

## PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

CULLED FROM LATEST WESTERN EXCHANGES.

Two log-drivers on Palouse River—Jack Boyd and John Berger—engaged in a drunken brawl in Palouse City, W. T., on the 18th inst., and the former was stabbed to death. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder, and Berger was lodged in jail.

A Tombstone, Arizona, dispatch of the 20th says: A reliable Mexican Arrived in Fairbank to-day bringing the news of the finding of the body of an American hanging to a tree at the base of Whetstone mountains. Around the tree were tracks of horses, and every appearance indicates that a severe struggle had taken place. The name of the man is not known. The authorities will immediately take steps to ascertain the facts in the case.

L. Voss, of Nevada City, Cal., offers a reward of \$500 for the arrest of the parties who set fire to his lumber yard. While in that city with his family attending a theatrical performance some one set fire to one of his large lumber piles on Greenhorn Creek. His mill is at You Bet, and some distance below the tramway there was piled about 140,000 feet of No. 1 sugar pine and 10,000 feet of No. 2 lumber, which was totally destroyed. There was no fire of any kind in the neighborhood. Mr. Voss had sold the entire lot to San Francisco parties, and during the coming week it was to be shipped below. The loss will reach in the neighborhood of \$10,000. It was insured for \$5,000 in the Anglo Nevada Company.

A dispatch dated Virginia, Nevada, May 19th, says David Borland, who was almost instantly killed in the Chollar mine last evening, was engaged in retimbering the vertical shaft between the 1000-foot and 800-foot levels. He had gone on the cage to the 300-foot level to get some timber bolts to use below. In attempting to climb up to set off timbers above where he was standing, to reach another bolt, he slipped and fell down the shaft and landed on the platform 100 feet below. Men were immediately lowered to his relief and found him still alive but unconscious. He died in a few minutes after being brought to the surface. Bruises on his left shoulder and arm indicate that he struck on that part of his body. He filled the position of underground shaft foreman at the Combination shaft for ten years. At the time of his death he was employed as a miner. He leaves a wife and three children, who are comfortably provided for. He was a native of Canada and 34 years of age.

A dispatch dated Virginia (Nev.), May, 19, says: P. P. Kelly, of Silver City, while at work in the old Buckeye mine, was caved on. He was completely covered up in a standing position with the debris. Fortunately he had his back against timber, and he managed by pushing against the timber to loosen and settle the debris somewhat, and with his hands contrived to make an airhole, and soon had his head uncovered. His companion, hearing the cave, started to come to his assistance. Kelly seeing that the slightest jar of the surrounding walls would precipitate another cave, told Williams not to come in. Gradually, piece by piece, he removed the mass of rocks that held him in its death-like grip, and in an hour and a half he was free, but more dead than alive crawled out of the spot which had been so near being his tomb. A minute or two after he had got out, another cave occurred, and about three tons of debris fell into the spot he had just vacated. None of Kelly's bones are broken, and aside from a few bruises he has nothing to show how near he came to meeting a terrible death.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## THE MESA COUNTRY.

Ancient Ruins in Arizona—Unearthed Skeletons.

MESA CITY, ARIZONA, May 13th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

This mesa around Mesa City is an open, level country as far the eye can reach to the south and southeast, while west, north and east, here and there, spurs of mountains rise up out of the level like Antelope Island out of Salt Lake. The lower land, from which it is distinguished as the mesa (or table land) is nothing more nor less than the old Salt River bed. On this mesa and other places round about are

## THE RUINS

of several towns and villages in the shape of piles of dirt, once dwellings, but of what date or by what people inhabited has not yet been decided, that I know of. Many canals used by the same people for irrigating, are also still plainly visible. These houses were probably made of the clay or adobe. A hollow or excavation near each ruin, shows where the dirt has been taken from for each building. On digging into these piles of dirt the lower part of the walls are still to be found. In or near each of these ruined towns or cities is to be found one or more buildings, much larger and more prominent than the others.

## PERHAPS A TEMPLE,

state or other public house. Three of

these I have visited in different places. They seem to have been built more to the square, and compass rule than the others. They are from perhaps 7 to 10 rods wide and from 15 to 20 rods long, standing the long way, due north and south. The ruins of a wall (likewise on the square) surrounding them, are also plainly visible. There is also another large ruin in the shape of a circle or arsenal. These ruins, particularly the dwelling houses and the ground around about, are covered with pieces of broken pottery. I notice that the natives peddle a similar ware to-day, in the shape of large jars, called oyers, in which the people keep their drinking water in hot weather.

