

den that it was impossible for them to save themselves. The grade at that point is quite steep and the train was heavy, consisting of twenty-nine loaded cars. Just after passing Bowman, a flag station thirty miles west of Auburn, the train suddenly parted a few cars back from the engine and the wheels of the cars thus detached were instantly locked by the automatic brake. The break occurred at the head end of the car upon which Sheldon and Lindley were standing, and the sudden checking of the train's speed threw them off. Brakeman Lindley struck a little to one side of the track and rolled down the embankment. Conductor Sheldon struck the track with terrible force, and the next moment the train struck his body, causing the first car to jump the rails and turn over. When the wrecking crew arrived on the scene Sheldon's body was found pinned down beneath the wrecked car, and when it was taken out was found to be terribly crushed and mangled. Death must have been almost instantaneous.

There were two small boys in Benton county whose hair stood on end at the sight they saw the other day, says the Corvallis Times. They were hunting in the vicinity of Sulphur Springs, on Soap creek. Their dogs treed a varmint. When the boys came up, the animal was apparently 10 feet from the ground and was glaring at the dogs. His head and body together were four feet long and he looked awfully tall to Lawrence Stovall of Corvallis and Delbert Baker of Wells, both aged 14. The Baker boy carried a rifle and the other a single-barreled shotgun. The first took a shot at the varmint and wounded him in the ham. Out of the tree he jumped, and the dogs tackled him, but he slipped them over quicker than a wink, and then made for the Stovall boy. "You bet I was scared when I saw him coming," said the boy, "but I knew the time had come when I had to shoot; so I raised my gun and lemmed away. He was then within six feet of me, with his mouth open and his eyes shining like two balls of fire." The fine birdshot took effect, and the animal halted. He had been blinded in both eyes, and he ran around aimlessly. As he drew near the Baker boy, the lad fired again and the ugly varmint dropped over dead. It was a tassel-eared lynx, and was a huge one, as the skin now in possession of the boys proves.

The steamer Carlos Pacheco, from the Lower California coast to San Diego, Cal., brings news of the narrow escape of President Diaz and party from disaster on Lake Chapala to the state of Jalisco, Mexico, last Wednesday night. The president was returning from his trip to America, where he opened the new railroad line and enjoyed the hospitality of the people at Guadalajara. A banquet was given in his honor at a magnificent country seat of Mexcali Island in Lake Chapala, and a large party attended. The presidential party returned on a small tugboat bound for Ocotlan, where their train was waiting. Among those to the party were Joaquin Baranda, secretary of justice; Francisco J. Mena, secretary of communications; Colonel Fernando Gonzales, aid-de-camp to Gen-

eral Diaz, and Governor Juan Manuel Flores, of the state of Durango. About half way across to Ocotlan a tremendous storm came up and the waters of the lake were lashed into a fury. Heavy rain and lightning and thunder accompanied the windstorm. The little tug kept straight on facing the blast. It soon became apparent that the vessel was in danger of capsizing. Colonel Gonzales was much alarmed for the safety of the party and urged returning to the island, but the President insisted upon going ahead. This state of affairs lasted for two hours. The storm grew fiercer, and the party once gave up hope of reaching the shore, but after a hard battle the little tug got under the lee of a range of hills near Ocotlan and thus ran to that town in comparative safety, arriving at 1 o'clock Thursday morning. The president's party boarded the special and returned direct to the City of Mexico.

