

in his usual health, but during school hours he complained of being very ill. As his pains grew worse it became necessary for him to dismiss his pupils, but little did those children think that their teacher, as far as he was concerned, had dismissed his school forever. He continued to grow worse and Dr. Boynton, the local physician, was called in, and on Saturday decided that an operation was necessary. This was attended at 4 p. m. and hopes were then entertained that he would gradually recover. The substance that had formed was caused by a hurt eight years ago. Everything that medical skill, good nursing and loving hands and hearts could do, was done, but he gradually grew worse and on Tuesday, the 26th inst., at 2 p. m. his spirit took its flight, and Brother James D. Cantwell was dead.

The funeral was held at 2 p. m. Thursday, the 28th, when the town turned out en masse and filled the large tabernacle which was appropriately draped. The choir and school children from six schools formed a procession from the home to the church and the male members of the choir acted as pall-bearers. Consoling remarks were made by Elders A. G. Barber, Seth Langton of Logan, Dr. Tanner of the Agricultural College, Prof. Kerr of the B. Y. College, and President Orson Smith. The testimony these brethren bore of the worth of this young man was simply grand and beautiful. The music was heavenly as it had been taught them by their dead leader, and the floral offerings were many and costly. Brother Cantwell leaves behind a sick wife and loving parents, who sorrow greatly over his demise.

Last week Bishop George L. Farrell met with a bad accident. He had taken his horse to the barn in the tithing yard for the night. A man and a boy were with a team, and in one corner of the yard were unhitching it. The man told the boy to lead one horse and the other would follow to the water. As the Bishop drew near the office and a pile of cedar posts, he heard the old man say "Whoa," and on looking around he saw that he man had only unhitched one tug when one horse started to follow the other, and finding the wagon behind him he at once broke into a dead run. The Bishop seeing his peril ran for his life, and had he made a yard further he would have escaped, but the animal caught him, knocked him down and with the wagon box attached went over him. His face was terribly bruised, and the wagon striking his legs bruised them in a terrible manner. It was a close call and Brother Farrell says had he been one yard further back he should certainly have been killed. The Bishop was unable to leave his home for a few days, but, being a man of strong physical force and indomitable will, though lame and terribly bruised about his face and body, is now out overseeing his ward and his large farming interests.

The farmers of Cache county are very busy sowing grain and vegetables. At no season has there been such an area of land brought under cultivation. The fall grain never looked better. The season is fully a month ahead of any other in this valley. The late copious rains have done much to make nature put on her beautiful spring garments. At present everything looks as though there would be a bountiful harvest.

SALOP.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, MAY 3.

A big wool sale is announced from Tooele county by Neff & Stillman. The purchaser is Theodore Davis of St. Louis, and the amount of the clip \$5,000 pounds. The price per pound is not given, though it is said to be considerably in advance of last year's figures.

From reports that reached this city today it is evident that the stormy weather that has prevailed for the past forty-eight hours has had a very chilling and damaging effect in certain sections as well as being beneficial in others. In this connection the following report is interesting to farmers and meteorological students generally:

Provo—Raining all night; some snow; still raining.

Nephi—Rained and snowed all night; still storming; mild.

Fountain Green—Snowing hard.

Mt. Pleasant—Snowing hard.

Spring City—Snowing hard.

Ephraim—Been raining; cloudy.

Manti—Snowing; sleet all night; cold.

Salina—Snowed and rained all night.

Gunnison—Snowed all night.

Richfield—Snowing and raining hard.

Kanosh—Raining and snowing; cold.

Beaver—Snowed most of night; still snowing.

Parowan—Seven or eight inches of snow and still snowing.

Cedar City—Six inches of snow and still snowing.

Toquerville—Rained most of the night.

Rockville—Very stormy.

Ogden—Cloudy, rainy and cold.

Brigham—Stormy; windy and cold.

Logan—Cold; rainy.

Franklin—Rained yesterday; cloudy.

Paris—Cold; been snowing.

### FROM CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Cincinnati, April 20, 1898.

Last Sunday Elders Burton, Clark and I visited the new St. Joseph (Catholic) cemetery, this city. The sexton showed us through the vault, a house for the storage of dead bodies pending burial. The rent for space in the vault is \$1.50 a month for adults, and 75 cents for children.

