

Just before pulling into the depot at that place at 11:15 the smoking car rolled over on its side, leaving the rails on account of a defective switch. The train was drawn by two engines. These passed over in safety, but the smoking car, which was the foremost car of the train, proved a greater strain than the rails could bear and it went over as indicated.

One passenger, William Fairbanks, of Payson, was standing on the rear platform when the mishap occurred. Unfortunately for him he was caught beneath one of the car wheels in such a manner as to badly crush his right leg. The car was lifted as quickly as possible and Fairbanks extricated from his painful position and removed to the Eureka hotel, where he received surgical assistance at the hands of Dr. Dryborough. Later he was brought to Salt Lake and taken to St. Mark's hospital, where he is receiving every needed attention. It is the belief of the hospital corps that his leg will be saved.

The other passengers on the excursion train escaped uninjured, and aside from a shaking-up and a bad case of fright returned home all right.

Colonla Juarez, Mexico, March 2, 1898—I send a few lines to correct an inaccuracy in my statement in relation to the death of Sister Agnes Macdonald, and to add a few additional particulars as furnished me by Joel H. Martineau, just returned from the scene of the murder. He viewed the body of Sister Macdonald in his official capacity as presidente suplente (vice president) of our municipality, and states that in his opinion she was not choked to death, but that death ensued in consequence of the attack and fright; this is a pleasing thing to know—that she was spared the suffering of so terrible a death as strangulation. Her features, when the pillow was removed which covered her face, wore a calm, peaceful expression, and she had evidently struggled but little. There were finger marks on each shoulder, showing she had been held fast to the bed by one man while the other pressed the pillow upon her face. The murderers had smashed in the window, rushed in and overpowered her before she could rise from her bed or give any alarm.

The horse taken to aid the escape of the miscreants did not belong to Mr. Martineau, as first stated, but to Mr. Pease, and was subsequently found where it had been left by them exhausted and given out.

Parties are searching the country in search of the murderers, one of whom is almost certainly known, and we hope they may be captured and meet the punishment they deserve.

J. H. MARTINEAU.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, MARCH 8.

Rock Springs, Wyo., March 8.—John Henry, a coal miner, was instantly killed in No. 1 mine here this afternoon by falling coal. He leaves a wife and three children.

Orange juice is one of the best dressings for black shoes or boots. Take a slice or quarter of an orange and rub it on the shoe or boot; then, when dry brush with a soft brush until the shoe shines like a looking glass. This is an English recipe.

By telegram from Elder Rulon S. Wells president of the European mission, to President Wilford Woodruff, it is learned that Elder Joseph Henry Jensen, of Sandy, this county, died this morning, March 8th, at Gothenborg, Sweden. No cause for his demise is given in the cablegram.

Elder Jensen was born in South Cottonwood, Salt Lake county, Utah, October 22, 1870, and is the son of Peter and Ellen Johnson Jensen.

He was set apart for his mission to

Scandinavia by Elder Seymour B. Young, May 22, 1896. His Priesthood was that of a Seventy. He left on his mission immediately after being set apart, and consequently has been in the field nearly two years.

The sad news was communicated to his family by messenger today.

Kid Mobley, a cowboy of the Keogh Bros. outfit, who came in from the Rock creek country this morning, reports an awful hailstorm at the head of Ross Fork Basin, about twelve miles from Pocatello, last night. The hailstones, he says, were as big as hen's eggs, and the thunder and lightning was terrific. He was on horseback and was leading another horse. Both horses were killed by a vivid bolt of lightning, and although he was knocked senseless by the shock he came to apparently unharmed, and extricated himself from under the fallen animal which he had been riding. After wandering around in a dazed condition for a while, he roped an Indian pony and rode to town, but has not yet recovered from the effects of the shock.—Pocatello Tribune.

The funeral services of Sister Mary Wood Pratt, wife of the late Apostle Parley P. Pratt, were held this afternoon at the residence of Bishop A. G. Driggs, Forest Dale, Elder Royal B. Young presiding. The Forest Dale quartet furnished the singing. Bishop E. F. Sheets offered the opening prayer and President George Q. Cannon addressed those present. He spoke feelingly of the comforting influences of the Gospel and said that our presence here was proof that we had kept our first estate and that it was now our duty to keep our second estate, like unto the departed sister. He impressed upon those present the importance of laying up treasures that would accompany them to the judgment seat.

