

years ago, accompanied by her husband and two children, and an old man, whom she claimed was her uncle. Nathalie took occasion to call upon Chief of Police Hunt soon after her arrival with a pitiable story about a blind husband and two small children, and a request that her uncle might be allowed to play the hand organ on the street. The chief refused the request and sent the woman to Secretary Walpole of the city board of charities. She wanted to go to San Francisco, and the city board of charities would not send her, so she went to begging. She must have been very successful, for a few days later she invested \$750 of her savings in a ranch in Washington county. She also carries a very fine gold watch.

Territorial Secretary Richards sat as high judge again Dec. 27 at a drawing of lots for office. The proceeding is one with which he is becoming quite familiar and he seems to rather enjoy the marked expressions of serious expectancy on the countenances of those who are obliged to undergo the operation.

The lucky and the unlucky appeared before him today by proxy. They were John E. Eyre and New. S. Whitney, who at the last election received the votes as councilmen. Mr. Eyre was represented by Attorney Thomas Adams and Mr. Whitney by David Matheson. Mr. Adams drew the lucky piece of paper, and the office accordingly went to Mr. Eyre.

The next case was that of the right to the office of superintendent of schools for Iron county in which the contestants were William H. Dalley and Henry Leigh. Adams also represented Dalley and again drew the lucky scrap of paper from the hat. Mr. Leigh's interests were looked after by Captain F. P. Addleman.

Tuesday about noon Oscar and Tracey Bingham, sons of Bishop Bingham, of Riverdale, and John Ahlander, of the same place, went skating on the Weber river, which is now covered with a thick layer of ice. The boys enjoyed the exhilarating and pleasant sport for some little time, when one of them observed that the ice was cracking. In vain did the boys try to get off, and down went Tracey Bingham and John Ahlander. Oscar, seeing the danger in which his brother and playmate were, made a heroic effort to rescue them, when he also went into the chilling waters and shared the fate of those whom he would have saved.

A small, crippled boy stood on the bank and witnessed the last struggles of his playmate, but was powerless to render any assistance. He, however, gave the alarm and soon many willing hands appeared. The bodies were recovered within a few minutes after they last went under the ice. Dr. Gordon was hastily summoned from Ogden, but when he arrived death had claimed them. The eldest of the boys was but 12 years old, while the youngest was 9. The parents and other relatives feel very keenly their sad bereavement, and in their grief they have the sympathy of a host of friends.

December 30 the statue of President Brigham Young, which is to adorn the southeast corner of the Temple Block, arrived in this city. It has been on exhibition at the World's Fair for the past six months, and has

been viewed there by many Utah people. Today it was conveyed from the railway depot to the Temple Block, and placed inside the east gates, just in front of the architect's office and almost directly in line with the southeast corner of the Temple.

At present the figure, which was made from the model by Sculptor C. E. Dallin, is in the wooden framework in which it was shipped. When the memorial committee go on with their work it will be placed on a pedestal, and will be raised to a height of about 25 feet. The present dark color of the bronze of which the statue is made will probably give way to gold color, as the figure may be gilded like that of the angel on the Temple.

The statue shows to be about ten and a half feet high. The head, shoulders and upper part of the body are a striking likeness of the great Pioneer. The News reporter had to listen to the criticism, however, that the lower part is not so good; this being particularly the case with the right leg. The appearance of that member's being bent between the thigh and knee may, however, be modified or entirely removed by the position which the statue will occupy when it is put in place.

A deep laid and craftily concocted plot on the part of prisoners to escape from the county jail was fortunately nipped in the bud December 26 by Jailor W. F. Hill, but for whose keen eye nearly a score of men under detention at that institution would, in all probability, very soon have been at liberty. Upon going his final rounds about 10:30 last night Mr. Hill caught sight of two small pieces of brick lying upon the cellar floor, immediately underneath the revolving cells. At first he was at a loss to account for this, and a search around there failed to afford any clue as to where the broken brick came from. The jailor determined, however, not to let the matter rest until he had satisfied himself on this point. Instructing the man on night duty to keep a more than usually careful watch, he this morning, immediately after breakfast had been served to the prisoners, set about making a further and closer investigation; this time with satisfactory results.

Against the west wall of the jail, between two of the barred windows, and only a few feet from the ground outside, hangs a framed card setting forth the rules and regulations of the prison. This wall is three bricks in thickness, and upon moving aside the card Mr. Hill at once solved the problem. There, sure enough, was cut a gaping hole some 13 by 16 inches in size. Six or more of the bricks had been carried away; the outside layer had been "tapped," and it would not have required much more labor to let in daylight. In order to prevent the plaster around the ragged edges from falling, the would-be jail breakers had placed a coating of soap upon them.

There are more prisoners in the county jail at this time than at any period since Sheriff McQueen took the reins. They number in all thirty-five, but the majority of them are held to await the action of the next grand jury.

COTTON AND CANDLES.

PAROWAN, Iron Co., Utah, Dec. 27, 1893.—Last Saturday evening, the 23rd inst., the Bishop granted the use of our meeting house to the members of the Sunday school and other parties to erect a Christmas tree, etc., and to have a general good time for all that might wish to attend. Two beautiful pine trees were erected, covered with presents for the children and for others, and filled with lighted candles. The house, including the galleries, was filled with people; between seven and eight hundred were present.

The first part of the program, consisting of songs, recitations, speeches, etc., went off first rate and all went well until Santa Claus and his wife appeared. Santa Claus had finished his speech and introduced his wife to the people but directly after the introduction of Mrs. Santa Claus her dress caught fire in some way from the candles on the trees, and being covered with cotton to represent snow, in a moment she was in a sheet of flame which nearly reached the ceiling. The gentleman representing Santa Claus tried to brush off the fire with his hands; in so doing he burned his hands considerably. Rugs were hastily snatched up and thrown on her; gentlemen pulled off their overcoats and wrapped them around the lady and succeeded in smothering the flames. But during this time parties to the body of the house shouted: "Fire! Fire! The house is going! the house is going!"

Then a stampede for the doors and outside ensued. A number of the leading men stood up shouting to the people that the danger was all over and begging them to sit down, but it seemed of no avail for a time. In the rush to get out one of the heating stoves in the center of the house was knocked over and would have set the house on fire had not some cool men got around it and righted it up again. As it was one woman got her hand rather badly burned; in the crush she was compelled to throw it out to keep herself from falling on the stove. One woman was knocked down and being trampled on when some men rushed in, held the crowd back and got her on her feet again. Some women with babies on their arms fell and rolled to the bottom of the steps going out of the building.

After a little, order was restored, when it was found no one was seriously hurt excepting Miss Ada Orton (daughter of Alexander Orton), the young lady personating Mrs. Santa Claus. She fortunately had on her hands large, white woolen mittens, and throwing her hands over her face kept out the fire to a goodly extent. Yet her face is rather badly burned and her arms very badly. She is now doing quite as well as could be expected and has the very kindest wishes of everybody here for her speedy recovery.

We trust our little experience of last Saturday night will enable us all to be more careful and wiser in the future. One little girl, looking for her mother, finally found her, when the mother said: "My darling, were you afraid the house would burn down?" She replied, "No, no; I thought it was God's house and He would not let it burn down, but I was afraid for you!"

WM. C. MCGREGOR.