HE TAMED "COYOTE PETE"

Bad Man Comes to Grief After a Long Swaggering Career.

SCENE IN A CRIPPLE CREEK DISPENSARY

All Hands Ordered to "Licker Up"—A Quiet Man Rejects the Invitation and Calmly Reads the Riot Act from History.

He was a typical bad man, a modernized edition of the "Terror of Bitter Creek," "half horse, half alligator;" a survival of the period from '49 to the early '70s, when it was good form to at least claim a man for breakfast every morning. This particular bad man was an imitative relic, to be sure, of his predecessors in the days of prairie schooners and pioneer railroad building in the west and his name was "Coyote Pete," for want of a better.

Pete's early education, as well as his later knowledge acquiring, had been neglected, relates the New York Sun. He did not read the newspapers and he still called parsons "gospel sharps." He usually heeded by himself. The average cowboy of today has little use for men of Pete's stamp. The cowboy of the present is intelligent, sober and hard-working. Pete was not.

Pete had been engaged in the fall roundup in Routt county, Colorado. At least, he said so. At the same time there were those who had doubts. Up across the line in Wyoming the cattle "rustlers" had been unusually active that season, and many a cattle man and rancher was seeking revenge for losses from his herds.

It is needless, however, to split hairs over this somewhat delicate question. Be it as it may, Pete had money. His buckskin boasted nearly $63—more than he had ever accumulated at any three former seasons of his lazy, vagabond life. So Pete was going to have a good time, "a ripsnortin' galoot of a time," as he expressed, it; only Pete was a profane biped, and said more.

From his alkali retirement Pete had enviously contemplated the rise of Creede, when there was "no night at Creede," beside being "day all day in the daytime," as the engineer poet has correctly and felicitously expressed it. The faint and exaggerated rumors that reached him of the exploits of Bob Ford, who shot Jesse James from the rear, filled him with jealous delight, and when Bob himself was filled with unceremonious buckshot and relegated to the new but well-filled cemetery to which the enterprising citizens of Creede pointed with just pride. Pete felt that the mantle of the late unlamented ought by right to fall on his own narrow shoulders. Now Pete was by nature and custom a rank coward, who seldom reached the falsely dignified grade of bully. In fact, the whiskey had to be unusually vile and the victim unusually meek in order to allow him to play the bully at all and those who knew him generally kicked him about the time he reached the bullying stage.

Pete's Opportunity.

But Pete's opportunity had come at last. His purse was full and so was he. Hard riding on his bucking cayuse had brought him from Routt county—or Wyoming—to Wolcott, where the Denver and Rio Grande railroad stretched toward the peach orchards of Grand Junction on the one hand and toward Denver on the other. But Pete was not going to Denver. The capital city had got to be altogether too slow and orderly. There a gentleman was not allowed to explode his gun nor to yell on the streets in token of good feeling and an excessive flow of spirits. Cripple Creek was the only place, in the opinion of Coyote Pete. Denver was not to be thought of in connection with a cowboy's vacation. It did not occur to Pete, who did not or could not read the newspapers, that he held mistaken conceptions regarding Cripple Creek. All he knew or cared about it was that it was a mining camp where things were supposed to be wide open, and where a man got his own kind of an inning for his money.

So now behold Coyote Pete in all his dirty and drunken glory primed and cinched for an evening of enjoyment on Bennett avenue in Cripple Creek. He was a little the worse for wear. Several sturdy and unappreciative brakemen had effectually remonstrated with him for insisting upon yelling at the top of his voice all the way from Wolcott to Colorado Springs, as a black eye and a sprained nose bore evidence. But Pete cared little for these drawbacks now. His spree was in the bullying stage and he meant business. It was in the days before the big fires; still Cripple Creek had several saloons which the local papers called "palatial." Into one of these reeled Coyote Pete, and wabbling up to the bar he began his glorious career after the fashion, as he fondly imagined, of Bob Ford in the palmy days of nightless Creede.

"Whoope! waugh! Look at me! I'm Coyote Pete from Routt county, and I was never licked in my life! Thirteen notches on my gun an' 'achin' ter insert more. Let's licker. No gent'll refuse ter drink with me, Coyote Pete!"

