HANGS HIMSELF.

Frank Haigner, a Frenchman, Commits Suicide in a Barn.

THE ACT EVIDENTLY PREMEDITATED.

Poverty, Pain, Remorse and other Afflictions the Cause.—Letters Found on the Deceased.

Between five and six o'clock last evening, Haigner, a one-legged Frenchman, better known as "Peanut French" was found dead in Kenally's barn on Market street hanging from a beam with a scalper cord around his neck. The coroner was notified and had the body removed to the morgue where an inquest was held today. The deceased had long been a familiar figure on the streets of this city as a peanut peddler.

Several years ago he was head waiter at the Walker and Continental hotels, but he sustained an injury to one of his legs and amputation below the knee was found necessary. Since that time his trouble commenced and he took to drinking, and finally ended his life by hanging.

The following letters were found on his person, written on scraps of manila and legal cap paper:

SALT LAKE, June 1, 1892.

Dear Wife and Children:

It is one great pain to tell you that I find old enough to go and meet my Creator, and leaving everything to Him to judge my case. I will leave this world without any regret, except to leave you in such a state of poverty. But since I lost my foot I was lost my strength and many other things, friends and all.

F. HAIGNER.

I have nothing left to look after. Ask Mr. Winslow at the Walker House for my amputation papers if wanted.

Thanks to all my friends. I suffer in many ways and none know more than you give me and be as good to others as you have been to me. I am of no use in this world any more. God bless you all.

FRANK HAIGNER.

Mme. Jane Pierre, No. 5 Rue de l'Abbaye, Faubourg du Tauveron, Belfort, France—Yes, this is a hard world. In vain I have asked to those I thought could help me of me old time and some old friends. What process use the most in this world is for usefulness as are good enough to tell me to buy what I need. I have plenty of money. O friends, may God spare you any of the pain and suffering I have gone through for the past six years. The last of my both dead bone in my left wrist, right shoulder hurt, rheumatism in the left side and ruptured on the right side. All this is enough to do and enough this not. No, there is no more hope for me, be forewarn all. Good-bye my friends of the past.

Yours in distress and despair,

FRANK HAIGNER.

Bury me as you please, but care is profitable to me then a remembrance of me that I be an indulgent as you can and forgive me.

F. H.

Some of you boys will say poor Frenchy is gone to rest and the better for him. Well let be so. God keep us all.

MRS. GENEVIEVE BERT, Parsons, Kansas.

Mrs. Rosalie Haigner, Wellsville, Cache County, Utah:

No, it is no use. I can't keep up any longer and I don't see any much good hope before me for the future. Ask a rich man for a little help, right same out of me, "Well, but you're all right. You don't suffer for anything. I can't do anything for you." Only four days ago I was hungry. Believe it, friends, it took two rich merchants and one banker to make up the money for my leg. But in parting I wish to thank all those who have been kind and generous to me in my misfortune. There are some good men in Salt Lake City, but there are some hard one too. No this way of living is worse than death and no food, no place to sleep at night, no change of clothes. I've small legs I can't pay, so I say farewell all. Forgive me, forgive all, and if it were not that I am suffering so much every way I would have tried to earn my living one more. But I am not able to do anything at present and never will.

F. HAIGNER.

CALIFORNIA STATION.

The last writing, fifty years old on the Dial. I wish I had better eyesight, but to gone; can't read no more.

APOSTROPHE.

The following addresses were found among his effects:

Mme. Elire Jemplerre, Rue de'l Abbaye, Faubourg du Fowmon, Belfort, France.

Mrs. Genevieve Bert, Parsons, Kan.

Mrs. Rosalie Haigner, Wellsville, Cache County, Utah.

The last address is said to be that of his wife from whom he separated several years ago.

ENCOUNTER WITH A BEAR.

Hyrum C. Nagle Is Attacked By a Ferocious Brute and Fatally Injured.—Thrilling Account of the Affair.—The Deceased Was a Promising and Exemplary Young Man.

