SALT LAKE DAILY HERALD.

VOL XIII — SALT LAKE CITY, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 1, 1882 — NO 23

WOOL

H.B.CLAWSON

WAREHOUSES,

SALT LAKE CITY & OGDEN.

AUGMENTING.

E. J. SWANER & Co.

We have a constantly increasing stock of Gold and Silver Watches, for Ladies and Gentlemen, Hunting Watches, Stop Watches, Waltham, Elgin, Springfield, Lancaster, E. Howard & Co. and Centennial and other Watches, Etc. Etc.

E. J. SWANER & Co.

Fine Jewelry in Gold, Silver, Onyx, Roman Gold, Etruscan, Quartz, Filigree, Diamonds, Silver and Silver Plated Ware, Spectacles, Eye Glasses, Opera Glasses, Clocks, Etc., Etc., Etc. Finest Stock in Town. Call and see Quality and Prices.

WALKER OPERA HOUSE.

HAVERLY'S CONSOLIDATED MASTODON MINSTRELS.

SATURDAY MATINEE, 2 p.m.

SATURDAY EVENING

Entire Change of Programme

CLARA JENKINS' TEA

OR,

The Lottery Players.

SALT LAKE THEATRE!

Grand Holiday Event!

MONDAY EVENING, JULY 3,

And

A Fourth of July Matinee.

THE

HOME DRAMATIC CLUB!

In Their New Production,

One of the Greatest Plays of the Times,

BLOW

FOR

BLOW!

With the following strong and carefully distributed

CAST:

The Music of the Evening by the Full and Complete

CARELESS ORCHESTRA

The Home Dramatic Club Performances are now the only ones in which the Entire Careless Orchestra Appears.

Box Office Open Saturday, July 1st.

Doors Open at 7.30; Overture at 8; Performance at 8.15.

THE MATINEE—Doors Open at 1.30; Performance commences at 2 o'clock.

NOTICE.—The grounds about the Theatre will be sprinkled and the house cooled during the day, so that the comfort of the audience will be ensured.

H. G. WHITNEY, MANAGER.

A POSITIVE CURE

USE

CLARK'S

O.N.T.

SPOOL COTTON.

GEORGE A. CLARK

SOLE AGENT

The BEST and MOST POPULAR Sewing Thread of Modern Times.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

A Complete Assortment

FOR SALE BY

Z. C. M. I.

Branches and Dealers Everywhere

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED.

Two girls, one for kitchen work and one as nurse. Apply immediately to Mrs. Louis Cohn, Twentieth Ward, or inquire at Cohn Bros.' dry goods store.

LOST.

On Tuesday, June 27th, on the County road, between Brinton's and Neilson & Co.'s store, or thereabouts, Big Cottonwood, a black bill-book (pocket-book) containing money and a railroad ticket. Leave at this office and be rewarded.

LOST.

At Liberty Park, on Thursday, a gold medal. The finder will be rewarded by leaving at this office.

NOTICE.

All persons are hereby notified not to purchase the brick house and lot rightfully owned by me, the title to which has been obtained fraudulently by Charles F. Blandin.

R. W. BENTON.

TAKE NOTICE.

The registered voters of School District No. 18, in Salt Lake City and County, Territory of Utah, are hereby notified that a school meeting will be held in said district, at the school house, beginning at 7 o'clock p.m., on Monday, the 10th day of July, A. D. 1882, for the purpose of electing one trustee and attending to such other business as may come before the meeting.

H. G. WHITNEY,
R. H. SCHETTLER,
WM. B. BARTON,
Trustees.

CLERK WANTED.

A young man who is a good penman, correct in figures and who desires a thorough training in book-keeping. Address "Clerk," P. O. Box 275, giving reference.

GIRL WANTED.

A good girl to do general housework in a small family. Good wages. Apply at this office.

POTATOES.

Cutler Bros. have a Car Load of good Old Potatoes.

FOR SALE.

YOUNG PIGS. Price & Clive's.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT.

Trifling With Biliousness Wont Do.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SIMPSON & SON

CALCIMINERS,

Plain Plasterers, Chimney Builders, General Jobbers.

SOUTH TEMPLE STREET, Opposite north side of Valley House.

FULLER'S HILL

JULY 4th! '82

NEW ATTRACTIONS.

