

midnight Friday night. The body was not discovered until morning. There were no eye-witnesses to the affair, though a belated citizen claims to have heard the shot. The murdered man was sober and industrious. He leaves a widow and three young children in destitute circumstances. Both men were employes of the Union Oil company at Rodeo. The quarrel which led to the shooting was the result of an effort to collect \$4 from Lorey which had been loaned him by the wife of the murdered man. The murderer has been given to drink and carousing and has made "gun plays" before, but no one thought him dangerous.

At an early hour Friday morning Mrs. Hattie Keeler shot and mortally wounded her husband at their apartments in Oakdale, Cal. Early in the morning George Keeler came home in a drunken condition, bringing a boon companion with him. He entered the house, and calling his wife, opened on her with a tirade of abuse. She told him to leave the house, till he sobered, and he in turn told her to pack up and leave, as the place belonged to him. He started to strike her. She told him to leave her alone and she would pack up and go to the hotel for the night. She went into another room, and, packing up some things, came out through the room in which Keeler and his friend were drinking. She got as far as the door when Keeler got up and followed her, holding a bottle in his hand. Overtaking her on the sidewalk he raised the bottle over her head, as though to strike her. The woman quickly produced a revolver from the folds of her dress and leveling it at the man began firing. Keeler staggered and two or three of the last shots were fired as he was falling or lay on the ground. The woman fired five shots, three of which took effect. They struck her husband in the head, neck and abdomen.

A band of tramps numbering twelve or fifteen attempted to board the east-bound overland train Thursday night near Roseville Junction, Cal., and during the attempt one of their number was shot in the breast so severely that there are grave doubts as to whether he will recover. As the train was about to pull out a crowd of tramps appeared from near by and made a rush for it. Many of the number succeeded in getting aboard, but they were seen by the train men who stopped the train and succeeded in putting them off. The signal was then given to go ahead, and as the train gathered headway the tramps without warning began to stone it. Sherman Curran, the brakeman, saw the move and called on them to desist. The next moment a stone was hurled that narrowly missed him, and he noticed a group with stones in their hands a few feet distant. Seeing that they were apparently about to throw he raised a revolver which he held in his hand and fired in their direction. By this time the train had got under good headway and Curran could not tell whether he had hit one of the tramps or not, but no more stones were thrown. After the train had gone it developed that a tramp giving his name as Clark Abbot had been shot in the breast, and that he was seriously injured.

1847-1896.

## UTAH AS IT WAS.

Roll back the curtains of the past, for nine and forty years,  
And view the land of Utah then, as did the Pioneers,  
Who saw from on the mountain top, a valley at their feet—  
No thriving village met their gaze; they saw no busy street,  
No orchard filled with ripening fruit, no fields of growing grain,  
But there instead stretched out before, one vast unbroken plain,  
O'er which the red man roamed at will, and reigned by right supreme—  
A monarch of the wilderness, of valley, hill and stream.

The bullfrog croaked forth in the marsh, its sad requiem there,  
The wild coyote's mournful howl made music in the air,  
The cricket chirruped through the brush when by its foe pursued.  
The red man sought, with bow and spear, the slimy snake for food,  
And when the evening shadows fell, and all around was still  
The dismal hooting of the owl was heard upon the hill,  
And mingled with the bittern's cry, when calling to its mate,  
They made the dismal scene around seem still more desolate.

For fancy pictured every sound, 'twas wafted through the dell  
To be some prowling wild beast or a savage Indian's yell;  
And e'en the summer's sun that shone upon this scene so drear  
Brought forth no beauties on the plain the wanderer's heart to cheer  
For arid heat and winter's frost for ages had borne sway,  
Until the scanty growth around had turned from green to gray  
And wandering trappers who'd beheld this desert so forlorn  
Had offered many dollars for an ear of ripened corn.

For 'twas indeed a wild retreat where nature had no charms—  
Untrod by all but savage feet in most repulsive forms.  
A lonely place unknown to man, forsook it seemed by heaven,  
Was Utah when the Pioneers came here, in 'forty-seven.

## UTAH AS IT IS.

Among the mountain tops so high, where purest breezes blow,  
And rippling streams are formed, and fed, from everlasting snow,  
There lies a land to me as dear as tho' it gave me birth.  
Fair Utah, once a desert wild, but now a gem on earth.  
Her sons are brave, her daughters fair, in humble raiment dressed,  
While honest hearts, and sturdy too, are beating in their breast.  
They've braved the desert's trackless path; they've tamed untrod soil;  
Till now a rich abundance smiles to compensate their toil.