By courtesy of Brother George C. Naegle, of Colonia Pacheco, Mexico, we are enabled to publish the following correspondence written by him to his brother and sister, descriptive of a terrible and tragic event:

My dear brother and sister, Joseph and Frances, Toquerville, Wash. Co., U. T.:

This letter will surely be a shock and surprise to you and the members of our family in Utah and Arizona, and the pen will not fairly convey to you the sad intelligence of the fate of our dear brother Hyrum, who, from the horrible wounds inflicted by an enraged bear, died set night at 10 o'clock. This news will cause you to feel with us the bitter pang of grief at his untimely death. I now send you the whole circumstance: Nearly all winter some of us boys have gone to the valley about fifteen miles from here, west, over the mountain on the Sonora side of the Sierra Madre, in the ranch. Then we would stay the week and return home on Saturday night. On account of being so busy, and as rather sick some of the boys were over at the new purchase in Sonora, we were usually there only one or a time to look out for the stock, and especially to save the calves and colts from the wolves, which have been very destructive this spring. Nearly over three hundred dollars' worth have been lost. Brother Hyrum came home on Saturday night and said he had encountered a bear but did not get him. He also reported tracks quite fresh; so we both went over last Sunday, or Tuesday we hunted in different directions, and found several of our best calves gone. Then we decided to go together next day down the river Gaitan, back up North Creek, and gather up all the cows and calves. I believe that was the first day of the bad ribbon together, the day through, during nearly the entire spring, and even when two were there we would ride in different directions, so as to get around among the stock and over more country. As we came up North Creek driving a little bunch of cattle, in turning a curve in the canyon and emerging from the gorge at a hill, Hyrum exclaimed, "There's a bear!" It was a monster, too. Instantly we jerked our guns and leaped to the ground. It was about a half-hundred yard to a 45-70 marlin. We ran a few paces to a clearing where we had a full view and a fair chance at him. As Hyrum was getting along the bottom of the canyon Hyrum got in the first shot, and I the next, with hitting him. In rapid succession we fired several shots and I think none of them struck the brute. As he climbed the hill on the opposite side, my third shot brought him rolling and tearing down the hill.

Hyrum said, "that's cooked him," but he only lay a second and gathering himself up he scrambled to the top of the hill for about twenty or thirty yards and fell under an oak. Hyrum suggested, "Let's take it slow," and started after him, but having only three cartridges in my magazine, in the haste and excitement of trying to get in more, unfortunately, the first one caught fast, and as I discontinued trying it in not out until I got my pocket knife. By that time Hyrum was across the creek and climbing the hill, following the bear. I hollered up to him and told him not to follow directly after the brute, but to come to below him, take straight up the hill and rolling out stones of one a level with him. He did so, and as soon as he reached the top he fired three shots bang! bang! bang! as quickly as he could. I think the bear must have been on the run when he was shooting, and with the third shot got out of sight over a little raise. In the hurry to adjust my gun and get there I did not look up again till I got the discharged cartridge out and others in. Both Hyrum and the monster being then out of sight, I jumped up to where I first fired little animal—and with gun in hand finished across the canyon. Fortunately I did, for had I taken the journey about I should have reached there in two hours. When I arrived on the top of the hill I could not see my bear anything of them. I called "Hyrum, Hyrum, where are you?" but received no answer, and and on the course I thought they had gone but a few rods over a little raise, when I saw the bear above and a little below the hill side, but I could see no Hyrum. Rather lower the bear, I could see that he had some thing closely in his mouth, mauling and shaking it up. Not seeing Hyrum anywhere I leared he had him down, and my horror on hearing tongue can tell when I first saw his blue overall under the bear's body. He was gnawing Hyrum's head. I shrieked "My Lord! My Lord! he got Brother Hyrum." The sparring up of my mule caused the bear to drop the hand and pick up his head. For fear of making an accidental shot and hitting Hyrum, or perhaps the shot might not prove fatal to the bear, I jumped off to make sure aim. Being then quite close, my jump to the ground frightened him, or at least interrupted his mauling Hyrum again or making for me before I could level down to shoot, he started off. Hyrum rolled over on his face, and from no his hands and elbows. Then I saw that my brother was not dead, but oh! such a bloody sight! I am unable to describe. The bear was then about thirty yards from him. I fired and brought the brute to the ground, but he got up and started again. A second shot, however, brought him tumbling again, this time to get up a into on me; but as he fired he fell, and grabbing in his mouth a dry pine limb about the size of my arm. That he crunched as though it were a cracker, and with it in his mouth he started off again. A third shot brought him writhing to the earth, and as my last cartridge was in the barrel I pumped with six feet of his head and sent it through the brain of this base brown bear. I then rushed back to Hyrum. All this was done in half the time it takes to relate.