A few days ago while some boys were excavating a new canal, on the edge of the Mesa, (a mile north of this settlement and near the same distance from the river) with three plows and scrapers, they cut the edge of one of those old ruins, and in close proximity, came upon and took one of the bones of

## FOUR SKELETONS.

They said some were face downward and one was lying across the feet of another—bearing of this I went to the place myself. They showed me the bones which they had put in a pile and covered with some dirt. The skulls they had not found. We then began to scratch near the same place in the edge of the same ruin, and soon came upon the lower extremities of another skeleton. Following it in we soon came to the bodies of two—the ribs and backbone) both close together. One of them was an infant; the other grown. Following up we soon found the skull of a grown person, the teeth seemingly sound. But the skull commenced to crumble as soon as taken out. The strangest part of the matter is, these skeletons were near together in the same ruin, and in, and under the loose dirt of the ruin, and on top of the ground. They were not in the hard gravelly ground beneath, (as if they had been buried) but seem to have been slain, and the village sacked and burned over their heads. All through the loose dirt is charcoal, mixed, as if from the wood work of the house.

S. R.

## MILLARD STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Millard Stake Quarterly Conference was held at Fillmore City on the 21st and 22nd of May, 1887, President Ira N. Hinckley presiding.

We were favored with the presence of Apostle Lorenzo Snow, who spoke to the Conference Saturday and Sunday in the afternoon. His preaching was very encouraging and comforting, and was highly appreciated by the Saints.

The reports of the temporal and spiritual condition of the wards were good, harmony and good feelings existing among the laboring priesthood, and an increase of diligence and faithfulness among the members.

The following local brethren addressed the Conference: Presidents Ira N. Hinckley and J. V. Robison, Elders J. D. Smith, D. P. Callister, Alma Greenwood, Joshua Greenwood and J. L. Robison.

The addresses of the speakers were wrought with the power of the Holy Spirit, and much freedom of expression characterized the teachings and exhortations of the servants of God who administered the word.

The general and local authorities of the Church were presented and unanimously sustained.

The local authorities now stand as follows: Ira N. Hinckley, President of Millard Stake, with Daniel Thompson first and J. V. Robison second Counselors.

Members of the High Council: Platte D. Lyman, James Abraham, Christian Anderson, Wm. Beeson, Christian Hanson, Allen Russell, C. P. Beauregard, B. J. Stringham, Jesse B. Martin, Ira N. Hinckley, J. C. Robison and W. H. Stott.

Alternate High Councilors—Joshua Greenwood, James McMahon, Alfred Gull, J. D. Smith, D. P. Callister, Niel M. Stewart, Geo. Crane, L. N. Hinckley, F. K. Lyman and George Badger.

Lewis Brunson, president of the High Priests' Quorum, with Alexander Melville as his first and William North as his second Counselor.

Abram A. Kimball, agent for Presiding Bishop.

Christian Anderson as Historian and Stake Clerk.

Richard Day as President of the First Quorum of Elders, with H. C. Jackson as his second Counselor.

Thomas C. Callister, Bishop of Fillmore Ward, with Alma Greenwood as his first and James A. Melville as his second Counselor.

Hiram B. Bennett, Bishop of Meadow Ward, with James Fisher as his first and James Duncan as his second Counselor.

A. A. Kimball, Bishop of Kanosh Ward, with C. W. Hopkins as his first and C. F. Christianson as his second Counselor.

Joseph S. Black, Bishop of Deseret Ward, with Robt. Hunter as his first and S. W. Western as his second Counselor.

Nelson Higgins, as Presiding Priest of Beaver Bottom Branch, under the presidency of the Bishop of Deseret.

Peter Anderson, Bishop of Oak Creek Ward, with Geo. Tinslinson as his first and C. H. Jensen as his second Counselor.

L. N. Christianson Bishop of Leamington Ward, with B. P. Textarius as his first and John Talbott as his second Counselor.

