

come in yesterday afternoon on a brief leave of absence from his post of duty at Fort Russell, Wyoming, where the Torrey Rough Riders are being trained for active service.

Colonel Cannon is looking and feeling splendidly. He has lost considerable flesh, occasioned by the long hours and arduous duties of camp life, but is all the better for it. The entire regiment is in good shape. The men are all uniformed, well-housed and fed and in excellent spirits. The monotony of camp life alone makes it irksome. However, the regiment expects to receive orders soon that will take it to the front. Personally, the colonel thinks that they are more likely to go to Porto Rico than either Cuba or the Philippines. The latter, of course, would be preferable, but the transportation of about 1,200 horses—that is about the number the regiment would need—so great a distance is a problem not easily solved. Then as to Cuba, the colonel thinks the services of the rough riders will not be required on that island, there being enough men at hand to capture and subdue it.

The whole regiment, says Colonel Cannon, swears by Colonel Torrey whom they regard a most worthy leader. Colonel Torrey is a man of education and refinement; a man who places great faith in the courage, patriotism and American spirit of the Volunteers of the western states.

Lieut. Kimball, Sergeant Cobb and Private Brattain, who returned from San Francisco yesterday afternoon to secure eighteen more recruits to fill up the ranks of the First Utah Volunteer cavalry, opened an office in the National Guard armory today and at 3 o'clock had twenty-eight applicants for the eighteen places. Among those who applied quite a number were under 21 years of age and only seven were over 25.

R. J. Bootes, Scott Groo, John A. Jenkins, Charles Stewart, John F. Chambers, Louis M. Sells, Tom Redall, Khal Kingsbury, H. R. Esse, H. Ben Hampton, Walter J. Pike, R. E. Allen, P. C. Evans, John T. Carlson, Odell Tompkins, Frank F. Young, Alex Milligan, George Harris, Elmer Johnson, W. H. Honde, Ed E. Rich, D. Benyon Davis, Wm. E. Clark, M. J. Thomas, James A. Lee, Robert A. Reid, John Hutchings, Erman Jensen, J. A. Salisbury.

Lieutenant Kimball and Sergeant Cobb went to Fort Douglas this afternoon to see Lieutenant Dashiell. Private Brattain, who was in charge of the recruiting office, denied most emphatically the correctness of the report telegraphed to this city that the Volunteers were suffering from immoral conditions at any of the San Francisco camps. So far as it referred to or reflected upon the Utah troops, he declared it was absolutely and unqualifiedly false. The men from this State, he further said, were moral and high minded and conceded to be among the best on the coast.

Under the above caption the Emery County Pioneer says:

Despite the positive identification of the man who was shot recently in company with Walker as Butch Cassidy, the fact is now pretty well established that it was not he. It may be remembered that Messrs. Schultz and Thompson, who were arrested at the time the other two men were shot, stated that they knew the man claimed to be Cassidy only as John Herring, and it now appears certain that this was his real name.

On Tuesday of this week Sheriff Tuttle received the following letter which explains itself:

Catula, Texas, June 4.

To the Sheriff of Castle Dale:

Dear Sir—I have been informed that

my brother John Herring had been killed at Castle Dale. If so please write me and let me know the particulars about it.

JOHN HERRING.

On the same day the following letter was received by Mr. S. H. Thompson, who is being held to await the action of the district court:

Oakville, Texas, May 31, 1898.

Mr. S. H. Thompson, Castle Dale, Utah:

Dear Sir—Your letter to the sheriff of this county was handed me today. You write relative to the death of my boy John Herring. You write as if you were my boy's friend. Now please write his sorrowing father all the particulars relative to my boy's death. Did he live any length of time after being shot? If so, did he talk any? Who buried him, and where was he buried? Who was he working for at the time of his death? Who took charge of his body and effects after death? Please my friend, for if you were my boy's friend you were mine also; write me fully in answer to my questions, especially as to how long he lived after being shot, and if he was conscious at the time of death, and what he said. By doing this you will greatly oblige:

CURTIS HERRING.

This letter is written on one of the letter heads of F. H. Church, lawyer and land agent, Oakville, Texas, and is written in a round, easy business hand. Sheriff Tuttle is convinced that there was a mistake in the identification of the dead man, and that Butch Cassidy is still at large.

