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# THE ACTORS AND VICTIMS IN THE TRAGEDIES

BY

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THE men and women who passed through Orchard's tale like figures in a bad dream—the pursuers and the pursued—are well known and very real characters in the West. Three of them are on trial for their life in Idaho. Haywood, the big, dominating miner who made his way by sheer personal force from the work of the mines to the head of the Western Federation; Moyer, the president, reserved, husky-voiced, serious-eyed, Haywood's superior in office, but more conservative and inferior in power; Pettibone, the adviser of the Federation headquarters, social, quizzical, sharp-tongued—all these have been housed for more than a year in the jail at Boise. And besides them the witnesses—the quarry whom the murderers stalked—have told their stories in the court-room, with involuntary shivers of apprehension over the dangers they have escaped.

Of all the principals in the trial, Pettibone has had the longest record in the Western labor wars. Originally a canvasser selling household goods for the American Wringer Company, he drifted into Montana, ran a saloon called "The Bucket of Blood" at the mining-camp of St. Mary, and from there passed over into the Coeur d'Alenes and led in the first organization of labor-unions in that section in 1890 and 1891. In 1892—as a leader in the great riot of July 11th—he blew up the Frisco mine at Gem by sliding dynamite down the penstock from the hillside above the plant with his own hands. One man was killed and several injured by the explosion, and Pettibone himself blown up by the rush of gas from the penstock, and seriously injured. For his connection with this riot he was sentenced to two years in prison, but was released after a few months' service because of a flaw in the legal proceedings. During his stay in jail at

Boise, awaiting trial, Pettibone took part in the first planning for the Western Federation of Miners, officially formed in 1893. After its formation he was never himself directly connected with mining. He returned to his old business as a seller of household specialties, establishing himself in Denver. But he always retained a sharp interest in the miners' unions, and, after the Federation moved its headquarters to Denver, occupied the singular position of an outsider who was closer to the central management of the organization than many of the officials themselves.

## *The Confession of Steve Adams*

In this section of Orchard's story there enters for the first time as his partner a second professional murderer. Steve Adams has owned in his sworn confessions to killing the same number of men as Orchard, starting with the murder of Arthur Collins, the manager of the Smuggler-Union mine in Telluride, Colorado, in 1901—about a year before Orchard began his work. Adams is a Missourian one year younger than Orchard—a shambling, careless figure, with a marked face, a wide mouth, a cunning eye with curious drooping eyelids, and a complexion blotched by liquor and exposure. He came to the Cripple Creek district from Kansas City, where he had worked in a butcher-shop, and almost immediately, according to his story, he began to take part in the outrages and murders in Colorado. In the spring of 1905 Adams went to Park City, Idaho, as a miner, and later took up a ranch in eastern Oregon. He was arrested just after Orchard, and was also induced by Detective McParland to make a formal written confession of his crimes. In May, 1906, Adams renounced this confession, and started a fight for his life, assisted by the attorneys of the Western Federation of Miners. He was tried for murder in the late winter of 1907 at Wallace, Idaho, in the Coeur d'Alene district,

the jury dividing evenly on the question of guilt. He will be tried again this fall for the same crime.

This particular deed is told of in his confession as the last and one of the most advanced in his series of operations as a professional murderer. There were two men killed in this tragedy, alleged claim-jumpers of timber-lands, who had interfered with claims taken up by Jack Simpkins and others in northern Idaho. Simpkins, now a fugitive from justice, was a member of the executive board of the Western Federation; but this work, Adams testified, was merely a matter of personal interest to Simpkins, and not connected at all with the Federation. According to Adams' confession, he and two settlers in the country, named Mason and Glover, lay in wait for the first victim, a young man named Fred Tyler, captured him as he was coming home to his cabin in the woods one August evening in 1904, kept him all night, and killed him in the morning.

We went in one night [says the confession], Newt Glover, Albert Mason, and myself, to Simpkins' cabin, made some coffee and had breakfast, and in the morning we went over to try to catch Tyler at his cabin on Jack Simpkins' claim. He was gone, so we laid there until about sundown. He never returned, and we started up to a spring, and while we were drinking we heard some one coming. I said, "All right, I am glad of it." I got my Winchester, and, standing by the side of the trail, never moved. I saw it was Tyler coming. He had a big gun buckled on him. I stepped out of the trail and told him to throw up his hands. We disarmed him, took him to Simpkins' cabin, stopped there until morning, had breakfast there, took him three miles out in the timber next morning, and I killed him.

