

two of the older boys were at work, so that fortune seemed to smile upon them.

Mrs. Flannigan was somewhat crippled, an injury to one limb some years ago requiring that she wear a high-rolled shoe on one foot. In Scotland the open fireplace is common and on one of these she had a large kettle of boiling water, on the 8th of June. The unfortunate woman was attending to her housework on the date named, and went to take this kettle off the fire. In some way she tripped and fell backward, the contents of the kettle pouring out upon her neck, breast and body. She struggled, but it was some time before she could release herself from her terrible situation, and then not until fatal injuries had been inflicted. Assistance was summoned at once but the medical attendance was of no avail. Her sufferings were intense, and on the 16th, eight days after the scalding, she died.

The mother of Mrs. Service and Mrs. Flannigan lives with the former in this city, but is so ill that it has not been deemed advisable yet to acquaint her with the awful fate of her daughter. Mrs. Service and family are plunged into deep grief over the lamentable occurrence.

NOTES.

A. Zeller, a young man who registered in Cheyenne, Wyo., Friday, from Salt Lake, committed suicide on Sunday morning. Zeller is not known to have any relatives in Salt Lake.

Mrs. Jane E. Wood of Boise, Idaho, wants a divorce from her husband, John Wood. She says he has earned \$200 a month for the past ten years, but refuses to support her; that he gets drunk and makes life decidedly miserable for her; that when she does not give him his way he calls her bad names, and is otherwise cruel; and she asks the court to give her a divorce and \$5,000 of the property now in Wood's name. About six months ago Wood's intemperate habits and late staying-out-all-nights caused Mrs. Wood to lock the door against him, causing him to camp out. Then Wood went to a newspaper and published the following: "Notice—To all whom it may concern: Notice is hereby given that I will not be responsible for, or pay any bills contracted by my wife, Jane E. Wood, after this date, John Wood." Mrs. Wood no sooner saw it than she had this notice printed:

"Notice to All.—John Wood never paid any of my bills for my clothes or anything else in the 19 years I have been married to him, with the exception of the bill I got at Mr. Connor's and I believe \$12 worth of groceries I got at Mr. Regan's. He is now walking around town with a suit of clothes on that I paid \$15 for at Tacoma last August, out of my rent money. Jane E. Wood." This settled the business, and Mrs. Wood wouldn't let John come to the house at all, and has kept him at bay for the past six months; he now looks as though a permanent separation will result, as Mrs. Wood's patience with an intemperate husband has resolved itself into a determination to get rid of him.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Written for this Paper.

OBSERVATIONS OF A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

DOUGLAS, Isle of Man. May, 1896 — Well, here I am, on the renowned Monas Isle, or, Isle of Man. Douglas is one of the most beautiful little cities (20,000 inhabitants) in the world. First, however, I must finish my letter of Liverpool. Wednesday, after landing, and having our baggage inspected and transferred, we walked from the landing stage to the Latter day Saints' office, at 42 Islington, a distance of about one mile, through the heart of Liverpool. Since leaving home I have visited a great number of cities, but of all, Liverpool is the most peculiar. The first thing that engaged my attention was the precise work of the government officers. They are all large, fine-looking fellows, in full uniform. They are very polite and accommodating. The railroad depots cannot be compared to many of those in America. The streets are narrow, very irregular, but kept fairly clean. The pavement is mostly granite blocks; and the side-walks of flagging and cement. All the buildings appear old and low, the average height being three stories. The finest marble buildings are covered with smoke stains until they are nearly black.

The evidences of poverty to be seen on the streets is terrible. It is very common to pass a girl with only enough rags to cover her body; with bare feet, head and arms, and altogether very dirty. It is horrible. One can walk only a short distance without seeing drunken women. But the children are in the most pitiable condition. They are very numerous and scantily clad, and covered with so much dirt that they hardly appear to be human beings.

I admire the beautiful horses which are all large, and apparently well kept. I have not seen a poor horse yet; they seem to fare better than many of the people. The street cars are peculiar—all drawn by horses (except on one elevated electric road.) The roof seats are filled first, before people will enter the interior of the car, and the upper position is really a fine place from which to view the city. There are no overhead wires in Liverpool. The cars are quite small and move along very slowly; the general charge is a penny (2 cents) a mile. I have not seen as many bicycles as I expected. They are much heavier and more substantial than the American wheels. But few ladies ride. All the wagons I have seen are great clumsy conveyances, but are, of course, remarkably substantial.

In the evening we all went up to the chapel to hold regular Wednesday evening meeting. The hall would not accommodate over fifty persons. There were only about twenty-five present—no one except President Lund, the office hands, and the twenty missionaries. After the opening I was the first one President Lund called upon to speak. I occupied the time for about ten minutes, bore testimony and expressed my willingness to follow counsel, and my desire to fill an honorable mission. While I was speaking we were interrupted by a gang of hoodlums, throwing rocks,

yelling, and banging at the door. We were disturbed many times during the evening. Eighteen of the missionaries spoke, nearly all bearing a strong testimony, and we had a good time together, closing a little after 10 o'clock.

George Graehl and George Christensen left for London this afternoon and several left for their fields of labor. This morning we held meeting in the office and President Lund gave us excellent instructions. After dinner I boarded the Monas Isle steamer for Douglas, the capital of the Isle of Man. We were four hours and ten minutes on the Irish sea. We arrived at the beautiful city of Douglas at 6:10 p. m., eighty miles from Liverpool, and I shall never forget the beauty of the bay and the exquisite grandeur of the landing in front of the famous lock parade, one of the finest the world affords. The island is thirty miles long, and its average width is ten miles. It contains 209 square miles or 140,000 acres. Running almost the entire length of the island, north and south, is a chain of rugged mountains whose peaks rise 2,500 feet above the sea. The pretty isle was known to Caesar as Mona, and today is called the Isle of Man, Mona and Manxland. The arms of the Isle of Man are represented by three legs, arranged in a triangle, meaning, "Whatever way you throw it, it will stand." The climate is wonderful. The average yearly temperature is higher than in any other country as far north. Snow seldom falls, and flowers may be seen in the open air in winter. The summers are cool. This wonderful climate is due to the gulf stream. The days are unusually long. The sun sets late and the twilight is delightful. I read a newspaper out of doors until after 10 o'clock at night, and there was no moon. It is midnight before it is too dark to walk the streets, and it is but two hours until dawn breaks.

The streets and magnificent promenades are crowded with young people, including the most beautiful specimens of the fair sex I have seen since leaving home. Of course I am speaking of Douglas, the capital of the isle. The Douglas Bay, around which the city (20,000 inhabitants) is built, is in the shape of the moon, when that orb is about three days old. It is two miles across from the two bare, rugged, rocky points of the land, and indents the coast about one mile, making it almost semi-circular in shape. During high tide, the wall rises twenty feet to the level of the magnificent promenade. The Lock promenade is a boulevard, about three hundred feet wide and one mile long; running in the form of the bay. The sea is on the east side and a row of four-story buildings on the other. This row of structures is nearly a mile long and consists of the most elegant hotels, palaces, castles and mansions of Douglas. They are all of the same style of architecture. It presents one of the grandest spectacles of the kind I ever saw. Between the street and the sidewalk are many rows of benches, and several fine bands are nearly always playing. This is where I spent my first evening.

The Isle of Man has a local government of her own. The Isle is divided into districts, each district chooses by