

The Sheriff and the Murder.

Provo, July 30th, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

As you are doubtless aware, our usually quiet city has been laboring under the greatest excitement during the last 10 days that has ever been witnessed since its settlement. The occasion was the intelligence of the brutal murder of one of its young and highly respected citizens; John F. Turner, son of our worthy and esteemed sheriff; the subsequent pursuit of the murderer; his arrest, the return of the father with the remains of his son and the funeral which took place on the 28th inst. As numerous and very incorrect reports have appeared in our public journals in regard to these events your correspondent had an interview with Sheriff Turner and ascertained that the facts are as follows:

About noon of the 19th inst., Mr. Turner learned from a gentleman who had arrived in Provo, from Park City, that one Fred Welcome—who had been an inmate of Mr. Turner's household and partaken of his bounty—had sold a team of horses in Piedmont. About the 1st inst., Mr. Turner's son had gone to Park City with two teams and wagons in search of employment. Mr. Turner had not heard from his son since he had left home. Being satisfied that Welcome had no team, and not having heard from his son, his suspicions were at once aroused. He immediately telegraphed parties in Park City for information, and at night of that day received a confirmation of the rumor. He, Deputy-Sheriff Fowler and his son-in-law, Mr. Alred, immediately left for Echo, en route for Piedmont. Arriving at Echo they learned that a body had been found about the 10th inst., partially buried, in Echo Canyon. From the description, Mr. T. was satisfied that the body was that of his son. Leaving his son-in-law and Mr. Fowler to disinter the body for identification, he and Sheriff Allison hastened on to Piedmont to see the team that had been sold by Welcome. The body was recognized as his son's, and the team proved to be his son's property. Although the stroke was a severe calamity, crushing in its very nature, yet Mr. Turner, feeling that he would be unfaithful in the discharge of his duty to his God, to his family as well as to the memory of the brutally murdered son on whom he had ever lavished the affection of a faithful father, if he allowed this villain—who, by his dastardly act, proved that he was bereft of every attribute of true manhood—to escape, locked his sorrow in his crushed heart and pushed forward, accompanied by Sheriff Allison and the two gentlemen previously named, determined to follow the culprit until he found him. By telegraphing he learned that the villain had sold the other team at Green River. Reaching there he identified the team and learned that Welcome had gone eastward. He immediately telegraphed to Denver, Cheyenne, Kansas City and Omaha, and taking the first train arrived in Cheyenne on the following Friday. He went into the telegraph office and inquired if his dispatch had been received when he was introduced to T. Jeff Carr of the Rocky Mountain detective agency. Mr. Carr asked him if he could identify Welcome to which he replied affirmatively. Mr. C. then pointed to a man on the platform whom he had been shadowing. Mr. Turner informed him that it was Welcome, and Mr. Carr arrested him at once. On Saturday morning the officers started, with their prisoner on their return trip arriving in Salt Lake on Sunday, Mr. Turner guarding, (shot gun in hand), the vile wretch during the entire journey. The vigil was a sleepless one. Those eyes from which unbidden, the briny tear would flow, was constantly upon the demon-man who had by one vile act sent sorrow into the loving hearts of an entire household. At Echo all that remained of his well beloved son was placed in the same car with the officer father and the brutal murderer. But the faithful man did not forget his official oath during this trying ordeal. The same strong arm that had so often pressed his darling boy affectionately to his bosom was now poised to protect the murderer of that boy from the infuriated friends of his son, who would have willingly dragged the villain to death.

Mr. Turner reached here on Tues-

day with his son, and the scene that greeted him at the depot beggars description. The brass and martial bands of the city and some 2,500 friends were there to meet their dead and living friends. Their hearts were filled with grief. They could only clasp Mr. Turner by the hand and communicate their sympathy by a warm grasp. Their tongues refused to speak the feelings of their hearts. They escorted the remains to a once happy, but now sorrow-stricken home.

On Wednesday, young John was buried. The solemn cortege that followed him to his last resting place was the most impressive and largest ever witnessed in the city.

