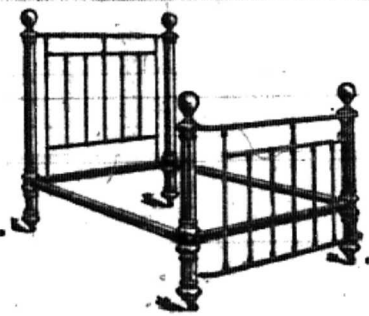


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DEED OF DASTARD SNUFFS TWO LIVES

Husband Murders Wife and Fires Bullet Into His Own Brain.

MRS. MIZELLA L. MILLER, aged 47, murdered.
JAMES W. MILLER, aged 57, murderer and suicide.

With the expression of the demon upon his face James W. Miller, armed with a large caliber revolver, murdered his wife in a most coldblooded manner, attempted to kill his daughter and two little children and then concluded the horrible tragedy by sending a bullet crashing through his own brain. The tragedy was enacted about 6 o'clock yesterday morning and consumed but a few seconds of time.

Surprised while engaged in sweeping the dirt away from the back door at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Minnie Lowen, 807 Railway avenue, Mrs. Mizella Miller was shot and killed by her husband who fired a shot from a 45-caliber revolver which passed through her body, entering at the left breast and coming out through the back near the shoulder blade.

Uttering one sharp cry of pain the woman dropped the broom and staggered into the house. Death's pallor was spread upon her face when she reached the sleeping room in which her married daughter and two small children were still occupying their bed. Falling upon a cot in the corner of the room the mortally wounded woman exclaimed brokenly, "Your father ——has killed——me." She succumbed within ten minutes.

Following his wife into the house Miller pointed the muzzle of the murderous gun toward the three occupants of the bed, who sat upright too startled to speak. Frightened beyond description, Mrs. Lowen thought only of the safety of the two little ones, and seizing them in her arms tumbled from the bed and with quaking limbs and beating heart made her way to the front door. Weakened by fright and the awful tragedy which she had awakened from her sleep to behold, Mrs. Lowen, still holding the children, fell down several steps leading from the front porch to the ground. From her position on the ground she turned an ashen face towards the threshhold of the stricken home and again beheld the demonical form of her father in the doorway. He held the revolver in his hand and its muzzle pointed menacingly in her direction. She gathered the little boy and girl closer to her quivering body and prayerfully awaited the flash. Instead of shooting the helpless trio on the ground Miller suddenly pressed the weapon against his own head and pulled the trigger. The deadly missile tore its way through his brain and buried itself in the wall after passing through a life size portrait of his wife whose lifeless body lay upon the cot directly beneath the picture. Miller died instantly.

What insane influence prompted the man to do the awful deed is unexplained. The couple were married thirty years ago. They had lived in Pueblo many years and were the parents of a large family of children. Recently family differences have caused a separation, the father taking up his abode in a small frame house at 813 Railway avenue, a short distance from the residence of the daughter, Mrs. Lowen, with whom the wife and mother made her home. On account of the early hour chosen by the man to perform the bloody deed but few of the residents of the neighborhood were astir, and just what conversation, if any, which took place between the two prior to the first shot is not known. It is said that the two frequently quarreled, in a comparatively mild way, but nothing ever passed between them which indicated the approach of a tragedy.

Miller was a Kentuckian and Mrs. Miller was born at Peoria, Ill. They have ten children. Mrs. Florence Wilson, 29 years old and the wife of Lew Wilson, a motorman in the employ of the Traction company; Albert, 27 years old; Mrs. Minnie Lowen, 25; Lloyd, 23, who was accidentally shot in the leg on the Fourth of July by a skyrocket; Katie, 21, employed at the Maine hotel; Sammie, 19; George, 13; Mamie, 10; Dewey, 6; Dorothy, 4. All of the children are at home except Lloyd, whose whereabouts is unknown.

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