

Quetta telegraph on the 2d inst. that it is said Ayoub Khan has marched to Mirkablez and detailed a force for an attack on Chaman Choki.

In the House of Lords, Earl Granville announced the Viceroy of India had telegraphed that a powerful force, comprising all arms of the service under command of General Roberts, had been ordered to march to Candahar.

In the House of Commons, the Marquis of Hartington stated that some of the Afghan Cavalry are supposed to be moving in the direction of Kakaan for the purpose of interrupting supplies to Candahar.

Gen. Stewart has returned to Cabul from the camp at Kalakar.

Mr. Griffin, British representative, has had several interviews with the Ameer, with whom are the principal Ghilzai chiefs and representatives from other districts.

Advices from the City of Mexico are to July 27th. The disorders and revolts reported recently from various parts of the republic, though inspiring no serious fears, continue, notwithstanding the assertion that all was quiet. The opposition, enraged at Gen. Gonzalez's success, calls President Diaz a bloody despot, and Gonzalez will be a worse one. The situation in the country is confused and undefined. President Diaz has called Gen. Gonzalez to the capital. The late disorders at Mazatlan were serious. A regular battle was fought at Villa Union, between 500 Pronunciados, with four cannons, with Gen. Vamirez at their head, and 250 Government troops under command of Col. Reyes. The killed on both sides number 100. The rebels retreated, leaving two of their cannon, and Col. Reyes was following them. President Diaz created Col. Reyes a brigadier-general as a reward for his victory.

Diplomatists are almost certain that the naval demonstration will not take place in Turkish water.

The postponement of Durbar at Gen. Gough's camps at Kalahaji, on the 2d inst., at which Gen. Stewart was to have met Abdurrahman Kahn, is attributed to the excitement among Abdurrahman Kahn's followers. When Griffin on Saturday met Abdurrahman, the latter's people were so excited a display of our infantry was necessary near the place of meeting.

Eight men were killed in the colliery explosion near Westham, Wales, on Wednesday.

The Times says: The doctor visited Mr. Gladstone at 10.30 to-night, and found the symptoms so favorable that he did not issue a formal bulletin. If there is no relapse the doctor is hopeful that Gladstone will be well enough to appear in the House of Commons before prorogation.

There is a lock out of 2,400 cotton operatives at Rochdale. The weavers demanded an increase of wages.

In the House of Commons, Forster, chief secretary for Ireland, replying to O'Connor Power, said the statement that Government fears a rising in Ireland, in consequence of the rejection of compensation for disturbance bill, was entirely unfounded. Outrages on individuals, he said, had occurred in Mayo and elsewhere, and it was considered necessary to increase public confidence by placing a small military detachment in those districts. Some troops had been ordered to Ireland for this purpose and others to relieve the troops ordered thence to India.

A dispatch from Cabul says: Stores for thirty days have been provided for General Roberts' expedition to Candahar. All the troops are concentrated in Cabul. The Candahar force will be ready to march on Sunday. The rest of the British force in Cabul will march in a week. A heavy battery leaves to-day.

ARREST OF EMERSON.

ARRIVAL IN THE CITY.

CONVERSATION WITH OFFICER MOORE.

INTERVIEW WITH THE PRISONER.

In consequence of the telegram published in our issue of yesterday to the effect that Emerson, who is alleged to have had a hand in young Turner's murder, had been captured and would arrive in Salt Lake City in the evening, quite a large concourse of people gathered at the depot in the hope of getting a glimpse of the prisoner. In this,

however, the crowd were disappointed, as the prisoner and those who had him in charge were quietly dropped off the train a short distance from the depot.

At first it was intended to take Emerson to the Penitentiary, but ultimately he was taken to the City Hall. He arrived in the police quarters about nine o'clock, and was immediately accommodated with a chair. He was of course handcuffed, but as he sat gazing at the people by whom he was surrounded, he did not convey the impression that he was of the desperado tribe. Indeed, Emerson has by no means a repulsive look. He is of medium height, well built, and is possessed of what may be termed an open countenance. Prior to the arrival of the prisoner in the City Hall, our reporter had

A TALK WITH MOORE,

the deputy sheriff of Park City, who had apprehended Emerson in Carbon, Wyoming.

