

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, DEC. 3.

AMONG MISSISSIPPIANS.

The Locality Where Elder Alma P. Richards Was Last Seen.

A MOB OF 500 ASSAIL THE ELDERS.

Honorable People Who Treat the Missionaries with Great Kindness.

On Saturday evening we met Elder Israel Barlow, Jr., of West Bountiful, Davis County, who has just returned from a mission to the Southern States. As President of the Mississippi Conference he was one of those engaged in endeavoring to unravel the mystery connected with the disappearance and probable murder of Elder Alma P. Richards, of Milton, Morgan County, Utah. It will be remembered that on the morning of August 24, 1888, Elder Richards left the home of a family of Saints in a village in Mississippi to go to Sumpter County, Alabama, a distance of 40 or 50 miles. But the Saints in Sumpter County did not see him; letters ceased to reach his anxious wife and children at home; and no reports were made to the President of his conference. Letters directed to him at the usual places failed to elicit any answers, and an inquiry was instituted to ascertain his whereabouts. Not until about six weeks had passed from the time of his disappearance did his companions in the missionary field reach the suspicion that the foul

HAND OF THE ASSASSIN

had done its work; when this conviction came upon their minds the terrible suspicion was communicated by President Wm. Spry to the Church authorities.

The search for the missing man was not, however, given up. On the contrary, additional efforts were put forth to learn for a certainty what had actually become of him, and if it should develop that he had been murdered, give the officers an opportunity to bring the criminals to justice. A number of the Elders took up the investigation, and traced Elder Richards to the town of Meriden, Mississippi. He had arrived there on August 2, on route to his destination. But that was the

LAST HEARD OF HIM.

Diligent inquiry was made, but no one who had seen him could be found. The officers were unable to throw any light upon the mystery.

It was suggested that probably some enemy had secured his arrest, and had him imprisoned without an opportunity to communicate with his friends. The jailor at Meriden was seen and he stated that no one who answered Elder Richards' description was in his custody or had been.

The suspicion fastened itself upon the minds of the searchers, from what they had learned of the circumstances, that Meriden was the scene of the Elder's last appearance in public. Elders Barlow, Ruby and others went to a hotel in the town, and while engaged in conversation, a colored porter approached Elder Ruby and inquired if he was the "Mormon" who had left a couple of books and a shirt with him some two months before. Elder Ruby inquired where the articles were. The porter replied that they were at his room, and would bring them upon being paid for his trouble.

Upon returning with them the Elders discovered that the books were Elder Richards'.

BIBLE AND HYMN BOOK.

To earnest inquiries the porter gave all the information he possessed on the subject. About August 2 a Mormon Elder had called at the hotel. The description given of him tallied so closely that there was no trouble in identifying him as Elder Richards. The porter said he had come there and asked the colored man to take care of the articles for a few days, when he would return, as he proposed going on to Sumter County, 21 miles, and coming back in a few days. With this explanation of his intentions the Elders left the hotel. There is a well traveled road in the direction he was to take, and the railroad is directly on the route. But no one along the way had seen him. If he had passed outside of the town of Meriden it is hardly probable that he would not have been observed, as it was daytime, but the people along the route were sure he had not come that way. The impression that rested heavily upon those who were seeking him was that he had not been permitted to leave the town, but had been foully dealt with and

HIS BODY SECRETED.

That there were but a few engaged in the commission of the deed is apparent from the fact that everything was kept so quiet.

On the 6th of November, Election day, President Wm. Spry and ten other Elders were in Meriden. A conference had been held, and the Elders were returning to their various fields. Elders Barlow, Thompson Lee and Ruby had been among the number looking for the missing man. The first two had conversed with the jailor a few days previous to this, as before mentioned, but as the city marshal said there was a man in jail who refused to give his name, Elders Lee and Ruby thought they would go and see him. There was no likelihood that it would be Elder Richards, but

they would not permit a possible chance of finding him to pass by, started for the jail. On arriving there they learned that the jailor would not be around for some time, so they went to a lunch stand to await his arrival.

