

main stream. The streets for blocks were a rushing torrent almost impassable for men on horseback, and pedestrians were in danger.

The Co-op. escaped material damage although there were quantities of boulders and driftwood piled up by the stream which runs to the rear of that building, but the machine depot belonging to Mr. E. W. Fox, and filled with machinery belonging to George A. Lowe, of Salt Lake City, was razed to the ground, or rather to the water, for it was built directly across the stream. The damage to the machinery was low when estimated at \$150. The building was a complete loss.

The channel of the stream here goes diagonally across the centre of Main street, but turned by bridges and drift of wrecks, it hurled itself in blind demoniac fury upon the double dwelling house owned by Anna Christofferson and occupied by herself, her son and his wife. This building is ten feet or more above the bed of the creek, ordinarily, and the water rushed in waist deep, filling cellars and destroying property in a way to drive the poor old lady nearly crazy, and really threatening the house (adobe) with destruction. The younger lady was rescued and taken with her little babe to the home of her mother, Mrs. A. B. Sidwell, to remain indefinitely, but up to Sunday night the old lady could not be induced to leave her dismantled home.

A bridge just below checked the stream and turned its water again into a side street, but the main part tore across lots through the premises of W. A. Cox, missing his house but washing out the machine shed in good style. A block west and north it encountered another bridge and piled it high with driftwood, divided its current and hurled itself on either side of it. While engaged in digging this out the bed of the creek above was filled with a deposit of sand and stones, until it is nowhere more than twelve inches deep, and is really much higher than some of the dwellings below. This bridge was torn completely out, and the dwelling to the right, belonging to a widow named Hansen, was so damaged that the building is considered dangerous and almost unfit for occupancy.

Haze Clark is the only man, so far known, who had a narrow escape from death, and it occurred at this point and while that gentleman was bravely aiding the work of defense and rescue. The bridges were demolished, and he stood on a plank placed on one bank and a pile of drift, and was endeavoring to clear the stream of debris and give the "water" or rather mud, a chance to pursue the proper course, when the pile of drift, the plank and Clark all began going down stream. A great shout of mingled warning and horror went up from the spectators and workers, for they knew that if once he got his head under there was a very small chance for him to come out alive, for if he were not brained by the timbers he would be smothered in the foul flow. He was rescued, partly by his own cool presence

of mind and partly by the prompt and efficient aid rendered him by his comrades.

Below this the work of destruction went on to the field, but nothing so serious occurred as those already mentioned, and the minor events would fill a volume.

Above the point where the reporter first saw the flood many places were ravished of gardens, and denuded of movables; cellars were filled, and stack yards invaded: but at the grist mill opposite F. M. Jolly's residence are piles of slabs, lumber, poles, and trees piled up, until it is a matter of astonishment how it made its way even that far, through a populous city, without doing more damage than it did. It is a deplorable sight to see the premises of the iron founder with all his buildings, machinery, moulds and material destroyed. The Roller mill is safe. From an interview with Fred Alder who witnessed the taking out of the saw mills, etc., in the canyon, we learn the following facts:

Mr. Fred Alder, Guard Snow, and W. H. Peacock, were at Peacock's saw mill in Manti Canyon. The repairs of bridges, roads, etc., had barely been completed, obliterating the damage done by the last year's flood. The mill owners had made extensive preparations for a long run. On Saturday, July 19th, a little before noon, while Mr. Peacock was putting in a bridge at the end of the mill, and was down in a gulch, and Mr. Alder was sharpening a saw, the last named gentleman heard, above the customary sound and gurgle of mingled water and tree-torn wind, a peculiar crushing, grinding roar, that had an indescribable sound of overpowering force in its intermittent tumult. He paused to listen and Mr. Peacock seeing his attitude, also paused and as the sounds became more audible, they both divined its meaning. They had just completed a new dam, in lieu of the one destroyed by the flood last year, and they rushed from the mill, and started toward the dam to see how it would stand it.

The first thought of Mr. Peacock, however, was for his little son aged 11 years, whom he had sent with another boy to find a span of horses higher up in the canyon, and who was in all probability in the direct track of the storm that had evidently been raging above, although there had been no rain where they were. It is not to be wondered at, if in the face of this appalling thought the father's cheeks paled and the value of the property in jeopardy sat lightly upon his heart. As they reached the proper elevation they saw the flood coming and on the head of it a mass of timber twenty feet in diameter rolling over and over. The first end of the flood went down the proper channel, and Peacock turned with some relief and said to his companion, "I believe the mill is safe," and his friend replied that he hoped it was; but the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when a second head of timber came rushing down, and turned as the first did, toward the

proper channel. The mass of timber and drift was wider than the channel just here, and it caused a jam for one moment while it readjusted itself, and this threw the weight of water on to the upper side of the mill which creaked and groaned like a living thing in anguish; and as the timbers fitted to their new situation plunged on in their course of destruction, the mill also gave way, and in one tremendous crash went down carrying the thousands of tons of boulders, piled up by last year's flood, into a little promontory, and the shingle, lath and picket mill, that lay in its course, went down blotted out as completely as though they had been last year's bird nests.

A stallion valued at \$500, by a mere chance, had been brought out of a log stable perhaps an hour before the catastrophe, and, mounting this animal, Mr. Peacock went in search of his boy, and the other two gentlemen mentioned, catching two horses that were straying down the canyon, they all started to seek the absent boys. His companions spoke some words of sympathy to Mr. Peacock with regard to the loss of his mill, logs and summer's work, but he answered, "D—n the mill if I only had my boy."

Having so much better a horse he distanced all his companions, and when about two miles and a half from the place where the mill had been he rode down to the creek and met the little dog that had accompanied the boys, coming out of the water. Then he was nearly frantic, the conviction forcing itself upon him that the was drowned. Alder and Snow had now nearly overtaken Mr. Peacock, and before they reached him they could hear the boys on the other side of the creek. Mr. Peacock tried several times to cross and finally made it, while the other men rode a mile up to where the boys could cross.

Mr. Alder said there was much more water than last year, but not quite so much timber. But monster trees were uprooted and broken like stems of wheat, and the point of a hill was cut off in ten minutes. All this timber from both floods is piled along the course of the stream, and a flood that would be a few feet higher would precipitate all this terrible weight of timber on to the town. But there is hardly any possibility of such being the case, but these men had grave apprehension for the residents of Manti who were in the water course, as it was.

FLOOD AT EPHRAIM.

The sources of the streams that water the two towns, Ephraim and Manti, rise so near each other that it would be almost impossible for one to have a flood and the other to escape. The flood came upon Ephraim at about the same time that it struck Manti (12:30), and lasted about two hours.

The roller mill was the first object in its track, but luckily for its owners it escaped damage, not even the flume being touched. Two thousand feet of lumber piled up, was, however, swept away and scattered from there to the Sanpitch.