

## DESERET EVENING NEWS.

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## TO A MARRIED.

Who grants the joy on the earth,  
Who breathes the soft love from the breast  
She wears, from the gentle smile?  
Who is she?—The shadow of your home,  
Your best friend, your life, your shelter,  
Your love, your joy, your comfort, your light,  
That love so black & white.

—Helen Due.

## MAJESTY'S TOUGH EXPERIENCE.

Planned Down by His Engine to Thirteen  
Miles, with His Head Above Water.

A special road train on the Colorado

and Pikes' Peak railroad, coming

down from Cedar mountain, was

blown off the track by a snow storm.

Elliot and the engine and eight cars

were dumped into Cedar river.

Thomas W. May, the engineer, stuck

head down in the water, and with a

broken leg, and crushed ankles, was

hauled in to terrible agony for three

hours, before he could be freed

from the cold water.

The river is a wild mountain stream  
and it was swollen considerably by re-

cent rains.

The salt had turned over

on its side and Major's feet had become

wedged into the iron track around the

throttle, and he was almost suffocated

by the cold water. To add to his awful

suffering, the snow from the roof of the

train was melting and threatened to

smother him.

All the lights had gone out in the cars, and it

was at first difficult to get at the en-

gineer. Finally one of the men found a

sooty shovel and dug down and held

it in front of Major's face to shield him

from the scalding steam. Another

hand was way in and by standing in the

water he was able to hold the en-

gineer's head out of water and hauled

him already weakly ashore.

It was found impossible to pull him

out. By this time the water in the

train had succeeded in getting into the

vats, which allowed the steam to blow

off, and that danger was averted.

One of the broken cars set up the track

to Denver, three miles away, and ex-  
plained the fact of the wreck to Se-  
nior. A wrecking train was immediately

hauled up and arrived at the scene.

Major had been in the water for

nearly four hours, and there was still

no way to get him out. He was in such

condition of exhaustion that he would

not be able to put himself to his suffering by killing him. They

gave him every stimulant that could

be had, but he frequently became uncon-

scious.

It was impossible to lift the engine,

and the wrecking crew put it in eve-

nings upon breaking the throttle lever

and the circular pieces of steel that

the engineer's feet.

Long solid chains

were brought, and while one man

would hold the end of one under water,

the others would hold

the other end.

The chain would rebound, and it would require a long time to find the right place.

It was only after thirteen hours of

constant work that the engineer was

liberated from his terrible position. He

was placed on cushions and brought to

health immediately. An examination

showed that the left leg was broken

half way between the knee and the

foot, and both ankles were slightly

bruised.—Butte Post-Intelligencer.

## NOTES OF TRAVEL IN ENGLAND.

Think of the millions of people

of the British Empire

gathered to their homes afternoon

"Cedar Lodge," with never a nod

and never a laugh! Simplified cot-

tages, with thin walls and a small

patch of grass are called villas. "The

Explorers" will have seen a few in sight.

The next of affection adds to the com-

plexion, as frequently the compact

is given a nod and a smile.

"The Poor" have a few in

them, known by their names, instead of

which middle-drives up and down a

street of which every house is al-

ways in the grandest name

printed upon wooden gates.

I believe in cutting a wide space.

If a place is a palace, it is by all

means to be known as a palace; but in

the name of common sense don't try

to pass off as a villa a common two-

story house that never saw a garden,

and in which a roof would not fit over

the house if it were to be pulled off.

It is a great pleasure to see

the English in their

homes.

Mrs. Gresham in her book "Fare to Eu-

rope with the Mexicos" says that 17 friends

and relatives made a day the evening

of handshaking in those houses with

such enthusiasm.

In passing through England there

met with many a good old

home, with many a good old

name, and many a good old

face.

A man in a suit of clothes, with

an umbrella, and a hat, and a

overcoat, and a coat, and a

over