It was claimed by other witnesses that Tyler was led out to his death with a halter about his neck, after being worried all night by his murderers in this lonely cabin in the woods, as a captive mouse is played with by a cat.

I went down and met Simpkins at Harrison [continues the confession], and told him what I had done; that he did not have any jumper left on his claim. "Well," he said, "after we rest awhile we'll go back in and get the rest of them fellows off those other claims." In about a week or thereabouts, or probably two weeks, we went back up in there, and met a fellow named Boule, and another man coming down the trail near Simpkins' cabin. We opened fire on them, killing Boule — Jack Simpkins, I, and Newt Glover. There was another man with us at the time whose name I do not know.

Q: How did it happen the second man got away?

A. We missed him; he was dodging. We shot at him.

### *The Hunt for Governor Peabody*

Adams came into partnership with Orchard, according to the confessions of both men, on the job of stalking Governor Peabody of Colorado, with sawed-off shot-guns, around his residence in Denver. The statement of Adams about the operation is as follows:

Pettibone told Orchard and I that we had better try and get rid of James Peabody, so he got us a shot-gun apiece and we sawed them off — Winchester shot-guns. We went to work following him from place to place, watching his habits and his house and any place that we would be likely to see him. We did not succeed for quite a while in accomplishing anything, so we concluded to adopt the plan of laying close to his house. So one night Harry and I went and were laying just across the street from Mr. Peabody's residence in a big yard that was there, that had some trees in it. There was a cluster of bushes in a northwesterly corner of this yard by a stone fence that was there. We laid there, but the first night did not have our shot-guns. We saw Peabody come home in a carriage, get out of his hack, and he had a six-shooter in his hand. He went up on his porch, and his wife or some lady unlocked the door, and he put his gun in his pocket. After they went in we went home with the expectation of coming back again the next night with the shot-guns. The next night we went back and hid in the same place, and had our shot-guns wrapped up in paper. We got that in Pettibone's store. So we unwrapped the guns, put them together, and loaded them with buck-shot. We waited for Mr. Peabody to come back, and expected he would come about eleven o'clock, as he did the night before. Along between ten and eleven o'clock, or perhaps a little after eleven, there was a carriage drove up to Mr. Peabody's house. We ran out of that yard and ran across the street behind the carriage on the sidewalk. There was three women got out of the carriage. We had our shot-guns in our hands ready for use. Mr. Peabody did not happen to be in the carriage, but the women saw us. They looked at us as the carriage started back, as we saw he was not there, and we started north. Part of the women went into the house, and one remained watching us until we went to the corner of the block and turned east. We went on an angle of a northeasterly direction, where we come to a vacant lot, and under the tree in a hole we took the shells out of our guns, took them down and tied them together with a string, put them around our necks, and went home and concealed them.

Miss Cora Peabody, the daughter of the Governor, was one of the three women referred to in both confessions as leaving the Governor's carriage. She told about this episode when on the stand in the Boise court-room.

"When the carriage stopped at our door," she said, "I got out first. As I stepped out, there was a man so close I could have touched him, and another man was close behind him. When I looked at him he moved slowly away. The other followed him. We watched them from the porch. As the carriage turned on Grand Avenue, I saw the men look into the carriage, then they turned and ran rapidly

down Grand Avenue. I then went into the house and telephoned a detective agency."

### *The Murder of Lyte Gregory*

From attempting to assassinate Governor Peabody, both men stated they turned—merely as a side incident—to the murder of Lyte Gregory, the detective, in Denver. Adams' story of this episode follows:

