

KILLED BY A DEPUTY.

Jack Leech Shot Through the Head
by R. E. Taylor.

VARYING STORIES OF THE AFFAIR

Deputies Refused Drinks at Stampf's Union Avenue Saloon Have Some Dispute With Bystanders and Leech Gets a Bullet in His Brain Above His Left Eye.

Jack Leech, bartender for George Stampf at 186 north Union avenue, was shot over the left eye at 1 o'clock this morning at the door of the saloon by R. E. Taylor, a deputy United States marshal, formerly from Texas, who came here from Colorado Springs. Leech died at the city hall 55 minutes later.

Taylor was interviewed by a reporter for the CHIEFTAIN and gave the following story:

"I and several of the deputies went to the saloon to get a drink and the bartender refused to sell us any liquor. We then started out and some in the crowd on the sidewalk said 'Whiskey will cost those fellows a dollar a drink there.' The crowd commenced hooting and jeering at us and two soldiers also joined in. The bartender commenced to take up the trouble and one of the deputies arrested a man who was jeering us. The bartender came to the screen door, opened it and threw a gun down opposite my stomach and I told him twice to put the gun up and he wouldn't, and I pulled my gun and fired. I only meant to knock the gun out of his hand, but I feel that he would have killed me if I had not been too quick for him.

"The bartender had the door open and when he fell the gun was only four inches from his hand on the floor and the screen door had closed wedging in the barrel. I held the place until the police officer came and others also saw how he was lying and where the gun was."

The bullet made a frightful hole in Leech's head just above the left eyebrow from which blood and brains oozed out and formed a sickening pool before he was carried to the city hall. The city physician saw at once that Leech's death was a matter of only a few moments.

Taylor and his companions went to the stone depot but he was still on duty at 2:15 this morning.

George Stampf was awakened and identifies the gun found near Leech as the one that belongs in the saloon.

The story as told by a man who claims to have been an eye witness to the whole affair is that two of the regular army soldiers who are now here went into the saloon and got a drink. After they came out three deputies who were across the street came over, went into the saloon and called for some drinks. The bartender said that he would not give them anything. After the deputies had asked again and were refused they went out on the sidewalk. When they came out of the saloon they found a large crowd out there among whom were two soldiers. The crowd made considerable fun of the deputies and the soldiers joined in the remarks. The deputies seemed to turn their attention to the soldiers and a wordy war ensued.

At this juncture Leech, apparently thinking there was going to be trouble, came out from behind the bar with his revolver in his hand and when near the door said, "Here boys, none of that." At that time he was standing just inside the door. The moment he opened the screen door he was shot and fell in his tracks.

J. H. Leech has been a resident of Pueblo for four years, being employed part of the time at the Pueblo smelter in the capacity of a brick layer which was his trade. He went to work at Stampf's about two months ago. He has a wife and three children somewhere in the east, but the location could not be learned last night. He was well liked by those who knew him.