

## A LIFE'S SAD STORY.

A sad sequel has come to the troubled life of Mrs. Matt Warner nee Morgan, wife of the notorious desperado, recently convicted of the murder of Dick Staunton at Vernal in May last. No more will she dwell in mortal fear of his heartless words and cruel treatment; never again will she be startled by the threats of his brigand friends; she is now happily beyond the reach of all of them forever, death having quietly come to her rescue in this city on Friday afternoon last after a period of almost unparalleled mental anguish and physical suffering. She was a plucky, refined and intelligent woman, say her friends—and in her sorrow she had many of them—who would have been a prize to any man no matter what station in life he might have occupied.

Her young life—of twenty summers was as eventful as that of any heroine of novel fame. Through it all she exhibited a fortitude, foresight and patience far beyond that with which the ordinary woman is gifted. Her life, from the first indications of budding womanhood, until the time came for her to be wrapped in the white mantle of death was one of constant dread, excitement, suffering and sorrow.

When but a mere child she removed with her parents to Wyoming where the latter settled on a section of land and proceeded to make a home for their old age. Near by was a ranch and on it Ras Christensen, later known as Ras Lewis and Matt Warner, worked as a cowboy. He was a frequent caller at the home of the girl's parents. They objected to his coming. But that made no difference. He was a daring young fellow who never allowed anything to stand between him and his ambitions. One day while the girl's mother and stepfather were both lying ill with typhoid fever he rode up to their cabin and in regular Loohtovar style carried off the child, for such she was, being only fourteen years old. On and on they rode day and night over mountain and plain to a small frontier town one hundred and twenty-five miles distant. Here the couple dismounted and Christensen piloted the way to a preacher's and demanded that he marry them. The minister observing the childish appearance of the prospective bride, inquired as to her age and if the parents' consent had been obtained whereupon he was suddenly confronted with a formidable looking revolver and was astounded—awestruck, by the exclamation: "The parents be —; go on with the ceremony."

The good man obeyed implicitly and soon he pronounced the words that made the couple man and wife. Soon they were on their return journey. The girl's parents recovered and she was a desperado's wife kept from their presence and influence. She often attempted to escape; generally she was frustrated in her endeavors and threatened with dire consequences. After a time these attempts became more difficult. The girl wife became a mother and she clung tenaciously to her babe. However, she did finally escape. She moved from place to place in order to keep her

whereabouts hidden from her husband. Once she came here, Christensen followed. He met her on the street, having located and laid in wait for her. He had a buggy close at hand and into this she was hurried off.

In a few days she was back into the haunts of the outlaws, for Christensen was constantly surrounded by such people. His wife knew them; she listened to them plan their raids; she could have given them into the hands of justice perhaps, at times, but such an act she had been too plainly told meant certain death. Her people, too, knew that such was the case. The outlaws were banded closely together and comprised some of the toughest characters that ever infested eastern Utah, Colorado, Montana, Oregon, Idaho or Wyoming, for they operated in all these states. Cattle stealing, train and bank robbing were their star performances. They were known variously as the Warner, McCarthy and Cassidy gangs.

A little more than a year ago Christensen, or Warner as he is now called, was very abusive to his wife and one day inflicted an injury upon her that resulted in the breaking of one of her lower limbs near the knee. At that time they lived in a lonely spot in the mountains remotely located from Vernal. The woman suffered terribly. A surgeon's care was much needed, but Warner refused to procure it. Finally through the importunities of some of the gang the unfortunate woman was taken to Vernal in March last, several months after the fracture, where the doctors found it necessary to amputate the injured member. Shortly afterwards she gave birth to a child, which, with the one previously mentioned, is being kindly cared for by relatives and friends. The Vernal operation was not successful and it was apparent that the woman's life was in danger. She was brought to Salt Lake and placed in the hospital, where the limb was again amputated, this time at the hip joint. That was in July last. After a time she was well enough to be removed to her mother's rooms in the Cannon house, corner of South Temple and First West streets. There hopes were entertained for her recovery. But the seeds of disease sown by the neglect of her heartless husband after the fracture of her limb and the worry attendant upon the trial at Ogden last month were more than her enfeebled nature could withstand and she sank peacefully into the sleep of death.

Through the courtesy of Governor Wells Warner was permitted to see his dead wife. He was brought down from the State prison by a guard on Sunday morning. The scene that ensued when he looked upon the lifeless features of the woman whom he should have loved and cherished is said to have been one that baffles description. For the first time in his chequered career did he seem to realize the awfulness of his deeds. In life he had often threatened her, saying that if she divulged even the most unimportant clue to his crimes that he would kill her and her entire family and dance on their graves. After he had gazed for a brief period on the corpse and the sorrow-stricken features of the dead woman's wife and sister

he was hastened away to the Prison on the bill that will be his sojourning place for the next five years.

Warner was not in attendance at the funeral, which was held at the Odd Fellows' hall, and only a few relatives and friends were present. The services were brief and impressive and consisted of an opening prayer, an eloquent sermon, a benediction and beautiful quartette music. The body was laid tenderly away in a grave in the city cemetery, the mound of which was bedecked with floral tributes given with the knowledge that the one who slept beneath had endured more of this life's sorrows than most people, fortunately, are called upon to pass through.

The mother and sister of Mrs. Warner when called upon by a NEWS man today begged not to be interviewed saying that they lived in constant dread of the outlaws with whom Warner was associated and added that any information published would be credited to them, a fact that placed their lives in jeopardy.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

Minutes of the semi-annual Sunday school conference held in the Tabernacle, Oct. 4, 1896, at 7 p.m.

There were on the stand, besides the general superintendency and members of the Deseret Sunday School Union board President Joseph F. Smith, Apostles Brigham Young, George Tensdale, John W. Taylor, Anthon H. Lund.

The assembly was called to order by First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard. The Tabernacle choir rendered, Our God, we raise to Thee.

Prayer was offered by Elder Wm. Paxman, superintendent of Sunday schools of Utah Stake.

The choir sang, Glory to God on high.

The roll call of Stakes showed all but two Stakes represented by the Stake superintendency.

The general secretary then presented the general Sunday school authorities, who were unanimously sustained by vote of the conference as follows: George Q. Cannon, general superintendent; George Goddard, first assistant general superintendent; Karl G. Maeser, second assistant general superintendent; John M. Whitaker, general secretary; George Reynolds, general treasurer.

As members of the Deseret Sunday School Union board: George Q. Cannon, George Goddard, Karl G. Maeser, George Reynolds, Thomas C. Griggs, Joseph W. Summerhays, Levi W. Richards, Francis M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John C. Outler, Joseph M. Tanner.

First Assistant General Superintendent George Goddard said he felt pleased to welcome such a vast concourse of Sunday school workers. He paid a high tribute to their faithful labors in the interest of the youth of Zion, and encouraged them to continue with unabating their energies. In speaking of the annual Sunday school conferences of the various stakes he stated that thirty-four had been held, at which various members of the Union board attended and gave instructions regarding Sunday school