

the entrance and met officer Mount, who informed him that he had a warrant for his arrest. Mr. Hancock accompanied the officer to the Co-op store, where the warrant was read. Mr. Hancock asked to be permitted to go home to notify his family, but the privilege was refused. He was held in close custody till the early train left next morning for Provo, to which place he was taken and placed in jail.

THE WARRANT

on which the arrest was made charges the prisoner with the murder of a Mrs. Hatch, and her son, John Jones, in the spring of 1857. This Mrs. Hatch will be well remembered by some of the old residents of Utah. She first married a man named Jones, by whom she had a son John. She afterwards married a man named Hatch, who was well known in Kanessville, Iowa, in the forties. He was the father of Layton Hatch, who killed an emigrant at Kanessville by striking him over the head with an iron bar.

Mrs. Hatch came to Utah and located in the Second Ward of this city. In 1856 she removed to Payson, and, not long before the tragedy which is being revived by the arrest of Mr. Hancock, she gave birth to a female child. It soon became notorious in the community that the infant was the offspring of illicit relations which she had sustained with her own son, John Jones, who was at the time about twenty-five years old. A storm of public indignation resulted from a disclosure of the detestable crime which mother and son had committed. One night the house where the two lived was surrounded by a mob who shot and killed Mrs. Hatch. The son escaped from the house and fled towards Salem, thirteen miles distant; but was pursued and killed, his body being found in the road next morning.

Such are the features of the tragedy, which was

A GREAT SENSATION

at the time it occurred, throughout the whole Territory. It is notorious that the killing was done by a crowd of incensed citizens, but individual guilt has never been fixed.

Mr. Hancock was constable at the time, but states positively that he was not with the crowd who did the killing, and that he knows nothing of who the persons were who did it. He was seen in jail, by a NEWS representative, and in the most solemn manner declared that he did not know who did the killing.

Mr. Hancock is still confined in jail, though he has urged that his examination be speedily begun. Up to this afternoon the prosecution had manifested no disposition to do this, nor to give him any opportunity of offering bail. There is good reason to regard his arrest as the work of persons who bear malice toward him.

Mr. Hancock is an aged and highly respected citizen. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion,

came to Utah in 1847, and was a member of the surveying party that located the boundary line between Utah and California in an early day.

THE CORRECT INDIAN NAME.

A gentleman, who was once a well-known figure in Boston, but who has for some years resided in a distant city in the West, where he has prospered and laid up a goodly store of this world's goods, purchased a year or two ago a piece of land in the suburbs of the city which he now calls home, and proceeded to build himself a house there. There was a tradition that the spot where his house stood had been in former times a favorite camping-ground of the red man, and that it possessed an Indian name. This he was anxious to learn, and to that end he applied to one of the oldest residents, who told him that in a town not far off there lived the last remnant of the Indian tribe that once roamed the forests thereabouts, and that some one of them could doubtless give him the desired information. Accordingly he sent to the town in question, and the result was that in a few days an old Indian, arrayed in store-clothes of the second-hand persuasion, came to his house. He was invited to have a seat on the piazza, and after he had settled himself comfortably his host stated his object. Mr. Lo listened very attentively, and when he had heard his questioner all through he said:

"Ugh! Indian hungry." This was a strong hint, so a large amount of broken food was brought and quickly dispatched. Then the whole story was gone over again, and he was urged to tell the Indian name of the place.

"Ugh! Indian thirsty," he said.

Firewater was brought in a tin dipper and tossed off at a gulp, and again he was pressed for information.

"Ugh! Indian cold," he exclaimed.

A blanket was brought, and, having wrapped it about him with all the dignity of a Roman senator, he pointed to the ground and pronounced one word:

"Onocee."

Great was the joy of the proprietor. He had found the name of his estate. It was musical and sweet in his ears. At once he had note paper engraved with the word "Onocee," his wife had it inscribed upon her cards, and on the great granite gate-post which stood at the entrance to his grounds he had it cut in deep and lasting letters. Soon after he met the old resident, who, in his early days, had learned something of the local Indian dialect, and thanked him for having put him in a way to rescue from oblivion the aboriginal name of his estate.

"And what did he say it was?" asked the old resident. "He said 'Onocee'." "The venerable resident burst into a fit of laughter, which so annoyed the proprietor of "Onocee" that he demanded an explanation. "What are you laughing at?" he asked. "O! nothing," he replied. "'Onocee' means 'I don't know,'

that's all." The note paper has been destroyed, and so have the lady's cards and card-plate, but the gate-post remains, sacred to the memory of "Onocee."

CURIOUS SUPERSTITION.

There are few things more paradoxical than the association of sentiment with the pawnbrokerage business, especially when engaged in by the modern Shylocks; but that it does exist in the form of superstition is a fact well established, though little known. It is surprising how many tradesmen have a superstitious feeling that the destiny of the day's business is shaped largely by the first transaction.

The pawnbroker dislikes exceedingly to have a negro for the first customer in the morning, or a person with clothes to pawn. He feels that bad luck must follow in the wake of such a deal as this last, particularly; while, on the contrary, if the first comer in the morning brings diamonds he can get almost any concession he may demand within the bounds of reason. This is not altogether due to the intrinsic value of the stones, but particularly to the fact that they are considered great mascots to the trade.

Cigar dealers dislike exceedingly to "trust" the first customer, no matter how well known and reputable he may be. It is believed to be a forerunner of a "poor day's" trade.

Letter carriers also have their superstitions. They have been known to go considerably out of their way in order to avoid delivering a mourning letter the first thing.

A great many Wall Street men will not buy stocks on Friday, and some, should they chance to meet a Wall Street man on their way to business, will sell out their holdings at once, as this is a sure sign of a declining market.

Formerly sailors could not be induced to sail on Friday, or if a "parson" were known to be on board. Even now, if a shark is seen following the ship, it is taken by some to be a sure sign of the approaching death of one of the passengers or crew.—*New York Star*.

THE force of habit had a singular effect upon a miller from the country who was lately on a visit to Salt Lake. Unfortunately, while here, he stopped at a house located on a street along which the electric cars pass at frequent intervals. The noise made by the electric vehicles is almost identical with that which proceeds from the hopper of a mill when it is empty. Every time a car passed the miller awoke with a start, leaped from his couch, seized a lounge pillow or some other convenient article, thinking it was a sack of wheat and intending to pour the grain into the empty hopper. When he appeared at the breakfast table in the morning he wore a jaded look, as if he had been laboring under an attack of nocturnal perturbation.