

If you would do this you would confer a great favor on

Yours respectfully,

ELIZABETH WARD ORE MULLAN,
62 Soho Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

At 7 o'clock last evening, Mrs. Caroline Johnson, of Forest Dale, dropped dead at her home. She had been feeling slightly ill, but nothing serious was thought of. At the hour named on Monday evening, she went to lie down, and while going towards the bed, dropped to the floor. She was given immediate assistance but the spark of life had fled, her death being almost instantaneous.

The deceased was 72 years of age, and well respected. She came here from Sweden, where she joined the Church.

There are several Elders from Utah in the state of Louisiana which is now quarantined because of yellow fever. Naturally there is some anxiety about them, especially since they are not permitted to send letters home. Fortunately the electric current is not a carrier of yellow fever, at least on a telegraph wire, so that means of communication is open. Through this facility, a dispatch received today is reassuring as to the safety and health of the Elders. It is from Elder J. A. Cornwall, one of the missionaries from here, to his wife, and comes from Robeline, La. It reads:

"All well. Yellow fever caution has shut out all mails."

An accident of a serious character occurred on East Temple street about 7 o'clock this morning, when Edward Wood of Bountiful narrowly escaped being killed, caused by the runaway of his team, which was attached to a double bed farm wagon.

Mr. Wood is a dealer in vegetables and farm produce and as such was making his rounds among the different grocery stores of the city. When near the corner of Second South and East Temple streets at the time mentioned, one of the single-trees broke, thus freeing one of the horses to the extent of throwing the tongue to the ground and causing the animals to run away, dashing south on East Temple street. Mr. Wood was seated on his wagon at the time and when the tongue struck the pavement the sudden jerk threw the gentleman from his seat, head forward, in which position he struck the rough cobble stones which line each side of the street railway tracks.

The blow was a severe one and rendered the gentleman unconscious. He was immediately conveyed to the police station, where Dr. Beer attended the injured man, putting ten stitches in his head which was badly cut in two places. His nose, too, was very badly bruised and the physician in attendance pronounced his skull fractured.

After throwing Mr. Wood out, the team sped on down East Temple street and when a little below the Walker House it collided with another farm wagon owned by and in charge of Alfred Burningham, also of Bountiful. This caused a free distribution of watermelons, cantaloupes, peaches and other farm produce but brought Mr. Wood's team to a sudden halt, thus ending the exciting runaway.

The injured man was seen at the police station by a "News" reporter shortly after 10 o'clock. At that time he had recovered consciousness but was suffering extreme pain in the head, the region of his injuries. Mr. Wood stated that his team was not a fractious one, but that the breaking of the single-tree coupled with the near approach of street cars caused the animals to take fright and runaway. The gentleman is 37 years of age and a married man.

MISCELLANEOUS.

UTAH'S HALF CENTURY JUBILEE.

HORACE F. BROWN.

A century, rich in work well done,
Hath reached it's noon; the dawn
Yet lingers in the Eastern sky.
The dews of early morn, like pearls
That glisten in the light of day,
Still trembles in the shady nooks.
Or falls like rain from quivering trees.

The century's morn, so full of hope,
Has rounded out to perfect day.
And at it's noon we pause for rest
And glad recall the hopes and fears.
The toil and care, the triumphs won.
As through the morn, with earnest hearts
And purpose high, we braved the storm
And planted deep the seeds, that erst
Will yield a bounteous harvest, while
Time itself shall last.

I stand,
Upon the mountain crest and view,
With kindling eye, the glorious past
That, like a scroll, is opened wide
So all may read the thrilling tale
Of Peoples, who for conscience' sake,
To find that liberty of life,
Without which life were but a blank,
Marched forth to lands unknown.

I see
Their columns through the struggling dawn
Of this bright day; the aged sire
And matron gray, whose trembling feet
Are walking close beside the stream
That marks the boundary of the known;
Men in sturdy manhood's prime,
Matrons fair, and blushing maids,
Youth and age, the strong, the frail.
With eyes turned toward the promised land,
Press on, now falter when the way
Grows hard, and dangers dire and near
Lie in their path.

