

Gibson as follows: "Our family just moved into the neighborhood from American Fork about a week ago. Mabel and I were half sisters. Her folks live at Mill Creek where she went to school a part of the winter. Recently she lived with a Mrs. Williams in Salt Lake. She has been with us since we moved up from Utah county. On Friday or Saturday last she told me that she was going to be married to a young man named Fred A. Hobbs; she had only known him about a month; we knew nothing of him at all. Monday morning she went up town and stayed for some time, but came back for dinner. In the afternoon she went back again. About 8 o'clock Monday she returned. She said her betrothed had accompanied her home but we did not see him and we don't know whether he actually came or not, though he must have done so. She said on coming into the house that she was going to be married at the joint city and county building today. We talked about the matter until about half past ten when we all went to bed. Mabel said she felt dizzy and had a headache, but did not complain otherwise. Half an hour later she called myself and husband and on going to her room found her in convulsions. We saw she was in a bad plight and sent for Dr. Ewing, who did all he could for her, but she died soon after one o'clock. The doctor asked her if she had taken poison but she said she had not, still we didn't know. The doctor, however, said that kidney trouble was the cause."

Mrs. Gibson said also that the young woman's father was inclined to the belief that there was a look of mystery about the case that must be thoroughly investigated. She said that while her sister was to have been married Tuesday that up to 3 p.m. they had been unable to find the groom. It was learned today that the young woman spent a good deal of her time at a drug store Monday. Her body lies at the Gibson home clad in the robes of death pending a further inquiry into the case. She was 22 years of age.

One of the strangest suicides in the annals of self-destruction in this city came to light March 16. With a careful regard for detail worthy the accomplishment of some great and good undertaking, Miss Anna A. Miller, as she was known in Salt Lake, successfully planned the ending of her own life by strychnine, and the giving of her body to the cause of medical science. The particulars of the mystifying affair together with the antecedents of the young woman, so far as known are as follows:

Miss Miller came here from Denver five or six weeks ago. She had been in Salt Lake in 1894, but left for the East and was lost sight of by old acquaintances until her return recently. On her arrival here the last time she stated that she had been married in Denver to a young man who treated her well before the nuptial vows were taken, but shamefully soon after, and that she secured a divorce with little loss of time. She was, it was claimed, very circumspect in her conduct, dressed well and had some money. For lack of something more lucrative she did domestic work for a lady living in

the southeastern part of the city. But she did not remain there long. A couple of weeks ago she went to the home of W. L. Butler, the St. test street grocer and butcher, where she had stayed at intervals while on her former visit to Salt Lake.

A few evenings since she was in a playful mood and leaned against a window in the Butler residence and broke a large pane of glass. She immediately apologized and said she would have it replaced at her own expense and specially requested that no bad feelings be engendered as the breakage was purely accidental. She put on her wrap and left the house with the remark to one of the Miss Butler's that she was going to find a glazier, and that in order to pay him she would have to change a \$10 gold piece.

She did not return and was not heard of again until Wednesday at 10 o'clock when she presented herself at the Fritsch lodging house on Second South street where she asked for and secured a room. Soon after midnight strange sounds were heard coming from her bedchamber.

The inmates of the house rushed in and found her in the throes of death. A strychnine bottle on the dresser told the story of suicide. Near it was a note, bearing this remarkable wording: "I take my life because of cruel disappointment. Give my body to the students."

Dr. Fisher was called in, but too late. The woman was beyond all earthly assistance and died about 1 o'clock. She had swallowed an eighth of an ounce of strychnine, enough to kill forty persons. Her body was removed to the morgue.

It transpired Thursday that she went to the Sanitarium Wednesday afternoon and took a bath, had her hair dressed, came up the street to a dry goods house, purchased clean underclothes, which she donned before entering upon a sleep that will know no ending in this world. The only relatives she had in this country so far as can be learned, are an uncle and grandfather living in New York.

NOTES.

Salpio, Millard county, is complaining of wheat and chicken thieves.

It is hard to get Davis county property in exchange for Salt Lake realty.

The St. George Union threatens to stop the paper to its non-paying subscribers.

Sunday is a favorite time for prospectors in the West mountains, Sanpete county.

The Inducement Fillmore offers to a railway is \$6,745; of this \$5,905 is tendered in labor.

Homer Stringham, a ten-year-old boy, fell from a swing in Mantt the other day, and broke his leg.

George Walter Emmett, an Oakland cyclist, was struck by a railway train on the street, and died on Sunday.

Abel Soberanes, a rich rancher at Monterey, Cal., committed suicide Sunday, with a shotgun. The cause was business difficulties.

The coast papers all have accounts of the fake about a threatened insur-

rection at Mercur, Utah. The newspaper reporter who invented the yarn, did it as an April fool joke, and published it three days in advance lest his scheme should be detected.

On Friday evening, April 3rd, three blind men, Vinton Cooper, phrenologist; Frank Jacobs, vocalist, and Henry Foster, pianist, will give an entertainment at the Young Women's Christian Association home at Oakland, Cal.

Clarence Reader, an eight-year-old boy, fell into the bay at the foot of Franklin street, Oakland, while playing about the wharf Sunday morning. He sank three times and was grasped by the hand as he was going down for the last time by a playmate named John Stephens.

Two Baden, Cal., boys were shot on Sunday, while playing with a toy pistol. James Jackson had the weapon and it was accidentally discharged. A little while afterwards, Henry McLennan was showing how the accident to Jackson occurred, when the weapon was again discharged, and McLennan also received a dangerous wound.

Wm. Warde, aged 11 years, was crushed to death by a railway train in a San Francisco street on Sunday afternoon. The train was going between fifteen and twenty miles an hour, and the boy, who had been walking on the track, failed to get out of the way in time. He was mangled until unrecognizable. The engineer has been arrested for manslaughter.

Charles Hunt, a prominent young man of Woodland, Cal., during a fit of despondency caused by heavy drinking, committed suicide Sunday night by taking laudanum. The young man made an attempt to end his life earlier in the evening, but was prevented from swallowing the deadly drug by his wife, who snatched the bottle from his hands. She became alarmed at his condition, and left the house to get her father. During her absence her husband went down town and secured another bottle of poison, stepped into a saloon and drank it and several glasses of whisky.

A blushing bride, a nervous "best man," and the minister had a thrillingly embarrassing experience at a wedding in a North Broad-street church, San Francisco, Friday night. The best man, who is a clerk in the Reading Railroad freight office, was so overcome by the excitement incident to the wedding march up the aisle of the church that he became partially dazed, and at a most critical moment made a mistake which came very near delaying the ceremony. The minister had just asked the regulation question, "Do you take," etc., and the time had arrived for the clergyman to place the ring on the bride's finger when the best man lost himself, and instead of pulling the diamond ring from his pocket to hand to the clergyman, he pulled out a collar button, which the clergyman attempted to put on the bride's finger. There were blushes, a momentary spasm, and a wild look of despair; then the young best man recovered long enough to find the ring, and the ceremony proceeded. His collar button was returned with thanks.