Now comes the trying ordeal for myself. There, by the side of Hyrum's mangled body, fifteen miles away from home and help, how I cried and prayed. The poor boy was still resting on his knees and elbows, with the hand entirely covering the head, face and shoulders and still streaming to the ground. The first thing I did was to support his head and stimulate to life, after which he cried "Water," I gallopped to the creek and brought my hat full of water, and washed his head and face the best I could. Such a mangled head and face you never saw. The skull was laid bare from the top of the forehead about four inches back, and there was one wound on the left side, three corneted, about two inches each way, and one other wound that we did not discover until just before his death when some particles of his brain oozed out, two teeth having penetrated the brain. On the back and other side of his head, and just in the corner of his right eye, were seven or eight terribly ugly gashes, again bare the skull. There was a long gash down the right cheek and two under the jaw, which was washed; his upper lip was half torn off. In all, there were twenty wounds on his head, face, and the right hand was clawed through and through; his left was bitten through in several places; there was one cleaved bite on the left leg, just above the knee, and one heavy imprint of the bear's jaw and claws, though not deep, on the right breast. Of course these wounds on his body were not observable at first, but I could see his critical state, and knowing that God alone could help us in our needy and helpless condition, I told Hyrum to exercise all the faith he had strength to do and I would again administer to him. After this he spoke, and I asked him why he went so near the monster, he said the bear got over a little raise out of sight and was lying down, and he did not see him until within two rods, when the bear sprang up and after him. He got would not go off, though he kept it leveled on the stock, thinking every second it would not. When the bear was about two rods off he shot, he started back, wards, still trying to pull the trigger, but it jeled. The bear struck him with his left paw, the stick one long dislodged, breaking his jaw and knocking him down. The bear then jumped on him, grabbed him by the head with his mouth, and to protect his head and face he put up his hands.

About eight feet from where my brother he found his hat and gun. The latter was cocked and contained three cartridges, I think, in the excitement, he failed to press the lever, and had that accomplished for its not getting off.

After trying to his broken jaw and getting him on his horse (which I led), to my astonishment he rode a mile and a half to home, where I laid him upon the bed and washed and dressed his wounds, bandaged them in soft water clothes and gave him a little water and milk when he never him, as he had exercised a couple of times from loss of blood. He called and I asked him what I should do—go for help or try and get him home. He replied "don't leave me here alone," and the thought to myself of leaving him while I rode fifteen miles for help, a very rough trail and returned with help could not be entertained. Again, such a thing as Hyrum riding so far in such a condition, he could not be induced to do so for a period. But to my astonishment he had, by the help of God, ridden one and a half miles, and I told him that since that, and it is only through his support and strength to reach home, and it he thought he could stand the ride we would make a start for home. I quickly saddled him a fresh horse, and provided myself with a two-gallon syrup can of water (which I replenished at his spring), and with a wisp and spoon, I put my arm around him, as he was cloudy and threatened faint. Then for the third time I administered to him, helped him to the saddle, and I led it for a pair of blankets and a heavy earth quilt to put in front of him to support him, as I thought I could have to let him down to the ground, if he fainted coming home. We started at a fast walk, driving his horse along the track by handling the reins with his left hand, and I led the horse. We had I led one horse through to timber and over the mountain, and by giving him every few moments a little water, which he relished, he stood within this side home at 10 o'clock at night, the accident having happened about 5 p. m. on Wednesday, the 25th.

In passing through our little town I called up Patriarch Henry Lunt to perform a social in administering to him and dressing his wounds. I sent for Franklin Smith, his father-in-law, who was staying in the town of Pacheco, and also Sister O. C. Naegle to assist in caring for him, and we continued from that time to apply every remedy within our ability and knowledge, and prayer and supplication, etc. We also sent word to Apostle Thatcher to come and have the doctor from Corralitos sent for. We continued our prayers and supplications for Hyrum's recovery. To all appearance, up to the commencement of every one who saw him, he was doing well, and we felt very encouraged about the same time in the p. m. that he was hurt he was taken worse and quite a half-spell of vomiting. His breathing became very quick and soft, and the brain began to ooze from two of the gashes in the head. Regardless, each spell just before he became quite faint he made a good effort to throw off the accumulations from his lungs. With two or three deep groans he passed his last breath (which we not aware) and looked as if he was "sweet boy," and died calmly and peacefully. I think he was conscious to the last, and endured his suffering manfully, patiently and without a murmur.

