

wrapping the lines around her wrist, and leaning back, braced herself against the front gate of the wagon, by the powerful strain the lines broke the horses turned around in the brush, threw the occupants out, and while the younger woman, being the more active, escaped injuries of a serious character, the older one was struck on the head by the wagon wheels. The blow burst her skull so that her brain oozed out. She remained unconscious to the time of her death, three days later. The accident happened on her 63rd birthday. She leaves two sons in Riverton, Thos. Dyer and Charles Tinlay, one of whom has lost his wife some years ago. She was buried on July 16th.

W. J. C.

An accident happened at about 9:05 a.m. Monday, in front of the Thompson Block, which will probably terminate in the death of Joseph Grammer, familiarly known as "Big Joe."

Grammer was on an extension ladder, between the second and third stories, engaged in soldering a ventilating pipe when he went down. Mr. Klink, one of his employers, who was present at the time, said to a News reporter: "We had just got the ladder in position; I was on top of the building, and Grammer was on the bottom section of the ladder, pushing the top section up to me. It slipped from his hand and fell. Grammer completely lost his presence of mind and fell with it. The lower section upon which he had been standing remained firm."

Grammer struck the pavement on his head and shoulders. To those who rushed to the spot, the injured man presented a shocking sight. One man fainted. The unfortunate laborer was taken into a drug store, where Dr. Worthington examined his wounds and pronounced him suffering from fracture of the skull.

Grammer was sent to St. Mark's hospital, but there appears to be very little hope for his recovery.

The victim of the accident is 35 years of age, has been in the employ of Schoppe & Co. for eight or ten years and is unmarried.

At the hospital everything was done for the unfortunate man that could be, but he was beyond earthly aid and died this afternoon. His remains were taken to S. D. Evans's undertaking establishment, where they will be prepared for burial.

John Logan, a former superintendent of the Winnamuck mine at Bingham, died Sunday evening at the Lincoln House. The death at first aroused suspicions of suicide, but later on the doctors decided it to be a case of appendicitis. According to Gilligan, the day clerk, Logan came to the place in a semi-intoxicated state and took a room at 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th. On the following evening he again returned carrying a package which was afterwards found to contain bottles. He was in such a drunken condition he had to be shown his room. During the night people in the adjoining rooms were disturbed by groans, but Mr. Gilligan could not gain admission until 3 o'clock the following afternoon and found the room in a badly littered condition.

While the room was being arranged Logan took a seat in the hall. In a few moments Mr. Gilligan was startled by the fact that the former's head had

fallen on one side and he had turned very pale. Dr. Bear was quickly summoned and was successful in temporarily restoring life. Dr. McKenna, who had been treating Logan for some time was also sent for. He arrived after the man died. All physicians who have examined the case are confident that appendicitis was the cause of Logan's death.

Coroner Margette examined the premises and ordered the body taken to Taylor's morgue.

Almost everyone is more or less familiar with a large insect sometimes called the giant water bug and sometimes the electric light bug. It has received this latter name from the fact that as it flies from one pond to another it is frequently attracted by the electric lights, and large numbers of them are killed by dashing themselves into the globes, posts and wires connected with the lights. The entomologist places these insects in the order Hemiptera, among the true bugs, and has given them the name *Belostoma Americanum*.

These bugs spend the greater part of their lives in the water. Their eggs are laid on weeds growing in or near the water, and the young as soon as they are hatched enter the water.

They seem to be strictly carnivorous in their habits, feeding on the aquatic larvae of other insects, fish eggs and even on young fish. The two latter habits or diet furnished a sufficient reason for destroying them when found near fish ponds. One of them recently killed two carp nearly two inches long, which I had in an aquarium in the biological laboratory of the University of Utah. These insects frequently fly considerable distances, as I have found them on the north bench in this city, not less than three miles from any pond in which they could have lived.

So far as is known these bugs are not useful and the destruction of them by electric lights and other means should be no subject of regret.

C. A. WHITING.

Sister Janet M. Hogg died at her residence, at Morgan City, Utah, on Sunday, August 1st. The event caused universal regret in that town and adjacent settlements on account of the high esteem in which the deceased was held by the people and the intense sympathy felt for her venerable husband, Elder Robert Hogg, who has reached the ripe age of 86 years. Deceased was a native of Dunfermline, Scotland, and was born on the 14th of October, 1826. She embraced the Gospel in 1859, and with husband, emigrated to Utah in 1861. She was a successful midwife and in that capacity assisted in bringing 400 souls into the world, and in no case was it necessary to call in the aid of a regular physician. She was conspicuous for her good works, especially in cases of sickness and in helping and comforting the distressed. She was the mother of twelve children (three of whom survive her) twenty-eight grandchildren and ten great grandchildren. In this connection the fact is worthy of note that one of her daughters, Sister Jessie H. Taggart, is the mother sixteen children, all of whom are living.

The funeral services were held in

the Stake Tabernacle and were conducted by Bishop Turner. The large hall, which was tastefully draped with festoons of white ribbon and adorned with flowers—the loving handiwork of some of the good sisters and children of Morgan—were attended by the great bulk of the people of the town, besides numbers of others from adjacent settlements. A number of Elders, including President Fry and Bishop Turner, addressed the congregation. Two of the speakers were converts of the husband of the deceased, they having heard the Gospel through him many years ago, in Scotland. One of the sisters, president of the Morgan Relief Society, also spoke on the occasion.

The remains of the deceased, which were enclosed in a handsome casket, made by her son-in-law, Brother Geo. Taggart, were followed to the cemetery by a large cortege. She was, in every sense of the expression, a noble woman, a faithful and consistent Latter-day Saint.

N.

Iron County Record: By far the most frightful and lamentable accident that has ever occurred in this vicinity transpired between the hours of 10 and 11 a. m. last Wednesday on the mountain road some four miles southeast of this city. The fatal accident resulted in the death of one woman, the serious injury of two others and the more or less scratching and bruising of five small children and driver. A spirited team and a defective brake were responsible for the awful catastrophe.

Joseph Smith was returning home from his mountain ranch with a load of poles or logs, and was accompanied by his wife and her three small children, Mrs. Emma (Daugherty) and her little girl, Mrs. Amelia Webster and little 7-year-old Willie Puchl. When only some few hundred yards from the top of the dugway, the brake gave way allowing the wagon to crowd the team, which unable to control it started down the hill at a terrific speed. Mrs. Webster was the first to try to jump, carrying her charge, Willie Puchl, with her. The wagon passed over both her lower limbs, breaking one in several places and badly bruising the other, besides bruising and injuring her back. The little boy was badly scratched and bruised about the head.

Mrs. Smith was the next to leave the wagon. She carried two small children with her, both of whom escaped almost unscathed, while she, falling beneath the wheels, was horribly mangled and died almost instantly. The two other children followed and were somewhat hurt, although not seriously.

The lines giving way, Mr. Smith fell or jumped, escaping with only slight injuries.

Mrs. Daugherty, who was the last to leave the wagon, fell just as the team left the road at the end of the dugway, and was severely gashed above the eye, endangering the sight, severely cut and bruised about the face and other parts of the head, besides sustaining internal injuries.

When the team left the road they dashed down a steep timbered hill, where they fell and one of the animals was killed beneath the wagon.