

outs and that he will probably not reach here before Friday next.

As a result of a blow on the head, administered by George A. Bates with a club, while under the influence of liquor, E. J. Nordquist, a ranchman, on the ranch of Martin Mahokin four miles south of Ophir, is now lying in readiness to be lowered into the grave.

The affair was about as follows: The two men have hitherto been the best of friends and on Sunday last, Bates among others visited the ranch upon which Nordquist resided. Tippling was freely indulged in, and finally Bates and Nordquist began to talk of trading cows. The merits of the cows were discussed which resulted in the two men beginning to quarrel, Bates becoming enraged and seizing a corral pole, with which he struck Nordquist over the head, crushing his skull. No sooner had he felled Nordquist to the ground, than he ran to get a hatchet, with which, he said, to sever the injured man's head from his body. This, act, however, was prevented, and he was immediately placed under arrest.

Nordquist lived but four hours after he received the blow, the doctor that was sent for arriving too late to be of any service.

The murdered man was about 42 years of age, quiet, unassuming and highly respected by all who knew him. Mr. Mahokin, his employer, speaks very highly of him, classing him as an honorable, upright, straightforward man. He leaves a wife and a family of eight children.

Bates, upon whom now rests the charge of murder, is about 32 years of age and has always been considered a hard character. A brother of his killed a man at Ophir some twenty years ago, and was afterwards himself killed. He seems perfectly insensible of the enormity of his crime, and acts as though he were proud of it.

Following is from our Logan correspondent under date of September 28:

Friday afternoon and evening witnessed the most disastrous snowstorm every seen in Cache county. Nothing to equal it has ever occurred within the recollection of the pioneers of the valley. It commenced snowing shortly after noon and continued rapidly and steadily until a late hour in the evening, when the rapidity of the fall moderated, but did not cease until morning. There was six or seven inches on the ground at 8 o'clock in the evening, and it melted so rapidly that twice that amount must have fallen during the afternoon. Early in the evening the branches of the shade trees all over town, no longer able to sustain the accumulated weight, commenced to fall, and before morning the sidewalks were obstructed on every street. In many instances the trunks of trees were broken. The storm was doubly disastrous to orchards of pear, apple, peach and plum trees, which were already weighed down with their loads of fruit. The loss by this means will reach many thousands of dollars. Another great loss lies in the thru crop of lucern, which was laid flat on the ground and, it is feared, will be a total loss. The wheat crop, too, will be materially lessened. A little still remained standing in the shock on the fields where it was cut, and this will be fit only for hog seed.

A severe frost on Saturday night added to the damage to fruit.

Roy Bunce, the 8-year-old son of Hyrum Bunce, of the Fifth ward, was trying to reach a high shelf to the stove shanty and fell, alighting on his stomach on the upturned end of a stick of wood, causing a complete obstruction of the bowels. An operation was performed on Wednesday, but the little fellow only survived until Thursday morning. The funeral services were held on Saturday at noon.

Louise Halvorsen's little 2-year-old daughter was brought from Hyrum with a needle fast in her throat. She had picked it up while her mother was sewing and slipped it into her mouth. It lodged some distance down the throat and was difficult to extract.

A 13-year-old son of Casper Hoffman accidentally shot himself while playing with a 22-caliber revolver. The pellet struck him in the breast and followed one of the ribs about half way round, where it was located and extracted.

While crossing a rough bridge leading into his premises in the Fourth ward, Soren C. Peterson, 74 years of age, was thrown from a load of wheat and fell in front of the wagon, two wheels of which ran over his leg above the knee, causing a bad break and much attendant laceration.

FOOTE WAS KILLED.

Authentic information was received today, in a letter from J. E. Langford, superintendent of the Sterling Mining company, to Capt. F. M. Bishop of this city, concerning the fight at the Chispa mine, Nye county, Nevada. The last dispatch received stated that Foote, Longstreet and one other of the McArthur party that seized the mine had been killed by the Montgomery man, from whom the Sterling company had bought the mine. The Sterling officers here had doubts about the killing of any more than Foote, and this letter confirms that view, stating that the other desperate characters still live. The letter tells how the desperado Foote was killed. It is as follows:

MONTGOMERY, Nye Co., Nev.,
Sept. 9, 1895.

Captain F. M. Bishop, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Captain:—We have had quite an exciting time since you left us. Phil. Foote, O. J. Longstreet, Wm. Moyer, George Morris and three Indians came up with guns and drove our men out of the mine and out of the mill and kept us at bay for several days. I started with Mr. Smith to Belmont to get out warrants for their arrest and as soon as we were gone Foote commenced to be very abusive to every one he came in contact with, and sent Montgomery word he would kill him on Sunday, the 8th. He also said he would kill Clarence Emmett. This was as he went past the bunk house on his way after Monty. All this talk was on Saturday, the day after I left. He seemed very angry because I had gone off without paying them \$12,000, the price they had set for us to pay to keep from being killed and saving the mill from being burned.

Well, some of the boys felt like they did not want Monty and Clarence to

die that way so they thought they would wait on the Foote party early Sunday morning, before the killing of Monty and Clarence, and ask Foote for his gun. So when he sat down with his Indians to breakfast the boys rose up behind some rocks close by and asked him to surrender. He commenced to fire at them. So did all the rest of his party. The boys thought they were in it, so they did the only thing left for them to do—stand their ground and return compliments. Foote was hit through, about half way between hips and shoulders. The Indians and Longstreet, with the other outlaws, ran up a white flag and begged for mercy. The boys made them lay down their guns and leave. They went to Pahrump and McArthur and then held up trains and everybody that came along for a day; but finally let them go and sent me word that I could not go back to the mine, as they would kill me if I tried to pass. Well, I was down the road and wanted to go back to the mine, and as I was on my way back I met Pre Reed at White's, and he and Sam Yaunt and I got into my wagon and drove by Pahrump, but Mc was in the store and never came out until we had passed. Longstreet was out north of the corral, but did not say anything though we passed within 20 feet of him and his Indians. The other two outlaws did not show up, though they were there in the store with Mc. But they told Caldwell & Cobe that they thought we were cowards for carrying guns. When I got back to the mine everybody had gone to work and I would not have known by the looks of things that there had been any trouble. Foote died about 4 o'clock p.m. Sunday. They sent his body to Pahrump and McArthur and his friends buried him there. We are all well and hope these few lines will find you the same.

J. E. LANGFORD.

RETURNED ELDERS.

Elders A. N. Wallace and A. H. Davis of the Seventeenth ward, this city, have returned to their homes after filling missions of nearly two years each. They left Utah for the work assigned them on October 2, 1893, the former going to Oklahoma and the latter to the Indian Territory and Kansas. Both Elders enjoyed good health and had the satisfaction of seeing excellent results from their efforts.

Elder August J. Hoglund, of Salt Lake City, has returned from a mission to Sweden. He left for that country on the 27th of April, 1893, and has labored as traveling Elder in the Gothenburg conference for eleven months, and was then called to preside over that conference, which position he filled for fifteen months. After that he paid a visit to St. Petersburg and also went to Finland, where about thirty-two Saints reside in a scattered condition, from Helsingfors to Jacobstad. He visited them all and held several meetings. Elder Hoglund says he has had a most interesting experience during his absence in these countries. He left Sweden the 22nd of August and after a short stay in Copenhagen proceeded on his homeward journey. He arrived in this city the 21st of September. He has enjoyed good health during his absence.