

months on the road. There are many incidents of that journey that would look well in print. The first twenty (20) years of my life in Utah were spent mostly on the Frontier or among the Indians. I became identified with this Church in 1831, moved to Kirtland in 1833, left there in the Kirtland camp in 1838, was among the first at Nauvoo and last to leave there, so have passed through all the Kirtland and Nauvoo troubles, the Indian and other wars in Utah and now at almost seventy-two years of age am still here to mingle my voice with yours in the great work. But my hands have done thier work and I am fast nearing that better land to meet those dear friends who have gone before me; and I am still, as I always have been, firm in the faith of the true and everlasting Gospel brought to us through the Prophet Joseph Smith.

It is a general time of health here. The farmers are busy harvesting their crops, which are good, although a little damaged by the late rains. Four schools start up Monday, and business is going right along regardless of hard times. GEO. W. JOHNSON, SEN.

ENOCH DAVIS SHOT.

LEHI, Utah, Sept. 14.—Enoch Davis, the wife murderer, is dead.

The life was shot out of him at 11:40 o'clock this morning by six specially deputized executioners. Their identity to the public is unknown.

The shooting took place in Dry Hollow, six miles north of Lehi.

Davis was conveyed to the fatal spot direct from the penitentiary, under the escort of armed U.S. officials, in a double-seated vehicle.

It was just 11 o'clock when the marshal and his men arrived with Davis. The brother of the prisoner, James, who lives at Wallsburg, and two sons, Archie and Berden, aged fifteen and seventeen years respectively, had arrived from Provo a few minutes before. Attorney Warner, who defended Davis, was the first to apprise them of his presence.

They were carefully searched before they were permitted to approach him. This was a precaution taken to prevent them passing concealed weapons or poison to their hapless relative. The search resulted in finding nothing and they passed on to the carriage.

The greeting they gave him simply consisted in handshaking, and some moments elapsed before any of them spoke. Finally the silence was broken by the 15-year-old son muttering something that was inaudible to anyone but themselves. As he commenced to speak the tears started to flow and the older brother chided him for his faint-heartedness. Davis was moved himself for a moment and raised his handkerchief with his manacled hands and dried the moisture that had suddenly come to his own eyes. Then with an effort he braced up and said: "Boys, I am told that you want to see me die game. That's just the way I am going to die."

Their consultation over, Marshal Brigham approached and read the death warrant to Davis, who listened attentively without moving a muscle. His only response was: "I shall die like a man, for I am a man amongst men."

His next words were to the effect that he was hungry and didn't want to die in that condition.

A chicken sandwich was handed to him and he commenced to devour it voraciously, but stopped short before he had eaten half of it. He asked for a cup of coffee and on being informed there was none on the ground he seemed disappointed and said, "No hot coffee? Then give me hot whisky. I like that better anyway."

He was given a drink of brandy, after which he was assisted from his seat in the carriage by Dr. Witcher and Andrew J. Rurt, who escorted him to the fatal chair, back of the tent, in which he was placed at 11:35 a. m.

Dr. Witcher then performed the task of pinning a piece of white paper about four by six inches over Davis's heart. In the center of the paper was a blue circle about an inch and a half in diameter. This was intended as a target for the executioners to shoot at. Davis glanced down at it frequently and it appeared to make him nervous, and he asked for another drink of liquor. The marshal was loth to give it him, but he finally persuaded Dr. Witcher to give him another glass. But instead of getting calmer, Davis began to grow excited and irritable, and it was necessary to cover his eyes with a handkerchief.

This was done at 11:40. Five seconds later Marshal Brigham stepped to the edge of the tent and a slight move of the hand was the signal which caused the muzzles of six Winchester carbines to be thrust through as many holes in the tent.

"Make ready," was the first command he gave; and the rifles were brought to a level.

The suspense at this moment was terrible and the order to fire was awaited in breathless silence. When it came it was accompanied by a report that sounded like the discharge of but a single gun.

All eyes were riveted firmly upon Davis, who scarcely moved in his chair.

A hasty examination was made and six bullet holes were found in his clothes in the region of his heart. Four of the leaden messengers had perforated the paper, one had barely broken the edge of the circle and two had missed the paper altogether. Death was instantaneous and only the natural contractions of the muscles followed. There was not the slightest indication of a struggle.

It was the intention of the marshal to turn the remains over to the dead man's brother and sons, but they declined to accept them and they were taken back to the penitentiary to be buried in the convicts' cemetery at that place this evening.

Davis was 46 years old and was born in Decatur county, Iowa, and came west when he was a small boy.

He had no priest or preacher present to offer words of encouragement or consolation. He protested against one to the last and declared that he was not a believer in any religion known or unknown. He was particularly denunciative in his utterances concerning a prominent Salt Lake minister and continued to abuse him until silenced by the officers.

Since June 5th, 1892 (the date of the murder), the name of Enoch Davis

has been heard with abhorrence in every part of the Territory. There is not a city, town or village in Utah, and perhaps not a home, in which his name has not been pronounced and the heinousness of his crime read or related. More than that, the story of his terrible deed has been published in all parts of the United States.

It was tersely told by Attorney John M. Zane in these columns a few weeks ago and need not be here repeated.

While Davis has been confined in the penitentiary he has succeeded in starting a mining excitement in Uintah county. He became acquainted with Cass Hite, who was serving a term for killing F. Kohler at Green River, Utah, in 1891. When Mr. Hite was pardoned and left the penitentiary, Davis gave him a map and directions which, he said, would enable him to find a fabulously rich gold mine, on or near the Uintah Indian reservation. Davis was of the opinion that it was on the reservation, in which case, of course, it could not be developed till the reservation was opened. This was a mine of which all the old timers in Utah have heard. The story goes that an old '49er by the name of Rhodes came to Utah and discovered a very rich mine, somewhere near where the Uintah Indian agency now is. He took out a large quantity of gold—the mine was so rich that he took out a half bushel measure full of nuggets in a short time—and told President Young about his discovery. The story says that President Young asked Rhodes to keep the discovery quiet for a time, for the reason that if the people learned of it they would leave their farms and rush to the diggings and the result would be starvation. This was early in the '50's; a short time after this the country where the mine was located was set apart for an Indian reservation. Rhodes died and the location of the mine has remained a mystery till Davis came forward and claimed he had been shown the mine by one of Rhodes's sons.

Davis proposed that Mr. Hite should go and locate the property and have one-half interest for making the location; one-fourth was to be given to Mr. Warner, who had so persistently and ably defended Davis without any reward; and one-fourth was to go to Davis's children. Mr. Hite has been prospecting for several months, but has not found the Rhodes mine. Davis pretended at one time to be disappointed, and sent for Mr. Warner and asked him to go and locate the mine. Mr. Warner explained that he did not wish to go on any fool's errand, and Davis finally told him he had better remain at home.

JUAB STAKE ACADEMY.

NEPHI, Utah, Sept. 13, 1894.

The Juab Stake Academy opened its doors for the fifth academic year Monday, August 27th. Our school is well attended and we will be at the Territorial Fair in October, prepared to compete with the schools of Utah.

We make a specialty of ladies' fancy work and painting. In the list of premiums sent me I find no premium for either of the above.

Will some one give a special premium?

Respectfully,

J. S. CALL.