Elder Royal B. Young spoke of the early life of the deceased, of her noble qualities, her patience, kindness and indefatigable industry. She had gone to join her noble husband. After singing the services were closed with prayer by Bishop James Jensen.

Mary Wood Pratt was born in Glasgow, Scotland, June 18, 1818. She leaves two sons and two daughters, Helaman Pratt, now in Mexico, Mathoni W. Pratt, Mrs. Cornelia Pratt Driggs, and Mrs. Mary Wood Pratt Young.

The Latter-day Saints had a fine celebration at their church in this city on Tuesday evening of this week, in honor of the ninety-first birthday of Wilford Woodruff, president of their church. Though the affair was gotten up on very short notice, the attendance was all that the spacious edifice could hold. In fact many of those who came late could get no closer than the vestibule. The early part of the evening was devoted to a very entertaining program comprising opening prayer by James Warburton, and oration by Bishop James Brown on the life and character of President Woodruff. Then followed some fine selections by the choir, and a series of songs, readings and recitations by various persons. The song by Mrs. Edith Reece was highly appreciated. Mrs. Isaac Dawson also rendered a very fine song. She has a very full and rich contralto voice. Mr. Joseph Reece, Miss Mills and others sang, and Hon. Frank Mills gave a humorous reading. Mr. Moroni Ewer was called upon and gave a fine comic song. There were others, equally meritorious, but having no program we have forgotten the names.

At the close of the exercises a bountiful lunch was served, comprising ham sandwiches, fine cake, coffee, etc. It required a great deal of cool calculation and skill to feed such a crowd without spilling things. But the lady waiters did it nicely, without a jostle or accident, and all present had their full satisfaction of the good things. There was

only one difficulty encountered, and that was quickly overcome with the aid of a saw and hatchet. It happened in this way: Several of the seats were filled with small boys, packed just as tight as they could possibly wedge in. This was before they had been fed. They had good appetites, and when the lunch was passed they began to fill up. When they were filled the natural expansion had wedged them so tight together that they could not get out, and the ends of the seats had to be sawed out to get them loose. Altogether the celebration was a grand success, and all present had a good time.—Evanston (Wyoming) Herald.

Rock Springs, Wyo., March 8.—The body of V. S. Hoy, murdered at Ladroe canyon, by outlaws on being brought shipment to Fremont, Neb. James S. Hoy, a brother of the dead man arrived here last evening and 2 hours after here was immediately prepared for the train had departed with the remains.

From him we learn that last Thursday the posse were pressing the gang closely. The latter were receiving signals from Bennett who stood on a hill unknown to the posse. Bennett fired his revolver three times which was understood by the outlaws across the canyon. Pete Swanson, a deputy sheriff from this place arrested Bennett and took him to Bassett's ranch securely sacked. When the posse learned what Bennett had been doing they came up to Bassett's and demanded from the deputy sheriff his prisoner. The demand was refused and then the posse held up the sheriff and took from him Bennett and leading him to a gate prepared to hang him. Bennett remarked:

"Please wait awhile and I will tell you everything."

The men replied: "We don't want to hear anything from you; you can die with your knowledge." And he was sent into eternity.

The posse then notified the sheriff that if he wanted the shackles he had better go and unlock them as they wanted to bury the dead man without further delay. Accordingly the shackles were taken off and the body hauled a short distance into the canyon and buried. The posse then began a thorough search for the other three men, Johnson, Lant and a man supposed to be a Mexican, and finally succeeded in getting them within twelve miles of Powder Springs, where they were heading for. They were then coming back to Bassett's ranch and at last accounts the two were being taken to Vernal, Utah, and Johnson was being brought to Rock Springs by Deputy Sheriff Pete Swanson.

Swanson is expected here any moment, but it is not expected that he will have the prisoner with him. It is strongly asserted that the regulators will overpower the sheriff and hang Johnson to the nearest tree.

F. Nichols, who arrived at Victoria, B. C., from Dawson Monday, confirmed reports of big strikes on American creek and a stampede to that place from Dawson. He also reports rich strikes on Rosebud creek, fifty miles this side of Dawson. Prospectors took out from \$4 to \$6 to the pan, and when the news reached Dawson a big crowd started for the new diggings.

Palouse Wash., was greatly excited Monday by the report of a murder committed near Princeton, Ida., twelve miles up the river, Sunday. An unknown man was shot in the leg by a mob claiming to be deputy sheriffs from Whitman county. He fell and when called upon to surrender fired a shot into his left breast, missing the heart and then placed the revolver to the right side of the head, just above the ear, and blew his brains out.