

either in his own name or that of the retiring company, as he may elect. That gentleman has opened an office at 25 Water street, Liverpool, and will conduct his establishment under the title of Gulon & Co. His operations will embrace passenger brokerage, railroad agency and money exchange. In all of these departments Mr. Ramden has had wide experience, and his name is a synonym for honesty and fair dealing. His many friends here will be pleased to hear tidings of him, as he lives in the tender regards of numbers of people in this part of the western world.

Private dispatches received in this city from Idaho Sunday brought the unwelcome tidings that J. C. Murdock, a well known Utah man had been found dead near the railroad track at McCammon.

It was intimated that there were suspicions of suicide or foul play. The coroner held an inquest last night and a verdict was rendered setting forth that the deceased had come to his death from an unknown cause. It was explained, however, that Murdock had been suffering for some time with pneumonia, and it may be that that was the leading cause of death.

Mr. P. T. Farnsworth was a brother-in-law of Murdock and upon learning of his sudden and unexpected demise had his private car attached to the afternoon's last mail yesterday and arrived at McCammon shortly before last midnight. Arrangements were immediately made to have the remains brought to this city today. Murdock and Farnsworth were in business together and had been for many years. The former had been caring for a large herd of cattle at Blackfoot, which they owned jointly.

FLEEING WESTWARD.

And now the news reaches this city that Kofford and Mickel, the youthful murderers of Sheriff Burns, of Sanpete county, have made their escape from the rocky fastnesses and cul de sacs of the Blue and other mountains in southeastern Utah and are fugitives from justice in the western part of the Territory, fleeing towards the coast with a view to evade the officers of the law who have followed their trails like bloodhounds for months in order that they might be apprehended and made to answer for the cowardly part they played in one of the most shocking tragedies in the annals of local crime.

Wild and eventful as the career of the boys may have been before they shed the blood and took the life of a brave officer as the country could produce, it has been infinitely more chequered and interesting since. It has been one unbroken painful period of privation, suspicion, suffering and attempt to escape. In the rocks, canyons and deserts of the frontier, wounded and desperate they successfully kept out of the clutches of the men who were hunting them down partly for the price that had been placed on their heads and partly out of duty to their office.

But Kofford and Mickel, it is now said, had got far enough into the mountains to ascertain that there was no hope for escape to the southeast before the spring time, and as the ave-

nues for getting out of their hiding place by that time would be completely covered, they resolved to come back this way. In order to do that without detection and consequent apprehension they were required to execute the cleverest move they had made since the murder, as most of the trails of ingress and egress to that region were supposed to be watched.

If the story which now comes from Deseret is correct the move was most successfully made but not without assistance from friends. It is a well known fact that the fugitives have had friends and sympathizers in numbers that were neither inconsiderable nor insignificant notwithstanding the gravity of their offense.

Ex-Councilman Folland, who has just returned to this city to spend the holidays from Deseret where he has been on business for several weeks past declares that Kofford and Mickel passed through that place last week. This statement, said Mr. Folland, was not founded on rumor or hearsay information but was an actual fact. They were being driven westward in a farm wagon. They were kept concealed in the bed of the vehicle with a mattress under them and quilts over them. The fact became known, it seems, through some young man who knew the boys and gave them away to the officers on being promised half of the reward in case they were captured. The officers, as soon as they got this clue, started in pursuit being nearly two days behind Kofford and Mickel, who were headed toward the Drum and Dagway mountains from where, says the young man, they expect to resume their journey farther west as soon as possible. While there are many excellent places in that section of country to "lay low" this time of the year it also affords, perhaps, more opportunities for getting away than any other part of the Territory and that is given as the reason why it is sought in preference to all others.

Both of the outlaws are said to be better armed and equipped now than at any time since the murder and they are in no mood to surrender except under the most sanguinary circumstances. The fact that the officers have abandoned southeastern Utah to "come home and spend the holidays" and the further fact that they immediately left their homes again in Sanpete and Utah counties is accepted as a confirmation of the story that the boys slipped from their hiding place on this clue when they were least expected to do so.

In this connection the NEWS' Provo correspondent writes as follows under date of today:

Deputy Marshal Fowler and Sheriff Brown and Belnap have returned from a trip to White Pine, Nevada. They had information which leads them to believe that Kofford and Mickel, the murderers of Sheriff Burns, might be in that country; but upon investigation the officers found that the fugitives were not and had not been there.

The officers in speaking of the chances of capturing Kofford and Mickel say that there is a strong feeling in the San Raphael country in favor of the outlaws. Several of their friends and especially their relatives do not hesitate to ex-

press their approval of the murderous act of the fugitives, and that class of people are making every effort to shield the murderers and thwart the officers in their attempts to arrest them, and they are constantly endeavoring to lead the officers off on false trails. This feeling, taken in connection with the character of the men who entertain and express it, has a tendency to prevent others, who are law abiding, and desirous of seeing the murderers brought to justice, from giving active aid to the officers. At the next sitting of the grand jury some of the most active sympathizers will stand a good chance of being indicted, as the officers are bound to make every possible effort to capture the men.

Governor Waller has pardoned several convicts without waiting for the board of pardons to consider the cases. It is said by some of those on the inside that the governor is preparing for the issuance of several more pardons before he leaves his office, and it is further said that Warden McLister will refuse to honor the papers where the board of pardons has failed to act first. He will claim that the issuance of pardons by the governor without any recommendation on the part of the board of pardons is illegal, and a test case will be made.

A prisoner bearing the name of Cooper, according to the Tacoma Ledger, is among those who inhabit the jail there. He is a sickly looking young man, and created a disturbance the other day by going into what appeared to be a fit and frothing at the mouth. The jail officials were afraid that he was going to die in their house, so Dr. Shafter was sent for. He discovered that the froth from Cooper's mouth smelled soapy. Then he commenced heroic treatment. It consisted chiefly of rubbing the patient's ears. Cooper stood it a few minutes, and then gave in, and acknowledged that he was shamming, hoping thereby to obtain more liberty. "You're pretty slick, doctor," said he. "I've worked the trick lots of times to other jails, and it's always gone. You're the first man to call me down."

A police officer named Douglas had a narrow escape from being killed on Monday night, at Sacramento, Cal., by a prisoner, William Goldspring, who had been arrested for disorderly conduct. The man was in charge of Officer Fisher, who was waiting for the patrol wagon, when Douglas came along. He spoke kindly to the prisoner and said he had hoped when the latter had got out of his last escape he would be more careful. Goldspring, who is an itinerate tinker, had by this time slipped a long soldering iron from beneath his coat and dealt Douglas a blow on the head with it before either he or Fisher knew what was coming. All that saved Douglas from having his skull crushed was his stiff hat. Goldspring continued to fight, and losing his weapon drew another and similar one from the waistband of his trousers and tried to fight off the officers. Fisher and Douglas finally clubbed him into submission. Four months ago he was tried for throwing acid on a man in a dive, but escaped conviction.