

ognized his brother John. His first words were: "I've been very sick." He then asked for a drink of water. Doctor Allen came over early and expressed an opinion that the man might live. Ritter was resting easy and said he felt quite well with the exception of a pain in his right side, where his wound is.

About half past six o'clock last evening the citizens in the southwest part of town were startled by the report of two shots fired in rapid succession. When the people of the neighborhood arrived at the place of the shooting they saw David Rockwell lying on the ground wounded in the head, and William Ritter running across the block; he stopped on Mr. Thomas Cochran's lawn, and Mr. Cochran, who came to his aid, found that he was badly wounded; a cot was made for him on the lawn, where he rested till the doctor arrived.

The news of the shooting spread rapidly and a large crowd of people gathered from all parts of the city. Sheriff Brown, Deputy Sheriff Fowler and City Marshal Searp were among the first to arrive. They had left word for doctors to follow them, but it was some time before the doctors came and messengers on bicycles were sent up town with instructions to secure the attendance of physicians as soon as possible.

In the meantime the excited people were moving from one to the other of the injured men, horror-stricken by the sight of two young men apparently wounded to death. John Rockwell, sobbing and lamenting, was wiping the blood from the face of his brother David, who was unconscious; the bullet had entered his right cheek under the eye and lodged somewhere in the back of the head. Ritter had been shot in the right breast a few inches below the collar bone, and the bullet passed through his body and came out below the shoulder blade. He exhibited a great amount of nerve, and gave directions to have his mother in Vernon, and sister who lives in Lehi, notified of his condition, and in speaking of the affray to the bystanders explained that he was not to blame.

Dr. Taylor was the first physician to arrive; he dressed Ritter's wound, and told him that he had a good chance to recover, with which opinion Ritter agreed. Dr. Allen and Dr. Pike came soon after, and Dr. Allen took charge of Rockwell; none of the doctors thought there was any possible chance for recovery. Both men were taken to the county jail, where cots were made for them, and they were made as comfortable as possible.

The story of the encounter and what led to it, as near as can be learned, is as follows:

John and David Rockwell and Wm. Ritter live in Vernon, Tooele county. Some time ago John Rockwell's wife wrote to her mother, Mrs. Richard Jenkins, in this city, that she wanted to come home, for the reason that her husband was not treating her well and explained that she could get a man to bring her home by giving her cook stove for doing so. Mrs. Jenkins advised her to come, and Tuesday morning Mrs. Rockwell and her three little children left Vernon with William Ritter, who brought them to her

mother's home in Provo, where they arrived Wednesday afternoon.

At the time she left, her husband was away from home, and she left a note for him telling him where she had gone. He came home the same day she left and determined to follow her; his brother David wanted to come with him, to which John objected at first, but finally the two brothers started for Provo and reached here yesterday afternoon; they drank more or less liquor when they came to town, and then started out to find Ritter.

Ritter was unloading some coal at the home of Mrs. Jenkins when the Rockwell boys drove up; they tied their team and walked up to the wagon where Ritter was unloading the coal. John Rockwell had a pistol in his hand; he spoke to Ritter and asked him what in — he meant, referring to bringing Mrs. Rockwell away. Ritter made some reply, and a great deal of angry talk was indulged in. Some young men who were at work near the place heard the loud talking and began to gather around; but the Rockwell boys ordered them away and they left hurriedly; as one of them expressed it, "I nearly broke my neck getting away."

During this talk Ritter invited John Rockwell to shoot and not keep him (Ritter) in suspense. John said he did not want to kill Ritter but wanted him to come off the wagon and fight. David Rockwell was urging John to shoot, but John insisted he did not want to kill Ritter; finally David grabbed the pistol from John saying: "Give me the pistol. I'll shoot him."

Ritter stooped down to get a Winchester rifle which he had in the wagon, and as he raised up David fired, striking Ritter in the breast. Ritter immediately fired at David, the ball striking him in the face. Ritter then ran toward Cochran's place, and John picked up Ritter's rifle and snapped it at him as he ran, but the cartridge failed to explode.

Ritter is 27 years of age and unmarried. David Rockwell is 35 years of age; he has a wife and two children living in Vernon. John Rockwell is a year older than David. The Rockwell boys are sons of the late Porter Rockwell.

Mrs. John Rockwell feels very badly over the affair and could not be interviewed; but her mother claims that she has been very badly treated by her husband and is afraid of him; that he has failed to provide for her and the children and that the only thing left for her to do was to come away from him.

John Rockwell claims he has more serious reasons for angry feelings towards Ritter than the fact that he took Mrs. Rockwell and her children to Provo, but this is denied by Ritter.

Ritter had been warned that the Rockwells were coming over and that no doubt explains the reason for his having a gun in the wagon. He had also been drinking heavily before the Rockwell boys came up.

The following letters were found in the clothing of Mr. Ritter. They are not signed, and John Rockwell says that two of them addressed to Will were written by his (John's) wife and the third letter was evidently written by a

man and is supposed to have been written by Ritter and not mailed. After Ritter was wounded he appeared very anxious about the letters:

VERNON,

My Dearest Will:

You must not get mad at my neglectfulness but Will it is not because I don't love you for God only knows if I love any more than I do I would go crazy about you Will I love you to death was just thinking last night Oh if Will was only here I would give the world and all I ever saw if we only was together but Will I know you get awful mad at me but God only knows I cannot help it but I hope when we do get together we will be happy. Will if you should say anything to hurt my feelings after we was married it would kill me for I would think you did not love me; Will I love and worship you and I will show after a while and I hope you do me for I never would want to live if we could not agree I would turn right had for I will close for this time to my earnest lover Will xxxxxx"

The second letter reads:

"Dearest Will I have been looking all day for some one on a horse but I see there is know one coming I guess you have had such a time at Tooele you have forgot all about any one else never mind if I once get sight of you I will remind you of some one else. I thought I could get this wrote so you would not have anything to pick a quarrel with me about. I am almost dying to see you Will so if I get out of patience and give you a scolding, you will have to look over it. I know you don't want to see me half as bad as I do you; but never mind, I bet you will the next time you see me. I don't know whether you can read this for Electa and Agnes is standing by the table well I will close and I hope when I get up from the table I will see you coming or I will go crazy and tear this letter up. No more this time. Your earnest love good-bye Will. x x x x x

This is the letter in a man's hand writing:

"May 29, 96.

"My Little Honey

"I will drop you a few lines and you had better have me a letter wrote when I come down or there will be trouble in our family Oh Ida am sleepy it was past sunrise when I got here this morning and I have been working all day it is nine o'clock and 11) Bet you are in bed by this time and I will be there soon but I wish I was in the same bed that you are in to day I don't know how we are going to manage for you said you wanted to start next Monday and I have got to go to Tooele Monday and can't get back until Tuesday. I never thought to tell you when I was down how are we going to manage that Can you tell me for I won't let anyone else take me to the track and I am afraid to let you stay in Vernon too long for some one might come down and you bet I can't stand that Can you get Ready to go Sunday Well every thing seems lively here now sweet heart and I think I am going to be lucky this summer and it is just the summer I need to be lucky. Well bye bye little pet I am sleepy x x x x x x x"

The child, Electa, referred to in the second letter is John's child and