Every saloon has its loafing contingent, and half a dozen men ranged themselves promptly in front of the bar. Pete thought they ought to look scared, but they appeared joyed rather than otherwise, while the gentlemanly barkeeper frowned severely as he placed a thick bottle containing the brand of liquor popularly known as "backman's whisky" in front of the thirsty gang. He did not care for such custom. Pete was a little surprised and a little nonplussed at his reception, but did not despair. He had not played all his cards, and now looked for a chance to place the trump.

Waking Up a Stranger.

Looking foggily around, he espied a man sitting dreamily beside the glowing stove in the back part of the room, apparently lost in his own reflections. Here was Pete's chance. He lurched over to where the man sat and trod heavily on his toes.

"Pardon me," said the man, withdrawing his injured members.

"Look yere, stranger. Yer c'nfrontin' Coyote Pete, ther champion of Routt county, who has axed yer to drink with him. Stranger, no man ever refused to drink with Coyote Pete and lived. Step up an' licker with ther boys er take the consequences, which will be that you'll be the fourteenth victim of Coyote Pete's unerrin' aim."

The stranger stared at Pete with a look of dazed surprise. Then he reached his right hand slowly toward his hip pocket, but Pete was too quick for him. In an instant the stranger was looking into the gaping muzzle of a revolver, held in the unsteady hand of the self-confessed terror of Routt county. He did not appear to be alarmed, greatly to Pete's surprise. He disregarded the revolver and drew forth from his pocket a book, the covers of which he fondly caressed.

"And have you killed only thirteen men in all?" he said. "Surely the west is degenerating. Time was when a gallant knight in search of adventure, such as you, sir, seem to be, would be greatly distressed and cast down if he did not send to their last accounts a greater number in one short day.

"I hold in my hand, my friend," continued the stranger—and by this time every loafer had deserted the bar and was standing near the pair in open-mouthed and odorous astonishment—"a little book called 'The Legends of King Arthur and His Knights,' whom Tennyson well called 'a glorious company, the flower of men.' Have you never perused its fascinating pages? No? You have, indeed, missed much. As a knight errant"—here Pete tried to look fierce. He felt as if the stranger was calling him names, but didn't seem to grasp the language used.

"As a knight errant," continued the stranger, now oblivious to all but his subject, "you should read and profit by this wonderful book, striving for and after greater things. Why, you are hardly to be considered at all, my friend, with your beggarly thirteen victims. There was King Arthur himself, who performed such deeds of valor upon the slope of Badon Hill. 'That day,' says the veracious chronicler, 'King Arthur, by himself alone, slew with his sword Excalibur 417 heathen.' What is your pitiful little thirteen beside that?"

There Were Others.

Pete's pistol dropped to the floor and exploded, taking off part of the shoe of one of the loafers. Another secured the gun and started for a pawnshop without a word of remonstrance from the terror of Routt county. Pete was dumfounded, enthralled, up a stump. The stranger went on:

"Then there was the fearful giant in the land of Brittany, an account of which may be found on page 48. King Arthur 'went to the crest of the hill and saw where the giant sat at supper, knawing the limb of a man and baking his huge frame by the fire, while three damsels turned three spits, whereupon were spitted like larks twelve young children, lately born.' Did I not hear you, sir, remark something about eating a man for breakfast every morning? How, in these degenerate days, are the mighty fallen!"

Coyote Pete was nearly rounded up by this time. He dropped, limp and gasping, into a convenient chair. "Am I a bad man, or is the stranger making fun of me?" Pete partly recovered himself at the awful thought that he and not the stranger was being made a victim. He reached mechanically for his gun, but it was missing.

The stranger took no notice of Pete's condition. He went on:

"Here on page 128 it tells a really remarkable adventure of Sir Lancelot's, at the time he took the part of King Bagdemagus against the King of Northgales. 'With that came Sir Lancelot and thrust into the thickest of the press and smote down with one spear five knights and brake the backs of four and cast down the king of Northgales and brake his thigh by the fall. When the three knights of Arthur's court saw this they rode at Sir Lancelot and each after the other attacked him; but he overthrew them all and smote them nigh to death. Then, taking a new spear, he bore down to the ground sixteen more knights, and hurt them all so sorely that they could carry arms no more that day. And when his spear was at length broken he took yet another and smote down twelve knights more, the most of whom he wounded mortally.'

"And yet you pretend to be a bad man. Here, turn around and let me register my candid opinion of you."

Coyote Pete turned around, but he did not wait to be kicked. He started for the door, but fell into the welcoming arms of the city marshal and was energetically deposited in the calaboose by that official. The next morning the police judge fined Pete $10 and costs and advised him to go home, where he would be safe. And Pete, having just money enough left to pay his fare back to Wolcott, accepted good advice for the first time in his life.

