MAD AS WET HENS

WHO IS ENTITLED TO THE REWARD FOR CAPTURING ZIP WYATT.

There is a Conflict and a Big One Between the Farmers of Blaine and Kingfisher Counties, and the Authorities at Enid, Both Claiming to have Effected the Capture—Meanwhile it is Extremely Doubtful if There is Any Reward—Another Thrilling Story of the Chase and Capture.

Guthrie, O. T., Aug. 9.—(Special.)—While Zip Wyatt, the outlaw, is lying in a very dangerous condition in the jail at Enid, the several posses that were after him are liable to fall to and have a general scrap over the reward it is supposed was offered for his capture by the railroads. After Yeager was hotly pursued and pushed eastward the sheriff and a posse from Enid ran out and got possession of the wounded outlaw. They took him to Enid. This has made the farmers of Blaine and Kingfisher counties who were chasing Wyatt for days, mighty hot under the collar. If there is anyone at all entitled to a reward, the farmers of Blaine and Kingfisher counties are going to see that they get it and sheriff at Enid is going to see that they don't.

Now the question as to a reward happens to be a very indefinite one. If Zip can be proved to have taken a part in the Dover train robbery or the Coffeyville bank robbery, some reward will be forthcoming. But John T. Wyatt the bandit's father, says that Zip can prove an alibi and the chances are that he can.

H. M. Wyatt a prominent criminal attorney of Indianapolis and an uncle of the bandit is coming west to take care of the legal difficulties of his nephew.

The Enid people who think they are entitled to a reward have told their story of the capture in the dispatches to the Eagle and it does not agree materially with the story that the deputy marshals and the Blaine county farmers and Kingfisher county farmers tell.

In this connection a full account of the pursuit as given by William Fossett to the Kingfisher Free Press is interesting. Fossett says:

"Mr. William Banks, the deputy United States marshal who led the posse that killed Tulsa Jack after the Dover train robbery, and I had a conversation some time ago, and agreed, as soon as Banks could find time, to start out and try and run down Dick Yeager and Ike Black. In the meanwhile, Mr. Banks and Mr. Prater, also deputy United States marshals, got hold of some parties who stood in with Yeager, and got notice that Yeager and Black were going to try and get Black's wife and Mrs. Freeman out of the Guthrie jail. Mrs. Freeman is the woman whom Yeager had stolen from her husband and had in the Glass mountains, and who took an active part in the fight that the citizens had with him in Steer canyon some time ago. They got notice that Yeager and Black would be in Guthrie on the 17th day of July of this year to try to make a jail delivery. The women had written them the way to get into the jail, telling them where the two telephone wires were on the outside, and to cut them, then come to the door, call the turnkey by name give their names as some marshals and state that they had a prisoner that they wanted to put in jail. When the turnkey should come to open the door they were to hold him up, and take the keys away from him, which they thought would be an easy matter as they believed him to be a coward. The jail delivery could then be made without fear of detection. Yeager and Black proceeded so far in their plans as to go to Guthrie, and into the edge of the town on the 17th of July. They became frightened and went away. Banks and Prater did not get the message, however, in time to catch them. They put up another job to catch him as they, Banks and Prater, got notice that Yeager and Black and their gang would attempt to rob the store at Columbia on the 23d of July. I met Mr. Banks on Uncle John's creek on Sunday, the 21st of July, northeast of town and had a talk with him. Banks went directly to Columbia on horseback, to meet a party who was keeping him posted. Mr. Prater and another gentleman went around with a team to Columbia and had sent shot guns ahead loaded with buckshot. Banks borrowed a key to the school house, which stands in a good position from the postoffice, to lay in wait for the outlaws when the attack was made. But the citizens got out and killed one of the Willett boys, wounded Bill Willett and "Henderson," and Yeager and Black fled without making the proposed attack on the store.