In the short time these two Elders had been on this errand there were events transpiring which were destined to change the whole scene and present a new phase. Owing to the

BITTER ANTI-NORMON FEELING

known to exist in the town, the Elders had on all occasions refrained from taking any course which they knew would result in arousing this antagonism to action. The 6th of November was no exception to the rule, but the presence of so many Elders in the town was quickly noised abroad. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon, Elders Baxter and Allen were passing down the street towards the depot, when they were intercepted by a crowd of 30 to 40 persons.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" was the uncerecermonious demand of the leader.

"We are ministers of the Gospel," quietly replied one of the Elders.

"What denomination do you belong to?" was the next question.

"We are Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, commonly called 'Mormon,' was the unsatisfactory reply.

"Well, we don't want any of you in town gruffly rejoined one of the mob.

By this time

A MOB OF 500 PERSONS

had assembled. There was a little more talk, and the Elders continued their journey toward the depot, followed by the turbulent mass.

"Where's a rope?" shouted someone, and the echo was taken up amid yells.

"Hang them!" came from many hoarse throats, and it was apparent that the crowd were in a temper to engage in violence; the spirit of murder was in their hearts, and only wanted an opportunity to assert itself—and one seemed to have arrived.

But still the two Elders went steadily on. They were jostled about a little, but not seriously molested, though the imprecations, threats, curses and vile expressions used by their assailants were horrible to be compelled to listen to.

On reaching the station house at the depot a number of police appeared on the scene and took the Elders into custody. They were not accused of any crime, but as some of the officers at least took this course as a matter of necessary protection for the brethren, the latter were content.

All of the officers, however, were not desirous of affording much protection to the Mormons, as is evident by

THE SENTIMENT EXPRESSED

by one of them at this time. Pointing to his officer's badge, he said, "If it was not for that, I would be out there with the crowd." This indicated the feeling that was in him; but he had respect enough for his official position to restrain himself.

The two Elders were placed in a room in the station-house, and the door locked. The crowd urged against the door and rather at the windows. Their language was perfectly awful for its vulgarity and blasphemy, while they would peer in at the windows, make wry faces and threatening what they would do. At last the officers deemed it wisdom to remove their wards to an inner room, which was done.

The bulk of the mob then started out to look for other Elders. They went toward the jail, and just as Elders Lee and Ruby emerged from the lunch-stand, where they were awaiting the jailor's return, they were surrounded by the crowd and forced to go to the depot, all the while

THREATS AND OATHS

being freely uttered. Excitement ran pretty high at the time.

The four Elders safely under lock and key, quite a number of the mob headed the way to the hotel where President Spry and two other Elders were, and took charge of them.

Elders Barlow and Thompson had not been recognized, and had watched the whole proceedings from the outside of the crowd.

At the hotel a dozen or so of the leading spirits directed their attention to President Spry, asking him a great many questions. This part was continued about two and a half hours, the crowd using the most insulting and vile language. President Spry replied to the inquiries that were respectful, giving such information as he considered proper. Efforts were made to have something said about polygamy. As in Mississippi there is a

LAW AGAINST PREACHING

that doctrine, the Elders avoided giving their views any advantage to prefer a charge against them in this line.

Two of the four Elders who had not been seized by the mob had left town without being aware of the disturbance going on or of the unpleasant situation of their comrades.

In the evening, after having been kept four hours or over in the railway station, the four Elders were taken out by the officers, and conveyed at the head of the motley crew to the hotel. There the whole seven were allowed to take supper.

Meanwhile Elders Barlow and Thompson had managed to get a few minutes' conversation with their

brethren who were locked up at the depot, and agreed upon a course of proceeding by which they were to start for Sumter County, Alabama, 21 miles distant, and if necessary forward information from there of anything that should occur. If those imprisoned should be liberated, a meeting place was agreed upon. They accordingly started out on their night's walk.

