CRUSHED TO DEATH.

R. J. Hemmell Killed in a Coal Mine at Winter Quarters.

News comes from Scheffield, Utah, of the accidental death at the Pleasant Valley Coal company's mine at Winter Quarters yesterday. It appears that the deceased was engaged on a column of coal. In order to light a shot he was compelled to use a ladder. In carrying the ladder away after having used it, the explosion occurred, and he was covered completely and terribly crushed by a heavy fall of coal. He was removed from his perilous position but died a few hours afterward. The deceased arrived in this country from Belgium, his native land, about one month ago. A wife and four children are left to mourn his tragic death.

Bear Lake Stake.

The quarterly conference of the this Stake convened Nov. 5th and 6th.

In addition to the Stake Presidency and other local authorities, we had, as missionaries, Elder James Hardy of Provo and Elder James W. Paxman of Nephi, whose labors are devoted to our Sunday School interests.

The Bishops' reports indicated a healthy condition of the Stake, physically and spiritually.

Remarks were made by President Budge, Elders L. Ricks, A. Beck, Wm. Hymas and J. A. Shoch. Elders James Hardy and James W. Paxman delivered powerful and impressive discourses on the Sabbath School and its interests.

Elders Peter Buck and Peter McKinnon were chosen by the unanimous vote of the conference as missionaries in the interest of the Y. M. M. I. A.

T. Minson,
Stake Clerk.

Probate Court.

There was a short session of the Probate court this morning.

In the matter of the estate of Jane E. Jack, deceased, the hearing on petition for private distribution came on. Partial distribution made as prayed on the devisees filing a bond for $1000.

Estate of Mary Pate, deceased. Hearing on final account and petition for distribution. Order made allowing account and distribution as prayed.

Estate of David Vaughan, deceased. December 1st was fixed as the date for hearing petition for letters of administration.

Estate of William Matthews, Sons, deceased. Bond of Richard Matthews in the sum of $200, as administrator, approved. Order made appointing appraisers.

Venice.

[Exponent's.]

If one enters Venice by night when the moon is making a path of silver down the Grand Canal, flooding with light the palaces whose dazzling reflections in the water render it hard to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, piercing the dim mazes of the side-canals, lifting the Rialto into heights of ethereal splendor, and transforming into fairy-like structures even the little bridges, one has, of course, seen the sea-city in a way that fills and enchants. Black gondolas with a lamp at their prow steal silently out of the shadows, draw up at marble stairs for a single figure to alight, then pass again into shadow. What silence, what mystery, what beauty! Even on a night without a moon, Venice is full of charm. The familiar domes, turrets, bell-towers are etched against the dark blue star-spangled sky; the lights on the Piazzetta twinkle magically; from the Piazza comes a strain played by horns and clarionets, breathing the human passion and feeling of the moving crowds going up and down the square and the gleaps sailing into St Marie's; the boats hang up their blue and crimson cresets flickering in long lines across the bay; the men-of-war in the harbor send up signal rockets which seem to run along the rigging as they gem the night with violet, gold, white and, scarlet; the evening gun sounds from the training-ship and around us blows the wind from the Adriatic which the fishermen say is the "sea calling."

But, in spite of the subtle beauty of these impressions, one really sees Venice only when one sees her color. Yet perhaps on coming down the Grand Canal at mid-day, she's consciousness is not so absolutely of lifeless color as of transitoriness. All the surface seem to give out vibrations of light. The water, the palaces, the sky, the farthest reaches of the lagoons, are all opalescent.

But fairest to me was Venice one afternoon towards sunset, when I was returning in a gondola from the Lido. Midway in crossing the bay Achille stopped his oar, and for a time we floated with a feeling of being suspended between the gently heaving sea of glass and the far-off sky, each suffused with soft rose-color. In front of us was Venice, the iridescent domes and minarets of St. Marks seeming to be drawn up into the amber and crimson of the sunset, the lovely outlines intensified and etherealized. Dark and rapture the Campanile reared its solemn height above the aerial mosque, and all the many turrets and spires and towers of the city that took shape against the mellow blendings of the west. Then at our left across the sea of rose and pearl rose the Euganean hills, their pyramids, towers and domes standing out in clear relief above the shining water-line against the gem-like blue of the sky.

How Sponges are Gathered.

[Scribner's.]

Arrived at what he fancies may prove a profitable ground, the captain of a sponging schooner sends out a boat to investigate, meanwhile standing off and on until a discovery is reported. Then all hands, save only the cook, or if she is a large vessel, the captain and cook, tumble into small boats and the fishing—if fishing it can be called—is begun.

The vessel has towed astern just half as many boats as she has men in her crew, and now two men are assigned to each boat. One of them stands well aft and sculls with a long oar, while the other bends low over one of the gunwales to a most constrained position, and with his head hurled in a water-glass eagerly scans the bottom as he is moved slowly over it. The water-glass is simply a wooden bucket, having a glass bottom, that is held an inch or so below the ruffled surface, and in these clear waters plainly reveals all submerged objects to a depth of forty or fifty feet. As a further aid in overcoming ripples or moderate waves, each small boat is provided with a bottle of oil so hung over the bow as to slowly drip its contents into the water.

Through his magic glass the observer sees darting fish, richly tinted sea-fans and feathers, branching coral, gorgeous anemones, brittles sea-porcupines, and the myriad other curious tenants of these tropic waters. While seeing this he makes no sign, until a small dark object that, to the untrained eye, differs in no respect from the juggernauts surrounding it, comes within his range of vision. Then, without removing his glass, he reaches for the longhandled sponghook or rake lying behind him, and using it with one hand, quickly tears from the bottom a black, slimy mass, that he unceremoniously pronounces to be a sponge, wool or grass sponge of the first quality.

