

"I owned that house once," said Fredericks, "but sold it for \$2000."

Kraus stood still a moment and held his hand to his ear. Somewhere below him he heard water moving swiftly. Then he walked on ahead of his companion. The next moment he heard a crashing report, a bullet struck him in the neck and he fell forward, flat on his face. Half stunned, he lay there for a second, when his companion threw himself upon him and thrust his hands into his pockets. He felt his watch being torn out and felt the man's fingers excitedly tear the waistcoat open and pull at his inside pocket. Then he recovered himself, threw his assailant off, and rose to his feet.

There stood the man who had lured him to the spot, with a revolver in his hand. Kraus is a giant in strength. With one bound he clutched him by the throat with his right hand, shook him like a dog would a rat, and exclaimed:

"What do you mean?"

In a half-stifled voice, the man said: "I'll let you alone. Take your hand away."

With his left hand Kraus seized the revolver, but as he did so the man fired two shots. One bullet went through the young man's thumb, the other turrowed up the arm and lodged near the elbow. He gave a shout of pain, loosened his hold, and struck Fredericks a terrible blow on the arm. The revolver fell to the ground. Kraus then picked up one of his bundles, which he had dropped when first struck, tore open the paper, seized the butcher's knife, and rushed at Fredericks. He shouted like an enraged bull. Fredericks started to run away. In a second he was upon him, the knife was raised, and then Kraus fainted.

When he recovered consciousness the moon was directly overhead, and he saw that he was alone. His bundles were gone. He rose to his feet, weak from loss of blood, and dragged himself to the house which he had noticed before. It was an unfinished house, without tenants. He managed to find the road again and walked for nearly half a mile, when he came to a farmhouse. He rapped at the door and a woman opened it. On seeing his bloody face she shrieked and slammed the door shut. Kraus walked to the back of the house, where two men came out. They were Henry Wessel and Henry Weed. At first they berated Heinrich for disturbing people at that late hour, but when they discovered his condition they took him to the house of John Kehoe, a veterinary surgeon, who lives close by. Kehoe sent a boy on horseback for Dr. William Hollister, who arrived within fifteen minutes. He advised that a coroner be sent for, and accordingly the boy was despatched to Rutherford, three miles away, for Coroner Nelson W. Young and Marshal Collins. When Mr. Young arrived he took Kraus' ante-mortem statement, in which the man told the story that is here given. Then they placed him in a carriage and drove to Paterson, seven miles away, where they took him to St. Joseph's Hospital. The surgeon extracted the bullet which had lodged in the elbow. The first bullet had passed through the young man's coat and lodged in the

muscles of the neck, within an inch of the spine. The surgeon probed for it, but could not find it. He probed for it a second time, yesterday morning, and then decided to let the wound heal and the bullet remain where it was.

Marshal Collins waked Chief Grant of the Patterson police out of bed at 4 o'clock yesterday morning, and they began to look for "Fredericks." The ticket agent at Passaic bridge said that shortly after 8 o'clock the previous night a man answering the description which Kraus gave of his assailant, carrying two bundles, bought a ticket to Rutherford. He handed the agent a ten-cent piece, the exact amount of the fare. That is the last that has been seen of him. The general opinion is that he came to New York.

A *Sun* reporter called on Kraus at the hospital yesterday. The young man was walking around the ward fretting at his confinement, and indignant at himself and the man who attempted to kill him.

"Oh, the coward!" he said. "If I had only had an inkling of what he was up to, I would have bound him hand and foot and bung him to the nearest tree. I could have killed him with one blow. Oh, what a fool I was! Ugh!"

The last was a grunt of disgust. The reporter asked:

"How much money did you have about you at the time?"

"Twenty-five cents is all I had with me."

Kraus swore that he never told any one that he had any money in his pocket, and says that someone must have lied to the man who wanted to rob him. His father, he said, is in Germany and is well to do, and if he learned of this affair would board the next steamer for New York. That is the reason that he would give neither the name nor address of his aunt.

The man who called himself Fredericks had a good chance to escape. He evidently knew the neighborhood well. The path that he chose, which led to the scene of the struggle, is an unfrequented one. The fact that he shot Kraus within sight of a house points to the belief that he knew it to be unoccupied. The water which Kraus had heard was that of a stream which runs within twenty feet of the spot. It was quite deep just at this point. A more secluded and fitting spot for a murder could not have been selected.

Kraus will be able to leave the hospital in a day or two.—*N. Y. Sun*.

#### TERRITORIAL NEWS NOTES.

Ogden Hiles closed his office yesterday as an attorney in this city, and next week he will go to Salt Lake City to enter into a partnership with Judge Powers. Ogden regrets to lose so good a citizen and attorney as Mr. Hiles, but he thinks it may be to his business interest to go.—*Ogden Commercial*.

Information comes from Sanpete that grasshoppers are hatching out there in alarmingly large numbers, and grave fears are expressed for the safety of the coming grain crop. News comes also from Camas prairie and Wood river, Idaho, to the same effect as that from Sanpete. Millions of hoppers of the "warrior" variety are rapidly hatching in both places.—*Beaver Utonian*.

A happy surprise was given Sister Hannah Sorenson last evening at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. B. Keeler, by members of her classes in this city. Many friends were gathered to offer congratulations on her fifty-fifth birthday. Speeches were made by Bishop Booth and Keeler, and an original poem and sentiments were read. A splendid luncheon was spread, and the occasion was one of enjoyment throughout.—*Provo Enquirer*.

The friends of George Barnum are having oceans of fun at his expense. He went to Salt Lake the other day and put up at a private boarding house. On the street he met a tramp who accosted him mildly and asked for 50 cents. Mr. Barnum told him that he could not give him money, but if he would call at his boarding house at a certain hour he would give him a pair of old shoes. The tramp promised to do so and kept his word, but Barnum failed to be present. The tramp not only took a good pair of shoes but left the apartment minus the grip sacks as well. Mr. Barnum will probably not invite a stranger to call at his room very soon again.—*Ogden Union*.

It is said that the Rio Grande Western will not build any further south than Salina this year, but that trains will be running into the last named place by July 1st. The reason for not constructing further this year is said to be owing to an effort on the part of the railway company to reduce the very heavy grade over Soldier Summit to a two per cent. grade, so as to obviate the present necessity of a helper engine over the Summit.

During the last two weeks upwards of 40 entries have been made in the U. S. Land Office, of lands in the immediate vicinity of Beaver City, and it is said embracing every bit of land around here that is at all available for use in any shape, that is for agricultural purposes.

Today the Beaver Woolen Mills close down for the season. The efforts of the board of directors have proved utterly futile in the way of arousing the stockholders to an effort to obtain sufficient raw material to run the concern as of yore. It is a great pity that this mill with its fine machinery and unexcelled water power must now remain dormant, when ample raw material is raised right in the country and shipped clear to Philadelphia to be then returned here in the shape of manufactured goods. Comment is unnecessary.—*Utonian*.

Mr. Young of Newberne, S. C., brought suit for \$10,000 against the Western Union Telegraph Co. The cause was failure to deliver a telegram announcing his wife's sickness. The message came three days after the wife's death. Mental anguish was the claim for damages. The Superior court decided in favor of Young. The case was carried to the Supreme court. There it transpired that Young was a bigamist, that he had deserted his first wife to live with the woman, on whose sickness and death he based his mental anguish. Young retired in disgust from the case, and it is expected he will keep shady for some time.