It was finally ascertained that the man with the book was a professor in a country college in Illinois, who had come to Colorado for his health, and incidentally to study human nature. It was supposed that it was the latter avocation that took him into the saloon.

MINING IN THE BLACK HILLS

Latest News of Interest from South Dakota's Rich Mineral Regions.

DEADWOOD, S. D., Sept. 7.—(Special.)—The Yellow Creek mining district is about five miles south of Deadwood. It is not a large camp, but it ranks well with the other districts in the amount of ore mined. The Little Blue and the Wasp No. 4 made the camp famous several years ago and the record of these two mines is being kept up by the Little Blue Fraction and the Wasp No. 2. In the latter there are about 2,500 feet of workings. The ore appears in a vertical about seven feet wide and ten feet thick. About four feet of the quartzite is mined, which carries a good value. Another vertical of ore is being worked in the east slope, which has the same size and value. The ore will average $70 a ton gold. It is hauled to Kirk, two miles, to the B. & M., where it is shipped. About fifteen tons of ore are being shipped per day. The same company has a tunnel in 130 feet on the Flat Iron claim southeast of the Wasp No. 2. Sandrock has been passed through and stringers of ore are appearing.

The McShane Bros. are working the Pittsburg claim. The shaft is down ninety feet and two drifts have been run, one north 125 feet and the other south eighty-five feet. A crosscut has also been run seventy feet west. Some ore has been taken out of fair grade. In the north drift it is thought the shoot of ore leads into the Little Blue Fraction.

Last year the owners of the Little Blue mine took out, it is said, $62,000 worth of ore. This mine has been pretty well worked out. Another company owns the Little Blue Fraction, which is being worked through the main tunnel of the Little Blue. Three verticals are being worked, which are large, and carry an average value of $40 a ton gold. A shaft is to be sunk from the surface to strike quartzite. About fifteen tons of ore are being shipped per day. Numerous leases are being made in the camp. Work has been resumed again at the Deadbroke stamp mill, in Blacktail gulch, owned by Godfrey & Nelson. This is one of the oldest mines in the Hills. There are six claims in the group and the present owners have been working the ore five years. The mill has ten stamps, with a capacity of forty tons per day. The main body of ore is 200 feet wide and twelve feet thick and carries a value of $10 free milling.

Garden City is a mining camp about five miles northwest of Deadwood. There are a few mines in the district that yield ore of high grade, but the majority of the properties are low grade, which would not pay the expense of shipping. Work is progressing rapidly on the cyanide plant which is being made over from the old chlorination works in this camp. There is little doubt of the success of the enterprise.

The McDonald brothers have taken a lease on a portion of the Blunderbus claim in Blacktail gulch, owned by the Rossiter brothers of Deadwood. They are following a rich vertical of ore above an old tunnel which assays $40 a ton. They will soon commence taking ore out from an old drift which has a body of ore eight feet wide and six feet high in the face.

A remarkably rich strike of ore has been made on the Ben Hur property in Nevada gulch, which is in the Bald Mountain district. Assays run from $80 to $700 and there seems to be a large body of the ore.

Work is still in progress in most of the mines in Two Bit. The Deadwood and Detroit has been sunk 120 feet in the last month and quartzite will be reached in about sixty days. The shaft in the Golden Crest is down 225 feet, where a drift has been run and sand rock has been encountered, which is considered a good indication. From the indications ore is expected every day in the Great Northern shaft, which is down 250 feet in hard shale. The shaft of the Chicago and Two Bit has been sunk 400 feet and it is probable that it will be necessary to go fifty to 100 feet farther to strike quartzite.

To Save Doctor's Bills
Use "Garland" Stoves and Ranges.

OFFICERS OF VETERINARIANS

National Association Chooses Executives for the Coming Year.

REPORTS OF COMMITTEES ACTED ON

Some Interesting Professional Information Imparted During the Reading and Discussion of the Documents Presented.

The American Veterinary Medical association yesterday elected officers for the coming year, a work that was accomplished without much difficulty. There were two candidates for only one position, and this was settled on the first ballot. The result of the election was as follows: President, Dr. A. W. Clement of Baltimore; eastern vice president, Dr. Leonard Pierson of Philadelphia; central vice president, Dr. A. H. Baker of Chicago; western vice president, Dr. S. B. Nelson of Pullman, Wash.; secretary, Dr. S. Stewart of Kansas City, Kan.; treasurer, Dr. William Herbert Lowe of Paterson, N. J.

