

Irish sentiment. But the darkest hour is past. The spirit of the age has decreed that the system which cannot bear discussion is doomed.

In regard to Continental matters, the epidemic known as the "Russian Influenza" is the great "topic" of conversation. Professor Leyden of Berlin has just made the startling announcement that nearly three hundred thousand persons in that city are suffering with the disease. News from Paris declares, in spite of all that can be said to the contrary, that the influenza is still on the increase, and that it becomes more dangerous as it goes on. The disease may not be fatal in itself, yet it often leads to pneumonia and inflammation of the lungs, from which patients die. It is said that a family can not be found which is or has not been attacked. Rich ladies with a large staff of servants are often obliged to prepare their own meals. Public dinners are seriously interfered with and in some cases more than one half of the invited guests have sent apologies at the last moment. In others it is found impossible to find competent servants to attend upon the ceremonies. Among the uncounted thousands now suffering may be mentioned M. Carnot, the President of the Republic; M. Spuller, the Prime Minister, and four of his associates; Lord Lytton, the British Minister, and many other persons of note. Madame Carnot had a severe attack but is now convalescent. Her Thursday evening socials, however, will be postponed for the present until the malady decreases.

In Madrid the influenza epidemic is increasing. Though few cases terminate fatally, yet a large proportion of the people have suffered from it; a majority of the soldiers in the Madrid barracks have been reported unfit for duty. News from Vienna up to December 23rd state that nearly one-half the population have suffered or are suffering from the epidemic. The traffic on the street cars is seriously interfered with, as more than half the conductors and drivers are suffering from the malady. It is found that the disease is of a far more malignant type than at first.

So far England has escaped, but many believe that the new year will not far advance before the pestilence will arrive here also.

Although London is so far free from the influenza that is sweeping over the continent, yet a vast amount of suffering has been caused lately by the strike of the gas-stokers of South London. Public attention has been drawn to their condition. The want of light at this holiday season is keenly felt. A large part of London is in need of much more light, especially at this season, when dwellings must be lighted throughout the whole day, on account of the terrible fog that prevails. Yet as the public become acquainted with the real facts in the case a deep sympathy is felt for the honest, brave, though possibly misguided workmen. What kind of men are the gasmen? They have been beaten in Manchester, were victorious at Glasgow, and are engaged in a bitter

struggle to preserve their Union in London. Birmingham supplies an answer. Among them are some truly brave men. Lately a large gasholder belonging to the Birmingham corporation needed interior repairs. Joseph Besley and Thomas Casey descended into this man-made inferno to execute them. Casey wore a diver's dress, and both men stood upon a raft which floated upon the black waters inside the foul receptacle. Besley became nearly senseless from the poisonous gases. Casey tried to save his comrade, but found himself hindered by his clumsy helmet and diving dress. He therefore divested himself of them, becoming thus exposed to the foul air of the gasholder. What was his dismay to find that he could not carry his helpless comrade up the ladder! These were moments of awful suspense. Then help came from above. John Chew and Richard Smith perceived that something was wrong and, descending at the risk of their lives, they brought out their comrades. Since then John Chew and Thomas Casey have died. They were true heroes. Perhaps the description of the Mississippi pilot by the poet Hayes might be applied to them:

He wasn't no saint, but at judgment I'd
take my chance with Jim,
'Longside of some pious gentlemen as
wouldn't shook with him;
He seen his duty a dead sure thing and
went for it there and then,
And Christ ain't going to be too hard on a
man who died for men.

The proposed Watkins tower is likely to bring comfort to the Londoners, as well as fame to the builder. Paris is not enveloped in fog as London is, and when the Watkins tower is completed all the fog-choked Londoner will have to do will be to step into the elevator and be wafted right up into the clear blue, above the dismal, penetrating fog, and the ceaseless roar of the city streets. It is proposed to have complete hotel establishments up there, where invalids may rest undisturbed and then descend to earth again like giants refreshed. J. H. WARD.

EUROPE, Dec. 31st, 1889.

SNOW AND WIND.

Friday afternoon, January 17, a telephone message was received at the Utah & Nevada depot stating that the engine had been disabled and was fast in a snow drift near Erda Station, Tooele County.

Immediately upon receipt of this message Mr. Riter ordered an engine to the relief. Upon it were the engineer, fireman, brakeman, Mr. Riter and a News representative with plenty of supplies for the employees and passengers.

The reporter had been invited to join the party by Mr. Riter, and accepted the invitation with the reply that perhaps the ride might furnish an item of news and at the same time be a little romantic. "It will be romantic enough!" said Mr. Riter as the engine left the depot.

The snow had been and still was drifting to the depth of many feet in the railway cuts, and as the engine would burrow its way through

them, every man, with good grip, (not "la grippe") held fast to the "iron rod." As the locomotive emerged from the snowy depths Mr. Riter often inquired, "Is it 'romantic' enough, yet?" The rejoinder was, "It will be more so if this continues much longer."

About nine miles from this city, while running at a high rate of speed, the engine struck suddenly against a large drift, and the engineer, who all the way along had manifested a degree of coolness not often met with, called out "Look out, boys, we are going over!" Sure enough at that instant the engine jumped the track and embedded itself in the snow. It was real "romantic" and fortunately no one was hurt. The breaking of the pilot in the snow drift was the cause of the accident.

Mr. Riter made his way to a telephone station a mile distant, and ordered another locomotive to the scene of the accident. It was waited for some time, but being of light build it made but slow progress and the disabled engine was left in charge of the engineer, while the remainder of the party began a walk back in the piercing cold. They were met near Garden City by the engine last sent for by Mr. Riter and were brought to this city. Supt. Riter says that in his ten years' railroad experience upon that line he has never known the snow to be so deep as now.

Two more engines were sent out Saturday, January 18 to relieve the passenger train near Erda. Apostle F. M. Lyman and Prest. H. S. Gowans are among the passengers on board the train.

A telephone message this forenoon stated that the passengers were yet without provisions. A telephonic communication from F. M. Lyman, Jr., of Tooele, at 12 o'clock, stated that a relief party would be sent out immediately from there, so possibly the passengers have received aid before this.

The relief party that left this city this morning reached Garfield at a little after one o'clock this afternoon. Squads of men are at work all along the line shoveling snow. The relief train, unless an accident occurs, will reach the passenger train before morning. Mr. Riter is on board, and he will get through if such a thing is possible under present conditions.

The latest message received was that the relief train had left Garfield, and was between that point and Noble's ranch, about five miles from the belated train. It was making very slow progress, but was moving. The snow is up to the car windows, so a slight idea can be formed of what has to be met with. The wind is blowing almost a hurricane, and the snow drifting terribly, while at the same time the cold is intense. On the train that is sought to be relieved there are a number of passengers, one of whom is a lady who resides in the Eighteenth Ward of this city.

The Utah & Nevada branch of the Union Pacific, is not, however, alone in its dispute with the snow. Up to Thursday the Echo & Park