Throughout this terrible scene, from the time Mr. Turner left his home until he consigned the remains of his boy to its last resting place in the narrow charnel house, he has evinced a courage and a fealty to his obligations as an officer of the law, unparalleled in the memory of any of our citizens. His greatness is made apparent from the fact that although his eyes were filled with bitter tears emanating from a heart overburdened with the sorest grief, yet he at no time lost sight of his obligations and duties as an officer. May his noble example be emulated by all, that we may become more self-sacrificing and more devoted in our respective duties as fellow citizens.

Yours, OUTSIDER.

HONEYVILLE,
Box Elder County,
July 28, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

I submit to you for publication a few particulars of the drowning of Brother John Simpson, Jr., of this place. The sad event took place on Wednesday morning, July 21st, about 10 o'clock a. m. He had been employed and labored on the Logan Temple, but had come home to spend the 24th with relatives and friends, and was engaged hoeing corn in the field the aforesaid morning, and it is believed went to bathe in Bear River which was near, got out of his depth, and being unable to swim, was drowned, as his clothes were found by his brother who had occasion to go to the river some two hours later.

The facts were soon made known, and diligent search was immediately instituted to recover the body, powder and fuse were obtained and by explosion under water by means of bottles, which shook the river greatly, and caused, it is believed, his body to rise, but it was not recovered until Friday, the 23rd, at about 2 p. m., by Bro. Joseph Orms and others, half a mile below. His burial took place on the afternoon of the 24th.

He was highly respected by all who knew him, upright and honest in all his ways. A man that feared God and worked righteousness. The writer in all his acquaintance never heard a bad word fall from his lips, he was prepared to live, consequently prepared to die.

He leaves a father, mother, three brothers and a sister in this place to mourn his loss, yet rejoice to know that he trod the straight and narrow path, and that God had a greater work for him to perform.

He was born November 6th, 1843, at South George, Bishop Auckland, Durham, England. Emigrated from Wooley Tarras, Durham. Set sail at Liverpool, June 16th, 1875, on S. S. Wyoming, with a brother George, to prepare a home and gather his father's family, five of which he succeeded in bringing here last season, including his parents, and has again gone to prepare a home in the paradise of God.

Yours in the covenant,

B. H. TOLMAN.

Millennial Star please copy.

MEADOWVILLE,
Rich County, Utah,
Aug. 1st, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

In your issue of the 28th ult. I find the official table of the population of Utah, by counties, where Rich County is reported as having had in 1870 a population of 1,955, and in 1880 1,270, which would without explanation, lead to the impression that Rich County was fast decreasing in population, whereas it has increased proportionately faster than any other county in the Territory, excepting two.

At the time the census was taken in 1870, Rich County embraced the entire county of Bear Lake, Idaho. What is now Rich County, then had

but one small village, less than 200 souls, which would give this county over 1,000 of an increase since 1870.

When Idaho got a large slice off Utah, it took over 1,700 of the population from Rich County. In making returns to the supervisor, this matter was overlooked by the enumerators. Please publish this in justice to Rich County.

Respectfully,
J. U. ELDRIDGE.

The Destructive Storm.

SANTAQUIN, Utah County,
July 29th, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

On Tuesday afternoon, the 27th inst., Santaquin and Spring Lake wards and vicinity were visited by a most terrific and destructive hail, rain and wind storm. Old settlers say it was the most destructive in its course of any storm they ever witnessed in Utah. It arose in the west, making its appearance by a dark, heavy cloud, followed by a terrible wind, thunder and lightning. In Santaquin field crops sustained a heavy loss; in the town, hundreds of window lights were broken, gardens were mostly destroyed, orchards ruined, wagon loads of fruit being knocked off, and what was spared on the trees was, in many instances completely bruised and cut to pieces.