Reports of committees took up the time of the meeting, and after they had been disposed of the secretary made his annual report, reviewing his transactions for the last year, and showing the association to be in a flourishing condition.

Resident state secretaries for the District of Columbia, California, Connecticut, Manitoba and Alabama submitted reports to the secretary, which were referred to proper committees without reading.

The report of the committee on diseases, made at Tuesday's session, was called up and discussed, and it was decided that for next year this committee should devote its investigations to the operation and treatment of osteo-porosis and rabies, that the reports might be more complete, and be of more value to the members.

Yesterday afternoon the association devoted to the reading and discussion of papers bearing upon the work of the profession. Those read were as follows: "The Necessity for the Consolidation of Slaughter Houses into Large Abattoirs Under Municipal Control," by Dr. W. Horace Hoskins of Philadelphia; "Reasons for Meat Inspection," by Dr. Leonard Pearson of Philadelphia; "Slaughter House Inspection," by S. Stewart of Kansas City, Kan.; "Retail Market Inspection," by Dr. C. A. Cary of Alabama; "Disposition of the Flesh of Tuberculous Cattle," by Dr. Charles W. Heitzman, and "Dangers to Mankind from the Consumption of the Flesh of Tuberculous Animals," by Dr. James Law.

Last evening the members attended a banquet at the Millard, at which about seventy-five covers were laid. Several outside the association were present and after the menu a number of toasts were responded to.

ART AT THE EXPOSITION

The Art Institute of Chicago is the only school of art that has sent an exhibition of its pupils' work to our exposition. This is placed upstairs in the south gallery of the Liberal Arts building and is very interesting to the student, to the connoisseur and to those who care to see what the youth of the west are doing in different fields of art study. The arch which forms an entrance to the booth containing the exhibit is an original design in the Moorish style, by Miss Helen Putman. She has caught the rich decorative effect, the intermingling of geometrical figures and the delicate tracing of the real arabesque design. Within the two booths one finds excellent studies in charcoal, oil and watercolor from life and still life, as well as studies in architectural and practical designs, illustrating the different branches of art taught at the Art Institute. There is a study from life in oil of a negro girl, by John C. Johansen, which is exceedingly well done. A study of an old woman reading and another of a man standing—an academy—by Karl Buehr, show careful, conscientious work and skill in manipulation. A seated female figure from life and a portrait of a picturesque girl in a large black hat, by Miss Pauline Palmer, and a study by Mrs. Schoenfeld are well drawn and carefully painted. These are pictures over in the art gallery which are no better than many of these studies.

Among the charcoal drawings from life there is one in outline, full of strength and character, by one of our Omaha boys—Mr. Clarke G. Powell. He has done what is difficult to do—represented the action in mere outline without exaggeration.

There are two decorative designs of Theory, Practice and History, which are composed with thought and an artistic feeling for line; some interesting compositions by Miss McLane, Miss Eaton and Miss Silveira and two plaster casts to indicate what the classes are doing in modeling. There are designs for wall paper, for book covers, lace, posters, rugs, etc., all of which give us a slight idea of the work going on near us and whose far-reaching influence we hope will unconsciously change out Occidental taste to a desire for more harmonious household decorations, more artistic textile fabrics, as well as give us a more refined understanding of pictures.

Several of the instructors of the Art institute are represented by their work in the Art building. Frederick W. Freer has a picture called "The Young Mother"—198—which hangs in the east rotunda. The mother, dressed in a pale green gown, stands in a natural, flitting attitude, holding her little baby pressed lovingly against her cheek. The composition is very graceful and full of tender sentiment and the color scheme is soft and harmonious. It is somewhat monotonous, however, as there is not the contrast between the face of the child and of the mother that one would expect. Both are painted with the same coloring and the same technique. The mother's eyes have no more character and experience reflected from their depths than have the baby's; the skin of each is the same in texture and in color and there is a certain affectation of slanting brush strokes—perhaps to soften and lose the outline or perhaps to suggest the looseness of a pastel, which gives one the impression of a fad. A variation of the same theme is seen in a small picture—198—representing the young mother playing with the child on her knee. It is pretty and attractive and domestic. The artist has introduced into the background a peep of summer through the slats of the old-fashioned window shutter. In the south room of the Illinois State building is another picture by Mr. Freer in his same style, though quite different in subject—even if the green dress is identical—called "Consolation." A fair-haired maiden leans over the back of a chair to console the suffering woman who is seated looking out with wide hopeless eyes at the spectator. The background is a sombre landscape effect, which suggests rare old tapestry; the harmony of color is effective, the composition is very good, the story is well told. Judging Mr. Freer's work from these examples, I should say his pictures please rather because they are pretty in color and attractive in subject and in sentiment than because they are strong in character or forceful in treatment.