We were rooming on 38th and Downing Avenue. We went down to Pettibone's store, and Pettibone told us Lyte Gregory was in Denver and was drinking, and Pettibone said he would send a man down with some money to fill him up, and would give the man five dollars. Pettibone said, "Come and go down and I will show him to you." We went down into the saloon where Gregory was, and saw him sitting there talking with this man. Pettibone said he would send down to fill him up. We walked out. Pettibone said he wanted to go and tell Haywood to get into a good safe place. While Pettibone was gone, Gregory came out with another man whom I do not know and got on a car, and Harry Orchard and I got on the same car at the opposite end and followed him out to the west side, where he and this other man got off of the car together and went into another saloon. I went in and bought a bottle of beer, and saw Gregory sitting in a card game playing poker. Harry went back to our room and got a sawed-off shot-gun, and came back and met me. We set the gun up and loaded it with buck-shot. I walked around and tried to get another look at Gregory, and as I was going up to the door of the saloon Gregory came out and started toward me. Just then some man came to the saloon door and told him that he was going the wrong way. He turned around and went around the corner of the saloon and went in the other direction. I went to Harry and we got the shot-gun and cut across after Gregory. Gregory stopped, and turned around to face us, reached for his gun, and Harry shot him, and Gregory's gun fell out on the sidewalk. We ran down through the alley, and in trying to take the gun apart Harry discharged it accidentally and came nearly getting me too. I should state right here that the man that Pettibone gave the five dollars to was a man who I think was named Melville, who lived at Idaho Springs. As to the fact that he lived there, Melville told me so himself. After Gregory, Orchard and myself, and the man that was with Gregory had left the saloon on Lawrence Street for the west side, Melville joined us on the west side, where we were watching the saloon that Gregory was in. Melville remained with us until after the shooting of Gregory. We got the gun down [apart], and Harry put it around his neck the same as he did when he brought it out, and buttoned his overcoat over it. We walked, taking a roundabout way, and came into the alley back of Pettibone's house on Evans Street. We went into this alley, and Pettibone told us he would have a place fixed there to hide that gun, and to leave it there and go back. We hid the gun there as he directed, and walked out to 38th and Downing and went to bed.

Q. After the killing of Gregory did you meet Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone, or either of them?

A. I met Pettibone.

Q. Where?

A. In his store.

Q. Did you talk the matter over?

A. Yes, sir; he laughed about it.

Q. What did he say?

A. He said it was all right.

Q. What did Simpkins say about the killing of Gregory?

A. He was tickled to death over it, and was glad of it.

### *Adams' Story of the Independence Depot Explosion*

And now the dual story of the confessions turns to the Independence depot explosion. Adams' version of this adventure is as follows:

Harry [Orchard] came to my house when I was sick in bed. He said there was nothing the matter with me, and that I just needed a drink. He went down and bought four bottles of beer and brought it up to the house. He had some powder with him which he said was composed of chlorate of potash, sugar, and I think had something else mixed with it. I think it was sulphuric acid. He showed me how it would burn by lighting a match to it. He said it was used to explode the powder. He said the board wanted something done while they were in session, and he wanted to know if I would help him do it. I told him yes. He said, "All right, we will get some powder and get to work." So I made arrangements with him to see me next day. Next day we went over to Floyd Miller's. Floyd Miller was leasing close to Windy Point. Harry Orchard gave Miller the money to buy a hundred pounds of powder. Floyd Miller bought the powder, and I think it was the next night, the night after he bought the powder, that Harry and I went over and got it and carried it over to my brother Joe's cabin, which was empty at that time. The next night we were going to put it under the depot, when some of the executive board came to Independence with Sherman Parker and stayed overnight. That was the night we were going to do the work. Sherman Parker told us not to do it while he was there or they would all be hung for it. So we waited until the next night after they left, and carried out this job—blew up the depot.

Q. How did you carry it out?

A. We dug a hole under the platform of the depot and placed the powder there. I took the side of a tin can, to fit tight over a cap-box with the lid off. We sprinkled powder composed of sugar and chlorate of potash on these caps, which were open end up. We set the cap-box down into the box of powder, after preparing a hole in the powder big enough to set it in, then put a windlass on the box with two bottles of sulphuric acid. We put the windlass on when the bottles were empty, then filled them full of the acid, leaving them open. We then set the other fifty-pound box of powder on top of this box. Then we attached a wire to the windlass in order to turn the bottles over so the acid would go into these caps. We ran a wire along, and at the other end made a loop in the wire and passed a rung of a chair through the loop. Harry Orchard and I each

took hold of the rung with one hand, and when the time came we pulled the wire and caused the explosion.

Q. After the explosion what did you do?

A. Harry and I ran, taking an easterly course, around Bull Hill. He left me on the east side of the hill, going down into the brush, where he had a horse hitched. I went on around the hill to my home in Midway. I hid the shot-gun in an ash-dump about six or seven feet from the railroad. I also hid a sack of buck-shot shells with the gun, and they are probably there yet.

Q. Next day what did you do?

A. Mary Mahoney, my wife, and I went to Altman next morning. We looked down at the depot, and it was a hard sight to look at. I did not think it would be so bad. I went from there back to Cripple Creek. In Cripple Creek I heard they were after me and were going to hang me. I took a car, and went to my house in Midway and got my Winchester, took one six-shooter and two belts of cartridges, and started for Denver, walking, going in a north-easterly direction. I went on north to South Platte, where I took the railroad to Denver. I arrived in Denver just at dusk. I got off just as we got into the yards. That was the second evening after I left Independence, and would be about Thursday evening. I went direct to Western Federation headquarters, and got a good handshaking and an introduction to all of the board that I was not acquainted with.

