

HE SHOT AS HE RAN

FRANK STINSON, AN ALLEGED THIEF, ROUNDED UP BY DR. CASSELY

MADE CHASE FOR LIBERTY.

THE DOCTOR HUNG ON EVEN IN THE FACE OF BULLETS.

TWICE STINSON FIRED.

But He Was Finally Overtaken And Turned Over to the Police Officers.

A thin, sallow-looking young man, carrying a gun in his hand and running at a gallop of fifteen miles an hour, pursued by a stout, short man, with a dark mustache and "blood in his eyes" threw the people in the vicinity of 875 Juno street into confusion about 11 o'clock yesterday forenoon, as he darted to the front door, through the parlor, dining room and kitchen and ran out the rear door of some four or five houses in succession, the man in the rear shouting to every one he passed: "Give me a gun! Give me a gun!"

Let anybody contemplate an episode of this kind and then say if he, too, would not have been just a trifle excited, if he happened to be in the parlor of a house through which such a pair made such an impromptu tour. Who were they? Well, that is the same question which is asked of each house asked as the coat-tails of the man in the rear vanished through the kitchen door.

The man in the lead was Frank Stinson, and the pursuer was Dr. William H. Cassely, the veterinary surgeon.

Stinson has been living at 875 Juno street, and for some time past there had been a suspicion that his conduct might warrant inquiry on the part of the police. It became a fact that, though Stinson had no chickens of his own, he had been selling to sell every day of the week, and he also tended to point at him the finger of suspicion, but no one ever took the trouble to go any further than remark about the mysterious chicken dealer, until yesterday, when Dr. Cassely unceremoniously uncovered a whole mine of information, which incidentally, goods enough in Stinson's house to start a second-hand store.

Wednesday night Dr. Cassely's buggy was stolen, and he at once suspected his mysterious neighbor of having appropriated it, so he concluded to pay him a visit. Stinson was absent, but a young woman, who has been living at the same house appeared at the door. In front of the house the doctor saw his hitching weight and medicine case, which had been taken from his buggy, so he told the young woman that unless she told him immediately where his buggy was he would have her arrested on the spot. This so frightened her that she confessed to her husband's having stolen it, and said he had gone away with it.

Just as the doctor was about to take his departure, Stinson was seen coming toward the house on horseback. But before he arrived, the woman ran out to warn him, the doctor, diving the situation, followed, but before he reached Stinson, the latter had dismounted and taken to his heels, the doctor being too close to enable him to get the horse away and make his escape on horseback.

The doctor gave chase. Having a heavy overcoat on he was unable to keep within halting distance the first block or two, but when he had thrown off his coat, and then it seemed to be about a dead even thing for several blocks. Finally the doctor began gaining, and when Stinson drew a gun and made a back motion as if threatening to shoot, but the doctor kept right on, and was pressing the fugitive closely, when the latter made a mad dash into a house, the door of which happened to be partly open. In the parlor, the dining room, the kitchen and then the doctor ran before the inmate had time to realize that an intruder had invaded their home, and before they could investigate in dashed the pursuer, shouting: "Where is he? Where is he? Give me a gun! Give me a gun!" But he scarcely paused. Realizing by the open doors the route that had been taken by the man, he ran on and still right through and left the astonished people to figure out an explanation for themselves.

Stinson again gained a little ground by this play, but when they reached the street again the doctor was coming up with him so fast that the former thought it necessary to use his gun. He turned and fired twice. Gritty as the doctor had shown himself to be, he did not care to face a gun after the bullets began flying, he took shelter behind a tree. Stinson then ran in through another house the same as he had the first one, and the doctor followed close behind. Then Stinson tore his way through another and still another, and in the "hide and go seek" play between him and his pursuer he gained several laps, reaching the street again with a good lead. But the doctor kept right on, several others now joining in the chase. The doctor finally overtook Stinson at the corner of Portland avenue and St. Albans street.

When Stinson was overhauled he attempted to use his gun, but was knocked down with a sturdy blow from the doctor, who took the man away from him and beat him over the head with it, cutting a gash in the back of his head and splitting his lip. He turned him over to the police at the Rondo street station, who sent him down to the central station to be

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A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant. 40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

taken care of, as the house in which he lived is in that district. The woman, who had taken flight with Stinson, and proved herself quite good a contriver, for she had taken the least slight of in the chase and could not be located afterwards.

An officer went out and searched the house in which Stinson has been living. He found a lot of carpets; that are said to have been stolen from a residence in Meridian Park, a short time ago, a lot of clothing, and in a small room was found six or eight inches of chicken feathers on the floor and the heads of scores of chickens. Some harness and other stuff, believed by the police to have been stolen, were also found, and it is supposed now by the police that the buggy and harness stolen from Atchafalpa some time ago and not recovered must have found their way to this depository. At the time that the carpets were stolen from Meridian Park, Officer Powers tracked the buggy from there to Gleason's dairy, where a couple of milk cans were taken, but he lost the track on Pleasant avenue, and was therefore unable to locate the thief at that time.

It appears that Wednesday night Stinson was coming from Minneapolis and his buggy broke down. He then supplied his wants by taking that of Dr. Cassely, and yesterday, thinking that he might be found out, he took it out to Kiefer's place, on the Stillwater road, where he left it, and was just returning on horseback when the doctor gave chase.