Thos. Yates Bishop of Scipio Ward with Peter Nielson as his first and John A. Vance as his second Counselor.

David R. Stevens Bishop of Holden Ward, with A. P. Harmon as his first and Wm. Probert, Jr., as his second Counselor.

J. L. Robison, superintendent of the Sunday schools, with F. A. Robison as his first and Ira Noble Huckleby as his second assistant.

F. A. Robison, President of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, with J. C. Robison and Joshua Greenwood as his Counselors.

Elizabeth Yates, President of the Relief Societies, with Lorinda Thompson first and Martha J. Robison second Counselor.

Isabel E. Robison, President of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Associations, with Lizzie Henry first and Anna Strigum second Counselor.

Deilah Olson, President of the Primary Association, with Alice Callister as her second Counselor.

Home Missionaries—All the members of the High Council and all the alternate High Councilors and Levi Brunson, F. A. Robison, W. S. Elias, Wm. Aldridge, Joseph Anderson, W. E. Robison, John Ashby and Jesse B. Martin, Jr.

C. ANDERSON,

Stake Clerk.

## CHICAGO LETTER.

The Labor Question—The Boodlers' Trial—Robbery, Romanism, and Republicanism—That Bogus "Mormon" Family—Stoddard Going Down Hill—The "Tribune" Getting Sensible, Etc.

News Special Correspondence.]

CHICAGO, May 24, 1887.

We are having a wonderful time in Chicago at present. Strikes, lockouts, boodlers, anarchists, prostitutes, politicians, and rumsellers are all coming to the front. In the strike business there is neither head nor tail, and the stomach part of it must be in terrible disorder. It would take a Philadelphia lawyer to give any kind of a lucid explanation of how the labor question stands at present. We have arrived at that advanced stage of development where it is possible to be a "scab" contractor or employer. A tradesman outside the contractors and builders association cannot now undertake any work in the building line

## WITHOUT A PERMIT

from the association. If he does attempt work without this permit, the material contractor in the building line must refuse to furnish material. When the labor question has assumed a phase of this kind, it is beyond explanation. There are also a dozen petty troubles which any rational old woman, or even a half demented Utah lawyer could settle in a minute. One is the question of payday, whether it ought to be Saturday or Monday. It appears such a matter as this ought not to precipitate a strike, and cause business to be suspended during one of the best months in the year.

The workmen want a Saturday payday. The employers want a Monday one. The former say that marketing can be done more advantageously on Saturdays than on other week days. The employers say that a Saturday payday is productive of

## SUNDAY DRUNKENNESS

and Monday idleness. This could be settled easily enough if it were not for the whisky business. But the question is, does Monday pay-day diminish Tuesday drunkenness and Wednesday idleness? Unfortunately it does not. The man who drinks whisky will drink it on Tuesday just as sweetly as on Sunday. One thing is certain, a Saturday payday would make more money for the rumsellers, because it would enable the workmen to work one day, perhaps two, per week more.

Suppose employers and workers both came to an agreement, and had a Friday pay-day, with a stringent Sunday closing act for saloons and dives, then both sides ought to be satisfied. The wives would have Saturday for marketing, and the closing of saloons on Sundays would perhaps drive the men to church, and they would have a dime for the contribution box. Whisky is at the bottom of all our troubles.

## THE BOODLER'S TRIAL.

The work of obtaining a jury to try the boodlers is still going on slowly. Mr. Sullivan is bringing out some strange things in his examinations of jurors. He had brought to light the existence of a secret society, the members of which are sworn to work for the disfranchisement of Roman Catholics. It appears one of the court officials belonged to this society, and he summoned a brother member to act as juror in the boodler trials. Mr. Sullivan made a great noise about this. He is a republican politician, and the court and sheriffs are republicans, and they felt this expose very much. MacGarigle, one of the men on trial, is an Orangeman, and was defeated in his race for sheriff some four years ago, because of his Orangism, so that Mr. Sullivan's argument in his case seems funny. Ed. MacDonald, the other man on trial, is brother to Mike the notorious gambler, and a parade of their Romanism by a Romanist lawyer in a court of justice, seems like a

## SUBTLE SATIRE

on the religion. But Mike is a Roman Catholic in good standing, and con-

tributes more money to the church than a whole parish full of Irish and French laborers. Mike's daughter is being educated in a French convent under the tuition of a lady member of a French ducal house. MacGarigle and MacDonald were both republicans until a few years ago. So that the whole matter is between themselves, and it is now robbery, Romanism and republicanism. Burchard is beaten at last.

