

A second mobber is dead, while a third was killed in a late row with his friends.

In the early part of November, a Methodist minister was passing through the Cane Creek country, on his way from Little Lot near Shady Grove, to fill an appointment at a place beyond, called Pock House. He was mistaken for a "Mormon" Elder, waylaid by half a dozen mobocrats, and shot dead. It is reported that these villains felt "bad" over the affair when they discovered their mistake and that their victim was not a "Mormon."

It will be remembered how Elder Jones escaped on the day of the massacre and how he was pursued for miles by a number of the mobbers, two of whom stayed over night within a couple of miles of the place where he rested. The following morning, three of the scoundrels came across a Mr. Mobley, an avowed "Mormon" enemy, who in appearance was much like Elder Jones. The mob seized Mr. Mobley and beat him almost to death before they discovered that their victim was not the hated "Mormon" preacher.

The Mr. Bastian who was instrumental in saving the life of Elder Jones, getting him out of the hands of the mob, had always been an enemy to the "Mormons," but for the friendly act he did he was compelled to save his own life by instant flight to Colorado.

Speaking of the providential character of the escape of Elder Jones from the mob just previous to his departure from Utah, it is said:

Elder Jones had started to cross a field near Shady Grove to call upon Uncle Robin Church, who was upon his deathbed. He passed through an orchard which surrounded the house, and on his way stopped to speak to two ladies who were picking apples. Five men were watching him, and these have since asserted that twice they came near slowing off his head, but hesitated. Elder Jones went to the house with the young ladies. The mobbers then secreted themselves in a thicket near the house anxiously awaiting only one more chance at him. Through some strange influence Elder Jones now remembers he was kept in the house all day. Robin Church died, and the Elders preached his funeral sermon, which several hundred people heard, many of whom were enemies. The sorrowing relatives were not even screened by the funeral rites of an exemplary citizen from an incursion of outlaws. The following morning, the Elders felt so unsafe that they obtained horses and bade Shady Grove their last farewell, and set out, accompanied by Mr. Church's son, for the nearest railway station, whence they proceeded to Nashville. That very night (Sunday) a mob of fifteen men rushed upon the house and demanded the "birds" who had flown. "Gone to Utah," they were told.

A PECULIAR SUICIDE.

A week ago to-day a German named August Koss, committed suicide at a small hotel in Patterson, N. J. This incident would not have been considered extraordinary but for the careful character of the preparations made for the deed, and the reason assigned by the man, who took his life with careful deliberation.

His explanation of the causes leading to the act was given in a note to the landlord, which incorporated this paragraph:

"When a man is over sixty years of age, when he has lost his hair, when his teeth and his eyes refuse their service, and when, in addition to this, the man is poor, it is time that he provides rest for himself."

Nearly every person who takes his own life is pronounced insane, but we agree with the N. Y. Herald, in which an account of the affair is given, that it would scarcely be consistent to attribute the self-destructive act of Koss unqualifiedly to that cause. He appears to have reached his determination by a cool process of reasoning, and it can only be stated that he made an egregious mistake, as he undoubtedly had no evidence before him that the deed would bring him the rest he desired.

The coolness with which he contemplated his proposal to destroy himself was further indicated in the note to his landlord, in which he also said:

"I have taken particular pains not to do you any more damage than is necessary, and not to soil your room and furniture, as you will see when my body is found."

In accord with this considerate intention the unfortunate man carefully killed himself upon the front stoop.

Ross showed an utter lack of consideration, sympathy or affection in respect to his invalid wife, however, his note being devoid of the slightest allusion to her, showing that he was so selfishly absorbed in his own future as to be indifferent in relation to hers.

The case is a phenomenal one.

DEATH OF MRS. RAMSEY.

INTELLIGENCE reached this city yesterday of the death and interment, at St. Paul, Minnesota, of the wife of

ex-Governor Ramsey, chairman of the Utah Commission. The bereavement will be keenly felt by the honorable gentleman. The two had traveled along in the journey of life together for nearly forty years, and according to all accounts were bound together by the tenderest ties of affection and the strongest bonds of sympathy. The lamented lady bore a fine character for amiability of disposition, and being foremost in movements intended to benefit the poor, helpless and afflicted. We join in sympathy for Governor Ramsey in his hour of bereavement. This feeling will be general in the community.

AFTER THE SLANDERERS.

AND INCIDENTALLY A FEW OTHER FOLKS.