One September Anniversary.

In this remarkable year of anniversaries gray heads will remember that it was just thirty years ago Sept. 22 that President Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation declaring that on Jan. 1, 1863, all persons held as slaves in any state or part of a state in rebellion against the United States should be "then, thenceforward and forever free."

One must go back to the history of that time to understand the awful pressure brought to bear on Lincoln before that proclamation was given out. For months the abolitionists had been dinging it into his ears that the war would never end victoriously for the Union army till slavery was destroyed. On the other side all the eloquence of the loyal border states was brought to bear on him to show him that if he issued this proclamation the Union was dead forever, as the border states would instantly go with the seceding ones. It was during his months of doubt and anxiety over the question that he wrote the letter to Horace Greeley in which occurs the immortal words, "I shall try to correct errors when shown to be errors, and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views."

Delegations of preachers, north and south, called on him, each sorrowfully certain that he knew exactly what was right. One can detect the quiet humor which lurked in the martyr president's reply to one such delegation. "I am approached by the most opposite opinions and advice, and by religious men who are certain they represent the divine will. I hope it will not be irreverent in me to say that if it be probable that God would reveal his will to others on a point so connected with my duty it might be supposed he would reveal it directly to me."

At last, however, all doubts in his mind were at rest, and he issued the proclamation, the first draft of which he had made as early as July. It was the occasion of infinite rejoicing among the negroes who understood its purport. Today the best thing their descendants can do is to let politics alone and go to making money. Lincoln had hopes of them which have not been fulfilled, or he would not have said of the emancipation proclamation, "If my name ever goes into history it will be for this act, and my whole soul is in it."

For Women at the World's Fair.

Among the other excellent measures instituted by Mrs. Palmer and her board of managers is one that proves women visitors to the World's fair are not going to get left, no matter who else may be. For ladies of moderate means a set of dormitories will be erected near the fair grounds capable of housing 5,000 women at once. The buildings will be comfortable and clean, and matrons of the highest character will preside over them. The clerk, teacher, factory girl, typewriter or any other respectable woman can be sure of a lodging place at small cost while she is at the fair.

A stock company has been formed, with shares at ten dollars. Any woman who can spare ten dollars, or any two or three women, can purchase a share. The certificate of stock will enable the shareholder to remain twenty-five days at the fair and insure her a lodging in the dormitory. Two ladies may go at the same time on one certificate, though not more than two. The unused time when one holder leaves can be taken up and filled by another visitor until the whole twenty-five days have expired. If there is any profit after the fair is over it will be divided among shareholders. The certificate does not entitle the holder to food, simply to lodging. Mrs. Helen M. Barker, of the Rand-McNally building, is the official who has the Dormitory association in charge.

An English electrical engineer, Professor Blyth, has been experimenting extensively to see whether windmills could not be made to furnish the mechanical power necessary to generate electricity. He finds that it can be done with tolerable certainty of dependence. He adopted the American type of windmill with sheet iron arms and sails, because canvas sails are torn to shreds in a gale. Here seems a fine field for American invention to enter.

OFF THE BATTERY.

Tugs and Ferryboats in a Tangle, and a Girl in Red Was Killed Even.

A few minutes before even the other day a tow of twenty-one loaded coal barges swung briskly around the Battery from the East river. The column was formed of four fore and two aftermost and was headed by two big tugs. On one of the coalboats a girl in a vivid red cotton dress and with bare legs swung in a hammock and chewed gum.

There was a strong ebb tide, so when the big tugs with their unusually long tow lines had cuffed up the East river almost to the foot of Wall street and had slowed up the twenty-two coalboats headed back like balls at the end of rubber cords, lifting the tow lines dragging from the water.

The line of boats wrapped itself snugly across the openings of five ferry slips. Five ferryboats wanted to get out and could not. Five ferryboats—the Bay Ridge, Staten Island, South Brooklyn, Hamilton avenue and Atlantic street—wanted to get out and could not. They all whistled furiously and the passengers crowded to the office of the boats to see what was the matter.

Thousands of people on the ferryboats and docks and ferryboats were men and girl in the foremost, but also young and elderly women generally.

The river became dotted with tugboats which wanted to get in other slips, or much foot puffed on slowly to see the row. The biggest of the big tugs at the head of the row whistled for assistance, and six tugs glided up alongside of the coalboats and moved fast. They no longer seemed to know just what was wanted and a deafening lot of whistle signals were sounded.

The captains of the ten ferryboats began making impolite remarks to the captains of the eight tugs. The deckhands on the ferryboats became people in the face with supposed amiable intent. The deckhands of the coalboats directed the screaming whistles with strange oaths such as one used to exhort cowpaik mules, and thousands of delayed passengers were hurled to cramp their perspiration, but that here begged girl swung on.

The whistles became hoarse with rage, who gave advice. Policemen appeared. Other ferryboats, bobbing tenders, barges, transports and scows began coming. They all whistled. The delayed passengers lost their sympathy; the captains vowed to swear for the rest of breath; the deckhands hooted heavily, and when everybody was on the verge of dissolution the coalboats were pushed up against the wharves where they belonged.

The girl in the red calico gown swung peacefully and chewed her gum in placid meditation.—New York Sun.

Theatrical Note.

A man with a red nose applied to the theatrical manager for a position.

"Where were you employed last?" asked the manager.

"I was in the orchestra."

"What instrument did you blow—the trombone?"

"Naw. I blew out the brasses lamps after the performance."—Texas Siftings.

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