

Second South. That building was gutted, and serious damage was done to Farrell's plumbing establishment and the Mirror Saloon. In fact the roofs of these three buildings were destroyed. The damage amounts to several thousand dollars.

Another Daring Bank Thief.

A Cheyenne special dated April 18, says: The town of Grover, Colorado, forty miles east of here, on the Burlington road, was today the scene of a sensational bank robbery, copied after the recent hold-up at Denver. Shortly after the bank opened this morning an unknown cowboy rode up to the bank, entered, and presented a check for ten dollars. Cashier Smith, who was alone at the time, turned towards the window to examine the writing, and, on turning his face towards the man, found himself covered with a six-shooter. The man said: "This check is no good, but I want your cash all the same." Smith demurred, and the man threatened to shoot, whereupon he handed him all the cash out of the safe, amounting to over a thousand dollars. The robber took this, and the Winchester rifle standing by the side of the cashier, backed the door, jumped upon a horse, and rode over the Wyoming line. Smith immediately gave an alarm, and an organized posse started in pursuit. Tonight the robber's horse was found near the station at Pine Bluff, and it is believed the "hold up" left him here and took the train either east or west. A description of the man has been wired along the road, and his apprehension is almost certain.

Home Rule Governor.

On the 9th inst., at Cheyenne, an event took place which filled the entire population of Wyoming with enthusiasm, judging from the manner in which the local papers speak of the occasion. It was the inauguration of a "home rule" governor, Hon. Francis E. Warren, whose appointment to the gubernatorial chair marks a new era in the treatment of the Territories.

Mr. Warren will be remembered as one of the brightest members of the Wyoming legislature, which visited this city in a body, while the Utah legislature was in session in 1884. He is a man of fine presence, a good speaker, and, we believe, a lawyer by profession. Wyoming seems to be well pleased with his appointment.

The day on which he was inaugurated witnessed a grand celebration at Cheyenne, of which an inaugural address, pyrotechnic displays and grand ball were features.

A MISER'S HOARDS.

A good many of our citizens are familiar with the appearance and some of the peculiarities of an old fellow known as D. M. Jones, more commonly called "Prig" Jones. He was of medium height, and had a tanned-leather skin and complexion, giving him a somewhat mum-

ified aspect. His eyes were small and peering, as if constantly engaged in scrutinizing a little object located a short distance from the point of his nose—a pretty sure indication of the dime hunter and nickel squeezer. Those peeping organs were covered at the outer corners by a slant from the brows.

This individual was generally considered to be a crank, and esteemed to be located on the bottom level of poverty. This idea was borne out by the fact that his living consisted of what he could obtain by a species of begging applied without the making of an out and out solicitation. In addition he indulged in the practice of fishing scraps from hotel swill barrels.

Money was nearly the sole burden of his conversation, and like many worshippers at that shrine, he became possessed of a special craze. It consisted of the fallacious idea that the Church was owing him a large sum of money. He was an expert button-holer and in that capacity poured his tale of wrong and wealth into the ears of a good many people.

Some time since Jones was taken ill and conveyed to the Sisters' Hospital, his complaint ending in his death about two weeks ago. Dr. Pinkerton held a *post mortem* examination upon the remains and it was discovered that the cause of death was some internal disorder, the nature of which we have not learned. Coroner George J. Taylor made some informal investigation for the purpose of learning whether or not it was necessary to hold an inquest, coming to the conclusion it was not. He consulted with Judge Marshal as to the advisability of taking in charge what effects might be discoverable as having belonged to the deceased, and was informed that the proper way would be to find some one who had a claim against Jones, and then an investigation for the wherewith to meet it could be instituted.

Undertaker Jos. W. Taylor, who conducted the burial, had such a claim, and on April 11 the coroner and that gentleman proceeded to the premises lately occupied by Jones. They consist of a couple of rooms—one on the ground floor and one above it—on the Taylor property, South Temple Street. They opened the door with difficulty, as it was obstructed by rubbish.

The contents of the lower room were simply indescribable. There were strewn in inextricable confusion, rags and bones, decayed apples and oranges, old boxes, and mouldy cheese, overalls and oleomargarine, etc. When the interior was gained and the prospect surveyed, the coroner's countenance suddenly assumed an unusual pallor and he made a dash for the door, to obtain a whiff of unadulterated air. The undertaker remained unmoved. No such a situation as that could disturb him. He fought his way through the heavily laden atmosphere, and climbed the stairs.

After awhile the coroner thought he heard a voice penetrate the dense air of the den. It was not the

voice of Jones, but that of the undertaker, who said, "Come up here. It doesn't smell so thick above." The mandate was obeyed, and the two began a search among the rubbish. It was not in vain. In the bed and in out-of-the-way corners were found packages of money, ranging from a solitary nickel, twisted in a piece of paper, to seventy dollars, the aggregate amount discovered being \$128.

The condition in which the money was found bore unmistakable evidence of the sordid and miserly hand that secreted it. Each piece was carefully wrapped, and the paper money was folded and compressed until it was squeezed into the smallest possible compass.

Next morning the search was resumed, and for hours a curious crowd stood around Jones' former home watching the proceedings. Mr. Jos. W. Taylor and his two assistants were busily at work making the investigation. A large pile of personal property, made up mostly of gunny sacks, old, mildewed clothing, tin cans, ancient boots and shoes, and similar rubbish, lay in front of the door. The searchers looked into every tin can, thrust their fingers into every pocket in the old clothes, examined the linings of the ragged and filthy garments, and shook out the gunny sacks and rags, for it was impossible to tell when and where a little package of money would be found. Such packages were discovered at frequent intervals by the searchers while going through this proceeding.

At one o'clock p. m. the scrutiny was at its height, and the wagon of Mr. Taylor was loaded with articles which were deemed worth hauling away, among them being a number of old tin cans, and queer packages known to contain money. The amount of cash which the deceased had has not even been guessed at as yet, but it is known that it will reach some hundreds of dollars. Mr. Taylor will ascertain and report to the probate court the total amount, and will also render an account of all the property the deceased is known to have had.

The incidents narrated above have caused a number of wild rumors to float about, to the effect that immense sums of money—the hoards of the miser—had been found. Of course all this was pure exaggeration. The whole story is that of a miserable being, who while telling a tale of abject poverty was storing money, preferring to worship it and live in squalor rather than use it for his comfort and convenience.

Poor Jones belonged to a class, happily small, who evoke but little sympathy from their fellow-beings, and yet their very natures demand that that sentiment should be extended to them.

The search through the junk pile which comprised the earthly wealth of the late "Prig" Jones was continued until the last pocket of the last ragged garment had been examined, and until the last tin can had been carefully looked into.