

modern Dogberry had the misfortune to take the life of a fellow man, and the functionary had him brought up for trial. He examined the witnesses on both sides, made up his mind that the homicide was unjustifiable, and condemned the prisoner to be hanged by the neck until dead, dead, dead. The sentence allowed the man but a few days more of life, and the condemned begged for a little more time. He told the Court tearfully that his crop was about ready to be harvested, and he hoped that for the sake of his wife and children, his Honor would spare his life until that duty could be performed. It was the last service he should ever render to those nearest and dearest to him. Friends interceded, and the Judge relented. He granted the doomed man a respite of thirty days, and discharged him on his own recognizance, after exacting a solemn pledge that he would appear promptly on the day appointed and be hanged.

A political campaign was in progress that fall. Gov. Matthews, a popular stumpster, was in the field, and happened to have an appointment at the time and place fixed for the execution. While he was chatting with a group of rustic adherents, a wagon drawn by two oxen, was observed slowly approaching. As it drew near it was seen to be occupied by a man, a woman, and several children. They were all weeping bitterly, and the wife clung to the husband's neck. The latter was pale and haggard. He stopped his wagon as a bystander (he was the Justice) called out:

"So you've kept your word, Charley?"

"Yes," said the condemned, with a deep sob. "I'm a man of my word; I'm ready to die." Here the walls of the wife and the little ones became heartrending.

"Why, what's all this?" said Gov. Matthews.

"It's a hangin'," some one answered.

"But is it all regular?" said the Governor, who was a good criminal lawyer.

"Oh, yes, it's all right. Judge Smith knows what he's about."

"Who's Judge Smith?"

"He's our Jestia uv the Peace."

"And did he try this man?" continued Matthews, becoming very much interested in the proceedings, but he could get no attention, for the procession was now forming to convey the prisoner to the place of execution. The Governor followed along half dazed by the amazing procedure, and half believing it was all a practical joke. But it was all in dead earnest. A gallows had been erected, and, when the place was reached, the prisoner was made to stand up, and the Justice, assisted by his nervous constable, tied his hands behind his back, bandaged his eyes, and was beginning to adjust the noose when Gov. Matthews called in a loud voice:

"Hold on there Mr. Justice! Will you listen to me just a moment?"

"Well, what is it, Gov'ner?"

"What is this man's crime?"

"Kill'n' another man."

"How was he tried?"

"I tried him and sentenced him to die. He's guilty, Guv'ner. It's all right."

"But it's not all right," answered Matthews. "It's all wrong. Don't you know that a Grand Jury must in-

dict a man before he can be tried for hom'cide? Don't you know he can only be tried in the Circuit Court? Don't you know that you can only send him to jail or bind him over to await the action of the Grand Jury? Don't you know that if you take this man's life you will be indicted for murder yourself?"

"Is that so, Guv'ner?" said the Justice, as soon as he could recover breath. And he slowly and sheepishly turned the prisoner loose, while the tears and agitation of the citizens changed to uproarious laughter.

#### THE COURSE OF JUSTICE IN ARIZONA TO DAY.

A Western court of justice is often a scene of wild and picturesque excitement, not to say disorder. Such a scene occurred in a Justice's court room at Silver City, A. T., during the past fall. The case was the trial of an Indian arrested for stealing a horse from three brothers, ranchmen.

The prisoner was a tall, well-limbed Apache youth, not over 19. His face was the hue of burnished copper; the bright, warm color of a one-cent piece fresh from the mint. His long black hair was brushed straight back from the low, sloping forehead, and formed a loop that stood up like a pompon, caught on the top of his head with a piece of red ribbon, while long heavy braids hung down over his shoulders, falling across his broad chest, and tied with silk floss of a dozen different bright colors. A long Navajo blanket that hung in graceful fold from his shoulders completed an attractive picture of a perfect type of the race.

When the constable entered the court room with the prisoner, one of the accusers, with an oath, bawled out that he would lynch the red devil. At this the other two took up the strain and started in to run the court.

Here the Justice, though an old man, showed his spirit, and jumping on to the table remarked that he was "a Western man and a fightin' man," and that he'd have order in that court or he'd have blood.

Then things cooled down for a while, or until the brothers began taunting the lawyer appointed by the Court to defend the prisoner.

That gentleman, taking the law into his own hands, started in to whip the brothers three, and after two had measured lengths on the dirty floor the constable jumped in with clubbed revolver and restored order. After this the trial proceeded without interruption.

