

In the face of this showing there was great need for home missionary work among the young men of Zion. Many of them had not yet been converted to the revelations in which Mormonism had its origin, and until they had been, their assistance in the Gospel work would be of very little importance. Thus the Mutual Improvement associations had a great work before them in gathering up those who were straying away from the duties which should devolve upon them. Each member, added the speaker, should constitute himself a committee of one to convert another to the necessity of attending the Mutual Improvement associations.

Elder Roberts congratulated the Mutual Improvement workers in the work in which they were engaged. They were laying a foundation for grand results, if they would stick to the line of the exercises mapped out for those connected with the associations. Active energetic work was required—work calculated to build up the spiritual instincts of nature and which would bring those engaged in it nearer to their heavenly Father. The Mutual Improvement associations were not improvement gatherings for the purpose of passing away idle hours. They had got beyond that and were destined to fit and prepare the youth of Zion for future responsibilities.

President Joseph F. Smith was the next speaker. He called the attention of those assembled to the great work in which the Latter-day Saints were engaged, and referred to the necessity of the young men and young women of Zion becoming acquainted with the importance of the Mutual Improvement work, which, said President Smith, was no trifle, neither was it a fable; it was a reality which, if complied with, would enable the Saints to reach the destiny in store for them to live their religion in the manner expected of them. President Smith briefly referred to the tendency of humankind to seek after the things of the world, despite their perishability, contrasting this with the indifference paid to the Gospel of Jesus Christ, which was destined to endure forever.

The choir sang the anthem:

O Father, whose almighty power  
The heavens and earth and seas adore,  
and conference was adjourned for six months, benediction being pronounced by Elder Brigham Young of the Council of Apostles.

## REPORT FROM MISSISSIPPI

Perth, Jefferson Co., Miss.,  
October 12, 1897.

Our branch was organized June 9, 1895, with thirteen members, by Elders F. C. Best of Mill Creek, and Joseph P. Sharp of Vernon, Utah, since which time we have endured a great deal of persecution; but amidst it all we have striven to keep the smoke from putting our eyes entirely out relying upon the words of our Savior, "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven." It seems that "Old Nick" has to some extent changed the tactics, and to get disunion into our ranks, finding his old plans would not do so well. On the night of July 4, 1895, we had our church house burned and have been without one ever since; but we have a house now under construction which we hope will not meet the same fate. The feelings of the people are very different now to what they were two years ago. We have succeeded in maintaining our Sunday school although very badly scattered geographically; some have to go five or six miles every Sunday; we have enrolled about forty-five pupils and officers. Elders Heber S. Sanders of South Cottonwood, Utah, and Wm. M. Dye

of Basalt, Idaho, have been in our midst for the last twelve days. We certainly have enjoyed a spiritual feast. Both are fine speakers and Elder Dye is a good musician. On Oct. 8th they led down into the waters of baptism 8 honest souls, with prospects for many more in the near future, swelling our ranks to forty-three, including two apostates; they also blessed ten children. We would be glad to hear from any of the Elders that have labored with us during those stormy times.

WM. D. GOODSON.

## WENT DOWN TO DEATH.

Garrisons, N. Y., Oct. 24.—From the sleep that means refreshment and rest to the eternal sleep that knows no awakening, plunged in the twinkling of an eye this morning twenty-eight souls, men, women and children. In the slimy bed of the Hudson river, a train laden with slumbering humanity, ploughed, dragging through the waters the passengers. There were nothing to presage the terrible accident which so suddenly deprived these unfortunates of life.

The New York Central train left Buffalo last night, and had progressed for nearly nine-tenths of the distance towards its destination. The engineer and his fireman had just noted the grey dawn breaking from the east, and the light streak of red denoting the sun's appearance, when the great engine, a servant on the rails, plunged into the river. Neither engineer or fireman will ever tell the story of that terrible moment, for with his hand upon the throttle, the engineer plunged with his engine into the river bottom and the fireman, too, was at his post. Behind them came the express car, the combination car and the sleepers, and these piled on top of the engine.