To endure such a ride in his condition was characteristic of his extraordinarily strong constitution. Not a groan nor a sound did he make while the bear was on him, and not over ten in one minutes, perhaps not in five hundred, could have borne what he did without complaint. The grief of those of the family who witnessed his death, and especially the anguish of his young wife was most heartrending. Hyrum was only married in January last. He was 25 and his widow is 19.

I desire to add our gratitude to our Heavenly Father for His tender mercy in hearing our prayers, and to our family it is a marvel to all how I got home with him. I tell them nothing but the power of God supported him to such been.

Poor Hyrum has a record in the Mormon mission that will be a monument of honor to him. He was president of the Deseret's Quorum for a while, and was up to the time of his death, and acting priest and one of my counselors in the M. I. A.

I remain, in sympathy and affection, your Brother,

GEO. C. NAEGLE.

THE FUNERAL.

On Sunday, the 26th, the funeral services were held at ten a. m.

In the absence of the entire Bishopric, Patriarch Henry Lunt presided. The choir sang, "Oh my Father, etc." Prayer was offered by Father Jos. H. Hardy. "Shall we not the dead, etc.," was sung and Patriarch Lunt made a few sympathetic and comforting remarks.

Brother Heleman Pratt, who was filling a mission in Sonora, passed through Cave Valley, came to pay his last respects to Brother Hyrum. He addressed those present and read sympathetic and comforting letters from Apostles Lyman and Cowdery (Sec. 2d.) Brother Lunt also occupied a portion of the time. Each spoke words of comfort to the bereaved family and especial blessings upon the widow.

The choir sang closing hymn, "Then dust and ashes, to ashes and dust." Benediction by Elder John W. Hayes.

The dedicatory prayer at the grave was offered by Patriarch Henry Lunt and the choir sang "Dwell thy bosom, faithful sleep."

COLONIA PACHECO, Chihuahua, Mexico, June 28th, 1892.

Accident at Peoa.

The explosion of powder caused the burning of a cabin at Peoa, on the 4th and a severe accident to H. S. and Charles Wright. A fragment of the broken iron struck the former in the leg midway between the ankle and knee, inflicting a severe gash. The latter was hit in the head. Dr. Duff is the treatment of Dr. Moore Mitchell both men are rapidly improving.

A Cheaper Way.

Modern methods of making the place enjoyable come and machines go but the old reliable Syrup of Figs continues to comfort friends, and when through it the system is cleansed it is proved that through one bottle purchased of a druggist, the Syrup performs a true, healthy cure. No remedy is that gives as a laxative natural medicine to Michigan tells that his children find just the proper balance between the fruit juice and laxative in the syrup. The results are all would please as the few lines and pleasant attention as all the rest. The getting is all right, if only separated from enough. We could also prefer poultry about to look to the fallen weevils.

THE FEDERATED TRADES.

Resolutions Denouncing the Pinkertons as Thieves and Thugs.

RE-ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

H. J. Grimes Succeeds Robert Sinclair as President of the Social Union.

The Federated Trades held a meeting last night and elected officers for the ensuing year and transacted considerable business.

New delegates from the Brewer's union, Typographical union, Amalgamated Association of machinists, moulders, clerks, painters and cigar makers were enfranchised. The Bakers' union was admitted to membership.

The next order of business was the election of officers, and J. L. Franks nominated H. J. Grimes, of the Amalgamated Association of carpenters and joiners, and he was unanimously elected president.

For vice-president John Smith, of the Moulders' union, and C. E. Fish, of the Typographical union, were placed in nomination. Mr. Smith received no votes and Mr. Fish 11.

For recording secretary Mr. F. S. Milling of the Retail Clerks' union, was elected by the casting of a white ball by the secretary.

For financial secretary, A. E. Jordan of the Machinists' union and A. L. Hamblin of the Cigar Makers' union were placed in nomination. Mr. Jordan was elected by a majority of seven votes.