Miss Pauline Dohn, another instructor of the Art Institute, has two very interesting pictures here. One—No. 169—represents a young country girl sitting outdoors reading; patches of sunlight fall upon the grass, the path, the side of the house and the girl herself. The subject is simple, but it is full of the light of the open air and painted with frankness and strength. Her other picture—No. 168—is hung in the west room with the photographs. It depicts an interior with three heads in silhouette against the light of the window. The mother, with a maternal gesture, is showing the little pink baby—"The Newcomer"—to the other two children, who are bent over it in childish attitudes, and who complete the composition. It is very homelike, full of sentiment and well painted. In looking quickly from it to the east wall of the same room—at No. 313—an interior by A. B. Koopman, where the heads of two Dutch peasants are painted against the light, too, but where the whole interior is luminous with reflected lights—one feels that the shadows of Miss Dohn's picture are heavy and black and that there is not enough vibration of color and light. It is a strong picture, and even if Mr. Losar does say, "keep the light within the picture—don't let it wander outside of the frame," the shadows might have been more luminous and transparent.

Then there are two landscapes—Nos. 68 and 69—in the Art building and two more in the Illinois building by Mrs. Charles F. Browne. All very fresh and well painted, but which are somewhat like the song of the robin. When you once have learned his gentle melody you always recognize it.

In one it is a meadow with a few low bushes and thistles in the foreground, trees in the distance against the sky, in another a green bank in the foreground, water in the middle distance and a low bank form the horizon. In each there are the pinkish, purplish cumuli clouds rolling about; near the horizon the sky is a warm pinkish purple, changing to a delicate green, which in turn fades into a deep blue or a bluish purple.

Miss Jeannette Buckley also has two small landscapes—one in sunlight, the other a little village on a gray day, with water in the foreground. Both are very unassuming, but painted in an artistic spirit. The former, 80, was painted at Delavan, Wis., where Mr. Vanderpoel takes his summer classes.

Mr. Taft's work as a sculptor has already been commented upon and I shall write of Miss Baker in connection with the miniature exhibit. ETHEL EVANS.

RANSOM SPANISH PRISONERS

Madrid Authorities Provide Money to Buy Off Philippine Insurgents Who Hold 6,000 Men.

MADRID, Sept. 7.—The cabinet has authorized the foreign minister, Duke Almodovar de Rio to negotiate with the Philippine insurgents to ransom the six thousand Spanish prisoners now in their hands, and it has been decided to transmit money to Manila for that purpose and for the relief of the Spanish troops, which are urgently in need of funds. The ministers will ask General Jaudenes, the commander of the Spanish troops in the Philippine islands, how to transmit the funds.

The government has also cabled to Captain General Macias at San Juan de Porto Rico, requesting him to furnish fuller details of the American regime of Porto Rico. This step was taken after his first letter on the subject was received.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6.—Admiral Dewey was recently called upon to investigate reports that the Spanish prisoners taken by the insurgents were subjected to cruelties. A cable message was received from the admiral today, saying the story probably originated from the fact that insurgents were unable to meet the wants of the sick Spanish prisoners owing to a lack of physicians and medical supplies. He said he had been unable to find any proof of acts of cruelty on the part of the insurgents.

Young Men's Institute.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—The grand council of the Young Men's Institute concluded its session today in time to witness the Grand Army of the Republic parade. The following officers were elected: Grand president, G. M. O'Brien, Roanoke, Va.; grand vice president, P. J. Flannigan, Portsmouth; secretary, Joseph Vetter, Reading, O.; treasurer, Henry Kister, Carthage, O.; marshal, W. H. Breech, Cincinnati, O., delegate to supreme council, Joseph P. Kealy, Cincinnati. On October 1 there will be a meeting of the grand council at St. Louis, at which delegates from the United States, Canada and British Columbia will be present.

Washington News Notes.

Puyallup now boasts of a bank with $50,000 capital.