Mr. Banks then came to me and told me that he was ready to start on the hunt and show no quarter. I then telegraphed to the railroad officials asking permission to go into the Glass mountains with Banks, and try and capture them as we had heard from a reliable source that they intended to make a raid on the Rock Island passenger train, and also hold up some of the Kingfisher banks. I received a telegram from the superintendent on Monday, July 29th, granting permission to go, stating that he had telegraphed Mr. Flynn, of Chicago, that he was sending me on this mission. I then boarded a freight train, went to El Reno and met Banks, who came back with me. Judge McAtee was on the train. Prior to this Judge McAtee, who has at all times proven a most willing aid in the suppression of crime, and the apprehension of criminals, went to Banks and asked him to do all within his power to apprehend Yeager and Black. Meeting the judge that day on the train Banks and I had a conversation with him. We told him that we were then on the way to the Glass mountains to try and capture the outlaws. We got off at Kingfisher, and proceeded to get ready to start. There were some other parties whose names will not be mentioned in this narrative, who had promised to go with us, but, when the start was made, refused to go, on the ground that they were sick in body and mind. Lew Fossett insisted on joining in the expedition and was finally allowed to go. The start was made Monday night about 9 o'clock. We rode all night and reached the Glass mountains about noon the next day. The trail was then taken up and the outlaws followed through the Glass mountains in a southwesterly direction. We then followed the outlaws, zigzagging in every direction, to a point north of the Canadian river near Amos Chapman's ranch. There the outlaws found that Banks and a crowd were after them, and told a ranchman that they would plant themselves on a sand hill, and kill their pursuers as they came. The ranchman was told to give out that information. The outlaws then doubled their course, going north through the hills and came to a house about three miles ahead of their pursuers, robbed the occupants, taking a new suit of black clothes, three revolvers, a pair of shoes and some shirts. They had intended to rob a store kept by a man named Tedrick, but, owing to the similarity of the names, went to a private house owned by Mr. Tedrick. We followed them there. Yeager and Black made the woman get them something to eat. When our party came up to the house the outlaws had departed. But, inquiring as to their conversation, we made up our minds that a mistake had been made by the outlaws and that their intention had been to go to the store. So, in place of trailing them we rode straightway to the store. A man living a mile and a quarter from the store was there buying some groceries. He left for home just after we reached the store. Just after he got home the outlaws came to his house and inquired the direction to the store. He told them that he had just come from there and that his track would lead them right there. They wanted to know if there were any marshals in the country. He said there were some armed men at the store. Yeager became excited and said to Black, "Let's pull for the canyon," meaning Greever canyon, as was found out afterwards by following their trail. We waited at the store for some time, until we knew that Yeager and Black had had time to get there if they were coming, and made up our minds that we might have been mistaken as to their intention of robbing the store as they did not show up. We then went north, in the direction the trial was thought to be, and came to the house where Yeager and Black had stopped and found out the reception awaiting them at the country store. Inquiry was then made about the condition of their horses,—found that they were pretty badly jaded. It was evident that they could not hold out much longer as they were getting very tired. We also found out that they intended to rob the store. They were then trailed into the Greever canyon. They were run out of that and given a hard chase, as on entering the canyon we had dismounted, and we were forcing them on foot while the outlaws were sticking to their horses, owing to the roughness of the country, gave the men on foot the advantage. Before the outlaws were driven into the other canyon, the pursuers met four armed men. They were asked to join our party but they refused to go, not believing that we were on the right trail. The four armed men were two deputy sheriffs from Alva, a deputy marshal and a private citizen. We insisted that we were on the right trail—one of the outlaws horses having a broken hoof which was easily detected from any other track. The Alva officers went off on their trail—they went north and we kept in a southerly direction. We followed Yeager and Black that night as long as their track were to be seen by moonlight. Yeager was riding behind Black, whipping Black's horse along. This pursuit was made Wednesday night. Thursday our party took a late dinner where Black and Yeager had taken a late breakfast. They were bending then to a straight course towards the foothills northeast of Cantonment. It was found, where they had taken breakfast, that their horses were almost fagged out, and we learned the reason that Yeager was riding behind Black. Our horses being nearly in the same condition, we were satisfied that they were pulling into the settlement to get fresh horses. We tried to get fresh horses, but were refused. We found that the entire country was thoroughly organized, but when the farmers were asked to join in the search, they replied that if Fossett and his party would drive the outlaws out of the canyons, they would assist. We met two of these farmers at a little store north of Cantonment about twelve miles. We asked them if they couldn't get some men to assist, saying that Yeager and Black could be caught in twenty-four hours. They said that they had fifteen men in their posse, but they wouldn't go into the canyons. However, (to leave the farmers and return to the outlaws) the latters were now being driven directly into the settlement where we supposed they would attempt to get fresh horses. This was the vicinity where the farmers had promised to assist in their capture. We had ascertained previously that the outlaws had two fresh horses secreted in a pasture, owned by a man named Hanley and this explained to our minds their southerly course. When they came out of the hills they struck the bottom lands close to the little grove northeast of Cantonment six miles called the Cottonwood grove. There a man saw two men horseback, one driving the other man's horse along in front of him with a whip. This farmer had a field glass, and saw that it was Yeager and Black. He started out to get a posse of farmers. Yeager and Black stopped at a little house back of a corn field. The corn field ran down east and north of the house within twenty or thirty feet. Stopping there to get some water they ordered something to eat. While there, the posse crawled in through the corn, and got within thirty of forty feet of the outlaws, firing on them, killing Black and wounding Yeager. Yeager took to the corn field, went but a little ways north into the corn, thence east up over a sand hill, and was in plain view for nearly half a mile, as his tracks afterward showed. Following the track took the farmers posse to the doctor's house, where Yeager had had his wounds dressed. We trailed a horse from the doctors in a northwesterly course for six or seven miles. There the horse had evidently been turned loose and gone back, but not believing that Yeager had ridden the horse back but had taken it afoot, we kept on in that course and out close to Homestead in Blaine county, we found where he had got a boy and a cart. Here we learned that he was unable to ride horse back, and couldn't drive his own horse. He had, therefore, compelled the boy to go along and drive. He went north till he came close to the Cimarron river. There he sent the horse and boy back and started afoot again. This was on Friday night. He went but a little way before he stopped at a house and got something to eat, got another horse and pressed a neighbors cart into service, compelled a boy to go along and drive and started east. Crossing the river and taking through the sand hills on the north side; all the farmers in that country were notified as we passed along in pursuit. Everybody turned out and took the trail and about 6 o'clock Saturday morning, Yeager and the boy had come out of a melon patch about ten miles east of where he had got the horse, and started east again. We followed on with a jaded lot of horses until we got on Turkey creek We stopped here and tried to get fresh horses from a farmer and were refused—went ahead till our horses gave out. We then had forty men in pursuit. We rested our horses on Turkey creek for a couple of hours and then drove on into Hennessey and got fresh horses. Then went over northeast on the Skeleton where we heard that another party which had joined in the pursuit had Yeager surrounded in a corn patch.

