

ROUNDING UP OUTLAWS IN THE COLORADO BASIN

Active Campaign by the Governors of Four States Against "Butch" Cassidy and His 500 Freebooters.

SALT LAKE, Utah, March 29, 1898.—"Butch" Cassidy is a bad man. He is the worst man in four States. These States are Utah, Colorado, Idaho and Wy-

oming, and when the four Governors met in secret conclave on Monday it was far the purpose of deciding upon a plan of campaign against the most notorious outlaws the West has ever had to cope with. The achievements of Jesse James and his followers pale into tawdry insignificance before those of "Butch" Cassidy and his five hundred.

For several years—in fact, ever since the Live Stock Commission drove the Wyoming rustlers out of business in 1892—"Butch" has proven a thorn in the flesh of the authorities of the four States in which he carries on his operations. He has laughed the militia to scorn. Sheriffs and deputies he regards with pity and contempt. He is a power unto himself.

After the ordinary methods of hunting outlaws had been tried unsuccessfully it was decided that drastic means must be employed. Rewards have been repeatedly offered for "Butch" Cassidy, dead or alive, and after each fresh outbreak these rewards have invariably been increased. If all the offers which have been made from time to time hold good, the slayer of "Butch" should be ever live to claim his reward, would be entitled to upward of \$20,000 in blood money.

But the rewards have proven as futile as have the efforts of the militia and the deputy sheriffs. And that is why Governor Wells of Utah, Governor Adams of Colorado, Governor Richards of Wyoming and Governor Steunenberg of Idaho set their heads together to see what could be done. Just what the result of their conference was has not been divulged.

The Governors believe in still hunt methods, and it is thought that a large number of experienced mountaineers and bandit hunters will be placed in the field, each State to furnish its quota, and that the bandits will be rounded up in much the same fashion that cattle are. Any attempt to exterminate this desperate band is certain to be attended by bloodshed.

"Butch" and his band are the outgrowth of the rustlers of six years ago. Since then they have broadened their field and increased their numbers. It is no idle boast to say that the leader of this notorious band has five hundred men at his beck and call.

Their depredations are upon a scale never before reached in the history of frontier crime. All the conditions are favorable to them. They know every foot of the vast territory in which they operate, taking in, as it does, the wild and most inaccessible portions of the four States. Every man of them is thoroughly familiar with frontier life in its roughest phases.

The forces are subdivided into five bands, each controlled by its own leader, with Cassidy as the supreme power. The outlaws now practically control the sparsely settled region extending from Central Wyoming southwesterly through Northwestern Colorado and

Utah, and almost to the Arizona line. Mirauding and murdering bands conduct their raids without restraint. The thefts of livestock run into the millions. Ranchmen are murdered and driven out of business, and the officers of the law are powerless.

There are five camps where the various bands make their headquarters, each of which is well nigh inaccessible except to the bandits themselves. Two of the most famous are "Robbers' Roost" and "Hole in the Wall." The former is in South Central Utah, on the San Rafael River, a few miles west of the Green River. The latter is hidden away somewhere in that wild, mountainous district to the northwest of Casper, Wyo.

The other camps are located in Teton Basin, near the eastern border of Idaho and south of the Snake River; Powder Springs in Southwestern Wyoming, near Colorado, and about fifty miles east of the Utah line; and Brown's Park, taking in the northwestern corner of Colorado and the northeastern portion of Utah. It is not definitely known in just which State the Browns Park camp lies, but it is thought to be across the line in Colorado.

Never before in the record of border outlawry have Western States been forced to form an offensive and defensive alliance against bandits such as were entered into last week at Salt Lake by the Governors of these four States. The situation had become desperate and a desperate remedy was required.

The five camps form a chain extending for hundreds of miles. Between these posts communication is maintained by a regular system of couriers and cipher dispatches, facilitating the co-operation of two or more bands when an enterprise of more than usual magnitude is undertaken.