The ground plan of the structure is in the shape of a cross; there is a door but no windows in the building; ventilation is provided for by means of small holes near the bottom in the door and an opening—also in the shape of a cross—in each of the four gables. On each of three sides of the vault shelves are running from the floor nearly to the roof (there is no ceiling). The coffins are placed on the shelves, side by side, and one row above the other, arranged exactly like shoe boxes in a store. On the end of the coffin, at the head, is tacked a card giving the name and age of the deceased and the date of death and of deposit in the vault.

It is customary here to leave the dead bodies in the vault for several months before burial. My landlady's husband was lying in the vault six months before interment. We were shown bodies in different stages of preservation; among others, one of a woman 25 years old, who had died December 10, 1897.

At the instance of the Cincinnati chamber of commerce, the Fort Thomas (Ky.) soldiers who left last night for Tampa, Florida, paraded the streets of this city yesterday afternoon. All along the line of march the thoroughfares were thronged with eager spectators. Every available space from the streets to the tops of the buildings was occupied. Some attempted to combine pleasure and profit with the necessary expenditure of valuable time, but it was peculiarly striking to see men engrossed in reading their newspapers while clinging to telephone poles twenty or thirty feet up in the air, awaiting the arrival of the guests of honor. Great interest was manifested by the tens of thousands of people who were gathered to get a glimpse at the boys in blue, as they actually appear when ready for business. It was particularly pathetic to

witness the parting of the soldiers from their loved and loving ones, who had accompanied them on the cars from the fort—about six miles distant—to this city.

The procession was headed by the usual advance platoon of mounted police and a half dozen patrol wagons, followed by the military band playing "Marching Tho' Georgia;" then came the officers, a body of privates, carrying their guns with bayonets fixed, and lastly regiments of soldiers, with their regulation paraphernalia, as if out on march in actual service.

The vacuum created behind the passing service of our brave defenders was shrewdly filled in with ever-present evidence of "business" that characterizes American demonstrations of whatever nature.

Many and varied were the expressions heard as one walked among the crowd of people; everybody seemingly had war on the brain; war seems to be the drift theme of conversation at present everywhere and with everybody. War is indeed a stern reality; a measure horrible to contemplate; a sad commentary on the boasted advancement in this enlightened age.

While standing on the steps of the postoffice an accident occurred that came within six inches of perhaps costing my life: It was the fall from some of the stories above of an earthen flower pot with its contents. I moved on.

As soon as it was known here today that the President had signed the Cuban resolutions, steam whistles, gongs, bells, and other instruments of noise were brought into play, producing a deafening and discordant din din, lasting over an hour.

Now, when all that is left to remind one of Easter is the sign in grocery windows: "Eggs 25 cents a yard," the religious atmosphere in this city is being stirred by such celebrities as Mr. Moody, who preached here last week, Rev. and Mrs. John Alex Dowle, from Chicago, who next Sunday with Mr. Moody will deliver in the Music Hall "Zion's Message from God to Cincinnati;" and last, but not least, Elders Burton of Ogden and Clark of Panguitch, Utah, the unpretending but zealous Mormon missionaries who several times a week boldly deliver God's message to all the world, not from the stage in the commodious Music Hall, and to thousands who are in quest of a cheap and convenient form of religion, but from the steps of the base of Garfield monument, to a few who are willing to pause and lend an attentive ear to the pristine Gospel truths.

Cincinnati being in every sense a college center, has at this time of the year an abundance of commencement exercises; and many a happy worker rejoices at the end of his allotted probation, on receiving his hard-earned "sheep-skin."

Our college (the Eclectic Medical) will soon have its commencement—and I am not sorry for it.

CHARLES L. OLSEN.

The Baca Grant in San Luis valley, Colo., was decided Monday by the United States Supreme Court to be legal and regular. The grant comprises 100,000 acres of land selected under an act of 1860 in lieu of a part of the old Baca grant near Las Vegas, N. M. This act provides that the land selected should be non-mineral and it appears that recently mineral has been found on a portion of the land. Justice Brewer, who delivered the court's opinion, held, however, that this discovery at so late a date, could not affect the legality of the grant. The parties to the suit were Quincy M. Shaw and Murray A. Kellogg. The decision in this court as in the court below was in Shaw's interest.