

to his work. When he did so he showed signs of breaking down and with the idea that a change of surroundings would benefit his health his employers sent him out on the road where notwithstanding his infirmity he served them most successfully. He was in every respect an efficient and honorable young man. He made many friends by his earnest, unassuming and always pleasant manner and few of the employees of the great institution in which he recently worked as invoice clerk, was more popular among his fellows than he.

He was a member of the Tabernacle choir and organist of the Twenty-first ward choir and a young man possessed of considerably more than ordinary musical ability. He was unmarried and in the twenty-fourth year of his age.

Mrs. Love, wife of Robert Henry Love, in the employ of the Salt Lake Street Car company, came from Salt Lake to Ogden on the midnight train in search of her two children, which she had given away to a lady from Wells, Nevada, named Mrs. McCarty. Her tale was a most pitiful one. She said that through domestic trouble she had been reduced to poverty and distress. Mrs. McCarty was visiting Salt Lake and heard of Mrs. Love's distress. Being desirous of adopting some children she visited her and pleaded with the mother to let her children go, one a boy of six months and the other a girl of six years. Not being able to provide for them as she desired to, and thinking it best for her children, she consented to their going. Mrs. McCarty with the two children left Salt Lake at 2:40 for Ogden. Mrs. Love accompanied them to the depot. No sooner had the train left than the mother was stricken with remorse, and she determined to do what she could to recover them.

Thursday at midnight she came to Ogden, but Mrs. McCarty and children had left on the afternoon train for Wells. Not having any money, Mrs. Love could not follow her little ones. The police could not render her any assistance. She was directed to apply to the railroad officials. Kind-hearted people of Ogden probably will assist her to get her little one back again.

Thursday closed the trial of the defendants De Camp, King and McConnell, charged with attempt to murder by wilfully and maliciously tearing up the rails of the Union Pacific track.

Judge Smith made the same order as on the day previous to clear court. The judge finished his charge to the jury at 10:40. The jury came into court with their verdict in the afternoon. At the moment of their entry the excitement was intense. The corridor was thronged with an anxious crowd, mostly A. R. U. strikers awaiting their trial, which was next on the docket. Foreman Al Harris handed the verdict to Clerk Pery who read it as follows:

We the jury empaneled find the defendants guilty as charged in the indictment with a recommendation to the mercy of the court more especially William King.

The train wreckers, De Camp, McConnell and King, were sentenced by Judge Smith, De Camp and McConnell getting 14 years, and King four

years. King's mother and sisters were present and were very much affected when sentence was passed; his father died about two months ago. King has many friends in Ogden, being regarded by such as a good kindhearted boy, his present trouble and disgrace being the result of bad company.

Charles Johnson, for the past seven years employed in the government survey in the West, was found in a dying condition at his room, 1802 Arapahoe street, at 5:30 yesterday afternoon, says the *Denver News* of Thursday, the 11th inst. He was removed to the county hospital, where he died at 8:30 last evening.

Little is known of Johnson's history. He has been in Denver since September 7th, coming here from Salt Lake City. There he was married about a year ago, but he and his wife separated after living together a few weeks. Johnson was of rather a morose disposition and would sit for hours, refusing to converse with any one. This led to the final estrangement and the husband came to Colorado. He returned from a trip to Cripple Creek on Tuesday and about 11 o'clock that night applied at 1802 Arapahoe street, a rooming house kept by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Schulenberg, for lodgings. At 5:30 yesterday afternoon Mrs. Schulenberg, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded in pushing the key from his door and Johnson was found breathing heavily. The police were notified and the surgeon ordered the body removed to the hospital.

Johnson drank to excess and is supposed to have taken morphine in a moment of depression. He left no note of any kind and in his pockets were found 35 cents, all the money he had. He was the camp boss of a surveying outfit, made a good salary and spent his earnings freely.

There was a highly exciting runaway in the business portion of the city. A team attached to a farm wagon was standing untethered at the rear of Z. C. M. I., in the shipping yard, and as the noon whistle blew they sprang forward and dashed into a run.

They turned the corner of one of the buildings and ran westward at full speed. There was no unobstructed opening to the street and the only means of getting out at that point lay directly through the Sorenson-Nelson furniture store, now in the hands of an assignee. Along this course the team continued, going completely through the double doors at the back of the building, scattering and demolishing furniture as they went. There was a sudden halt, however, and a terrific crash, caused by violent contact with the row of big wooden pillars which runs east and west on the first floor. The runaway was effectually stopped and the men in the building were of the opinion that an earthquake had struck the town.

A crowd gathered about the place and the work of removing the team and wagon—not an easy matter—began. After a time the task was accomplished and a *News* man asked the owner of the outfit what his name was and where he lived.

He replied, "I don't care about giving my name. I have handled horses since I was eight years old, and this is

my first runaway, and I don't care to be known in the matter as I am of the opinion that it is not very creditable to a man to let his team get the best of him in this manner. As to where I live, my home is over Jordan. That is all I wish to say."

Very few bank cashiers in Utah have gone down in disgrace.

A case, however, has just come to light in this city which appears to be a sad exception to the general rule. It is found in the arrest of Geo. C. Tyre, who for the past six years has been in the employ of Walker Bros., the last three acting as paying teller at the Bank of Commerce, on Second South street.

On Tuesday afternoon of this week the surprising discovery was made that Tyre was short in his cash and that his accounts had been "doctored." It is said that the missing money is made up mostly of silver, amounting so far as known, to about \$885. When accused of his peculations Tyre is said to have confessed his crime, giving particulars over the whole period of abstraction.

Tyre came here from Canada and doubtless would have gone back to that haven of defaulters at the first opportunity. He is under a \$5,000 bond with the Messrs. Walker, furnished by the Guarantee Company of North America, with headquarters at Montreal. That company has been notified that it must make good the loss. The arrest was made secretly and quietly by the police on Tuesday night, but no entry was made on the record thereof nor was there the slightest intimation made regarding it yesterday until a very late hour. He has been a prisoner at the city hall since his apprehension.

The police were notified by United States District Attorney Judd today that they must hold Tyre at all hazards. This would seem to indicate that that official will prosecute the case in the event that other interested parties fail to lodge a complaint against him.

Barney Clarke, an old-timer and deputy sheriff, was shot and killed in a saloon at Raton, N. M., on Sunday morning. The assassin fired the shot from a light shaft on the second floor, and escaped unobserved. The motive for the crime is a mystery. Dave Collins, who had a quarrel with Clarke, was arrested on suspicion, although there is no evidence against him. Clarke was of a quarrelsome disposition, it is said, and had many enemies.

The late Joseph Spencer Cone, of Red Bluff, Cal., owned one of the largest ranches in the state, says an exchange. It is situated on the east bank of the Sacramento river, and extends from a point near the town of Red Bluff south for fourteen miles, and thence eastward, embracing the entire valley lands and reaching into the foothills for ten or twelve miles. Most of the products known to farming life are grown there. The ranch produces 125,000 bushels of wheat each year, and on the northern boundary, along the mountain side, 30,000 sheep are grazing. The yearly wool output of the ranch is 275,000 pounds.