We had Forepaugh's circus here lately, but it is gone. And so is that "Mormon" polygamous family from Utah gone, no one knows where. That was one of the most amusing affairs that ever occurred in Chicago. Its complete history would form an interesting chapter in "Mormon" romance. The man, "Joshua Baker," and

## HIS THREE WIVES

and eighteen children seated on the platform of a dime museum would make one laugh. The alleged Joshua is a short, trim built little man, perhaps fifty to fifty-five years of age. His shoulders are inclined to roundness, so much so that if his head were put on the other way, he would be a full-chested man. He wears a thick crop of stubby beard, about two inches long. He has small, ferret-like eyes, with a cunning leer in them. He has a thick growth of short hair on his head, and looks a good deal like Nast's caricatures of the late John Kelly. I had an interview with him. He told me some outrageous falsehoods. He could not give a description of a single prominent "Mormon" in Utah. He admitted having met Mr. Penrose once. Beside him sat a large, broad-faced woman, industriously knitting stockings. She seemed to know more about Utah than he did. Further down was a

## SICKLY LITTLE WOMAN

with sore eyes, and a kind of purgatory Presbyterian face. Further still was another woman, slim, angular, but intellectual looking. These two women would answer no questions. I then counted the children. There were five children and eighteen chairs. I asked for the children; I was told they were playing about. By this time a crowd had collected around me and were deeply interested in the investigation. I asked Mr. Baker something in Mormon theology, and the answer he gave was so ludicrous that he was pronounced a fraud. In the crowd was a miner from Provo or thereabouts, and he took a hand in. It was voted that Baker was a fraud. The manager came with his special policeman to order me out, but I insisted on seeing 18 children, what I paid to see. I was going to have the whole crowd arrested for obtaining money under

## FALSE PRETENSES.

Things were now assuming a serious aspect when another person appears. This was no other than Rev. J. B. Stoddard, the apostate. He undertook to answer all my questions, and got up on the platform and delivered a short lecture on Utah. He said nothing about his own connection with the Church, but he stated that Mr. Baker served six months' under the Edmunds act. After the lecture Mr. Stoddard and I had a long conversation. He showed me a testimonial signed by a dozen of the most notorious of the anti-Mormons of Utah. I noted the names of Murray, Zane, Dickson, Hollister, Leanan and several others. Mr. Stoddard was recommended as one who could truthfully portray Utah matters. I noticed a person very interested in Stoddard. This person always kept close to him and occasionally interposed a word. He was a

## SMOOTH-FACED IRISHMAN

with a soft brogue and a very philosophical tongue. I learned afterwards who he was. It turned out that he is interested in the business. He is a whisky man named Paddy Ryan, not the pugilist, but he is known as Plug Ugly Ryan.

In the course of inquiries from some museum officials I learned that the affair was a pure commercial speculation, that Stoddard had been cast off by the preachers and had fallen in with the toughs of Chicago. Ryan and some show men conceived the idea of getting up a "Mormon" family and using Stoddard as a lecturer to give reality to the affair, he of course being competent to answer all questions relating to Utah and Mormonism. But I have an idea he would like to be back again in Utah. The young man has fallen in with a terrible gang, and unless he leaves them, his moral and

## PHYSICAL DESTRUCTION

is certain. Already he seems going down; his complexion is becoming more sallow and sickly; his forehead is assuming the shape of a stairway; a large ridge is already formed over the brows, resembling the first step of a stairway.

In all this there is not much, but what do you think of the newspapers that published columns about the Baker family, and all in a manner indicating reality? But a newspaper is a commercial affair, and so is the poor drunken prostitute who dodges behind a lamp post. The difference is not much.