Charles Ryan, who lives on Pine Ridge, about ten miles west of Uklab, Cal., tells a remarkable story of the discovery of a human skeleton while out hunting the other day. Early in the morning Mr. Ryan took his shotgun and went out into the woods to kill a squirrel for dinner. He soon discovered a fine large gray squirrel, which ran up into the top of a tall fir tree. Mr. Ryan fired at the little animal, which fell from its perch, but did not strike the ground. Ryan was somewhat puzzled at the failure of the squirrel to drop, and examined the tree carefully, thinking perhaps the little animal had fallen and lodged in the branches. After carefully scrutinizing the fir for some minutes he discovered what appeared to be a large nest, made apparently from the dead branches of the tree, and on looking more closely, saw the bushy tail of the squirrel hanging from the nest. Ryan determined to have the squirrel at any cost, and putting down his gun took off his coat and prepared to ascend the trunk of the fir. The squirrel had lodged about sixty feet from the ground and it was with some difficulty that the altitude was reached. Finally, however, the branch in which the squirrel was lodged was reached, but Ryan was horrified to discover that the object he had mistaken for a nest was in fact the skeleton of a human being. The skeleton was seated astride of a branch of the tree, close up to the trunk. One of the legs had fallen off, but otherwise the skeleton was in a fair state of preservation. It was tightly lodged in the tree, and bore evidence of having been there for many years. Ryan secured his squirrel and descended the tree. He did not dislodge the skeleton, as he intended taking a rope and lowering it to the ground to prevent breaking it. It is possible this discovery clears up the mysterious disappearance of Andrew Nobrick, a pioneer settler of Con Creek, who was supposed to have left the country seventeen years ago. He left his cabin one morning in the late seventies and since that time has never been heard of. It was thought by Mr. Ryan that the skeleton is that of a man who was either driven to the tree for refuge from wild beasts, or who, being lost in the woods, ascended the tree for observation and fell, lodging in the crotch of the tree.

OBITUARY NOTES.

HENRY HOWELL.

Henry Howell died November 24, 1896, in his sixty-ninth year, at his home in Fish Haven, Bear Lake county, Utah, from a combination of heart and lung troubles. He was ill for a week previous to his death. Brother Howell leaves a wife, seven children, nineteen grandchildren and a host of friends to mourn his loss. Two sons preceded him to the spirit world. One son, Emmet J. Howell, is now on a mission to England.

The deceased was born in Essex, England, March 6, 1828. The voice of the Good Shepherd greeted his ears in his native country, and as a consequence he was baptized in the river Thames by his brother James Howell, October 8, 1854. March 10, 1855, he was married to Frances Goble. Emigrating to Zion, he left Liverpool on the ship Chalmorazo, April 17, 1855, in the company conducted by Edward Stevenson; having left his father, his mother and all his relatives, except his brother James Howell and family, for the sake of the Gospel. Henry emigrated James to America, an act of kindness which the latter never forgot. They arrived in Philadelphia March 21, 1855, where they remained for five years. While there Henry was ordained an Elder. His house was freely opened to the missionary Elders who were laboring in that vicinity, chief among whom was A. P. Welchman. The meetings were held in Henry's house, which was also "headquarters," and he almost invariably led the singing.

On his way to Utah, leaving Florence, he crossed the plains with ox teams, in Captain John Smith's company, arriving in Salt Lake City September 1, 1860. There he remained until 1864, when he pioneered to Bear Lake County, Idaho, first settling in Paris, where he remained till he moved to Fish Haven, 1867. He was one of the first settlers of this place, and here he resided until his death.

He was ordained a High Priest September 14, 1877, by Elder Wm. Badger. He was second counselor to Bishop Pope and first counselor to Bishop Stock.

Brother Henry was a very active, energetic member of his ward. It was his lot to lead the singing in the ward meetings up to within a few years of his death, and in the different wards in which he resided—Salt Lake, Paris and Fish Haven—he was alive in officiating in the various offices of the Priesthood. Henry Howell was a constant subscriber of the DESERET NEWS for at least twenty-five years. He was a sober, hard-working, industrious man. He was strictly honest in his dealings with his fellow beings, wise in his counsel to his friends and relatives, and faithful in serving his Maker, vindicating His doctrine to the last. His example is well worthy the emulation of his sons and daughters and friends.—[Com.]

THE DEAD.

Peaceful be their Rest.

ATKINSON.—In the Fourteenth ward, this city, Dec. 20, 1894, of pneumonia, Margaret Ann Atkinson, mother of Mrs. P. L. Briger, aged 78 years, 5 months and 7 days.

DALLAS.—On the 5th inst., in the Seventeenth ward, this city, of dropsy, Samuel B. Dallas, aged 71 years and 8 months.

WRATHALL.—On Sunday morning, Dec. 13th, at 10 o'clock, James H. Wrathall of Grantville, Tooele county, Utah, aged 68 years.

AVERY.—In the Fifth ward, this city, December 11, 1896, for meningitis, Bertha E., daughter of Allen and Sarah A. Avery, born January 1, 1894.