DEVIL FISH,

The Largest Specimen Ever Caught and Preserved.

NERVE AND BRAIN DISEASES.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

GUITEAU

Continued from page 2.

At 10:20 he took his bath and dressed himself for the execution. Dr. Hicks, after his visit, said that when he left Guiteau the latter was calm, being thoroughly sustained by his idea of inspiration. When he first entered the cell the assassin wept copiously and explained the tears and emotion by saying that he was filled with joy at the prospect of the nearness of his relief from his persecutions. Yesterday afternoon, prior to Mrs. Scoville's visit to the jail, she sent him a boquet, which without the knowledge of the warden or his deputy, was carried into the cell. Deputy Warden Russ passed through the corridor soon afterwards, and noticing the boquet, asked who had given it to him. "My sister," curtly replied the assassin. The warden was about to pass on when he concluded the boquet was worthy of examination, and he took it from the cell. It was handed to Dr. McWilliams, the jail physician, who carefully examined the flowers, and declared they had been drugged, impregnated with some poison. He took the boquet to a chemist, at 2 o'clock, this morning, for analysis, and at this writing it has not been returned to jail.

Before 10 o'clock the crowds had begun to assemble before the jail. Enterprising venders of lemonade, peanuts and cakes set up their booths under the shade of trees, and did a thriving business with the hot and thirsty crowd. The roads leading to the prison were thronged with stragglers of all ages, sexes and conditions. One old couple, whose legs had been amputated below the knees, hobbled along on a pair of wooden pegs. Colored men and women composed the greater part of the spectators, and as the space from the jail gradually filled the sightseers placed themselves on the sandy hills fronting the jail and enduring the excessive heat, prepared to wait until the excitement of the hanging should be over. Guiteau showed great nervousness and appeared greatly startled when he heard the rattle of muskets on the stone floor of the rotunda. From that moment Guiteau appeared thoroughly overcome with emotion. He wept freely and seemed to be in great anguish. The scene in the rotunda, while waiting for the prisoner, was one long to be remembered. Soldiers were drawn on one side, and a long line of spectators on the other. It was understood that Guiteau was very much depressed, and it was expected his passage to the gallows would present a very distressing sight. The movement of officers about the jail door was watched with eager attention. After the death warrant was read by the warden, the prisoner became more composed, and turning away began to brush his hair. At 12:20 a loud steam whistle was blown at the work house which is near the jail. This whistle, usually blows at 12 o'clock, and by it Guiteau was in the habit in gauging time. The whistle, to-day, was, by special arrangement delayed, so that its startling summons might not come before the officers were ready. Two minutes later the iron gates at the end of the corridor clicked, and then Warden Crocker made his appearance, and a moment later the familiar figure of Guiteau was seen. His face was pallid and the muscles about the mouth moved nervously. Other than this there was no sign of faltering. The procession moved quickly to the scaffold, and Guiteau ascended the somewhat steep steps with as much steadiness as could be expected from a man whose arms were tightly pinioned. At the last step he faltered for a moment, but was assisted by the officers, who walked up on either side. Upon reaching the platform, Guiteau was placed immediately behind the drop, facing the front of the scaffold. Capt. Coleman stood upon his right, Robert Strong upon his left, and Woodward directly behind him. Jones took a position on the north side near the upright of the beam. Warden Crocker took his position at the southeast corner of the structure. There was a slight delay, while the spectators were pushing and jostling through the door leading from the rotunda to the corridor, at the lower end of which the gallows was placed. Guiteau meanwhile gazed upon the crowd, looked up at the beam over his head, and quickly made a survey of all the dread paraphernalia. As soon as the crowd gained access General Crocker waved to them to uncover and all heads were bowed. Dr. Hicks then prayed in these words:

Father, out of the depth we cry to Thee; hear our supplication for the sake of Jesus Christ, Savior, who made full provision for us. Behold this, thy servant! we humbly pray that thou wilt deliver him at this supreme moment of his life. Let Thy light descend upon him; liberate his soul from the person that he may appear before Thee absolved by Thy great mercy. From blood-guiltiness deliver him and us! Christ, have mercy on us! Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world, have mercy on us! Amen and Amen!

