

cept him. She ran at the top of her speed along the hill toward a place in the road where the carriage would pass, but just as she reached the place she was overtaken by her brother, with whom she struggled to get away, till she fell exhausted. Mr. Snow and the deputy came up, and advised her to remain for a day or two, till legal steps could be taken for her deliverance, and this course was followed.

When they came in today they took seats in the court room, Mrs. Fitzgerald stationing herself at one side of them, and Mrs. Stringam and another daughter at the other. When the case was called by Judge Zane, Mr. S. P. Armstrong appeared for George and Mary Stringam, and Mr. LeGrand Young for Miss Snow and the Misses Stringam.

LeGrand Young called attention to the former hearing of the case, in another shape, when the young ladies were brought all the way from St. George, and when they testified that they were satisfied to remain where they were. Now it was claimed that they were being unlawfully detained by George and Mary Stringam; that they were decoyed and forcibly taken into such custody, and their release was asked for.

Miss Martha Snow was the first witness. She testified—I made the application in this case; am the cousin of Sabra G. and Sylvia G. Stringam; I last saw them a week ago Sunday; they went away on the invitation of their mother, promising to be back at noon; they had asked me if they should go to the lake; I advised them not to go on Sunday, and not to go to any train; they did not come back; I learned that they had not gone to the lake, but were at Bingham; my brother went to see them, and on the word he brought back I signed the petition.

To Mr. Armstrong—I did not wish them to stay at their mother's; they had chosen to go back to St. George; I had no intention that they should go back to St. George that day; I understood the court to say they could do as they pleased; a deputy marshal accompanied my brother to Bingham.

Miss Sabra G. Stringam was called as a witness.

Judge Zane—I want no intimidation in this court. If these ladies want to talk with Miss Snow, they may have the opportunity. Have you talked with her.

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Judge Zane—Do you wish to?

Miss Stringam—Yes, sir.

Judge Zane—Then you may go into that room with her. You are perfectly free. There has been talk of intimidation here, but there can be none in this court. A deputy will go in the room with you.

Miss Snow and Misses Sabra and Sylvia Stringam passed into the judge's room, where they remained in conversation for a few minutes, and then returned to the court room.

Miss Sabra Stringam testified, in reply to Mr. Young—I was before Judge Zane a short time ago.

Judge Zane—You are at liberty to testify as you please; you will not be intimidated by anyone.

Miss Stringam—My sister took me out to Bingham, and left me there; when it became dark I ran away, and tried to get back to Salt Lake; my brother caught me about a mile and a half from the house, took me back, and compelled me to remain; it was my sister, Kate Fitzgerald, who took us; last Wednesday Ashby Snow came, and we told him we wanted to go to St. George; my sister Belle held me when I started to meet Ashby; my father and mother and brothers were there; they told me I could not go; the house we were in had small rooms; we had no bedroom; my sister's husband lives there; the nearest house is about half a mile away; I would like to go to St. George.

Judge Zane—Why?

Miss Stringam—My friends are there, my home is there, and I like the place.

What kind of a home have you there?

Miss Stringam—It is a nice home and a good house.

To Mr. Young—There is no school at Bingham near where we were; the town is four or five miles away; I want to go to St. George because I prefer it as a home.

To Mr. Armstrong—I want to go to St. George as soon as I can. I have a cousin in Arizona.

Mr. Armstrong—Does she live in polygamy?

Miss Stringam—I don't know.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you say so?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you say you intended to go with her?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you tell your sister Belle that you thought polygamy was right?

Miss Stringam—Yes, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—And that you would go into it if you wanted to?

Miss Stringam—Yes, sir. I was angry.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you say you had been told to pay no attention to what the Judge said?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—Did your aunt tell you what to testify to?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you try to get Belle to believe in polygamy?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Mr. Armstrong—Did you say it was right.

Miss Stringam—I told her I thought "Mormonism" was right.

Mr. Armstrong—How did you come to think polygamy was right?

Miss Stringam—Oh, it came to me in my own head.

Mr. Armstrong—Did Martha Snow tell you it was right?

Miss Stringam—No, sir.

Miss Sylvia G. Stringam was called.

Mr. Armstrong—Does she know the nature of an oath?

Judge Zane—The last time she testified intelligently, and I am satisfied she does.

To Mr. Young—I was in Salt Lake a week ago Sunday, at my cousin's; we left on Sunday morning, to take breakfast with mother; then we went to Aunt Susan Stringam's, to see her; next we went in a car-

riage with my sister, Kate Fitzgerald, for a ride; mother and Sabra and Belle were there; Kate drove the horses; they took us to mother's home at Bingham, where they left us; Kate promised to take us back by dark; we would not have gone if she had not promised; we have wanted to get away from Bingham and get back to St. George; my aunt there has been like a mother to me; it is more agreeable to me at St. George.

Judge Zane—What kind of a place is it at Bingham.

Miss Stringam—A 4-roomed house, frame.

Judge Zane—Are there any people about?

Miss Stringam—Only my sister's husband, Pickering, and the family.

To Mr. Armstrong—I have not been taught that my parents were apostates; I never tried to teach my sister Belle polygamy; never told them it was right; I told them I did not know anything about it; I never said my aunt told me not to listen to the judge.

To, Mr. Young.—She never told me such a thing, nor did anyone else.

Mr. Armstrong.—Did LeGrand Young tell you so, Miss Stringam? Miss Stringam.—No, sir.

Mr. Young.—What do you mean, Mr. Armstrong? You had better be careful.

Judge Zane—Never mind that now. I would say to these young ladies, they are at liberty to go where they please. They are in nobody's custody. They shall choose for themselves where they will live.

Mr. Armstrong—We have some testimony—

Judge Zane—I do not care to hear any more.

Judge Zane (continuing his decision)—They can go to St. George or stay here, just as they please.

Mrs. Stringam—They have been taken from me unfairly.

Judge Zane—I heard that before. They are at liberty to choose where they will live.

Mr. Armstrong—If your honor will hear more testimony—

Judge Zane—I want to hear no more. This case has been gone over fully, and my duty is plain. The officers will protect these young ladies in going where they wish. They cannot be intimidated.

Mrs. Mary Stringam here began to create a disturbance and shouted to the Judge: I'll have my children! I'll take them with me—I'll—

By this time there was considerable of an uproar, and the young ladies became frightened lest some injury should be done them.

Judge Zane looked on a moment, and then said quietly but firmly to the officer—"Clear the court room. Remove that lady outside, and protect those girls."

Deputy Marshal Bynon took Mrs. Stringam by the arm and led her to the door. She gesticulated wildly and tried to resist, but the officer gently drew her along. As she went out she screamed, "I'll cut his heart out!" The door was closed, and Judge Zane remarked,