spoke with determination. This occurred about 10 o'clock in the evening on Lake street, near the scene of last night's tragedy. Wooldridge drove into the city and reported the affair to the officers of the company, but efforts to find the robber were futile.

THE SECOND ROBBERY

was on Wednesday evening, the 21st inst. Car No. 7 of the Green line was the one attacked. The same tactics were pursued as in the first case, and the driver yielded up the cash box to the highwayman. The occurrence took place on Park avenue at about 9:30 in the evening.

THE THIRD ROBBERY

of the series occurred about 10:30 Wednesday night, at the corner of Seventeenth and Pearl. Street car No. 10 of the Green line was crowded and swinging along at a good pace. The street was fairly lighted and when the driver, whose name is Ward, saw a man steal him ahead, he suspected nothing and checked up. The man, muffled in a heavy coat and his hat pulled over his eyes, advanced to the front platform, and daily presenting a pistol demanded the cash box. A pale-faced occupant of the car and they unanimously began to move out. The driver, however, knew his duty, and calmly unhooked the box, presenting it to the stranger with the gun. Taking the box, the stranger backed to the sidewalk, still covering the driver. When he reached the curb he was surrounded by a crowd of men, and the frightened passengers who had not altogether fled the scene scrambled back, as the car proceeded.

NOT QUITE SO SENSATIONAL.

News of Less Importance than the Killing of a Highwayman.

GUN CLUB'S GRAND BANQUET.

Railroad Notes and Personals—Items Gathered from the Police and District Courts—Personal Paragraphs.

The Sportsmen's Banquet.

Forty-four jovial individuals sat about the banquet board at the Millard hotel last night. They were the members of the Omaha Gun Club and their friends—the occasion the first annual banquet of the club. The affair was a grand success, every arrangement being perfect. The following was the

MENU.

- Blue Point oysters, Cognelle, Celery. Consomme, Sportman Clear—Quenelles. Spiced Oysters. Jack Snipe on Toast. Breast of Quail Larded—Financiers. Saratoga Chips. Roast Wild Goose, Apple Sauce. Mashed Potatoes. Caviars with Duck with J. V. Maitre d'Hotel Dressing. Red Head Duck, a la Bourgeoise. Green Peas.

Cold and Ornamented Teal, Blue-bill and Butter Ball Ducks, En Bellevue.

Champagne Punch.

Prime Chicken Salad, en Mayonnaise.

Plum Pudding, Brandy Liqueur.

Wine Jelly. Roman Punch.

Assorted Cakes. Ice Cream.

California Grapes. California Peas.

Oranges. Coffee.

The master of ceremonies was Jeff Bedford. After the banquet was fairly in progress he introduced Judge Latta, one of the guests, who made an interesting speech on sporting matters in general, and the old "Omaha Sportsmen's Club," in particular. His talk was largely one of recollection and was highly "flavored" and not a little enjoyed. He was followed by other speakers.

The members of the committee to whom great praise is due for the success of the affair, are: B. Lane, F. S. Parmelee and T. H. Cotter.

The officers and members are as follows: Officers—G. T. Mills, president, Jeff W. Bedford, vice president, C. B. Lane, secretary and treasurer.

Board of Managers—H. A. Worley, F. S. Parmelee, G. F. Brunker.

Members—P. S. Eastis, J. T. Evans, W. H. S. Hughes, J. A. Hendon, George E. Kay, Ed Leeder, S. C. Nash, Fred Nave, John W. Petty, A. S. Patrick, R. W. Patrick, H. S. Rollins, C. E. Strassburger, George S. Smith, T. H. Cotter, Eugene Ingler, J. W. Holmes, H. B. Kennedy, Gust Icken.

The Ward Boundaries.

Registration has commenced, and is going on now at a lively pace. It behooves every legal voter to see that his name is correctly placed on the list.

There has been some question as to ward boundaries, and in order that every voter may know exactly where to register the Bee presents below a list of the ward limits, which it published last week.

First ward includes all that part of the city north of Howard and east of South Thirteenth to city limits.

The district boundary lines of the Second ward have been changed as follows: Precinct No. 1, all that part of the city north of Howard and east of South Thirteenth to the main line of the U. P. railroad, and all south of the main line of the U. P. railroad, to the city limits.

Precinct No. 2, all that part of the city west of Howard and east of North Fifteenth to the main line of the U. P. railroad, and all south of the main line of the U. P. railroad, to the city limits.

Fourth ward includes all that part of the city south of Howard and east of North Fifteenth to the main line of the U. P. railroad, and all south of the main line of the U. P. railroad, to the city limits.

The Fourth ward is divided into two districts, all that part north of Douglas and east of Jefferson and north of Dodge and east of Jefferson, comprising the first district, and all that part south of Douglas and east of Jefferson, comprising the second district.

The Sixth ward is divided into districts by Jefferson, all east of that street being the first district, and all north being the second district.

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1119 SPECIAL 1119

Attractions this week at the Misfit Clothing Parlors, being the sale of the first consignment this season which consists of the latest novelties. If you think of buying an

OVERCOAT,

Pay us a visit at your convenience, and make your selections; by so doing you can secure first choice. You will find any style of cut that is made for man. If you would be provided with an overcoat and your need would prove a

SUIT

Don't fail to embrace this golden opportunity to save yourself from 50 to 100 per cent and secure the best fabrics, made in the latest styles for the approaching season, you will be greeted with the sight of more elegance in Overcoats, Suits and

PANTALOONS

Than ever was seen. Just pay a visit, invite your friends to accompany you, and satisfy yourselves that this is not published to gull you in, but purely a business established for every man's benefit. This

CONSIGNMENT

Was made with instructions TO SELL and give every purchaser an EYE OPENER for his friend who has not paid a visit. Let him see that to wear the best for less than can be furnished by any other establishment on the continent for double the money; that his duty is to trade

AT THE ONLY MISFIT

CLOTHING PARLORS!

1119 FARNAM ST.,

Open Evenings until 9 O'Clock.

The first occurs at the armory

to-night.

The second, at the armory, November 27.

The third will be the one of the greatest social events of the year. On December 1st the new exposition building will be completed and the Knights will open it that night with a grand ball masquerade.

The fourth, at the armory, January 4, 1886.

The fifth, at the armory, February 12.

The sixth and last, at the armory, March 13.

Only a select number of season tickets, not more than one hundred, will be sold. The price is four dollars; single party, \$1.00. On sale at the Union ticket office, Paxton hotel.

The Criminal Court.

Yesterday afternoon the case of W. S. Phelps, for committing an assault with intent to kill, upon the person of Percy Powers, came up for trial in the criminal court. Phelps is the man who hit Powers over the head with a cup on Sunday afternoon, near the depot, because the boy made some remark about him that he did not like. The prisoner withdrew his plea of not guilty and entered a plea of guilty. He was removed to jail to await sentence.

The next cases to be tried are those of McKenna and Freeman for highway robbery committed at the fort, James E. Canady, a soldier, being their victim. The case of Lulu Cornish against Albert Green, for bastardy, will also be tried today.

Police Court Docket.

The following are the cases disposed of by Judge Stenberg in police court yesterday morning:

Wesley Green, colored, petit larceny, fifteen days on bread and water.

Louis Hilleke, Lars Larson, M. F. Beiggs and John O'Neill, drunks, discharged.

Victor Johnson, drunk, \$5 and costs.

Mag Johnson, colored, disturbance of the peace, \$10 and costs. Committed.

Hans Boyesen, vagrant, sent by an officer to the river to be shipped to Council Bluffs.

T. P. Way, assault on his wife, complaint withdrawn.