

THE UNION.

"FROM THE LITTLE ACORN GROWS THE MASSIVE OAK."

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ROUND ABOUT THE STATE.

Items of Interest Culled From Various Sources.

A SHOCKING FATALITY.

Last Sunday morning James B. Hays, grandson of Mr. James E. Twitchell, left his home to go up above the Rob Roy mine to carry a lamp to one of his friends. Some young men had preceded him, and in order to overtake them it is supposed that he rode quite fast. In the evening parties coming down the road found the lamp broken and reported at the Indian Creek settlement. Searchers were at once sent out to look for the young man, but their search was not successful. On Monday morning at daybreak, the horse he rode came to the settlement riderless, and at once Mr. Twitchell took the track of the horse, following it into the cedars, and a long distance round, he finally discovered the young man's corpse, about three miles from the town, lying with the clothing of the upper part of the body drawn up over the head, and the back cut and skinned in a fearful manner, the arms extended over the head, and the body frozen stiff. From the position of the body death must have relieved poor Bert before he was left by the horse, which had kicked him in several places.

The funeral services were held on Wednesday at 1 p. m. at the cemetery. The deceased was born Feb. 11, 1879, and would have been 18 years old next February.—Brown County News.

PLEASANT VALLEY SHOOTING.

James Vance, the young man who was shot by Matt Moran near Pleasant Valley Junction a few days ago, is dead. He died at Provo at about 8:30 Sunday morning.

The deceased was a married man, the ceremony having been performed just one month prior to the day the fatal shot was fired. His home was in Fairview, Sanpete county, to which the body was shipped on Tuesday. He was 22 years of age and well thought of by his associates. Through a misunderstanding as to where the shooting occurred—whether in Utah or in Carbon county—the man Moran is now very likely well out of the way of the officers.

Vance told the following story of the shooting: He and another man were off-bearing at Jenson's sawmill and Nathaniel Moran, a tramp, was hired to burn the slabs. Moran claimed that the off-bearers did not bring the slabs far enough, and that he had to do work they were paid for doing. He had been complaining for a day or so, and on the morning was quite cross and quarrelsome. Vance then threw some slabs as far as he could toward the fire, and Moran thought they were thrown at him and started after Vance on the lumber pile. Vance

stepped back, took off his gloves and picked up a hammer. Then seeing Moran had a revolver, he says he laid down the hammer and concluded he would not fight Moran. At this the tramp took courage and commenced calling Vance all sorts of names, when the latter started for him and was shot with a 38-calibre revolver.

The ball entered the left side, about two inches from the center, between the 8th and 9th ribs, and lodged on the right side, a little lower, on the 10th rib, about six inches from the backbone, where Dr. Allen cut it out.

STABBING AT MERCUR.

A Tribune special, dated at Mercur, Dec. 10, says:

James Hogan, superintendent of the Gladstone mine, was stabbed in the abdomen this afternoon by M. L. Gilligan, formerly a cook in the employ of the Gladstone company. When work was stopped on the Gladstone last July some money was due Gilligan, and Hogan had become responsible for the former's bills. Money was received from the Gladstone this week to settle their bills, and Hogan took the amount due Gilligan and paid the bills for which he had become responsible.

Gilligan did not like this and demanded the money that was due. The two men got into an altercation in Caldwell's store, and Gilligan began to abuse Hogan. The latter slapped Gilligan in the face, when the cook drew a sharp-pointed pocket knife and plunged it into Hogan's left side, through the waistband of his trousers. He was taken to Luft's drug store, where Drs. Brant and Castleman dressed the wound. It is too early to tell whether the wound will result fatally or not, but Hogan is in a precarious condition. He is an unmarried man and has no relatives in this country. Gilligan was arrested and lodged in jail awaiting the result of the wound. Both men are well known here and were considered peaceable.

John W. Miller has been appointed postmaster at Helper, Utah.

Representative Timberlake has introduced a bill into the General Assembly of Alabama seeking to make it unlawful for any woman to wear any article of men's clothing. The bill specifically prohibits the wearing of bloomers, tights, divided skirts and shirt waists.

Monroe is getting its name up as a dead game centre. Upon the heels of the Cooper wife-beating sensation comes the report that C. P. Christiansen and John A. Johnson, two of that bailiwick's most prominent citizens, have engaged in a fierce fistic combat that made the feathers bristle on the dusters hung in Johnson's store. Some home missionary work must be done at once in Monroe.—Richfield Advocate.

