

Bailed.—To-day, Adam Paul, against whom the grand jury found an indictment for the murder of Dr. Robinson was admitted to bail.

Fire.—The fire alarm sounded between five and six o'clock last evening. The cause was in Taylor's Hotel, East Temple Street, flames having broken out in a room on the third floor. A gentleman in an adjoining apartment had to get out at the window and gain the ground by means of a ladder. The firemen and some of Walker Brothers' men were soon on the ground, and, with a couple of streams, soon put the fire out. The damage is small, probably a little over \$100.

Narrow Escape.—On Saturday night a resident of the 6th Ward came near having a costly smoke. After using his pipe he put it in his vest pocket, which garment he hung up and retired to bed. Toward morning a member of the family was awakened by a powerful smell of something burning and a light in the room. It was the vest and several other woollen articles and a belt attached to a powder flask, that had caught fire from the pipe.

In a little while fire would have communicated with the powder, and there would have been a miniature explosion, a fright, and probably a big fire, beginning and ending in smoke.

Daring Desperadoes.—Some remarkably daring exploits were perpetrated last night. About nine o'clock the stable of Mr. James Gordon, whose place is a few miles south of the City, on the State Road, was entered by thieves, who took a couple of horses and bridles. About the same time the premises of Mr. Hewitson, in that vicinity, were invaded by fellows of evidently the same band, who also took a couple of his horses and bridles.

Towards eleven o'clock a tramp who was lying on a pile of lumber, in the Sierra Nevada Lumber Company's yard, saw a couple of men enter the stable, strike a match, and, by its light, examine the horses. They passed a heavy team, which apparently did not suit them, and selected a couple of dark bays, which they led out and took away. The animals are known as the curly team, a fine, spanking pair, in splendid condition.

Shortly after twelve, midnight, young Wickel, son of the proprietor of the Miner's stables and corral, on First East Street, was aroused by a knock at the door of the office, and on inquiring who was there received the reply that accommodation was wanted for a couple of horses. He opened the door, when the muzzle of a shot gun was placed within an inch or two of his head, by one of the two men. They backed him into the office, and asked him if there were any men around, receiving the answer that there were seven or eight in the corral. They threatened to kill him if he made any noise, tied his hands behind him, also secured his lower limbs with a piece of rope, and laid him upon his face on the floor, the ruffian who held the gun slapping the young man several times in the face while this was going on. Once young Wickel turned his face up with a view to identify the men, but was soon glad to resume his former position—face to the floor, on account of the threats used. While one stood guard the other desperado carried out four saddles and saddle blankets and three bridles. The man who held the gun remained from ten to fifteen minutes after the departure of the one who carried away the saddles, &c. They also took an overcoat and a carriage rug.

A short time after the departure of the horse thieves young Wickel freed himself by cutting the rope with which he was bound. He communicated what had happened to about half a dozen men, at the corral, and requested them to go with him to Washington Square, in pursuit. Those men, however, didn't see the point, probably because they imagined there was a probability of the atmosphere at the square being unhealthy about that time. They showed no disposition to attempt an interview with daring horse thieves, armed with shot-guns, and refused to go. However the elder and younger Wickel, father and son, visited the square an hour subsequently, and found tracks of the ruffians, they having evidently hitched stolen horses to

the base ball guard and saddled them there.

This morning as Messrs. Gordon and Hewitson were coming up the State Road, to the city, they met the two horses of the last named gentleman going toward home and also one of Mr. Gordon's. A fine bay stud belonging to Mr. Gordon appears, however, to have been retained by the thieves. It is probable the other three were let go because the desperadoes had found better animals. The gang who visited the stables of Messrs. Gordon & Hewitson was evidently the same as called at those of the Lumber Company and the Miner's Corral, as the bridles of the two gentlemen named were found at the last named establishment this morning. The thieves probably having exchanged them for better ones.

Young Mr. Wickel describes the man who covered him with the shot gun as being short, with black moustache and goatee and high cheek bones. This is quite a clear description of Eli Lee, one of the escaped convicts, who is known to have been acquainted with the Miner's stables and vicinity. He says the other man was taller and heavier, had a black moustache and wore a brown coat and hat and velvet vest.

