

SWIFT REVENGE.

Walter J. Dinwoodey, prominent in business and social circles, met a most shocking and tragic fate yesterday (Sunday) morning about 10 o'clock, at the hands of Harry Hynds, a well known gambling house proprietor, with whose wife he had been criminally intimate.

The story of young Dinwoodey's downfall and death briefly told, is as follows:

On Wednesday last Hynds went to Butte on a business trip. He returned home Sunday morning, twenty-four hours sooner than he expected on going away. Arriving at the Union Pacific depot at 9:05, he took a Gurney and started for his home at 639 east South Temple street. He halted on the way for a few moments, long enough to shake hands with a few friends and buy some cigars. He reached his residence just a little before ten and dismissing the cab driver with a half dollar, started up the walk leading to the front door of his house. It was locked and he took out his night key and inserted it in the door. Still it failed to yield and he rapped for admittance. Presently his wife came tripping down the hallway in her night clothes and asked, "whose's there?"

"Harry," was the reply.

There was a flutter and a brief delay after which the door swung on its hinges and Hynds stepped in, embraced his wife and kissed her affectionately. The husband observed that she was nervous and ill at ease but paid no particular attention to the fact at that moment.

Hynds stepped down the hall a pace or two and looking through an open door said "You didn't sleep in our bed room last night, dear."

"No," came the response "I slept in the spare bed room," and stepping into it said something about dressing. Hynds followed, and noticing an empty beer bottle on the table, smilingly remarked that she must have been drinking. Mrs. Hynds said, "Yes I did take a little beer last night."

Hynds had his suspicion aroused by this time and said, "but you didn't need two glasses, did you?"

"I had a friend stopping with me," replied Mrs. Hynds, giving the name of a lady acquaintance.

Seeing a package of cigarettes on the table among the other evidences of a rollicking time, Hynds further continued his course of interrogation by asking, "Did she smoke?"

"Yes," was the hesitating rejoinder.

"Did you?"

"No, I didn't."

"But you permitted her to smoke?"

"Yes, I did."

Mrs. Hynds became considerably agitated under her husband's close examination and as a result became more suspicious than ever. When she left the room and passed the closet she drew the heavy portiers across the entrance.

"What are you doing there?" demanded the husband in a tone of voice that indicated rising anger.

"Just getting a dress," replied the wife. But Hynds felt that he was being deceived and said he proposed to see for himself, and suiting his action

to his words started to investigate. He pulled aside the portiers and struck a match to light up the interior of the closet, which is a narrow compartment and quite dark except when artificially illumined.

Mrs. Hynds, fearing that her husband would discover her paramour, who had sought temporary refuge in the closet, sprang directly in front of him and dashed the lighted match from his hand. Hynds was now certain that his wife had deceived him and struck her aside with considerable force. He then lighted a second match, this time without interruption. He held it up and peered into the dark recesses of the closet and beheld Dinwoodey standing far back only partially clad.

Hynds in a voice of anger commanded him to come from his hiding place, and to take his clothes and "get out." Hynds then brought the colored servant from the kitchen and asked her if she had ever seen Dinwoodey there before. She shook her head and said she had not.

"Well," Hynds went on, "take a good look at him so that you will know him if he ever comes back."

With this injunction the thoroughly frightened servant went back to her work while Dinwoodey was again reminded to hurry up and get out. Hynds told his wife that she must also prepare to pack up and go. She began to weep and wanted to know what would become of her, whereupon Dinwoodey took up the woman's defense, saying, "Come with me, Maudie, I'll take care of you."

Hynds, it is said has told his friends that these words cost Dinwoodey his life. He had resolved to allow him to depart unharmed. But he could not control himself when it came to seeing the destroyer of his happiness and home taunt him thus in his immediate presence. As soon as the words were spoken Hynds drew a revolver and fired three shots, all of which lodged in Dinwoodey's body and any of which would have caused death. Dinwoodey sank to the floor moaning piteously.

An examination disclosed the fact that one bullet had entered the victim's stomach. This was probably the first shot. The other two took effect, one in the head and the other in the back between the shoulders, and were probably received while he was falling, as Hynds fired very rapidly.

After the shooting Hynds walked to the door, and spying Miss Edith Noble, the 16-year-old daughter of Fire and Police Commissioner Noble, told her that he had shot a man and to tell her father, who resided next door, to hurry over. Miss Noble, unaccustomed to bearing such unwelcome tidings, excitedly and hurriedly complied with Hynds's request. Mr. Noble immediately telephoned to the police station and soon Officers Pratt and Shannon were at the Hynds residence and placed him under arrest. He had previously given his revolver to Mr. Noble and was anxious to surrender to the police.

Hynds was taken to the station and spent the afternoon and night in Chief Pratt's private office, in company with Joe Richards, and guarded by Officer Shannon.

The first person to learn of the lamentable affair outside of the Hynds

household was Miss Noble, who in company with the Misses Judge had just returned from church and was about to enter the gate leading to her home when Mr. Hynds rushed out of his residence, greatly excited, and calling to the girl, stated that he had killed Walter Dinwoodey and desired her to tell her father to come over as quickly as possible.

Miss Noble was so overcome by the remarks of Mr. Hynds that in going into the house and commencing to tell her father of the affair, she fainted before she was able to relate what Hynds had told her.

Mr. Noble, however, had learned sufficient from his daughter to understand the situation and he lost no time in going over to the Hynds residence, where he found Mr. and Mrs. Hynds in a frenzied condition. Upon inquiring the cause of the excitement, Hynds stated that he had shot Walter Dinwoodey, while Mrs. Hynds pointed to a bath-room, apparently indicating that the wounded man was located there. Hynds banded his revolver to Mr. Noble, and the commissioner instantly ran over to his own home and telephoned for Dr. Richards and the police. Returning to the Hynds residence, Mr. Noble entered the bath-room and there lying in a cramped position with his head resting upon the edge of the bath-tub was young Dinwoodey, who through his own indiscretion had brought upon himself such a terrible fate. Mr. Noble spoke to him, but not an answer came, Walter all the while moaning, "Maud, dearie, why don't you help me? Why don't you do something for your boy? I am so sick." The young man's eyes were closed and his mind was apparently wandering.

Mr. Noble asked for and received a pillow upon which he placed the dying man's head and straightened him out to a more comfortable position. Dr. Richards then arrived, together with Officers Shannon and Pratt, and upon the former's orders an ambulance was sent for and Mr. Dinwoodey conveyed to the St. Mark's hospital.

Just as the conveyance was about to leave the Hynds residence, with the young man whose life blood was fast ebbing away he said imploringly, "Kiss me, Maud, kiss me." Mrs. Hynds listened to the words of the dying man and stood as one transfixed with an expression of horror in every line of her face.

"Kiss him," commanded the husband, but the wife shrunk back into the house away from the gaze of the curious crowd that the shooting had brought together.

On the way to the hospital Dinwoodey continued to cry and moan, saying, "Maudie dear, why don't you come to your boy?"

He died at 11:48.

The coroner's inquest was held during the afternoon at the residence of the young man's parents, at No. 815 east South Temple street. The jury was composed of J. B. Farlow, Wm. Seldensaden and Vernon S. Hardy. They returned the following verdict:

We, the said jurors, on oath and from the evidence presented find that the deceased came to his death on the 1st day of March, A. D. 1896, from pistol shot wounds fired from a pistol in the hands of one Harry Hynds and that the same was felonious.