

THE RED LODGE PICKET

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF CARBON COUNTY AND CITY OF RED LODGE.

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Is the Place Where You Get
ONE HUNDRED CENTS
WORTH OF
MERCHANDISE.....
FOR EVERY
DOLLAR EXPENDED.
A long and varied acquaintance with the people of Carbon county and vicinity has made
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Everyone should know that it is the best place to buy **Guaranteed Clothing, Warranted Shoes, Stetson Hats, California Wool Shirts and Blankets, Bedding** and all other requisites to a complete ranch outfit.
HONEST GOODS AT REASONABLE PRICES.
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Carries a Fine Line of Fruits, Confectionery, Blank Books, Stationery, Tobacco and Cigars, Etc., Etc.
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VICTIM OF A BOY'S AWFUL MISTAKE

John Andrews, Former Postmaster of Red Lodge, Shot and Instantly Killed in Clarke Fork Canyon Last Sunday Night by a Friend Who Mistook Him for a Bear.

A Brother of Alderman Romersa, Standing Within Ninety Feet, Sends a Rifle Ball Crashing Through Poor John's Heart.

As the result of a terrible mistake John Andrews, former postmaster of Red Lodge, was shot and instantly killed last Sunday evening, just at dusk, by John Romersa, the 17-year-old brother of Alderman Emil Romersa of this city. It was a heart-rending accident and the frightful tragedy had for its scene of action the solitude of the walled canyon of the Clarke Fork river, sixty miles south of Red Lodge, in Wyoming, where is located the ranch of W. A. Lewis and where, at the ranch cabin, a party of Mr. Andrews' friends, off for an outing in the mountains, had congregated that fatal Sunday evening to spend the night. In this party were Attorney Sydney Fox of this city, his office boy, John Romersa, and C. C. Huyck of Roberts.

On the way up to the canyon ranch last Sunday they met Mr. Andrews at his cabin, some fifteen miles further down the river, where he was ranging a herd of cattle owned jointly by himself and Dr. George Dilworth. Mr. Andrews was urged to accompany the party and on the way up considerable bear talk was indulged in and Mr. Andrews spoke about having seen one of these animals in the vicinity a few days previous and pointed out the spot where brain had been. On reaching the cabin the party unsaddled their horses. It was then getting dark in the canyon, whose perpendicular walls shut out the light of the full rising moon, and this accounts for the fact that the bivouac was shrouded in darkness, although on the outside the whole country was bathed in a flood of light bursting forth from the queen of night. A half hour later, or about 8 o'clock, death's curtain was suddenly and without a word of warning rung down on life's stage, and there, in that lonely spot, a rifle ball, sent with unerring aim from a gun in the hands of a boy and friend, pierced poor John Andrews' heart and in the twinkling of an eye transformed him into a corpse, the laden messenger of death which took his life having been dispatched in the gathering gloom through an awful error in mistaking a man for a bear.

The details of the frightful tragedy there so unexpectedly enacted are perhaps best told in the language of Mr. Fox, who was an eye-witness to the terrible affair, but too far away from the boy to discern the object at which he was shooting or to arrest the movement which proved so fatal, although he had cautioned the boy a moment before to be careful and make sure that it was a bear before firing. On being interviewed

hard ground, sustaining frightful injuries. A short time afterward he was found in an unconscious condition by one of his sheepherders, who immediately started with the injured man for Meeteetse, where medical assistance could be obtained. They reached town about dark Monday evening, but Mr. Gillies never regained consciousness. He died at 8 o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mr. Gillies was one of the most prominent of the many well known sheepmen of Wyoming and was well known in Montana. He owned about 10,000 sheep ranging near his ranch. He was a public spirited man in every sense of the word and well liked by all who had the pleasure of knowing him. He was a member of the lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows and Modern Woodmen. His only nearby relative was his brother Duncan, also a resident of Meeteetse. The funeral was held Wednesday morning in Meeteetse.

DRAGGED TO HIS DEATH

Farquhar Gillies, Prominent Sheepman of Meeteetse, Passed Away Tuesday Morning.

REMAINED UNCONSCIOUS

A Slip Knot Tightened on His Arm and the Infuriated Animal Dragged Him 500 Yards.