It is not at all improbable that the four men seen in those transactions were none other than the escaped prisoners. Idaho Bill formerly lived for some time at Mr. Whitmore's, near the railroad depot, and is therefore likely to be well acquainted with the premises of the Sierra Nevada Lumber Company, in the same vicinity.

Those men are apparently so intrepid, reckless and daring that scarcely anything they would do would cause surprise—not even if they made an attempt to storm and capture the penitentiary.

The officers at various points, east, west, north and south, have been telegraphed to to be on the look out for the thieves. Now that they are armed and equipped they will probably push their way boldly out, determined to fight all who may attempt to prevent their escape.

The team stolen from the Sierra Nevada Company is easily recognizable from the curliness of the hair, that peculiarity being the cause of its being known as the "curly team."

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY, SEPT. 12.

A Charming Song.—"We are Happy Darling Mother" is a sweet little song and has taken exceedingly well on the coast, where it has been sung with great success by Beaumont Read. The words are by Chas. W. Stayner and the music by Jos. J. Daynes, both well known Salt Lakeers. The song ought to be widely patronized here, but we are all familiar with that true saying of the greatest of men, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country, etc."

A Fine Portrait.—A great many people would be glad to obtain a good and correct portrait of our late revered President Brigham Young. On his seventy-fifth birthday C.R. Savage, the well known photographer of this city, took an excellent full length portrait of Brother Brigham, which is considered one of the best ever presented to the public. In order to give every person an opportunity of obtaining one with which to adorn the walls of an office or dwelling, it has been handsomely mounted in a heavy oval frame and put at the low price of \$1.50. The frame measures 12 in. x 14 in. on the outside. This makes a fine picture and the likeness is very accurate. Those who wish to obtain the portrait should send in their orders at once to Savage's Gallery of Art.

District Court.—Wednesday, September 12th.

Talmadge Pratt, vs. William Brown; motion to set aside default and vacate judgment allowed, upon payment of all costs that have accrued up to this time, and defendant allowed to file an answer within three days.

On this day the grand jury came into open court and being called, answered to their names and, through their foreman, presented fourteen indictments, four found under the laws of the United States and ten under the statutes of Utah Territory, each duly endorsed by the foreman and filed in open court, in presence of the grand jury.

Returned.—Mr. T. W. Jennings, who has been east on a purchasing visit, from the firm of which he is a member, has got home again.

Excursion Party.—A Sunday School excursion party, numbering nearly one thousand, arrived in the City from Tooele County at half past ten o'clock this morning. They are from Tooele, Grantsville, Pine Cañon and E. T. They visited the Temple Block, and congregated in the Tabernacle, where they listened to music on the organ, played by Professor Jos. J. Daynes, and from the Tooele brass band. Short addresses were then delivered to them by Elder George Q. Cannon, Superintendent of the S. S. Union and Brother George Goddard, his Assistant. This afternoon most of the excursionists attended a matinee at the Theatre. They expected to leave for home about five o'clock this evening.

Attacked by Tramps.—Last night Mr. Harry World, who is employed at Mr. Dwyer's book store, left his place of business and proceeded to his home, in the 17th Ward. On the way he observed he was followed by two men. To make sure this was the case he crossed the street twice, they doing the same. On reaching home he went into the house and procured a pistol, going out with it in his hand. He could see no one around but observed that the stable door was open. He approached it and asked if anybody was inside, when he was suddenly sprang upon by two men, one of whom struck him upon the breast with a heavy weapon and the other stabbed at him with a knife, knocking him down. The ruffians then decamped, leaving him prostrate. The knife cut through Mr. World's coat and shirt, at the shoulder, and he is suffering to-day from the effects of the heavy blow on his chest.

It is supposed the tramps intended to rob him, under the impression that he might have the sales of the book store on his person.

City Council.—The Council met last evening, Mayor Little presiding.

Petition of W. C. Hall and H. C. Goodspeed, asking that the exclusive use of Washington Square be given to the Red Stockings and Deseret Base Ball Clubs on the 22nd inst., that they be allowed to charge an admission fee to witness a match game, the proceeds to go to the benefit of the Mount Olivet Cemetery; not granted.

