

ROCK SPRINGS MINER.

APPALLING FATALITY.

The Bride of a Few Days is Burned to Death.—Another Victim of the Deadly Kerosene.—The Orange Blossoms of Her Bridal Day Became Her Funeral Wreath.—A Large and Imposing Burial Pageant.

The last issue of the *MINER* contained the following:

"Mr. Joseph Succo was quietly married this week to Miss Clotilde Canapa, Justice Robert Smith officiating. Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Gatti made satisfactory arrangements for the wedding, which was witnessed by Pete Succo and John Cima.

The bride lately arrived from Turin, Italy. She is a young lady of prepossessing appearance, and may be truthfully termed an Italian beauty.

The groom is employed in the mines here and is surrounded by a host of friends who are extending warmest congratulations."

Twenty-four hours after the publication of the beautiful bride, the victim of a horrible catastrophe, was a corpse and the happy groom of a few hours, broken-hearted and mentally and physically prostrate by the terrible calamity that had bereaved his life in so cruel a manner and overwhelmed all the brightness of his future with a weight of inextinguishable gloom.

The newly married couple had at once located themselves in a little house on Bitter creek just north of the Opera house, owned by Robert Anderson, where the young wife took up the household duties, while the groom, indulging in no idle honeymoon, returned to his work in the mines. He was so engaged on Friday afternoon, working with a light heart, expecting in a few hours to return to his pretty young wife whom he had left joyous and light-hearted in the morning, when they had talked over the incidents of her late journey from sunny Italy to meet her betrothed and had built bright air castles for the future. Little did he dream of the pall that had already been woven of the mysteries of untoward fate to enshroud all these fond expectations in impenetrable gloom.

A little after one o'clock Mrs. Succo attempted, as near as can be determined by subsequent circumstances,—for there was no one with her in the room at the time—to kindle a fire in the kitchen stove by the use of kerosene. The result was an explosion of the five-gallon can of gaseous fluid and the fatal disaster that followed.

The first intimation of the fearful accident that had occurred was when Mrs. Succo, completely wrapped in flames, was seen by P. A. Sandobal, a Mexican, who was standing in front a neighboring house, running across the yard, screaming agonizing appeals for help. She was running in a direction opposite where he was standing, but with great leaps he strong man reached her in an instant and commenced tearing her burning apparel off. His hands were badly burned in his humane efforts and the distracted woman soon tore herself from him and ran a few yards farther, when she was caught by August Grippa, who tried to press out the flames with his hat and hands and to snatch off still further the blazing apparel. Grippa worked with desperate zeal and was himself fearfully burned about the neck and hands, the epidermis of the latter peeling off as though it were a glove. Matti Bono was in an adjoining room of the house when the explosion occurred and the flames and smoke burst through the door shutting off his retreat. He escaped through the window and seeing Mrs. Succo rushing away in flames ran after her and was also burned about the hands in his attempt to aid in extinguishing her blazing garments.

In less time than it takes to narrate the details of the harrowing tragedy one of the neighbors, who had caught a glimpse of the sickening spectacle, had thrown a blanket over the unfortunate sufferer who lay writhing in torture on the sand.

The fire alarm had already brought the department on the ground, and Dr. Norton accompanied by Dr. Brooks, of the garrison, and the *MINER*, in a buggy, arrived as promptly. Hastening to the spot where the victim of the frightful catastrophe lay the doctors at once instructed that she be carried into the neighboring house, which Mr. and Mrs. John Bonson willingly placed at their disposal. Strong arms gathered her tenderly and gently in the blanket and speedily placed her on the bed already prepared for her reception. A single glance of the experienced eyes of the physicians convinced them there was no chance for her survival of the terrible burning, but they at once did all that professional skill could suggest to alleviate her sufferings during the few hours that remained before she would be relieved by death. She was most terribly and fearfully burned to the soles of her feet to the top of her head, and the skin and flesh fell off her body in great scales. Sympathizing neighbors hastened to where the sufferer lay, anxious to do what they might for the young stranger who had so recently come among them, but there was nothing that could be done, and at six o'clock she was dead. Her husband, dazed and distracted at the terrible tidings that had been communicated to him in the mine, had hastened to her side, but she was already too near death to more than barely recognize his presence, if she even did that. When the young husband entered the room and his quick glance caught sight of the disfigured face of his beloved wife, whom he had left so beautiful and happy in the morning, he fell prostrate to the floor, stricken down as by a sledge hammer blow by his terrible anguish. When she expired a little while later his grief drove him wild, and he was taken in charge by his devoted friends and conveyed to the residence of Thomas Rolando, where he soon became so seriously ill as to occasion grave alarm.

