A SALT LAKE COUPLE.

Henry L. Cooper is Charged With Unfaithfulness by His Wife, in San Francisco.

Henry L. Cooper came to this city from Salt Lake nearly a year ago to prepare a home for his wife, Sallie, whom he left behind. He was a carpenter, who by his recovery during the six years he was married had succeeded in become the owner of several pieces of property.

In Salt Lake the Coopers were respected by their friends as a model couple. He seemed to be devoted to his wife, although she was considerably the older.

For a time after his arrival here Cooper's letters to his wife were regular and frequent, and expressed the hope that he would soon be able to have her join him. He was working steadily, he wrote, and saving money.

Then his letters became irregular and less frequent. Those he did write were short and contained no further reference to the home he was supposed to be preparing. His wife wrote several times, chiding him for his negligence. At last he ceased correspondence entirely and permitted Mrs. Cooper's letters to remain unanswered.

Some months of silence passed, and then he wrote that he was lying sick in Oakland, that he had spent all his money and was destitute. She was invited to sell the property in Salt Lake and send the money to him.

Mrs. Cooper was suspicious of the truth of the letter, but she immediately disposed of her furniture and some personal effects and wrote her husband that she was coming was to nurse him back to health. She told him where she expected to start, and when the train carried Oakland he was waiting for her.

CONFIRMATION IN LETTERS.

The couple went to the lodging house at 222 Eighth street kept by Dennis Holland's wife and secured a room temporarily.

Cooper told his wife that he had received sufficiently to go to work in San Francisco. He seemed very reticent and refused to allow her to come over to this city. His manner was found to be changed from Mrs. Cooper had found in Salt Lake, and she aroused into of being unfaithful.

He denied it, but without any great vigorous, and his wife's suspicions only increased.

One morning she arose before he did and examined his pockets, hoping to procure something that would confirm her distrust. She was not disappointed. In one of his pockets were two letters in the handwriting of a woman. They were signed with the initials "L. S.," and full of the writer's love for Cooper, and implored him not to desert her and return to his wife.

"L. S." said she would die if "her Harry" did not come back to her.

Mrs. Cooper waited until her husband had gone out, and then came to San Francisco. She visited Chief Crowley, who, after hearing her story, placed the matter in the hands of Detective Anthony.

Anthony discovered that Cooper had been running at the house of Mrs. Lizzie Scott at No. 8 Moss street. He was materially aided in discovering this by the following "personal" in one of the morning papers:

"Harry C., who went away on the 27th, come home back or write to "L. S." Is sick. She is very sick; she will die if she don't hear from you."

Anthony and Mrs. Cooper went to prior to Mrs. Scott's house, taking the bridale letters.

CAUGHT WALKED IN.

Cooper was not there, but Mrs. Scott admitted that he had a room there. He was shown the letters, but denied having written them, or that she had inserted the "personal" in the paper.

While they were talking Cooper came in. There was some excited conversation, in which all three took part. Cooper said he didn't know who had written the letters, and finally ended the discussion by going away with his wife.

On the Sunday following Mrs. Cooper again visited Mrs. Scott, and again her husband came in.

Another altercation followed and Cooper again went away with his wife.

The next Wednesday Mrs. Cooper went to the house on Moss street for the third time.

Mrs. Scott refused to let her in at first, but finally did so, and the two women were again joined by Cooper. There was some further heated language, Mrs. Scott finally ordering Mrs. Cooper to leave the house.

The latter subsequently went to police court No. 2 and prosecuted the writer of her husband and Mrs. Scott on a charge of battery. She said the latter had held her down while the former boxed her mouth, while Mrs. Scott beat her. The case came up for trial and was dismissed by Judge Levy.

Mrs. Scott denies that she battered Mrs. Cooper, and alleges that the latter broke a broomstick over her head, and otherwise abused her. She says that Cooper was nothing more than a roomer in her house, and that prior to Mrs. Cooper's visit she did not know that Cooper was married.—*S. F. Examiner.*

An Unsatisfied Judgment.

In the office of the Third District Court yesterday afternoon, Albert Holt, John Holt and Thomas A. Holt, yesterday lodged a suit against John W. Young et al. Plaintiffs allege that in September, 1891, they obtained a judgment against John W. Young for $40,000; that this judgment still remains unsatisfied except for the sum of $1,000 paid in November last, and the balance remains a lien upon all of Mr. Young's real estate in this county; that at the time of the rendition of the judgment, Mr. Young was the owner of the Gen. Hess house and other property; that Mr. Young owes the Zion's Savings bank a large sum, which is secured by mortgages upon this real property; that the bank has failed to foreclose this mortgage, thereby clouding the title to the property, and preventing the plaintiffs from inserting purchasers at any sale when an execution, and this has therefore greatly damaged the plaintiffs, who are just the creditors, and desire the several amounts due the several defendants, and that so much of the property as may be necessary be sold to pay the indebtedness, and the real estate relieved to the extent of the encumbrance, so as to better secure the lien of the plaintiff's judgment.

A BAY IN A BOILER.

AN ENGINEERS TERRIBLE BREAKFAST DAY EXPERIENCE.

