

# BOB EVANS, MAN HUNTER.

### A Thrilling Tale of Adventure in the Ozarks.

The recent killing of several United States deputy marshals in the Ozark mountains calls attention to the remarkable feats of Bob Evans—Man Hunter. Bob Evans, as he is called, has brought more criminals out of the Ozarks than any other man hunter. His body is covered with scars received in this criminal infested district, and he is the only one of his calling who has managed to grow gray in the service—all of the others have been killed off or have resigned after brief experience. His account of some of the thrilling events in his life is as follows:

"Man hunting is common enough in southern Missouri and northern Arkansas. When a man in that country commits a crime he makes a bee line for the rough lands around the Ozarks. Few people live there except moonshiners, horse thieves and general law-around-deserters. We who make a profession of going in for these criminals are called man hunters. Sometimes we work for the state reward, sometimes for railroad companies and sometimes for the United States government secret service department. I commenced as a deputy sheriff when I

stern that had been gathering all day. I saw Sam enter the stable and I made straight for it, dismounting before he saw me. A Colt in the field whinnied, and in a flash he sprang from the door, covering me with his Winchester.

"Put up that gun, you fool, and let us get under cover before it rains!" I shouted. It was a bluff, but I could see no other way out of it.

"Bob Evans, you have come for me," he replied, with his fingers still on the trigger.

"You are wrong," I replied, with a forced smile. "I have come to get something to eat and I will stay all night if the storm breaks as heavy as it threatens. This while unloading my horse. There was an awkward pause for a moment, then Sam slowly lowered his rifle, remarking, 'I know you want me, but you won't get me.'"

"Well, let us get into the house and talk it over," I said, stepping up the path. In an instant he barred the way, and he held out his hand for my Colt. I had to give it to him. There was no other way out of it. I handed over the gun and walked in front of him into the house. Cold meat, bread and boiled beads were on the table, and a plate laid for one. He marched into his own

from me, faced and clinched, and then commenced the fiercest struggle in my life. I had so overpower that man or die in his grasp.

### A FIGHT FOR LIFE.

"He had the case knife with which he had been eating still in his right hand. With an oath he plunged it into my back. The round pointed blade struck squarely on a rib and broke off. With the broken half blade he jabbed my shoulder, neck and face until I managed to catch his wrist in my right hand. Then we had a rough and tumble all over the floor, sometimes on our knees, sometimes one on top, sometimes the other. We were pretty equally matched. He had the strength of a man, and I was fighting for my life. I had rendered the knife hand powerless by my vice like grip on his wrist, and he had his left on my throat, and I could not get it away.

"My breath was coming short and things were beginning to dance before my eyes. With one mighty effort of the body I lifted him to his knees, struggled a moment, half raised and then we both fell heavily against the table. The latter was overturned and as we sank to the floor again I felt the butt of my revolver under his arm. Loosening my hand I seized it and holding it in the air fired three quick shots. At the last shot he dashed the gun into my face, but except for some powder grains in the eye which have somewhat injured my sight, the shot was harmless. The weapon flew to the other side of the room. But the reports had done good work. My anxious deputies heard them and rushed up to the noise just in time to tear the man's fingers from my throat, for he had got me in a death grip at last. Poor Bill was soon bound and conveyed to the asylum and I—well, I have been in some pretty tight scrapes, but none equal to that one."

### SOUTH'S MANY COLONELS.

#### Possible Explanation of Their Number Suggested.

For many years—indeed, since the close of the civil war—it has been a standing joke among the paragoners and in various quarters among the confederate army was composed almost wholly of army officers, and that the number of colonels distinguished in the southern states, that there are more colonels, majors and generals in the southern than in the northern states, and this is a fact, despite what is a matter of general knowledge, too, that the southern army was materially smaller throughout the war than the northern forces.

An explanation of the apparent anomaly has recently appeared in a statement which shows in detail that the number of southern officers was relatively larger than the number of northern officers during the civil war. The official confederate army list shows one general in chief, Robert E. Lee, and seven full generals, as follows: Cooper, Albert Sydney Johnson, Smith, Bragg and Hood. The number of lieutenant generals in the confederate army, Stonewall Jackson, Hill, Barry, Hockner, Wade Hampton and Gordon among them, was 19, and there were besides 31 major generals, and more than 200 brigadier generals. This was very much larger than the army roll in respect of staff officers on the union side at a corresponding period. Before the establishment of the office of lieutenant general there were four major generals and 11 brigadier generals in the regular army, and 20 major generals and 150 brigadier generals in the volunteer service. There was, correspondingly, a large number of colonels and majors in the southern than in the northern army, and the reason for this was to be found in the fact that the commands of southerners were generally smaller and more widely separated. The northern forces constituted the attacking army; the southern forces, after the battle of Gettysburg, were on the defensive, and much of the conflict which continued during the closing years of the strife was, so far as the