It is known it was a trifle foggy, and that the track was not visible, but if there was any break in the lines of steel it must have been of very recent happening, for only an hour before there had passed over it a heavy passenger train, laden with human freight. Neither is an explanation ready. All is conjecture. The section of road was supposed to be the very best on the entire division. There was a great heavy retaining wall along the bank, and while the tide was high yesterday it was not unprecedented. What seems to have happened was that underneath the tracks and ties the heavy wall had given away and when the great weight of the engine struck the unsupported tracks it went crashing through the rest of the wall and toppled over into the river.

Then there happened what on the railroad at any other time would have caused disaster, but now proved a very blessing. As the train plunged over the embankment the coupling that held the last three of the six sleepers broke and they miraculously remained on the broken track. In that way some sixty lives were saved.

Of eye-witnesses there were none except the crew of tugboat passing with a tow. They saw the train with its light as it came flashing about the curves, and then saw the greater part of it go into the river. Some of the cars with closed windows floated, and the tug whistled for help, cast off its hawser and started to the rescue.

A porter jumped from one of the cars that remained on the track and ran into the yard of Augusta Carr's house, near which the accident occurred, and stood screaming for help, and moaning: "The train is in the river. All our passengers are drowned."

In a few minutes Carr had dressed himself, and getting a boat rowed with the porter to the scene. As they turned a point in the bank they came

upon the express car and the combination car floating about twenty feet from shore, but sinking every minute. One man was taken from the top of the car, and efforts were made to rescue those inside. A few were got out, the passengers left upon the track making a human bridge to the shore to take the wounded on.

The day coach and smoker had gone down in the deeper water and rescue was impossible. In the latter coach the conditions must have been terrible. The car turned completely over and the passenger end of it was deep in the water, while the baggage end stood up toward the surface. The men in that lower end must have fought like fiends for a brief period, for the bodies, when taken out, were a mass of wounds.

The closing scene of the first day of this tragedy is drawn around a common car that stands near the scene of the accident, where nearly a score of badly mutilated bodies, are lying in a long row, gruesome evidences of the disaster, the greatest that has ever occurred on this railroad.

The wrecked train was known as the State express. It left Buffalo at 7 o'clock last night and was due in New York at 7 o'clock this morning. The train was drawn by engine 872 and consisted of one American express car, one combination baggage and smoking car, one day coach and six sleepers. Poughkeepsie was the last stopping place of the train before the disaster at 5:10 a.m. At this time there were in the smoker, in addition to the baggageman, Herman Acker of Peekskill, who was in his compartment, eight Chinamen en route from the Canadian border to New York, and a middle-aged man, supposed to be Thomas Reilly of St. Louis. All of those, excepting the baggageman, perished.

## MILLIONAIRE GENEROSITY.

It is refreshing to read of a good deed in a naughty world. For that reason I call your attention to a recent one in a neighbor state.

Ex-Senator Tabor of Colorado is now an old man. He was once the wealthiest man in Colorado. He was, before he became that, one of the poorest prospectors in the state. His cabin was in California gulch, and there his first wife helped out their living by taking in washing for miners. Then came the finding of the ore that made Leadville the richest camp of its time and Mr. Tabor a millionaire. He went to Denver and invested in real estate. He built "Tabor Block," corner of Sixteenth and Larimer, and "Tabor Opera House," Sixteenth and Curtis. For many years they were the finest buildings in the city. They cost a "pile" of money. But reverses of fortune came to the rich man, and after long struggles he finally lost everything. For years he has been working against ill fortune. His last venture is a prospect in the mining region in the mountains back of Bowlder, Colorado. He needed money to develop his property and went to Colorado Springs. He laid his case before W. S. Stratton, the millionaire miner of Cripple Creek.

"How much money will be required?" asked Mr. Stratton.

"I believe it can be done with \$15,000," said Mr. Tabor.

"I will take your proposition into consideration and will answer you at your hotel before night."

Later a messenger inquired for Mr. Tabor at his hotel and placed in his hand a package and a letter. The package contained \$15,000. The letter I quote from the Denver News:

"My Dear Mr. Tabor:—The bearer will deliver into your hands the sum of \$15,000. Accept this as a tribute to a worthy man whose generous acts, if rightly rewarded, could never be re-