

can be counted on from tuition and other sources of income.

MONTPELIER, Idaho,

April 6, 1897.

Ransom Beecher is still living and is in good health. His postoffice address is Conant, Cassia county, Idaho. His son, William Beecher, is residing at Willard, Box Elder county, Utah. Mrs. Silvia Beecher, the wife of Ransom Beecher, was buried at Willard some twelve years ago. Ransom Beecher is quite aged. On many occasions I have heard him relate the good times he used to have with the Prophet Joseph Smith in Nauvoo. Any further information in regard to Ransom Beecher's family can be given by himself at the above address; or write to Wm. Beecher, at Willard City, Box Elder county, Utah.

This is in answer to information asked by H. Peterson of Hollister, California, and published in the EVENING NEWS of April 6, 1897. I know the family well. I am brother-in-law to Wm. Beecher.

JOSEPH JONES.

WILLARD, Box Elder County,

Utah, April 7, 1897.

Ransom Beecher is living at the present time at Elba, Cassia county, Idaho; and William Beecher, son of Ransom and Silvia Beecher, is living in Willard, Box Elder county, Utah. Any of their friends or relatives addressing as above will find either of them.

T. W. BREWERTON.

Miss Josie Winberg, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Winberg, was the hapless victim of a frightful revolver accident at the residence of Mrs. E. R. Grow, on Rosalia street. Friday afternoon shortly after 3 o'clock.

The young lady resides with her parents at 564 north, First West street and during the afternoon was visiting with Mrs. Grow who is a relative of the family. During a conversation it appears that Miss Winberg expressed a desire to see a revolver which she knew was in the house. In the handling of it a cartridge was discharged, the bullet penetrating the unfortunate girl's abdomen. She sank to the floor with a groan and a deadly palor spread over her face. Dr. Critchlow was summoned and the girl removed to St. Mark's hospital where an operation was performed last evening. The intestines had been pierced in a number of places. These were sewed up and the leaden pellet, which was twenty-two caliber, located in the muscles of the back where it must remain for the present owing to the precarious condition of the victim.

Miss Josephine Winberg, the young lady who was accidentally shot a few days ago through the careless handling of a revolver, died on Monday from the effects of her wounds.

Death came to her relief between 7 and 8 o'clock. Her parents are overwhelmed with grief at the suddenness and severity of the affliction that has overtaken them.

Elder John A. Wootton of Midway, Wasatch county, called at the News editorial rooms Wednesday, having returned last evening from a mission to the Southern States, where he has

been for a little more than two years past.

Elder Wootton recounted a rather thrilling and uncanny experience had en route home. While traversing Kansas on Sunday evening last, a strange man emerged from the smoker and walked up the aisle of the car in which Elder Wootton was riding. After glancing wildly about for some time he dropped into the same seat as Elder Wootton and soon began a colloquy that attracted a good deal of attention from the other passengers in the car. Turning to Elder Wootton he muttered repeatedly in broken Austrian that he was "sorrow—very sorrow."

The Elder then tried to pacify him by telling him that surely a big, strong healthy man like himself had nothing to be so sorry over. Then the Austrian quieted down for a time and Elder Wootton settled into his chair and fell asleep. During the night he heard a gurgling sound and at the same time observed that the stranger was struggling violently and on looking closer saw that he had inflicted a deep wound in his throat and was endeavoring to sever his windpipe while blood was spouting in all directions.

Elder Wootton immediately sprang upon him and, reinforced by the conductor and other passengers, succeeded in getting the knife away from him. The would-be suicide made a desperate fight but was subdued and the flow of blood partially stopped. When given a drink of water it rushed forth from the gash in his windpipe. From papers found in his possession it was learned that his name was John Diesel. The cause of his hallucination was not known. At Garden City, Kansas, he was turned over to the police authorities and since then nothing has been heard of him. His condition at the time, however, was considered very critical.

Elder Wootton left for the Southern States February 23, 1895. His labors during the whole period of his absence from home were centered in the Middle Tennessee conference where splendid success has been crowning the efforts of the Mormon missionaries. Elder Wootton's own health was very good until about a year ago, since which time he has not been feeling as well as might be desired. He will leave Salt Lake for home tomorrow morning.

James Fitzer, who was lately arrested for perjury may have a graver crime to answer for, if suspicions now hanging over him can be substantiated before a court of justice. The finding of a loaded bomb, also known as an infernal machine, is the cause of this condition of affairs, the death-dealing instrument having been discovered yesterday, lying underneath a window outside the house of James Pine, a brother-in-law of Fitzer, who resides on Depot avenue in the vicinity of the Rio Grande Western station.

The discovery was made by little children playing in the neighborhood about 10 o'clock Wednesday morning. In their joyous pranks they came across what appeared to them to be a big firecracker. Fortunately, without

touching it, they notified Mrs. Pine and she in turn told her husband of the discovery. Mr. Pine suspected what it was from its appearance, and later in the day he appeared at the police station and pleaded for an officer to remove the thing. The boys at the station treated the affair as a joke and heeded not Mr. Pine's entreaties. Towards evening, however, Officer Shannon went down to the place and about 5 o'clock appeared at the police station, carrying the infernal thing in his hands. He handled it very carefully and thus escaped the disaster that usually follows in the wake of such maneuvers.

The officers at the station peeped at the dangerous explosive and concluded it best to leave it alone. Then experts in handling such machines were sought for, resulting in the appearance on the scene of Mr. J. M. Browning of the well known gun firm. Mr. Browning essayed to examine it and tipped the shell upside down. A stream of black powder responded after which Mr. Browning unscrewed the top of the death-dealing instrument, which operation exposed to view the ends of ten full sticks of giant powder. When this was pulled out a quantity of black powder came forth and several dynamite caps with it. Then a piece of sandpaper, folded so as to fit against the side of the shell, was taken out, and also a small block of wood shaped round on top and stuck with about thirty-eight parlor matches, heads up. The heads of the matches came in contact with the paper, and snowed that they had been rubbed against it, but not enough to cause their ignition. Then followed more powder and dynamite caps and at last the shell was emptied. All the articles were taken away from the station, except the watch stick, the sandpaper and the shell itself. Mr. Browning pronounced the machine one of the best constructed he had ever known of and added that he wouldn't run the risk of opening up another for a thousand dollars.

The reason Fitzer is thought to have been the manufacturer of this bomb, and the planner of what might have been a death-dealing blow to hundreds of people, is because of former trouble he has had with the Pine family, and his threats to wipe them from the face of the earth. When approached in the county jail last evening and told of the discovery and his suspected connection with it, he wrote out the following for publication:

"I was arrested on a charge of perjury and trying to defraud the state of Montana out of \$375 in bounty claims which are worthless at present, claiming the wolves and coyotes were sent from Utah, to which I pleaded not guilty. I am in jail—all bond refused. I am also accused of being a dynamiter—a bomb was found in J. Pine's yard, No. 2 Depot avenue, so I was told by the detectives. Me and Pines have been at odds for some time; him and his wife have made open threats to 'job' me into the penitentiary, and if one thing didn't work another would. They also tried to get my wife to poison me when I boarded at their house.

"J. FITZER."