

have been denounced by opponents and have been called by the oldest chestnut cranks. Their talk is plain and simple, after the order of the Saviors, viz: "I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance." You never saw or heard of the Salvation man going into any church fishing in other people's water to catch their fish.

What about the dress and garb of the cardinal, the Bishop or priest, the surplice of the Episcopalian or the frock coat and white tie of the Wesleyan? Look at the women; what about the Catholic, the Quakeress, the Primitive Methodist or Ranter, the Shaker, the Bunker or the Salvation lassie?

Now the parties so annoyed by these people may accuse the writer of being a Salvation Army member. He never could be more mistaken in his life. I never was and never expect to be, but I will say this: I have kept an eye on General Booth and his wife since they first visited the slums of East London, not quite twenty-five years since, and today that organization has eight thousand officers in thirty-six countries of this globe. They are a modern wonder.

I, in common with others in this city and Territory, have had to pass through phases similar to these people. I have, in the streets of cities, towns and villages, been mocked, hissed and scoffed at and pelted with eggs, rotten apples, filth and stones. I never enjoyed it, but my religious zeal fired me on. For goodness sake, and for the sake of religious freedom in the evening of the nineteenth century, never let it be said that these people, in any part of the United States of America, are arrested and imprisoned on such silly charges.

What the world needs today is less so-called religion and more Christianity; less form and pomp and more truth and simplicity; less coercion and more charity; less Shylockism and more benevolence. This is a good world, but can be made a better one. There is room enough for us all. Don't crowd each other. Life is short.

Thanking you for this space, I remain, sincerely yours, UNCLE.
SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 25th, 1890.

EXPLOSION IN A CAR.

The westbound R. G. W. passenger train was late February 25, and as several persons appeared at the depot at 7:50 a.m. to make the trip to Ogden, the company arranged for a special which was made up in about half an hour. It consisted of the locomotive, a baggage car and one new passenger coach—all broad gauge. The car has been run but once or twice before. It was provided with a steam heater which took up about 2x3 feet of space, and was about five feet high. This apparatus is usually sufficient to make the cars comfortably warm, but the weather being very cold, several of the passengers took their seats close to the heater.

As soon as all was ready, the train pulled out for the city on the Weber, but it had gone scarcely a

hundred yards when those who were watching it saw a cloud of steam rise from the end of the passenger car, and pieces of the coach flying in every direction. Immediately there was a dull, heavy report, and it was evident that an explosion of some nature had occurred. The train stopped, and as the bystanders hurried up, the passengers clambered out of the car.

One of the first to get out was Mr. S. Hardey, of New York. He was closely followed by about ten others, one aged lady being among the number. Mr. Hardey was injured somewhat, but had a clear conception of what had occurred. He stated that he was sitting two seats from the heater, there being one man a seat nearer, when the explosion took place, and he was enveloped in smoke and cinders, which were still clinging to his face and clothes. A piece of the flying materials struck him on the back of the head, tearing a hole through his hat, and raising a lump on his cranium. A hard piece of something hit him on his left hip, causing him to limp. Other pieces tore holes through his overcoat, but he escaped with about a dozen scratches on his head and face from which the blood oozed.

Another commercial man received some injuries. He had two cuts on the back of the head, his clothing was punctured in several places, and he was badly shaken up. The third person injured was a gentleman about 50 years of age, who had a gush across his forehead, a cut on his chin, and some minor bruises.

When the explosion happened the top of the heater tore a large hole through the roof of the car, broke all of the glass, scattered pieces of wood, iron and coals in every direction, and filled the car with steam, creating quite a panic. When quiet was regained the train was run back to the station, and surgeons sent for to attend the wounded. Another car was put on the train and the rest of the passengers continued their trip.

The loss to the railway company will be not less than \$1000. The cause of the accident was ice in the boiler of the heater. Water had been left in, and the frosty night had converted it into a solid. Then a fire was started, and as the steam generated in the bottom of the boiler could not escape, the explosion followed. This incident should serve as a warning to railway men that even "safety" steam heaters, when not properly attended to, may become very unsafe. Had the accident happened two minutes earlier, or the passengers who had been standing around the heater remained that much longer, the probability is that some one would have been killed.

Robert Browning is likely to be the last of the English men of letters (save Tennyson) who will find a grave in Westminster abbey. The interment of any more bodies there is opposed on sanitary grounds.

NEPHI'S LATEST.

The capital of Juab County makes quite a stir in business circles, and the energy of its citizens is felt among its neighbors. It has roller mills, gypsum works, salt works, marble quarries, mines, an electric light company, a well conducted newspaper, and a hundred other features within its reach to give it influence. In some of these it has an advantage over other cities in the Territory in being the exclusive possessor, but in order to vary the monotony of "boom praises," a new feature is introduced. It is given in the *Nephi Ensign* as follows:

For some time past Mr. Cleon Jackson of this city has been prospecting in the hills northeast of town. Last Monday, while prospecting in Quakingasp Canyon, about three miles from Nephi, he came upon some gold bearing quartz, and commenced an investigation. He removed a few pieces of the rock from the foot of the ledge and found them to be, as he says, "pretty good." He commented then to investigate further, when he found there was a hole large enough for a man to work in, in fact every semblance of a mine having been worked there. Looking into this hole he found a brass kettle that had been used at some time, it being blackened with soot. He removed the kettle, when he came upon an ax. This also he removed. Proceeding further, he found a buffalo robe, all sewn up. Anxious to find out what was in it, he ripped it open, when to his surprise he found the skeleton of what proved to be an Indian. The robe was much decayed, and showed evidences of having been lying at this place for twenty or thirty years. Among the bones were a number of beads, buckskin sacks, one of which contained the pipe of the old warrior, whittled out of clay.

After he got through with this portion of his discovery, he returned to the hole, which now proved to be a grave, and resumed his explorations.

The next thing he got hold of was a couple of old Indian saddles, which had undoubtedly been the property of the chief and had been deposited with his remains. He then hauled out another old bucket, and another buffalo robe. He knew directly he got hold of this last article that it was another skeleton, and so it proved to be. He noticed that there was a difference between both remains, and concludes that one of the bodies must have been the squaw of the redskin. As he found six brass bracelets on each of this last skeleton, he is of opinion that it must have been a chief. Other portions were also decorated and ornamented, and the buckskin worn during his life was still there. An empty powder horn was also in this robe, as also a chunk of red paint. Attached to one of the buckskin leggings of the chief was a very small sleigh bell.

Another ax was found under this last bundle, but the handle had been broken off.

Going down a little further Mr.