# IN HONOR OF OLD IRONSIDES.

### Eundredth Anniversary of America's Sea Power to Be Celebrated.

"Old Ironsides" is 100 years old, Sept. 20, 1797, was the day set for the launching of the old battleship and now, a century after the historic event, she still survives the wear and tear of peace and war. Charlestown harbor, Boston, was where the launching finally took place. The American navy is, therefore, just a century old, for the Constitution was one of the first battleships built by the then youthful government, after it had achieved its independence.

It will be a source of patriotic rejoicing to Americans that "Old Ironsides" is to be present on this occasion. She was one of the first trio of battleships built by the United States, and is by all odds the most famous vessel that ever floated the American flag. To survive the dangers of war and what is sometimes more wasteful, the decay of peace, through 100 years, is a record that can boast such a record of maritime achievements by American tars.

### GREAT MEN WALKED HER DECK.

Hull, Bainbridge, Decatur, Rodgers and Stewart were among her captains. Paul Revere furnished the brass bolts and spikes that went into her sturdy frame. Betsy Ross, "mother of the American flag," sewed the great banner of 15 stars and 13 stripes that floated above her when she first breasted the waves. Holmes wrote an ode to her that is familiar to every schoolboy. Lord Byron was once a guest on board and Captain Decatur, a British officer, was imprisoned there as a prisoner. Her record during the war of 1812 included the capture of three first class British frigates, 154 guns, 600 prisoners and property worth above \$1,000,000. Truly if ever a ship deserved to have her birthday remembered in her ripe old age the Constitution does.

It was in 1794, in view of the troubles with Algiers, that President Washington and General Henry Knox, secretary of war (the navy was not then a separate department) recommended the building of a number of first class frigates. The country was then without a single man-of-war. The few merchant vessels that had been hastily fitted out for service in the revolution had been dismantled or returned to their earlier uses. Congress was by no means a unit on the plan to establish a navy, and the bill for the building of six frigates of "not less than 28 guns" had a majority of only 2 votes in the house of representatives.

### MOST POWERFUL VESSEL.

Of the six vessels thus provided for only three were at once built. They were the Constitution, of 44 guns, 1,376 tons burden, and costing \$302,719, which was built at Charlestown; the United States of the same size, built at Philadelphia, and the Constellation, of 28 guns and 1,285 tons, built at Baltimore. They were all of American plan and build; the designer was Mr. Joshua Humphreys of Philadelphia. That he was a man of vigorous ideas is shown by his response to General Knox when the latter asked him to submit designs for the proposed ships. He said:

country set to singing praise of the Yankee tars.

Hull and Decatur, the rival commanders in this engagement, were acquaintances and afterwards became firm friends. There is an unauthenticated story to the effect that they had once laid a wager of a hat as to the result of a battle in case their ships ever met. According to this story, when Decatur came on board the Constitution and offered his sword to Hull, the latter courteously declined to take it, but said: "I'll trouble you for that hat, if you don't mind." The incident may not be true, but it illustrates the spirit of the fighting Yankee captain.

The other exploits of the Constitution, including her escape from Admiral Broke's squadron in a three days' chase, her capture of the Java and later of the Cyane and Levant in a single engagement, are too familiar to require more than mention.

### IN LATER YEARS.

In 1823 the old ship—old even then—was thoroughly overhauled and rebuilt at Charlestown, and figured in an incident that aroused considerable feeling at the time, though it has since been generally forgotten. General Andrew Jackson was then at the height of his popularity, although then, as always, he was bitterly hated by some of the New Englanders. Captain Elliot, who had charge of the remodeling of the ship, thought to do honor to the president by having a new figure-head constructed, representing Jackson in the Hermitage scene, holding a scroll on which appeared the words: "The union 't must be preserved."

