

## TWO ROBBERS SHOT.

March 17 added one more to the list of shooting scrapes recorded in this city. The result of the latest is that one man lies dead in the Sexton's office, another is in the hospital and the doctors say he cannot live, and still another, with a comparatively slight wound on the head, is in the city jail until an enquiry can be had into the circumstances under which he shot the first two.

The man who is in custody is J. C. Weston. He is 24 years of age, and has been employed in Mr. Bamberger's rock quarries, on the R. G. W. Yesterday morning he came to town to spend the day. He went about from place to place, and after going into a saloon for a glass of beer, he met a man named Werner, who claimed a former acquaintance. The two remained together, and in the afternoon went to the Foam saloon, north of the Herald building. There they met a third party, whom Werner introduced as his friend John. This was about 5 p. m. "John," who has been heard to say that his name was Day, joined with the others in drinking, and all were merry together. Then Werner and Day induced Weston to go out of the saloon, and back to near the centre of the block, where Grant Brothers Company's bus house stands.

When Mr. Weston started out he had in his right hand pantaloons pocket a purse containing \$7 or \$8 in silver. In his left hand pocket he had a similar purse with about \$160 in gold. After leaving the saloon as stated, the trio entered the bus. Weston's companions had ascertained that he had money, and they believed that he was sufficiently intoxicated to become an easy prey to them. So they fumbled about him, and tried to get into his pockets.

But he was not so helpless as they took him to be, and realizing that an attempt was being made to rob him, he resisted. In the struggle his right-hand pocket was torn, and Day secured the purse with the silver in it. At this time Mr. Weston was partially under the other two, and Werner was engaged in getting at the left-hand pocket. As Day was transferring the purse to his own pocket, Weston, by an effort, threw his assailants back far enough for him to reach into the pocket where he carried his revolver.

Day saw the movement, and in a moment had his own pistol out, and sought to quickly settle matters by putting it to Weston's head and pulling the trigger. But in the scramble the aim was not good, and the bullet struck Weston at the left temple, tearing back along the side of the head, and laying the skull bare on its track. The shot seemed to nerve the proposed victim, who brought his own weapon into play. The nearest person to him was Werner, still seeking to get the purse, and the first shot from Weston's gun was sent into him. Werner staggered back and down to the ground, with a bullet in his

neck. The ball had entered a little to the left side, and lodged somewhere in the back of the neck.

Weston then had only one antagonist, but he was armed and about to shoot, so quick work was necessary. Another shot was fired, and Day went to the ground with a bullet hole in his left side, near the hip bone. As Weston followed him out of the bus he fired the third time, the ball passing through Day's hat and piercing the centre of his forehead. Day turned about and ran a few rods, when he dropped dead.

Weston went to the livery stable and stated that he had shot two men. In a brief space of time several police arrived on the scene, and took charge of the parties, who were removed later, Weston and Werner being taken to the City Hall, and the dead man to the Sexton's. Dr. Hall examined Werner's wound and stated that it was necessarily fatal. So far as Day was concerned, either of his wounds would have resulted in death.

Mr. Weston gave his account of the affair substantially as related above. Werner was asked for his version, and stated that Weston had assaulted and tried to rob him. He was told that his death was certain to result from the shot, but he did not believe this and insisted that he would recover. After a time he began to feel worse. He was told that his companion was dead, and was again informed that his wound was mortal. Then he made a brief statement to Marshal Young, that he and his friend had engaged to rob Weston, and he had shot them.

Assistant City Attorney Eichnor came at this juncture, and learning that the dying man was a German, Mr. Eichnor addressed him in that tongue. In reply, Werner made deposition, in substance as follows:

My name is William Henry Werner. I was born in Saxony, Germany, and am thirty years of age. Twelve years ago I came to this country, and have lived most of the time in Philadelphia. I came west and stayed in Omaha six months. Three weeks ago I arrived in Salt Lake, and got employment with Grant Brothers. A week ago I met John (meaning the dead man); I did not know his full name. He told me of several robberies he had been engaged in, one of them being a jewelry store. I met the stranger (meaning Weston) yesterday. My friend proposed that we rob the stranger. John had a gun—a self-cocker. He fired one shot. The stranger then fired. Werner said he did not desire word to be sent to his father and mother about the shooting. He said his friend had laid a plan to rob the R. G. W. depot. He considered his companion "a smart thief."

Tuesday, March 18 Werner was removed to the hospital, where he is still alive, though weak. The doctors say that his death is a matter of a few hours. The body of the dead man was identified today as that of Robert J. Granfield—at least some of the officers were positive that it was he. So firm were they in this opinion that a suggestion of it being

someone else would not be considered. This afternoon Granfield was seen on Main Street and Justice Laney, who also met him, called his attention to his being confounded with the dead man. This afternoon Coroner Taylor determined to hold an inquest over the body at a later hour, the delay being to secure necessary witnesses. In Day's pockets there were a few papers and the purse he had stolen, with between \$4 and \$5 in it.

There seems to be no doubt whatever that young Weston acted in self-defense, and it is remarkable that, with the odds against him, he got off so easily. With the evidence as it stands at present, there is no doubt that the coroner's jury will exonerate him. As for the others, there will not be much regret, except that their course has been one of sin. They planned to rob the young man, and would not have hesitated to murder him. In fact, one of them made the attempt. But in the emergency he had the nerve to act with decision, and thus saved his own life and property.

Tuesday, March 18th, Coroner Taylor held an inquest over the remains of John Day—the only name yet found for him—the robber who was killed on Monday night. The witnesses related the story as given in yesterday's News.

Mr. Weston gave his version as follows:

I was in a saloon yesterday buying a bottle of blackberry brandy, when the man who called himself Werner came in and said he knew me. I convinced him that he didn't, and gave him a drink out of the bottle. He then treated us to beer and we went out, and he took me into another saloon and got a quart of beer, which we drank. We then went up the street, and in passing a house he said there were some girls there and he would take me there in the evening. I told him that I had arranged to go to Alaska and was going to the depot to see my partner. On the way we went into another saloon to have a pint of beer. I then started for the depot and he asked me to go to a saloon where he was acquainted. I went in with him, and we went into a back room and had more beer. Then I went outside and relieved my stomach and came back. I was feeling sleepy by this time, but I saw another man come in and observed them winking.

They got more beer and I drank, and in a little while Werner said I was feeling sick, and I went out in the rear with them, and went into the bus. I laid down, and they went out, but soon came back. One of them said: "Let's see what money he's got; we will take care of it for him." I told them to get away, as I could take care of my own money. Then they jumped on me and I said—"G—d— you, if you don't get away I will shoot you." They kept on searching for my purse, when I got my revolver out and fired twice. Then one of them got out and ran into the yard and fell. I got out, scuffling