Pullman county will export 600,000 bushels of wheat this year.

Castle Rock fruit farm owners are selling their entire crops at 1 cent per pound on the trees.

Spokane policemen are being sued for $20,000 damages for illegally arresting George Chambers.

The Yakima valley potato crop is very small this year, the result of the enormously increased acreage of wheat in that section.

In some parts of Washington committees of hobo-infested districts resort to dumping the unwelcome customers in creeks and ponds. This medicine is sufficient and always has the desired effect.

Mrs. W. A. Botkin, who is under arrest at San Francisco for the murder of Mrs. Dunning and Mrs. Dean in Delaware, formally lived at Olympia, where her husband conducted a wholesale liquor house.

The Kelso brothers, the largest agriculturists of Washington, own a farm of 6,000 acres, 3,000 of which this year produced wheat. Thirty-five thousand bushels of wheat were produced, an average of eighteen bushels per acre.

Almon Baker of Klickitat, while disrobing preparatory to retiring, discovered a large snake curled up under his bed within a few inches of his feet. He threw his night shirt over it and then killed the reptile before it could do any damage.

FATAL POLITICAL QUARREL

Rivalry Among Silver Factions Leads to a Pitched Battle.

ONE OF THE PARTICIPANTS FATALLY SHOT

Trouble Grows Out of Contest for Possession of Hall Where Convention Was to Have Been Held.

COLORADO SPRINGS, Colo., Sept. 7.—The political war between the two factions of the silver republican party resulted this morning in the death of Charles Harris of Denver. It was the result of an attempt by the Broad faction to capture the opera house, which was guarded by the Sprague faction. At 4 o'clock a rush was made by seventy-five or a hundred of the Broad men from both front and rear of the building, and the Sprague men, who held possession, in repelling the attack fired a volley into their assailants.

Harris fell with a bullet through the abdomen and is past medical aid. The shooting occurred just outside the opera house door. Several arrests have been made. The man who fired the shot which struck Harris is undoubtedly in custody, but his name cannot now be ascertained. The tragedy results from the action of National Chairman Towne in removing Richard Broad from the chairmanship of the state committee on the ground of "disloyalty" to the "silver republican party and the cause it stands for," it being alleged that he had joined in a conspiracy with friends of Senator Wolcott to defeat the proposed fusion with democrats and populists.

Charles S. Sprague, representing the Teller and Towne delegates, obtained possession of the opera house in which the convention is to meet tomorrow and refused to surrender it at the demand of ex-Chairman Broad. Mr. Sprague is editor of the Colorado Springs Evening Telegraph.

Sheriff Now in Possession.

Harris died soon after he was shot. Another man was struck in the cheek by the same bullet that killed Harris. Sheriff Boynton and Chief Gatright took control of the opera house and made a thorough search. The sheriff said they discovered a whole arsenal in the building. The officers seized six rifles and ten revolvers. The opera house is now in possession of the police, deputy sheriffs and adherents of ex-Chairman Broad. No one is allowed to approach the doors.

James A. Howsee, Walter Russell, J. J. Lange and A. C. Smith of the party in the hall were arrested.

The sliding doors which form the entrance to the auditorium show the effects of the shooting. The right hand door as the room is entered is perforated with the bullets from a rifle, and a ball also lodged in the left door. Both were fired from the inside of the room and are about as high as a man's head from the door.

At 1 o'clock this morning the Wolcott-Broad faction applied to Judge Lunt for a writ of mandamus, compelling Chairman Sprague, who was appointed by National Chairman Towne to succeed Chairman Broad, removed, to turn the building over to Broad. The writ was refused.

"At 4 o'clock this morning," said ex-Mayor Plumb, "we were inside the opera house. There were twenty-two of us. Suddenly a fusillade of shots was fired through both the front and side doors. Then in a second the doors were burst open and in rushed from seventy-five to 100 men. There was constant firing from all parts of the room, we replying as best we could. I saw one man fall, shot through the lungs. They carried him to the balcony and laid him down. He died a few minutes afterward. Another man was injured. We were forced out of the building. Sheriff Boynton and Chief of Police Gatright were in the front ranks of the attacking party."

The police and sheriff's officers assert that the attack was made entirely by men brought from Denver. They say they only rushed in after the attack began. It is a peculiar fact, however, that they were all on hand.