About 10 p.m. President Spry and his companions were taken to the railway station and ordered to leave the State on a train passing through town about that hour. As the train was going along the route they desired to travel, they boarded it, and next morning were united with the other Elders, and

SAFE AMONG FRIENDS.

While such outbursts as the one narrated are all too frequent in the south, it must not be concluded that they are taken part in by even a majority of the people. On the contrary, these instances of lawlessness are arousing the more thoughtful and honorable citizens to dangers that exist, and are causing measures to be taken to check their re-occurrence in the future. In some districts the feeling of mobocracy runs high, but in most of the localities where the Elders are called to labor they have many staunch friends who, though not members of the Church or likely to become such, having a strong sense of justice they would protect the Elders from violence of mobs even at the risk of their own lives. The prevalence of this sentiment among honorable people has

A RETRESSING INFLUENCE

upon the lawless and ignorant element, and is a source of great kindness to the Elders who, among the more industrious and better classes of the inhabitants are treated with marked hospitality.

Elder Barlow left this city on his mission Nov. 13, 1888, and was assigned to the Mississippi Conference, laboring as traveling Elder in Western Alabama. A portion of the time Elder Richards was his companion. In a few months he was called to the presidency of the Mississippi Conference. On June 15, 1887, he and Elder Ruby were in the hands of a mob for eleven hours, and though threats were made of whipping them, they were not injured. Last September a mob hunted for them, but as the ruffians dared not show themselves a great deal, nothing was accomplished. The next instance was that of Nov. 6. In August last Elder Barlow had the chills for three weeks, but aside from that he had good health during his entire mission. He was released to return home with the company which reached Utah on Nov. 24, and stopped over at Provo a few days. He speaks very highly of the kind treatment received by himself and fellow-missionaries from the Saints and also from many warm friends who have received them and ministered to their comfort.

Runaways.

On Saturday afternoon Thomas Allsop, of Sandy, was driving near the county court house, when his team became frightened and started to run. Mr. Allsop was thrown out and hurt, but not dangerously. A boy who was in the wagon was also thrown out, alighting on his head, but not seriously injuring him. The frightened team turned down First West Street, after nately running on to the sidewalk and street, and scattering the apples with which the wagon was loaded in all directions. Finally the vehicle brought up in front of H. M. Dinwoodey's residence by crashing into a tree and making of the wagon a complete wreck.

Another runaway occurred on Saturday evening. Lieut. Thurston's horse broke away from in front of the Walker House and started down the street. The buggy was capsized and soon came in contact with a wagon, which was upset. The animal received an ugly cut in the thigh from a projecting iron. A little farther on another wagon was run into and the horse was freed from the demoralized buggy and ran to a lively stable.

The third runaway was caused by fright at the second. J. B. Furster's team made a good start along Third South Street, but were caught before any damage was done.

About four o'clock yesterday afternoon a lady and three boys were leaving Fort Douglas for the city in a buggy, when the horse became frightened and started off. The boy who was driving dropped the lines; two boys jumped, and the third was thrown out when a ditch was crossed. The lady continued until nearly at the foot of the hill, when, just as the vehicle overturned, she jumped, escaping serious injury. The horse soon became entangled so that he could go no farther.

Sheriff Black of Chouteau County arrived from Fort Benton last night with three prisoners for Deer Lodge. They were two murderers for twenty years each, and one jail breaker for a year and a half. The murderers are Max Hoppe who killed a man named Adams while crossing to Canada, for the purpose of robbery. Billy Fitzgerald is the other one. He shot and killed a negro. The sheriff, in company with Deputy McNaught, left on this morning's train for Deer Lodge.—Butte Inter-Mountain, December 1.

CURRENT TOPICS IN EUROPE

Parr C m — Extension of Westminister Abbey — French Fort — Friendship for Russia — Nordic Students — Hamburg and the Empire — Servian Affairs.