#### DEATHS.

**BIRO.**—At Vernal, Uintah County, January 14th, of heart failure, Sarah, wife of Bradford Bird.

**BIESINGER.**—In Sugar House ward, March 12th, Rosina Biesinger, aged 16 years and 8 months.

**REESE.**—In this city, March 12th, at 3 a. m., of whoopingcough, Clarence E., infant son of John H. and Nora Reese.

**PETERSEN.**—In Farmer's Ward, March 7th, of diabetes, Aaron, son of Samuel and Karen Petersen, in the sixth year of his age.

**GILBERT.**—On Tuesday, March 8th, of pneumonia, Annie Fay Gilbert, aged 22 days, daughter of Joseph and Annie Coult Gilbert.

**SAUNDERS.**—In this city, March 11, of la grippe, Alice Elizabeth, daughter of John W. and Martha Ann Saunders, aged 19 months.

**KIMBALL.**—This morning at 2:30, in the Eighteenth ward of this city, of whoopingcough, Zula V., twin daughter of S. F. and Zula P. Kimball, born January 1st, 1892.

**TAYLOR.**—In the Eleventh ward, Salt Lake City, Utah, March 8th, at 8:30 p. m., of whoopingcough, Edwin (Ray, son of Jabaz and Miriam Taylor, aged six months and eight days.

**STANFORD.**—In the Fifteenth ward of this city, March 13th, of congestion of the lungs, James Edward, son of Stephen and Louisa Stanford, born November 30th, 1875, in Salt Lake city.

**ALLRED.**—In Thatcher, Graham county, Arizona, March 5th, 1892, very suddenly, Julia A. Allred, wife of Reddin A. Allred, aged 63 years and 27 days. She died in full faith of the latter-day work.

**PATTERSON.**—At St. Marks Hospital, March 12th, 1892, Edward Patterson, an old Bingham miner. Deceased is supposed to have a brother in the real estate business in Ogden, and a niece in Salt Lake.

**TAYLOR.**—This morning at 11:30, in the Eleventh Ward of this city, of whoopingcough and pneumonia, Frank, youngest son of John and the late Polly W. Taylor, aged 1 year, 8 months and 29 days.

**TAYLOR.**—Andrew Taylor, Bishop of Far West, Weber County, Utah, departed this life March 9, 1892, from inflammation of the bowels, arising from chills, on the evening of the 27th ult.

He was born in Kanesville, Iowa, May 15, 1850, and was the second son of Joseph and Mary M. Moore Taylor. His parents emigrated to Utah in 1850, he father being a member of the Mormon Battalion. The family moved to Brigham Fort in 1854, since which date they have resided in the county.

The departed leaves a wife, six children and a number of other relatives to mourn his departure. He was an earnest member of the Church, and labored for two years as a missionary in the States, and was ordained a Bishop in December, 1890. His diligent labors in the ward organization have won him the love and esteem of every member.

**ROGERS.**—At Benson, Cache County, Utah, on the 26th of February, after an illness of five months, Annie, widow of Thomas Rogers, passed peacefully away. She survived her husband only three months and twenty-three days.

The deceased was born July 3rd, 1830, at Merthyr Tydfil, Glamorganshire, S. W., where she embraced the Gospel, and from whence she emigrated to America. After residing in the States for several years, during which time she married, she crossed the plains to Utah in company with her husband. Bountiful was their first home; removing from which place they settled in Hyde Park, Cache County; of which town they were among the first settlers. Whence—after residing there several years—they removed to the adjoining settlement of Benson, where they lived until their demise. She died as she had lived, a faithful Latter-day Saint. Of her life, with her husband, it can be said: "In life they were joined and in death they were not divided." She leaves five children to mourn her irreparable loss, and a wide circle of sorrowing relatives and friends.—[COM.]

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**THOMAS.**—At Scofield, Emery County, Utah, March 7, 1892, of dropsy, Frederick Thomas, aged 65 years, 5 months and 10 days.

Deceased was born September 26, 1826, in Pont-y-Gwaith, Merthyr, Glamorganshire, South Wales, and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints May 4th, 1843, by Elder William Morgan. He was ordained a Teacher two months later, and to the office of a Priest during the same year, being set apart to preside in the latter quorum. He was ordained an Elder in the fall of 1849, and was set apart as clerk. He continued to act for fifteen years in that branch of the Church. On April 22nd, 1867, he married his wife Susan, and in 1873 married again. On October 14th, 1874, he and his family journeyed with other Saints to Utah, staying at Ogden six years, and then moved to Logan, where he remained nine years, and then moved to Pleasant Valley ward. He has always been steadfast in his belief in all the principles of the Gospel and bore a strong testimony of its truth. He leaves five sons, three daughters and twenty-eight grandchildren, also a large circle of friends to mourn his loss.—[COM.]

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