Chairman Sprague has issued a statement in which he says that ex-Chairman Broad, I. N. Stevens and DeWitt C. Webber arranged with a gang of thugs to come from Denver and co-operate with Sheriff W. S. Boynton and the police of Colorado Springs in seizing the convention hall and turning it over to the anti-Teller faction so that they might organize and control the convention tomorrow.

DENVER, Sept. 7.—Charles Harris, who was fatally shot this morning in the fight between factions of the silver republican party at Colorado Springs for possession of the hall in which the state convention is to be held tomorrow, came to Denver five years ago from Omaha, where he formerly held the office of deputy United States marshal. He is a carpenter by trade, about 32 years of age, and has a wife and two children. For a time he was a member of the Denver fire department.

Mr. Blood says that the armed force which entered the opera house was headed by Sheriff W. S. Boynton and Frank Howbert, collector of internal revenue, and policemen in uniform, and that four or five of the men who were in possession of the hall were arrested without any warrant or process of law whatever and thrown into jail. Ex-Chairman Broad says he was justified in taking forcible possession of the opera house under a lease made with him on August 25 last, which Manager Nye violated by turning it over to Charles S. Sprague.

Sheriff Boynton allowed the men from Denver who participated in the riot to leave the city early this morning unmolested. A majority of the crowd, which attacked the theater went to Denver by the first train. The police and other authorities say they are ignorant of the identity of the murderers. After battering in the doors, seventy-five men rushed into the building, shooting revolvers. The ceiling is full of bullet holes. The attacking party shot into the air with a hope of frightening the guards into submission. The guards were scattered in groups about the auditorium, where they could best command the entrances, and they returned the fire. Those who participated, intimate that no less than 150 shots were fired in the opera house within a few minutes. The smoke was so dense in a moment that all shots were at random. The attacking party finally reached the center of the house and the guards fled to the street.

Charles Harris, the victim of the shooting affair, was a deputy United States marshal in this district under Brad Slaughter, and is generally remembered here as having been a good officer. He went from this city to Denver several years ago.

Governor Mount Some Better.

INDIANAPOLIS, Sept. 7.—Governor Mount, who was taken home from his office ill yesterday, is slightly improved today. He will not, however, be able to attend to executive duties for several days. The governor's condition is thought to be the result of the arduous duties of his office during the past few months, which have caused a constant strain on his nervous system.

Swearing in More Deputies.

PANA, Ill., Sept. 7.—Chief Deputy Sheriff Edmunds with a large force armed with revolvers and clubs continues in charge of the city, and additional deputies are being sworn in as rapidly as they can be secured. Sheriff Coburn is seriously ill. A dozen negro non-union miners came in from the Springside mine today and boldly paraded the streets, apparently challenging any interference that would induce the governor to send troops here. The negroes were armed.

STRIKES A CONFIDENCE GAME

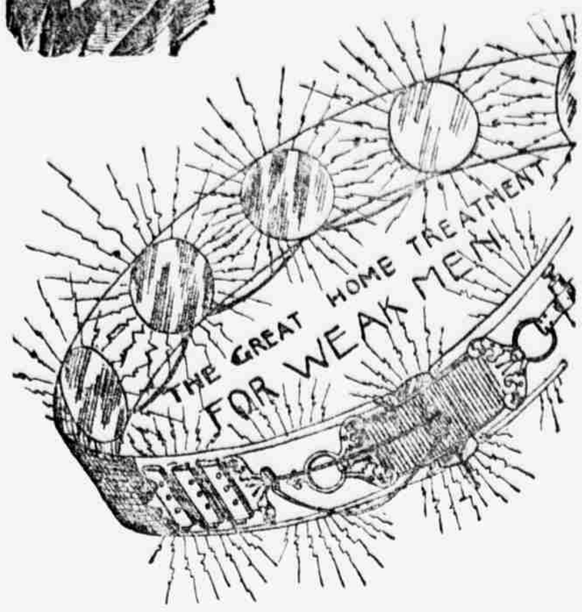
Visiting Englishman Learns Something of One of America's Peculiar Institutions.