With the opening of the Parnell Commission, Parnellism and the National League are on their trial. It is little to say that no such interest has been shown in court proceedings in London since the famous Tichborne trial. For weeks past the Probate Court has been showered with letters to the Secretary of the Commission pleading for seats. They were couched in every term of persuasive wording known to the ladies and gentlemen who wrote them. Some even offered heavy bribes, and seats if put up at auction would have fetched at least two hundred dollars apiece. The case being undecided, no opinion can be expressed as to its probable result. The task which the Times has undertaken will settle the question of the nature of the National League one way or the other. The issues are in no wise narrow or technical, and the progress of the trial will certainly be watched with most intense interest throughout the empire.

A proposal has been made, and is likely to take place, for building an addition to Westminister Abbey—the resting place of England's great dead. The supply of ancient and modern worthies which her exhaustless bosom bears has outrun the receptacle for their honored dust. In a word, Westminister Abbey is full, and some other central resting-place must be found for the great and illustrious of England's dead. Who is there that would dispute the vast and commanding influence of the Abbey as a national mausoleum? Nelson exclaimed in the hour of crisis, "Victory or Westminister Abbey." The peerless seafarer was after all never buried there, and many a good and gifted son of Britain rests in those shadows who never expected that distinction. But not merely to the poets and warriors, the statesmen, philosophers and discoverers who have won the supreme tribute of interment with the kings and queens of England, but likewise to all classes, the aspect and majesty of the Abbey has been from generation to generation a profound and silent lesson to each age.

No country in the world has such a visible record of its history as England has in Westminister Abbey. No country in the world possesses, in truth, such a grand and perfect illustration of its chronicle, blazoned by such a galaxy of illustrious sons and daughters. For six or seven centuries past Britain has kept a record of her growth within those antique walls, by adding with loving hands, age after age and reign after reign, more and more to those who already consecrated the soil of her central Abbey.

Who would wish the continuity of the record broken? Who would not wish that present and future times may add their achievements to the past, and the ancient Minster remain what it has so long been, the central shrine of England's imperial story—the silent and ever-suggestive chronicle of tombs and tablets and epitaphs of those the record of whose actions form the greatest of all histories.

Yet if Westminister Abbey is still to remain the mausoleum of British worthies, something must be done, and quickly done. The ancient fane is full, to its very doors. There is actually room for only two or three more statues. The friends of the poet Matthew Arnold will have to be content to place the bust of the poet in an out-of-the-way corner—a far less prominent place than they would wish. Even the remains of the good Earl of Shaftesbury could not find a resting-place in the Abbey. In a word the little island has been so prolific of famous men and women, that she has filled to very nigh the last tomb space in the vast area of the Minster, notwithstanding so many illustrious dead have either been laid to rest in St. Paul's Cathedral or in local cathedrals, churches or graveyards. The name of this imposing addition to the Abbey will be known as the "Victorian Chapel," and thus another baid will link the name of England's illustrious Queen to future generations.

In France, M. de Freycinet's reports on the defenses of his country has been an unpleasant surprise for his countrymen. For the last eighteen years France has been spending, not hundreds, but thousands of millions of francs on her defenses; and it was generally believed that her frontier defenses were complete. This confidence has received a rude shock by the demand of the war minister for two hundred millions of dollars. That this enormous sum will be cheerfully given no one doubts; for since the disaster of 1870 no price is considered too high to pay for the safety of the country.

But the question naturally suggests itself, where will all this expenditure end? It appears that the progress made in the manufacture of explosives has rendered useless the defenses of several forts and they will practically have to be reconstructed. As these have all been built since 1870, it is quite likely that the fortifications of other nations are equally defective before the assaults of modern artillery. How long this state of affairs

can possibly continue no one can foresee; but with the war budget of every state in Europe rising by leaps and bounds, the end cannot be far off. Either the nations of Europe will lose patience under the crushing burden of their military servitude, and will appeal to force of arms to put an end to such an intolerable state of things, or else a bankruptcy and consequent disarming will take place. The choice is not an inviting one, from any point of view, but the mutual distrust of the states of Europe seems to present no other solution to the difficulty.