During the prayer Guiteau stood with bowed head. At the conclusion, Dr. Hicks opened the bible and Guiteau, in firm tones, said: "I will read a selection from the 10th chapter of Matthew from the 28th to 41st verses inclusive." He then read in a clear strong voice and with good intonation, showing little, if any nervousness. Dr. Hicks then produced the manuscript which was prepared by the prisoner this morning, and held it before him, while Guiteau read. While Dr. Hicks was arranging the manuscript Guiteau exhibited slight nervousness, and moved several times from one foot to the other. He soon recovered his composure, looked over the sea of upturned faces and said: "I am now going to read to you my last dying prayer."

He then read in a loud tone and with distinct and deliberate emphasis the prayer before given. At several points he had paused and endeavored to emport increased emphasis to his words by the peculiar facial expression so often observed during the trial, when he was angered at something which was said or done. This was peculiarly noticeable when he alluded to President Arthur, and when he declared that this nation would go down in blood. When he had finished reading his prayer, he again surveyed the crowd and said, still with firmness, "I am now going to read some verses which were intended to indicate my feelings at the moment of leaving this world. If set to music, they may be rendered affective. The idea is that of a child babbling to his mamma and to his papa. I wrote them this morning about 10 o'clock. He then commenced to chant these verses in a sad, doleful style:

I am going to the Lordy, I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy, I am so glad;
I am going to the Lordy, glory hallelujah!
Glory Hallelujah!

I am going to the Lordy, I love the Lordy
With all my soul, Glory hallelujah, and that is the reason
I am going to the Lord.

Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah,
I am going to the Lord.

Here Guiteau's voice broke, and he bowed his head and broke into sobs; but he rallied a little and went on with his chant:

I saved my party and my land,
Glory hallelujah!
But they have murdered me for it,
And that is the reason I am going to the Lordy;
Glory hallelujah, glory hallelujah!
I am going to the Lordy.

Here again his feelings overcame him and he leaned his head on the shoulder of Dr. Hicks and sobbed pitifully. Still he went on:

I wonder what I will do when I get to the Lordy;
I guess that I will weep no more when I get to the Lordy.
Glory hallelujah!

Here there was another interruption caused by sobs and emotion, which he was unable to repress. He wept bitterly and then with quivering mouth and mournful tunes he went on to finish his ditty.

I wonder what I will see when I get to the Lordy.
I expect to meet splendid things beyond all earthly conception,
When I am with the Lordy.
Glory Hallelujah!

Raising his voice to the highest pitch that he could command—

Glory Hallelujah!
I am with the Lord.

This closed the chant. Rev. Dr. Hicks gave Guiteau his final benediction and farewell, saying: "God, the Father, be with thee and give thee peace for evermore."

The attendants then pinioned his legs, and carefully adjusted the noose about his neck. Mr. Strong placed the black cap over his head, and as he did so, Guiteau called out, in loud tones: "Glory! glory! glory!" Instantly the trap was sprung, the body turned partly around, but there was not the slightest perceptible motion of the limbs. When the drop fell a yell was sent up by the persons inside the jail. This was re-echoed outside by a thousand or more people who hurrahed lustily. There was a general onslaught by the populace upon the jail door; the officers were unable to withstand it, and a hundred people crowded into the office. For several seconds after the drop fell the body hung motionless. Then there was a slight motion of the shoulders and legs, due to muscular contraction. Three minutes after the drop fell the body was lowered, to be examined by the physicians. There was decided action of the heart for fully fourteen minutes, and the pulse fluttered two minutes longer. When the body had hung with the feet just touching the ground over half an hour, it was lowered into a coffin which was waiting for it under the scaffold. The physicians decided the neck had been broken. When the body was lowered, the black cap was removed and the face exposed. The features were pallid and composed, and about the mouth was considerable moisture. After the body had been arranged in the coffin, Warden Crocker ascended the steps of the scaffold and, addressing the crowd, said those who desired could view the body. Then the crowd of spectators was formed into a line, and passing between the scaffold and wall of the jail, viewed the remains. Some jail officers, two or three physicians and Dr. Hicks stood about the coffin. John W. Guiteau fanned his dead brother's face to keep away the flies. John W. Guiteau did not go on the scaffold, but stood during the scene just within the line of the officers at the bottom of the steps. When liberty was given to the crowd to view the body the scaffold was at once filled with people who curiously examined every joint and bolt.

