

Mr. West—Were you a detective for the People's Party?

Mr. Barton—I was not.

Mr. West—Were you employed by the People's committee?

Mr. Barton—I was not.

Mr. West—Were you employed by Mr. Bonfield.

Mr. Barton.—I object to answering because the question is not material.

Commissioner—I think it is not material.

Witness to Mr. West—I sent my inquiries before I saw the dispatch in the *Tribune*; I did not inquire about its genuineness, but did inquire about the *Times* dispatch; I expect to make this my future home. I decline to answer the question about my being known as No. 1. It is not material to this issue.

Mr. West—We submit the case.

The commissioner said the evidence showed that Mr. Lannan had forged no telegrams and he was discharged.

Then the curtain went down on the most ridiculous farce of the present situation.

THE STREET CAR INCIDENT.

Having read your article in last evening's News under the heading of "A species of intimidation," and believing that I am one of those designated as a "fly young 'Mormon'" referred to in the extract from the *Tribune*, I desire to remark that I think Mr. Pomeroy just a little fresh in rushing to that paper and furnishing it with that piece of news. When Mr. Pomeroy asked for the name of the person who made the remark as to illegal voters coming here at the late election, with a view to citing him before the grand jury, he was laughed at and in turn was asked why the grand jury did not take up and investigate the rumors as to a special train running over the R. G. W. Railway to register voters. He answered: "Because they (the registrars) had a right to do so."

At this point another gentleman in the car engaged the attention of Mr. Pomeroy, and I concluded the matter would end there. Now, however, that Mr. Pomeroy has furnished the paper named with his version of the matter, I believe I am perfectly justified in acquainting the public with his views on the question. If he believes it was proper for the registrars to take that trip for that especial purpose, I will probably be allowed to believe that it was very improper and wrong. And I further wish to remark that the threats of the *Tribune* or any one else will neither make me "back up nor crawl fish." If Mr. Pomeroy, the *Tribune*, the grand jury, or any one else wants to interview me, I wish to inform them that I am a bona fide resident of Salt Lake City, and to find me it will not be necessary to charter a special train to run over the R. G. W. road to P. V. Junction, or the State line.

DAVID L. MURDOCK.

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 15, 1890.

LETTER FROM "JUNIUS."

This is certainly an age of surprises. After the late decision of the United States Supreme Court one may expect anything from a cataclysm to the millennium. Of course that great institution on which is founded the perpetuation and protection of the American Union knew what it was about when it disfranchised a native white Anglo-Saxon American for religious belief. I for one bow to the decision. From it there is no appeal. However, I can't help thinking that it has some strange features about it. And one can't well tell what it is until the full text of the decision is published. There certainly ought to be a difference between belief and practice. A man may believe in the real presence of the body and blood of Christ in the eucharist, and partake of communion after the faiths of the Roman and Greek churches without being guilty of eating human flesh. But after the late decision I am prepared any day to see Pat Lannan disfranchised for cannibalism under the name of religion.

There is something almost as strange occurring now in North Dakota. A bill permitting the establishment of a State lottery in that province is before the legislature. The State senate has passed the bill by a vote of 22 to 8, and it is likely to pass the house by a similar majority. The governor says he will veto the bill; but what avails that? It can be passed over his veto. The advocates of the lottery enterprise, immediately the bill becomes law, are prepared to pay into the State treasury \$100,000 in a lump sum, and will pay subsequently \$75,000 annually for twenty-five years, and \$150,000 annually for twenty-five years more if the law be maintained on the statute books. The charter of the Louisiana State lottery expires in 1895, and fears are entertained that a renewal will not be granted. It is reported that the N. D. Enterprise is engineered by old time lottery men. And this is the climax of our religion, industry and morality—the ace of spades has at last become a revised New Testament.

In Wyoming a bill is before the legislature providing for the taxation of bachelors and unmarried men after passing thirty years of age. The bill is receiving favorable consideration. The annual tax is small, only \$2.50 per head per annum. It is not quite clear whether the bill is for revenue or to stimulate an increase in the native population. It can't be for revenue, because the tax is rather low to make an important item in finance. And if for population it is also too low, because \$2.50 will not hurt the exchequer of any single man. The poorest can pay it and then snap his finger at the woman. In this Territory female suffrage exists. Probably the female vote has something to do with the matter. Commenting on the bill, the *Chicago Tribune* holds that the tax ought to be made equivalent to the support of one woman for each bachelor. It holds

that \$500 annually for each single man would be just the figure. If a man can be compelled to support one woman, why not compel him to support two.

Here at home in Chicago we have some strange happenings also. In January, 1882, a Mrs. Hogan was killed on the track by a C. B. & Q. train. Her husband sued the railroad for \$10,000. After eight long years the case came to a trial last week in this city. The jury rendered a verdict of ONE DOLLAR for the lonely Hogan. The verdict almost paralyzed the judge, and Chicago judges are not easily disturbed. The idea of estimating a woman, a full grown woman in life's prime, the mother of children, and perfect in mind and body, in wind and limb, at one dollar, was monstrous. The judge set the verdict aside, and Hogan will have to remain single for eight years more, waiting for a new trial. The railroad company hopes that Hogan may catch the "grip" and thus will escape damages. Women are cheap in Chicago. They will be sold three for a quarter in a short time!

We have another case on hand which for sublime effrontery and poetic parsimoniousness has scarcely any parallel in criminal history. A lawyer named Albert S. Cronk was convicted of perjury and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. The judge in pronouncing sentence expressed sympathy for Cronk, and entertained the possibility of a doubt as to Cronk's full measure of guilt. On the strength of this Sheriff Matson did not take Cronk immediately to Joliet. Meantime Cronk's friends secured a pardon for him from Governor Fifer. This pardon was addressed to the Warden of Joliet penitentiary. To comply with the law Cronk was taken to Joliet, turned over to the Warden, and by the Warden turned back again to his (Cronk's) friends. The Illinois Legislature allows to every discharged convict \$10 in cash and a new suit of decent clothes. Cronk demanded both. He got the money, but the Warden was so astounded at the fellow's gall that he told Cronk to sue for the clothes. Sheriff Matson was thunderstruck, and the sheriff is not easily moved. Mr. Cronk is now an estimable member of the Chicago Bar Association and makes a worthy companion for John F. Beggs and Mr. Beattie.

It will be remembered that during the Cronin trial, one of the most startling episodes which occurred at that time was the attempt to pack the jury. John Graham, a clerk in Lawyer Trude's office, was found to be the head and front of the conspiracy. With him were associated two of Sheriff Matson's bailiffs, but both turned State's evidence. There were three others in the case, and they also turned State's evidence. The idea was to catch Graham, and through him the power behind the throne. Graham has disappeared, leaving his bondsmen to pay \$15,000, but also leaving the State's attorney with lots of witnesses but no prisoners. The *Herald* thinks it is a good riddance, since Graham must