"When Yeager reached the Skeleton he had turned the boy back with the horse. We knew he was just as good as captured, as he was so badly wounded that he could neither ride horseback or hardly go afoot. When we arrived at the cane patch where they claimed to have him surrounded we were satisfied that they were mistaken and we drove down the creek about two miles and stopped there until daylight Sunday morning. We started out then south, inquired of a farmer if he had seen a man afoot. He said last night just before sundown he saw a man, (pointing in a southeast direction off across the bottom about three-quarters of a mile) walking very slow towards the south, and towards a house—pointing out the house. We drove down to this house and found the man had lost a horse during the night. We went south a little further to one of his neighbors and found that Yeager had met this man and compelled him to give him one of his horses, and after looking him over, Yeager said: "Take your bridle and come go with me. I know where there is a better one." Yeager took him up north to one of his neighbors, and compelled him to assist in catching his horse and then took him on about two miles south, but Yeager could hardly ride the horse. It was a very large Norman horse and there was no trouble in tracking him on the road until the teams commenced traveling. He rode him but a few miles, when he had to dismount, turned the horse loose and took into a cornfield. Every farmer in that country was out searching the cornfields and the brush, and Mr. Wood and Mr. Smith and others happened to discover him completely exhausted, and he gave up without even trying to raise his gun. We followed the trail close up, and found the captured outlaw about two miles east of Sheridan. We brought him back to Sheridan and had his wounds dressed, when he was brought to Hennessey and taken to Enid in a dying condition."

TOUCHES TO CURE

NEW MEXICO MESSIAH PERFORMS ANOTHER MIRACLE.

Blind Man from Denver Accompanied by an Alderman Seeks Out the Healer and Submits to His Treatment which Consists in the Laying on of the Hands—His Sight is Now Returning—Messiah Talks but Little and will Accept No Pay—Novelty of His Surroundings—Details of the Trip.

Denver, Col., Aug 9.—Henry Hauenstein, who has been totally blind since March 1892 and partially so dating back to Labor Day, 1890, has returned to his home at 336 Fairview avenue, Highlands, after a visit to Schladel, the "healer," whose reported cures of the halt, the lame and the blind in New Mexico have excited so much comment. Mr. Hauenstein was given twenty-seven treatements by the healer in five days.

"At the first treatment, said Mr. Hauenstein to a News reporter last night, "he told me I would see differently. Everything had been of one color; I could not tell light from darkness. We were sitting in the room of an adobe house. Back of us was a half window. When he let loose everything in front of me was dark. As I turned around it seemed a little lighter. That was Saturday. Tuesday he said to me:

"'The Father tells me you will regain your eyesight, but it will be slow.'

