

be given by the Chief of the Fire Department.

The fire limits ordinance was referred back to the committee for the correction of some accidental errors.

The bill for an ordinance relating to the burning of hay, straw and rubbish in the city limits was read for a third time and passed. It provides that no rubbish of any kind shall be burned in the city except between the hours of 6 a.m. and 12 noon. The penalty for each offense is a fine not to exceed \$10.

The bill for an ordinance confirming the assessment of lots and blocks abutting on both sides of First East Street, from South Temple to First South Street, and on First South from First East to Seventh East streets, was laid over for one week.

The matter of accepting and paying for the cement pavement laid by Elias Morris, came up. After some discussion the Council adopted Pembroke's motion to accept and pay for the work, Mr. Morris to give a bond of \$1500 to insure the work for two years.

Pembroke called attention to the fact that the Salt Lake Railway Company were laying a double track on a grade made by the city, on Fifth West Street, thirty feet wide, a distance of three blocks, which would exclude vehicles from using the graded portion. He moved that the company do a like amount of grading for the city, or else lay their tracks on the sides of the street. Carried.

The following appropriations were made:

S. J. Morse.....	\$ 765 83
O. L. Stevenson.....	650 00
J. L. Sellman.....	125 00
Joseph Silver.....	120 00
T. H. Lloyd.....	1,000 00
J. F. Brien.....	290 00
A. M. Anderson.....	50 55
F. E. McGurrian.....	24 00
M. J. Mack.....	400 00
W. J. Coote.....	1,337 50
Mont & Griffin.....	1,400 00

Total.....\$5,612 88

Adjourned.

THE SANPETE FLOOD.

The following is taken from the *Ephraim Register*:

On July 16th, exactly eleven months after the disastrous flood of last year, Manti was again visited by that terrible element of destruction, a mad rush of water.

For some time before it reached town the indescribable grinding, rushing roar could be heard, and the *Register* reporter on looking out upon the streets, saw troops of frightened children and pale women with their faces turned in anxious, helpless terror toward the sound. Men on horses, variously equipped, rode to the places where last year's experience taught them their presence would be needed.

The suspense was not prolonged, for before anybody had time to think of seeking a place of safety, the first of the flood, bearing upon its angry front the spoils of the mills in the canyon, and the bridges above, came tearing down through the center of the town. The first dangerous obstruction that it met at

this stage of its passage was at Christofferson's mill ditch. The dam is thrown across the creek at this place, in order to raise the water sufficiently to fill the ditch that turns Christofferson's grist mill, situated in the centre of town. The great head of timber, forming an almost water tight barrier, was stopped by this dam, and by the weight of the water piled higher and higher, until the house of Mrs. L. L. Dalton on the east bank was surrounded, cellars filled and the building threatened; and on the east side it rose in air and plunged over the stone wall, and down the lane between Mrs. Brown's business place and the dwelling house of the unfortunate Mr. Joseph Madson, who, from some cause, had heard nothing of it until he stepped to the door. The sight was truly appalling; as the rushing mud and timbers seemed making straight for his house, he snatched up his little motherless boy and, closely followed by the nurse, who clasped the tiny infant in her arms and half led her aged mother, came directly across the street to the gate where your reporter stood, holding it wide open and bidding them enter and take refuge in the house which stood high and dry, and entirely out of the track of the flood. Madson climbed into a tree with the child in his arms, from which position he was able to realize that danger was not likely to follow his loved ones there. He came down, and resigning his children to the care of the ladies of his household, joined the ranks of the workers and did valiant service, taking many risks with the others.

Mrs. Brown's business place escaped; but her kitchen on the lower ground was directly in the track of one half of the stream, and it ran straight through, washing out all movable objects, and finally floating a huge box to and across the door, blocking its own egress and giving the water such a depth that a high cupboard was lifted from the floor and laid on its back. The cellar was filled and much damage done to everything within the room. The lady viewed the scene of destruction from your reporter's elevated premises and took the whole matter philosophically, saying: "Well, that room needed tearing down anyhow, and it will get it now, and I shan't fret about it."

Thus far I had only followed one of the little side spouts. I now sallied forth and attempted to get at the ruin in the track of the main stream. The next places, Crawford's and Dungan's, got their full share, and crossing the street over the nearly demolished bridge, the flood played sad havoc with the row of business houses and dwellings combined that front the Tabernacle Square, built on the places belonging to Bishop Jensen and Hans Christofferson. The dam and bridges referred to turned perhaps half of the torrent out of its course here, hurling it with savage fury on the neat little cottage and gardens, belonging to the wife of J. M. Sisdahl, that were so badly flooded

last year, entering and swamping in mud and filth the Bakery of Mrs. Schoguard, and the cellars and yard of the millinery shop of Mrs. A. C. Smith. A high stone wall within a few feet of the back door and running up the yard toward the residence of Christofferson, but stopping short of that gentleman's back door, alone prevented the mass of filth diluted with water from rushing straight through her elegant and well stocked business place. The flood followed the wall until it came to the end at the back door of the Christofferson home, and in spite of all efforts filled a huge cellar that was under the house, and augmented by a new branch from the main stream that came tearing down the slope from the corals, it made its way across the street, entered the public square, went tearing across its unobstructed width and hurled its ever augmented weight against the strong wall with which the square is surrounded.

President Maiben's beautiful dwelling and tasteful grounds lay directly across the street from the point where the water attacked the wall, and the gentleman was not at home. His wife was, and she proved that a woman may be a perfect lady, and at the same time, a heroine in an emergency. In the few minutes allowed before the flood undermined and beat down the wall, she planned and executed the best defense in her power to make, ere the wall fell and two rods of it was hurled into the street. The carriage mount in front of the gate and other barricades certainly saved the house from being defaced, if not completely destroyed; but the flood divided; that going to the left swept through the orchard, ruffling the lawn and flowers as it passed by, burying the garden and, again stopped by a stone wall, began backing up until, when about three feet deep, that wall also gave way, and although the flood did much damage to the garden of Mr. Martin, it entirely missed the house, running to the right and joining the main body of this half of the stream which, after visiting a number of places and leaving its mark, passed at the home of Thomas G. Bleak.

It entered the basement story, used by the family as kitchen, dining room and store house, and literally buried in one muddy grave the furniture, provisions and a great quantity of clothing belonging to this estimable family. When your reporter viewed the scene some hours later, it beggared description. The only article rescued uninjured was a flour barrel, which Arthur Henry gallantly waded in and brought out as it was floating about. The cook stove was carried 12 or 14 feet from where it stood, and smashed. The gentleman was not at home, but came in on the afternoon stage, very unexpectedly but very happily for his family.

The tasteful home of Fred Alder was mud-washed, but the damage is slight when compared with other places; from there this branch spread out and lost its deadly force, and the reporter retraced the path back to the bank corner and the