"How did you find out," said our representative to Moore, "the whereabouts of Emerson?"

"He telegraphed me to Park City saying he was at Carbon."

"Have you got that telegram with you, Mr. Moore?"

"Yes, sir, here it is."

"CARBON, WY.,

July 29th, 1880.

To Mr. Moore, Deputy Sheriff:

I see by the papers that I am accused of murdering John Turner. I can be found here at any time."

"Then you started off for Carbon?"

"Yes, sir, I left Park City at half past ten o'clock on Saturday night and arrived at Carbon on Sunday night, a few minutes before nine o'clock."

"Where did you find your man?"

"I found him in a saloon."

"Was he surprised to see you?"

"No; he was sitting in a corner. He rose up and came towards me. I spoke to him and he asked me to take a drink. I told him I had come to take him back. He said 'All right, I am willing to go.' I put the irons on him and started off. I was only about fifteen minutes in town."

"I am here as the representative of the DESERET EVENING NEWS, and I should like to put a few questions to you if you have no objection?"

"I have no objection whatever."

"Welcome, who is now imprisoned in the Penitentiary here, accused of having murdered young Turner. What have you got to say about the matter?"

"Yes, sir, I read his statement in the newspapers. As soon as I read it I telegraphed to Mr. Moore, deputy sheriff of Park City, saying that I saw I was accused of the murder of John Turner, and that I could be found at Carbon at any time."

"Well, now, I should like to know your version of the story; that is, how you became acquainted with Welcome, and so forth."

"Well, on the 4th of July this man Welcome came to me in Dogin & Greeks' saloon, in Park City, and said he wanted to see me awhile. He went away and came back in the course of an hour after that, called me outside and says he, 'Don't you want to go to the Gunnison country?' 'Why,' says I, 'how are you going?' He says, 'I have got two span of horses and two teams, you can drive one and I will drive the other.' So he wanted me to start on the Monday morning, that would be the 5th. I told him no, that I wanted to see the fourth of July over before I went. 'Well,' said he, 'you had better start to-morrow morning, and let us get out of here; just that way. I told him I would not go, and finally he went away. I saw him next day about noon, and he asked me if I would go up to the camp and see his teams. I went up with him, and we went after the horses. The horses were about a mile from town. He got on one of the horses and drove them down to the wagons and fed them. After he fed them, I asked him if he was going down town. He said, 'No; that he did not care about going down. So I went down alone, went on to the race track and stayed there until the races were over. That

night about dusk he came down and wanted me to go up to camp with him and start early in the morning. I told him there was time enough; says I, this is the 4th of July (of course I meant it was a holiday time); and he kept after me all night until about 10 o'clock. I then went up to his camp with him and slept with him that night. The next morning we started out about 5 o'clock; that was the morning of the 6th. He drove the black and roan and I drove the two grays."

"Who drove the leading team?"

"Welcome. Well, we got to Wanship and he sold some grain there for provisions. Then we got as far as Echo, and I wanted him to stop there over night. He said no, he was afraid of Asham, a store keeper in Park City, as he owed him some money. Says he, we will drive five or six miles further. We drove on until very near dark—within an hour of dark, I guess—and then unhitched the horses and turned them out to grass. Well, I was a little sick from drink on the fourth and fifth, and I felt like laying down. Welcome spread out the bed, I laid down, and he cooked the supper. I took a cup of tea and turned into bed again. Welcome did not come to bed for about three hours afterwards. We started again next morning and got as far as Evanston, where he took some grain out of his wagon and put it into mine, and hauled it down to a store. He sold it—I forget now how many sacks—but \$14 was what it fetched, and he took it out in provisions."

"Did he get any whiskey there?"

"Yes, he got a keg of whiskey there. We camped, I should judge, about five miles out of Evanston that night. The next day we got to Piedmont. He sold one team there—the team of grays—for \$200. I signed the bill of sale for the man that bought it as a witness. The next day we traveled on until we came to Granger. We camped there over night. The next morning we started for Green River. We got to Green River that night. During this time at Piedmont I gave him \$5 to make change. When we got to Green River he gave me \$3. The next day I asked him for a dollar. He would not give it to me."

