WAS GIVEN A KEY.

Mrs. Dally Escaped With Outside Assistance.

INSANE WOMAN'S CUNNING.

She Was Located at Wigwam Yesterday But Seems to Have Found Friends—Left a Note When She Escaped Telling That She Was Assisted—Will Be Brought Back If the Sheriff Has to Go After Her.

Mrs. Carrie Dally ,the woman who escaped from the state insane asylum two weeks ago under circumstances that prove conclusively that she had outside assistance, was yesterday located at Wigwam, seven miles north of Pueblo. Ernest Weinhausen, the asylum druggist who had been searching for her for some time, discovered her whereabouts but refused to talk to Superintendent Busey announcing the fact to him. Instead he would have some trouble getting her back. He said "they wouldn't give her up" which is taken to mean that she has found friends, new or old, who do not want her returned to the asylum. Superintendent Busey immediately replied that if she was not turned over to Mr. Weinhausen he feared he would send the sheriff after her.

Mrs. Daily is one of the most remarkable insanes ever confined within the four walls of the state institution in this city. For a person supposed to be bereft of reason she has displayed marvelous cunning and there are a good many people, especially in Denver who will be excited in the news of her capture. Mrs. Daily escaped from the woman's cottage at the asylum about 4 o'clock the morning of September 16. She left a note saying that she had been confined with a key to the ward doors and a dollar by outside parties and this statement was unquestionably true as she could not have escaped in any other way. The asylum authorities have made a thorough investigation but have as yet obtained no clue to who gave her the key. She must have walked to Wigwam as diligent inquiry among the railroad employes at the time of her escape elicited no information as to her movements. Since then the authorities have left no stone unturned to locate her and their success is due to their unflagging efforts.

Mrs. Daily was committed from Denver in 1894 after she had created much trouble there. She created quite a sensation by her actions toward County Judge Steele. Mrs. Daily frequently caused her husband's arrest on charges of assault, and the last time Judge Steele dismissed the case. Then she stoned his house, breaking several windows, and endeavored to hit him on sight. The court refused to give her alimony from her divorced husband on the ground that he had no money to pay it with, and Mrs. Daily accused him of partiality, declaring that her husband could pay the alimony if Judge Steele would order him to do so or send him to jail.

Finally Mrs. Dally's persecution of Judge Steele became so open and violent that she was taken into court on a charge of insanity, and Judge Jacobs came from Greeley to hear the case. She was sent to the insane asylum, and notwithstanding the apparent fairness of her trial, notified the public through the press that she believed Judge Steele had made the affair a personal matter and used his influence to secure her banishment from society.

A letter was received in Denver from her, it is claimed, saying that she had people on the outside working for her release and that she would make her escape sooner or later. That she spoke the truth is evidenced by the manner in which she got the walls of the asylum. Mrs. Daily is not regarded by the asylum authorities as violently insane, but they say she is very sunning.

LOYALTY TO PUEBLO.

Drink Pueblo beer. It is the best and the money stays here.

MOORE IS CAPTAIN.

Officers of the Rough Riders Elected Last Night.

Rough Riders of Pueblo county formally organized at a meeting held last night and elected officers to officiate during the campaign. In spite of his previous declination, Captain B. F. Moore was unanimously voted captain of the organization. There was no way out of it, as the boys of Company B had done all the work incidental to organizing the company and deserved the position at its head. Other officers were chosen as follows: D. J. Polehill, first lieutenant; W. D. Taylor, second lieutenant; and N. F. Brown, first sergeant. Other officers will be chosen at a meeting of the company which was most enthusiastic and largely attended.

Tonight at 7 o'clock the Rough Riders will meet at the republican headquarters in the Central block for the purpose of escorting Senator Stewart from his hotel to the headquarters, where he delivers his address. Marching uniforms will be required. It is requested that every member be on hand.

ELECTED OFFICERS.

Pueblo Medical Society Has An Interesting Meeting.

The Pueblo Medical and Surgical society met last evening at Dr. T. Stoddard's office and besides electing officers listened to a most interesting talk by Dr. J. Todd Black on "Fractures of the Spinal Column," which the doctor demonstrated with three subjects. The following were the officers elected: Dr. W. H. McDonald, president; Dr. T. A. Stoddard, vice president; Dr. C. A. Sheridan, secretary; Dr. W. B. Davis, librarian; and treasurer, Dr. J. Todd Black. Dr. J. Todd Black and Dr. Stoddard were made the executive committee.

OBITUARY.

JOHN McHENRY JOHNSTON.

John McHenry Johnston passed from earth Sunday, September 30, at 4 o'clock at the family residence, 15 block L. Though in poor health for several months he was able to be about as usual until Friday, when his weakened heart gave way with pneumonia and death soon followed.

Mr. Johnston was born in Bond county, Illinois, June 14, 1827, and was seventy-three years of age. His boyhood days were spent in the place of his birth, where he was married to Maria L. Pullman October 28, 1845. In 1862 he enlisted in the 42nd Illinois cavalry. In the spring of 1868, the family removed to Miami county, Kas., where they resided for four years, whence they came to Pueblo where they have since had their home. For some years he was in the grocery business and of late years looked after his property, having through industry and thrift amassed considerable of an estate.