These reckless bands are composed of men of the most reckless and desperate character, long accustomed to deeds of crime. Whenever a murder is committed in the mountain States or a convict escapes from a penitentiary the criminal flees to the nearest of these retreats, where he is safe from pursuit. In this manner the ranks of the bandits have been recruited up to a strength conservatively estimated at five hundred. While each band has its chosen leader, "Butch" Cassidy exercises some sort of authority over the federation.

Each of the strongholds is both a rendezvous and a fortress absolutely impregnable. They can only be reached by traversing deep and narrow gorges, scaling lofty and rugged peaks and penetrating the wildest recesses of the Rocky Mountains. In many places the only trail lies over a narrow shelf or precipice. Holes have been drilled into which in case of close pursuit dynamite can be placed and the trail blown from the face of the cliff into the chasm below, thus baffling all pursuers.

There are also many places where one robber can hold fifty officers at bay, and as the bandits are armed to the teeth and will fight to the last man, any effort to exterminate them by the ordinary processes of law is regarded as a useless sacrifice of life. In their retreats are numerous caves, luxuriously fitted up and containing subsistence sufficient for months. Thus are the bandits enabled to set at defiance all the forces of law and order.

The outlaws roam the adjacent country and smaller settlements without molestation. Many settlers purchase immunity by extending assistance in various ways, and the robbers even attend untidy dances and other functions, occasionally "shooting up" the town or indulging in other forms of recreation. It is only when closely pursued by officers of the law that they retreat to their mountain retreats.

"Butch" Cassidy, however, by reason of the price upon his head, considers the higher altitude more conducive to his health and seldom ventures into the towns, unless he is making a raid or is surrounded by a band of his trusty men, in which case he never fears molestation. As a killer he has earned a reputation during the last ten years probably equal in the West only by that of "Wild Bill" Hickok, peace to his ashes.

Few men who know him would care to rouse his ire, for although a man of wonderful nerve, unlike most of his class, he is possessed of a fearful temper. Sometimes it gets beyond his

foolhardy officers who have invaded their strongholds have been disarmed, dismounted and sent home. An instance of this kind occurred just after the raid on the coal company at Price. Two deputies traced Cassidy and Ferguson to the lair at "Robbers' Roost." They were fully twenty-four hours behind, and their approach was known long before they arrived at the narrow trail leading up into the rendezvous. Cassidy was in a jovial mood, and he conceived that it would be more fun to capture the deputies and make sport of them than to kill them. So he acted accordingly.

The deputies were about half way up the trail when, just at a bend around a sharp point of rocks, they heard the sharp command "Hands up!" Half a dozen guns were staring them in the face not twenty paces away. The deputies realized that not to obey meant sudden death. Up went their hands. Cassidy stepped up to them, roaring with laughter.

"You're a couple of fine dubs to come and catch peaceable citizens, ain't you?" he cried. "Gimme your guns. Here, Buck," calling to one of his men, "search these tenderfeet, and if they've got any tobacco you can keep it." The outcome of it was that the deputies, relieved of everything but their clothing, were bound hand and foot to their horses, conducted to the foot of the pass and sent about their business. To add to their discomfiture a rudely

scrawled note was pinned on the breast of each, which read: "WE ARE DEPUTY SHERIFFS. Sent out to Capture Butch Cassidy and His Gang. When Found Send Us Home."

WOMEN POLAR EXPLORERS. THE notable achievements of women are not confined to the temperate zones. It is well known that in 1891 Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband to McCormick Bay, on the northwestern coast of Greenland, where she wintered with him at "Red Cliff House" (built by the expedition), in 77 degrees 43 minutes north latitude, and that last summer she and her little daughter, Marie Peary, approached still nearer to the north pole, reaching Cape Sabine on the Hope. This is the fatal spot from which General Greely was rescued, after the death of nineteen comrades, and is 78 degrees north, within 6 degrees of the "farthest north" on land, that of Lockwood and Brainard in 1882.

