

speed. He rushed down the platform and asked an employe if the special had pulled out, and received an affirmative reply. "Then God help them," said Shaffer; "they have pulled out without orders, and No. 38 is due in a minute."

But it was too late to avert the catastrophe. All Logan was on the platform cheering for the excursionists, and the excursionists had just joined in an offer of three cheers for Logan and her people. The echo of the last hurrah had not died away when the crash came. No. 38 with a full head of steam and one minute behind time, dashed around the curve at a forty mile gait, and no human power could avert the disaster.

The work of removing the dead and injured from the forward coach was at once begun. This proved no easy task. The floor of the baggage car was found so tightly wedged into the coach that all efforts to remove it were found futile, although a thousand willing hands were joined in the attempt to lift the cover that was concealing the dead and imprisoning the injured in a living tomb. Finally an axe was procured and a section of the car floor cut away. The sight revealed was beyond the power of words to portray. The first object to attract the attention of the rescuers when the section of the floor was removed was the upright body of a man whose head had been almost severed from the trunk. So recent had been the accident that the blood from his wound had hardly started to flow, and his skull, stripped of its covering, glistened like a polished billiard ball. The body of the man was drawn from the ruins and was soon identified as that of John Kenkel, an Omaha musician who had been playing with the band at the picnic.

The next bodies to be drawn from ruins were those of Mrs. Brandley and her babe, a child about a year old. The baby's head was badly crushed, but she held in her arms a pretty doll that was as unrumpled and fresh as when it came from its shelf in the toy store. Twenty-five dead bodies were taken out and laid in a row on the grass alongside the railroad track, and the injured were at once taken in carriages to Logan.

### SUNDAY SERVICES.

Elder Joseph E. Taylor of the Stake presidency presided over the services at the Tabernacle Sunday afternoon.

Choir sang:

We're not ashamed to own our Lord  
And worship Him on earth.

Prayer was offered by Elder Orson A. Woolley.

Choir further sang:

See how the morning sun  
Pursues his shining way.

Elder Henry W. Nashitt was the first speaker. It was some time since he had had the pleasure and honor of speaking from the Tabernacle stand. But notwithstanding this he had not been idle in the ministry. He took a pride in being active in the Church because he had demonstrated the fact that in the Church there was everything to those who would worship God and observe His commandments. He was but a boy when he first heard the sound of the Gospel. It came to him

as good news—as glad tidings of joy and salvation—and it gave to him new life as it were because in it he could readily see blessings unlimited to those who would obey it. He could also see that God's servants who went to the nations of the earth to deliver His message carried inspiration with them, and they labored under the same auspices as did His servants of old. The value of the Gospel does not consist in its theory but its strength is in its adaptability to bless and comfort mankind. It blesses those who obey it with that knowledge which enables them to give a reason for the hope that is within them. During the last few weeks there had assembled national conventions of politicians wherein men who followed such a career had had the privilege of declaring to which of the different parties they belonged. This was all right, but much greater was the declaration of men and women who could come out and say that they were followers of Jesus Christ—that they believed in His Gospel and that they would follow Him to the end of their respective journeys.

The speaker reverted to the early days of the Church and called attention to the different sectarian denominations that existed among the nations before the restoration of the Gospel in the latter days. Each of these denominations claimed divine origin and so confused the people that the latter hardly knew which one to ally themselves with. But it remained for Joseph, the boy Prophet, to bring the true Gospel of Jesus Christ to the earth. It was through his instrumentality that it had been restored; God had chosen him to perform that work and it had been established in the Lord's own due time, in all its ancient purity and holiness. Following its introduction to the boy Prophet came the preaching of its principles to the people of the earth, until today there were thousands who had been blessed and comforted by partaking of it and its holy influence. All around us could be seen evidences of God's attention to His children. They had been blessed with homes of their own, with bright and obedient children and with all the necessities and comforts of life. Some people had been led to think and believe that interest in the Gospel was dying out; but such was not the case. The Father was over His work and He would not allow it to die out. Some Church members might become careless and negligent and perhaps fall away but that would not interfere with the progress of the work. It had been established upon the earth never more to be thrown down, no matter how many of its devotees fell away. The Elders of the Church were wielding a vast power for good among the nations of the earth and Mormonism so-called was being received today as it had never been before. And so would it be; God would accomplish His purpose, even if He had to pour out His sudden judgments upon some of the wicked to do it. Mormonism was all in all to the speaker, and his only desire was that he would remain faithful to the end, and when he had finished his career upon the earth that he might be privileged to lay down his body with those of his brethren and sisters who had remained firm and

steadfast unto the end. Such was his prayer for all assembled.

Elder Henry A. Tuckett, who recently returned from a mission to Great Britain, was the next speaker. While absent he had labored in the metropolis of London, and also in the Nottingham conference. His labors had been a source of joy and satisfaction to him, notwithstanding the nefarious designs of some few with whom he had come in contact. The Lord had been with him and had poured out His blessings upon him in great abundance. Much opposition had been encountered by him while away from home because of the unpopularity of the Gospel in the Old World. England boasted of its different degrees of Christianity, and nearly all of these sects were treated with respect and courtesy. The only exception to this rule was the doctrine of Mormonism, and few were they who would lend a listening ear thereto. So it was with the true Church in ancient times. God's disciples were treated with contumely and all manner of allegations were lodged against them. But these only tended to make the work stronger, and it subsequently triumphed and came out victorious, while those who had arrayed themselves against it, were hurled down to death and destruction. The speaker felt, however, that the condition of opposition which he referred to would be but short-lived. He knew that there were hundreds and thousands of good honest people upon the earth, who were hankering after the truth but who had become so blinded by traditions that it was hard for them to grasp it when first they heard it. They would finally become able to see it, however, and would meet the Elders with outstretched arms, applying for baptism into the Church which they represented. In conclusion, Elder Tuckett bore his testimony to the truthfulness of the Gospel and asked God's blessings upon all that they might have ears to hear, eyes to see and intelligence to understand the purposes of God among His people, that they might so shape their careers as to become heirs to His choicest blessings.

Choir sang the anthem:

Let all Israel sing.

Benediction was pronounced by Elder Arthur Wuter.

Friday morning about 2 o'clock Chris Veitjin, the owner of a fishing scow stationed on the opposite side of the Columbia from Astoria, Oregon, and Frank Nelson, who had charge of a fish station near Point Elliot, Wash., were murdered by unknown parties. From the best information obtainable it appears that the murdered men started out in the scow at 1 o'clock for the purpose of making a drive. Shortly afterward a number of shots were heard and at daybreak Veitjin's skull was seen drifting about near the shore. Upon investigation his body was found in the bottom of the boat with a bullet hole in the throat. Among the rocks on the shore lay the body of Nelson, who had been shot through the side of the head. The weapon used was evidently a revolver which had been held close to the heads of the victims, powder marks so indicating. The murders are thought to be the outcome of the recent fishermen's trouble.