Following close upon the terrible news of the untimely death of John Andrews, came another announcement that was hardly less a shock to many of the people of Red Lodge, namely, that Farquhar Gillies, the well known sheepman, had died at Meeteetse, Wyo., as the result of an accident with a horse. The news came to The Picket over the long distance wires of the Red Lodge and Wyoming Telephone company Tuesday morning shortly after death ensued, W. Dean Hays, cashier of the Meeteetse bank, conveying the information. The accident which culminated in death occurred at his ranch about forty miles from Meeteetse. He was leading a pack horse by a rope around the animal's neck, the other end of the rope being passed around his arm in a slip knot. The animal took fright and started to run. The slip knot tightened around Mr. Gillies' arm and he was helpless. For five hundred yards, by actual measurement, he was dragged over the

Yesterday by a Picket reporter. Mr. Fox said: "We reached the Lewis corral between 6:30 and 7:30 o'clock in the evening. Mr. Andrews took his saddle horse and a picket animal to the cabin, about 150 yards distant, tied the horse to be placed on picket and came back to the corral and turned his saddle animal loose with the others. I asked John Romersa to go into the garden and get some vegetables. He went, and Mr. Andrews and myself started towards the cabin. When we got to the bridge across the creek, about twenty-five feet from the rear end of the cabin, Mr. Andrews and myself both stopped, looked at the fish the boys had caught and passed a few words about them. Mr. Andrews said he would picket the horse and I agreed to get supper. I went into the cabin, lit the lamp, started the fire, etc., and was busy at the supper when John Romersa came in and said he had seen a bear cub in the brush next to the garden. I asked him if he was sure, and he replied, saying: "Yes; I first thought it was the dog, but now I am sure, because the dog is here."

"He then asked me if he could have my 30-30 rifle, and I told him no; that if there was any bear shooting I would take a hand in it myself. At this he picked up his own rifle and started out. I followed after him, saying, 'Be careful, the boys are out this way.' After following him in a point about twenty feet east of the bridge he pointed out to me where he had seen the bear and then went down toward the river, apparently looking for something. All at once he dropped on one knee, raised his gun and fired. Then he started to run and after proceeding about thirty feet suddenly slackened his gait and exclaimed, 'What have I done! John, John Andrews!' He next called to me and I got to the spot as quickly as I could, but poor John, one of the dearest friends I had on earth, was already beyond human aid. He was dead. Romersa told me he had shot at the head of the bear, as he supposed the object to be.

"From all appearances Mr. Andrews, at the time the shot was fired, was stooping down alongside the irrigating ditch, fringed with weeds, peeling and washing onions and cutting off the tops, for we found a bunch of cleaned onions on one side and his open pocket-knife on the other side of his body. Mr. Andrews never uttered a word that I could hear and I believe that death was instantaneous.

received in the Picket office the day before from Mrs. Nettie Pitcher of Romersa, S. Dak., in which she says "Kindly send paper containing account of the death of L. B. Reno." The files of The Picket failed to disclose any edition containing Mr. Reno's obituary and it became the duty of a reporter to find out how long the gentleman had been absent from this life, so that an accurate account of the event might be secured.

It is up to the reading public to solve this enigma. The general opinion seems to prevail that Mr. Reno has been dead since the 6th day of November last. At that time, in company with several other distinguished gentlemen, Mr. Reno died a political death from which there shall be no awakening. From the Salt River elysium of defeated politicians he now gazes with supreme contempt upon the mad whirl of the political melnstrom. As far as physical health goes Mr. Reno looks as sound and healthy as the best of them. Someone has been playing a joke on the lady in Formosa, where L. B. Reno used to live and it is well known. But politically Mr. Reno is like his side partner, William Jennings Bryan, - dead, dead, dead.

When you find a merchant attempting to do business without advertising it is pretty safe to assume that he isn't a bit liberally disposed. Non-advertisers are the people who drive hard bargains. They'll take advantage of you if you don't watch out. The safest plan is to give them a wide berth, for they'll skin you if they get a chance. These fellows may attempt to draw the female trade with the odd-cent racket, but be wise and don't be fooled by such catch-penny schemes. It pays to trade with those who advertise.