Mrs. Peary does not stand alone in her achievements. Though her record is spoken of as being unique, there are two women, long since dead, who have more than equaled her record. In July, 1735, she sailed from Irkutsk, Siberia, down the Lena River, into the Arctic seas, an expedition commanded by a Russian, Lieutenant Pronchitschef. He was in search of the "northwest passage." On board the ship was his bride, who, rather than be separated from the man she had just wedded, cheerfully braved the perils, more vague and terrible than—of the north, at his side.

The old records state that the ship managed, despite the ice, to pass through the most eastern mouth of the Lena, and then sailed northwesterly along the coast, in a passage between the ice, not more than 100 or 200 yards wide, almost reaching Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost land in Siberia; but here they were stopped by ice, and here they were forced to winter in latitude 77 degrees 43 minutes north. In order to fully appreciate what it meant for

farthest north of any burying ground in the world. "I counted fifty-two graves in this cemetery," she says, "which is the most forbidding in the wide world; a cemetery without epitaphs, without monuments, without flowers, without remembrances, without tears, without regrets, without prayers; a cemetery of desolation, where oblivion doubly environs the dead, where he heard no sigh, no voice, no human step; a terrifying solitude, a profound and frigid silence, broken only by the fierce growl of the polar bear or the moaning of the storm."

AN AMATEUR BAKER. There is a woman now in New York who has had most serious misfortunes, and yet, in her grief and helplessness, has shown rare perseverance and energy at the critical moment. Only a few weeks ago she and her husband lived in a comfortable home in a western city. They owned the property and had been moderately well to do. But the husband died very suddenly. Then the insurance on the house ran out, and soon the widow found it necessary to dispose of the property. Pending the negotiations, the house burned to the ground, and although the widow escaped, everything in her possession had been consumed. She had to borrow clothes before leaving for New York, where she had friends.

She resolved not to allow her grief to have a serious effect upon her, but to find some immediate source of support, and took the first opportunity that offered. She had made a specially wholesome graham bread for a friend here who was suffering with indigestion, and his appreciation of it at once suggested a means of support—she would bake and sell bread. Calling at neighboring residences and boarding houses, she at once took orders for all she could bake, delivered the bread the same day, and secured regular customers. With the proceeds of successive sales she took in a large supply of materials, and is steadily increasing the profits. She declares that with her ambition she will not remain poor long, and will soon make a big success of her undertaking.

THE Koreans, like the Chinese and Japanese, do not countenance marriages when there is a great disparity in the ages. The sunbeam kisses not the moonbeam they say. Although the King was willing to give up the maiden of his choice, he refused for a long time to consider any of the other damsels that were offered him by his advisers. Of late the clamorings of the people for the remarriage of their King have grown so persistent that he has yielded to the importunities of his Ministers and has agreed to marry the lady they have selected for him.

The future Korean Queen is said to be about thirty years old and very handsome, according to the oriental standard of beauty. In this she differs from her predecessor, who was an exceedingly plain-looking woman. In addition, the future Queen is simply as intelligent, or rather, as unintelligent, as her countrywomen, while the murdered Queen was considered clever, and was remarkably well informed concerning her advantages. Her influence over the King was supreme, and he consulted her on all matters of public as well as private interest. Her judgment swayed all his actions, and her power was evident in every branch of the Government.

In selecting this wife for the King the Ministers have been very careful to choose one who will not usurp their power. During the twenty-five years that the murdered Queen shared the throne of Korea, she practically ruled the nation. Like other Korean girls, she received little or no education, but she was a constant and serious student. She read all the books that could be obtained as the English mission schools and was aware that there were nations far more advanced than the Koreans. Nevertheless she had that inborn hatred for the Japanese which is the birthright of every Korean, and for this reason there are some who regard her as a martyr of the way by a Japanese.

National Korean dislike for the Japanese dates back 400 years. A mighty Japanese warrior, living at that time, with but a handful of men succeeded in conquering Japan as a large army as Korea could muster. Of this feat of arms the Japanese are proud and in their text books the warrior who accomplished it is given the place of honor. The Koreans have never forgotten the ignominy of the defeat and have a deep-rooted aversion for every thing Japanese. All their customs and laws more clearly resemble the Chinese than those of the Japanese.