PATRICK COUGHLIN EXECUTED

The Murderer of Stagg and Dawes Shot Last Tuesday.

Special to the Salt Lake Tribune.—

EVANSTON, WYO., Dec. 15.—In a sage-covered flat whose stillness before had been broken only by the doleful howl of the coyote, Patrick Coughlin expiated the crimes of Palmer's cabin. Twenty minutes after the execution the plain was again surrendered to the coyote and the jack-rabbit.

Coughlin died as he had promised—game. With scarcely a tremor, he viewed the preparations of death, and without one sigh of regret he submitted to the black cap and the mortal destruction that followed it fast. No man could have displayed more unflinching courage. The only indication of the feeling that rent his breast came when Dr. Lee was pinning over his heart the white paper target for the concealed marksmen. Coughlin appeared for a moment to catch his breath; then again calmness possessed him.

The scene of the execution was about twenty-five miles directly north of the little cabin near Wasatch, where Dawes and Stagg were killed. It was the first execution in Rich county's history, and though it created no little excitement, not more than 200 people assembled to see Coughlin's taking off. Though comparatively small in numbers, the crowd was much in earnest. Many were armed with Winchesters, in apprehension of some overt act that might follow the numberless rumors afloat. But none occurred, happily.

The execution passed off without a hitch. It was exceedingly well planned and managed. No miscalculation was made. Coughlin is not believed to have even heard the report of the rifles. Death was not instantaneous, though insensibility seized him at the moment Deputy Sheriff Calverly gave the word to fire. Four minutes later he was pronounced dead. It was part of Sheriff Dickson's arrangements that he should arrive on the place of execution at 10:20 o'clock, which with an allowance of ten minutes for final preparation would fix the event itself for 10:30 o'clock. At the time agreed upon almost to a minute, the canvas-covered wagon of the Sheriff, surrounded by mounted guards, rounded a corner of the hill a short distance off. The wagon was driven rapidly up in front of the chair and its occupants dismounted. A very few minutes after the fateful word was given, the rifles rang out in a volleying chorus, and the last act of the Dawes-Stagg tragedy had been completed by the expiation of the crimes.

Mining Accident at Eureka.

A Tribune special from Eureka on Dec. 15th says: An explosion of great powder took place at about 6:30 this morning in a cabin near the Bullion-Beck hoist, in which

Fred Soderholm, a miner, was injured so badly that he died at 9 o'clock. George Buckner, who was in bed in the same room, was also badly cut and bruised, but is not in a dangerous condition. He was taken to Provo this afternoon for treatment. The circumstances seem to be that Soderholm, who was at work on a prospect below the Beck, was up and getting his breakfast and at the same time was thawing some giant powder in the oven. The cabin was completely demolished by the explosion and two men who were asleep in an adjoining room had a very narrow escape. Soderholm will be buried here tomorrow.

A BIG MOVING JOB.

The largest building ever moved in this country was a freight warehouse of the Baltimore & Ohio railroad in Baltimore, which was moved Sept. 8 to 12. The building is 440 feet long, 120 feet wide and 60 feet high. It is a wood and iron structure and was moved to make room for a new dock. The work consumed five and one-half days. The building contained a great quantity of freight, among which was 3,000 cases of china and crockery, but not a dish was cracked in the moving. The men were engaged five weeks making preparations for the move. On top of the old and new foundation were placed the sills or tracks upon which the building was to run. These tracks numbered forty, each consisting of two 6x12-inch timbers. On top of these were placed the 1,000 rollers, each a piece of 5-inch pipe 3 feet in length. There were twenty-five rollers to each of the forty tracks. Between the top of the rollers and the floor beams of the building were arranged more of the 6x12-inch timbers. In all 6,000 of the 6x12-inch timbers were used, each about 30 feet long. The 225 wooden pillars which supported the warehouse were then sawed away and the structure rested upon the rollers. Along one side of the building were placed forty 5-ton screw jacks. They were braced against a railroad track, an adjoining warehouse and the tracks upon which the rollers ran. Two men stood at each jack. At a given signal the men responded with military precision, and each jack was given a quarter of a turn, moving the great building a fraction of an inch. Afterward the progress averaged 2 feet an hour for 5½ days. The structure arrived at its new foundation without a strained timber or a bolt. The jacks were again used in raising the warehouse enough to allow the removal of the tracks, after which it was lowered to the new foundation. The structure cost \$35,000 ten years ago, and it cost \$15,000 to make the removal.