Q. Who was present at headquarters when you arrived, if you can remember?

A. Charlie Kennison, Sherman Parker, Haywood, Marion Moor, Schmelzer, Murphy, to whom I was introduced, Jack Simpkins, Kirwan, J. C. Williams, D. C. Copley with his little white vest.

Q. Where is Copley now?

A. I do not know.

Q. He got into bad grace with Moyer and Haywood?

A. Yes, sir. He was thrown down bodily.

Q. Did they talk about the blowing up?

A. No, sir; nothing was mentioned about it.

Q. Who was it that introduced you to them?

A. Charlie Kennison introduced me to some. Marion Moor introduced me to one or two.

Q. How did Murphy seem to act?

A. He just bowed and shook hands. Did not demonstrate that he knew anything about it at all. I believe Murphy was innocent of knowing anything about the crime.

Q. Of course Kennison, Sherman Parker, W. F. Davis, and Haywood knew all about it?

A. Yes, sir; I think they did. Their actions indicated they did.

### *The Tale of an Independence Depot Victim*

These are the stories of the man-hunters—direct, plain narratives, like tales of the hunting of big game in a sportsman's magazine—the narrators concerned only with the stalking of the quarry and their own escape from danger. The stories of the men who were hunted bring in the normal view of this thing—especially of the horror at the Independence depot.

By a curious freak of circumstance, Phil Chandler, one of the wounded in this tragedy, has been a guard at the Idaho State Penitentiary in Boise, where Orchard has been confined, entirely unknown to Orchard. Every detail of the Orchard narrative he believes is correct.

Chandler was lounging at the farther end of the station platform when the train came in, and started walking toward it. There was a blot of flame, a sharp noise, more like a whistle than an explosion, and he knew he was being thrown rapidly through the air. He struck on his thigh on a rail before the train, and his first thought was to crawl off the track. Then he realized that his leg was broken. Beside him, John Police, an Austrian, had gathered his footless legs in his arms and sat up, silently writhing. Below, on the bank beside the station, Dan Gainey and Ed Holland cried out for some one to help them lift timbers off their legs. There were no timbers there; they thought this because their legs were crushed below the knees. The train stopped short of the injured men, and the engineer, with a yellow railroad torch, came down the track. "Slim" Rector—a chum of Chandler's—came walking up, staring at the ground, unhurt, but apparently out of his senses. He came up without a word, and lay down like a dog on the track close to Chandler. "Hurt, Slim?" said Chandler. "No," said "Slim." "You?" "My leg's broke," said Chandler. Then they took them to the Victor hospitals.

There were thirteen dead men—mostly blown to pieces. They gathered them in baskets and barrels—a general mixture of unsorted human flesh. They recognized them by their hands and clothing. "The woman where I boarded," said Chandler, "went down to the undertaker's and picked out one man's hand in a barrel they had full of remnants in a back room there." All but two or three of the thirteen men who were killed died at once. John Sinclair was thrown a hundred yards away and was not found for some time. "He died right next to me in the hospital," said Chandler, "the worst sight I ever saw. His whole face was gone."

*The Forgiveness of Dan Gainey*

The wounded men were all injured about the feet and legs, which were crushed by the throwing up of the heavy timbers of the platform. One of these injured men was Dan Gainey, both of whose legs were maimed. Gainey is a native of Walla Walla, Washington, about Orchard's age. His father was an Irish settler in the Walla Walla Valley, who became wealthy as a farmer in that exceedingly rich country. It was a region noted for the sturdy independence of its pioneers, and that spirit appeared in Gainey to a marked degree. After leaving his father's farm he went out to work in the mining-camps of Idaho and Colorado. From the first Gainey was a non-union man, refusing from principle to join the Federation of Miners. He became a friend of Orchard in the Coeur d'Alenes, working for him in his business there.

