

might be requested that he be called at 4 o'clock on Tuesday evening. When called, however, he was not in a condition to respond, life apparently having been extinct for some time. He occupied the position of blacksmith at the Fort.

On his person was found letters from Frank Israel, Kentucky, and also a check for \$1,000, drawn on the Commercial National bank of this city but which, however, is thought to be worthless.

Dr. McKenna and a Fort Douglas surgeon conducted a post mortem examination this morning after which the jury returned the following verdict:

"The said jurors on their oaths do say from the evidence presented, that the deceased came to his death on the 5th day of November, 1895, said death being caused by paralysis of the heart superinduced by alcoholism."

JOHN OFFENBACH,

T. E. HARPEK,

ELMER M. QUALTROUGH,

C. E. OFFENBACH, Jurors.

Coroner.

Acting Governor Richards Tuesday afternoon issued a Thanksgiving Proclamation to the people of Utah. It is as follows:

Territory of Utah. Thanksgiving proclamation:

Ever mindful of the blessings received from our Heavenly Father it is becoming to us as a people to show our appreciation of his watchcare and protection over us, and with grateful hearts acknowledge His goodness in bestowing abundant crops and increase, in preserving us from pestilence, strife and violence, and in bringing us to the threshold of enlarged and devoutly sought for sovereignty. Therefore, I, Charles C. Richards, Acting Governor of the Territory of Utah, in pursuance of law, and in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States, designating Thursday, the twenty-eighth day of November, 1895, as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, do hereby request the people to lay aside their accustomed duties and appropriately observe that day by religious services and works of charity; and in so doing, that all may have reason to feel thankful and rejoice, and the further blessings of God be secured, let us generously remember and administer to the wants of those who in the accumulation of this world's goods have been the least favored of our Father's children.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of the Territory to be affixed at Salt Lake City the twelfth day of November, 1895.

CHARLES C. RICHARDS.

By the Governor:

CHARLES C. RICHARDS,
Secretary of Utah Territory.

A very neat and important arrest was made Sunday by Officer Gillespie and Detective Sheetr, in the shape of a capture of three purloiners of chickens, turkey, geese, and everything else of value that the trio could lay their hands on.

It came about in this way: On

Saturday evening last, a message was received at the police station to the effect that a party of chicken thieves had visited the quiet little burg of American Fork, and after unlawfully depositing quite a number of the feathered tribe of that locality in a conveyance used by them for that purpose, had made their way to this city. A very accurate description of the party and their holdings, accompanied the message, but as the theft had been committed sometime prior to the receipt of the news, the officers had very grave doubts as to the possibility of a capture.

However they tried it, and just as they were about to give up in despair, Officer Gillespie rung up the station from the vicinity of his home and asked that the "hurry up" and an officer be sent in double quick time, to 57 north Seventh West, where a party answering in every particular, the description received from American Fork, was busily engaged in unloading the results of an apparently midnight stroll.

The wagon arrived and in it were found 137 chickens, 16 turkeys, 2 blankets, 1 saddle, 1 harness and three men an excellent Sunday morning capture—and all of which were speedily transferred to police headquarters. The men were inclined to be non-communicative but upon being interrogated as to their proud titles, they gave the names of James Detemore, Gus Laas and Jarvis Hall, aged 34, 31 and 22 respectively. The men were placed behind the bars to await the arrival of the American Fork authorities, but of course they claim to be entirely free from guilt of the charge that is hanging over them. Much credit is due the officers who landed the men in jail, where they apparently properly belong.

THE WORK OF TWO THUGS.

The highwayman concluded to again ply his vocation Monday and ply it he did, but not to such a successful termination as he very likely expected, as in less than forty minutes, two men known to the police as hard characters, who have formerly dined at Kimball's hostelry, and giving the names of John Robinson alias Jimbledecker, and Frank Misoula were placed behind the bars with the grave charge of highway robbery staring them in the face.

It was about 6:45 Monday when word was received at police headquarters to the effect that three men had been held up in the vicinity of the old county court house on Second South street. The first victim was Mr. R. Hodge, an iron moulder in the employ of Silver Bros., as he was returning to his home at 543 West Third South, after his day's work. At about 6:30 o'clock, Mr. Hodge was passing along in the vicinity mentioned when two men with red bandana handkerchiefs over their faces, hailed him with the usual salute.

Mr. Hodge was greatly surprised, to say the least, and was viewing the situation to find if it was in fact a reality, when the larger of the thugs poked a revolver into his face, demanding of him to immediately obey orders. The gentlemen quickly complied, and the smaller of the two was

quickly examined into the contents of his pockets. Mr. Hodge was penniless at the time, and all the desperate characters got was a small comb and a pocket knife. They had no use for these articles, however, and very "generously" gave them back, at the same time telling Mr. Hodge to "get," which he readily did.

The next trick, turned by the desperadoes was on the person of Mike Amanti, an Italian, who is employed by the Salt Lake Lumber company, and resides at 357 south Fifth West street. Mr. Amanti was also returning to his home after his day's labor, when "hold up your hands" was applied to him. Amanti not being very conversant with the English language did not understand the import of the expression and consequently was slow to act. The ever-handy gun, however, soon brought him to a normal condition and then realizing the danger he was in, he readily yielded to the command. The highwaymen were more successful this time, as Mr. Amanti possessed a silver watch, which was quickly torn from him, and then he was allowed to proceed on his way home.

Mr. McAvoy, a bold Scotchman, was the next victim of the foot pads. He is a Deep Creek miner, and was on his way to his lodgings near the Rio Grande depot, when he was hailed by two men and ordered to show his fingers.

McAvoy was not to be bluffed so easily, and paying no attention to the men he gave them a brush with his elbow and attempted to pass on. Then the gun was leveled at him, but still the sturdy Scot insisted on having his own way, and was about to go at them in true pugilistic style, when a threat was made to empty the contents of the gun into him.

This did not have the desired effect, however, as the Scotchman invited his assailants to step to the corner and he would whip them both. The invitation was ignored and quite an exciting colloquy then ensued. The conversation drew a large crowd to the scene, and as the highwaymen felt it was getting rather hot for them, they concluded to put off.

These thrilling occurrences were witnessed by quite a number of bystanders, but as they were law-abiding citizens and did not carry "concealed weapons," they dared not interfere. The county jailer was quickly notified and he hurriedly communicated with the police station.

Not many minutes elapsed after receipt of the news, until the officers were scouring the city in quest of the thugs. The vicinity in which they were seen was quickly surveyed, and the conclusion soon arrived at that they had got into hiding on East Temple street.

Shortly after the perpetration of the hold-ups, Joe Raleigh, a guard of city prisoners, was on a still hunt and followed two men answering the description of the thugs into the Mint saloon on Second South. Joe went into the saloon right behind them, and as soon as they saw him they recognized him and made a short cut for the street.

Joe followed and grabbed at one of them, when the pair pitched in and directed unmerciful kicks and blows at him, bruising him badly and then making off. Raleigh, although pain-