At once a torrent of protest broke out in New England. The act was illegal, unprecedented, a disgrace to the noble old ship, etc. Threats were freely made that the figurehead would not be allowed to keep its place, and after it was mounted on the ship's prow a sentry was detailed to watch it, and every night a lantern was hung where its light would shine on the figure. One dark night, when a terrible storm of thunder and lightning was raging, Captain Samuel Dewey, a Boston shipper, rowed out of Charlestown harbor with muffled oars, and climbing into the ship's fore chains, sawed off the figurehead almost under the nose of the sentry. The affair was a great mystery for a time, but after the excitement had somewhat subsided Dewey journeyed to Washington, carrying the figurehead in a bag, and there turned it over to one secretary of the navy. He was never punished for his act.

### THE PAST HALF-CENTURY.

The past half-century has been an uneventful one for old Ironsides. She did duty many years as a training ship, and at the outbreak of the civil war she was anchored at Annapolis. It was feared that she would fall into the hands of the confederates, and she was towed to New York. She was afterward removed to Philadelphia, and some years ago was towed to Portsmouth, where she remained until Sept. 1 of the present year, when she was brought back to Charlestown for the celebration in honor of her century of existence. A plan that has been recently put forward in several quarters, and that may be adopted, is to station the old ship at Annapolis or Washington, and to fit her up as a naval museum with relics of our earlier naval history. It is believed that by this means she will be assured of preservation for another hundred



WITH A BOUND AND A CRY, "I KNEW IT," HE JUMPED FROM HIS CHAIR.

was 25 years old and I have been at it for 20 years. I do not remember how many men I have hunted and captured and brought out of the woods, but they would make a small army if they were all in a bunch.

### STRANGE CODE OF ETIQUETTE.

"At first I had a great deal of trouble with the moonshiners. They mistook me for a revenue officer and used to blaze away at me on general principles, but after a while when they found I was not after them they let me alone. There is a strange code of etiquette in that region. Many times I have run against men who were bad, but for whom I had no warrant, I was not after them; they knew it, and gave me no trouble; neither would they give me any information or assistance. It was simply a game of life and death between the man I wanted and myself. If I got the drop on him first he was my man and went out a prisoner. But if he ever turned the tables on me nobody ever interfered; I just fought it out then and there. I work alone now, although I did have a partner, Bill Cummings. He was as brave a man as ever lived, but inclined to be reckless. We worked together for eight years and broke up many a hard gang along the Missouri and Arkansas line. But they got Bill at last.

"In August of 1888 we went after two men who had killed a train messenger on the Missouri Pacific. We traced them into the Ozarks and after two weeks' hunting got the drop on them, made them prisoners and were leading them out when we suddenly ran into the rest of the gang—five of them. There was a fight right away and they got the prisoners away from us and we had to foot it over the rocks for our lives. They finally surrounded us and we had to roll a few boulders around us to make a fighting pit. They had seven Winchester rifles and they took up positions where they could crack at us without exposing themselves very much. From 2 o'clock until 5 we kept blazin' away at each other. Then Bill got a little reckless. We had three of the gang, two of them for keeps, and Bill was for making a charge and having it out. I tried to keep him quiet until dark, but he said it was getting monotonous. He raised up just in time to get a ball in his jugular vein, and he died without my being able to help it. I got both of these face scars during the next 30 minutes. I guess they would have got me, too, if I had not had a ball of special providence that got me out.

### A WELCOME CLODBURST.

"Unnoticed by any of us, a Missouri cyclone came up suddenly and with it a regular clodburst. Our little rifle pit was in a creek and in less than 20 minutes a rocky mountain torrent came pouring down upon us, carrying logs and everything before it. It grew dark all of a sudden. Tree trunks, limbs, rock and gravel were whirled along like feathers. I was soon up to my waist in water. I drew Bill's body up on a stump and was regarded as harmless until one day he commenced to shoot at every man who happened along the road. He had a crazy notion that the whole state of Kansas had been employed to hunt him down, and he opened fire upon everybody who passed the place. Several attempts were made to parley with him, but he answered only with bullets from his Winchester. Somebody had to get him and the unpleasant task fell to me. He and I had been very friendly until he thought I might be able to pacify him until he could be made a prisoner. Of course we could not kill him. It was my first experience with a madman and I never want another. The experience turned my hair the color it is now."

### MEETING THE MANIAC.

"I rode up to the gate one afternoon just before the breaking of a heavy

room and stood his Winchester in the corner. My revolver he stuck into his boot top; he carried his own in his hand. I fell to eating, and he sat at the opposite side of the table, occasionally taking a bite of food, but playing incessantly first with my revolver and then with his own. His shifting eyes were off me scarcely a second. I was nervous and would have given almost anything to be safely out of it. Several times I tried to get him in conversation, but he answered me only with a crazy laugh, and kept up the incessant playing with the two revolvers. Meantime the storm had broken in all its fury, and the sharp, streaky lightning and heavy falls of thunder did not tend to compose my nerves, although at every heavy peal my friend would laugh in apparent answer and frowned when I caught me looking at him.