ONLY POLITICALLY.
L. B. Reno, Ex-County Attorney, Says He Has Been Dead Three Months or More.
L. B. Reno of Chance, formerly of Red Lodge and ex-county attorney, came into the city Wednesday. He was met on the street by a representative of The Picket and the latter was obliged to ask Mr. Reno, for the sake of gaining desired information, how long he had been dead. Without any apparent regret for the fact that he had passed over the fateful river Styx, Mr. Reno cheerfully answered that he had been dead three months, and all the while he was telling it he appeared to be very much alive. The cause of all this conversation and quest for information was due to a letter

ous. Romersa brought some water in his cup and I bathed John's face, but seeing that all hope was past, I sent the boy to find Huyck and Tabor. He was nearly crazed with grief and remorse and begged me to kill him and attempted to get his gun so as to do the job for himself, but this was prevented. "When the other two boys got back we put the body in a tent and sent Tabor for assistance to Lodge Pole creek, about five miles distant. At midnight Herman Boden, better known as "Dutch Charley," was sent horseback over the mountain trail to Red Lodge with a message to Mr. Andrews' friends. At 4 o'clock the next morning Martin Rannald left for Tolman's ranch and another messenger was dispatched for W. A. Lewis at Sunlight.

"The thanks of all of the dead man's friends, and more especially of those who were on the sad scene, are most heartily given to those neighbors, if one may so designate them, who so kindly came to our assistance and aided us in our dire extremity.

"No one more deeply deplores or is more grieved over the accident than the young man himself. He feels, as I do myself, that in the death of John Andrews we each lost a friend in every sense of the word and that the life that was blotted out lost to the world a heart as true as steel and took from earth one of nature's noblemen, an honest man."

Dutch Charley, bearing the news of the untimely death of Mr. Andrews, reached the city Monday noon and the inexpressible sad intelligence that he brought seemed to invest the very air with a funeral pall, so unexpected and so freighted with genuine and wide-spread sorrow was the terrible news. Three hours later a party of the dead man's most intimate friends in the city, consisting of Dr. George Dilworth, County Treasurer Charles E. Wright, and ex-Sheriff John Durn, accompanied by Henry Rosetta, brother-in-law of the Romersa lad, and Undertaker Fred Underwood, departed on horseback for the scene of the tragedy, while Sam Taggart, placed his team and buggy at the disposal of friends and, accompanied by John Wilkes, left by wagon road for Sunlight, at the foot of Dead Indian hill to receive the body, when it should be embalmed and brought out of the canyon, and convey it to the city for interment. The horseback party rode nearly all night, only camping for two hours enroute, and reached Lewis' ranch by the mountain trail at 7 o'clock Tues-

day morning. The body was carried out of the canyon on an improvised stretcher and conveyed to Sunlight, where Mr. Taggart was in waiting to receive it. The remains reached the city Wednesday noon and an examination showed that the rifle ball entered just below the left collar bone, ranged downward, probably passing through the heart, and lodged close to the surface just above the right hip.

After being prepared for burial by the undertaker, the body was taken to the residence of W. B. Nutting and the funeral took place at 3 o'clock in the afternoon from the Congregational church. The obsequies were in charge of the local lodge of Masons, of which the deceased was an honored member. Rev. W. H. Watson was the officiating clergyman and the church was filled to overflowing with friends of the departed. It was one of the largest funerals ever held in the city and evidence of sorrow and respect for the memory of the dead man were manifested on every hand. During the last sad rites the postoffice was closed as a mark of respect and the funeral cortege was headed by the Miners' City band. The Masons turned out in a body in regalia and the procession was nearly a half a mile long. The floral offerings were wonderfully profuse and literally covered the casket.

The deceased was a native of Pennsylvania, 51 years of age and unmarried. His father was a prominent physician of Oxford, Pa., where the dead man's brother and mother still reside. Another brother lives in Philadelphia and upon being informed by wire of the fatal accident directed that the interment be made at Red Lodge and said that he would be out here in a short time. Mr. Andrews was a distant cousin of Dr. George Dilworth and also a cousin of Mrs. J. N. Tolman. He came to Montana in 1887 and worked for a time as a cowboy for the late J. E. Dilworth. Later he became interested with Mr. Tolman and others in the Heart Horse company and was range foreman of the outfit. He was appointed postmaster at Red Lodge under President Cleveland's second term and served in this capacity for four years, giving excellent satisfaction and making warm personal friends on every hand by his obliging manners and gentlemanly demeanor. At the time of his death he was quite extensively engaged in the cattle business and in addition to the herd ranging on the Clarke Fork he had an interest with Cashier B. E. Vaill of the Carbon County bank in the cattle on the Carbonado range.

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