

while battling with the flames. Ed Tally was also burned about the hands. Frank P. Kelly, a railroad man of Ashford, Ariz., was overcome by the smoke while carrying out phonographs. He was taken to the Ramona hotel, where he was soon revived. The flames were extinguished by a chemical company of the fire department.

The employees of Stanley's stables at Sacramento found the dead body of a man not yet cold, lying on a pile of hay in a shed yesterday afternoon and an empty bottle of carbolic acid by his side told the manner of his death. The body was that of a short, thick-set man of swarthy complexion, dark, curly hair and about 35 years' old. A letter on his person telling the motive that led to his suicide was signed Sigmund Koester, and stated that his brother was S. Koester, Reimsburg, Strasse, Stuttgart, Wurtemberg. It was ascertained that about 1 o'clock he went to Tuitt's drug store and purchased a ten-cent bottle of carbolic acid, saying that he wanted to use it on a sore on his leg.

A dastardly deed was perpetrated at the creamery Sunday morning, says the Tempe, Arizona, News. Mr. Rogers, the buttermaker, placed the cream in the churn and then went to breakfast, leaving the churn open. He returned and continued his work as when working the butter he was as tooled to find pieces of glass mixed through it. The entire lot of butter amounting in value to over seventy dollars was a total loss. The glass was undoubtedly placed in the churn while Mr. Rogers was at breakfast. Suspicion pointed to a boy living in the vicinity and he was arrested. The examination takes place this afternoon. Oscar Rogers, the convicted train robber sentenced by Judge Owen T. Rouse on December 19, 1894, to be hanged and whose event was to take place on September 15, is now sure of his neck, for Governor Franklin has intervened and commuted the sentence to imprisonment in the territorial penitentiary for forty years.

Herbert L. Smith goes from Oakland, California, to Los Gatos free and adjudged sane, after a wild experience on a train, a four-day incarceration at the county jail and a trying ordeal with his mother and sweetheart. The insanity commissioners could not detect in him the slightest evidence of mental weakness. Smith held high carnival on a train Friday night of last week and wound up by leaping through a coach window with the intention of killing himself. Captain Fletcher took him to jail and on searching him found over \$400. Smith talked like a demented man and the conclusion was reached that he was hopelessly insane. His mother and sweetheart came up from Los Gatos and pleaded with him for hours, but he treated them most indifferently. The men then found him to court all this changed. He suddenly became himself again and easily passed for not only a sane man, but one gifted with certain talents and thoroughly intelligent. After his discharge he made for the train without one word of explanation of his conduct, and his case is still as great a mystery as ever.

A dispatch from Pierre, South Dakota, says: From all over this sec-

tion of the range country the reports show that a far larger amount of hay than usual has been put up and whatever the winter may be there is but little danger of shortage of feed for stock. Hay making here would be a novelty to those who live in a section of the country where the only hay to be secured is from the cultivated field grasses. Here a man attaches a rake to his mower and takes his hay as he mows it, dropping it in windrows, which are gathered up with a loader when the hay is taken from the field; or gathered up with a "hucker" when the stacking is done where the hay is out. There is less labor and expense than in securing tame hay, whichever method is used. In good years when grass is plenty on the prairies hay is put in the stack in the field as low as \$1.50 per ton and stacked within a reasonable distance at from \$2 to \$2.50 per ton.

