MAN AND BOY KILLED AT MURRAY

Horrible Double Fatality on the Rio Grande Western This Morning.

DEATH-DEALING SPEED.

Elder Charles Ham, Recently Returned From a Mission, One of the Victims.

A LAD FROM MURRAY ALSO.

From Six to Eight Persons Have Lost Their Lives at This Point Within Two Years.

Another horrible railroad fatality occurred at Murray this morning at 8:15, by which a man named Charles Ham and whose home was at West Jordan and a little boy from Murray by the name of Hull, lost their lives by being run over and crushed by the Rio Grande Western passenger train No. 1, bound to this city from the south.

Mr. Ham started this morning for the city in a wagon drawn by two horses and has reached Murray, having with him Go tad Hull and drove quietly along till the dreading the shocking fate that awaited him. At the moment the crossing on the north of the depot the train was coming around the curve which leads into the depot.

The train was ahead of time and running at the usual high rate of speed. From the position of the crossing, the depot and other buildings and between the incoming train and wagon, while in the act of crossing the track. Mr. Ham evidently did not hear the whistle and was on the track before knowing nothing of the danger he was in. The horses had nearly got across the track when the engine struck them, instantly throwing them upon one side of the track killing them both. Mr Ham and the boy had no time to jump from the rig or save themselves, and were crushed beneath the fast running train, bodies being frightfully mangled.

Charles Ham was about sixty years of age and was a prominent farmer of West Jordan. He only recently returned from a mission and was much respected in the community where he lived. The little boy was the son of E. H. Hull, who is employed at the Germania smelter, he was taking a ride with Mr. Ham when the accident happened.

An inquest was held over the remains, by Justice of the Peace Heber Saunders of Murray, beginning at 2:30 this afternoon.

The crossing where this distressing accident happened is one of the most dangerous crossings on the railroads in the country. Both the Western and the Short Line cross over the Murray station ground a curve after passing through a cut which effectually hides from view the approach of a train. It has been the scene of many fatalities in the past two years from six and eight people having been killed at or near the crossing. A little over a month ago a man was killed at this same place and it is known as a dangerous crossing and officials of the Rio Grande Western officials say that something must be done at this crossing and say a watchman will be in future be on the lookout when trains are coming. The Short Line officials have long had an idea of building a roadway under the track to avoid the danger. Something, no doubt, will now be done to stop the unnecessary loss of life.

SAW THE BATTLE AT WATERLO.

Phillip R. Dean, one of the pioneer citizens of Springville, Utah, Hamilton county, celebrated his seventieth birthday anniversary at his home in Mt. Healthy, Tuesday, March 7. Mr. Dean was born in Dorset, Stone-Horn-stadt, in 1829, and was six years old when the battle of Waterloo was fought. He distinctly recalls the retreat of Napoleon's army and also the passage of the troops of the allies and his hitting behind a swallow with his brother while the soldiers were passing. In the meantime the parents of the family was brought to the point of starvation, and when the children cried for something to eat they were forced into seeing his mother break up a potato and divide it around. He came to this country in 1856. His parents were not able to put up all of the passage money for Mr. Dean, with others was put up to be sold by the emigration company in order that it might be returned. This was a success in that day, and children were frequently known that their fare across the sea might be paid—Deseret Dispatch.

AMUSEMENTS.

At the Theater tonight the Sign of the Cross company will appear for three nights and a Wednesday matinee; the audience sale has been extremely large.

"Remember the Maine" at the Grand drew a fair sized house last night. Of engagement is for three nights and a matinee.

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A private letter from Heber J. Grant in Chicago states that he had just had the pleasure of seeing Sol Smith Russell in "The Little Minister." After the performance he and his daughter enjoyed a pleasant chat with Mr. Russell, who says he photographic success does not interfere with his work in the least in the world, but that she is the same little lady to whom she visited with Lake county fair with the boys and Women's company. The advance sale in Chicago on the first day exceeded a dollar. Mr. Grant also says that young Mr. Taylor who had undergone an operation for appendicitis, is recovering very rapidly. Mr. Grant and his daughter will leave for home within the next day or two.

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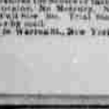

COLD IN HEAD

UTAH HEROES IN PHILIPPINES.

(Continued from page 1.)

brave me pretty much on organization. Gen. McArthur is very kind to me. I have spent a great deal of my time at the headquarters at his request. Good by. I must close to write Anthony Young regarding Harry and Joe.

RUSSELL'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Kills Two Filipinos in an Unequal Battle and Wounds Others.

Isaac Russell, the newspaper young Salt Laker, writes to his mother, brothers and sisters, from Manila, under date Feb. 15 as follows:

The most cold came in a few rabbits and I have not come enough to write you a letter to tell you about them, and our supper meeting was soon, and having a very fine hunt. My horse was mostly exhibited among the crowd as most it was in the papers here. But I know you will not worry, as you know that I am careful in all things. But the war is over and I left in with my battery and went to the front. The fighting was so hot that I had some men wounded. I got a carriage and took them to camp, but on my way back I met a company of niggers who got out to behind our lines. Most of them had knives and a few had guns. I saw them coming and I told my friend to go and head cutting him to pieces. I was unconcerned firing and he pulled at the niggers near me. They scared them and they let go of him. He ran down the road and I fired at those behind him. Then a lot of niggers came for me, thinking my pistol was empty. I had one more load and at the same time I felt a knife hitting me on the left arm. I turned and shot the nigger, who fell on me, and the other ran. I got crushed on the shoulder as he fell dying. Neither of the dangers cuts me any. I was not hurt. I got up and they didn't get through my garments. Another nigger climbed me across the head with a knife, but as one good was county, I commenced to run, with the whole mob running after. I headed off my friend, as he ran and then stopped and commenced firing. The whole crowd then commenced to run, and further down the street I met and cried commenced to shoot at me with rifles but I, company, commenced to shoot and cause down the street. They shot a couple of times to help the brigade firing others of them. The rat on my head hurt me a little and they took it back to camp. I went to the hospital. I am now all right again and spend most of my time carrying good things to the men on the front. Nearly every day I shot nice tight ready to help the wounded at any time. It would not be right to stay behind when the battles were fought as you know. The battles were fought as you know. The battles were fought as you know. The