The murdered Queen did not hide her dislike for the Japanese, for in spite of the knowledge she had acquired, she was still a Korean, and as such could not tolerate the Japanese. The Minister from Japan was subjected to all manner of indignities. Her family, who were all powerful in Korea, owing to her influence with the King, made things particularly uncomfortable for the Japanese located in Korea.

One night some one entered the apartments of the Queen by stealth and murdered her. It was claimed that the murderer was a Japanese. An American living in the capital confirmed this report. He had seen the Japanese slip into the royal house and come out with stains of blood on his garments. The Koreans asserted that the assassin was but the instrument of the Japanese Minister in Korea, and that the murder had been done at his instigation. Japan finally recalled the Minister and sent another in his place, thus averting serious trouble.

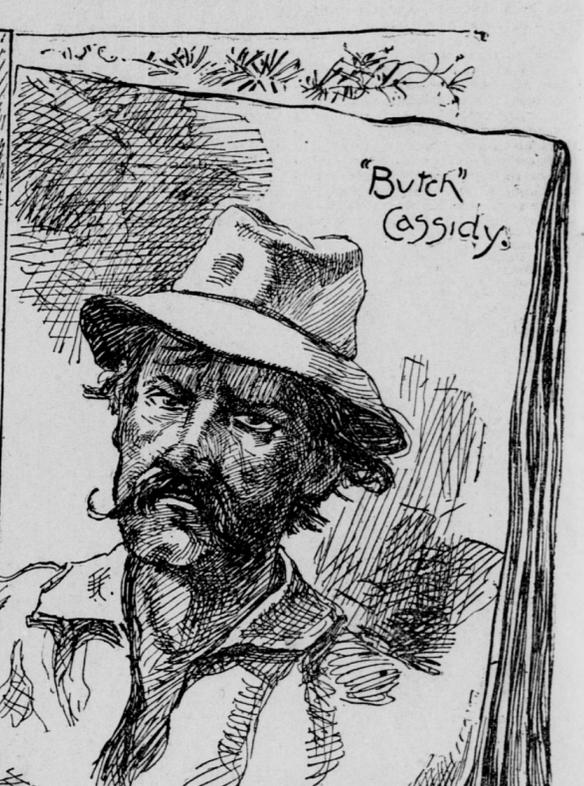
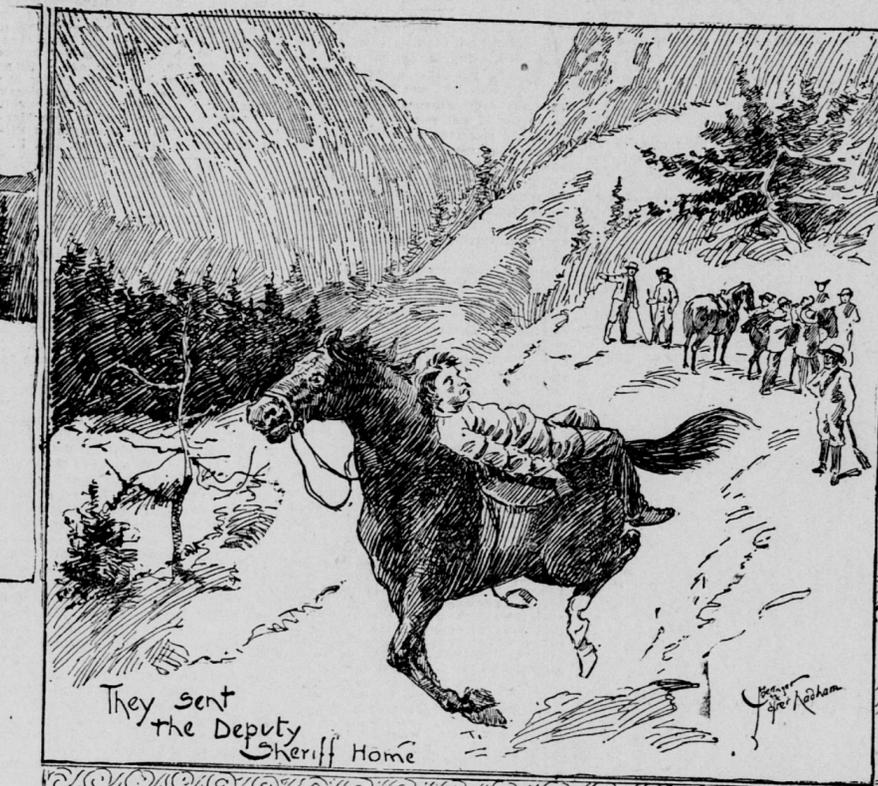
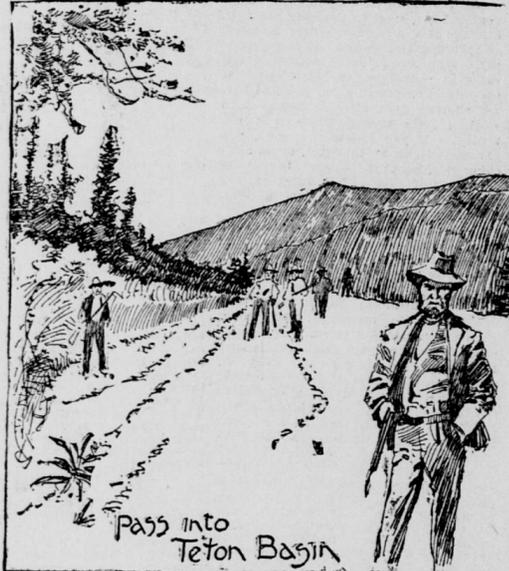
The King, now that his wife is dead, is easily managed by his Ministers. The murdered Queen's family have been stripped of their power, and have sought refuge in China. The new Queen will not occupy the prominent position of affairs that her predecessor did. The people do not care what manner of woman the King marries, so long as she is of a suitable age. But what they do want is that he shall marry at once, so that marriage may again be strictly legal in Korea.