He leaves to mourn his loss the one who has been his helpmeet for fifty-three years, and the following sons and daughters: William R. Johnston, Joplin, Mo.; Charles H. Johnston, this city; Mrs. Emily R. Chaffee, this city; Mrs. Mary E. Holeman, Burlington, Kas.; Mrs. Millie M. Haldeman, this city; Mrs. Zillar M. Kachler, Paola, Kas.; John R. Johnston, this city; S. Johnston, this city; Mrs. Martha T. Gatten, Bohler, Kas.

Mr. Johnston was a man of most kindly disposition, the highest known integrity of character, and a loving and devoted husband and father. He has been a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian denomination for fifty-three years, from which church the funeral will take place Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Rev. R. A. N. Wilson, the pastor, will be assisted by Rev. Charles T. Wheeler, an old friend of the family, who will preach the sermon, and the G. A. R., who will conduct the services at the grave.

BUILD UP THE SYSTEM.

One's system is apt to be run down after a long, hot summer. Build it up by drinking Walter's Pueblo beer. It is a good tonic.

RED MEN DANCE.

Red Men of Bessemer gave a dance at Bessemer hall last night which was a largely attended and thoroughly enjoyable affair.

ROMANCE OF THE CATHEDRAL

The musical festival was over. Still a few lingered. A clergyman, obviously a stranger, came from the ambulatory, crossed the transept, traversed the nave, and, turning with leisurely step, passed through a narrow doorway out of the cathedral into the cloisters.

In the arches opposite he discerned a figure through the antique mullions, clad in a fashionable dress. Her face was upturned in a profound appreciation of the grandeur of the architecture, which is nowhere more picturesque than in the view obtainable through the silence and gloom of the cloisters.

The figure was lost on the architecture no longer. The strains of Mendelssohn ceased to haunt his ears. All he was aware of now was a keenly human and strangely unaccountable interest in the solitary lady. Her head was framed between the trefoils and quatrefoils of the old incrustal tracery. It was her face mingling with the stern shadows and dark moldings that now made those hoary flowers of the Gothic stone blossom into new life.

Although unconscious of the interest he took in her, his eyes instinctively followed her as she passed along the cloisters from arch to arch, pausing now and again to contemplate through the open work of Gothic stone some weather worn cross or the grotesque faucy which some monkish sculptor had wrought in gargoyle or finial. He watched her reach the door of the transept. It was locked. He heard her endeavors upon the clanking iron, heard her light footfalls as she again descended into the cloister and saw her approaching the arcade, where he sat obscure in the shadow.

He rose and went toward her.

"The door by which I entered is locked," she said. "Will you tell me the way out?"

"Through the south gate," he replied, studying her face attentively. "I will show you. Come."

He took hold of the heavy ring handle and tried to turn the lock. "The gate is closed," he said, "and the other too. There is no way."

"We are not locked in?" she exclaimed anxiously.

"I don't know. I have never been in the cathedral before. I came here to the festival."

"Oh," she rejoined, "then it not been glorious, superb, magnificent?"

"Superb, you say. Yes, and magnificent. Never have I heard Mendelssohn's 'Hymn of Praise' as I have this evening. It was like unto a foretaste of the spirit of God."

"I know your meaning," she responded earnestly. "The monks of old, when they chanted their solemn hymns, at common workday people knelt on the bare stone, remained to pray and to penance or went to fast."

"True. And where have all these ticket holders gone? To dance and to dine." His lip curled contemptuously.

"Yes, after all, we should not wish the middle ages back again," she reflected. "The superstition, the iniquity"—

"If heard her," he continued inconsequently, yet continuing the same thought on another line, "that beautiful soprano! Her voice was like an angel's."

She blushed and, looking round, moved uneasily.

"Can we not get out?" she asked.

"We must find a door," he stammered. "Excuse me, may I ask your confidence. I am truth I am under her spell. But listen. I know my folly. Whose is this voice? Her name was in the program as Luisi. It was Luisi, a singer, probably at the opera; a certain 'draw' with the old people of a ballet. As likely as not she plays the heroine in 'Il Trovatore' or 'Aida.'"

"She does nothing of the kind," said the lady flatly.

"Ha! You know her then?"

"No—yes. At least—that is," she stammered blushing. "I know something of her."

"I recognize you," he exclaimed suddenly. "Your voice is hers. You are, you must be Luisi."

"Be it so," she replied, "but tell me, why are the clergy so hard upon the singer? Do you know what I though: in that old, hallowed choir? As you do. If I could live in a world where we women might be servants of the sanctuary, ordained to the Most High; if I might so devote myself to service—ah, how I could sing then!"

He stood electrified.

"But I am a woman," she added sadly, "and I dedicate my life to the church."

"There is one way," he replied, with quiet emphasis, as he laid his hand on hers. "Believe me, there is no higher sphere for a good woman. The first lady in the parish has greater scope for influencing the lives of men than the sister himself. You have told me his humanitarian side—Dorcas meetings, parish missions and afternoon calls—but life is made up of events, affairs and a good husband life is but the ennobling of common things."

"What do you speak? I do not understand."

"You heard my declaration, how your voice moved me. I knew not then to whom I spoke. I have doubted my good fortune on my destiny, or, rather—let me say it reverently—has the providence of God given your life to mine?"

She looked up—looked long into his manly, resolute face. Then she faltered in an agitated voice: "I cannot answer. I cannot think. Take me from here."

"Only to cloister you in my soul," he answered in a fervent whisper, as he drew her to his heart.—London Illustrated News.

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