Orchard had no knowledge that Gainey was upon the platform at Independence. After his confession Gainey wrote to him. This letter — for fear it would have a depressing influence — was not shown to Orchard for a year. Last spring Detective McParland recalled Gainey to Orchard's mind, and finally they gave him the former's letter. Orchard broke down reading it, but the effect was not at all what these people had feared. A very warm and intimate correspondence has passed between the two men — the victim and his would-be murderer. The remarkable character of this relation is best shown by the following letters of Gainey, which explain themselves.\*

Walla Walla, Wash., April, 1906.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I intended to write to you some time ago, or about a month after I learned that you were positively identified, but in the meantime I was compelled to go to Southern California, and wait upon my brother, who died there. On returning home, my father died, and so in these two bitter bereavements, coupled with my painful, crippled condition, I have had but one yearning desire: that God in his mercy call me home. I feel to-day that this all-consuming wish will be granted in yet a little while. And so, while there is time I would have you know that I freely forgive you for the horrible injuries you inflicted upon me. You perhaps know by this time I was on the Independence depot platform when it was blown up. I lost one foot and had the other so badly broken that it can never be well again. For nearly two years I have suffered indescribable mental and physical tortures. How grievously you have afflicted me, by whom you were never injured, you can never know in this world. And yet I forgive you — yes, even as I hope God will forgive me.

You certainly recall the time when Archie McAlpin, Bill Pryor, you, and myself lived in a barn in Mullan, while cutting cord-wood up at Sheehy's siding, and you surely remember my unceasing contention that

\*The singular beauty and nobility evinced in the letters by Mr. Gainey can be explained by the fact that he is a devout Catholic and received a careful education at a Jesuit college at Walla Walla.

no organization of men, no matter how good, bad, or powerful, could long or successfully defy the laws of our common country. Unfortunately this advice has not prevailed with you. I wish for your sake and mine it could have been otherwise, and I sincerely hope that even now you have turned to your Maker, imploring forgiveness for your awful crimes against his creatures. In your hopeless and abject misery, I have not the heart to reproach you, since I feel that your conscience assails you with reproaches too bitter for human expression. It is well if this be so, and better yet if truthful, heartfelt repentance abides with you to the end.

And now, Harry, I cannot believe you were always cruel and depraved, but rather that you were persuaded and led into these crimes by that specious reasoning of the Miners' Union which declares the end justifies the means. However this may be, you have done one commendable thing — confessed. I trust you have told the truth — the whole truth, neither accusing an innocent man wrongfully in the smallest particular, nor shielding a guilty man, even though he were your brother. This you owe to society, to yourself, and to your God. It is the only recompense you can make to society for the crimes you were engaged in, so it can be prepared to protect itself, and apprehend your confederates, that, in so far as they are concerned, such crimes shall cease. You owe it to yourself for the peace of mind it brings, which alone perceives the path of repentance, the only path leading to the throne of the Almighty. You owe it to your God, whose attributes are truth, mercy, and forgiveness, who has spared you in your iniquities, with a patience surpassing all human understanding. God's will be done. It is altogether probable that Providence is using you as an instrument of divine retribution against that organization which is responsible for your inhuman conduct and moral degradation.

Do not be deceived by false notions of honor and justification. These are the last two steps admitting you within the portals of Hell. Tell the truth as becomes a prodigal son of God, make every earthly atonement possible, and in sorrow and repentance beg for pardon. It will not be denied you. Now I ask you to write to me, stating how you support your situation, and if you possess that Christian resignation which faces the darkest trials with trust, meekness, and tranquillity of spirit. Write with the freedom and privilege of friendship, as I shall no longer remember the past against you. Truly I am sorry for your sad plight, but cannot bring myself to believe you are utterly depraved. The men who led you into this are infinitely worse, and God only knows what they will have to answer for before that tribunal which is only a few days removed from the longest lived among us. Write as soon as you get this, or convenient. I write in care of the prison warden, but suppose he will give this to you.

Yours in sympathy,

DAN GAINEY.

P. S. Would like to know if you have Christian books to read?

DAN.

Walla Walla, March 27, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

My dear Harry: I received your letter of the 16th inst. to-day, being away from here for some time. I have quite a lot of accumulated correspondence to answer and so will put off doing any more than acknowledging your letter for the present. However, I wish to congratulate you on your decision to tell the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in the criminal acts with which you were connected. You may be sure that this disposition in mankind to confess the

truth is not implanted in their nature for nothing. The power which made and governs this universe placed this impulse in your nature as truly as it did the impulse to love your kind. If you do that your awakened conscience tells you is right you cannot do wrong — let no man or arguments deceive you in the contrary. Truth is eternal and must prevail. Make every amend you possibly can to mankind, for you will surely live beyond the grave and stand before the great Father whose creatures you have wronged so cruelly. I shall write you again in a week or so. Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Walla Walla, Wash., April 12, 1907.

