

# THE EVENING NEWS.

WEDNESDAY — July 1, 1872.

## A NIGHT EDITOR'S STORY.

[CONCLUDED.] "Who brought the news? Will you answer that?" "He brought it himself—or rather his ghost did." I answered doggedly.

"See here, Peck," said Bailey, sharply, "don't have any fooling on such a subject. Are you joking, or are you not?"

"John! No, no! I wish I was But—concerned." I seized him by the shoulder and endeavored to drag him toward the door. "We must find his body."

Bailey thought I was out of my head, and I do not blame him. He disengaged himself from my grasp, and wheeled about, facing me.

"Now tell me what you mean!" he said, sternly, with a voice and manner that I had never heard him assume before.

In as calm a manner as possible, I related to him the events of the few moments just passed.

When I had concluded, he eyed me narrowly, and his face bore an incredulous look.

"You don't believe me," I said. "But be kind enough to bring me for a moment, and I will soon find the paper. Take and blow it on the floor."

We searched for some time, but in vain. I felt rather chagrined, and was doubly anxious to find it. But it was not to be found. We searched every scrap.

"It must have fallen into the fireplace," I said. "See there are its charred remains now."

"Yes, I see," said Bailey looking at me pityingly. "But never mind to-morrow you had better go home and get rested."

This infuriated me.

"You are trifling!" I ejaculated.

"You don't believe me. But I am neither drunk nor crazy. I have spoken the truth, and you or some one else must tell me immediately to Muggins' office."

Bailey paled, and endeavored to persuade me out of this idea, whereat I left him without ceremony.

I made my way into the street and walked swiftly to the police headquarters.

I was well acquainted there, and without being obliged to enter into minute explanations, was furnished with an escort of two officers.

"Been a bust at the Forks, did you say?" remarked one of them, after we had got well on our way.

"Yes—in fact there has been a murder."

"Huh! That's coming it pretty strong."

"I might not have been believed if I had. It is rather a singular affair, take it all through. But if we search the cellar-ways, in Pinche's alley, it's my opinion that we'll find the dead body of Ward Sutin."

Bailey made a sharp start, and knew my reasons for thus speaking.

I then detailed to them the particulars that have already been related, at which they uttered sundry expressions of surprise and incredulity.

But we hurried on faster than ever and in due course of time reached that quarter of the city known as Muggins' Forks. It was in a state of comparative quietude, being dark and silent, lights glimmering only occasionally here and there out of low-groggery-ice.

Soon we turned on Pinche's alley, a narrow, dirty, dark lane, from various quarters of which arose stenches almost unbearable. We walked slowly and cautiously along, guided by the light of one of the policeman's lanterns, which cast about a ghostly glimmer, seeming to penetrate the gloom, the thick air, and the corruption which left not tainted one inch of space. With hesitating steps and dread anticipation, we pursued our horrid search. Down into damp places and nests of filth we peered, withdrawing from each as soon as we had scanned it thoroughly.

It lay partially doubled up, but the head and face were visible. I looked first at the forehead, and there was a bright red wound, corresponding precisely with one I had seen on—

It was carefully gathered up and straightened it out, and composed the limbs in a less painful posture. There were two hands that worked with loving, though trembling touch.

It was taken to the hospital, in order to ascertain beyond peradventure whether or not life was extinct. The physician said he must have been dead an hour.

I thought, when I returned to the office, that Bailey looked upon me with an expression akin to awe. But I was in a mood far from triumphant. I had loved Ward dearly, and was bowed down with grief at his untimely and terrible death.

There were all the sickening details of the excitement that followed, of the talk about my part in the tragedy, and of the general wonder at the murderer.

Afterward Bailey made me give him a more explicit account of the strange manner in which I received information of the tragic event.

And as I minutely described each circumstance, he alternately opened his eyes wide, scowled, laughed, and snorted. What else could he do?

I do not attempt to give any explanation of what I have related. The facts of my memory of them have been laid before the reader. But as I think over certain events of late I cannot seem to get them out of my mind.

Was I dreaming? If so, is there method in a dreamer? And can a stimulated brain, so ravingly preoccupied from fatigue as vivid and indelible as to be indistinguishable from a memory of an actual fact? If so, wherefore memory but a delusion, and to what extent can we trust our recollections of the past? But why pursue the subject?

WHAT SHALL HONEST MEN DO?—The New York Nation, one of the journals which was most influential in preparing the Democratic Convention, in its issue of the 15th inst., arrives at the following conclusion:

"What are honest men to do now? Well, if there is nothing else offered, if the Democratic Convention commits the absurdity of making the 'old white hat' as its standard at Baltimore, the only thing for Republicans of our way of thinking to do is to choose the less of two evils, and vote for General Grant. We expect no improvement in the administration over he will on many points change for the better. Moreover—and this is the main point—there is no man of all—if he is re-elected, there will be no general redistribution of offices and no financial disturbance. What Grant will do, and what the motley crew whom he would lead to Washington would do, nobody knows."

—DUNFORD & DUNN.

**M. F. BROWN,** SCANDINAVIAN, RABBLE AND HARNESS MAKER, OFFICE IN REVERSE HOUSE, CHALLENGE: competition for Workman Chip and Low Press. All Work Warranted.

—DUNFORD & DUNN.

## RAILROADS.

### UTAH CENTRAL RAILROAD

Pioneer Line of Railroads

ON AND AFTER

MONDAY, JULY 17<sup>th</sup>

1872.

Trains will leave Salt Lake City early in the morning, and 2:45 p.m. arrive at Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. leave Ogden City at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m. arrive at Salt Lake City 10 a.m. and 7:30 p.m.

In addition to the above

## MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY, SUNDAYS EXCEPTED

Leaving Salt Lake City 10 a.m. at 5:30 p.m. and Ogden at 8 a.m. and 5:30 p.m.

Passenger will please purchase their ticket at the office. Fifty cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

For all information concerning freight or passage, apply to

M. H. DAVIS,  
Ticket and Freight Agent.

JOHN SHARP,  
Superintendent

### UTAH SOUTHERN RAILROAD

ON AND AFTER JUN 21, 1872,

## MIXED TRAINS

WILL RUN

DAILY.

Leaving the Utah Central Depot, Salt Lake City at 7:10 a.m.; Draper 8:45 a.m., Sandy 9:10 a.m. (nearest point to Little Cottonwood Canyon,) at 6:30 p.m.

An EXTRA TRAIN WILL RUN ON

SUNDAYS

Leaving Draper at 8:45 a.m.; Sandy, 9:10 a.m. Salt Lake City, 4:10 p.m.

FARES:

Salt Lake to Big Cottonwood Station 50cts.  
Little " " 51cts.  
Sandy " " 52cts.  
Draper " " 53cts.

Twenty-five cents additional will be charged when the fare is collected on the train.

AN EXTRA TRAIN WILL RUN ON

SUNDAYS

Leaving Draper at 8:45 a.m.; Sandy, 9:10 a.m. Salt Lake City, 4:10 p.m.

For those that like

TRAINS

ARE NOW RUNNING

DAILY.

For the transmission of

PASSENGERS & FREIGHT

BY THE

UTAH NORTHERN RAILROAD

AT THE

TRAINS

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DAILY.

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