### GUARDED BY A MANMAN.

"Finally he said: 'You can sleep on that cot in the front room. You have slept on it before. You won't need any candle; every light will come from this fire. Besides, I will watch you.' And again he laughed.

"Aren't you going to turn in?" I ventured.

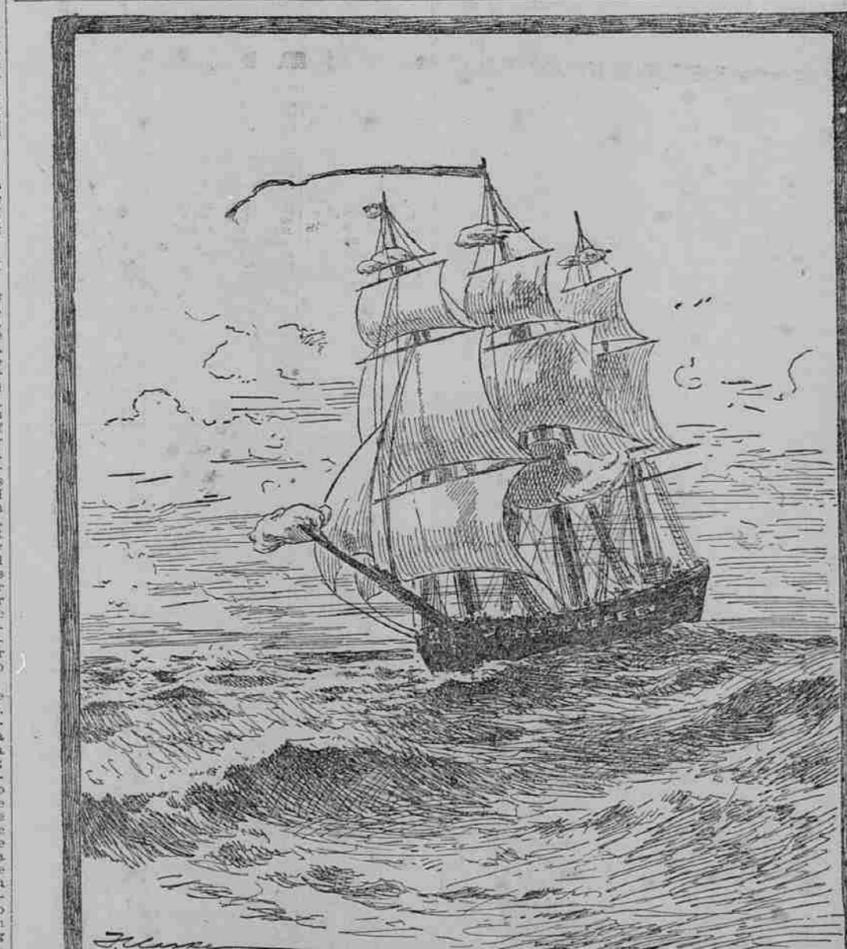
"Not when I have company like you," and then followed another laugh, slowly and deliberately I undressed, trying to turn over my mind to a plan by which I could bring things to a climax. As I stretched myself on the couch Boyle picked up a big armchair and placed it where he could sit and watch every move I might make. A flickering light from a lamp, long shone across the room, but flashes of green lightning made the scene, in my anxious state of mind, most uncanny. Sleep was, of course, out of the question. If he fell asleep my work was simple enough. It was on this chance I had counted. If I did not show up with my prisoner by 7 o'clock next morning, two deputies were to await outside just within calling distance. But my crazy companion did not seem at all inclined to slumber. He smugly rubbed his boots and seated himself in the chair where he could watch me. My revolver seemed particularly to interest him. He amused himself by pointing it at everything within range, including my uncomfortable form on the couch. Hour after hour passed and sleep came to neither of us.

"Toward morning I sank from pure exhaustion into a momentary slumber. The thunder had ceased, but the lightning still continued. The creaking of a board caused me to open my eyes just a trifle. The fire had nearly died out; Boyle was approaching me in his stocking feet. His presence meant no good to me, but I dared not move. Closer he came; I could hear him breathe. He stopped and listened to determine whether I slept or not. I was on the point of jumping from the bed when a sudden flash revealed him within three feet of me. He had me covered with my own revolver. To move meant certain death. It took all my nerve to breathe full and steadily as one in slumber. With the cold sweat pouring off me I awaited the result. Every second seemed an age.