Engineer Hines Was Able to Return to Work Some Days Later—Escaped and Spent Nearly a Day Expecting That the Fire Would Be Lighted.

Monday morning Engineer E. W. Hiney crawled into a boiler. Tuesday night he crawled out. It was a terrible experience that extended the prior month of the big mine engineer. It was a fearful, but not uncommon experience. Not enough to light again after the experience, and as there is not a bad star in our sky and shutters the consequences for life. That Mr. Hiney is alive today is due both to his presence of mind and the sufferer's good money friends. Doors had stood open in the face for hours that seemed like a lifetime to him.

Mr. Hiney is employed as engineer at the factory of Sullivan Drucker & Co., which not unlike business. Monday the establishment was without and Mr. Hiney took advantage of the opportunity to clean out the big boiler in the basement. He went alone. He usually took a smaller one the boiler, but shall but hoops on the occasion, and he did a fatal, when he placed in such a position that its bright rays flickered down through the gloomy flue under where he was to pass.

Opening the manhole in the end, Mr. Hiney had now a space on eight in the farthest end of the groups into which he crawled. Water was standing several inches deep in the bottom of the boiler, lower dripped down from above, and the engineer was chilled to the bone. But he cared little for that expecting to remain but a few minutes. He finished his work and started to return. It occurred to him that he might avoid the ice water better if he turned around and worked out feet first.

Narrow as the passage was, he had accomplished that feat more than once before and he anticipated no difficulty in accomplishing it. Slowly he turned, closing his limbs together like the blades of a knife and bringing his knees against his chin. He succeeded in turning half way around when he found that he could go no further.

STUCK FAST IN THE BOILER.

Mr. Hiney made vigorous efforts to complete the turn, but it was vain. Then he concluded to resume his original position and back out, but to his horror he found that he could not move. He had become fixed in the crooked position he occupied, and his attempts to move only made matters worse. The capacity of an iron the engineer wished to free himself, while the perspiration poured from his in spite of the cold the water had produced. Then the awful reality of his predicament dawned upon him for the first time and almost drove his senses away. He was fastened, without room or freedom to a space hardly large enough for his body.

The pitiless iron bore down on his head above and seemed to be acquiring the weight of a thousand hundred-weight. The faint gleam of the lamp above illuminated the darkness of the empty room and the blacker night of the boiler's interior. His position forced the blood to his head. Mr. Hiney felt as if his brain would burst. He could not move his limbs. Before the morning, however, when the factory would resume its life, he would be unconscious and the miserable would be over, the free lighted and he would awake, if he awoke at all, to be roasted alive before it would be possible to extricate him.

Filled with the horror of his position, the engineer shouted for help, but his voice was muffled and in the depths of his prison. He found, too, that he could not exercise his vocal powers with effect, as his chest was pressed against the irons so tightly that he could hardly breathe.

A FORTUNATE MISTAKE.

Mr. Hiney endeavored to husband his strength, and, above all, to keep cool. He knew that he remain where he was until the next day, enough to the ice water, would be fatal, and he went to work carefully to extricate himself.

No words could describe the sufferings of Mr. Hiney during that Sabbath. Seeds came, and he thought it must surely be night. Then the long, long afternoon. The long pain, and with a final splitter went out altogether. The captive felt himself growing weaker. His body was half frozen as it lay in the water. He has spent the long hours in desperate attempts at freedom, alternated by long periods of despairing rest. The thoughts of his wife and three little children came to the frenzied brain. The days seemed passing slowly upon him as all sides. The famous "iron bride" of the days of torture.

After nightfall, by some large chance, the engineer succeeded in escaped his limbs. How he did it he does not know. Half crazed by his terrible experience, he succeeded finally for escape. Reaching the air outside he sank to the ground and lay exhausted for an hour before he was able to go home.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Be Careful of Geography.

When you are writing a story don't get your geographical facts so badly mixed as to reflect discredit upon your early training. In one of the popular serials of the day the Amazon is located in Africa in a southern latitude. The writer also introduces his hero into the affairs he engages in January, and speaks of the "icky blackness" of the nights in superstitious times. Of course everybody knows to know that the month of January is the height of the antarctic summer, and the entire month is one continuous day.—Gulliver's Geographical Magazine.

A Puzzling Question.

John Leech was by no means gay, but, indeed, a melancholy humorist. It was only when he had his pencil in his hand that he drifted out the latent fun within. It was in affirmed equal chal times that he would ask, when any good story was told in his hearing that seemed to lend itself to illustration, "Is that copyright?"—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

The Dog Market.

New Boy—Shall I sell a mark this day twenty dollars?

Dog Fancier—No; he's a pretty decent looking sort of a brute. Can't get over ten dollars for him.—*Good News.*

Working Alone and Thus Plan Fatal.

The production of wonder when fully let is hard labor of some kind or other is and another thing. It has been in other parts, and the operation of the production of the wonder. Just as to actual time has the wonder worked more than a minute and the wonder worked for two hours or so, and the wonder worked for two hours or so, and the wonder worked for two hours or so,