

boys. The most hapless was Theodore Brown, a strong, sturdy and promising boy of 12, whose lifeless remains are now lying at the undertaking establishment of Joseph E. Taylor, awaiting funeral preliminaries. The other, whose escape from instant death is regarded as being but little short of miraculous, is Robert Mulhall, a lad of 10, who is at the home of his parents, No. 350 south Fifth East street, confined to his bed with scalp wounds and body bruises of a painful though not necessarily dangerous character.

Particulars of the affair are as follows: About half past nine o'clock the two boys took a little express wagon and went up Fifth East street as far as South Temple and began coasting down the hill on the cement sidewalks first going down the east side starting at the residence of Mr. Dooly and then returning and going down the other from the home of Mr. Richard Mackintosh. The grade there is quite steep and a terrific rate of speed was attained on each trip. The sport was indulged in for perhaps twenty minutes or half an hour when it received a most tragic termination.

The accident was very sudden and was over in less than a minute. As the boys shot down the sidewalk on their wheeled coaster, car No. 117 of the city railway company, hove in sight. An instant later and it had passed over the wagon and Theodore's body, which was reduced to a sickening and unsightly mass. His head was terribly cut and nearly every bone in his body was broken. Little Robert was more fortunate, being caught and carried along on the pilot. It was the doubling up of the body of his companion that raised his own form out of the way, otherwise it, too, would have been run over and cut to pieces.

The car was stopped as quickly as possible, but not until it was too late. The motorman was John Chugg, an old railway man. When asked for his version of the accident he said that he saw nothing until the boys dashed in front of the car, so fast did they come. "There was no time," he continued, "to apply brakes or turn off the current." The conductor was James Davis, and he corroborates the story. Several passengers who were on the car at the time say the same thing.

The bleeding and shapely remains of the Brown boy were picked up and conveyed direct to the morgue, where they were viewed by Coroner Offenbach, a jury, the newspaper men and officials of the street railway company. Young Mulhall was taken home and had his injuries attended to by Dr. Wilcox, one of the railway company's physicians. The doctor says he is of the opinion that the patient will recover within a week or two.

In the meantime the news of the other boy's death was borne to his mother on Fifth East street, where she is stopping with a friend. Her name is Jennie Brown, wife of Robert Brown, of Provo, and was up from the Garden City on a visit, and intended returning home in a few days.

The eighteen-year-old son of William Frazer, of Reno, Nev., was drowned at Pyramid lake on Sunday. While skylarking with some companions he was thrown from a boat.

### BRIEF LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

SCOTFIELD, July 25, 1895.—The citizens of Scotfield and Winter Quarters joined together in a grand celebration of Pioneer Day, which was held in the meeting house lot of the former named place. Everything went off nicely and without a hitch.

In the evening the children of Scotfield, under the leadership of Mr. John Hood, rendered a cantata entitled, "Strange Visitors, or a Meeting of the Nations." The entertainment was well attended and was spoken of very highly.

This has been the poorest month for work at the mines for many years. We are only getting one day a week. People are compelled to run behind in order to get enough to live on. They live in hopes, however, of times getting better soon. **MORMON BOY.**

OGDEN, July 26.—Last evening an accident occurred here which has struck sorrow in the hearts of many of our best citizens, and which resulted in the death of Mr. Stein Orth, a young man greatly respected in our community. It appears that about 8 o'clock, Mr. Orth drove his rig down to the Ogden river, at a place near the vicinity of the Reform School. His dog was with him and he was trying to teach it to swim. Upon being unable to get the dog to go into the water alone, he tied the halter strap to the dog's collar, mounted the horse and drove into the river.

The place he drove into is called the fatal hole on account of so many people having been drowned there; it is a sort of whirlpool and as the horse entered the deep water, it stepped into this hole throwing its rider off, when he at once sank. Word was immediately sent to police headquarters and Chief Davenport responded to the call. When he reached the place. The dead dog and horse had been dragged out by people who had arrived upon the scene, but the body of the young man had not been recovered. A search was at once made and the body found shortly after. Attempts at resuscitation were made, but to no avail, the young man had been in the water over an hour, and life was extinct. The deceased was about 17 years of age, and lived with his widowed mother, on Adams avenue, just north of the Farrell terrace. When the news was broken to his mother, she was completely prostrated and her condition was such that physicians had to be summoned to attend her. The young man was at one time employed by the Wells, Fargo Co., and gave promise of a very bright future.

TETON, July 26.—On the Fourth of July our worthy citizens raised the flag of liberty at early dawn, and it waivered majestically, bidding welcome to all seekers of homes to our beautiful settlement, where homes will be more plentiful now since Canyon creek canal is just about completed. We with many visitors spent a glorious day in all honor to our nation's 119th anniversary of her independence. And we celebrated the Twenty-fourth as the forty-eighth anniversary of our Pioneers entering Utah.

Independence day and Pioneer day—these days we honor and revere as loyal citizens to each cause, remembering the blood that was spilt and the

suffering that was endured to gain each of them. We had instrumental music (brass band) harmonica music and martial music. The time was all that could be desired among a God-loving people.

On the 24th when the members of our brass band met in the morning they presented their teacher and leader, Barthol M. Larsen, with a beautiful silver badge mounted with gold, with his name engraved thereon in beautiful black letters and the name of the band that presented it. He was fairly overcome. For some time he held it in his hand looking at it, and was only able to say, "Well, thank you boys, I will do the best I can."

Our cold weather is all past for awhile, and only for a little wind it would be as if we were in an oven, it is so hot. Our first cut of luc rn is about all up. Our crops are very rapidly maturing and our settlement is always improving. We are happy to say we have another missionary leaves our ward the beginning of September. Call again.

It is reported that the white men have killed one squaw and two or three pappoose. It is also said that 49 white men have been killed, but this is only rumor. It looks like trouble, and we may have to care for ourselves. All is quiet here now.

AMATEUR.

### TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

SANTA CRUZ, Cal., July 24.—In the county jail of Santa Cruz is confined William F. Barrett, who says he murdered Blanche Lamont and Minnie Williams, in Emmanuel church last April. He gave himself up to the chief of police as a dangerous criminal last night. This morning he was discharged as a harmless lunatic. Then he went to the sheriff, to whom he confessed his guilt as the perpetrator of the Emmanuel church atrocities. To the district attorney he told a story which at first seemed plausible, but when Barrett went into the details of the crime the inconsistency of his statements convinced his auditors of his perfect innocence and complete insanity.

Barrett, who was formerly a waiter in a San Francisco restaurant, says he saw Durrant and two girls on a street car and, admiring Miss Lamont and Miss Williams, he boarded the car in the hope of making their acquaintance. The trio alighted at Emmanuel church, followed still by Barrett, while Miss Williams waited outside. Barrett said he hid behind a pew. Detecting an odor of escaping gas Durrant went to the bellry to stop the leak. Barrett says he seized and attempted to assault Miss Lamont. To stifle her screams, he choked her and she suddenly dropped dead. To silence Miss Williams, Barrett says he then stabbed her with a knife from the restaurant.

Meantime, Durrant had been overcome by gas and was so dazed that he did not see Barrett carrying the bodies to the bellry. Barrett says he did not wish Durrant to be hanged for his crime, and that he was sure he would eventually be found out. Barrett resembles Durrant in personal appearance. He has worked as a waiter but is