Petition of Thomas A. Lyne, representing that the taxes on a certain piece of property of which he recently became possessed, were too high, asking that the assessment be reduced, and the former owners be required to pay the taxes due; laid over to come up in order.

The committee on finance reported having examined the auditor's quarterly report and finding it correct. The report was received and accepted, and the auditor's exhibit ordered printed.

The supervisor presented his report for the quarter ending August 31st; referred to the committee on claims.

The bill for police services for August, \$930, was allowed.

The sum of \$1,000 was appropriated, to be drawn against by the supervisor.

Council adjourned till next Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock.

Three Men Shot.—The following is a special to the NEWS—

BEAVER, Sept. 12th.

Editors Deseret News:

Last night, about 11 o'clock, "Mike" Powers, who had been crazy drunk during the latter part of yesterday and had frequently boasted that he would shoot somebody, walked into Charlie Von Beahr's saloon and, without any apparent cause or provocation, shot a man commonly called "Big" John Smith, in the back, between the shoulders, inflicting a serious wound. He then shot another man, also named Smith, in the breast. The ball entered near the centre of the breast, passed under the left nipple and lodged in the left side, whence it was extracted. Powers then fired at Von Beahr, the ball passing through his left leg, below the calf. Powers was arrested at daylight this morning, by Sheriff Coombs, and is now in custody. The two Smiths had just arrived on the evening stage. Their wounds are serious.

New Public Building.—The work of tearing down the Old Tabernacle, preparatory to erecting a new and more suitable and com-

modious structure, on or near the same site, commenced this morning. The Bishops of the City Wards were each requested to send one man, but only nine of the twenty-one responded, probably because of the unpromising appearance of the weather this morning. It is likely, however, that the whole number will be on the ground to-morrow, weather permitting.

Instead of the proposed building extending lengthwise north and south, it will be east and west. Its length will be 100 feet by 60 feet in the clear, and 31 feet from floor to ceiling. It will be surrounded, excepting at the end where the stand will be constructed, with a gallery; there will be two rows of windows, one under and one over the gallery. The foundation, which will be sandstone, will rise two feet above the ground level, and above that the walls will be granite two feet six inches thick. The heating will be done by means of pipes and it will be lighted with gas.

The committee appointed to manage the construction, &c., are Bishop Thomas Taylor, Henry Grow, Edward Brain, Wm. Asper and George Goddard.

Brother Grow will have the general superintendency of the construction, and Brother Brain will have the special supervision of the mason work.

The Desperadoes.—It is now definitely known that the men who did the horse and saddle stealing exploits, on the State Road, at the Miner's stables and at the Sierra Nevada Companies yard, on Monday night, were the escaped convicts. Mr. James Gordon, whose valuable stud was taken, sent two men in pursuit, his son and son-in-law. The robbers had gone a few miles south and then taken a sweep to the east and up northward behind Camp Douglas, up Red Butte Cañon some distance, subsequently striking over the hills toward the Big Mountain. Here they visited a sheep camp and got breakfast, for which they paid nothing, being without money. They acted with the utmost coolness and deliberation, making not the slightest attempt to disguise their identity. They then stated that they would kill anybody that attempted to take them, and would never be taken alive. They are armed with two needle guns, a shotgun and revolver. There were three of them, Eli Lee, Charles Wells and Idaho Bill, Wiggins having left them.

When the trio left the camp they walked, leading their horses, the road being rough and rocky, going three abreast. Their horses were jaded and their legs badly scratched, from travelling through the brush. Some time after their departure from the sheep camp, yesterday morning, Mr. Gordon's two men reached that vicinity and learned that the convicts were probably not more than five miles ahead. The two men in pursuit were cautioned about getting too close to the desperadoes, but they pushed on, apparently determined to do their best to capture them, which would be a hazardous undertaking. It is supposed that the runaways are making their way to the Elk Mountains, where a brother of Lee is said to be located. Captain Greenman has telegraphed to various points east, requesting officers to be on the look out and intercept the three men escaping. While it is desirable that those three desperate characters should be taken, alive or otherwise, parties attempting it should be careful not to expose themselves too freely to the chance of losing their lives in doing so.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S HUNTING DIARY.—Among the discoveries made by Col. Rawlinson, in the excavations of Babylon, was Nebuchadnezzar's hunting diary, with notes, and here and there a portrait of his dogs, sketched by himself, with his name under it. He mentions in it his having been ill; and while he was delirious he thought he had been out to graze like the beasts of the field. Is not this a wonderful corroboration of Scripture? Rawlinson also found a pot of preserves, in an excellent state, and gave some to Queen Victoria to taste. How little Nebuchadnezzar's cook dreamed when making them that twenty-five centuries after the Queen of England would eat some of the identical preserves that figured at his master's table!—*National Repository.*