MR. HARRY ORCHARD:

Dear Harry: I wrote you a short letter some time ago in which I promised to write you a longer letter later on. I have been busy, and yet on looking back I can hardly see what I have done. But you understand I must do something to make a living, and on account of my crippled condition I can go but very slowly. I am fairly reconciled to my present condition, as I realize I have but a few years to live at the farthest. After all, I imagine it is but a little difference, when compared with all the time which is gone and yet to come, whether I die to-day or one hundred years from to-day. The longest human life is but a tiny drop in the ocean of time. One thing we know, and that is we are not responsible for our being here, and we are here for some purpose. This being so, we should perform our allotted tasks as best we may. I believe the power which gave us being placed us here to remain until He calls us home. Were it not for this belief I should have long since filled a suicide's grave, as my anguish and suffering has at times seemed more than I could bear.

I have read and thought much on the mystery of death. I have examined all the evidences presented to my mind critically and dispassionately, because I have been most of my life uninfluenced by religious belief. I concluded at last, from cold reasoning, there is another life — that death is but a change. To-day I know this is true. I know it because I have been told by some inexplicable mysterious agency which links the living to the dead. No argument can disprove this belief to me; it is ever present, ever insistent, as though some spirit from the other world stands by me in assurance. I am better for this belief, because I am easier, resigned, and at peace. I trust you are the same. I have no ill will towards you to-day, since I feel you are not the Harry Orchard you were when you committed those crimes. In other words, I have long since forgiven you. I do not know why or how you came to do those things. Perhaps you cannot now tell yourself. I feel sure you would never do them again, but anyway I forgive you. You have not hurt me nor others as much as yourself. If you are truly sorry and repentant, if you make all the amends to society and God you possibly can during the remainder of your life, you will surely be forgiven. If you fail to meet those conditions freely and fully, then you condemn yourself, and my forgiveness and all the prayers of all the men and churches cannot save you. So, then, what you should do is what your conscience tells you to do — tell the truth, the whole truth, regardless of whom or what it may affect. The truth and repentance will bring you nearer to your God. You can do nothing for society but tell the

truth; nothing for your God but the truth; nothing for your eternal salvation but the truth and repentance. If these are thorough, then you shall surely live again, even in the presence of those you have wronged, who will remember their wrongs no more.

I trust you are prepared to meet whatever punishment the world has in store for you. If I can be of any service in mitigating such punishment I will be glad to do so by petitioning the Governor, etc. For Moyer, Haywood, *et al.*, I shall not use any such effort, since I regard them as infinitely worse than you are or ever were. . . . Now, then, there is a concerted effort around here to make it appear you are the only guilty one connected with those crimes. Of course sensible people know better, and I know, and said all the time you would tell the truth, as you were not utterly depraved. I believe this still, and now that you realize the obligation you are under to your country, yourself, and your God, I believe you will only tell the truth, that you will do all you possibly can to undo what you and your confederates were engaged in.

Well, Harry, I must close, as it is getting late and I am getting tired.

Good-by.

DAN GAINEY.

Excuse haste and mistakes.

P. S. If you write, let me know if you ever heard of Bill Madiil since you left the Coeur d'Alenes.

DAN.

The sequence of the blowing up of the Independence depot forms one of the bitterest chapters in the history of the Western Federation of Miners. On the day following it — June 6, 1904 — there was a general angry uprising which drove great numbers of the union miners out of the Cripple Creek district. Two more men were killed and several more wounded by firing around the miners' union hall at Victor. The militia were again called into the district, the Victor union hall was stormed and taken from the armed miners defending it, the officials of local government belonging to the Federation were deposed, and a campaign of forcible deportation of union miners was begun under the direction of a special military commission. Over two hundred men were sent out of the district, many of them across the border of the State. Many others found it wise to leave. This movement was necessarily accompanied with hardships to many men and families, and the feeling of resentment and anger it caused has never died in the memory of the deported people and their friends. Since this deportation the Western Federation of Miners has never regained a foothold in the Cripple Creek district. There is a small union there, but all large mines refuse to employ Federation men.

[The next instalment of Orchard's story will tell of his attempts to assassinate Governor Peabody, Judges Goddard and Gabbert of Colorado, and Fred Bradley of San Francisco, a prominent mining man, by the use of trap bombs, invented by himself and his associates.]