

that very large section of country, which in size exceeds the whole of New England. Their hunting parties have camped with success in the Lower White River country, and on Douglas, Dry and Yellow creeks, and all the tributaries of the Lower White, Pi-ce-ance and Weary Mule creeks, Bear river, Coyote and Midland basins and Lily park.

Last year one trader in the Lower White river country is reported to have handled 2,100 buckskins purchased from the Indians, while 85,000 pounds of venison were shipped from Price, Utah, on the border of the Uintah reservation. The authorities think that unless active measures are taken the redskins will exterminate the game in the northwest, as they did in the hills of Montrose, San Miguel, Delta and Mesa counties a few years ago. The duties of a game warden when dealing with the Utes are not pleasant. According to Warden Land, when three years ago Deputy White attempted to dissuade them from shooting deer and fawns, they simply pulled his whiskers and gave him two hours to get out of camp. He went.

### BOY WAS KIDNAPPED;

On Thursday morning George Griggs, the 14-year-old son of Thomas C. Griggs, suddenly disappeared from home. Night came and passed and he did not return. Not being a bad boy, in the habit of running away, there was great anxiety on the part of his parents lest some evil should have befallen him. The police were called upon to aid in unravelling the mystery surrounding his disappearance, but like his parents they could find no clue. There seemed nothing to do but wait, and wait they did.

Finally yesterday afternoon the uncertainty was broken by the lad himself when he returned home as suddenly as he had disappeared. He was almost heartbroken and worn out from the lack of sleep and want of food. To the loved ones at home the little chap sobbed out the story of his experience. To a News man he repeated it today. Briefly the narrative of his adventure is as follows:

About 8 o'clock Thursday morning a strange man riding on horseback passed the Griggs residence on Fifth West street driving a band of sheep. George, who was doing his regular morning chores prior to going to school, with boyish curiosity was attracted into the street, and on the promise of being given a lamb or sheep was induced to assist the herder in driving his flock of wool producers as far as the Cement Works in the southwestern part of the city. Before arriving at this point he had consented to get onto the horse behind the herder, who first on one pretext and then on another induced him to go on further. This sort of thing continued until Murray was reached and passed. Then the man became abusive and threatening. When the boy spoke of returning home he was promptly given a kick or a cuff and sometimes both and told to hold his tongue.

All day they traveled, the man riding and the boy walking and running here and there to head off or hurry up the sheep as occasion required. The man frequently drew from his pocket a

well filled flask of liquor from which he drank freely at frequent intervals, and twice he stopped to eat crackers and salmon but not a bite did he give the boy who was frightened into complete subjection. When night came on they were well onto the point of the mountain beyond Draper. Sometime after dark a halt was made. The sheep were "huddled up," the horse staked out and a sagebrush fire made. Soon the man was overcome by the heat and effects of liquor and gathering his blankets about him "rolled in" for the night.

George, exhausted as he was, from hunger and his long walks also sank into a deep sleep. During the night, however, he got very cold and falling rain awakened him. He started up full of strange forebodings and immediately began to creep away. Soon he broke into a run. Fortunately he ran northward and when daylight came he found himself in the vicinity of Dry Creek. About that time a Rio Grande freight train came along and by it he succeeded in locating himself. A moment later he was on the track wending his way homeward arriving in Salt Lake late in the afternoon, footsore and weary and with an appetite like unto that possessed by a farm hand in harvest time.

He was unable to ascertain the name of the herder who carried him away but says he was about 25 years of age. The fellow claimed that he was going out into the Oquirrh range where he had other sheep. On the way home George saw a big jack-rabbit burrowing a hole under the railroad track and he dragged the struggling rodent from his diggings and was about to devour him when he bethought himself of the fact that the animal would not prove a very toothsome meal in an uncooked condition. So he brought Mr. Jack Rabbit home and is now hustling for lucern with which to feed him.

### HUNGRY CHILDREN RESCUED.

Darkest England or Blackest New York holds nothing much worse than the squalid, filthy, wretched den in which were found Tuesday, Oct. 27, Joseph Konkle, his wife and six children—and all this not one block from the Palace hotel, in an annex to the Fargo house, the cheapest of cheap lodging places on New Montgomery street, says the San Francisco Chronicle.

It is reached by the ins and outs and the ups and downs of narrow passageways and back stairways, and is worse in some respects than some of the condemned Chinatown structures. It is just above the rambackle shed which was occupied by the Arabian candy vendors for several years and finally ticketed by them for destruction.

In this wretched household, the eldest of these six children is 9 years old, the youngest three days. The mother has a black eye and lip swollen twice its size because on Monday night her husband drank the larger part of a bottle of whisky and then proceeded to emphasize his objections to the fact that she had presented him with a new son.

The case was reported early Tuesday afternoon by the regular policeman on the beat. He had been called in to

quell a disturbance. His investigation disclosed the fact that there was not a crust of bread in the house. The case was reported to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and Officers Frank Holbrook and McMurray immediately took the matter in hand. They made a thorough search of the premises and confirmed the report already made. In a dark and forgotten corner of the cupboard two nickels were found. Holbrook telephoned to Sister Julia who immediately sent a basket of provisions.

Konkle was not to be found during the afternoon. "Gone to find work," said the cowed and dejected woman. So further action was deferred until evening, when the wretchedness of the place was augmented by the gloom and a reeking little coal oil lamp. In this fetid atmosphere, on an old broken-down three-quarter bed, lay Mrs. Konkle. She is a native of Wisconsin, 38 years of age. The father of all these children of misfortune is a Pennsylvanian and 48 years old. In a half-drunken stupor he sat on the only chair in the room.

On a box beside the stove that had not been warmed by fire for many days was the eldest of the children, looking like one of the poor waifs who peopled the garrets of the story-books. On the mother's arm lay sleeping the new-born, black-haired baby; rolled back of her was the two-year-old boy, and curled at the foot was a three-year-old girl. Leading from this was a place called a room, but not larger than an ordinary closet. There, upon a three-quarter mattress, were two more of the children, 5 and 7 years of age. Another bed in a second hole was without bedding, and there the wretched man sleeps.

In the presence of her husband the woman tried to smooth the tale of abuse. She knew by a former experience what it meant to be found with starving children in such a place. She said that he had paid their \$8 rent up to Saturday last; he had obtained a pair of shoes for Minnie on the same day and had bought a pitcher of soup from the restaurant in the morning. She excused the black eye because "he was drunk and did not know what he was doing."

She begged first one officer and then another not to look him up, "for there was no better man," she said, "when he did not drink." This was followed by a pleading from the mother strong within her that they leave the children with her. Then she beseeched them to leave her where she was. Her thin hands would wander over her bruised and burning face, and all these plaints were followed by the wail, "I wish I were dead."

Sister Julia came in the evening, brought some milk and a soothing potion, and went about the neighborhood until she found a woman who was willing to remain there during the night. Officers Holbrook and McMurray took Konkle out ostensibly to find a man who owed him money. This lie was told to save the suffering, faithful wife one pang less. He thought it was true till he reached the first patrol box.

At the Folsom street station he was booked for cruelty to children, and will have to explain why he, a bricklayer with the ability to earn a good