CANNOT MARRY IN KOREA AT PRESENT

Odd Law That Forbids Marriages Till the King Is Wedded, so All Good Koreans Are Patiently Waiting.

ALL Koreans are overjoyed at the assurance that their King is going to be married again at an early date. Legally, there has been no marriage in Korea since the Queen's murder two years

advice to the contrary, but the Ministers finally succeeded in convincing him that it would be folly. For the Koreans would rather that their King should remain single forever than that he should so far forget time-honored customs as to marry a girl so much his junior.



oming, and when the four Governors met in secret conclave on Monday it was far the purpose of deciding upon a plan of campaign against the most notorious outlaws the West has ever had to cope with. The achievements of Jesse James and his followers pale into tawdry insignificance before those of "Butch" Cassidy and his five hundred. For several years—in fact, ever since the Live Stock Commission drove the Wyoming rustlers out of business in 1892—"Butch" has proven a thorn in the flesh of the authorities of the four States in which he carries on his operations. He has laughed the militia to scorn. Sheriffs and deputies he regards with pity and contempt. He is a power unto himself. After the ordinary methods of hunting outlaws had been tried unsuccessfully it was decided that drastic means must be employed. Rewards have been repeatedly offered for "Butch" Cassidy, dead or alive, and after each fresh outbreak these rewards have invariably been increased. If all the offers which have been made from time to time hold good, the slayer of "Butch" should be ever live to claim his reward, would be entitled to upward of \$20,000 in blood money. But the rewards have proven as futile as have the efforts of the militia and the deputy sheriffs. And that is why Governor Wells of Utah, Governor Adams of Colorado, Governor Richards of Wyoming and Governor Steunenberg of Idaho set their heads together to see what could be done. Just what the result of their conference was has not been divulged. The Governors believe in still hunt methods, and it is thought that a large number of experienced mountaineers and bandit hunters will be placed in the field, each State to furnish its quota, and that the bandits will be rounded up in much the same fashion that cattle are. Any attempt to exterminate this desperate band is certain to be attended by bloodshed. "Butch" and his band are the outgrowth of the rustlers of six years ago. Since then they have broadened their field and increased their numbers. It is no idle boast to say that the leader of this notorious band has five hundred men at his beck and call. Their depredations are upon a scale never before reached in the history of frontier crime. All the conditions are favorable to them. They know every foot of the vast territory in which they operate, taking in, as it does, the wild and most inaccessible portions of the four States. Every man of them is thoroughly familiar with frontier life in its roughest phases. The forces are subdivided into five bands, each controlled by its own leader, with Cassidy as the supreme power. The outlaws now practically control the sparsely settled region extending from Central Wyoming southwesterly through Northwestern Colorado and Utah, and almost to the Arizona line. Mirauding and murdering bands conduct their raids without restraint. The thefts of livestock run into the millions. Ranchmen are murdered and driven out of business, and the officers of the law are powerless. There are five camps where the various bands make their headquarters, each of which is well nigh inaccessible except to the bandits themselves. Two of the most famous are "Robbers' Roost" and "Hole in the Wall." The former is in South Central Utah, on the San Rafael River, a few miles west of the Green River. The latter is hidden away somewhere in that wild, mountainous district to the northwest of Casper, Wyo. The other camps are located in Teton Basin, near the eastern border of Idaho and south of the Snake River; Powder Springs in Southwestern Wyoming, near Colorado, and about fifty miles east of the Utah line; and Brown's Park, taking in the northwestern corner of Colorado and the northeastern portion of Utah. It is not definitely known in just which State the Browns Park camp lies, but it is thought to be across the line in Colorado. Never before in the record of border outlawry have Western States