

he had brought as a present for his brother. He also started several raffles and escaped, leaving the game in full swing. The lengths of cloth were found to be too short for use and the man cannot now be found by the numerous victims of his wiles.

While engaged in a family quarrel Tuesday afternoon, Frank J. Gross of Tuttle town, Cal., shot and killed his nephew, J. F. Gross, better known in that vicinity as "Little Frank." The trouble dates back four or five years and was commonly termed a family feud in which Frank J. Gross was on one side and his nephews and nieces on the other. From the testimony adduced at the coroner's inquest Tuesday afternoon it appears that the murdered man was the primary cause of the shooting which ended in his death. He had just returned from Nevada City and having become imbued with the family bitterness against his uncle, took up the quarrel and was on his relative's property when the fatal shot was fired, having previously crossed the road which separates the two residences.

When the schooner Vine sails out of the San Francisco harbor the last of the week she will carry the members of one of the best-equipped expeditions which has gone out of that port to look for the precious metal in the wild country of Central America. They are the officers of the Spanish-American Developing and Mining company. They say they have concessions from Salvador, Costa Rica and Guatemala for 6,000 acres of territory which lie at the points of contact of the countries, covering the mineral development of the tract. The claim is made that the company has a capital stock of \$2,600,000 with one-half of it paid up. The officers of the company who are here are: Willis Aumock, president; Walter Granham, secretary and treasurer; Henry H. Stuart of Derby, England, vice president and engineer.

But for the employees of the Gilhard hotel at 507 Pine street, the Italian opera company from Mexico, now holding the boards at the California theater, San Francisco, would now be minus its costumer and property man. As it is, these two functionaries, in the persons of J. A. Rangle and Jose Maria Suarez, now occupy cots in the main ward of the Receiving hospital, both seriously ill from having put in the hours intervening between midnight of Tuesday and 10:30 o'clock Wednesday morning inhaling illuminating gas. Rangle is in a fair way to recovery, but Suarez is hardly beyond the danger point. He was unconscious when taken to the hospital, and it was only by the efforts of Drs. Rinne and Kearney of the hospital staff of surgeons that he was saved from the grasp of death.

Nellie Hayes, a young woman residing at 186 Fulton street, San Francisco, was taken to the Receiving hospital early Thursday morning, suffering from the effects of carbolic acid poisoning. Her face and arms were badly burned where the caustic fluid had come in contact with the flesh. She told Dr. Howard, the attending physician, that she had quarreled with her lover, and as a result had jumped out of bed, grabbed a glass filled with carbolic acid and tried to swallow the stuff. Her lover, who was with her at the hospital, and who refused to give his name, had, she said, knocked the glass from her hand before she had swallowed much of the poison. She said she wanted to die, and accused her lover of being the cause of all her troubles. She refused to submit to medical treatment, and it required the efforts of several attendants to give her the required treatment.

Accidents were the order of the day

Friday in Santa Barbara, Cal., no less than three being chronicled, in one of which two lives were lost. The most serious of the accidents was the death by asphyxiation of Fred Ware and Tom Curry, two men employed on what is known as the Barker water tunnel. The men went to work as usual in the afternoon on their shift, but as they did not return at the proper time an investigation was made, resulting in the finding of the body of Curry about 800 feet from the mouth of the tunnel. Two hundred and fifty feet further in Ware was found alive, but unconscious. Help was summoned at once and the men taken into the air and though all means known to medical science were used Ware died four hours after being taken from the tunnel. It is supposed that they were making their way out when overcome by the poisonous air. This tunnel is situated some three miles from Santa Barbara and has a depth of 1,100 feet. Last Wednesday the owner wanted to discontinue work, but Ware laughed at the idea.

Police Clerk Edward Gridley of Los Angeles, Cal., is experiencing the practical results of bread cast upon the waters. Some months ago a one-armed tramp called at Mr. Gridley's home and asked for something to eat. He good-natured police clerk furnished him food, and had a talk with the man, and was convinced that he was a deserving fellow. The tramp's name was McNellis, and his first meal at Gridley's home was followed by others. At length the tramp disappeared without a word to any one. Some weeks ago Gridley was astonished to receive a letter from him postmarked in Lower California. The writer said he had discovered a rich gold mine, and had taken Gridley in as equal partner. The police clerk paid little attention to the letter, but later letters from McNellis confirmed the original. What finally awakened Gridley's interest was a telegram from McNellis at Ensenada, stating that a big price had been offered for the property by a wealthy company, and asking what Gridley desired done with his interest. Then the police clerk secured sixty-five days' leave of absence, and on Friday started for Ensenada to meet McNellis.