CHICAGO, Sept. 7.—A. G. Ellingsworth, a retired merchant of Manchester, England, who is making a tour of the United States, was robbed of $700 by a chance acquaintance today. The robbery occurred in a downtown hotel, the location of which Ellingsworth was unable to give the police. Ellingsworth was on his way to Wilmington, Ill., from Toronto, Ont., where he has been visiting his daughter. While on the train last night enroute to this city the Englishman met a stranger, who stated he was a mine promoter. The two soon struck up a friendship, and on arriving here, the stranger drove Ellingsworth around the city, finally landing at a hotel where they took a room without registering. After entering the room, the stranger told Ellingsworth he had a deal that had to be closed out before 8 o'clock, and as the banks were not open he needed $70, as he was short of cash. He asked the Englishman for the money, giving a $1,000-bond of the Denver Gold Mining company as security. Ellingsworth handed the stranger the key to his valise, which contained $700, and told him to take the money out of it. When the stranger left the room the Englishman laid down on the bed to rest. After an hour had elapsed and his friend had not returned, Ellingsworth became suspicious, and, going to his valise, opened it, to find he had been robbed.

Accident at G. A. R. Parade.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 7.—During the Grand Army of the Republic parade General Curtis, police commissioner of Buffalo, was dangerously hurt. His horse fell. The general's spine is believed to be seriously injured.

WEAK MEN!



My world-famed appliance, the Dr. Sanden Electric Belt and Suspensory Attachment, is the only safe and true remedy for results of Youthful Errors, Losses, Drains, Impotency, Nervous Debility, Lame Back, Varicocele, etc. I pledge you my word as man and physician, based on an experience of over 30 years, that there is no case short of structural decay which cannot be cured by the judicious use of this life-giving appliance. You wear it at night. It cures while you sleep. Over 5,000 cures during 1897. Write for my

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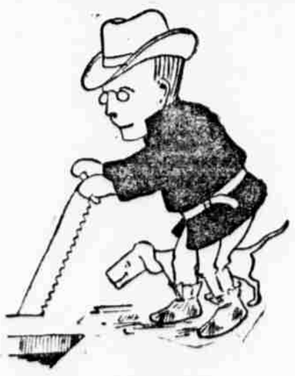
"Three Classes of Men," mailed in sealed envelope. It explains all.

Dr. T. A. SANDEN, 826 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

It Cuts Considerable Ice—

To that boy when he goes to school to know that he is well dressed, and he can't be well dressed if his shoes are not right—Our quilted bottom shoes are right—more right than they were last season, for then we charged $2.25—now its $2.00, and a better shoe—We haven't anything to take back that we said about these shoes at $2.25, they were the biggest values ever given at that price—but they're 25 cents bigger now at $2.00—You'll see lots of quilted bottom shoes advertised at less money, but just bear in mind that we and we alone sell the genuine quilted bottom boy's shoe in Omaha—Youths and boys' sizes, $2.00.



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Omaha's Up-to-date Shoe House.
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You Should Have One—

The exposition stool—so handy—folds up and goes in the pocket—made of steel—very light—yet strong enough for the fat woman in the museum—50 cents—out line of pocket cutlery has been added to in the last few days till the assortment is larger and better than we've ever shown before—and you know we've always carried more of these goods than any two stores combined—a good knife for 25c—some for a nickel—$3.00 is the very highest—we could charge more and you would be satisfied—but you'll be better satisfied at our prices—we like to show these, so come in whenever you can.

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It's Easy For You—

To own a new piano if you attend the mark-down piano sale now going on here—there's a great chance in even these few offerings.

An elegant walnut case, Royal piano—roll fall board—duet music desk, for $122—$25 cash and $10 a month; the regular price of this piano is $225.

A Schubert piano—walnut case—fine carved panels, duet music rack, roll name board; a regular $325 piano—now $245. Terms, $25 cash, $10 per month.

A new Krell piano, in elegant Circassian walnut, elaborate case, retail price $400—now only $265—$25 cash, $10 per month.

There are others—many others equally as good or better—to fully appreciate these piano offerings you will have to come to the store.

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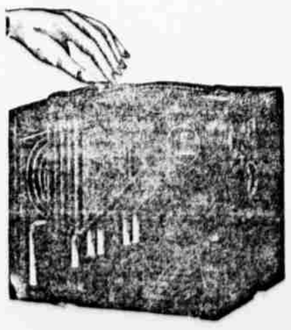
At $6.00 take a picture 3¼x4¼, and takes one every second. No other camera made can compete with it—the small sizes that make a picture 2½ inches square is only $3.50; just as good as the large one—We carry a full line of photographic supplies and have learned a great deal by experience, which we are willing to tell for the asking—developing and printing done in a satisfactory manner at the least possible cost—free use of our dark room to all exposition visitors that wish to develop their negatives—use us often as you like.



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