A shocking case of cruelty and degradation was reported to Secretary Welch of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children at San Francisco Monday afternoon. For the previous ten days the employees of the canneries about North beach have noticed a small boy loitering about. No attention was paid to him for a few days, but, as he was constantly seen, the notice of the employees was finally attracted. The little fellow, thinking he was unobserved, went to the piles of refuse and greedily ate such portions as he could easily pick out. Attempts were made to drive him away, but he would retreat only to return when the employees disappeared. A policeman was notified and made several attempts to capture the lad, but without success. He would run away as soon as he caught sight of a uniform and would hide beneath the buildings, where all efforts to dislodge him failed. Finally W. T. Hooper determined to investigate and capture the boy. Hooper approached pretending not to notice the boy, and caught him. The frightened lad fought desperately, but finally subsided when assured that no harm would be done him. When quiet Mr. Hooper discovered that he was in a dreadful condition. Great masses of sores covered his face, head and hands. He said his name was Frank Fernandez and that he had lived at 4 Gerke alley with his mother until 10 days ago. His father was dead, he said, and his mother was living with another man. Since the death of his father he had led a life of misery, full of beatings and curses, never receiving sufficient food. His mother became more violent and cruel as time went on, he declared, and devised all manner of torture to make him suffer. Whips and straps were used for beating him, until at length the wretched boy, referred to live where he could, rather than risk his life at home. About ten days ago, he said his mother, in a passion, could obtain no satisfaction in beating him with strap or club, so she heated an iron red hot, and with this new whip, he beat the boy. He then feared that he would be killed and ran away. The sores on the child's head and body bore out his story and Mr. Hooper took him to the city and county hospital to have him attended to and then placed the matter in the hands of the society for the prevention of cruelty to children.

## OBITUARY NOTES.

OSCAR O. STODDARD

Died in West Porterville, September 9, 1896, at 7:45 p. m.

Oscar O. Stoddard; born in the State of New York, December 30, 1821. He joined the Church in an early day, and filled several missions, crossing the plains a number of times. He was captain of the last hand cart company. His death was caused by general debility and old age. He leaves a wife and six grown children. He lived a faithful Latter-day Saint. Funeral at the family residence, Friday noon, September 11.

LYDIA AMELIE KARTCHNER.

COLONIA JUAREZ, Mex., Aug. 19, 1896. —Died at Colonia Juarez, Mexico, August 10, 1896, Sister Lydia Amelie Kartchner. She was born in Provo City, January 20, 1836, and married to John Kartchner May 11, 1874, in Pangulitoh. In the fall of 1877 she moved with her husband to Snowflake, Arizona; in 1885 moved with her husband to Mexico, in order to evade the unpleasantness of the administration of the Edmunds law. Deceased was the mother of eight children, two of whom are now married, one is dead and five remaining at home to mourn the loss of a kind and an affectionate mother. Deceased was a faithful Latter-day Saint. She passed through many hardships for the Gospel's sake and died in full hope of a glorious resurrection.

Elder George W. Seve spoke at the funeral services, according to her own request. He paid her a high tribute for her many good qualities. A large cortege followed her body to its last resting place. J. C. PETERSON.

HENRY BARRETT.

Elder Henry Barrett died at his home in Farmington, Davis county, on Sunday, September 6, 1896, at the ripe age of 85 years lacking 10 days. The direct cause of death was neuralgia of the stomach from which he had been ailing for some time. His wife still survives him, although she has been an invalid for many years.

Elder Gardner was at one time in the service of the English government as a ship-builder, and upon arriving in this country he superintended the building of the first steamboat that sailed on the Columbia river. He has lived at Farmington for a good number of years, was a faithful Latter-day Saint and at the time of his demise, held the office of a High Priest.

At his funeral which was held in the Farmington meeting house on Monday, September 7th, many tributes were paid to the memory of the departed and the belief firmly expressed that he would rise with glory on the morning of the first resurrection.

Millennial Star please copy.

SUSANNAH M. DAVEY.

The many friends and acquaintances of Mrs. Susannah M. Davey will be pained to learn of her death, which occurred at 1:40 a. m. Sunday morning, September 12, 1896, at the family residence, 19 west, First North street. She had been ailing for the past two months. Her physician and family felt that she was improving when she expired.

She was the daughter of John and Catherine Maddox. She was born in London, England, on the 13th day of June, 1833; embraced the Gospel January 22, 1851; was married to Charles B. Davey the same year; left her native land for this country April 22, 1859, and arrived in this city from New York, September 16th, where she has resided since that time; she was the mother of ten children, seven of whom mourn her death. She was a kind and loving mother and faithful friend, with no thought but to do good and lend a helping hand to those in