OBITUARY NOTES

AMBROSE GREENWELL SR.

Ogden City, Utah, Nov. 8, 1897.—Ambrose Greenwell Sr. was, for many years, a benefactor to scores of his less fortunate fellow citizens of Ogden City and Weber county. His demise, which occurred at his home here, on October 27, 1897, was the cause of genuine grief to all his friends.

Ambrose Greenwell was the son of Ambrose Greenwell and Mary Barrs Greenwell. He was born at Dunton Bassett, Leicestershire, England, on the 29th of April, 1833. He comes of a prolific stock, and he traced back his genealogy in a direct male line for hundreds of years. His ancestors on both sides were remarkable for their longevity. All of them exceeded by at least a decade the time generally allotted to mankind. His grandmother taught an infant school when she was ninety years old.

The ages of four of the Greenwells who lived contemporaneously, aggregated 365 years—thus averaging 91¼ years each. The present Mrs. Elizabeth Greenwell's father died in May, 1855, at the patriarchal age of 92 years. His own father lived to the age of 84 years. The Greenwells were a thoroughly domesticated people, and as a rule much attached to their domiciles. They seldom traveled far from the place of their birth—as an instance it is related that one of Ambrose's ancestors lived in one house

seventy years after he was married and there raised a posterity.

In 1849 Ambrose left his native village and went to Walsall, in Staffordshire. At the age of 19 he was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints by Elder Tomlinson, president of the Walsall branch of the Birmingham conference. There for several years he devoted all his energies, mind and money to promote the work of God which he had espoused.

On Sept. 5, 1854, Ambrose Greenwell was married to Miss Elizabeth Hill, daughter of Henry Hill and Louisa Brindley. In the fall of the same year he emigrated to the United States, on board the ship Tonawanda. He landed in Philadelphia with sixty-two and one-half cents, that being the sum of his worldly gear. Still he felt rich. He soon obtained employment. His soul was liberal, and he had faith in God. He established a home for his family, and devoted his spare time in helping to build up the Church in that city. He also rendered material assistance in establishing the "Mormon," a weekly journal published at New York city, by Apostle John Taylor. Elder Greenwell frequently donated his entire week's wages to sustain that paper. He also contributed liberally of his means to the general funds of the Church.

While in Philadelphia he sent back means to England and emigrated his brother's family, five in number, and his wife's sister, and provided homes for them when they arrived in this country. In 1855, he was ordained an Elder by Jeter Clinton. In the spring of 1859 he went to St. Louis, and from there to Florence, which latter place he reached on May 6th, it being the outfitting place for the immigration to the far west at that time.

At Florence Elder Greenwell was appointed by Elder George Q. Cannon to purchase all the rolling stock, cattle wagons, cows, provisions, medicines, and all other materials necessary for the outfit of the emigrants across the plains to Salt Lake City. He labored without fee or reward, and acquitted himself honorably and to the entire satisfaction of the presiding authorities of that part. That same year he crossed the plains and arrived in Salt Lake City August 28, where he also wintered.

In 1860 he came to Ogden city, where he purchased a farm on which he raised a good crop, had abundance of provisions to feed his family, and a surplus with which to help to sustain the Church.

In 1879 he opened a meat market in Ogden. The following year he erected a large brick building and associated his son, Charles Henry, with him in the business as partner.

On Feb. 23, 1886, Ambrose Greenwell was arrested, and charged with infringing the Edmunds-Tucker law, and on the 6th of May following he was again called into court to hear his doom. He had pleaded guilty. He was pined with numerous questions regarding his future intentions in relation to obeying the law against plural marriage. He had no promise to make. He was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment—there being two indictments against him—and to pay a fine of \$300.

On the 26th of July last he became afflicted with dropsy. All that faith and medical skill could do was done for him, but without avail. Ambrose was reconciled to his lot; he did not fear death. He patiently waited the end. He lingered until October 27th, when surrounded by a large number of his family, he passed peacefully away to his rest.

The funeral services were held on October 29, 1897, which were numer-