

mile above sea level, hemmed in by snow-covered mountains, which rise thousands of feet above the valley, and look in any direction, I look about as I write, and the snow-capped summits of the mountain ranges are seen gleaming in the sun that shines out of a perfect sky, and sends the mercury into the eighties where I am standing. But it is not my purpose to devote this letter to Salt Lake, however interesting that might be, circumstances have set me thinking. I have been riding for twenty-four hours through mountain gorges, past snow-covered mountain ranges and across vast deserts to reach this place where Brigham Young brought his followers 48 years ago while this country was a Mexican possession, and after engineering genius has made the world to wonder in building roads over these insurmountable obstacles, and steam power and palace car companies have provided the very best and swiftest means of travel, we complain of the difficulties and discomforts of the journey. I am thinking of the indomitable purpose and deathless energy and zeal of these "latter day saints," in coming when they did and in doing what they have done in the heart of the wilderness. It surely has a lesson for us Endeavorers. With such singleness and persistence of purpose as these people have displayed in what we all believe to be a delusion and fanaticism, what could not the millions of Endeavorers do for "Christ and the church" in half a century? We could carry the gospel to every square foot of God's footstool and erect temples of worship to the one living and true God in every village and hamlet in civilized countries, and have myriads of heathen rejoicing in the true prophet, even Jesus of Nazareth. Heaven bless us all to zealous efforts.

J. T. McCORRY.

### IN THE SANPETE VALLEY.

MANTI, Utah, July 11, 1896.

The Sanpete Valley Railway company are broadening their track to the standard gauge. The work will be completed as far as this town, today, Saturday. This change will facilitate travel and freight traffic. Heretofore a transfer had to be made at Nephi.

The Cox family of this place are holding a reunion. They spent yesterday at Funk's lake, about two hundred and fifty strong, mostly direct descendants of the late F. W. and Orvil Cox, who came to Manti at an early day in its history; Amos Cox, a brother of F. W. and Orvil, was present. He was a member of the Mormon Battalion, and will be remembered as the one who was gored by a wild bull in the historical bull fight when the animals attacked the Battalion while en route to California. Amos has lately arrived in the State from Iowa. The family will spend three days together. The young bloods of the tribe are preparing a play Hickory Farm, which they will present to the public Friday evening at Green's hall. The family are getting quite numerous in the State and this being the first gathering of the kind, it has given the relatives an opportunity of becoming acquainted with many they had not met before. The family are highly respected in the community and enjoy the

confidence of all with whom they come in contact.

A cloudburst above Mount Pleasant on the 6th caused considerable damage to the town and fields adjacent. That burg seems to be unfortunate being in the path of disastrous floods of late.

There will be no fruit in Sanpete county this fall or at least very little, on account of the late frost, a most serious loss to the people.

The wool industry has received a serious blow and many in this part of the State are anxious to go out of the business. Wool is only bringing about 5½ cents per pound and growers say it cannot be produced for anything like those figures.

The Central Wool company, doing business here, has handled about two million pounds of wool this season, and more is coming in daily.

Merchants report business pretty fair although there is a dearth of money.

Crops, both grain and hay, are very good and the yield will be heavy.

Several deaths have occurred of late. Three little children have been buried the last few days.

Ole Westencou died last week from the effects of jerking cold water after being heated up by overwork, cutting ties in the mountains. His death was very sudden.

J. P. Christensen who has been engaged in the sheep industry failed here last week. His herd and wool has been attached to satisfy creditors. The stock-growers will doubtless fail short as the flock is very much reduced in numbers.

There is considerable work being done in the lumber and tie trade supplying the local railroads.

A large number of muttons will be shipped from this point in a few days to the eastern market.

### AN OMAHA DISASTER.

OMAHA, Neb., July 12.—Omaha is a city of mourning today. The bright Sabbath morning brought the full realization of the greatest catastrophe that ever wreaked death and desolation in the hearts and firesides of its people. No part of the city was spared. There are broken homes and bleeding hearts everywhere and sorrow reigns supreme. Never before has fate, with one awful stroke, made so many mourners here. Never did a day of pleasure end with more awful disaster. Twenty-eight people were killed and fifty-one injured, many of whom will die. Twenty-four dead are identified and the remains of others are so badly mutilated that identification is hardly possible, all semblance of humanity being crushed out of the corpses.

It was not until after the morning papers were out that the first authentic information was generally known. Then it spread with wonderful rapidity. The early riser in the residence district glanced at his morning paper and for the first time realized the calamity. Those who had no friends on the ill-fated train were almost equally concerned, and long before the motor trains started hundreds of men and women walked down town to learn something more of the terrible catastrophe. These were added to the thousands to whom the story brought the fear or certainty of a personal bereavement. The depot was the center

toward which they all turned, and when the morning trains brought their sad burden of dead and dying the depot approaches were thickly massed with people, who talked in whispers and shuddered as they thought of the bereaved one to whom they could only offer silent sympathy. Very little was said by those who gathered to witness the next act in the great tragedy. The horror of the calamity was too new to find expression in words.

But one sentiment was everywhere voiced. It was burning indignation at the action of the railroad company in refusing satisfaction to the thousands of men and women who had waited all through the long night to hear some news of their loved ones. Only those who had seen the pathetic scenes that marked the night could fully realize the brutality that had dictated such a policy. The spectacle of fainting women and strong men in tears, while the railroad officials only hardened their hearts and grimly stated that they were not giving out information, inspired a degree of indignation that will not die out for years to come.

It took much time to prepare the injured for their journey to this city. It was necessary to transport them to a considerable distance after the wounds were dressed. Owing to the number, it took still more time for the physicians, even though they worked as hard and as fast as they could, to adjust the bandages and to tenderly dress the ghastly wounds that caused men and women and children to scream in the loudest tone in their supreme agony. Thus it was that hours elapsed after the departure of the first section of the return train, which carried the unhurt, before the second section was started. The latter carried all the wounded whose hurts were of any magnitude. It had also on board such friends of the injured as would not be torn away from or forced to leave the sides of their suffering loved ones.

The section consisted of two coaches, a baggage car and Pullman. They were crowded to an uncomfortable degree in order to hold the great number that boarded it. The baggage car was reserved for those who required cots and stretchers for the journey; the other was for those who were able to sit up and were less injured.

The interior of the baggage car presented the most pathetic sight. Here were ranged end to end the cots which bore the most seriously injured. They filled the car to the fullest capacity. Room was hardly allowed for the physicians to pass from one little bed to another in their efforts to alleviate the pains of the sufferers as much as their mortal powers would allow. Groans and screams filled the car from one end to the other.

OMAHA, Neb., July 12.—A special to the Bee from Logan, Ia., says: William Shaffer, agent of the Northwestern at Logan, saw the excursion train pulling up. He supposed at first that the movement was for the purpose of unburying any tardy members of the party and that the train would stop before it left the siding and wait for the passing of No. 38.

He was horrified to notice that, instead of slackening up at the switch end, the train was rapidly taking on more