For treasurer, W. H. Oliver of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners was unanimously elected.

Messrs. James, Grant and Baetel were elected trustees.

L. C. Fry was made sergeant-at-arms.

A communication from the Denver Trades assembly, stating that a boycott was being placed on the Denver Tribune, a non-union restaurant in that city, would play in Salt Lake, and asking that they be not patronized by workingmen, was read and filed.

The code of prices demanded by the unions was read and referred to the arbitration committee.

A communication received from the American Federation of labor, protesting against Congress closing the World's Fair on Sundays, was referred to the same committee.

L. C. Fry offered the following resolutions:

SALT LAKE CITY, July 8, 1892.

Whereas, the firm of Carnegie & Co. have been guilty of murdering and killing our fellow-citizens, and have violated the United States in the following manner, to wit: First, they conspired against the American citizens, and secondly, in order to carry out their conspiracy, they hired men to act as soldiers, to the use of arms, to molestation of their already claims on wages, to prevent their lawful and peaceable rights, and then calmly and peacefully, I think he was conscious to the last, and endured his suffering manfully, patiently and without a murmur.

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ONE MASS OF SCALES

Affected 3 Years by Dreadful Skin and Blood Disease, with Intense Pain and Loss of Hair

All Other Remedies Fail. Believed Incurable and Cured in Four Weeks by the Cuticura Remedies.

Cuticura Remedies

OLD FORTY FIFTH.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

WONDERLAND

THE CALIFORNIA OPERA COMPANY.

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JULY 8.

Pirates of Penzance

Mr. Arthur Pryor.

10c.—ADMISSION—10c.

—AT—

TEASDEL'S

Surplus Stock.

REDUCED PRICES.

Men's & Boys' SUMMER COATS

25 CENTS —EACH.—

EXTRA GRADES

50c. & $1.00

BIG REDUCTION

IN PRICE OF

Linen and Alpaca

DUSTERS!

AND ALL AFE

Special Bargains.

—AT—

TEASDEL'S

R. K. THOMAS

THE SILK HOUSE

26, 28, 30, 32 EAST FIRST SOUTH STREET.

SILKS! SILKS!! SILKS!!!

4 GRAND BARGAINS IN SUMMER 4

SILKS

45 Cts. 55 Cts. 75 Cts. 95 Cts.

Our Entire Line of 50c Printed China This Week 45c.
Our Entire Line of 75c Printed China This Week 55c.
Our Entire Line of $1.00 Brocade Silks at This Week 75c.
Our Entire Line of $1.25 Printed China This Week 95c.

ANOTHER IMPORTATION OF

SURAHS,

All Colors, 25 Cts. Per Yard.

SILK GRENADINE.

BLACK SILK GRENADINE, worth $1.50 for 65c.
BLACK SILK GRENADINE, worth $1.00 for 50c.

White :·: Goods.

200 Pieces Assorted WHITE DRESS GOODS; Piques, Marseilles, Lace Stripe Organdies, Polka dot Lawns, Etc., Etc., worth from 35c to 50c per yard. Your Choice This Week for 20c.

WHITE EMBROIDERY FLOUNCINGS

We have, undoubtedly, the Finest Line of DRESS EMBROIDERIES ever shown here, both in White and White with Colored Work.

THIS WEEK VERY CHEAP.

:::LADIES' SUMMER BLAZERS and WAISTS.:::

We Place on Sale This Week an Elegant Line of BLAZERS and WAISTS.

WASH :-: GOODS,

We are showing more WASH GOODS than all the rest of the City together. This week We are Making Great Reductions in Prices.

Shoe :·: Departmnet.

Our Shoe Trade has grown to such proportions as to cause an extension in that department. We have lately added several new lines of Ladies' and Misses' Shoes, and are now in a condition to supply and satisfy Everybody that wear Shoes.

100 Different Styles of MENS' SUMMER SHIRTS—The Largest Stock in the West. Special Prices for This Week.

BOYS' WAISTS and KNEE PANTS.

Come to us for your Boys' Knee Pants, 1000 pairs just opened.
Boys' Waists, 20c, 30c, 35c and 40c, worth double.

R. K. THOMAS