The firemen had rapidly extinguished the flames, but great apprehension arose for a time from the rumor that there was a child in the burning building. The

smoke therein was so dense that nothing could be seen, and the heat arising from the steam and seething embers was so intense that one could hardly breathe when he ventured to the door. John Hartney gained permission of the fire chief, who was busily engaged in applying the hose of the chemical fire apparatus, to enter the house if he could. Pressing his soft hat over his mouth and nostrils he crawled in on his hands and knees and reached the bed. Grasping a bundle which he found thereon he made his way back to the window and tossed it out, thinking it was a child. It proved, however, to be only a couple of blankets rolled together. After getting a breath of fresh air, the intrepid volunteer returned to the apartment and a thorough reconnaissance showed that the rumor was without foundation.

The engagement of the bride and groom had occupied the time that should have been devoted to the

narration. It seems strange to some that one could be so fearfully burned, literally roasted to death, in almost an instant. A second thought, however, will explain that it was not at all remarkable. The victim, doubtless unfamiliar with the dangerous inflammability of kerosene, coming as she had within a few days from her semi-tropical country, where smokeless and inexplosive olive oil is principally used as an illuminant, had attempted to kindle a fire in the kitchen stove by the use of the explosive oil.

Somewhat the contents of the can ignited, probably while in her hand. Of course the can fell to the floor, the oil spread about her feet and the flames instantly flew under her garments, clad loosely as she was in the heat of the day, and wrapped her entire person in a torrid blaze, intensified of course by the inflammable gases that surround everyone underneath their apparel, especially in hot weather. When one remembers the instantaneous effect of hot steam upon the person one can readily understand the fatal results of a few seconds' suffering from an intense heat like that poor Mrs. Succo was compelled to undergo for several minutes.

The obsequies of the unfortunate victim of the dreadful accident, which had sent a thrill of horror through the entire community, took place at 4 o'clock in the afternoon on Saturday from the Catholic church.

The remains of the deceased were enclosed in a handsome silver trimmed casket that was almost hidden from view in the little apartment where she died by the heaps of rare and fragrant flowers sent by sympathizing friends and neighbors. The face of the dead girl, for such she, indeed, only was in years, was so frightfully disfigured by the cruel flames, that her most intimate acquaintances would not have been able to recognize it as that of the beautiful and rosy cheeked bride of a few days previous. She must have truly been, as those who saw her in her last moments, "and those who knew her say her heart and disposition were as pure and sunny as was her radiant countenance. Kind hands had arrayed her for burial in her marriage gown. Her wedding robe had so soon become her burial shroud and the orange blossoms of her bridal day entwined her brow as a funeral wreath. The pall bearers, Messrs. Joseph Coletti, sr., Martinez Fanssono, Tomie Janzari, Mikil Castano, Rizzi Giuseppe, and Joseph Coletti, jr., bore the coffin to the hearse, and then the large concourse, headed by the Rock Springs carter band, moved mournfully to the church edifice where the funeral rites were to take place.

The bereaved husband was unable to be present and remained in the hands of his solicitous friends, who almost despaired of his recovery, so overwhelmed was he by the mournful strains of the funeral dirge that reached him in his grief.

The impressive Catholic services over the remains of the dead having been concluded, the long procession took up its line of march to the music of the mournful dirge for the cemetery. It was one of the longest and most imposing funeral pageants ever witnessed in Rock Springs. Citizens of all classes were in attendance and about every carriage and vehicle of transportation in town was utilized for the occasion. The general outpouring was a touching testimonial of the generous sympathy that Rock Springs ever has for the unfortunate, and when it becomes known to the kinsmen of the deceased young bride in her far off sunny Italy, must at least afford them the consolation of realizing that although a stranger in America, every resident of the mining camp where she had come to abide, was already in friendship her kinsman too. Her only relative here was her husband. He has with him his brother who was a witness of his late marriage.

