

an extra report had to be taken in order to be on time for the connection. The train was going at the rate of between 35 and 40 miles an hour, and when at the point named an expansion or "kink" was struck by the engine, which keeled over, dying with the wheels revolving in the air. Engineer Richards had reversed the power, and both he and Fireman Watson jumped, barely escaping in time to save their lives.

The engineer received a sprained ankle, but the fireman received internal injuries, necessitating his removal to the hospital, where today he was reported as doing fairly well.

The regular train reached Salt Lake about two hours late, having gone down to the scene of the disaster and picked up the passengers and crew.

RICHFIELD, Utah, May 7.—This afternoon E. B. Keyes found his son, Edson E. Keyes, lying dead in a field just outside the town of Annabella, where he lived. The corpse was lying face down across an irrigating furrow, the left hand extending beyond the head, upon the mellow soil, that showed marks of the convulsions of death. Black mud from the trench filled the mouth and nose, and the supposition is that death was caused by smothering. It is the theory among his neighbors that the man was seized with a fit and fell prone and unconscious with his face in the furrow, into which he had turned a small stream of water, only an inch or two.

The deceased was 25 years old on the 10th of last February. He was unmarried and resided with his parents at Annabella, a small village six miles southeast of Richfield, where his father is justice of the peace. From the appearance of the body it seemed life had departed one hour or more before the discovery. The nearest house was only 500 yards distant, but none of the family of Will Lisonbee, who occupies it, had seen the tragedy. The distressed father ran a quarter of a mile to where a son of John Davis was working with a team and wagon, and with the assistance of H. S. Barney the remains were taken home. The funeral services are to be held Sunday morning. On the crown of the dead man's head there was found a scar two inches long, where the scalp has the appearance of having recently been laid bare of hair. No blood was visible, but the wound looks fresh. Still the neighbors have no suspicion of foul play.

Young Keyes had no enemies, so far as is known, and there can be assigned no reason for murder by his most intimate acquaintances. The deceased's mother was in Richfield when the gruesome discovery was made, and did not receive the terrible tidings until toward 4 o'clock. For four years or more Edson has been subject to fits, but he had had no trouble of this sort for two months until last night, when he was attacked by catalepsy while planting trees in his lot in Annabella.—Tribune.

The fast melting snows of Parley's canyon let down a mighty volume of water which at 4 o'clock on Friday tore out several sections of road bed and rails on the Utah Central railway, sweeping the former into the valley and leaving the latter tilted on end

and strewn along the banks of the swollen, turbid and roaring stream.

The washout is at the mouth of the canyon near the big catch basin and reservoir. For days past this portion of the canyon has been under careful patrol, the city and railway officials being apprehensive of a giving away of the breastworks by reason of the rapidly rising waters which have reached the highest point on record. All day yesterday and the whole of last night the stream grew larger and larger, bringing debris down from far above. At 4 o'clock this morning the break occurred. The railroad track, which of necessity meanders closely along the bed of the canyon, was submerged and then torn out at different places by the stream which had lost all resemblance to that of a creek, being transformed into river-like proportions.

City Watermaster Wilcken was quickly notified and soon a force of workmen aggregating about forty in number, were engaged in an attempt to repair the damage. Manager McGregor, of the railroad, also got there early in the day, hiring every man who presented himself or who could be induced to go to work until he had about seventy-five men under his direction, who with those of Watermaster Wilcken made up a total of more than one hundred. The men worked hard all day. It is estimated that it will take from five days to a week to make good the damage. And then there is no certainty that further flooding may not occur. The weather is growing warmer and the streams larger daily. In Parley's canyon it is thought the water has not yet reached its maximum height by considerable.

No trains ran to Park City over the Utah Central today. Several trains, however, went to the scene of the washout this forenoon and afternoon, carrying men and material for use in the repair work going on. The Park City passenger traffic will be resumed tomorrow by means of transfer from one train to another over the section where such havoc has been wrought. In the morning a train will be backed over the mountain from Park City down the canyon to the washout and stop bringing Salt Lake passengers with it while passengers from this city will be taken up to the reservoir on schedule time. A walk of four hundred or five hundred yards over an improvised path along the side of the mountain will furnish the means of the transfer.

STATE LINE, May 6.—At 2:30 p. m. on the 5th inst. a shooting scrape took place on Main street, Line City, and when the smoke cleared away William Morgan, or better known as "Little Billy" Morgan, was a dead man, with three bullet holes in his anatomy, fired from a 40-82 Winchester rifle in the hands of John W. Lund, constable of Line City precinct.

The circumstances leading up to the shooting were the result of a heavy drunk on Mr. Morgan's part, which he has indulged in for the past week, or since his arrival in camp some ten days ago. For the past few days Mr. Morgan has been under the impression that some one was trying to beat him out of his property here, and appeared on the street armed with a Winchester on the 5th, and declared war. He had

things his own way for some time, until J. H. McDonald, justice of the peace, ordered Constable Lund to go and arrest him. Mr. Lund was not armed at the time, but advanced toward Morgan and tried to persuade him to give up his gun and quit. But Morgan resisted and kept backing off from the constable, and telling him at the same time to keep back or he would kill him. Mr. McDonald, justice of the peace, saw the danger, and immediately secured a rifle and handed it to the constable, who then ordered Morgan to throw up his hands. Morgan still kept backing off, and the constable again repeated his demand. The men were about fifty yards apart at this time, and Morgan dropped on one knee, leveled his gun and fired. The bullet passed a few inches over the constable's head and struck a building behind him. Lund fired the next shot at Morgan, and at the same time holstered at him to throw up his hands. Morgan dropped another cartridge into his rifle and fired again. Lund fired back at him, and Morgan retaliated with his third and last shot, as the third shot from Lund had reached him before he could reload, his gun. He threw up his hands and said, "Jack, you have got me," fell over on his side and died in a few minutes.

A coroner's jury was summoned. The dead body was carried into a building near by and when stripped revealed three bullet holes, one below the ankle, another a few inches below the groin and the third through the body on the right side.

An inquest was called at 10:30 a. m. today, and after the testimony of all the witnesses to the affair had been taken, the jury rendered a verdict that the deceased came to his death from gunshot wounds from a rifle in the hands of John W. Lund, constable, while resisting arrest, and that the officer was justified in the act. The three jurors were Thomas Martin, Emanuel Jacobson and R. J. Nugent.

The funeral took place on Thursday, and was followed to his last resting place by the populace of State line, where the services were held over the grave.—Tribune correspondence.

City Creek canyon, about a mile above the city waterworks, was the scene of a terrible accident shortly before 1 o'clock Saturday, by which the two sons of Henry Pearson, engineer at the DESERET News office, lost their lives. The boys were aged 9 and 11 years respectively.

The lads, with a number of others, had gone up the canyon for a walk, and at the point where the fatality occurred stopped where there is a board at the side of the creek, of which they made a "tester." At that particular place the stream is a raging mountain torrent, as it dashes over the rocks, nearly filling the channel.

As the boys were playing, the younger one, James Pearson, accidentally slipped and fell into the seething waters below, and was thrown out of reach of the bank. Immediately his elder brother came to the rescue and sprang into the creek to deliver his little brother from the angry waters. But these were too strong for him, and the rocky bed of the stream being slippery, both lads were being tossed helplessly about, and