### A PERILOUS MOMENT.

"I have faced the muzzle of a gun many times, but never before in bed, with a manne leaning over me. Then for a while he bent down and listened. He seemed satisfied, and moved away to his seat in the armchair, soon after this, much to my relief, daylight came. Boyle had no other closed his eyes. I felt ten years older. I did not stir, while he placed the coffee over the fire, stopping and anon to look at me through the open door. I called him and he started as if shot, covered me with the revolver, and then slowly lowered it with a laugh. I made some joking remark about his eccentricity and he looked at me with a dangerous character who must be watched. He made no response, only pointing to the table, and said that I had better eat and get out, as the storm was over and he wanted to be left alone.

"Sending myself, I at once made up my mind that the time for action had come. His revolver was in its holster, but mine he laid carefully beside his plate and commenced to eat voraciously, never taking his eyes off me, however. Picking up a cold potato, apparently by accident let it slip and roll to the floor, past Boyle's chair. Rising from my seat I crossed behind him as if to pick up the potato, but suddenly turning, seized him with both arms around the waist. With a bound and a cry of 'I know it,' he jumped from his chair, lifting me off my feet. We both awayed and fell to the floor, his determination to look upon me with a steady eye. With a twist he wrenched



"OLD IRONSIDES."

southern men were engaged in it, of a desultory guerrilla character. The services of sharpshooters, of small attacking columns, of commandos organized for forward movement, and of a retreat, were in detail, and the commander of each detail took by counsel and under military usage, and was high in rank as a northern commander would receive if in charge of a force perhaps eight or ten times larger. It is a well known fact that many men, having either arms or slow to surrender them and to forgo their use as office holders are to retire from the honors and emoluments of public station. The title, 'one a colonel,' always a colonel," still prevails in the south, and it applies in like manner to generals, majors and captains. A man who may have acted for a few hours, perhaps, at the head of a detachment as its colonel, though actually a corporal, has, in the eyes of the war, continued to be known as colonel.

### Out of Taste.

Harper's Bazar: "Here are a few letters I wish you would mail for me, dear," said Mrs. Tenspot, her husband, who never writes to go out. As Mr. Tenspot took them he glanced at the stamps and asked: "My dear, why did you put 15-cent stamps on those letters? Two-cent stamps would have carried them." "My dear," replied Mrs. Tenspot, "but how could I have put a stamp on an envelope of the lovely violet shade? This new stationery is of an exquisite color, and I could not think of putting a stamp with stamps which did not harmonize. These purple 15-cent stamps are the nearest match the postoffice keeps."

"If we build ships of the same size as the Europeans (they have so great a number of them), we shall always be behind them. I would build them of larger size than theirs, and take the lead of them, which is the only safe way of beginning a navy."

This wise counsel was adopted, and the Constitution, with an armament that was increased to 55 guns, was more powerful than any frigate of the Europeans.

Although the Constitution was afterward reckoned the luckiest ship of the navy, her launching was not altogether auspicious. It had been arranged to send her off the ways on Sept. 20, but after moving a few feet the ship stuck, and it was not until Oct. 21 that she finally floated free.

years, and that she will serve a useful purpose as a constant object lesson in patriotism to the younger generation of Americans.

### EARL MAYO.

The Candy Klondike Nuggets. Chicago Chronicle: Klondike candy is the latest thing to be offered on the market. A State street confectioner has filled his window with boxes of yellow caramels that would give a man's face a prospect in Alaska if he suddenly fell into possession of one. The "nuggets" are rough and made to resemble, so far as the skill of the maker can effect it, the genuine mineral. While a box of nuggets would be worth thousands of dollars, this inventive dealer offers the inducement of disposing of them for 25 cents. The popularity of the new candy has been somewhat affected by the change of the coloring matter used to the paint sold by vendors in alleyways along State street for signs and other ornaments.

### A Show on High Olympus.

New York Journal: "Why," exclaimed Jove angrily, "are you letting that miserable shade guzzle all that nectar? He'll have convulsions in a minute." "He said, 'your majesty,' replied Mercury eager. "That if I let him he'd show me a nectar-fit for the gods." Perceiving that the spectacle bore the marks of improvement, Jove, the king of gods and men, whooped loudly for the other deities.

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