

ilege of the Gospel. Brother Kimball urged the family to be united and to live to do honor unto their father.

Heber Layton of Arizona and Frank M. Layton of Kaysville, both of whom departed upon missions on Wednesday, spoke briefly, and then refreshments were served and a happy social time was spent.

The family decided to hold a reunion once each year, and David Layton, John H. Layton, Sarah Taylor, W. L. Galbraith and Mary Laycock were appointed to make arrangements for such reunion.

Anyone who is in possession of interesting facts concerning Elder Christopher Layton's life are invited to communicate with Annie B. Jones, Kaysville, Utah, or with Selma Phillips of Thatcher, Ariz.

Beaver, Utah, April 16.—Alex. Thomas, who shot and killed Frank Owens on the 9th inst. at Bullock's ranch, near Kanab, was captured this morning at Buckhorn Springs. He was completely exhausted and feared lynching.

Mount Pleasant Pyramid: The citizens of Ephraim who own property on the west side of this valley and who failed in their attempt to secure the Silver Creek reservoir site between Wales and Moroni, sold by parties of this city to Wales citizens a short time ago, are now engaged in perfecting arrangements for the most extensive reservoir enterprise in this section of the State.

The site selected is on what is known as Dry Bottoms, a low tract of over 1,000 acres, between Moroni and Fountain Green. The proposed plan contemplates a 30-foot dam, nearly half a mile long, with which it is expected enough water can be held back to cover the entire tract with an average depth of about 15 feet of water. The reservoir will be filled in the winter time from the Fountain Green creek and from the Sanpitch river, through the Moroni and Mt. Pleasant Irrigation company's ditch. All of the fine tract of land along the mountains west of Ephraim, extending from Wales to Mantli, will be brought under cultivation by this enterprise.

The following communication dated Coalville, Utah, April 14, 1898, addressed to Elder Franklin D. Richards, Church Historian, has been handed to the "News." Any person able to give the information desired should drop a line to the writer of the inquiry:

"I am writing a genealogy of my ancestors, and their kindred in America, but hope it will not include quite all of the same name as myself. I find that in 1853 my grandfather had a brother by the name of Alonzo Jones, residing at Salt Lake City, and I desire to know if you have any record of such a person. I think he joined the Mormon Church in Illinois, and came to Utah with them. He was born in Sharon, Vermont, about the year 1815, and when last heard of was unmarried. Any information you can give me concerning him will be appreciated. Very truly,  
J. J. JONES.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, APRIL 18.

There came nearly being a tragedy yesterday morning at the turn of the stairway between the third and fourth floors of the city and county building, and that Al Shavers is not now a dead or wounded man is due to his own prompt action in grasping a revolver in the hands of an infuriated woman and the tardiness of his assailant in unfolding a gun which was wrapped in paper.

The trouble was between Mrs. John W. Dent and Al Shavers, the man who shot her husband, at a colored dance last November.

Mrs. Dent had been in attendance daily at the trial and appeared to take a deep interest in the proceedings. Tears were many times seen to trickle down her cheeks at the frequent reference reached the jury shortly after six o'clock Saturday evening, after the examination of Ira Thompson and the defendant Shavers. It was not until 10 o'clock yesterday (Sunday) morning, that an agreement was reached and the verdict returned was involuntary manslaughter, with a recommendation to mercy.

Mrs. Dent resides on State just across the road from the joint building. She came into the court room alone and took her accustomed seat, near Mr. Putnam. Under one arm she was seen to carry a newspaper parcel, but no one suspected what it really did contain.

After the verdict was returned Shavers was taken from the court room by Deputy Sheriffs Burt and Cummings, Mrs. Dent following.

When the officers and the prisoner reached the first landing from the fourth floor of the building Mrs. Dent, addressing the prisoner, said:

"Al Shavers, you got off pretty easy for killing John Dent."

Shavers quickly turned round and saw the woman unwrapping the paper parcel she carried under her arm, and he at once caught sight of the gleam of a revolver.

He called out: "That woman has a gun!" and on the order of Deputy Sheriff Burt, Shavers, who was nearer Mrs. Dent than any of the others, seized the woman by the arms and held them up, preventing her from shooting. She was at once disarmed by the officers and placed under arrest. The revolver was a new 38 calibre Smith & Wesson, and was loaded in every chamber. After Mrs. Dent was unarmed Shavers said to her: "You ought not to want to kill me, I didn't intend to kill John." The woman's answer was: "You should not have shot him then."

Mrs. Dent was let go by Deputy Burt, under promise that she would appear at the sheriff's office this morning.

An unusually sad death occurred in the Fifth ward, this city, shortly before Saturday midnight, when Mrs. Clara S. Cowan, wife of Andrew S. Cowan, one of the "News" Mergenthaler operators, passed from this into another life. The deceased had been ailing for several months past. The cause of her demise was paralysis of the stomach. She leaves, besides her husband, nine children, the oldest being seventeen years of age and the youngest four weeks, to mourn her departure.

Mrs. Cowan was yet in her youth, being but thirty-eight years of age. She was a devoted wife and an affectionate mother, and through her long period of sickness bore her suffering with fortitude and patience. Her death will be an irreparable loss to her husband and little ones, who are overwhelmed with grief at the loss they have been called upon to sustain. Brother Cowan and family have the sincere sympathy of a host of friends, who wish with one accord that their grief may be tempered by Divine Providence.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, APRIL

Elders Angus M. Cannon and Charles W. Penrose of the presidency of the Salt Lake Stake of Zion met with the Eighteenth quorum of Elders in the Union ward meeting house on Sunday, April 17th, and set apart Brothers John A. Walker and Frederick S. Cowley as counselors to Brother Thomas H. Walke, president of that quorum. Elders Cannon and Penrose

attended the Sunday school in the morning, at 12 m., with the Elders, and delivered timely instructions in each morning and met at 12 m., with the Elders, and delivered timely instructions in each meeting, the burden of their remarks being that all live as becometh Saints.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

#### MEDITATION.

We do not long  
To breast life's storm,  
Or battle with the tide;  
We fain would be  
Dear Lord with thee,  
Away from sin and pride.

We would not stay  
One other day.  
Except to do thy will.  
Our life work done  
We hasten home,  
Our souls with rapture fill.

The way looks bright  
And the heavenly light.  
Will guide us safely on,  
To realms above  
Where all is love,  
As promised by His Son.

Through thy grace alone  
We seek thy home,  
Where Saints in glory stand,  
And watch and wait  
At the pearly gate,  
In God's own blessed land.

They watch and wait  
At the pearly gate,  
For you, and I, and all,  
Where redeemed at last  
With sorrows all past,  
We answer the Savior's call.

#### THE INVITATION.

April's great big snowflakes,  
Coming with the showers,  
Are the invitations  
Springtime sends the flowers.

Winds are but the postmen,  
Who carry, day or night,  
Dainty little favors  
Engraved on sheets of white.

As the postmen hurry  
They give each sheet a twirl  
And from out the raindrop  
The flower takes its pearl.

If you watch the canyon  
Where the snowflakes fall  
You will find the flowers  
Dressed up for the ball.

FRANK QUALTROUGH.

[Written for the DESERET NEWS.]

#### A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Now I lay me down to sleep  
In God's love so sure and deep.  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep  
In His dear arms no more to weep,  
If I should die before I wake  
In tender mercy for my poor sake,  
I pray the Lord my soul to take  
To the loved ones waiting in Zion's Stake.

'Tis a glorious consolation  
That prayer and supplication,  
To God our King,  
Gives to us poor mortals  
A home in God's own portals  
His praise to sing.