Kind friends have attentively administered to the bereaved husband, and although he can never recover from the terrible shock that has crushed him, he has become calmer and now nurses his affliction in silent anguish.

Labor Day.

Governor John E. Osborne has appointed Monday, September 3, 1894, a legal holiday throughout the state of Wyoming and earnestly recommends that business be suspended upon that day and that it be appropriately observed as Labor Day.

A New Tariff.

The Fifty-third congress adjourned, thank God, on Tuesday. The tariff bill became a law at 12 o'clock on Monday night in the absence of Presidential approval, with free wool and the tariff on lead reduced one-half as the outcome of democratic assaults on western industries. A Washington despatch states that Secretary Carlisle has decided and will instruct customs collectors that goods placed in bonded warehouses under the McKinley law and made free of duty under the new tariff act are entitled to free entry and need not be exported and reimported to get the benefits of the new act. This is of special interest to the wool trade, as a large amount of wool is stored now in bonded warehouses.



The Greene Mercantile Company's New Store Building.

The Greene Mercantile Co.'s new wholesale grocery establishment, above illustrated, is one of the most substantial and imposing business houses in Rock Springs. It is located on the northeast corner of D and Fourth streets and its dimensions are 80 by 50 feet front. It is a high-storied basement building, with massive walls of gray sandstone and well-constructed for the business for which it was erected. Its D street front is almost entirely large glass windows. On the north side an unloading platform extends the entire length of the building, beside which runs the railroad track; loading platforms extend along the opposite and front sides. The entire structure cost in the neighborhood of \$10,000 and was designed and even the details of its erection superintended by Charles R. Kelsey, the energetic and indefatigable business manager

of the extensive enterprise. Work on the building began in May and it was completed early this month, notwithstanding the delay occasioned by the strike, in receipt of the material. The company is now placing in an immense stock and will always be abundantly prepared to serve, not only the towns, but surrounding country jobbers and stores with groceries and general supplies of every description. Two or three cars of freight are being received every day, made up of grocers' staple articles. Within a few days there will be a larger stock of sugar, rice, salt, meat, beans, canned goods, oils, powder, grain and feed found in any wholesale establishment in Nebraska than that which the Greene Mercantile company will have on hand. The business of the company is already large and increasing every day with the promise of an enormous trade further on in the season. A very fair

impression of the endless variety of the stock is received by a casual glance at the huge piles of bulky articles that occupy the spacious ground floor and rise almost to the ceiling. The deep basement is crowded with the numerous articles affected by cold and heat, such as meats, lard and oils. Without the frequent arrivals and unloading of cars on the trackside of the buildings, the loading and constant departure and return of freight wagons, trucks and drays give a busy appearance to the atmosphere of the neighborhood. Charles R. Kelsey is one of the most energetic and enterprising business men in Wyoming and his efforts are attended with unexceptionable success. No doubt the Greene Mercantile Company will do the extensive business it anticipates, and with its own prosperity add to the thrift and prosperity of the city.

DEMISE OF E. HEISKA.

A Faithful Employee is Buried With Impressive Ceremonies.

Edward Heiska, a Finlander, aged 25 years and in the employe of William O'Donnell, as a teamster, died at the U. P. boarding house, where he lived, at an early hour on Monday morning. Mr. Heiska had been confined to his bed for two weeks with typhoid fever. He had the best attention that devoted friends and relatives could afford to break up the fatal disease.

He was buried with religious rites from the house, where he died at 5 o'clock, on Monday afternoon. The obsequies were attended by a large concourse of his countrymen with whom deceased was a great favorite. The long procession that marched through the streets to the cemetery was headed by the Finlander band, and the temperance society to which deceased had belonged, followed immediately after the hearse. The pall bearers were Sully Snuback, Jacob Jacobson, Isaac Talosola, John Toila, John Henrikson, Jacob Rinta. Mr. O'Donnell thought much of the young man, who was always a faithful employe, and closed his establishment in the afternoon so as to allow the employe to attend the funeral. Deceased was to have been married within a short time to Miss Mary Sulin.

With the Angels.

