

Learned of snowslide at mine. My boy and George Williams under slide. Will return at once to mine.

(Signed) A. VAN PATTEN.

Mr. Pierce learned that a party of rescuers had left Uintah for the scene of the accident and he sent a man from here to aid in the work of rescue. News of the accident was brought to Uintah to Mr. Van Patten by one of the workmen at the mine who rode with breakneck speed to acquaint the father of the fatal accident that had overtaken his son. In the meantime the other employees of the mine worked like demons to clear away the debris and rescue the men before life was extinct. Young Van Patten was well known in this city, while George Williams is as familiar as the oldest inhabitant. He was working at the Van Patten mine for his board.

Every effort was made during the evening to reach the men under the snow, but up to 2 a. m. no word had been received that they were alive. It is probable that the bodies have been recovered, but it could not be learned whether the men were alive or dead.

The body of George Williams, who was buried in the snowslide in Durst's canyon, twenty-five miles east of Ogden, has been recovered. The body of Junes Van Patten, the other victim, is still under the snow, and may be for some time, as another snowslide is reported to have occurred at the same place, which covered the spot where the bodies were buried.

Frank Williams, a young man well known in this city, committed suicide by shooting on Tuesday evening, the deed being done in a room occupied by him on the top floor of the Progress building.

At the time mentioned Mr. W. E. Ladd, the real estate and mining broker, was walking in the corridor of the building when he was startled by the report of a firearm. Going in the direction from whence the sound came, and entering a room in the vicinity, the gentleman was horrified to behold the body of a young man lying prostrate on the floor, a bullet hole in his breast, a smoking revolver in one hand, and the contraction of the muscles telling that the victim was in the throes of death. In one corner of the room were several bass and snare drums, and painted across the head of them was the name "Frank Williams."

Mr. Ladd saw that the man was fast breathing his last, and he hastened to the elevator and directed the operator thereof to summon a physician at once. Dr. Penrose was called in, but on his arrival the bullet had done its deadly work and the body of Frank Williams lay cold in death, the face set, the eyes fixed and glassy.

In a sealed envelope lying on the mantel-piece was the following letter, the envelope bearing these words:

This is sealed, not to be opened until I am dead, and then to be given to my folks, John S. Williams and M. A. Williams, Salt Lake City.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah,

Nov. 20, 1897.

Dear Friends:—I now leave a few lines to let you know how to bury me when I die. Lay me in a vault by the side of my love. The one that I loved on earth and the only girl that I will ever love in this world, Lena Branting. My insurance policy lies in the hands of Mrs.

Branting and it is made out to my mother, Mrs. M. A. Williams. The amount is \$2,000 and I want my funeral expenses paid out of it and the rest given to my mother. I want to have one fine coffin and 12 carriages, and if necessary fifteen carriages, not any less than 12 anyway, and I want the lodges to turn out with me and want to be buried on Sunday from the Second ward meeting house, between Fourth and Fifth East, on Seventh South, Sunday, and mention my name as Frank Williams, the lover and dear friend of Lena Branting, who is dead and buried, and I will that I be buried from said place I have mentioned. Please do as I have left word.

By the request of me,

Your loving son and friend to all on earth,

FRANK WILLIAMS.

Address—My home is in Salt Lake City, Utah, 29 Grape street, and room 308 McCormick block, and at present room 600 Progress building, Salt Lake City Utah.

The young man's rash act was quickly heralded around, and the corridor leading to the room in which he lay was soon filled to overflowing with the morbidly curious. They were kept from viewing the corpse, however, by Sergeant Wire and Officer Lund, who were stationed at the door. Williams's father appeared upon the scene and when he beheld the dead body of his son, he became very nervous and was soon overcome. "Oh, why, why," he cried, as he threw himself across his son's body. "I knew it would come, ever since Lena Branting died. Oh how he loved her! Oh how he loved her!" sobbed the grief-stricken parent.

The confession from the boy's father, told the story of Frank's love for Miss Lena Branting, an estimable young woman, whose death occurred at her home in the Second ward, nearly two months ago. It is said that her death preyed upon his mind to such an extent that he concluded he had nothing to live for. However true this may be, the public no doubt will remember that Frank attempted suicide some two years ago, when he was found in the basement of an East Temple street saloon, at death's door from the effects of a self-administered dose of strychnine. It was with hard work that he was then restored to his normal condition.

Young Williams had a wide circle of acquaintances who will feel regret at his sad ending. Drink was the seat of all his troubles and the real cause no doubt of his ultimate fate. He was about 25 years of age and a member of the A. O. U. W. in good standing, from which lodge his heart-broken mother will receive \$2,000. Two summers ago he was engineer on the steamer Tulula at Saltair, and at the time of his death he occupied the position of engineer of the Progress building.

Acting Coroner Sommer took charge of the remains and had the body removed to Joseph E. Taylor's undertaking parlors, where an inquest was held on Wednesday and a verdict rendered in accordance with facts given above.

#### NEWS NOTES:

Surveyors will be in the field within ten days, says the Tempe, Arizona, News, to establish a complete and final survey of the extension to Globe of the

Salt River valley railroad. The completion of this road is an assured fact within the present year, and commercially means a great deal to the farming community of the south side.

Denver Daily Live Stock Record: Report from the San Luis valley says cattle on the ranges are faring rather badly these days and it will not be surprising to hear of heavy losses before spring. The dry summer of last year left the feed rather short in the fall and the snows which the weather has been too cold to melt, have covered the ranges so far as to make it a hard matter for stock to pick up a living. Some considerable losses have already been reported.

Little Myrtle Bellah met with a painful accident at Stokes valley, Cal., recently. She was riding near the wire fence at the side of the road, and in swinging her whip around the lash caught on the top wire of the fence, and, being fastened to her wrist, it pulled her off on the barbed wire, inflicting seven painful wounds on her face, but despite the pains and loss of blood, she had the courage to get on her horse and ride, though she is only 7 years old and had four gates to open.

The body of a man was found floating in Eel river, below Fortuna, Cal., Sunday afternoon by J. M. Milligan and M. O. Buzan. The remains were recovered and taken to Fortuna, where an inquest was held. No one could identify the remains but it is almost certain that it is the body of Johnny Somerville, a half-breed, 21 years old, who was drowned in the south fork of Eel river early in January. Somerville, with Hans Johnson, and Clarence Reed was crossing the river near Garberville when the boat capsized and Somerville was drowned. His companions were saved by clinging to the boat and drifting ashore.

The funeral procession accompanying the body of Harry Molk, to the grave in Alameda, Cal., Sunday, met with an accident that was very nearly a fatality. The party left with the coffin at 2:30 o'clock, and went over the bay on the Alameda ferry. They were met in Alameda by several hacks containing friends and relatives of the deceased, and, headed by the hearse, started for the cemetery. The first vehicle next to the hearse contained five of the mourners. When the cortege reached the road near Buena Vista avenue, the 4 o'clock local broad gauge train from San Francisco appeared round an abrupt curve and cut clean through the procession. The engine struck the first hack, wrecking it completely and throwing its occupants violently on to the road. Herbert Crowe, the driver, was thrown among his horses, and in addition to receiving severe contusions from his fall, was knocked on the head by one of the animals, sustaining a nasty scalp wound. The occupants of the hack were assisted out from among the broken wheels and debris. It was found that two young girls, Lizzie Heiner and Katie Gilbert, were badly cut about the head and face and severely bruised. It is feared that both of them have received internal injuries. The other three occupants of the hack, though they sustained painful bruises, escaped comparatively uninjured.