been forced to form an offensive and defensive alliance against bandits such as were entered into last week at Salt Lake by the Governors of these four States. The situation had become desperate and a desperate remedy was required. The five camps form a chain extending for hundreds of miles. Between these posts communication is maintained by a regular system of couriers and cipher dispatches, facilitating the co-operation of two or more bands when an enterprise of more than usual magnitude is undertaken. These reckless bands are composed of men of the most reckless and desperate character, long accustomed to deeds of crime. Whenever a murder is committed in the mountain States or a convict escapes from a penitentiary the criminal flees to the nearest of these retreats, where he is safe from pursuit. In this manner the ranks of the bandits have been recruited up to a strength conservatively estimated at five hundred. While each band has its chosen leader, "Butch" Cassidy exercises some sort of authority over the federation. Each of the strongholds is both a rendezvous and a fortress absolutely impregnable. They can only be reached by traversing deep and narrow gorges, scaling lofty and rugged peaks and penetrating the wildest recesses of the Rocky Mountains. In many places the only trail lies over a narrow shelf or precipice. Holes have been drilled into which in case of close pursuit dynamite can be placed and the trail blown from the face of the cliff into the chasm below, thus baffling all pursuers. There are also many places where one robber can hold fifty officers at bay, and as the bandits are armed to the teeth and will fight to the last man, any effort to exterminate them by the ordinary processes of law is regarded as a useless sacrifice of life. In their retreats are numerous caves, luxuriously fitted up and containing subsistence sufficient for months. Thus are the bandits enabled to set at defiance all the forces of law and order. The outlaws roam the adjacent country and smaller settlements without molestation. Many settlers purchase immunity by extending assistance in various ways, and the robbers even attend untidy dances and other functions, occasionally "shooting up" the town or indulging in other forms of recreation. It is only when closely pursued by officers of the law that they retreat to their mountain retreats. "Butch" Cassidy, however, by reason of the price upon his head, considers the higher altitude more conducive to his health and seldom ventures into the towns, unless he is making a raid or is surrounded by a band of his trusty men, in which case he never fears molestation. As a killer he has earned a reputation during the last ten years probably equal in the West only by that of "Wild Bill" Hickok, peace to his ashes. Few men who know him would care to rouse his ire, for although a man of wonderful nerve, unlike most of his class, he is possessed of a fearful temper. Sometimes it gets beyond his foolhardy officers who have invaded their strongholds have been disarmed, dismounted and sent home. An instance of this kind occurred just after the raid on the coal company at Price. Two deputies traced Cassidy and Ferguson to the lair at "Robbers' Roost." They were fully twenty-four hours behind, and their approach was known long before they arrived at the narrow trail leading up into the rendezvous. Cassidy was in a jovial mood, and he conceived that it would be more fun to capture the deputies and make sport of them than to kill them. So he acted accordingly. The deputies were about half way up the trail when, just at a bend around a sharp point of rocks, they heard the sharp command "Hands up!" Half a dozen guns were staring them in the face not twenty paces away. The deputies realized that not to obey meant sudden death. Up went their hands. Cassidy stepped up to them, roaring with laughter. "You're a couple of fine dubs to come and catch peaceable citizens, ain't you?" he cried. "Gimme your guns. Here, Buck," calling to one of his men, "search these tenderfeet, and if they've got any tobacco you can keep it." The outcome of it was that the deputies, relieved of everything but their clothing, were bound hand and foot to their horses, conducted to the foot of the pass and sent about their business. To add to their discomfiture a rudely scrawled note was pinned on the breast of each, which read: "WE ARE DEPUTY SHERIFFS. Sent out to Capture Butch Cassidy and His Gang. When Found Send Us Home."