"Had you any quarrel with him then?"

"Well, we had a few words, and I simply told him to go to h—The next day—well, I would not be positive whether it was the next day or not—he sold the other team. The trade came to \$225. Next day he met a man by the name of Roach, and they went off on the train together and left me there without a quarter of a dollar."

"So that was the last you saw of Welcome?"

"Yes, sir."

"You have not said anything about Turner."

"I never saw the boy that I know of."

"How can you account, then, for Welcome making the statements he has done?"

"I cannot tell."

"At this point of the interview there was a pause for a minute or two, when Emerson continued:

"There is one thing that I forgot to mention, that is, that one morning I noticed blood on the pillowslip."

"Where was that at?"

"I can't exactly remember just now when I did remark that."

"Well, did you call Welcome's attention to it?"

"Yes sir, and he said he guessed his nose had been bleeding."

"Was that all that passed about the blood?"

"Yes; but now let me see: the night that we camped at Echo he came, as I have already said, to bed about three hours after me. At that time I made the remark to him that there was something stinking around here, and he remarked that it must be some dead carrion. I made the remark that I guessed it was his feet."

"Well, I suppose that is all you have got to say, is it Emerson?"

"Well, now, my right name is not Emerson. My name is John McCormick. Emerson is my stage name, that is, when I was in Frisco I used to do a little acting."

"How old are you?"

"I was 31 years old 15th of last June."

"Where do you belong to?"

"I was born in Glasgow, Scotland."

"How long have you been in this country?"

"About 16 years."

"What occupation have you been following?"

"I am a blacksmith by trade, and I have followed that trade and mining."

Here the interview closed. A large number of persons were present while the conversation was going on, and it must be admitted that Emerson gave his version of the story in a very straightforward manner.

At this interview our representative was not aware of the fact that Emerson, when apprehended, and at the present time now has on the clothes belonging to the murdered man Turner. Desirous of knowing how the prisoner accounted for this, our reporter called at the City Hall this morning and was granted another interview. The prisoner was brought out of his cell and was allowed to sit down in the passage adjacent. The following conversation then took place:

"When I was here last evening," (commenced our reporter) "I was not aware of the fact that you are now wearing Turner's clothes. I have therefore called to see what you have to say in regard to the matter."

"Well, sir," (commenced the prisoner without the slightest hesitation) "Welcome gave me the coat at Hilliard. The rest of the suit, that is the vest, pants and boots, they were left in the corral at Green River by Welcome when he went away on the train with the man Roach. That is how I am in possession of the clothes; but the coat, Welcome gave it to me at Hilliard."

"Well, now, Emerson, there is another question I would like to ask. While traveling along with the teams, had you any knowledge that the teams belonged to young Turner?"

"No, sir, I had not. I however made the remark to the man at Green River, who bought a team there, that I thought there was something wrong, that I thought he had stolen the horses, but I did not know who they belonged to."

"In our interview last night you spoke of a smell that you found somewhere on the journey."

"Yes, that was the time I noticed the blood on the pillow, but I can't exactly call to mind where that was."

"Did it ever strike you that it was the smell proceeding from a dead body?"

"No, sir."

"Did you think it possible that a dead body could be in either of the wagons and you not know it?"

"Well, we stopped at Echo and there were people round the wagons, they had a chance to find the smell. We also traded at Wanship."

"Were there many people round the wagons there?"

"Not many."

"How far would the wagons be apart?"

"Why, about ten feet."

At this interview, as at the previous one, there were a number of persons congregated around the cell door to hear what the prisoner had to say.

Mr. Turner is evidently of the opinion—and we presume it is formed by evidence which has come to his knowledge—that the prisoner is the guilty man. The latter was not short in detecting Mr. Turner's leaning, and at the close of the interview this morning he emotionally said:

"I tell you I am as innocent as the man that never was born. This man (meaning Welcome) wanted a man to go with him, and he picked on me; and as for the clothes, do you think that if I had known that they were Turner's—do you think that I would have put them on?"

The prisoner was again placed in the cell, and the reporter left.