"The last day he gave me five treatments, lasting from 10:30 a. m., to 12:15 p. m. At the close I could distinguish objects between me and the light. That will be two weeks tomorroy. Every since I have been regaining my sight—everything looks lighter. I can see that there is something when I swing my hands before my face. I believe firmly that I will regain my sight."

EYES BLUE AND BRIGHT.

Mr. Hauenstein's eyes do not indicate the blindness. They are blue in the lamplight and father bright and clear looking. Paralysis of the optic nerves caused the sight to depart. Surgeons have told him nicotine poloning was the cause. He lays it to overwork. He is a plasterer and builder by trade and came to Denver eighteen years ago from Elmira, N. Y. He was a fireman in North Denver for three years, and for nine years was foreman for Martin Currigan. He was a tremendous worker. During his foremanship he worked on his own account before and after hours, and built at least two houses unaided save by his wife, who, he fondlly says, carried the brick. In one of them he lives. When the light from his eyes first went out he tried Denver oculists, then went east to St. Louis, New York and other cities. On the very day that he returned home he became totally blind. On his visit to the healer he was accompanied by ex-Alderman Ed Fox.

"From Albuquerque," says Mr. Hauenstein, "we drove twenty mile south to Los Louis, hearing that the healer was there, but were unable to find him. We came back to Albuquerque and the next day a Spaniard came in and told us they had him in Old Town, two miles away. We went over and were not there over twenty minutes when he gave me a treatment. There was a crowd; the room was small and it was very warm. Alderman Fox went in ahead and said a Denver man was there who wanted treatment. I was given a chair to the left of the healer. He took hold of my hands so that our arms were crossed."

"You went with faith to him or otherwise?"

"Well, I went to see if he could help me. The minute I got hold of him I had faith in him. To tell God's truth I thought the minute he took hold of my hands—well. I just knew that my sight would come back. It was a peculiar feeling I can't describe. Every nerve in my body twitched."

VERY LITTLE TALK.

"Did you talk much with him?"

"Very little. Sometimes not a word would be said in an entire treatment, lasting from twenty minutes to twice as long. The first time he asked if I was from Denver, and said he used to live there, on Stout street, then on Downing avenue. I asked him once if the treatment tired him. He said no, except his fingers were often blistered."

"He takes a good, firm grip then?"

"Very firm. At the end of each treatment he says, 'Thank the Father.' The last day, when he gave me five treatments one after the other, the feeling up my arms and all over my chest down to the waist was just like a rubber suspender giving and coming back again. Everytime I approached him there was a sort of numbness, but then the room was very hot and close, and it may have been my nervousness."

Mr. Hauenstein says that he had treated with three magnetic healers, but that they "never touched him." He felt no sensation at all. Christian Scientists had wanted to try a hand on him, but he never permitted it. He says that the healer answered all questions put to him freely, but seldom volunteered a remark. Mr. Hauenstein was a little timid about pumping the healer.

"You see," he says, "there was a great crowd there always, and I didn't know how the Mexicans might feel about our coming and taking so much of his time. But they seemed to offer no objection. The healer treats them just as they come, no matter who. The first time he was treating a baby before it came my turn. My affliction prevented me from seeing, but others see the work he is doing. All who visit him seemed satisfied, and everyone he takes hold of he helps."

Schladel would take no money from Mr. Hauenstein or Mr. Fox, they say, and he goes wherever the Mexicans take him. They asked him once if he would come to Denver, and he said that he would if someone paid his expenses. Mrs. Hauenstein says that she sees marked improvement in her husband's sight since he returned and that the expression of his eyes has materially changed. Both believe that full restoration to sight is only a matter of time.

The Boy Had an Idea.

The kid had smashed his father's shaving mug and done sundry other damage, when his mother discovered him.

"Oh, Freddy!" she exclaimed, horrified: "what will your papa say when he comes home and sees what you have done?"

"Well, mamma," he replied, with a half smile, "I don't think I would like to repeat it before you."—Puck.

But He Was.

The boy stood on the burning deck,
It got hotter every minute:
He mopped his brow and simply said:
"I wish I wasn't in it."

—Truth.

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Wichita Eagle Press.

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WANTED—A competent girl for general housework. Apply 1313 N. Lawrence. d65-tf.

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HELP WANTED—MALE.

SITUATIONS WANTED—MALE.

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WANTED—The public to know that I am still city scavenger, notwithstanding my competitors say I am out of business, and will do your work as cheap as anyone. J. T. Hooker. d53-26t.@

WANTED—Razors, shears, clippers and lawn mowers to grind. J. P. Stafford, 107 S. Main St. d121-tf.