At the central station Stinson was told that the woman had been arrested, and was locked up in the Rondo street station. "Oh, I wish I could kiss her once," was his only remark in reply. The police say the woman belongs in Minneapolis.

WILLOW RIVER FISH. Some History About the Club—The Decision in Detail.

The Willow River club, whose supposed rights were curtailed by a Hudsonian decision as published in the telegraphic columns of the Globe yesterday, contains both St. Paul and Hudson anglers as members, was incorporated a little over a year ago and has the following officers: George Squires, president; James Skinner, vice president; F. O. Cray, of Hudson, secretary, and H. T. Drake, treasurer. A majority of nine is made up mostly of St. Paul gentlemen.

The club purchased some 700 acres of land on both sides of Willow river, all within a distance of 3/4 miles from Willow River falls, although the meetings of the club are held in this city, a very complete club house has been built on the river some two miles from Hudson.

It is claimed that the club did not invest its money in the property without being aware of the rights it possessed on the premises, for it was stated by one of the officers last night that the Hudson suit was but a test case to try the constitutionality of the state law passed by a recent legislature, which said in substance that the fishing stream belonged to the people of the state. The matter will be taken to the Wisconsin supreme court, and will probably come up for hearing at the January term.

Stated briefly, it seems to be a question whether or not other people have a right to fish in streams running through land owned by people who wish to have the fish themselves.

Judge Bundy's decision, according to more complete telegraphic detail, holds that the state may be caught by any person at any place where he has a right to be. If he is passing along a highway upon land or upon navigable waters over which he has a right to pass he has the right as an incident to travel and shoot game or angle for fish at any point along such highway.

He has a right to pass along a navigable river, and the Burlington north, arriving at Nashville Monday morning. A day will be spent at Nashville and another at Chattanooga, and Atlanta will be reached Wednesday morning.

A "BOSTON VALUE" SUIT SALE. \$20 Is the Style! \$20 Is the Quality! \$20 Is the Value!

And \$20 is what corresponding values are bringing in other stores, and we could hardly blame you for paying \$20 if you didn't know that

\$11.50 Is The BOSTON'S Price.

These Suits are beautifully made of Imported Cheviots and Worsteds in the Very Latest Shades in '95 and '96 New York Styles. We want your careful inspection. We want you to judge if they aren't the best suits for \$11.50 you ever laid your eyes on!

Cor. Sixth and Robert. The Boston St. Paul BOWLBY & CO. Established 1870.

Exclusively a ST. PAUL concern, occupying its own building, the Finest Clothing Store in America.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY FILLED.

NORTH DAKOTA EDITORS.

Going to Atlanta to Take in the Exposition. William Miller, of Minnewaukan, N. D., arrived in St. Paul yesterday.

SOCIAL SIDE OF LIFE. Joseph Jefferson to Entertain the Fine Arts School.

Miss Frances Densmore will give a lecture on "The Music of the American Indians" in Conover hall Wednesday afternoon.

The German club will give its first concert Friday evening, Dec. 6, at Litt's hall.

Mrs. A. E. Boyesen, of Fairmount avenue, has issued cards for an afternoon tea for Friday, Dec. 7.

Miss Louise Taylor, violinist, formerly of this city, and one of the beneficiaries of the Schubert club, now studying in Chicago, has been elected to the Ladies Amateur Musical club.

Mrs. T. L. Schurmer and Mrs. Herman Scheffer are among the St. Paul people who attended the grand opera in Chicago, this week.

Miss Berment is entertaining Miss Anne Hobbs, of Concord, N. H.

Mrs. J. Cabell Breckinridge, of New York, son of the late John C. Breckinridge, is a guest of Gen. Newport, of Sumner avenue.

A Road You Can Write On. Or a road upon which you can write, or a road you can write about, take your choice; either is true.

PUPILS OF ST. AGATHA. Give a Musical Recital to a Large Audience.

The pupils of St. Agatha's convent on Exchange street gave the last musical recital of the season yesterday afternoon.

Supreme Court Routine. The following cases will be considered by the supreme court Monday.

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Mannheimer Bros. Sixth and Robert Streets, St. Paul.

HOUSEKEEPERS' DAY. Don't wait for better opportunities than you will find here any day.

Men's Dept. The Greatest Values Ever Offered in Underwear. Pure Australian Wool, worth \$1.75.

ART DEPARTMENT. A partial list of suggestions for Holiday Gifts, all marked at special prices for Friday and Saturday.

WASH GOODS DEPT. 2,500 yards of best Lancaster Apron Checked Gingham, marked as a Housekeepers' Day Special, per yard.

COMFORTABLES. We have several hundred Comforters, made by worthy people out of employment.

GRAY BLANKETS. The \$2.00 kind at \$1.50 a pair. The \$3.00 kind at \$2.00 a pair.

WHITE BLANKETS. The \$3.50 kind at \$2.75 a pair. The \$5.00 kind at \$3.50 a pair.

MILLINERY DEPARTMENT. We are exhibiting a specially fine line of imported and Domestic Evening and Reception Bonnets.

AMUSEMENTS. Metropolitan. Two More Performances Only. JOSEPH JEFFERSON TONIGHT.

Reductions! For Friday and Saturday, MADAME COXLEY will allow a discount of 10 per cent on all her Art Needlework.

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