Emerson—or McCormick—was brought up before Commissioner Sprague at 1 o'clock to-day, but as the presence of Welcome—or Hopt—was required, as witness for the prosecution, the proceedings were postponed until 4 p.m. Meanwhile "Welcome" was brought down from the penitentiary, and pending the examination was locked up in the City jail.

CONFLICTING VIEWS.

THE STATEMENTS OF "WELCOME."

In addition to what has already been published in connection with this case, there is nothing to add of a very material nature so far as solving the mystery or fastening the guilt upon either Emerson or Welcome is concerned. That one or the other of them is guilty, there can be no manner of doubt. But up to the present time, when the whole matter is boiled down, the case simply rests in this position: that Emerson emphatically asserts he never saw Turner in his life and accuses Welcome of having premeditatedly dragged

him into this trouble to serve his own dastardly ends; while Welcome, with equal positiveness, claims that Emerson not only murdered Turner, but afterwards attended to the putting away of the body. This, then, up to the present moment, is the position the case has assumed.

The public, of course, continue to discuss the subject upon its merits, or upon the statements which have been elicited from the accused. Many people are inclined to think that Emerson, were he the guilty party, would have embraced the first opportunity of getting out of the country as soon as possible; that he would not have been fool enough to telegraph his whereabouts to an officer of the law, and allow himself, even after he had done that, to be apprehended in the suit of clothes which have been identified as the property of the murdered man.

Our reporter has had two or three interviews with Emerson, and on each occasion he has unqualifiedly denied any knowledge of the murder. Again, yesterday afternoon, while being removed from the cell in the rear of the City Hall to go up to the Penitentiary, he seemed very much cut up at his position, and just prior to going into the carriage, while standing in the main passage of the City Hall, he quietly but very pointedly said to one of the officers, "I am innocent, I really am." On the other hand many contend that Emerson's story is very plausible, but rather too thin to be believed, and that Welcome's yarn is more likely to be the true one. Thus public opinion differs on the subject, and it will likely continue to differ until some further light can be obtained, either through one or other of the prisoners making some sort of a confession—which is very unlikely—or the production of some testimony to contradict the statements made by either party.

While going into the cell yesterday afternoon our reporter asked Welcome if he still adhered to the statements he had made. He emphatically replied that he did, and as soon as he could get his attorney he would produce evidence that would knock Emerson's statement, at least the greater portion of it, on the head. When asked if it was true that he gave Emerson a coat at Hilliard, he said it was not, and as far the vest, pants and boots—well, he supposed he had got them somehow but he had no knowledge how. Later in the afternoon Welcome was questioned at great length by several parties as to his connection with the whole affair, and while it was evident that he labored to answer some of the queries put to him, yet in no material point did he deviate from or add to his original statement. He was always quick with some kind of an answer, and when it was hinted that he was lying he was ready in a moment with an explanation. For instance, he was very pointedly asked by Mr. Turner if he knew whether his son had any pocket knives on him, when without much hesitation he replied that he thought not. From the fact that Mr. Turner had found either one or two of the boy's pocket knives and a pocket book in Welcome's satchel, this appeared to be a direct lie. But Welcome was equal to the occasion. He immediately explained that on the journey there were one or two pocket knives in use for eating purposes, and if they belonged to Johnny Turner he was not aware of the fact, and as for the pocket book he said he found it lying in the bottom of the wagon, but had no knowledge who it belonged to. He repeated over and over again that what he stated was true, and that if people would not believe him he could not help it. He had told the truth and if he had to die that moment he was prepared to stick to his statements.

This interview was somewhat painful. There was Welcome sitting with his legs chained with heavy irons, and his wrists tightly held by handcuffs, an utterly helpless, dejected looking being, while in his presence was the father of the murdered boy. Other parties were there, including two representatives of the press. While answering the questions the sweat fairly poured out of him, necessitating his constantly wiping his face with a handkerchief. Welcome is a powerfully built young man. His features are well developed; but the peculiar cast of his eyes creates an unfavorable impression on the minds of those who happen to be admitted to see him. Both prisoners are now in the Penitentiary, and we presume they will lie there awaiting the action of the grand jury.