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BULLET IN HIS BRAIN

Joseph Abrahams Mysteriously Killed Yesterday Morning.

BODY FOUND IN THE ARKANSAS.

Old and Highly Respected Resident of the City Comes to a Violent Death Under Circumstances That Are Baffling the Officers.—Reached Pueblo From Denver Soon After Two Yesterday Morning.

Joseph Abrahams, one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of Pueblo, was found lying cold in death on a bar in the Arkansas river, a quarter of a mile below the Missouri Pacific railroad bridge late yesterday afternoon. A bullet wound just above the top of the lobe of the left ear indicated the cause of death, but by whom the fatal shot was fired or with what intent is a mystery the police and sheriff's officers and coroner are striving with all their might to unravel. Mr. Abrahams left his home in Denver, where he has been living of late, and came to Pueblo on a Rio Grande train that arrived at the Union depot soon after 2 o'clock yesterday morning. He was seen by several persons. But from that time until his body discovered in the river by two men was found to be that of Mr. Abrahams nothing was heard of him.

Andrew Bjursena and Frank Bell were fishing from the north bank of the river a short distance below the Missouri Pacific railroad bridge at after 4 o'clock in the afternoon when they noticed something on a sand bar half way across the stream that had the appearance of the two feet of a man. Pretty soon what was evidently the buttoned edges of a black coat appeared above the water, and the men walked down the bank to verify their first impressions. The object was plainly a human body, that of a man. The men at once went up into the city and reported the case to Officer Bell, who advised police headquarters, and from there word was sent to the coroner.

It was found impossible to reach the body from the north bank of the river, and men waded out and lifted it into a wagon that was driven to the bridge from the south bank. It was plain that life had not been extinct many hours, but it was impossible to identify the features, for blood had flowed freely, apparently from a cut over the eye. Money was found in the pockets, and there was no indication that robbery having been ransacked. A wallet taken from one of the inside pockets revealed the identity of the body, and it was taken to the coroner's office.

Examination made there disclosed at once the fact that death had come from a gunshot wound as stated above. The course of the bullet seemed to have been forward and upward. The one thing that indicated that suicide might have been intended or committed was the absence of the watch Mr. Abrahams always carried. All theory of suicide was set aside by the absence of powder burns on the skin about the ear.

The chief of police and the sheriff were at once notified, and began work on the case. They are completely mystified, however, by inability to ascribe a motive for the killing of Mr. Abrahams, for he is not known to have had an enemy, much less one that would take his life.

As stated above, Mr. Abrahams left his home in Denver at 1916 Grant avenue early Monday evening, and was a passenger on the train reaching the city early yesterday morning. His daughter, Miss Rose Abrahams, is in the city, preceding her father by a few hours. She was almost prostrated when the news was first broken to her, but borne up bravely, and communicated with her mother in Denver over the telephone. Her brother, Herman, the only other child of the family, was in Denver with his mother, when word was first told the sad news. They arrived in the city by an early morning train.

Mr. Abrahams was 52 years old. He came to Pueblo and to this section of Colorado in the late '60s and was at first employed in general merchandising, driving a large wagon in which he carried his wares as was the custom of those days. Later he was engaged in mercantile business at Huerfano crossing and then was with Greenberg Brothers in the clothing business in this city. He engaged in the wholesale grocery with T. S. Smythe under the firm name of Abrahams & Smythe but sold out to Dunbaugh & Joy about 1883. The partners then bought large cattle interests in Arizona. At that time Mr. Abrahams was accounted one of the most substantial men, financially, in the city. Later still the firm of Abrahams & Smythe returned to the grocery business. The firm was dissolved several years ago and then Mr. Abrahams went into the insurance business. At the time of his death he was engaged in tobacco business in Denver and, it is stated, he was doing well. Reverses had followed him thick and fast the past few years and only recently he had been a petitioner in voluntary bankruptcy under the new federal law. But things had apparently taken a better turn for him. But even if they had not he was not the man to think of taking his own life.

During all the years of his residence in Pueblo Mr. Abrahams commanded the highest respect of the entire community. He was everywhere known as the possessor of a finely discriminating business judgment, a physique he was powerful though short in stature. In a word he was a strong man in body and was a man of strong and bright mind, ever genial and good natured even in the midst of adversity. He was a member of Pueblo lodge No. 17, A. F. & A. M. and of Pueblo lodge No. 90, Elks.

The coroner will convene an inquest today. No effort is being spared to ferret out the persons who committed the crime. No occurrence of this nature for years has more wrought up the people of the city and in no case have more expressions of sympathy for the afflicted family been heard.

Attend Nathan's $10 suit sale.

AMUSEMENTS.

"A MIDNIGHT BELL."

Hoyt's "A Midnight Bell" was presented at the Grand Opera house last night to a very fair house. The play is clever and was interpreted by a company which, with the exception of one or two members, is above the average. The scenery is also good. The story is a trifle improbable, but it is interesting and the audience was kept in a state of suspense from the rise of the curtain on the first act to the fall of the curtain on the last act. The plot is as follows:

Ned Hazleton, a young lawyer, is engaged to Nellie Bronson, the daughter of Judge Bronson. Ned is poor and Nellie is rich. Ned's friend, Jack Bronson, a wild young man, is in love with Nellie's sister, Kate. Jack is also poor. Ned and Jack are rooming together. Ned has a client, Mrs. Ashton, who is in trouble. Her husband has left her and she has a child. Ned has been trying to find the husband and has succeeded. Mrs. Ashton has left the city and Ned has not told her where her husband is. Ned has also been trying to find Mrs. Ashton's child, which has been stolen by a woman who has a grudge against Mrs. Ashton. Ned has found the child and has it in his room. Jack has also found the child and has it in his room. Jack has also found the child and has it in his room. Jack has also