In this day's Chicago Tribune is a short editorial on the Utah question. It is in the form of a reply to these canting preachers and snivelling editors who are endeavoring to ride on the laws and constitution of this country. Extracts from the Edmunds-Tucker bill are cited to show that

nothing further is required in the way of legislation. The carpet-baggers and boodlers of Utah are also told a bitter truth. Here is what is said on

## THEIR ACTION:

This would seem to be a sufficient guarantee of the disfranchisement of polygamists, but the anti-Mormons of Utah want to go still further. Inasmuch as the Mormon monogamists will take this oath, and have the commission formulate one which will bar out those having the Mormon belief. This would certainly be an unconstitutional proceeding, as he legislation thus far enacted was not directed at religious beliefs, but at violations of the law of the land. No man should be disfranchised for his beliefs so long as those beliefs do not involve practices which are in violation of the fundamental principles of morality, the rights of society, and the laws of the land. The Congressional bills were intended to reach crime, not religious beliefs, however grotesque they may be. The disfranchisement of a Mormon who obeys the laws of the Territory and of the United States would be no more defensible than the disfranchisement of a Spiritualist or of our "modern Pagan," Col. Bob Ingersoll, because he does not share the Christian belief.

## THIS IS SOMETHING

for Corporal Hollister and Butcher O'Lannigan to ruminate on. The Chicago Tribune has at last seen the error of its ways, and it has come out boldly for right and fair play. The Edmunds-Tucker bill has proved a real blessing for Utah, inasmuch as it has completely demonstrated the holiness and hypocrisy of the political cadgers and religious vagrants that infest the Territory. The veil is torn off and the anarchists Baskin and Bennett stand in their pure, native, unadulterated meanness.

Some of the judges and officials who have been playing such a high hand in the test oath business are coming in for sharp criticism. I would not be in for speaking severely of these persons. It is plain that nature intended them for imbeciles, and a poor wretch can no more be blamed for being a fool than he could be for having asthma. No sensible man would blame an unfortunate fellow-mortal who had a club-foot, but the man who would insist on Mr. Clubfoot being mustered into a marching regiment of infantry could hardly be

## CONSIDERED SENSIBLE.

So it is with some of the Utah officials. We certainly do not blame them for being natural-born buffoons, but we cannot outrage our common sense by insisting on the retention of such material in political office. They ought to follow Orlando the brave into the pines of Michigan, where they could chew gum. They have sense enough for that.

The papers tell us that Mr. Dickson is out of a job at present. I would respectfully inform him that there is a splendid opening in Chicago at present for a gentleman of his calibre. His Utah experience might help him considerably. He might fetch a half-dozen of his old deputies along. He will understand what I mean when

## HE READS THIS:

Lieut. Arch, with a squad of officers from the Central Detail, raided the Walton House last evening, capturing three patrol wagon loads of well-dressed men and women. This is a well-known assignation house kept by Mrs. Qandou, who had been notified to close up but refused to comply. There were 17 couples found in the rooms and all were locked up at the armory. Among the women was not a single one known to the police, and all are supposed to be girls living at home. The men were plug hats and fashionable clothing, several being recognized as well-known men about town.

This Walton House is situated in the most central and most respectable part of the city, at the corner of Wabash Avenue and Washington, right in front of Field's great store, where house rent is enormous.

## COMMON STREETWALKERS

could not support a place of this kind. It has run for the last 14 years, but was "pulled" once before. Here is another little clipping for the benefit of the preachers and teachers of the New West Education Commission:

Several of the scenes at the station after the raid were of a sensational character. A prominent business man living on the west side visited the station and found his daughter among those arrested. Another man well known in the city was sent for by his wife who was among the unfortunates and succeeded in releasing her. It is said that a number of divorce suits will result from the "pull" on the Walton house.

Don't you think we would want all our preachers at home when such a state of things exist among us? Mr. Dubious, of Idaho, is wanted at home at present. He is a native of Illinois, and ought to be interested in the welfare of his native state. Most of the Walton House gang were church members in good standing, and they were the fiercest kind of anti-Mormons.

## JUNUS.

The New York assembly has passed a bill requiring railway corporations to maintain solid floors and rails upon every bridge or trestle, so arranged as to hold and guide the car-wheels in case of derailment. The plan is feasible, not expensive, and should be adopted on high embankments as well.

Recently a young man near Ripon, Wis., set a trap for a rabbit, and having as he thought, caught it, wrapped his coat around it and took it home, only to find in the coat a well-developed healthy twenty-two carat pole cat. As he wanders around the village he sadly hums "We do not speak as we pass by."