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FOR SALE AT A BARGAIN—A new duplex type writer; might take gold watch or cow as part payment. Address "H. G." this office. 70 3t@

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FOR SALE—A sporting hose cart; suitable for fireman tournament. Also harness and running shoes. For price address E. R. De Goe, Wellington, Kan. d67-15t.@

FOR SALE—Jersey cows; fresh. M. Garibaldi, College Hill. d67-6t.@

FOR SALE—First-class carriage, nearly new. Will take buggy as part pay. 425 Campbell Ave., West Side. d63-tf.

FOR SALE—2 pulleys, 7-inch face, 35-inches in diameter. Enquire at the Eagle office. d67 tf.

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FOR SALE—Fine residence site on N. Emporia, just above Oak, 150 feet, for $900 cash. Wm. H. Livingston, over Fourth National bank. d67-tf.

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FOR RENT—Furnished rooms for rent. Also furnished house. Inquire at 317 N. Emporia Ave. d67-6t.@

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WANTED TO EXCHANGE—Some good clear real estate and cash for a good clean stock of general merchandise. Address, A. J. Kinsley, Beloit, Kan. 70 2t@

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LOST—A pair of solid gold, temple rest, glasses on Main or Douglas. A liberal reward will be paid for their return to this office. 70 3t@

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STRAYED OR STOLEN—From 612 N. Topeka, a bay mare, with saddle and bridle. Any information regarding mare will be rewarded by J. Shavers, Riverside Dairy, Riverside addition. d72-2t.@

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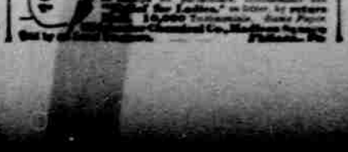

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PUSSY'S RAT FRIEND.

Remarkable Affection of a Maltese Cat for a Captive Rodent.

Gerley Phelps, a farmer living two miles east of Fort Niagara, on the shores of Lake Ontario, has an odd pair of pets. They are a cat and a rat. They are the best of friends. They eat together, sleep together and play together. The cat is a big Maltese tom, with a bushy tail and sharp claws. He is three years old, and was raised from a kitten. The rat is eighteen months old.

Last September a year ago Mr. Phelps tore down an old workshop in

TOM AND CHEESE SQUARED THEMSELVES

the rear of his house. In an old boot there he found a nest of rats. The mother of the Maltese tom killed the parent rat, and later ate two of their children. The third baby rat stole into the pocket of Mr. Phelps' coat, where, at the end of three days, Mr. Phelps found it. Mr. Phelps at first intended to kill it, but the rat seemed so tame that he decided to make it a household pet.

The rat grew rapidly on meat and cheese, eating out of its owner's hand. Its life was in constant danger on account of the number of cats about the house. Mr. Phelps put the rat in a small cage and placed the cage in a large box made of wire screens. The cats made frantic efforts to get at the rat. The Maltese tom, however, merely sniffed at the screen and walked away. This behavior decided Mr. Phelps to try and conciliate Tom and the rat. He put Tom inside the screen. Tom made several half-hearted attempts to get the rat out of the little cage, and then stretched himself out and went to sleep.

Every day for three weeks Mr. Phelps put Tom in the big cage, and the rat, which he named Cheese, into the small cage. Daily each became more accustomed to the other's presence. One day he opened both cages. Tom and Cheese squared themselves as if for an encounter. Mr. Phelps threw some bits of meat between them. They hesitated; then both began to eat. From that time the two have been warm friends.

They live together in the cage. By day they wander about the house or into the adjoining country store, which Mr. Phelps owns. Each is very jealous of the other. If anyone pets Tom, Cheese runs about, squealing and exasperated. If Cheese is the favored one, Tom murmurs his disapproval, and arches his back and bristles his tail. If they are separated they run about here and there until they find each other, when they dance and jump with glee. Mr. Phelps has a large show window in his store. Tom and Cheese spend much of their time in it, and the spectacle of these natural enemies living as friends attracts much attention.

PATCHED BLOOMERS.

If she will wear trousers she will have to accept the consequences.—Judge.

Time for Pause.

Epicurus—What's the matter, old fellow? I never see you dining at Potrout's any more. Isn't everything all right? Isn't the cooking just as good; aren't the prices just as reasonable as they always were?

Dyspepticus—Oh, yes, there's nothing the matter with them; but between me and you, I draw the line at waiters carrying the knives and forks over their ears like pens.—Truth.

He Doesn't Make That Kind.

I wish that mockingbird that sings
That cheerful note of praise,
Could show the way for me to pay
That note of thirty days.

—Atlanta Constitution.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.