

but it had to be shot, while the wagon received no further damage than the breaking of the tongue. Mr. Canning escaped unhurt, and was perfectly able to relate his experience, a repetition of which he does not hanker after.

Mr. Canning says that the wind was blowing quite briskly at that point at the time and as the train did not whistle, he was onto the track before he realized his danger. The switchmen who were seated on the car which struck the animal shouted at Mr. Canning but their shouts were not heard by him until too late to avoid the accident.

Thomas E. Foy, a stableman in the employ of Louis Zelt, a well-known horseman of San Francisco, was stabbed in the neck last Sunday night by John Rooney, also a hostler. The cutting took place at a saloon. Immediately after the stabbing Rooney was attacked by a number of Foy's friends and severely beaten. He was carried from the saloon in an unconscious condition and subsequently removed to the city and county hospital. It is believed he is internally injured. According to the bartender, Foy and Rooney engaged in a dispute over the payment for drinks, which culminated in blows. Getting the worst of the encounter Rooney drew a knife and plunged the blade into his victim's neck.

When the county commissioners as a board of election canvassers returned the report given below, they made an oversight in failing to officially sign the papers. The county clerk cannot issue certificates of election to the successful candidates until this formality of law is complied with, and as the board does not meet again until Monday, it will be seen that the certificates cannot issue until some time next week.

And in the meantime there is a possibility of somebody stepping in and opening up a contest on the election by obtaining an order from the court restraining the clerk from issuing the aforesaid certificates. Such action will at least set the matter at rest for good, but the present incumbents will hold office until such settlement can be had in the courts or the legislature acts in the premises.

Medical and business circles will be surprised to learn of the sudden death, on Monday, of Dr. Lucius S. Cantwell, from acute Bright's disease.

Dr. Cantwell had been ill just one week and during that time suffered much. It was not generally known that he was in any way afflicted with the disease that carried him away, nor was he himself aware of it until the end was close at hand. Dr. Cantwell was 38 years of age, was born at Cottonwood, Salt Lake county and grew to manhood in Utah. His struggles connected with the securing of his professional education were characterized by indomitable will and hard work. By his industry and zeal he succeeded where not a few other men would have failed. Some of his surgical work proved him to have more than ordinary ability. While he had power in many cases to heal others he failed to heal himself and was obliged to succumb to the inevitable.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CITY OF LEBANON.

LEBANON, Lebanon Co., Pennsylvania.
November 17th, 1896.

At our last conference held in Metz, West Virginia, my field of labor was changed, and I was assigned to labor in the state of Pennsylvania in the city of Lebanon. I left Metz September 30th for Pratt, Maryland, where the Maryland conference was held during the 2nd, 3rd and 4th of October. A very enjoyable time was had both in conference and in Priesthood meeting. President S. G. Spencer presided and gave all Elders very valuable instructions in regard to their future labors. He spoke on the necessity of traveling henceforth without purse or scrip and depending entirely upon the Lord, to which all agreed, feeling greatly blessed and buoyed up.

From Pratt, Elders Richardson and Parrish and myself went to Buck valley, Fulton county, Pennsylvania, where five new members were baptized and Elder Richardson, our conference president, organized a branch of the Church of about thirty seven members, Brother Parrish and I assisting.

Leaving the Saints in Buck Valley we proceeded on to Huntington, Huntington county, where we were expecting to meet our new companions. This was a distance of about one hundred miles, which was traveled on foot. We were buoyed up with the Spirit and the blessings of God, making many kind friends, who fed and lodged us. Reaching Huntington on the morning of October 18th, we met our new companions, Elder Andrew Peterson of Logan, Cache county, Utah, and Elders Rich and Thomas of Bear Lake, Idaho. After a short rest and taking refreshments, our companions were assigned, Andrew Peterson being appointed to labor with me. Taking the first train, we arrived at our destination at 9 o'clock p. m. We left the train and wended our way up to Main street, and there, amidst the glitter of gas and glass, the whirl of wealth and fashion, and the roar of trade, we realized we were indeed without friends. We had only twenty-three cents in our pockets. But even here amid the hum of the electric cars and the busy streets crowded with humanity and a rush and tumult in all directions, all of which was strange in our ears, still we were not daunted; for we knew God was here, ever ready to help and guide us as He had so often done in the past.

Entering the Eagle hotel, the best in the city, we presented our cards to the proprietor, set forth our calling and the way we traveled. We were made welcome, and given a good bed. Next day was Sunday; and fasting, as we are commanded to enter a new field, we went to a Lutheran church. After church, being hungry, we entered the Central hotel, explained our position and calling as we had done the night previous; the proprietor bade us welcome and entertained us until Monday.

We began our labors by first visiting the mayor, aldermen and editors, and were treated with the utmost kindness and consideration by them all. The mayor used his influence in trying to get the court house for us to speak in. We have failed, however, so far in getting a

house, although, we have tried nearly all in the city. But we have let the people know that we are here to preach the Gospel, and have taken our position on the street corners. Thus far our meetings have been very well attended, and through it all the Lord has been with us in raising up friends to us, who have given us money, fed us and lodged us; the barbers trim our hair and shave us, all for the blessings of the Lord.

This is a very beautiful city. It has a population of about twenty thousand. There are twenty four churches in the city, Catholic and Lutheran predominating. We have had the pleasure of meeting several gentlemen here who have traveled through Utah, and who are most profuse in their thanks for the kind way in which they were treated by the people; and they never tire in telling about their visit to the Salt Lake Tabernacle and in explaining how a pin was dropped in one end and was heard by them in the other.

We feel like doing our duty in spreading the Gospel, although it is very hard speaking on the streets; the atmosphere being very heavy, it affects the lungs. But we have to do the best we can under the existing circumstances.

WILLIAM HILL.

NORTHERN STATES MISSION.

BUTLER, Butler County, Pennsylvania,
November 17th, 1896.

Our last conference was held at Pratt, Maryland September 4th. While there we got some good instructions from our beloved president, Elder Samuel G. Spencer. We also agreed to travel without purse or scrip. I was assigned to labor in Butler county, Pennsylvania, and was to travel alone till a new companion came out from Zion. I left Cumberland on the 8th, in company with Brothers Josiah Selly and John Crawford. I only had money enough to ride some forty miles, and my field was some hundred and sixty. After my money gave out I got off the cars and did not have money enough to send my big grip to my field, so I left it, took a change of clothes and started. I met friends all along the road. I would go right into the leading hotels of the cities, tell them who I was and my message, and how I was traveling, and only in one case was I refused, most of them giving me the very best they had.

I passed through the city of Pittsburg and on to my field, arriving there on the 14th, I went to the best hotel in the city, was received and treated royally. The next day some Elders came from Utah and I got a partner in the person of Elder Mahonri M. Decker, of Parowan, Iron county, Utah; the other Elders went on to Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, to meet our conference president.

After the other Elders left we went to see the leading men of the city. They treated us well. The mayor told us we might tract the city and he would help us all he could. We saw the leading newspaper editors, and they told us they would announce our meetings, or any thing we wished. They also gave an account of our being in the city. So our names were well advertised. We