

Contest Lies Between C. F. Saul and James K. McGuire.

Baldwin Dumped Him. He Has Tumbled Off the Bandwagon.

McGuire Their Only Hope.

Baldwin's Flock to His Support.

Hope to Defeat the Republican Party.

Policy of Rule or Ruin.

Most Voters Imposed Upon by Des Moines.

Success and Used to Base and Ignoble Ends.

McGuire's Election is a Certainty.

He is Coming Sure as Fate and Many Voters Are Hurrying to Get Out of the Way of the Republican Locomotive.

The fight for the majority is between Charles F. Saul, Republican, and James K. McGuire, Democrat. Saul is the favorite of the Republicans and McGuire the favorite of the Democrats.

McGuire is making the same mistake in his canvass that older and wiser men have made. I understand that he has made more promises than he could possibly fulfill if elected. I know of two north side Germans that expect to be excise commissioners in the event of McGuire's election. Of course both of them cannot be appointed and one or the other of them is being deceived.

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Daniel Hart Shot Through the Body in a Lonely Shanty.

A Boat House the Scene.

An Ugly Place Standing Over Onondaga Lake the Place of the Tragedy.

IT IS SHROUDED IN MYSTERY.

No One is Known to Have Heard the Fatal Shot, but Murder is Suspected.

THE RESORT IS A DISREPUTABLE ONE.

Three Men and a Young Woman Said to Have Inhabited It—The Woman Has Gone Away.

Daniel Hart, a cigarmaker, formerly in the employ of J. P. Her, of No. 412 East Division street, was found lying dead in the boat house and saloon kept by John Young on the lake shore, a quarter of a mile north of the old S. A. pier and 300 yards from the Liverpool plank road, at 7:30 o'clock last night. The body when discovered was in a cramped position on the floor and a hurried investigation revealed the startling fact that death had resulted from a gunshot by the hands of the victim or those of an assassin. The police and coroner were immediately notified but as yet are unable to determine whether it be a case of murder or suicide.

The Young saloon, where the deed was committed, stands about the waters of the lake about 200 yards beyond the city line. The place is one of the most desolate spots in the vicinity of the city and in order to reach it a plank walk about two feet wide has been erected over the marsh from the road. The pathway winds in and out among the weeds three feet above the water level, while the only entrance to the saloon is by means of a rudely constructed door at the extreme end of the little building over the lake, John Young, the proprietor; Christian J. Neubrecht, alias "Doody," and a young woman who goes by the name of Jennie Tucker are the only occupants of the boat house and at the time the shooting occurred it is claimed by them that they were absent from the place. Hart, whose body now lies on a slab at the morgue of Undertaker Traugott, had, however, been a frequent visitor at the resort and for the past two days and nights had made his home with Young.

The man, who is 38 years of age, up to a week ago had worked for John P. Her, the cigar manufacturer, but since Monday had remained at the saloon. As the story is related by Saloon-keeper Young, Hart was in his usual happy frame of mind yesterday morning. He had complained of nothing and during the early part of the day amused himself at shooting on the lake. Anthony Young, father of John, accompanied by Tony Young, another son, arrived at the boat house shortly before the noon hour. The only party had dinner together, but shortly afterwards Proprietor Young, the Tucker woman and Neubrecht started for the city. Mr. Young, the father, assisted by his son, Tony, were at work on repairs at the rear of the house. Both men, as claimed by them, working on the outside of the saloon during the entire afternoon while the boat house was in the barroom. Up to the boat house and on boarded themselves at the carpenter work, when Tony, it is claimed, started for home. The senior Young then entered the building. Hart was no where to be seen and as the man often lay down for a nap during the afternoon, little was thought of it. He had, however, indulged freely in liquor the morning before and Anthony Young shortly afterwards heard the noise of a man was grunting, the sounds coming from a small room adjoining the barroom. Previous to that time a muffled sound had also escaped from the room and the sound of a falling body reached the ears of the aged carpenter on the outside. Unfortunately the man failed to investigate and it is alleged left the place at 4:30 o'clock.

The Tucker woman, it is said, had, however, put in her appearance, but before the arrival of the proprietor of the resort, had again disappeared. William Zimmerman, a friend of Proprietor Young and a frequenter of the place, accompanied him from the city. The two men were left by themselves, and as it had steadily grown dark the lamp was lighted. For over an hour the light shined against the wall and his head, resting on his chest, partly inclined to the right, was Daniel Hart. It was evident that he was dead and the frightened man called to his companion. The door was then forced and the two entered the room, which in reality is but six feet square. A pool of blood was in the center of the roomly constructed bed and it was plainly seen that a murder or suicide had been committed. Work was quickly put to the office of Dr. L. K. Peck, but by the time the physician arrived a crowd had gathered. A quick examination of the wound was made, showing that a shot had entered Hart's back.

The Boss of the Council Kicking His Grip on the Third Ward.

GEO. FREEMAN'S BOOMERANG.

ALDERMAN MATTY IS GROWING DEPLETE.

THE PEOPLE OF THE THIRD WARD ARE THOROUGHLY AROUSED.

THE ONLY ARGUMENT ALDERMAN GEORGE FREEMAN CAN MAKE IN SUPPORT OF THE MOVEMENT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THE SEVENTH WARD TO SEND WILLIAM SPALDING TO THE COMMON COUNCIL.

CONCORDIA'S BIRTHDAY.

AMUSEMENTS.

PERSONAL.

DEATH OF COL. J. W. BAUM.

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