

their being in the vilest part of the city. They toil not, neither do they spin, but are content to live upon the earnings of vice. They designate their places of abode as "the office," and are apparently indifferent to the opinion of the public. Their fines are paid by the women who keep them, consequently they never kick against being pulled by the police. They hand over the ducats, and a few minutes later may be seen driving out behind a fast horse to enjoy the air and the scenery. —*Helena Journal*.

The Salt Lake accident insurance company has gone up Salt River. It was last winter, a lank son of his ma hit the town and put on his bait for suckers. He worked hard and bagged some game, but did not get rich in Evanston. He was a dead give away to the company. Those who had been punched by the life insurance companies gave him a wide berth, but those who had not, underwent the delightful sensation. —*Evanston Register*.

C. Craig and wife were passengers on train No. 2 last evening from Salt Lake City, bound for Gerard, Kansas. Mrs. Craig gave birth to a twelve-pound child while near Creston, twenty-seven miles west of Rawlins, Conductor Roberts officiating. They left the train here and are now at the Pacific hotel. Mother and child are doing well. This is the second occurrence of this kind within two months. The other occurred near Laramie on train No. 7, in February. Conductor Kelley was in charge of the train. The child (a boy) was named Tamany Kelley, in honor of one of the most popular conductors in the Union Pacific service. —*Rawlins Journal*.

Last week Dave Lewis had a horse killed by a panther on Clearwater, and he went in quest of his majesty, who had apparently decamped. Dave was fixing around the carcass for his trap when he stepped upon a large rock, lying about two feet from the horse, when he heard a rustling in the leaves at the other side of the rock. On observation he saw a panther in the act of springing towards him, and by accident or intuition, he put the muzzle of his gun to the animal's mouth and blew its upper jaw off. This did not immediately kill it, but he had to fire the second charge into it before it succumbed. Dave says it was the largest panther he ever killed—and he has killed a good many. —*Free Press*.

Coroner S. A. Crawford, who drove out to Dale creek bridge yesterday morning to hold an inquest over the remains of the man who fell from the bridge and was killed, returned to the city last evening. When they arrived at the bridge yesterday at noon the remains were still down in the chasm where they had fallen from a distance of 127 feet. It was an awful plunge to death. The man had evidently struck on his head and his hat had been burst from his head by the impact. It is supposed he fell about seventy feet and struck on his head on one of the piers and had then fallen about sixty feet further into the chasm. Mr. Lane, the pumpman, stated that about 8 o'clock Saturday night the fellow came to the pumphouse and asked how far it was to the next house.

He had his hat tied down over his head with a white handkerchief. The wind was blowing very hard and it is supposed that a few minutes later he lost his balance and fell through the structure.

From papers found on the remains the man proves to be Karl Querez and a native of Austria. He had his first naturalization papers with him, made out in Rawlins County, Kansas, July 14th, 1884, and from which it appears he is 47 years of age. He also had a timber culture receipt issued at the receiver's office in Denver November 27, 1885. He also had a tax receipt and the address of a Chicago furrier. As near as can be ascertained the deceased was a taxidermist.

LIKE THE BENWELL CRIME.

Among the crowd of immigrants that besieged the Labor Bureau at Castle Garden on Monday and Tuesday was Heinrich Kraus, a German, who asked if they couldn't find work for him on a farm somewhere. He is only 21 years old and is a butcher. He is a tall, broad-shouldered, red-cheeked fellow, with the physique of an ox. He told Jacob Godde, who is in charge of the bureau, that he came to this country in the latter part of 1890. He really came over from Germany in 1888, but a confession of this would have debarred him from any claim on the Labor Bureau. There was nothing for him on Monday, so he came again at 1 o'clock the next day. While lounging about the place he fell into conversation with some of the hangers-on, and told them all about himself. Once he was in business for himself, he boasted and was his own master. He bought a butcher shop and ran it for a year, but business was not very good so he sold out. He received a nice round sum for the store and the good will, but still he was \$300 out of pocket. That was all that he told them, except the fact that he had been out of work for eight days and was desirous of leaving the city. Yet some of his hearers thought enough of this simple information, it would appear, to repeat it, and so some one else heard it.

About 3 o'clock a well-dressed man, who did not appear to be more than twenty-five years old, came to Mr. Godde and said he was looking for a man to drive a milk wagon from his farm at Passaic Bridge to Newark every morning and do general chores about the place. He was willing to pay \$18 a month, with food and lodging. This was just what Kraus had said he wanted, so Godde called him over and repeated the offer. It was accepted, and when the man had entered his name in the employers' book as "George Fredericks, photographer, Passaic Bridge," they left the place together. Kraus said he wanted to go home first to get some clothes and things to take along. His new employer amiably consented to accompany him and they walked up Broadway together. At the postoffice they turned up Park row, and when they had passed the bridge Mr. Fredericks invited Heinrich to take a drink with him. To make a good impression Kraus drank sarsaparilla. After that they proceeded to his home. He lives

in Essex street, near Broadway, with his aunt, but, for reasons which he gave to the reporter, he would not tell the number. When they got there he went up stairs alone, told his aunt of his good fortune, and asked her to pack his trunk.

"Don't be a fool, Heinrich," said his aunt. "Maybe you won't like the place. If you want to stay there after seeing it there'll be plenty of time to come back for your trunk."

So Kraus made up two bundles which he wrapped in a newspaper. They contained two suits of clothes which he had worn at his work in slaughter houses, and which were covered with grease spots and blood stains. In one of them he put a butcher's knife such as is used in skinning. The blade was about six inches long and sharp. Kraus wore his best Sunday clothes and looked very neat in them as he joined Mr. Fredericks, who had been waiting in front of the house, and they walked to Christopher street ferry. On the way Mr. Fredericks treated him to another drink and at the ferry he bought two tickets to Lyndhurst on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western road.

During their walk the conversation had been all one-sided, Mr. Fredericks telling his new employe what his duties would be. He told him that he would have to get up at 5 o'clock and drive the milk wagon to Newark. If he worked lively he could get back by 11 o'clock, when, after feeding the horses, he could rest for several hours. In the afternoon there would be a little more work to do, but at 5 o'clock he would be through, and the rest of the day he could spend as he pleased. Mr. Fredericks spoke German, which Kraus understood better than English, and he had not the slightest difficulty in winning the young man's confidence.

The train left at 6:30, and in a short time they were at Lyndhurst.

"It's a good long walk yet, Heinrich," said Fredericks. Kraus laughed, and said he didn't care how far it was.

They walked along the railroad track for nearly two miles to Delaware station, where their train would not have stopped, and then turned up Franklin avenue. Delaware is a clearing in the woods, dotted with small cottages. Kraus and his new friend passed all these, and walked along the road until they had lost sight of all signs of habitations. They met an old man who works on the railroad, coming down the road, and Mr. Fredericks said "Hello" to him. In the gathering darkness the man could not distinguish faces, but he answered "How are ye" in such a cheery way that Kraus thought he was well acquainted with his companion. After a while they came to a footpath which branched off sharply from the road and led into the heart of the wood.

"Now, we'll soon see home," remarked Fredericks, and then they trudged along in silence. Soon the path became very indistinct. By this time the moon was up, and her light threw shadows on the ground, which Kraus confused with the path. Presently he noticed that they were going up hill, and when they reached the top he discerned the outlines of a house about four hundred feet away.