Day follows day,
Begrimed with toil, torn by the thorns,
Footsore and weary, oft times faint,
Often bowed with pain, they pause
Not, but to gain new strength. More rugged
Grows the way. Now lofty peaks,
Whose hoary heads are white with snow,
From down upon them, as they stand
Like barriers high, which none can pass.
Undaunted still, still on they come,
Nor heed they, when cold, chilling winds
Sweep o'er their path, nor heed the storms,
For lo! there walks with them a Man
Whose eye hath seen, with vision clear,
The promised land; to him the way,
Though hid from mortal sight, is plain;

To him the scroll of destiny
Is opened wide, and as he reads,
He sees beyond the struggling dawn
Of coming day, the full orb'd sun
That soon shall light the promised land.
His face glows with the light of faith
And grander grows his mien; his eye
Kindles with prophetic fire
As, merging from the canyons deep,
Just as the morning of this day
Broke clear and bright with joy, he sees
Spread out below, the promised vale
That he in visions saw, and led
His People forth, that they might rear
Their altars there.

With upraised hands,
In reverent tones, he gave the praise
To Him, who holds us in his hand
That, past all danger, safe at last,
Safe from the perils of the way,
Safe from the cruel hand of man
That, nerved by hate, was fain to strike
Defenseless heads, to wring hot tears
From weeping eyes, they all might rest.

Deep in the hard, unyielding soil,
He pressed his staff: "Here will I raise
Zion's Temple, here shall spring
A City of our God; there wastes
Shall blossom as the rose; there hills
Look down on peaceful homes; these vales
Shall teem with life; the world's oppressed
Shall find a refuge here; the dawn
Of this glad day shall ever be
A harbinger of joy, its noon
Shall see our battle grandly won,
And in the evening of this day
Sweet peace shall as a mantle fold
My people in, where they and theirs
Where all the weary-ones of earth,
Can rest."

The sun hath reached its noon,
Broad acres shine in verdure soft,
Bright homes lie snugly in the vales:
The rose now blooms where desert sands
Lay white and dead; the Temple rears

Its pointed towers through heaven's dome,
Fit emblems of the peerless faith
That led these peoples o'er the waste,
And gave them strength to toll, and wait
The promised boon, that now is theirs.

Here peace abides; here love and faith
Go hand in hand; here Hope enshrined
In grateful hearts, holds regal sway;
Here come the weak and sore oppressed
Of every clime, for here they find
A "Balm in Gilead," strength and life,
A home, a Heaven on Earth, a place
Where man to man can speak, and feel
Each man is but a Brother; where
Heart beats to heart, and hand in hand
All meet the dully toil of life
Sereae, and rest in sweet content.

Long years have passed since he, who led
His hosts, hath found sweet nature's rest;
Yet still in memory, strong and deep
He lives in grateful hearts, his life
Is manifest on every side;
Here builded he a Temple grand,
Its walls, his faith, held fast by love
In every heart, and in its shade
Are loving, happy homes that bear
A living witness to his life.

Is there an eye that yet can pierce
The years that mark the century's close?
Is there a hand so deft, to dim
The glories of the closing day,
Whose dawn began with trembling light,
Whose noon is like a beacon fire
That sends its grateful warmth and light
O'er all the world?

My words are cold,
My tongue is palsied, as in vain
I strive to say what all must feel,
As on this day of Jubilee
We stand and view the wondrous scene:
The happy homes, the stately piles,
The spreading fields, the happy throngs
That stand subdued, while memory holds
All hearts in thrall, where every eye
Is moistened with a grateful tear,
The outward sign of feelings deep,
The boon of love, and peace, and hope,
The joy of work well done is yours,
And grateful thousands, yet unborn
Shall chant thy praise while time endures.

Note—The above meritorious production is from the pen of Horace F. Brown of Chicago, and was written for the Jubilee Prize Poem contest and sent to Hon. T. G. Merrill of this city for submission to the judges. The poem, however, reached here too late and was ruled out. Its author is well known throughout the West where for thirty years he has been engaged in mining. In Montana he built and had charge of vast smelting works, and is the inventor, patentee and beneficiary of some of the most valuable mining machinery in the country. He is now engaged in the installation of the marvellous roasting furnace that is being put in Captain DeLamar's Golden Gate property at Mercur. Mr. Brown has written a good deal of poetry for amusement and his productions cover a wide range of thought. He reached Salt Lake from Montana a week or so before the Jubilee, and hearing of the prize poem contest decided to "try his hand." He wrote his poem on the train to Chicago and on July 20th mailed it to his friend Mr. Merrill, with the result stated. Through the kindness of the latter the "News" is able to publish it at this time.

BINGHAM STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Bingham Stake of Zion was held in the Armory Hall, Idaho Falls, on Sunday and Monday, September 12th and 13th.

Sunday, 10 a. m. —After the usual opening exercises President James E. Steele reported the condition of the Stake as in a healthy and prosperous condition, the people manifesting a desire to do their duty. They have had an abundant harvest, and God was blessing us in our labors.