

be full of pathetic appeal. The father is dead, and on Kate, the eldest of four, and herself not yet 25, has fallen the house burden.

From a strictly picturesque and romantic point of view the story of Miss Shelly's deed of daring is one of vivid strokes and daring color. Kate Shelly was then 15 years old, the daughter of a man already dead, who had settled on a piece of land afterward cut across by the Chicago and Northwestern railroad. The land was hilly and so unfit for cultivation that Mr. Shelly abandoned farming and became a workman on the roadbed of the new railroad. Exposure brought on consumption and he died.

From the time of her father's death the story of this child's plucky fight with life is one crowned with dignity. The tiny house in which the Shelly family lived in 1881 stood just at the eastern foot of a long and high semicircular hill, opening sufficiently on the opposite sides for the passage of the railroad. Through these two openings also flowed Honey creek, twice within this circle spanned by the railroad with bridges, while to the southwest flowed the serene Des Moines, bridged by an immense 500 foot trestle.

About 6 o'clock on the evening of July 6th one of the most terrible rain storms ever known in Iowa burst upon Boone county. It changed the little creek into a leaping flood that soon burst its bounds and swept out upon the valley.

The position of the tiny house upon the hill gave Kate a chance to watch the havoc all about her and to fully comprehend what followed.

In the midst of the yelling of the wind and the cannonade of thunder, the ringing of an engine bell fell on Kate's ear. It was an engine which had been sent out from Boone to "feel along" the bridges and see if the twenty or more along this short line were safe for trains to cross. A moment later the engine crept out upon the bridge. There was a crash of breaking timbers, the thud of an engine's plunge and the wild hissing of the water upon the hot boiler.

Kate knew what it meant, and she flew out into the storm. The pleading of mother and sisters fell on heroic ears.

"Men are perishing. Father was a railroad man. Help must be given."

She flew to the spot nearest to where the engine had plunged into the water. She found two men dead and two men uninjured, but so stranded on the driftwood as to be out of her reach.

Then she remembered the express. All about her were the roaring waters, tearing up great trees by the roots. The hideous wind yelled at the daring of the inspired child and seemed to dare her to proceed. She crept along in the darkness, her only guide the livid flash that sprang upon her from moment to moment, and at last reached the trestle.

To cross this single-tracked bridge in the daytime required the steadiest of nerves. How could she cross it in this fearful darkness, with a light that came only to blind her? What

was there for her but death if the train came before she had crossed the horrid chasm?

Down on her knees the brave girl went. It was her duty, for death would pay the penalty of her cowardice, and she could not be a coward if she would.

Down on her knees she falls and begins her dreadful task, her ears strained to hear in the noise of the tempest the whistle and roar of the flying train. Midway across the bridge a huge tree tears down the flood and adds a new peril. A moment yet and its branches part and only touch her skirt with a gentle switch as it sweeps under the bridge.

At last she reaches the end of the bridge, hands and knees torn and bleeding, and every muscle and nerve so quivering that her limbs refuse to hold her. She almost faints as she tries to stand erect, and she fears she cannot reach the station after all. Once more her splendid courage avails her. She gathers strength, tears her clinging skirt from about her knees and leaps on faster and faster until the station at Moingona is reached. She screams her message to the astonished operator. She sees his hand fall upon the key. She hears him say the train is saved, and then she is once more the woman and no longer the heroine—for she faints where she stands.

For three months the fight for life went on in the body of this brave girl. Then she came out once more the victor, and was able to sit at her window and see the hills glowing with autumn colors and a new safe bridge across the creek that is once more a placid little stream.

Now as to the recognition made of this brave deed.

"Many suppose," says the *Des Moines News* in a recent article intended to shame the people of the State into doing "something," that the railroad whose property and reputation was thus saved did just what the general verdict says they should have done—that is, given this brave girl at least \$5000 and a life pass upon the road. One hundred dollars, however, was the extent of this great corporation's beneficence, and even this was not offered till the public tongue began to wag most furiously against it, and till the heroic creature had fought death for three months in a sickness dating from the afternoon of the Sunday following the terrible experience.

"The cost of medical attendance could not be covered by this paltry sum. As to the pass on the road, it is never obtained without the humiliation of asking at headquarters for it, and many times the fare is paid rather than submit to pose as a beggar before this corporation, in the service of which she freely offered her life. Many say, 'Why, they educated her, didn't they?' Well, we should think not. The W. C. T. U., at the suggestion of Miss Frances Willard, bore her expenses for two years at Simpson College, Indianola, but it was far from the thought of the railroad company."—*Cor. New York World.*

JUAB STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Juab Stake of Zion convened at Nephi, July 19 and 20. There were present on the stand President George Q. Cannon, President John Morgan of the Seventies, the Stake Presidency, and President A. O. Smoot of Utah Stake.

The first meeting commenced with singing and prayer, after which President Wm. Paxman addressed the conference. He spoke of the blessings that are in store for those who keep the faith until the end.

President A. O. Smoot of Utah Stake, was the next speaker. He spoke of the humble manner in which the Savior made his first advent, and of the glorious manner in which He would come again.

President Cannon desired to hear from some of the presiding officers of the Stake, and President Sperry of Nephi and Elder Curtis of Levan each spoke briefly.

President Cannon then delivered a discourse in which he spoke of the watchcare of the Almighty over His work.

In the afternoon the Bishops reported their wards, in the main favorably, after which President John Morgan addressed the conference. He spoke of the warfare involved in the effort to live such a life as the Gospel prescribes. He also spoke of the condemnation of those who receive the ordinances of the Gospel and afterwards turn from the truth.

President Cannon spoke again, treating upon the strength imparted to the Church by the members thereof receiving, in their individual capacity, a testimony of the truth of the Gospel.

In the evening a general Priesthood meeting was held, at which President Cannon spoke of the duties of the Priesthood.

On the recommendations of their Bishops seventeen young men were ordained Seventies, under the hands of Presidents Cannon and Morgan.

H. F. McCune, C. E. Neilson and N. P. Rasmussen were sustained as members of the High Council in the places made vacant by the resignation of George Kendall, John Vickers and John D. Chase, the latter having moved away.

Sunday morning was devoted to the Sabbath School. At 2 p. m. the general authorities of the Church and Stake were presented and sustained.

The remainder of the afternoon was occupied by Presidents Morgan and Cannon, who dwelt upon the duties and privileges of the Saints. Their words were accompanied by the power of God to such an extent that the hour for dismissal came long before the people desired it.

In the evening they spoke again in the same spirited manner to a large congregation. It was indeed a day of feasting and one to be long remembered by the Saints of the Stake.

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