

making of beer rather than in the making of bread. Most of the beer in the United States is made largely of corn. The Milwaukee brewers will tell you they don't use it, but they use glucose, which is the same thing, and the greatest per cent of our beer comes from corn. Milwaukee turns out a hundred car loads of beer every day the year round, and our brewers have a great influence on the prices of corn. The Germans use vast quantities of beer. Bavaria alone turns out 9,000,000 barrels a year, and the other German provinces have vast brewing establishments in all of their large cities. Corn makes a very good beer, and I think we can gradually get them to using it. I have selected a bright, well-educated brewer to go to Germany to look into the matter. He is now studying at the Brewer's College in Chicago and is getting the scientific knowledge, which, added to his practical knowledge, will make him a strong man for the place. His name is John Mattes and he is the head of a brewing company in my city. At this college in Chicago they have some of the finest chemists in the country and they graduated last year forty-five brewers. They have good laboratories and the best of professors. They make three barrels of beer a day, and their experiments are as carefully made and as exhaustive as those of any college in the country.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

SUICIDE OF GEO. A. MEEARS.

The community will be greatly shocked to learn that George A. Mearns, the well known mining speculator, committed suicide this morning by blowing out his brains with a revolver.

About a week ago Mr. Mearns contracted a severe cold which settled on his lungs and was obliged to take to his room, where he remained most of the time up to the commission of his rash deed. Yesterday afternoon he sent for Mr. F. C. Bassett for the purpose of talking over some business matter with him. He appeared to be, and said that he was, considerably better than at any time since his illness. For years Mr. Mearns had been engaged in mining speculation in this Territory and was well known throughout the west. He was a bright, well educated man, highly sensitive, generous, and popular with all classes and was possessed of excellent business ability and foresight. The recent decline in the mining market left him a pauper. He had numerous investments and business projects which a few months ago were worth considerable money. He saw the trend of financial matters and sought to extricate himself and tide over the abyss which threatened his worldly ruin. He borrowed money with which to save himself. In a short time his obligations fell due and he was unable to meet them. This fact worried him immeasurably and he went to his bankers and informed them that they must help him out of the difficulty in which he was placed. Under ordinary circumstances and at any other time he could have gotten almost any amount of money simply for the asking. But at this time he could not get a dollar and it drove him to despair. The simple meeting of a

creditor for whom he could do nothing caused him intense anxiety.

He knew that today a gentleman with whom he had had business dealings was to institute legal proceedings against him and his mental distress is said to have been pitiful to behold. He was also a victim of insomnia and last night he slept but little. He was restive and feverish and arose from his bed to get a drink of water two or three times.

Shortly after 4 o'clock this morning he again got up. His wife cautioned him to be careful that he did not aggravate his cold. He said that he would, and went down stairs. On reaching the ground floor he stepped into one of the rooms where he kept his rifles, revolvers and ammunition (for he was a man who loved shooting, and was one of the best marksmen and hunters in the Territory) and selecting a forty-five caliber Colt's cavalry revolver he loaded it all around, putting in two explosive and four regular cartridges, also two undischarged explosive shells in one of the pockets of his trousers. He then left the house by the back steps and went to the barn at the rear of the premises. This building is a one-story frame structure adjoining the premises of the late Frank H. Dyer. It has three small compartments, the south one being occupied by the family horse, the middle one by a few bales of hay and the north one by a carriage. He entered the narrow corridor where the bales of hay were and seating himself upon one of them he prepared to kill himself.

In the meantime Mrs. Mearns became uneasy at his protracted absence and tripped quickly down stairs. Finding the back door open and a belt of cartridges in the cradle she became alarmed and rushed out in search of her husband. Just as she reached the porch she heard the report of the revolver and for an instant she was powerless. Then summoning up her strength and courage she ran down the pathway to the barn and opening the door was horrified at seeing Mr. Mearns sitting on a bale of hay, leaning backward, his quivering body covered with blood and brains, and the top of his head torn completely off. She had suspected the worst but was in no way prepared for the ghastly sight that met her gaze. Others heard the fatal shot and saw her frantic actions and hastened to the spot to lend what assistance they could.

Chief of Police Paul, who resides on the same block, and Coroner Taylor arrived shortly after. The body was removed by Undertaker Joseph William Taylor to his morgue on West Temple street, where an inquest will be held on Monday next.

The deceased has been a resident of Utah since his boyhood, having come here from England with his parents at an early date. He was in his forty-seventh year and leaves a wife and four children ranging from two to twenty-three years of age. Three of them are girls.

The parents of the deceased were old and respected residents of Willard, Utah. Both are now dead. Mrs. Mearns was a Utah girl. Her maiden name was Cordon and her home was at Willard, where her husband was

once engaged as operator for the Deseret Telegraph company.

Mr. Mearns' family can scarcely comprehend the terrible reality of the situation in which they are placed. It is only recently that the deceased condemned in the strongest terms, the cowardice and weakness of falling a victim to the suicide craze. An incident worthy of note in connection with the dread affair is the fact that Mr. Mearns slept with a small revolver under his pillow last night as has been his custom ever since the burglarious crusade was inaugurated in this city three years ago. This weapon, however he left unmolested, either because he did not regard it of sufficient capacity to do the work intended, or that he feared by removing it that he might have excited the suspicion of his wife.

DEATH OF JOHN B. WEAVER.

About ten days ago a young Salt Lake named John B. Weaver left the city and went to the head of Big Cottonwood canyon, with the intention of opening up a small store to be run during the summer months, his idea being to sell goods to persons spending their vacation in the mountains during the best term. He had a cabin built at Milldee, about six miles above the Stairs, for the purpose and had part of his stock in by yesterday. Shortly before noon he was sitting outside of the building when he was suddenly seized with a "spell of blindness." He arose and staggered towards the door and was assisted inside where he fell down on a cot, closed his eyes, became unconscious, breathed heavily for a couple of minutes and expired without a struggle.

Weaver was a married man and his wife was with him at the time of his death.

He formerly lived at No. 53 Center street and, according to the directory, was employed at the Colorado saloon. Last winter he was an applicant for life insurance and the company refused to write the policy on the ground that he was supposed to be engaged in the liquor business. Subsequent to this the company was assured that he had not been in the liquor business and the policy was issued. Later developments indicate that the writers of the policy were deceived. As a result the question of death will doubtless be carefully inquired into. According to the evidence adduced the deceased had never been ill a moment.

The body was carefully packed in snow, placed in a wagon and brought to this city, where it arrived at 8 o'clock this morning. An inquest was held by Coroner Taylor this afternoon, Dr. Wilcox was present and at 4 o'clock a post mortem examination was talked of.

Two large forest fires in the mountains north of Pike's peak are doing an immense amount of damage.

This is what the Denver News has to say: It is a glorious Fourth here for the small boy. He was blown up, shot up, had teeth blown out, arms shot off, feet cut off, eyes blown, all in one short day, and Police Surgeon Wheeler did not have a moment to himself.