

..... Grantsville is working for a militia company, and by present indications they will have one. The county is in good condition to get two or three companies, and they should be organized. Company G, with numbers of friends, will visit Grantsville tomorrow (Saturday) on invitation of the young men of that place and a grand time is expected..... W. P. Richards and Joe Duubar passed through Tooele this week, bound for their properties in Spring Creek, where the boys intend working all winter. There seems to be a Deep Creek fever struck this part of the country, as numbers are constantly going that way.

Governor West Monday received a letter from Benjamin F. Turner, dated at Washington, November 28, in which Mr. Turner says he has appointed a "Chamber of Deputies and Board of Directors at large of this institution" — presumably the United States — consisting of ten residents of Virginia, whose laws are to be unchangeable; and further announcing, with an admonition to "tell it in Salt Lake City and publish it in Utah Territory," that said Turner is now "mediator" between man and his Creator, and "mercy no longer dwells upon earth," but that everlasting and eternal judgment is pronounced upon all nations, and that to justice has been surrendered "the milk-white horse." As the Governor does not regard the communication to be official, not bearing the government seal, he has not called a council of war to consider its contents.

What is now reported to be a fatal accident, occurred at the Rio Grande Western yards, Ogden, Tuesday. M. McCabe, a switchman employed at the Rio Grande Western yards, was doing some necessary work between the cars. The engineer, thinking the work completed and that McCabe had stepped out from between the cars, backed his engine. McCabe was knocked down, and fell with his right arm across the rail. The car wheels passed over his right arm, crushing it in a frightful manner and also crushing the big toe of his right foot.

Dr. Armstrong attended the unfortunate man, after which a special carried him to Salt Lake City. McCabe has a wife and family in Ogden. Word has come to Ogden that the unfortunate man died last night. He was much respected by his fellow workmen, having been employed at the railroad yards for a long while, and being one of the oldest hands there.

NEPHI, Dec. 1.—Oscar, Gustave and Carl Peterson and Ed. Ivie left their home in Scipio, Millard county, with teams loaded with grain, on the morning of the 29th ult. That night they camped near Nephi, and in the morning passed through Nephi. The weather being cold all the men were walking; about half a mile out of town one team, in crossing a bridge, began to run. Oscar Petersen caught the horses by the lines, slipped down and two wheels passed over his body.

The other teams became frightened, Oscar's running against a telephone pole, then into a fence, breaking one of the horse's legs. The unfortunate man was brought to town by his brother. Medical aid was soon procured. Dr.

D. O. Minder found one rib broken and injuries about the heart. The next day, Dec. 1st, the sufferer passed away. He was born in Denmark and was 38 years of age. He leaves a wife and three children. His brothers returned with the body to Scipio this afternoon. The deceased had a good character and was highly respected by the citizens of Scipio. LANGLEY.

Brigham Bugler: Wednesday Peter Peterson of the third ward received a letter to which no name was signed. It told him to be at the train next day to receive a Thanksgiving present. Mr. Peterson was on hand and sure enough there was his present. Concealed in a box was a live infant, a tiny boy, with no clue whatever as to its parentage. This innocent looking package had been expressed from Salt Lake, a distance of sixty miles. The wail has fallen into good hands, and it would appear the sender is pretty well acquainted in Brigham City. . . Last week Bishop A. Nichols brought an ear of new corn to this office which he had just picked from the stalk. It was as young and tender as if it had been picked from the earliest matured green corn of the season. There are no flies on Brigham City, which now has a record of ripe strawberries, ripe raspberries and green corn in November. . . Last week Mrs. Alfred Frodsham of Lake Side died. Some internal growth resembling a cancer or tumor had for a long time been sapping the poor young mother's life away. She died the day before an operation was to have been performed. Three little children, a husband and numerous relatives mourn this irreparable loss.

A young Italian was held up—or more properly speaking, perhaps, was knocked down by a trio of footpads and would-be robbers at the corner of State and Sixth South streets Monday night about 8 o'clock.

Mr. M. P. Madsen, chief clerk of P. W. Madsen, the furniture dealer, was walking down the street at the same time, within half a block of where the attack occurred. He says he heard the blow which felled the Italian to the ground; but it was dark and he saw nothing until he reached the spot where the unfortunate man lay. He was just recovering consciousness and the sidewalk where his head rested was covered with blood. He helped the man to his feet and got from him a statement to the effect that he met three men and that one of them advanced toward him striking him a heavy blow on the top of the head and felling him to the ground. He says he had no watch or money and consequently lost nothing. Mr. Madsen helped him to No. 46 west, Sixth South street, where his wife was employed as a domestic.

Mr. Madsen says the blow was a terrible one, and the only wonder is that the man was not killed outright. The thugs were evidently frightened off at his approach.

SALT LAKE CITY, Nov. 28.

I would like to make a correct statement concerning William Kinisen, the boy who was held on the steamship Mariposa, also free myself from the censure of the public.

I am Adelbert Twitchell, the Elder who had William Kinisen in charge,

and my home is Escalante, Garfield county, Utah. I was called on a mission to Samoa in 1891, and labored on the island of Savaii. While laboring there I became acquainted with Mr. Kinisen, the father of William Kinisen. One day, talking with Mr. Kinisen, he told me he had given his older sons a chance to get an education in some foreign country, but that they had not accepted the chance or privilege; he was very desirous that some of his sons would take advantage of a chance if one ever again presented itself. I told him I would take his son William, who was at that time going to a native school that I was teaching. The boy accepted the offer and I brought him with me to go to school in Escalante, for three or four years. I wish to say here that I was misrepresented in the San Francisco *Examiner*, also other papers which copied the *Examiner's* statement. I did not say the boy's parents were dead, nor did I say anything to convey that meaning.

Yours respectfully,
ADELBERT TWITCHELL.

Lulu Binkley, the nineteen-year-old daughter of Mrs. Binkley, in whose house Private Neibergall met his death wound a few nights ago, is detained at the city jail partly by reason of an attempt made by her on her own life on Wednesday night and partly for the reason that she will be wanted as a witness against her mother and "Doc" Kessler.

Asked by a NEWS reporter today why she sought to destroy herself she replied that it was because she had been made a most wretched creature. She laid all of the blame on her mother. She told the story of her shameful career substantially as follows: We came here from California respectable people. My mother opened a bad house in the eastern part of the city. Soldiers visited it often. My mother compelled me to yield to them. Several other young girls—five or six—were also enticed there by mother and all went the same way with soldiers that I did. I made up my mind that I could endure my sufferings no longer and I got some calomel and after taking a drink of gin put some of the drug to my lips and swallowed it. But another woman dashed the glass from me and I didn't get enough, otherwise I would have been in my grave instead of the city jail.

The most awful feature of the whole affair is that Mrs. Binkley unblushingly admits all of her daughter's charges.

Two unknown and evidently desperate highwaymen, masked and armed with formidable revolvers, performed a daring act Friday night at 8:20 by holding up a First South street and Agricultural park car at the western terminus of the old race track extension. There were no passengers on board and the victims of the robbery were Conductor Knowles and Motor-man Swan.

The former had just alighted, the trolley rope in hand and had proceeded to the west end of the car and while all was darkness about him he walked squarely up against a highwayman who thrust a pistol in his face commanding him to throw up his hands "and shell out." At the east end of the car a similar scene was