In the canyon, the road is entirely washed away; men in the canyon at the time were compelled to leave their animals up there on account of the same. Bridges were lifted from their abutments and thrown on dry land. Logs from 30 to 40 feet long were seen hurled down the stream endways, pitched out on to points, flats, etc. The flumes were swept away from the mills; in short, the damages were enormous, and it is believed it would take thousands of dollars to repair the same.

On account of the storm, an unusual amount of water came down, which was black as pitch, filling all outlets, ditches, hollows and flooding the streets. In one instance, a log house belonging to Mr. Wm. Ewell, was surrounded with water, and, in order to prevent a complete inundation, the water company was compelled to cut away a portion of one of their main dams. The bridge on the county road adjacent to the R. R. depot was considerably damaged.

On Spring Creek, three miles north of Santaquin, the Holladay farm, consisting of six quarter sections, a great portion of which was seeded with wheat, corn, oats, barley and potatoes, is one complete mass of destruction, everything was cut and torn to pieces, the furious fiend not leaving a vestige of vegetation whatever. It is a settled fact that there will not be a single bushel of any grain harvested from the whole farm. The wheat, barley and oat straw was cut, split and knocked, presenting an appearance as though it had been run through a threshing machine. Stalks of corn as large as a man's arm, were split, stripped, mangled and mashed into bits. The hay crop is estimated to be damaged one-third.

At Spring Lake Villa, Bishop B. F. Johnson & Sons' farm, adjoining the Holladay farm on the southeast, the implacable foe likewise smote with his destructive hand, leaving their farm in a similar condition to the one mentioned before. In the town, the "Spring Lake Gardens," owned by Johnson & Sons, were a horrible aspect to one who saw it before and after the storm. The gardens were a flattering prospect in the morning, high anticipations being entertained by the owners that they should receive remuneration for their faithful labor and for means expended in hiring help, procuring seeds, etc., and in the evening the gardens were simply one entire mass of ruins, it being even difficult in some instances to determine what had been growing on the spot. Their orchard being set out with every fruit that will grow in this climate was, after the storm, indeed a lamentable sight. The damages on their gardens and orchards alone are estimated by good judges to be from \$3,000 to \$5,000.

JOHN D. HOLLADAY.

HEBRON, Utah,
July 28, 1880.

Editors Deseret News:

A sad affair occurred at Brother John Pulsipher's ranch, five miles south of this place, on Monday evening, July 26.

A little daughter of John F. and

Mary E. Laub, and granddaughter of Bro. John Pulsipher, aged about 18 months, was bitten by a rattlesnake, and died next morning about sunrise.

The particulars are about as follows:

There had been a slight shower of rain, and Sister Laub was sitting upon the door-steps (which were composed of loose rock) to enjoy the evening air, and holding her little girl on her lap, there being other children at play on the steps at her feet. Sister Laub reached down to hand one of the children into the house, by request of its mother, when her little girl slid from her lap on to the step below, on which the other child had been sitting, and immediately commenced screaming.

Upon examination the fleshy part of the leg near the thigh, was discovered to be bleeding, and the supposition for two hours was that she had scraped it on the rock.

The leg began to swell, and John D. Pulsipher, uncle to the child, suggested that it must have been a rattlesnake that had bitten her, whereupon search was made and the reptile found and killed.

Everything that could be done to relieve the little sufferer was applied, and she seemed to rest quite easy for some time, until the swelling reached the hollow of the side above the hip, when she began to bite herself and her mother who held her.

Her grandfather and other Elders present laid hands upon her, and she quietly passed away without a struggle.

She was a very intelligent, handsome and affectionate child, and greatly beloved by her parents and grandparents and all who knew her. The funeral services were held at half-past 11 to-day in the Hebron meeting-house, when appropriate remarks were made by Bishop T. S. Terry, First Counselor John Pulsipher, and Elders D. C. Robbins and D. M. Tyler, after which the remains were followed to their last resting place by many relatives and friends, who greatly sympathize with the bereaved parents. It seems to be a wonder that others had not received the fatal bite, as children had played around the steps all day.

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D. M. TYLER.

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