At 1.40 p.m. the lid of the coffin was put in place and the body borne to the jail chapel, where the physicians who were to make the autopsy were assembled. After the body was taken to the chapel arrangements were made to let Mrs. Scoville view it.

Guiteau, just before the trap was sprung, dropped a paper from his hand. This paper was given him by Warden Crocker, to be dropped by the condemned man as a sign that he was ready.

John W. Guiteau said to the reporters, just after the execution that he was glad it was over. "What will be done with the remains?" asked the reporter. "We will bury them here in the jail, where he will be safe," said Mr. Guiteau. "He will not be taken out of the jail."

The spot indicated by the warden as Guiteau's burial place is in the same court as the gallows, four yards from it. Guiteau, when he came out of the rotunda, looked calm and collected, but very pale. His arms were pinioned behind, and he held his head erect. He gazed upon the crowd without flinching. He wore a black suit of clothes, and instead of a collar, a hand handkerchief was thrown loosely about his neck. Those who expected a sickening or distressing scene were disappointed.

Small-Pox.

San Francisco, 30.—A quarantine officer, to-day, discovered twenty-two more cases of small-pox on the steamer *Belgic*, and seventeen doubtful cases. Chinese and white cabin passengers will be quarantined in separate hulks, and the *Belgic*, after disinfection will be docked.

Idiocy Again.

Trenton, N. J., 30.—A salute was fired here to-day upon the announcement that Guiteau had been hung.

Pall Bearers.

Washington, 30.—The House committee appointed six pall bearers for the late Representative Hawk, and then the House adjourned.

The Strikes.

New York, 29.—The strike is in statu quo.

THOSE WHOSE VOCATION it is to preach, lecture, declaim or sing, will and do find HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR the speediest restorative of the voice in cases of hoarseness. Also, that it cures coughs and sore throat rapidly and completely. Consequently it is immensely popular with the above class. Sold by all druggists.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS cure in one minute.

FROM Professor A. Jackson, Laval University, Quebec: "I have used a good deal of COLDEN'S LIEBIG'S LIQUID EXTRACT OF BEEF AND TONIC INVIGORATOR, in my private practice, and can recommend it as extremely useful in cases of debility and weak digestion, requiring strengthening nourishment." *Ask for Colden's, take no other.* Of Druggists generally.

C and N-W RAILWAY

IT IS TRULY WONDERFUL

To see what improvement now exist as compared with railway travel only a few years ago. To become convinced of this, one has only to select for his route East, the popular and well known

CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN R'Y.

You are landed by the Union Pacific Railroad in the Union Depot at Council Bluffs, where stands the C. & N.-W. Palace Train, composed of Pullman Hotel Cars, Pullman Sleeping Cars, Elegant Day Coaches, Smoking, Baggage, Postal Cars, etc. ready to convey its passengers through Iowa and Illinois, and into Chicago. Gliding smoothly along over the superb track of steel rail through thriving cities and villages, comfortably seated in this train, one scarcely discover the high rate of speed which he is riding. Trains of this road are always on time, connections sure, and passengers seeking pleasure, comfort, safety and easy in traveling, will find the "North-Western" in excess of their expectations, and the greatest of all routes to Chicago and the East. Insist upon Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this Road; all agents sell them. Examine your Tickets and refuse to buy if they do not read over this Road. If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations, you will buy your Tickets by this Route, AND WILL TAKE NO OTHER.

CHANGE OF FIRM.

Notice to the Public.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between J. C. Graham and H. L. A. Culmer, under the firm name of J. C. Graham & Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. Mr. J. C. Graham is authorized to collect all accounts due the firm and will settle against them.

J. C. GRAHAM.
H. L. A. CULMER.

Salt Lake City, June 28th, 1882.

On retiring from the above connection I cordially recommend my successor and the new firm to that liberal patronage which the concern has met with in the past. Sincerely,

H. L. A. CULMER.

The undersigned, having formed a copartnership in the Book and Job Printing business, under the firm name of J. C. Graham & Co., respectfully solicit a continuance of the patronage enjoyed by the old firm.

J. C. GRAHAM,
[illegible] MEAD.