Little Willie Pryde, the three-year-old child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pryde, passed away on Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock, of congestion of the brain. He had been ill only a short time and his death, coming so unexpectedly, has thrown the fond parents and their relatives into paroxysms of grief.

Willie was a great favorite, and was loved as the namesake of his uncle, who died six days before he was born. The remains, encased in a beautiful, snowwhite casket, trimmed with silver, and almost smothered in floral offerings, were taken to the Mormon church, where religious services were held. John A. Guild, Andrew Spence, Bishop Soulsby and William Springer officiating. Appropriate hymns were sung by the choir. At the grave, "Nearer My God to Thee" was sung by the choir and Mr. Andrew Spence offered the dedication prayer.

Mr. Pryde being a member of the Silver Cornet band, the members attended the funeral in a body and played solemn dirges as the procession moved slowly to the cemetery.

The Caledonian club, of which Mr. Pryde is a member in good standing, in their regulars, formed a guard of honor, and Clansmen John Park, David Muir, Andrew Spence and Ed Johnson acted as pall bearers. Words afford but poor consolation to stricken hearts, yet sympathy is extended most sincerely, with the hope that the solicitation of kind friends will help to lighten the burden of their deep sorrow.

Death of Louis Trunkhill.

Louis Trunkhill, the sixteen-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Trunkhill of Rock Springs, died at an early hour on Monday morning of typhoid fever, after an illness of ten days. He was buried from the residence of his parents at 6 o'clock in the evening, Rev. Mr. Rogers conducting the religious services. The funeral was largely attended by the friends of the family, the father's G. A. R. comrades testifying their sympathetic regard by being present in a body. The pall bearers were Messrs. Pool, Hoffman, Vickers and Courtney. The deceased was a bright lad and exceedingly popular with all who knew him. The sympathies of the community are freely extended to the bereaved parents in their affliction.

Death of a Soldier.

Michael Tighe, a soldier at the garrison, died on Tuesday of typhoid fever. He lay ill in the hospital 14 days before he died and was sick three days before he entered the hospital. Dr. Brooks did all that medical skill could suggest to preserve life, but it was not to be. He was a young man, about 26 years old, of very regular habits and had a good name among his comrades, who regretted his death very much. Remains which were forwarded yesterday afternoon on No. 2 to Fort Russell for burial. The garrison turned out in full uniform and escorted his remains to the depot.

Teachers' Institute.

The seventh annual session of the Sweetwater County Teachers' Institute will be held at Rock Springs next week, commencing on Monday, September 3, 1894.

County Superintendent Mrs. M. A. Clark has made all arrangements for a very instructive session. She will be assisted by Prof. E. M. Perdue, of Salt Lake City, who will act as conductor. As a guide for the teachers we will quote an extract from the session laws of 1888:—"It shall be the duty of each teacher actually engaged in teaching to attend the county institute." It will be seen that the laws make the attendance of every teacher imperative unless excused. Professor Matthews writes Mrs. Clark that he will not be able to return from his trip until Wednesday.

PROGRAMME.

The following is the number of the exercises which will occupy the attention of the teachers every day of the institute:—

- 9 a. m., opening exercises.
- 9.10 a. m., arithmetic, A and B classes.
- 9.40 a. m., methods, A and B classes.
- 10.10 a. m., grammar, A and B classes.
- 10.40 a. m., recess.
- 11 a. m., orthography, B class.
- 11.30 a. m., civil government, A class.
- 12 m., noon recess.
- 1.30 p. m., history, B class.
- 2 p. m., physiology, A and B classes.
- 2.30 p. m., geography, B class.
- 3 p. m., reading, B class.
- 3.30 p. m., penmanship, B class.

EVENING SESSIONS.

Tuesday evening at the Congregational church:—Lecture by Professor E. M. Perdue. Quartette by the Glee club. Recitation.

Thursday evening at the Congregational church:—Lecture by Professor Rideout. Quartette by the Glee club. Recitation by Miss Nellie Whitmore. Solo, vocal.

Friday evening at the Congregational church:—Lecture by Hon. C. C. Hamlin. Recitation by Fred Tisdal. Quartette by the Glee club.

A cordial invitation is extended to the people of Rock Springs to attend the institute and it is to be hoped everyone, who can spare the time, will make it a point to be present.