At the present time no opportunity is lost in France in showing attention to Russian officers who make their appearance in the country. At Cherbourg the other evening there was a gala performance at the principal theatre, followed by a grand supper in honor of the three men-of-war then anchored in the roadstead. During the festivities the mayor of Cherbourg drank to the union of the two nations. The naval prefect toasted the Czar's fleet while the general in command paid a like compliment to the Russian army. The commander of the Russian war ship *Nakhimoff* delivered a very cordial speech in reply, toasting the President of the Republic and the French army and navy. Large crowds assembled in the streets crying "Vive la Russie! Vive la France!"

Nomadic Russians with beetling eyebrows, shaggy hair and a general greasy appearance, may sometimes be seen wandering in droves along the brilliant boulevards of Paris. One is often surprised to see these children of the snow and the steppes so far away from home, and are apt to wonder at their business in the most expensive city of the world. Some interesting particulars, however, of the life of these Russians have been brought to light through the registration of foreigners now going on in France. They live, it seems, exclusively in the Latin quarter, where they have a rendezvous in the Rue Saint Jacques, at the house of an old Russian, Peter Lavrof. Some of his rooms are piled from floor to ceiling with books, and here these Russians, who, by the way, are mostly students, come together to discuss politics, literature and philosophy, with their patriarchal compatriot. Many of these students gathered round Lavrof make their living by teaching, translating and copying, and sometimes they have a severe struggle to make both ends meet. They live very cheaply by means of co-operation. The prices of their meals are reduced to the lowest figure, only cheap bread, vegetables and horse flesh being consumed.

Very few of these Slavonic people settle down in Paris, but after having completed their scientific or artistic studies, they make their way back to their native land. Of late years, since the Russian alliance has been a pet dream of French statesmen and citizens, the Muscovites in Paris are treated with every possible consideration.

The great City of Hamburg, in accordance with the convention of 1831, has ceased to exist as a free city, and along with the sister port Bremen, has passed under the direct control of the imperial authorities, as an integral part of the North German empire. The event is interesting, for it constitutes what one may fairly term a crowning act in the accomplishment of German unity, and marks the end of the old Hanseatic League, that has played so important a part in the development of trans-oceanic commerce. Long before a Prussian kingdom was dreamed of, or a Brandenburg Duke figured in the pages of history, the ancient free port, on the banks of the Elbe, was a notable place and a centre of commercial enterprise, second only to its friendly rivals Bremen and Lubec.

Even after the establishment of a new Germanic empire, Hamburg maintained its former position outside the customs union of the federated states. In 1879 Prince Bismarck invited the "free city" to join the Zollverein. The agreement was ratified by the Senate of the city in 1881 and by the Reichstag in 1882. By this agreement, Hamburg was to cease to be a free port in 1888, and definitely enter the Zollverein after that date. Accordingly on October 15 or to be more precise, at the stroke of twelve midnight of Oct. 14, 1888, the old Hanseatic city, so many centuries "free" and famous started anew on what is hoped may prove a fresh career of prosperity as the leading port of the Great Germanic Federation.

Russia and Austria are both keenly alive to Servian affairs, and are eagerly watching the rapidly with which King Milan's troubles are increasing. For seven years past the policy has been reconciliation with Austria and hostility to Russia. Now this policy is reversed and efforts are made to obtain the friendship of Russia. The populace favor Austria and are so much more indignant at the king. Thus a revolution may break out at any moment and of course this means Austrian occupation, which would be immediately followed by Russian occupation of Bulgaria. J. H. W.

Europe, Nov. 12, 1888.

Glenwood Springs, Colo., Dec. 3.—The following special has been received by the *Ute Chief* from New Castle: "A terrific explosion occurred at the New Castle Midland mine this afternoon about 5:30. One man was killed and eight seriously wounded, several of whom will die. Several physicians left Glenwood on a Midland special train for New Castle at 8 p.m."