

PLEASANT VALLEY NOTES.

SCOFIELD, March 29, 1896.—The miners in these parts will get about ten days in, this month.

The P. V. Coal Co. are making some changes. Hereafter they will have the coal at Winter Quarters loaded with shovels instead of with forks as heretofore. They are working mines No. 1 and 2 alternately.

The coal orders are pretty slow and the prospects for the summer are not very encouraging. Quite a number of people are leaving; many of them have farms.

A good many families who used to depend on the mines here for a living have taken up homesteads in Castle Valley. They work on their farms in the summer and come back to the mines for the winter. Most of them have been struggling hard to make themselves homes, and will soon be independent of the mines.

Brother and Sister John G. Gould, old residents of Winter Quarters, are moving to Salt Lake where they will make their future home. They are getting up in years and they find this high altitude and long winters very severe on them.

Mrs. E. Keenao will hereafter keep a stock of millinery in connection with her dressmaking establishment at Scofield.

A marriage license has been taken out by Andrew Autio, 26, and Alina Raum, 20, both of Winter Quarters (Finlanders.) MORMON BOY.

FARMER'S DISAPPEARANCE.

William R. May, the Nephi man who recently left his home in the "Little Chicago" of the south and who was the occasion in part, at least, of the calling of a mass meeting of citizens there on Friday night to inquire into the mysterious disappearance of Fred Farmer, is in this city. Concerning his trip with Farmer he says that on Jan. 27 last he left Nephi on a prospecting trip in company with Fred Farmer. The men took with them a span of mules and a spring wagon loaded with provisions and a general camping outfit. They reached the Colorado river about Feb. 16, where May hoped to strike some placer mines, and where he decided to prospect, at a point about five miles above Scanlon's Ferry.

The next day after deciding where to camp, May says he started out prospecting and instructed Farmer to remain in camp, which he refused, as he desired to accompany him. They took blankets and a gold pan and started up the river. About three o'clock in the afternoon they separated and agreed to meet on the top of the hill. May declares he took his time going up the wash and when he arrived at the appointed place Farmer was not there. He then went back to where they had separated, thinking Farmer had preceded him there. Mr. May noticed the camp of a couple of prospectors about a mile above and thinking Farmer had gone there to spend the night, he retired, expecting to see his partner the next day.

When morning arrived he left for camp about five miles below and remained thirteen days, still Farmer did not come, so he concluded he had gone

to work for the prospectors above and would do no good to go after him.

When the Indian which they had brought with them returned with the mules, May hitched up and started back to Nephi and arrived there on March 17th, thinking, he says, that Farmer would turn up all right.

May denies that he had any trouble with Farmer, and said the latter had talked for some time of going to California, and as they were not very far from there he could easily have made the trip. He also denies that he ran away from Nephi, where he says he has lived for thirty-five years. He admits, however, that there has been threats of lynching him for Farmer's disappearance. "Why," he said, "I had no motive of killing him. If I had why should I tell this story of his disappearance? I could have drowned him and no one would have been the wiser. No, sir; Farmer is alive and will turn up again; see if he don't."

MURDERED BY A TRAMP.

POCATELLO, Idaho, April 6.—James B. Scanlon, who was deliberately stabbed yesterday at 2:40 a.m., by an unknown tramp, died at 10:30 this morning, having never fully recovered from the terrible shock. Dr. Perkins from Ogden, was summoned to the city by a special train yesterday afternoon and performed a difficult operation, removing the spleen, which was the only chance to save his life. The murderous knife had penetrated to a depth of five inches. At the time of the fatal deed, Scanlon was fulfilling his duties as Union Pacific depot policeman and had vainly endeavored to quiet the tramp, and finally was compelled to strike him with his revolver in order to subdue him. This so incensed the ruffian that he slipped around and sprang upon Scanlon from behind and accomplished the meditated act and fled.

Citizens, a sheriff's posse and the Indian police are scouring the surrounding country in search of the murderer. A man was caught at Baurcroft this morning, answering the fellow's description, and an armed posse of officers immediately left on a special train for that place, but he proved to be the wrong man. The citizens are so indignant that when he is caught now, there is no question as to his fate.

Scanlon had countless friends in this city and they will leave nothing undone towards capturing the assassin. The murdered man was sober, generous and an efficient officer. He had joined the Woodmen of the World three weeks ago and will be buried by that order on Wednesday. He was shortly to have been married. The Union Pacific officials are doing everything in their power to apprehend the guilty man. It is thought there is no possible show for his escape. He was tracked to the east outskirts of the city by a peculiar imprint of his shoe. He was about 25 years old, dark complexion, light moustache, no coat, weight one hundred and fifty pounds and a tough tramp of the variety of hobos who are flooding the country. There have been several private rewards offered and the sheriff

will offer one on behalf of the state. Pocatello has not been wrought up to such a state for a long time, and the quiet, determined look on the faces of the murdered man's friends proclaim but one thing, "revenge for so noble a life."

A CHICAGO CHURCH PANIC.

CHICAGO, April 6.—Eighteen hundred people were in the seats and aisles of the Second Baptist church, Morgan and Monroe streets last night, and Rev. Dr. W. M. Lawrence, pastor of the venerable and historic place of worship, was in the midst of an eloquent sermon, when it was noticed by a few in the congregation that the ceiling was on fire. Before a word could be said, however, a blazing brand fell among the flowers which surrounded the pulpit. Instantly there was a rush for the door.

Despite the assurance of the pastor that there was no danger, the worshippers did not pause. Again did the pastor cry out, "If you will resume your seats, I will finish my sermon," but as he uttered the last word the hyacinths at his side caught another blazing brand and the great chandelier, with its 105 lights, tottered to one side and a sheet of flame rolled over the pastor's head. The terrified worshippers waited for no further counsel. They stormed through the aisles, over the pews and were wedged in a struggling mass at the doors. Organist Howard Wells now attempted to quell the panic. The voice of the pastor was lost to the tumult, but the great roar of the organ could be heard. Its melody, however, had no effect. A woman who lay upon the threshold, was being trampled upon when Patrolman Woolsey dragged her upon the steps. She was taken away bleeding and in a swoon by friends who were summoned.

Using force in some instances and calling to the people to take their time, the policeman fought his way into the auditorium, where he poked up three other women who had fainted.

When the tumult was at its height, Captain George Cressey marched the boys' brigade down the aisles and ordered them to save the followers and pulpit chairs. Then the beautiful Easter decorations were torn from the altar, and following them came the pulpit itself, leaving the pale but calm faced pastor still standing in a down-pour of glowing embers, and Organist Wells running his fingers over the keyboard in a thundering rendition of the hymn, "Oward Christian Soldiers."

Sexton Allison had not been unminful of his charge during all this panic. When the worshippers arose and stormed the doors, he ran to the balcony, climbed a ladder which led to the attic, and fighting his way through the heavy smoke, reached the big burner and the flames that were rapidly making their way to the roof. He was accompanied by David Murray. Without waiting for the firemen, whom Usher Wm. Toates was making haste to summon, the aged sexton stripped himself of his coat and sought to smother the flames with the garment. But the fire had gained such headway that it not only destroyed the coat but severely burned the hands of the cour-