

NEWS NOTES FROM LEHI.

LEHI, Sept. 21.—Mr. Wm. S. Evan, while handling some part of the horse power of a threshing machine, got his hand caught in between the cog wheels and had one of his fingers taken off. Sometime ago he got two of his fingers taken off from his other hand while feeding a molasses mill.

Little Orin Lewis, son of Henry Lewis, fell from a barn and broke his arm. It was set and the little fellow is doing as well as can be expected.

Three smart boys of American Fork gave our town a call and got too much liquor within themselves. The consequence was—a marshal, a judge, and our city treasury \$7.50 the better off.

Last week Mr. John Clifton lost his watch and Miss Thomas lost her beautiful gold watch also. The lady was fortunate in recovering hers, a poor tramp discovering the same near the U. P. depot.

The Sunday schools of Lehi held their thirtieth anniversary on Sunday. Two sessions were held and a very fine program was rendered. We were blessed with the presence of the following brethren of the Sunday School Union board: George Goddard, George Reynolds and J. C. Cutler, also Elders Rollins and Booth of the Stake superintendency as well as visitors from Alpine and other places, besides Bishop J. R. Cutte and counselors of the ward. These brethren all gave good advice. The report given showed an improvement in our Sunday school work. The following named persons were present who took part in the first anniversary thirty years ago: James Kirkham, N. A. Brown, J. W. Goates, Lucy Fox, William S. Utchwick, M. A. Webb, M. Anderson, T. R. Cutler, William Yster, A. A. Peterson, Rebecca Evans, William Gurney, J. E. Ross, James Gough, Elizabeth Clark, James Broadbent, Laura Cutte, J. W. Fox.

It is considered by the citizens here a pleasing sight to see team load, after team load of beets going to the sugar factory day after day, depositing their treasures of sweet into the mammoth beet sheds. It means sugar for the company and money for the people.

On Saturday, Sept. 12, the Utah Sugar company run through the factory 324 tons of beets in twenty-four hours. This is considered to be one of the best runs ever made by this company in the start of the season. Supt. Granger informs us that everything at the works is running very smoothly, and on account of the fine weather the beets are very high in quality and are turning out a fine lot of sugar. Beets are coming in from all the towns in the county and the tonnage is the largest this year of any past seasons.

MEXICAN CELEBRATION.

The sixteenth of September is past, and with it ends the enthusiastic celebration by Mexicans of Tucson of the 86th anniversary of Mexican independence, inaugurated by Hidalgo—the Washington of Mexico. The celebration commenced on the 15th at 9 p. m., when about four thousand persons assembled in the city park, which was lighted by electric lights and hundreds of Chinese lanterns strung on wires among the trees, the band pavilion

being tastefully decorated in green white and red, the national colors of Mexico. The exercises consisted of music by the Philharmonic band, just returned from a tour in southern California; speeches by ex Gov. Hughes and Senors Valasco, Samentago, Villacueva and other Mexican gentlemen; and songs by ladies and gentlemen in the Spanish language.

During the 16th, bicycle races and other sports were carried on, and at 4 p. m. the grand parade formed on Military plaza, and marched through the streets, entertained by the two brass bands. The military and various societies, the beautifully decorated floats, and the long line of carriages made a fine appearance. One float especially drew great applause; a huge pyramidal arrangement of seats in tiers was filled with beautifully dressed young ladies, while on the summit stood three, representing liberty, justice and the Aztecs, each most appropriately and elegantly costumed. Arriving at the city park, exercises were held, much like those of the previous evening, the park being packed with a crowd of several thousands, mostly Mexicans, whose enthusiasm was continually manifested by applause.

The Mexicans I think are much more patriotic than Americans, though it may be perhaps because of the greater vivacity of the Latin races than that of the Anglo-Saxon, who take life's labors and pleasures far more seriously. A Mexican lives for today; tomorrow is to him no object of concern. He lays out no special plans for the future and his no anxiety as to what it may bring forth, and this is as true of the poorest as of the rich. I think they are the happiest race I know of—and the most shiftless and careless. Of the 8,000 or 9,000 people of Tucson, fully four-fifths are Mexicans, and that language is heard far more than English.

Almost every man in Arizona except the wealthy, and the appointees of President Cleveland, favors Bryan.
J. H. MARTINEAU.

THE LEADVILLE STRIKE.

LEADVILLE, Sept. 21.—The bloody phase of the great miners' strike has come. Three men are known to be dead and two others dying. The Colorado shaft house and machinery are in ashes and four innocent householders are homeless, as the result of an attack by parties as yet unknown upon the Colorado and Emmet mines in the dark hours of the early morning.

The first attack was made upon the Colorado, which is in the city, being only half a dozen blocks from the post office and surrounded by residences full of people. The Colorado shaft house is built on a large embankment of earth enclosed by logs, and the machinery some fifty feet above the street level. From a long aerial tramway leads off some 200 feet to the dumps. A heavy plank barricade was erected around the machinery and shaft house when the mine resumed operations last month, and the house was well stocked with provisions, Winchesters and ammunition. Beyond assaults on workmen seen coming from the mine at divers times, no overt acts of violence had been

attempted against this mine until this morning at 1 o'clock, when a few bullets struck the barricade and the men on guard prepared for action.

It was a night attack on the property. Judging from the sounds of the firing it came from the east. There was no confusion, no crowd on the street. The first intimation which those down town received of trouble was a number of shots. The shots came scattering at first, then faster and faster. As one approached the Coronado the leaden messengers of death could be heard whistling and singing with devilish glee.

All the streets west of the Coronado were deserted, with the exception of three or four persons attracted by the shooting.

Suddenly after twenty-five minutes of firing, a sheet of flame burst out, followed by a terrific detonation. Evidently the attacking party were using dynamite. The firing seemed to slack up slightly now. Occasionally a bullet sung through the air, and then a sheet of flame from Eighth or Ninth streets.

It was evident that a desperate attempt was being made to fire the property.

East of the engine house, are several tanks of fuel oil. These seemed to be the objective point. The attack was concentrated on this point, and finally succeeded. There was a sheet of flame, and a sputtering as though of blazing powder. The engine room was in flames. A few moments later and the clang of the fire engines was heard coming up the street. But it was not for them to save the Coronado. It was marked for destruction and armed men held the firemen at bay. When the hose cart rescued the corner, the hose was being unreeled and the marshal and his men were getting ready for action when three men leaped from around the corner of the fence.

"Drop that hose," was the command as three rifles, glittering in the glare of the flames were leveled on them. There was no other course but to drop the hose and the firemen fell back.

Meanwhile the flames grew fiercer and fiercer. The men in the shaft house were finally driven from their fort, but fought to the last. As they ran over the high trestle work a dozen shots were fired but they all reached the dump in safety and made their escape.

By this time a great crowd had gathered, hundreds ready to assist, but held at bay by assassins and firebugs who seemed concealed near the building. But presently as the great sheets of flame rolled over the buildings it was apparent that unless there was timely action the buildings in the vicinity were doomed. The firemen rallied by this time, hundreds of citizens, armed with rifles appeared and guarded the fire department and volunteers. All attention was devoted to saving the houses in the vicinity, but in spite of every effort at least four dwellings on east Eighth street were destroyed. One was occupied by James Gregory, 605 east Eighth and another by Charles Hodge.

The other families burned out were Messers. Burns and Rogers.

But more terrible even than the holocaust of flame was the loss of life.