

Then the doctor began explaining to bystanders that he thought his wife was dead when he proposed marriage to Miss Everill. Next he proceeded to declare that Mrs. West, of Portland, Oregon, was one of the vilest women living. He lapsed into a silent mood again, until a Mrs. Annie Nounnan came in and conversed with him. To those unacquainted with her, their conversation conveyed the idea that they were husband and wife—the way they discussed domestic matters, and the ownership of various household articles. But she was only his housekeeper.

After waiting in vain for the doctor to get an attorney to defend him, the prosecutor finally sent the defendant back to the penitentiary, and the witnesses to the grand jury.

The housekeeper referred to took a great interest in the doctor. Mrs. Catharine West, who is now known as the first wife, had not seen Mrs. Nounnan since her arrival in this city. When she did see her, however, she was so astounded that she came very near fainting. When she regained her selfcontrol, she exclaimed that that woman was formerly her servant.

In the meantime Mrs. West's demeanor toward Miss Everill had materially changed. She had been wrought up to such a pitch that she seemed to have no feeling, but this passed off, and she has become deeply concerned in the doctor's latest victim, and a common cause now unites them.

Mrs. West related her story in substance as follows: Three years ago Dr. J. J. West came to Portland, Oregon, from Montana, he said. He had with him Mrs. Nounnan as his housekeeper. He wooed and won the present Mrs. West, and fourteen months ago he led her to the altar in the Catholic Church at Portland. They lived together till June last. During this period, while Mrs. Nounnan nominally held the position of servant, she practically had her own way in the house, the doctor placing her in this position. He was as attentive to her as to his wife, and even more so. The wife objected, and early last June the housekeeper suddenly left. At the same time a considerable portion of Mrs. West's jewelry and clothing disappeared. A few days afterward, and without giving Mrs. West any idea that a separation was desired by him, the doctor departed, between two days, taking everything he could carry off, except \$10. She could get no trace of him till a few weeks ago, when she learned that he was in this city, and determined to follow him. The result is known to the public.

But now new questions arise in the minds of the two wives. Are they victims of a conspiracy on the part of Dr. West and his pretended housekeeper? Is the latter an accomplice in his scheme of going about the country, marrying wives and then deserting them? Is Mrs. West, of Portland, in the same situation as Mrs. West, of Salt Lake? How many other wives has the experienced deceiver—he is 85 years old—been married to?

The doctor has "tried to set himself right" before the public, so he says. He wrote three letters, one to the *Herald* and one to the *Tribune*. These were in the marshal's hands today. The third was to Miss Everill. In this he addresses her as "Mrs. Dr. West: Dear madam." Then he goes on to say that today's examination would clear him—but it didn't. He says the only error he made was in not telling her that he was married before. This in the face of the fact that he declared, with his hands uplifted to heaven, that he had never been married at all.

This Mrs. Nounnan was a witness to the marriage in Portland, and also knew of the one here, and it would seem that if there is any law to punish her it should be invoked. It may be that she is under the influence of the doctor, and dared not reveal his perfidy to save a young girl from his villainy, but the circumstances do not at present point that way.

In getting out the marriage license before County Clerk Cutler, the doctor also committed perjury, and he will be required to answer for that crime.

AT CASA GRANDE.

Casa Grande is a small railroad town on the Southern Pacific, and a partial closing of stores is the only indication that this is the Sabbath. There is not a church or Sabbath school in the town. The saloons are crowded, and gambling pursuits are freely and openly indulged in. This is quite a contrast to the few peaceful Sabbaths spent with the good Saints in Mesa City.

During conference in Maricopa County it was reported that Mesa Ward contained ninety-six families, Lehi twenty-nine families, Alma forty-nine families and Nephi fourteen families; besides the Papago Ward, which contains over 600 Lamanite members. A good work is being done among the Lamanites by our brethren, and it is highly appreciated.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of conversing with Brother Cheroquis Erastus, a Maricopa Indian holding the office of a Seventy, and learned that Deacons and Elders were being trained in the duties of the Priesthood. Some of the Lamanite sisters were at the conference, accompanied by some of their little ones, all dressed in clean, tidy apparel and well-trimmed hats.

We learned that a good Sabbath school is held in their ward, and is well attended. A Relief Society is also organized there, and meetings are held regularly. These are often visited by sisters from other wards, who instruct the Lamanites in their duties as members of the Church, and direct them how to be clean and tidy in their habits. Your readers can hardly realize the amount of work that is being done by our brethren and sisters in this direction.

President Robson, accompanied by one of his counselors and other

brethren, passed through Casa Grande a few days ago on a visit to several tribes of Indians in Southwestern Arizona and the northwest of Mexico. They expect to be gone five or six weeks, and have taken along provisions for themselves and for Lamanites that may accompany them. This is a voluntary mission for a personal expense of several hundred dollars, but is undertaken at the urgent request of and in response to appeals from a people who are anxious to learn the truth and to hear their past history from the Elders of the only Church which holds the key to it.

The first tribe to be visited are the Pima Indians, about 800 of whom now belong to the Church. Two of our young brethren have been laboring and living amongst them for some time as missionaries.

We visited many of the ruins in Maricopa County which have from time to time been referred to in your columns.

Florence, the county seat of Pinal County, is situated on the Gila River and contains about 3000 inhabitants, many of whom are Mexicans. Several mines in the vicinity contribute toward making it a business centre, but the narrow streets and numerous low, flat-roofed buildings crowded together in true Mexican style compare very unfavorably with the beautiful cities of Phoenix and Mesa.

About ten miles south of Florence are the famous ruins of Casa Grande (meaning large house). The principal ruin reminds the visitor of an old English castle. The walls are of concrete, four feet thick. The place appears to have been built as a fortress, and must have been at least five stories high. Each story contained five rooms, built in a square, the centre room being about fourteen by fourteen feet. Two small ruins are still standing near, and the numerous mounds in the vicinity indicate that a large ruined city lies buried there. The native Indians state that their fathers know nothing of its past history, but, in the future, its story may be told, and, like many others, it will confirm the Book of Mormon history. PHOENIX.

CASA GRANDE, Pinal County, Arizona, April 13, 1890.

THE MAN SHOT BY BUSH.

Deputy Marshal Joseph Bush arrived from the Blue Mountains on April 20, having with him William Bowen, charged with grand larceny. The other man whom the deputy, assisted by Deputies Norrell, Bennett and McLaird arrested, was John Gibson. He also is accused of horse stealing, but he was left at Monticello on Friday. The reason for this is that he was unable to be moved, owing to a frightful wound in his right side, inflicted by Mr. Bush while the latter was making the arrest.

Bush gives his account of the affair as follows:

We had arrested Bowen and were looking for others. On Friday we came across Gibson, and started to arrest him. He made for a log