Expression of Appreciation.

ROCK SPRINGS, AUG. 28, 1894.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MINER:—Please permit us through the columns of the *Rock Springs Miner* to express our sincere and grateful thanks to our many kind neighbors who so cheerfully and sympathizingly aided us during the sickness and funeral of our dear son, Louis Emmanuel Trunkhill.

MR. AND MRS. L. TRUNKHILL.

Carroll Landenberg, who has been haying for pleasure, near Granger, is home. He feels stronger than an ox and more rugged than a bear.

Card of Thanks.

Death has entered our home and claimed as its own our little Willie. The present is a mournful hour for us, yet we appreciate the kindness of our friends, who have encircled us, and we thank them in heart-felt gratitude for that constant attention which we received. The interest and sympathy felt for us have helped to soothe our sorrow and served as an inspiration for a brighter future.

At the Opera House.

A gala exhibition, "The Hottest Show on Earth," promises to be at the opera house tomorrow night. It is known as Duncan Clark's Female Minstrels and it will be favorably recalled as having been here before. Handsome girls appear in "living pictures" on the stage and warble the latest songs of the day, dance the most fascinating terpsichorean measures and strive to please the most fastidious. The show is sure to prove especially fascinating to bald heads and admirers of female loveliness generally, while the exhibition of strength by young Sandow, aged 19 years, and the "strongest boy in the world," will be of peculiar interest to Rock Springs athletes. The opera house for once this season is very likely to be crowded.

Hotel Arrivals.

At the Commercial:—E. Williams, G. W. Lynch, Wm. Sawyer, St. Joseph, Mo.; Thos. Davenport, Brown's Park; C. E. Ely, O. W. Henning, St. Louis; F. J. Clarke, Omaha; C. McDougal, C. B. Sears, Green River; H. C. Macbeth, New York; J. H. Paterson, J. F. Shields, Chas. Hight, Chicago; J. R. Burman, Montpelier; B. Tibals, Ogden; A. Livingstone, Boston; W. H. Moss, Piedmont, Wyo.

At Hotel Belmont:—J. K. Armstrong, E. B. Strickland, Chicago; A. P. Ray, Cleveland; Edgar Williams, Geo. E. Miller, New York; Rev. J. H. Fannell, Lander; L. E. Bankofsky, W. L. Green, E. A. Maryon, Salt Lake; E. M. Holly, Jas. Murphy, J. S. Stamford, Omaha; W. D. Wallen, St. Louis; C. S. Ringer, Philadelphia; W. C. Riley, St. Joseph; J. W. Tauford, Denver; Walter Lynde, Atlanta; Miss B. Opitz, Buffalo, N. Y.; J. J. Jones, Geo. Carley, Hayden, Col.; W. D. Mitchell, Reidsville, N. C.; Harry P. Henderson, Rawlins.

Miss Isis Hall is expected home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Edwards are home from Utah.

Mr. and Mrs. Lon Fisher are visitors from the two bar ranch.

John W. Hay was in the city from Green River this morning.

Mrs. Thayer's establishment is busily at work to day on the manufacture of 100 sheets and 100 pillow cases for the Miners Hospital.

Another change of time on U. P. takes place to day. Train No. 7 west bound will reach Rock Springs hereafter at 3:50 a. m. instead of 6:25 a. m., as heretofore.

It is said that the show at the opera house tomorrow evening has special attractions for old men, regardless whether they are bald headed or gray haired.

Wm. Southern returned yesterday from the Ogden Hot Springs much improved in health. His rheumatism had got a scare, which it is hoped, will keep it away permanently.

Nellis Corthell, the chairman of the Democratic State Committee, is anxiously looked for by his party-men to-day. Things want fixing badly here, and the followers of the lost cause pin great faith upon Corthell lifting them out of the slough of despond.

RAILROAD FORECLOSURE.

Oregon Short Line in the Hands of Receivers.

Hon. Jno. M. Thurston passed through the city yesterday afternoon in general manager Dickinson's private car. He was accompanied by Judge R. Kelley of Omaha.