No want and hunger here are found; no orphan's cry for bread;  
No beggars wander through her streets, by vicious motives led,  
For 'neath those mountains crowned with snow, with future prospects rife,  
The desert blossoms as the rose, and teems with joyous life.  
Fair cities scattered o'er the plain like jewels bright are seen,  
While towns and villages are set like little gems between;  
And happy homes on every side with joy announce her name;  
While flocks, and herds, and farms, and fields, add lustre to her fame.

Her school bells ring, in pleasant tones, their joyous melody,  
A message bearing forth to all, that education's free,  
And what has wrought this wondrous change and turned a desert wild  
Into a lovely garden spot, where peace and plenty smiled?  
The little bee that gathers sweets from every passing flower,  
Emblazoned on her coat of arms, has been fair Utah's power,  
For industry. That potent force has guided her aright,  
Her star has risen from the fog and brightly sheds its light.

From on the mountain tops so high, its rays are seen afar,  
And it is destined yet to be a guiding polar star.  
For now with Statehood in her grasp we see her proudly stand,  
Among her sisters, and the peer of any in the land.  
Still holding high the Stars and Stripes, her features all aglow,  
'Twas planted here by patriot hands when this was Mexico.  
Though youngest of Columbia's sons all decked in garlands green,  
No other name will shine more bright than this our western queen.

WILLIS E. ROBINSON.

LOA, Wayne County, Utah, July, 1896.

## A MEMOIR.

Encircled in heroic fame  
Is Abraham Hoggland Cannon's name;  
The monarch wields his scepter now,  
The crown is bright that gems his brow.

Sleep on, thou good and earnest one!  
Thy battle's fought, thy race is run;  
In fortitude thy path was trod—  
Thy future walk is nearer God.

It is no cold and cruel breath,  
The change we see, misnamed as death,  
Though here on earth, a column broken,  
It is in heaven a sacred token.

Thy love and charity and grace  
Have found a more congenial place;  
Soar up, thou spirit great and free,  
Immortal magnanimity.

We deeply mourn the grievous loss  
And meekly bear the heavy cross;  
The righteous dead we'll not forget  
Although the seal of death is set.

Though death may boast a warrior slain,  
The present loss is future gain.  
On mother earth no more he'll roam,  
Whose services are felt at home.

What rapture filled his noble soul,  
What joy and bliss beyond control,  
When he a mother clasped again  
Beyond the scenes of parting pain!

Unfettered, mighty, upward star,  
On heights where Gods and Prophets are,  
In joy, thy hallelujah rings,  
An honor to the King of kings.

A constellation in that sphere,  
The Christian's hope and dearest dear,  
To hear the welcome plaudit given  
From Him who rules the courts of heaven.

Now onward, meet the conqueror's song;  
And we shall meet again ere long—  
A phoenix on the balcony  
Of triumph's favored destiny.

A high behest and more sublime  
Detaches thee from things of time  
And takes thy soul from grief, pale fame  
To give thee an undying name.

In knowledge and experience old;  
When all is known and truth is told  
Thou Saylor-like, in joy and tears  
Hast lived an age in these few years.

JANETTE CARRINGTON.

## THE DEAD.

Peaceful be their Rest.

**POULSEN.**—In this city, July 22, at 5 o'clock a.m., of general debility, Lena Poulsen, wife of H. J. Poulsen, aged 68 years.  
Deceased was born in Christiania, Norway, and has lived in this city for a number of years.

**HODGES.**—At Lewiston, Cache Co., Utah, July 14th, 1896, Martha Annie, wife of Albert Hodges, and daughter of David and Martha Bean West. She was born March 25th, 1877, at Ogden, and was aged 19 years, 4 months and 19 days. She leaves one little girl 2 years old. Utah papers please copy.

**MOUNTER.**—At Union, Salt Lake county, Utah, July 21, 1896, of general debility, John Mounter. Deceased was born June 23, 1813, at Leitchum, Yorkshire, England; baptized at Wakefield, Yorkshire, 1816, by Elder Thomas Fawkes; ordained an Elder by Elder Thos. Froisher, and emigrated to Utah in 1874. He leaves a wife and seven living children, fifty-seven grandchildren, and nineteen great-grandchildren.  
Millennial Star please copy.