SAND RIDGE, Davis County, Dec. 9th, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

Pardon me for troubling you, as it is seldom I do so, but there are some little things that I cannot quite reconcile with my ideas of consistency, and I would like you to help me out. I am not going to refer to anything of very great importance this time, and yet, small as the matter is, that I will mention, "thereby hangs a tale." Some time ago Mr. John Q. Cannon, of your city, was fined \$15 for taking satisfaction out of the worthless hide of one of the lying scribblers of the daily scandal-monger (Tribune) of Salt Lake. The conduct of Mr. Cannon, in soundly chastizing this bohemian vagabond, may not have been justifiable, or even excusable in the eye of the law, but Mr. Cannon knew—as do the whole people of Utah—full well that for him there was no remedy in the hope of a righteous execution of the law, nor any possible redress in the United States Courts, for he is a "Mormon," and as such he has no rights in common with other religionists, and as a citizen, being a "Mormon," he is debarr'd from justice. But the lying scribbler

was a "RINGITE,"

a protegee, or pet of the courts, and knew he had not only their sympathy and the sympathy of the influential portion of the bar, but also their influence and authority to protect and shield him from any possible punishment contemplated in the law for his crimes. Mr. Cannon, therefore, was forced either to pocket the insults and indignities daily perpetrated upon him and his relatives, dearer to him than his own honor, by this scandal-monger, and quietly await and contemplate the probability of an indictment, found by a

PACKED INQUISITION,

composed of his bitterest enemies, upon the strength of the lying statements published and republished by the aforesaid falsifier and organ of said inquisition, and consequent subjection to all the annoyance, insults, and expenses of going through a farce before the Third District Court, and perhaps imprisonment in the penitentiary, pending an appeal to the higher courts on the mere suspicion of the likewise packed and bitterly partisan, trial jury and the spleen of the judge and prosecuting attorney, or personally demand a retraction of the lies and slanders which had been published, so shamelessly, and when refused, enforce his demand with the only means—sorry to say it—at his command or in his power.

Mr. Cannon is well known throughout the Territory as a most peaceable citizen and an honorable, high-minded and intelligent gentleman. It is also well known that nothing but the most extreme circumstances, such as would seem to him necessary and justifiable, could induce him to commit a "breach of the peace."

In view of these

WELL KNOWN FACTS,

and of the further fact that habitual disturbers of the peace, drunken brawlers who make night hideous sometimes, with their yells, oaths and imprecations, men who assault peaceable citizens and the police of your city, and resist officers in the discharge of their official duty while under the influence of intoxicating liquors, frequently threatening and endangering their lives, are generally fined about \$5, and seldom more than \$10. I ask in the light of these facts as almost daily attested by your police reports, was not the fine imposed upon Mr. Cannon excessive? Does the vindication of the law demand, or is it the satisfaction of the high moral sense of your acting Justice or Alderman that demands this distinction?

Is the "breach of the peace" when committed by a gentleman who has been mercilessly goaded to the act in sheer self-defense, a crime so much greater than the same offence committed by a drunken brawler, or a quarrelsome, petulant, unruly, desperate and dangerous person that the law can only be vindicated in the one case by a fifteen dollar fine, while in the other case a fine of five dollars is quite sufficient, to satisfy the majestic honor thereof?

I am aware that

DOLLARS AND CENTS

cut but a small figure by the side of principle. But fines and penalties are designed by law-makers to prevent crime as much, if not more than, to punish criminals, and if the offence committed by Mr. C. is so much greater than the same offence committed by

less peaceable, less respectable offenders, as gauged by the degree of punishment inflicted by your acting Alderman, please let us know it.

This matter might never have called out a remark from your correspondent, but for the fact, that

MR. F. TURNER,

of Logan, as mentioned in your paper last evening, another peaceable citizen and gentleman, a substantial business man in the community where he lives, having been assailed in the same malicious manner, and having only the same means of self-preservation from the vindictive slanders of his defamer, that Mr. Cannon and any other citizen has, if he be a Mormon, sought redress in the same way. The Ogden Justice, taking the cue from his brother Justice of the Metropolis, mulcted him in the fine of \$15. Does the law require the infliction of this punishment? If so then let every such offence be so punished, and when accompanied with drunkenness and profanity, let the fine be increased proportionately, that the majesty of the law may be fully vindicated. But if the extent of the penalty is left to the discretion of the Justice, and he inflicts it to vindicate his "high moral" ideas of justice, then in the sublime language of Patrick Henry or some other sage: "d—n his high morality." But if the law or exact justice demands this excessive fine for castigating an infamous wretch, who can only be reached by physical force—the law being helpless in the hands of its adjudicators to punish the vile slanderers and defamers, where it is a Mormon who is the victim, then I say let the law be executed, and it will not require the eye of a prophet to foresee the result. Honorable men are

TIRED OF BEING INSULTED AND ABUSED,

and it cannot be wondered at that they will occasionally take the law into their own hands in self defence, rather than submit any longer to the debasing and cruel tyranny of the soulless and infamous wretches, who would otherwise go unwhipped of justice, with unbridled license to perpetuate their villainous slanders upon the innocent and defenceless.

