OGDEN.

OGDEN, UTAH, - - JUNE 23, 1896.

Seriously Injured.

Miss Lottie Martin, a 13-year-old daughter of Mrs. Noanie Martin of Weber county, was seriously hurt by being struck by a Utah Northern train on Saturday. The girl and a younger sister were on their way to visit their uncle's family, James Brown, in Glasgow addition. The children were crossing a bridge when the train came in sight; the girl placed her sister in a place of safety and started to run but was struck by the engine before she could get out of the way. The train was stopped and the girl was brought to Ogden where Dr. Pettit was telephoned for. He found the child's left hip badly cut and bruised with indications also of internal injuries.

Death From Bright's Disease.

Brother S. N. Decker, who came to Ogden about six months ago from Delph, Carbon county, Utah, where, for medical treatment, he suffered from Bright's disease, died yesterday morning. He was a veteran in the D. & R. G. railway shop at Helper and death was caused by congestion in one of the kidneys and great stress is laid upon this part. Funeral services will be held on Wednesday at 1 p. m. from the Fifth ward meeting house.

Hurt in a Runaway.

Mrs. Andrews was considerably hurt yesterday by being thrown out of a buggy. The horse was a nervous animal and when the wagon in the buggy struck the side of the street car track on Twenty-fourth street it started to run and upset the buggy, throwing Mrs. Andrews and Mr. Baker out. The only hip was hurt but not both badly bruised. Dr. Conroy who attended her does not think the serious trouble.

The Horse Races.

A large crowd attended the horse races at the Western tracks yesterday and very satisfactory running was done by the horses. Dr. Shelton's black horse Dennis won the 2:17 trot and a purse of $200.

Fired Again.

For the fifth time the frame building on the corner of Twenty-eighth and Jefferson was set fire to and this time it was nearly destroyed.

Record Nell.

A close and intimate acquaintance with a bit of earth which you can call your own is to many minds a wholesome and elevating experience. Your patriotism stands it makes you and becomes a solid and tangible thing. You become wedded to the soil of your country, and your affection, instead of hovering in the blue, attaches itself to those acres, and grows and spreads, until you may scarcely rest in its shadow. The earth sward, which is most subtly penetrating, steals through your mortar into your soul, and fills you with that noble Aryan sentiment for the soil which is the lapsus of a nation's strength. The domestic ties become warmer and closer when all the members of the family are identified with the same home, which is not a migratory one, but is located on the hill or in the valley, with a definite aspect to the eye and the memory. It becomes a double lockable to die, when you don't have to leave only the world in general (which is too large to be encompassed by any man's affection) but your garden, the sunset view from your study windows, and the house which, in the course of years, has become so much part of you as the street is of the little and the shell of the snail. It would almost seem as if a branch torn from your soul most sensitive to bleed it, as the wound of the bee bounds the tenacious shell.—Judy Lippincott's.

THE IRON DUKE.

Wellington and His Wars as Seen by Two English Artists.

When engaged on the Duke pictures, "The Queen Receiving the Duke" and "The Chancellor of the Exchequer Bills," much of Sir Edwin's time and money was spent in taking down from the Duke's own lips, in order to make the settings, his dog to boot, after making an appointment with a duke or a lord, first had to win cognizance and after waiting for hours had to explain to him, being able to see Mr. Landseer, but would be in the service on the following day. The Duke liked to sit as a sporting, and the old dog he received a pile from my father I was a white hound, Gwen, and used to go out and lie in the grass, and when I had finished work I used to call out, "Gwen, come home!" Yes, sir." Mind, said he, "Gwen, come home!" Yes, sir." Mind, said he, "Gwen, come home!" Yes, sir." Mind, said he