The Improbable in War.

Every man who has ever been in the thick of a fight knows that, to all appearances, the escape of any man so placed is utterly improbable, if not well nigh impossible also. Bullets fly around him thick as hail; shells burst and solid shot scream around his head for hours. That some one of the thousand missiles shall hit him seems to be almost inevitable; and yet in very few battles does one man in ten sustain any sort of harm. The writer of this article has seen a thirteen-inch mortar shell fall and explode in a mortar pit fifteen feet square, in which eight men were standing, without doing harm to any one of them. Ninety-nine times in a hundred such an occurrence would kill every man so exposed, but in this case the utterly improbable thing happened. In another case within the writer's knowledge, a caisson chest, with seventy-five pounds of powder in it, exploded without injuring a man who was sitting on it at the time. Improbable things of a contrary sort happen not less frequently. To draw still from this writer's observation, a man lying in a mortar-pit, fourteen feet deep, lying close to the revetment, too, was killed by a musket ball which came from a distance of not less than a thousand yards, and passed through the man's lungs. It had probably struck a pebble or some other object in front, which caused it to fly upward, and afterward to fall behind the high parapet. At any rate it killed the man. —*New York Evening Post.*

HEROIC.—Mr. William J. Florence, the actor, has been turning his vacation to advantage by rescuing a lady and her two children from drowning at Coney Island. This really heroic achievement occurred during the recent terrific gale, and an account of it says:—"Mr. Elias Hulitt's wife and two children were in the water when the storm burst upon the beach. They were whelmed in the waves and overpowered by the wind. Mr. Florence was on shore. Hastily throwing off his clothing he plunged in and rushed with difficulty to their assistance. Seizing them he almost brought them to the land, but the blinding waves and the fierce wind pulled them back. Twice he came in: twice they were earried off again. The third plunge was a desperate effort, but again he grasped, and this time saved them. Mrs. Hulitt has written a note of public recognition of Mr. Florence's bravery, and desires that her gratitude should be known." —*New York Evening Post.*

HOW MISS WILSON SHOT A PANTHER.—Miss Melissa Wilson, of Sheridan, Yamhill County, of panther notoriety, has again made herself famous by killing another of those animals. Yesterday morning she was out looking for the cow, and found where a panther or bear had killed a large sheep belonging to her father. The animal had dragged it some three hundred yards up a mountain. Melissa returned home and took her small rifle and her father's dogs. She then went back to the place where the sheep had been killed and put the dogs on the track. They soon creed a large panther up a lofty fir tree, and Miss Wilson put a bullet right between his eyes, bringing him down dead at the first shot. —*Portland Oregonian.*

WHAT HE THOUGHT OF WOMEN.—A Colorado paper prints the following opinion of women as expressed by a young man known to its reporter: "I have recently gin up all idea of the wimmen folks, and come back to perilitual life. I am more at home in this line than in huntin' the fair sects. Angels in petticoats and kiss-me-quickers are pretty to look at, I gin in, but they are as slippery as eels; when you fish for 'em and get a bite, you find yourself at the wrong end of the hook—you're ketched yourself; and when you've stuffed 'em with fruits, pastry, doggetypes, and jewellery, they will throw you away like a cold potato. Leastwise, that is my experience. But I've done with 'em. The Queen of Sheba, Pompey's Pillar, and Lot's wife, with a steam engine to hold 'em, wounnd't tempt me. The sight of a bonnet riles me all over." —*New York Evening Post.*

A famous New York beauty is in an insane asylum for using face enamel.