San Francisco Examiner: According with his last wishes, the ceremonies of the Mormon Church, of which the deceased was once an Elder, were observed yesterday afternoon at the funeral of Brigham Hamilton Young. The services occurred at his late home, 1523 Schiller street, Alameda. Ten missionary Elders, including the President of the Church in this state were present, and in addition to the immediate members of the family, a large number of Salt Lake friends were in attendance.

The casket was surrounded by flowers and the body was clothed in the white vestments usual at the funeral of the members of Zion Church. The services opened with the chanting of a hymn, "Rock of My Refuge," from the Mormon hymnal, and Elder J. W. Nixon delivered a short address on the resurrection and the life hereafter, according to the new revelation. The famous hymn, "O, My Father," written by Miss Eliza R. Snow, and sung by the Salt Lake choir at the World's Fair, was sung by the Elders and sisters.

E. F. Nye, president of the Missionary Church in California, delivered the eulogy. He told the story of the departure of the first Mormons from Illinois in the forties across the then practically unknown plains, prairies and deserts of the West. The trials of the early years in Salt Lake valley, the incessant conflicts with Indians, the plagues of beetles and grasshoppers and the vicissitudes lived by the pioneers were recounted and then the speaker referred to the deceased as one of those men who, nearly half a century ago had labored to found the great and prosperous commonwealth of today. The story was interesting and most eloquently told.

The ceremonies at the house closed with the hymn, sung at every Mormon funeral: "There is sweet rest in heaven."

At the graveside the presiding Elder recited the dedicatory prayer consecrating the spot to the undisturbed slumbers of the departed.

The Elders of the Mormon Church present were: E. H. Nye, president; J. W. Nixon, W. R. Emmett, O. F. Nye, O. G. Thornton, W. C. Knight,

George T. Hendricks, L. A. Merrill, Joseph Berry, Howard Bushnell, Mr. Peck, Sisters Mrs. Hattie Nye and Mrs. I. M. Sari.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, JUNE 14.

Special to the "News."

Nephi, Utah, June 14.—Francis Charles Teasdale, son of Apostle George Teasdale, died yesterday morning at 5 o'clock of acute pneumonia.

Randolph Roundup: Two weeks ago today, Melvin Spencer, the 3-year-old son of William Spencer Jr., was found floating in the Randolph and Woodruff canal by Mr. Dan Corbett. The child was apparently lifeless, and at first it was thought useless to attempt to revive it, but prompt measures were soon rewarded by signs of life, and later by the return of consciousness. It is believed that the little one floated a mile and a half, and its being saved after being in the water so long is remarkable. The parents are very thankful that their child was spared, but it was a terrible experience.

Early Sunday morning an unknown man attempted to enter the residence of Mrs. Gertrude Kelson on east Fifth South street. That he did not do so was due to the presence of mind and courage of Mrs. Kelson. Between 2 and 3 o'clock Sunday morning Mrs. Kelson was awakened by someone rapping at the door, and upon inquiring "Who's there," the voice of a man replied that his wife had been injured in a runaway and wouldn't the good lady allow him to fetch his wife into the house while he went for a doctor. Mrs. Kelson opened the door, and peering out, she observed a man with a slouch hat drawn over his eyes. "Where is your wife?" she asked, when without uttering a word the man made a rush as if to get inside the house. Mrs. Kelson proved herself too quick, however, for the door was instantly slammed in the fellow's face. Footsteps were immediately afterwards heard on the back door steps. Mrs. Kelson got a revolver and opening the back door fired a shot or two. This aroused the neighborhood. A search for the man failed to discover his whereabouts. What his object was can only be surmised. It was only a little over a week ago that burglars entered Raleigh's shoe store on the same block and got away with a number of boots and shoes.

James Ballard, better known as "Schooner Jim," is dead. He breathed his last at noon today at the county infirmary, where he was conveyed late last night by a police officer, who found him prostrate on a porch at 775 south Second East street, where he was suffering from fits. The poor man seemed in great agony, and as soon as his identity was learned he was taken to the infirmary and placed under the care of Dr. Root, who attended him right up to the last.

Is there a resident in Salt Lake who does not know Jim? It is hardly probable. He was the most familiar figure that ever graced the streets of Utah's metropolis. His eccentricities were peculiarly his own. He was polite, gentlemanly and kind, and had the same graceful salute for all, man, woman and child alike. Jim was beloved; and if there was one who dared do him an injury, there were hundreds manly enough to rise up and denounce such actions. He was arrested once for persisting in his politeness to pedestrians, a trial resulting in the court restraining him from wearing his gilded apparel and donning his most pleasant smile. But this action brought