

and disputed passage in that direction. The other Grantsville officers and the posse from Tooele county in the meantime had arrived under command of Sheriff McKellar. The forces were quickly and intelligently divided. Some were put in the bottom of the canyon below while others went out to the hillsides both north and south. Then a gradual closing in began and in a very short time Coughlin came out from his hiding place having previously broken the stock of his rifle and thrown it into the creek, or near it with his revolver and ammunition and said, "This is the first time I have had an opportunity to surrender like a man."

Every other time when we have been closely pushed we have been fired upon by the officers who would have shot us down like dogs without giving us any chance at all. At Evanston the officers did that and they did the same thing in City Creek canyon."

Coughlin gave himself up to John Rydalah, Rue Barrus and Gus Sauer. An hour later George surrendered to Sheriff McKellar and posse.

Prior to the surrender and before Coughlin came out of the brush, the officers began firing in towards the bed of the creek where the boys were hiding—not with the intention of killing them but of driving them out. A good many shots were fired but so far as known the desperadoes did not shoot back, in fact it is certain that they did not. When Coughlin gave up and when he had been thoroughly searched, something he quite willingly submitted to, he was left in charge of Sanberg while Rydalah and Mescham went to reinforce the other officers who were on George's trail. The Tooele city officers were all following it. They consisted of Sheriff McKellar, ex-Sheriff Charles McBride, ex-Deputy United States Marshal Gordon, City Marshal John Maraden, Bill Elkington and three others. Some of them passed within twenty feet of where George lay without discovering him. The vantage point of the young outlaw was such that he could have shot every one of them down without any possibility of the officers having been able to have defended themselves. Whether George came to the conclusion that he didn't want to kill any of them or whether he felt that the game was up is not known.

When taken into custody he had considerably less to say than did Coughlin. The latter gave ex-Sheriff McBride a very neat little riding whip as a souvenir of the occasion and told him to keep it and take good care of it as a token of remembrance of the capture. That Coughlin was still as desperate and determined as before as may be ascertained from the remark made by him, "Boys, I would have taken my chances with an equal or double number, but you were too many for me."

In a very short time afterwards the fugitives handcuffed and surrounded were put in a buggy and driven off towards Grantsville where they arrived about noon. The capture was made before the Salt Lake officers arrived, being a mile or more away at the time.

On reaching Grantsville, the fugitives were given some refreshments

bought at the Co-op store. These consisted of soda water, cheese, crackers, etc. They plainly showed the result of the severity of the test to which they have been put the last two weeks. During the whole of that time they had allowed their beards to grow and they were dust begrimed and dirty to an extent that gave them a very repulsive appearance. A special representative of the NEWS interviewed the boys as they sat at their lunch and Coughlin on being asked if they were not worn out laughingly replied, "Why no; we are all right. It takes something besides what we have had to put up with to do that."

The fugitives wore slouch hats and each was provided with a coat, articles of wearing apparel which it is said they did not have when they went into City Creek canyon. One of the coats was made of canvas cloth and the other of a corduroy material.

The horses which were captured with the fugitives were brought down to Grantsville and from there will be sent direct to this city. One of these animals is of the pair that was stolen from in front of the U. P. saloon at Murray on Saturday night. The other had been traded off in Willow Canyon last evening for a gray.

When ex-Sheriff McBride asked Coughlin, "Who would this horse belong to and where would he be if his owner had him?"

"Oh, d—d I know, I didn't take the trouble to get a bill of sale with him," was the reply, supplemented with the statement, "I didn't have the time to do it."

To Officer McBride he also said, "When we were in that little cabin in Wyoming the officers opened fire on us first, and the only thing for us to do was to defend ourselves. If we hadn't done so we would have been killed, and it was the same way in City Creek."

The outlaws got no sympathy in Tooele. Sentiment is against them on every hand though not to the extent of lynching. The general hope is that the law will be allowed to take its course.

When they rode into the camp of the Third Term mine last night the men at work there at once grew suspicious of them. But they were so cool and unconcerned that the suspicion was almost set aside and would have been almost entirely so but for a sudden nervousness which came over George.

The outlaws first asked for some bread and butter or a bite of something else to eat. They were asked by Mr. Barrus to stay a while and have supper and they gladly accepted the invitation. They were very hungry and ate heartily, Coughlin disprising of among a large amount of other food, nine great rounds or slices of bread. George took his nervous spell just before sitting down to the table and did not eat with so much relish.

While they were at supper a couple of the miners went out to where their horses were tied and found that the outlaws had left their Winchester rifles on their saddles. A hasty but minute examination was made even to taking the numbers of the guns. The miners—two of them—started into camp with the determination

of holding a consultation with their confederates with a view to again going back and confiscating the guns and making an attempt to capture their visitors. But at that moment Coughlin and George came out from supper, mounted their horses and rode away. A few minutes later Barrus was on the way to Grantsville with the message heretofore indicated.

Coughlin and George arrived in Salt Lake this afternoon on the regular train from the Tooele terminus. A curious crowd at Garfield awaited the arrival of the train there. The desperadoes were closely guarded by Sheriff Hardy, Sheriff McKellar, of Tooele, Deputy J. B. Gordon and four other deputies. On arriving at Garfield the doors were closed but nevertheless men, women and children scrambled onto the girder rods of the car to get a peep through the small windows at the youthful renegades who during the last few days have kept the wires hot and men in the saddle in their pursuit. Coughlin bore the scrutiny with a smile of bravado, but George kept his head hung down so as one could not observe his face. Both boys show signs of the severe time they have been through the last ten days.

Coughlin in particular looks in his present condition a very hard character, hair unkempt, a two week's growth of beard on his face which bears the appearance of not having seen water for many days. George looks little better, his face, however, does not seem to be a bad type; on the contrary it strikes one as having rather a vacant expression on it than anything else but on leaving he brightened up somewhat and chatted with the officers. A NEWS representative started to interview Coughlin, who was about to relate his experiences, but was courteously and firmly informed by Sheriff Hardy that he would not allow the murderers to talk until they were safely behind the bars. At this Coughlin seemed disappointed as newspaper notoriety is evidently what he is hunting. Both boys, who were heavily ironed, but for the dirt on them look like regular sheepherders, Coughlin being attired in overalls, old "stogie" shoes dark snirt with a leather sheepherder's coat over which he wears an old greasy brown canvas coat, George being similarly attired with the exception of the canvas coat, he further wears a violet silk neckerchief about his neck. Both boys talked warmly and freely with the deputies during the latter part of the journey in presumably relating their adventures but Sheriff Hardy would not let them talk for publication until they had seen a lawyer.

Fully three thousand people were congregated at the Utah Nevada depot on arrival of the train bearing the outlaws. Young men and boys boarded the train and box cars at the risk of life and limb. At Eighth West and from there on to the depot the train became crowded even on top of the passenger coaches. At the depot the police were momentarily powerless to hold the crowd back but at length succeeded in clearing a space up which a hack drove into which the two outlaws were