scrawled note was pinned on the breast of each, which read: "WE ARE DEPUTY SHERIFFS. Sent out to Capture Butch Cassidy and His Gang. When Found Send Us Home."

WOMEN POLAR EXPLORERS. THE notable achievements of women are not confined to the temperate zones. It is well known that in 1891 Mrs. Peary accompanied her husband to McCormick Bay, on the northwestern coast of Greenland, where she wintered with him at "Red Cliff House" (built by the expedition), in 77 degrees 43 minutes north latitude, and that last summer she and her little daughter, Marie Peary, approached still nearer to the north pole, reaching Cape Sabine on the Hope. This is the fatal spot from which General Greely was rescued, after the death of nineteen comrades, and is 78 degrees north, within 6 degrees of the "farthest north" on land, that of Lockwood and Brainard in 1882.

Mrs. Peary does not stand alone in her achievements. Though her record is spoken of as being unique, there are two women, long since dead, who have more than equaled her record. In July, 1735, she sailed from Irkutsk, Siberia, down the Lena River, into the Arctic seas, an expedition commanded by a Russian, Lieutenant Pronchitschef. He was in search of the "northwest passage." On board the ship was his bride, who, rather than be separated from the man she had just wedded, cheerfully braved the perils, more vague and terrible than—of the north, at his side.

The old records state that the ship managed, despite the ice, to pass through the most eastern mouth of the Lena, and then sailed northwesterly along the coast, in a passage between the ice, not more than 100 or 200 yards wide, almost reaching Cape Chelyuskin, the northernmost land in Siberia; but here they were stopped by ice, and here they were forced to winter in latitude 77 degrees 43 minutes north. In order to fully appreciate what it meant for

farthest north of any burying ground in the world. "I counted fifty-two graves in this cemetery," she says, "which is the most forbidding in the wide world; a cemetery without epitaphs, without monuments, without flowers, without remembrances, without tears, without regrets, without prayers; a cemetery of desolation, where oblivion doubly environs the dead, where he heard no sigh, no voice, no human step; a terrifying solitude, a profound and frigid silence, broken only by the fierce growl of the polar bear or the moaning of the storm."

AN AMATEUR BAKER. There is a woman now in New York who has had most serious misfortunes, and yet, in her grief and helplessness, has shown rare perseverance and energy at the critical moment. Only a few weeks ago she and her husband lived in a comfortable home in a western city. They owned the property and had been moderately well to do. But the husband died very suddenly. Then the insurance on the house ran out, and soon the widow found it necessary to dispose of the property. Pending the negotiations, the house burned to the ground, and although the widow escaped, everything in her possession had been consumed. She had to borrow clothes before leaving for New York, where she had friends.

