

## HUNTING THE DESPERADOES.

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further, not giving up his cartridge belt, is severely injured here. The pursuing party observed the horses in a field not far distant to the deserted ranchers' cabin and passed the cabin within fifteen feet, not knowing that their men lay concealed therein. The horses, which are the same that the robbers stole in Salt Lake, were in such a terrible condition that it was deemed waste of ammunition to shoot them. The first intimation that they were in close proximity to the outlaws was when Taylor (who is a bright young man of twenty-three) went down to a spring to get a drink. Dawes observed the cabin door open a few inches and Coughlin in the act of aiming at Taylor. However, a shot from Dawes spoiled his aim and he quickly retired. Contrary to orders of Calverly, Dawes and Stagg took up positions, Dawes lying down behind a post ninety-five yards from the cabin in a direct line from the window, Stagg covering the other side of the cabin at right angles about one hundred yards distant from the cabin. Calverly and "Red" Taylor some yards distant. Then began a fusillade, which lasted until Taylor and Calverly had but one shell left. From the aspect of the cabin in examination it seems a miracle how the two outlaws escaped, being shot down. Stagg, who before leaving Evanston remarked that Coughlin would do for him this time, as he had arrested him twice before, once for shooting a man in a Park City saloon, was the first man that was hit, receiving a ball in the jaw that ran down and out of the back, severing the jugular vein and killing him instantly, the blood from his wound spurting out to the distance of nine paces. Dawes received his fatal wound a few moments later; it is presumed (the cabin shutting out the view from Calverly and Taylor) that Coughlin jumped out of the window that Dawes thought Stagg was retreating, and taking poor Dawes unawares shot him in the socket of the left arm, the bullet going right through the body sideways. The first thing the remaining deputies knew was Coughlin had obtained a post of vantage on rising ground, and taking a cool sight at Calverly fired, the bullet grazing the latter's eyebrow, he then fired at Taylor, cutting his coat collar in two. He was in the act of firing once more when Calverly hit him presumably in the arm as his gun flew out of his hands, at the same time he clapped both hands over his face. A careful search after the battle failed to develop any blood on the rocks or bushes. That was the last shot fired. Calverly and Taylor retired while Coughlin disappeared over the rise. On the news reaching town Judge Knight hastily collected a small force and proceeded to the scene being deceived by a mattress and the wind blowing the window blind, they imagined the horse-thieves still occupied the cabin, so they separated, lay down and commenced pouring lead into the cabin. This was kept up for some time until satisfied that no one could have been in the cabin and still live. The posse rushed to the cabin and found it empty, save for some few articles left

by the youths. They then proceeded to turn their attention to the dead. Stagg was lying on his side with Winchester and ammunition missing, but his silver watch and \$12.75 in cash had not been molested. Dawes was lying in a cramped position, with thirteen empty shells at his side; his gun and revolver were also missing, so now George and Coughlin, with the ammunition bought at Wanship, have close on 320 rounds, together with three Winchesters and two revolvers, and will make a desperate fight. The posse feels confident that can Coughlin be disposed of George will make but a feeble resistance. Sheriffs Harry Wright and posse arrived last night and after a debate decided to lay over until morning. Calverly, who during the absence of Sheriff John Ward is chief in command, being a mewing dazed from the shock of the bullet, was advised to go home and rest up. The entire party were up bright and early this morning but owing to some criminal blundering were unable to obtain mounts, and when at 8:30 an assorted lot of equines were got together there was a big demand for saddles. Finally the cavalcade got away at 9:30 in two parties, the one proceeding to go on a wild cat rumor chase south of town, from which Steele and Irwin returned at 2 o'clock and reported not a hoof mark to be seen; further, that it is a splendid country for tracking. After a hasty meal they headed off in Lost creek direction, as it is surmised that the outlaws will head that way and when once in the rocks and timbers it will be next to impossible to locate them. Deputies Sullivan and Cooke, of Ogden, arrived at noon and after getting mounts proceeded to join in the man hunt.

The bodies of Stagg and Dawes lie at the Beeman Casino Mercantile company's store where an inquest was held at 10 o'clock last night by Justice of the Peace Storer, of Echo, and a Utah jury, where they found that Deputies Dawes and Stagg met their death at the hands of Pat Coughlin.

## THE STORY OF THE CAPTURE.

GRANTSVILLE, August 5, 1 p. m.—Coughlin and George, the notorious young horse-thieves, were captured in the mountainous blue miles south of here Monday forenoon. Both of them threw down their arms and gave themselves up. They are now here, and in a few minutes the officers will start to Salt Lake with them. The News man has interviewed the officer who made the capture and has also talked with both of the desperadoes. Coughlin, when asked how he felt and what he thought of the outcome, replied that he was in good spirits and that he was not the least bit tired.

The story of the chase and capture, in order to be consecutive is best told as follows: For the last two or three days the people of Grantsville have been on the lookout for the fugitives. On Saturday John Anderson and John Rydalah, of this place, went down on the bottoms to relieve Marshal Meacham, and Dick Rydalah who had been on guard for some time. Last night Ruel Barrus came down from the Third Term mine in South Willow canyon and told them that the outlaws had

eaten supper with him about dark and that they were still in the canyon.

This was another instance of how well the latter had planned to escape unseen, for they had succeeded in going by the officers on duty further up the valley. Yesterday morning John Rydalah was called up by the station agent at Garfield and notified that they had passed there during the night and had gone down toward the hewery, but seeing the watchman, put off toward E. T., where they called at Bishop Moss's place, woke up a boy and asked him some questions as to the road. From there they rode up right through the canyon towards Fenstermaker's ranch, which is but a very few miles from where they were captured.

When Barrus came to town with the news that they were at South Willow and that they had taken supper at this camp there was considerable interest manifested but not a particle of excitement. It was a matter of business and the officers went about it in an entirely business-like way. A posse was immediately organized and special messengers sent to notify Sheriff McKellar at Tooele. In a short time he, too, had a splendid posse under command and was on the way to the canyon, where it was now known beyond any question of doubt that they were passing the night. The Grantsville posse consisted of John Rydalah, City Marshal Meacham, Richard Rydalah, Steve Worthington, Gus Sanberg, John Anderson and H. G. Booth Jr.

This posse divided, part of the men going on horseback and the remainder in a buggy. It was the intention of some of the horsemen to proceed as far south as Johnson's pass with the idea in view of cutting off all possibility of escape in that direction. Others went up South Willow canyon where the men were last seen. At daybreak this morning they were located by City Marshal Meacham and Dick Rydalah, about three miles east of the Third Term Mine which was once operated by Detective Paul, of Salt Lake. The officers at this time were only about 400 yards from the desperadoes whose horses were tied in the brush nearby. The boys had apparently just awakened as they were yawning and stretching and giving other evidences of a sound night's sleep. It is the unqualified opinion of the officers that they had "turned in" very tired last night and had overslept themselves, in fact they admitted as much, later.

Rydalah immediately put down the canyon to inform the other officers while Meacham went up the canyon, fired off his rifle and commenced to yell, "Here they are, boys; close in on them from above—the other officers are down below."

The fugitives were very much deceived when they subsequently learned that Meacham was all at sea at that time the other officers being a very considerable distance off. But the ruse was a most successful one as both George and Coughlin took to the brush and were kept there until they were completely surrounded by officers who fully understood their business and who having once got sight of them would never allow them to escape under any circumstances.

Meacham still kept the canyon above