

prayers and tears of the ill and helpless woman, the mob went through with its work with cold-blooded, cruel deliberation, and only left when certain that both man and woman were dead.

The affair was the outgrowth of the old story of a faithless wife and a vengeful husband. Several months ago Deveres, a middle-aged widower, was accused by Thomas West, a prosperous farmer, of intimacy with Mrs. West. Quarrel followed quarrel throughout the fall, until West instituted divorce proceedings and declared Deveres must die. The men met in Lebanon, and West snapped his revolver, which missed fire, while Deveres killed him on the spot. The murderer secured bail, and moved into West's house. The relatives of the murdered husband swore vengeance. Close to 10 o'clock last night a band of men rode up to the West homestead and demanded admittance.

"Tom West is dead. Now it's your turn," the spokesman called, and Deveres and the woman awoke to find their house surrounded. Mrs. West rushed to a darkened window and began a wild, hysterical plea for mercy. A dozen bullets answered her cries, and the demand for surrender was repeated. Deveres, too, asked for a hearing, but his request was greeted with a shower of shots.

"We'll give you ten minutes to open up; then you burn," said the mob's leader, and his men quietly retired from the door.

A hurried consultation was held inside the house, and then, white and terror-stricken, the little girl of Deveres was thrust out to plead with the mob. Glad in her night robe, bare footed and unprotected, she bravely walked out into the moonlight and sobbed out a prayer for her white-haired father's life.

"Get out. You're liable to get shot yourself," a ruffian said, and thoroughly frightened, the child fled to the cabin of a negro neighbor.

Mrs. West then appeared at the door and, referring to her condition, made a last appeal for mercy. It was unavailing, and in another moment the house was fired. The shrieks of the imprisoned wretches failed to move their torturers, who, after the flames reached the living-room, could see the man and woman in the agonies of death.

Just before the roof fell the woman was seen to reel across the room and plunge headlong into the fireplace among the burning coals, and there she died. Wild with pain, Deveres at the last moment made a dash for liberty, but a score of bullets stopped him half a dozen steps from the door.

This morning the little girl led her negro protector to the scene, and there the bodies, scorched beyond recognition, were found, untouched by the lynchers. There is but little doubt that the members of the mob will be captured, as they were without masks and made no attempt at secrecy.

It is not improbable that the scenes of last night will be re-enacted in the vicinity shortly, as the outrage has aroused the most intense indignation among the people of the country. Because of the fact that West's relatives had threatened vengeance, there is a strong belief that they were responsi-

ble for last night's crime. Uncertainty as to just who was implicated has so far prevented further trouble.

The child of Deveres, who was a witness to the tragedy, is dangerously ill as a result of the fright and exposure, but upon her recovery she may be able, it is hoped, to identify some of the lynchers.

Deveres's body was pierced by at least twenty-five bullets. Before his desperate dash for liberty he had been frightfully burned, and would probably have died without the gunshot wounds. His hair and beard were burned off, his clothes were in charred shreds and his face blistered and blackened.

No arrests have so far been made, but developments are expected tomorrow.

Justice Nave late this afternoon held an inquest upon the bodies of the victims. Several witnesses were examined, but nothing tending to incriminate any one was developed. The investigation will be continued tomorrow.

Deveres formerly lived at Knoxville, Tenn.

UTE INDIANS STARVING.

DURANGO, Colo., Dec. 28.—The Durango board of trade, at a meeting last evening issued the following statement:

Chief Ignacio of the Southern Ute Indians and a large part of his nation have elected not to take allotments of land in severalty, and for several months have been in occupation of the west end of the present reservation, which was set apart and reserved for such Indians as would not take land in severalty. This was done under a act of Congress approved February 20, 1895. This law also states that the government shall maintain an agency at some suitable place on the lands so reserved. This act of Congress was explained to the Indians by the Indian department at the time a majority of the male adult Indians accepted and consented to its provisions, and Ignacio and his Ute Indians went to this western part of the reservation, expecting the Indian department would keep faith with them.

No agency was established, but in the early fall Ignacio was promised that if he and his Indians would go to the agency on the eastern end of the reservation, a distance of seventy-five miles, for their annuity money and other moneys due them from the government, an agency would be immediately established at Navajo Springs, at which place thereafter rations would be furnished them weekly, as is furnished to the Indians on the eastern end of the reservation, and at which place all their moneys would be paid to them. Ignacio and his Indians believed this promise, and went after their money and rations and immediately returned to their home on the western end of the reservation. But no agency has been established at Navajo Springs or at any other place on the western end of the reservation, and Chief Ignacio and his Indians have received no rations for months. To keep them from starving, members of the Durango board of trade have sent them provisions from time to time, and the white settlers near them have fed them from their scanty

stock. These Indians are now in a starving condition, and Chief Ignacio says he will starve to death before he will go to the old agency for rations, and we believe that he will do so, as he never breaks his word. He is an Indian chief that comes up to the ideal of a noble Indian as pictured by Cooper in his novels. He says that he has kept his agreement, and wonders why "Washington" does not keep his part of the compact.

Chief Ignacio will not kill cattle on the range to keep himself from starvation, but some of his followers may, and this will result in bloodshed. The Indian brave will retaliate on the whites at the sight of his dead squaw and papoose.

Winter weather now on us will hasten this state of affairs. Indian Commissioner Browning has turned a deaf ear so far to the appeals of these starving Indians, seeming to imply that he believes "a good Indian is a dead Indian." Chief Ignacio has personally met President Cleveland at the White House, and believes that he has not forgotten and will not let him and his people starve. The board of trade appeals to the United States at large in the cause of humanity to make the present cold-blooded Indian department feed these starving Indians.

CHICAGO PREACHERS DISCUSS THE VENEZUELAN QUESTION.

CHICAGO, Dec. 30.—The Venezuelan question again furnished a text for pulpit discussion in the Sunday sermons. Rev. Myron W. Haynes of the Englewood Baptist church; Rev. R. F. Johnson, of the Oak Park Unity church, and Rev. John Rush of the Militant church, spoke on the subject.

A murmur of applause ran through Mr. Haynes's congregation when he said:

"When weak humanity is wronged, we have a right to rectify it, and I believe by force of arms."

Mr. Haynes said among other things:

"Why do ministers who mistake weakness for piety, say that war can never be justifiable among civilized nations? To say a Christian should never engage in warfare except the moral warfare which is waged in his own bosom, is to say that a man whom God has equipped with muscles, brain, skill and a prophetic vision of consequences should rest in supine quiescence and allow wrong to trample upon right; atheism and paganism to supplant Christianity. It is the most pusillanimous twaddle and is unworthy the utterance of an intelligent man. Men do not fight today for the sake of fighting, but for the sake of some great principle. Rome fought for aggrandizement. Barbarous nations fought merely for pastime. Ambitious monarchs have fought for territory. A few have waged war merely for commercial reasons. We are rapidly passing beyond the boundary line of such unworthy sentiments. Therefore, I say the dawn is breaking. We are approaching the glorious peace which shall sometime envelop the world in its spotless mantles as in the silent shades of night the frost king flings his habiliments of purity over forest and meadow and stream.

"I cannot be forced into the belief