She resolved not to allow her grief to have a serious effect upon her, but to find some immediate source of support, and took the first opportunity that offered. She had made a specially wholesome graham bread for a friend here who was suffering with indigestion, and his appreciation of it at once suggested a means of support—she would bake and sell bread. Calling at neighboring residences and boarding houses, she at once took orders for all she could bake, delivered the bread the same day, and secured regular customers. With the proceeds of successive sales she took in a large supply of materials, and is steadily increasing the profits. She declares that with her ambition she will not remain poor long, and will soon make a big success of her undertaking.

THE Koreans, like the Chinese and Japanese, do not countenance marriages when there is a great disparity in the ages. The sunbeam kisses not the moonbeam they say. Although the King was willing to give up the maiden of his choice, he refused for a long time to consider any of the other damsels that were offered him by his advisers. Of late the clamorings of the people for the remarriage of their King have grown so persistent that he has yielded to the importunities of his Ministers and has agreed to marry the lady they have selected for him.

The future Korean Queen is said to be about thirty years old and very handsome, according to the oriental standard of beauty. In this she differs from her predecessor, who was an exceedingly plain-looking woman. In addition, the future Queen is simply as intelligent, or rather, as unintelligent, as her countrywomen, while the murdered Queen was considered clever, and was remarkably well informed concerning her advantages. Her influence over the King was supreme, and he consulted her on all matters of public as well as private interest. Her judgment swayed all his actions, and her power was evident in every branch of the Government.

In selecting this wife for the King the Ministers have been very careful to choose one who will not usurp their power. During the twenty-five years that the murdered Queen shared the throne of Korea, she practically ruled the nation. Like other Korean girls, she received little or no education, but she was a constant and serious student. She read all the books that could be obtained as the English mission schools and was aware that there were nations far more advanced than the Koreans. Nevertheless she had that inborn hatred for the Japanese which is the birthright of every Korean, and for this reason there are some who regard her as a martyr of the way by a Japanese.

National Korean dislike for the Japanese dates back 400 years. A mighty Japanese warrior, living at that time, with but a handful of men succeeded in conquering Japan as a large army as Korea could muster. Of this feat of arms the Japanese are proud and in their text books the warrior who accomplished it is given the place of honor. The Koreans have never forgotten the ignominy of the defeat and have a deep-rooted aversion for every thing Japanese. All their customs and laws more clearly resemble the Chinese than those of the Japanese.

The murdered Queen did not hide her dislike for the Japanese, for in spite of the knowledge she had acquired, she was still a Korean, and as such could not tolerate the Japanese. The Minister from Japan was subjected to all manner of indignities. Her family, who were all powerful in Korea, owing to her influence with the King, made things particularly uncomfortable for the Japanese located in Korea.

One night some one entered the apartments of the Queen by stealth and murdered her. It was claimed that the murderer was a Japanese. An American living in the capital confirmed this report. He had seen the Japanese slip into the royal house and come out with stains of blood on his garments. The Koreans asserted that the assassin was but the instrument of the Japanese Minister in Korea, and that the murder had been done at his instigation. Japan finally recalled the Minister and sent another in his place, thus averting serious trouble. The King, now that his wife is dead, is easily managed by his Ministers. The murdered Queen's family have been stripped of their power, and have sought refuge in China. The new Queen will not occupy the prominent position of affairs that her predecessor did. The people do not care what manner of woman the King marries, so long as she is of a suitable age. But what they do want is that he shall marry at once, so that marriage may again be strictly legal in Korea.



TERRITORY OVER WHICH THE OUTLAWS ROAM. The Principal Strongholds of the Band—Teton Basin, Hole in the Wall, Brown's Park, Powder Springs and Robber's Roost—Are Indicated on the Map.