As is well known Mr. Thurston is general attorney for the Union Pacific and Mr. Kelly is his able assistant. The gentlemen had been at Green River consultation with the attorneys a officials of the Oregon Short Line respecting the foreclosure proceedings of the mortgage, which came before Judge Riner in the United States Court at Cheyenne on Tuesday. The action was brought in the name of Judge John Thurston, receiver of the Oregon Short Line Union Pacific, and the defendant is the Trust company and the receivers of the Union Pacific. The amount of the mortgage is \$14,931,000 which was given to the petitioner, as trustee, to secure the payment of bonds.

The attorneys for Dillon, who were in court were Winslow S. Pierce of New York, and Potter & Burke of Cheyenne. Judge Thurston appeared for the receivers, while W. R. Kelly and Judge Lacey of Cheyenne appeared for the company. The whole matter was amicably disposed of in a very short time; and Judge Riner appointed for the Short Line the same receivers who are managing the business of the Union Pacific.

Supplementary proceedings will be brought in Idaho and Utah in order to secure like orders from the courts there. This action places the entire Union Pacific system in the hands of the same receivers.

Across the Continent.

W. C. Whitehall, of Minneapolis, who is making the tour from his city to San Francisco on a bicycle, in company with G. G. Blymyer, reached the city by a freight train from Wamsutter this afternoon. He broke down near Wamsutter and came to Rock Springs to have his wheel repaired. Mr. Blymyer is en route on his bicycle and will probably reach here tomorrow. The young gentlemen will probably tarry in town over Sunday and then continue their journey across the continent. They left Minneapolis on June 11, and have been pursuing their travel leisurely, having passed a month doing Colorado, about the time of the L. A. W. meet at Denver. Mr. Whitehall is stopping at the Brunswick.

Engagement Extraordinary.

Manager Southern informs us that he has just engaged, at an enormous guarantee, Edward Harrigan and his New York company of forty artists, for Saturday night in his great comedy, "Rally in Springs, and we hope the theatre-goers of the city will show their appreciation of Manager Southern's commendable efforts to furnish first-class attractions, by attending en masse. No advance in prices.

Reserved seats on sale Saturday morning at the usual place.

Giddie Gravelle, of Green River, was visiting Rock Springs this morning.

Gill McCollom, of Green River, was shaking hands with his friends here this morning.

A boy to Mr. and Mrs. James William Close, on the 25th, Dr. W. F. Freeman in professional attendance.

Mayor T. S. Talliaferre, of Green River was on our streets this morning. His step was not so elastic as usual. What's the matter, Tolly?

David Edwards is running the Fountain restaurant. David can furnish as good a meal as can be had in the town at as reasonable a price. Try his bill of fare.

Miss Sneddon, sister of Mrs. Luman, was given a surprise party last evening at the handsome residence of Mr. and Mrs. Luman. A party of friends took possession of the house and a most enjoyable evening was spent. Miss Clara is one of our most popular young ladies whose presence always brings sunshine.

The democrats are coyng with the populists for fusion, but the pops are shy. They know what it is to make a bargain with the dems, and care not to renew the experience of two years ago. The populists of Rock Springs are opposed to having anything to do with the democrats, preferring to go down to defeat alone, rather than elect one man with the aid of a party, whose promises are more brittle than a straw dried by a summer's sun.

The *Boomerang* says the political contest in Wyoming this fall, on the part of the democrats, is for the supremacy of the people, a resistance to dangerous encroachments of wealth, and we say it never spoke more truthfully. The democrats have demonstrated in a clear manner that they will not permit the introduction of wealth and prosperity not only in this state, but in the United States. The *Boomerang* is correct, and the voters understand that as long as the democrats are in power there will be poverty, nothing but poverty.—*Republican*.

Don't get uneasy. The *DAILY MINER* will make its appearance in due time. There are many things to be placed in shape before such an enterprise as a daily journal can be started, and we do not propose to begin until regularly in every branch is assured. The *MINER* has never caused disappointment, and we do not believe it ever will. With the aid and co-operation of the residents of Rock Springs we can publish a daily paper here, which will not take second place to any in the state. We say, with your aid and co-operation, because with your patronage no newspaper can live. Many croakers have been encountered but enthusiasts outnumber the drone, and depending upon their promises and good judgment, the *DAILY MINER* will be a sure go.