Let the proper stand be taken by those who have the

NERVE TO DEFEND THEMSELVES

and families from the outrageous attacks of the Utah "ring" and it will not be long before the vile curs will keep within decent bounds or sink out of sight, and the people will enjoy a respite from their worse than murderous onslaughts on character. I am aware that to encourage, by argument or the recital of existing wrongs, the idea of taking the law into one's own hands in self-defense is by some deemed to be dangerous, but the safety of the people is in far more danger when the execution of the law is entrusted to pirates, unscrupulous adventurers and desperadoes who trample under foot the law as they do every vestige of the rights of citizens. The law, in their hands, is not only powerless to protect, but converted into a powerful engine of oppression and destruction of the rights of the people.

It is time these matters were thoroughly looked at and

SQUARELY MET.

I cannot but admire the vigor and searching justice with which the News has handled the scandal-mongers of late. I commend your course and predict that greater and better results will follow the present policy of your esteemed paper than has ever resulted from the former "let alone" policy. Keep up the battle and that victory is sure. Patience and forbearance may be virtues, but there is a point beyond which they degenerate to cowardice and absolute thralldom. Our enemies long ago mistook our forbearance and long-suffering for fear. But unless they are checked in their restless career they will inevitably wake up the "old Adam" in many an individual—before the end comes—who will demand and have redress for the wrongs and injustice piled upon him. Let them go slow, and let our high moral justices also beware, for people who are insulted by a supercilious distinction between "twaddledum and tweedledum," for policy's sake will be constrained to use their elective franchise in behalf of better men.

Wishing the public weal, I am,

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

CLEVERLY CAUGHT!

THE RICH MAN'S FEAR OF BURGLARS—THE STORY OF AN ELECTRICIAN.

At the dead of night, Mr. J. B. Anthony, a wholesale grocer of Troy, N. Y., was awakened by his burglar alarm annunciator, which told him that his house had been entered through the roof scuttle. He hastily dressed, rings for a policeman, hurries to the upper story, and hears the burglar in the servant's room, threatening her with instant death if she made a loud noise.

He was captured, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.

So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the electrician of Westfield, N. Y., to our reporter.

"Do city residents generally use burglar alarms?"

"Yes, all first-class houses are provided with them and I have never had any dissatisfaction from my customers, many of whom are the best known and

wealthiest people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities."

"Do wealthy men have much fear of burglars?"

"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep valuables in their houses, and yet they are not sure that they shall escape burglarious attacks, and they don't feel secure without a first-class burglar alarm apparatus in their house. Every door, window and scuttle is connected with the annunciator, and it is quite impossible to effect an entrance without the fact becoming at once known."

"Don't electricians run considerable risk in handling wires?"

"Even the most careful of them sometimes gets a shock. A few years ago, while I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y., with a wire coil in my hand, I felt as if I had received the entire charge from the battery. For over a half hour I suffered the keenest agony. I did not know but what I had been fatally injured. After completing my business circuit, I returned to Boston, and for eighteen months did not get over the shock. I lost my appetite; all food tasted alike. I could not walk across the common without resting several times."

"My head whirled, and I reeled like a drunken man. I consulted the best physicians in a good many large cities, but none of them seemed to understand my case. About a year ago I was in Albany, and a physician there stated that I would probably not live three months. But to-day," said Mr. Westfall, and he straightened himself up with conscious pride, "so far as I know, I am in perfect health. I weigh 170 pounds, eat well, sleep well, feel well and am well. One of my old physicians gave me a thorough examination a few weeks ago, and told me that I was in a perfect condition."

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," remarked the scribe, "to have escaped instant death after an electrical shock."

"Oh, it was not electricity that prostrated me. It was a uremic convulsion. For all my physicians told me I was a victim of a very serious kidney disorder. And when they and a dozen widely advertised medicines failed to benefit me, Warner's safe cure restored me to perfect health. That preparation is invaluable to every grade of society, for it is a priceless blessing."

"There is no need of death from handling electrical wires if the operators will exercise care. In our burglar alarm attachments there is no possible danger from that source.—Buffalo, N. Y. News.

Our greatest good, and what we can least spare, is hope.

In the latter years of his life the Rev. Rowland Hill used to come to his chapel in a carriage. He got an anonymous letter rebuking him for this, because it was not the way his Heavenly Master traveled. He read the letter from the pulpit, and said it was quite true, and that if the writer would come to the vestry with a saddle and bridle he would ride him home.

"So you are the new girl?" said the diner to the waiter lass, "and what name are we to call you?" "Pearl," said the maid with a saucy toss of the head. "Oh," said the smart diner, "are you the pearl of great price?" "No; I'm the pearl that was cast before swine," retorted the pretty waiter. There was a long silence, broken, only by the rustle of the flies in the milk pitcher.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Leonard W. Hardy, Deceased.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Leonard G. and Owen S. Hardy, Administrators of the Estate of Leonard W. Hardy, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months from the first publication of this notice, to the said administrators at the store of Hardy Bros. & Burton, 23 Main Street, Salt Lake City in the County of Salt Lake.

Dated at Salt Lake City, November 15, 1884.
LEONARD G. HARDY,
OWEN S. HARDY,
Administrators with the Will annexed of the Estate of Leonard W. Hardy, deceased.

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