

ceived injuries that physicians state will result fatally. The flesh is literally cooked upon her arms and breast, and barge in shreds from the bones. "Lone Star" is now in jail.

Some time during the month of January Frank Knight, who, with his aged father, occupied an isolated cabin and mountain ranch about seventeen miles easterly from Covelo, Cal., left his home on a hunting trip. He has never returned. Searching parties were frequently sent out, but no trace was ever secured of the missing man. The apparent indifference and singular behavior of the father at length directed suspicion toward him. Shortly after the disappearance of Knight Jr., searching parties discovered human bones in the fireplace and blood on the floor and walls of the cabin. When the father was last week arrested and accused of the crime he declared his innocence, and asserted that the blood found on the walls of the dwelling couped by himself and son was that of a chicken which he had killed for a Sunday dinner. The bones were submitted to surgeons, who pronounced them human. The blood was also subjected to analysis, and the chemists agreed that it was from a human being. Knight has been held to appear before the superior court on a charge of murder. The accused is about seventy years; the deceased was about thirty.

The San Francisco Chronicle says the employees of the Railway Mail service were excited over the arrival of "Olney" on Wednesday, a distinguished dog, known to all the railroad men from Maine to Texas. When he arrived Wednesday morning on the Pacific express he wore his usual harness, and the numerous railway mail tags attached to his collar showed that he had traveled extensively since he left this city a year ago. His friends in California were glad to see him back again, and he was glad to see them, and was kept busy all day long wagging his tail in acknowledgment of words of greeting and pats upon the head. It is the custom of "Olney" to stay for a time in a place along the line of the railroad until he gets tired and feels the need of a change. Then he will jump aboard of a United States mail wagon, ride to the depot, take the train and leave it at the first station that strikes his variable fancy. His wide circle of friends and acquaintances cheerfully supply him with food and drink, and in his case "a dog's life" is a happy life. The intelligence of "Olney" is universally admitted, but, sad to say, he is mungy and a mongrel.

Robert Woodburn has brought suit to recover \$50,000 damages from the German General Benevolent society and Dr. John F. Morse of San Francisco. He claims this amount as compensation for the loss of his right leg, which was amputated by Dr. Morse in the German hospital. Woodburn entered the hospital on March 7, 1893, suffering from a disease affecting the toes of his right foot, and resulting, he says, from a defective circulation. The amputation of the right leg was performed on March 13th. Woodburn now claims that no such operation would have been necessary had it not been for negligence and the lack of proper skill on the part of Dr. Morse.

At most, says the plaintiff, had the operation been performed in the proper time, the leg and foot could have been saved and he need only have lost his toes. Woodburn makes a further charge concerning his treatment in the hospital. He says that not only was amputation unnecessary, but what was worse the very operation itself was so unskillfully performed that, after suffering great pain during the process of healing, he was compelled to have the wound reopened.

UTAH LADIES ABROAD.

The following is an extract from a private letter dated at New York, March 7th, from Mrs. Minnie J. Suow, who at the time of writing, was in company with Mrs. Elmira S. Taylor:

"We arrived here last evening and were met on the other side of the ferry by Brother Samuel W. Richards and Orson Hudson (Brother Pett's son, of Brigham City) with a very warm welcome. They conducted us to the Cosmopolitan hotel, where they had arranged for our arrival. Our brethren are courteous in their attention to us. Brother Hudson and I walked over the famous Brooklyn bridge last evening, when I had an opportunity of viewing for the first time the Atlantic ocean, the New York harbor, and the many vessels afloat on its calm water. Their many colored lights gleaming and sparkling as they seemingly danced about in the darkness presented a picture so pleasing to my fancy that it will always live in my memory.

"We were joined by the brethren again in the morning and set out for Central Park. We spent several hours in the Metropolitan Museum and Art Gallery, viewing with intense interest the extensive collection of curious things such as Egyptian mummies, statuary, marble columns, casts of Notre Dame cathedral, of Paris, Parthenon and Triumphal Arch, of Rome, and many other wonderful works of art from all nations. We saw many of the attractions of the countries of the old world in only miniature and models of the real buildings so much admired in those distant lands. On leaving we took refuge from a heavy rain storm in St. Patrick's cathedral, celebrated as the most beautiful building in New York. It is indeed most lovely, of white marble and artistic architecture. It reminded me strongly of our own loved Temple. While admiring the beautiful pictures in the stained-glass windows, the immense marble pillars, the costly and elaborate altars, pulpit and exquisite decorations of the interior, many devout Catholics, men and women of all ages entered one by one, dipped their fingers in the holy water, crossed themselves, bowed, and advanced to separate pews, where they knelt and engaged in silent worship, some reading their prayers. After remaining a few moments they silently withdrew. It was a most impressive scene and will long be remembered. I am half persuaded to start for Ohio tomorrow.

"You were right in supposing Mac-tus to be my nearest point and I shall be there Saturday or Sunday morning, the 9th or 10th. I think to stay in Ohio two days and then proceed to Chicago and St. Louis, meeting the

other sisters of our company in Kansas City on or about Monday, the 18th, and travel the rest of the journey with them, getting home about Wednesday morning, the 20th."

MASSACRE OF NEGRO LABORERS.

NEW ORLEANS, March 12.—Rioting was resumed on the levee at an early hour this morning. At the head of Josephine street one negro was killed by white screwmen. In the vicinity of the French market several negroes were wounded. At 7 o'clock about fifty screwmen came to the Harrison Cromwell line and fired upon the negroes as they came along. About twelve were killed.

The levee from Louisiana avenue to Mandeville street is in the hands of an armed mob. The police are powerless. The white men are completely in control and have declared that no negro shall appear upon the levee front. All work on the levee is practically at a standstill.

Rioting and bloodshed began this morning at 7 o'clock and resulted in the killing of two men and the wholesale discharge of firearms in two sections of the city. The morning was very foggy. The police were massed in the Sixth precinct police station all night under command of Acting Chief of the Police John Journe. Everything was quiet when there came a message that a dozen men had been killed in front of Jackson square and that terrible riot was in progress. The police were at once hustled into patrol wagons and hurried away. They had barely gone when Sergeant Richard Wash, in command of the precinct, heard a volley from the direction of the levee in front of the station. He rushed to the scene. Among the freight cars between Pullip and First streets he found a crowd of negroes surrounding a wounded companion. The man's head was covered with blood. He was shot in the mouth. The negro, who was unknown, was taken to the station. Those about declare that he was crossing the levee and found a mob of 250 men armed with Winchester rifles and other guns. They marched along the levee to Eighth street and then back on Choupitoulas street to Jackson and dispersed, according to what seems prearranged plans. At Washington street they were accosted by Sergeant Walsh, who recognized most of the men. Among the leaders was Walter Owens.

Post Warden McCubben said the rioters were from downtown and did not belong to the screwmen. At 8:30 everything uptown was comparatively quiet with few weapons in sight; all the negroes had left the levee. The mob deposited the shotguns and rifles in the bar rooms.

While this was going on four negroes had been shot and one Caribbean killed at the French market. The trouble occurred at the landing of the Harrison line steamships opposite Jackson square. In the fog a hundred armed men got through the guards of police and opened fire upon the negroes at work. They fled in terror, some jumping into the river. Those who ran across the levee in the direction of the square were subject to a steady volley. The shots seemed to come from doorways, windows, galleries.