

UTAH STATE NEWS

Plain City is to have a new school building which will cost \$5,000.

Salt Lake boats of the largest high school in the west, 1,200 pupils being enrolled.

The report comes from Strawberry valley that the snow is five feet deep on the level.

Miss Besale Austin of Salt Lake City was struck by a runaway horse and badly injured.

Peter Christensen was killed in a snowslide at Sunnyside. He leaves a wife and nine children.

John Peterson and Hyrum Dykman of Mercur were badly injured in coasting accidents last week.

A joint teachers' institute of Sanpete and Sevier counties will be held in Ephraim on February 9 and 10.

Smallpox has broken out at Ferron, but the disease is confined to two homes and an epidemic is not feared.

A local company is being organized to manufacture a music leaf turner invented by Phil P. Jensen of Ephraim.

The thirteenth annual mid-winter camp fire and reunion of the Black Hawk war veterans was held at Springville last week.

The furniture and fixtures for the new bank at Mount Pleasant have been received and the bank will be doing business in a short time.

Two Short Line trains collided at Farmington as the result of the dense fog, eight cars and an engine going off the track. No one was hurt.

Thousands of tons of ice have been driven ashore by the wind from Utah lake, in some places the ice, it is said, being piled up to a height of 100 feet.

Edwin Kentfield, an employe of the Commercial club, Salt Lake City, fell down a flight of stairs, Saturday night, sustaining injuries which proved fatal.

Theodosius Botkin of Utah was last week confirmed as consul to Mauritius, West Indies. The nomination had been held up for some time by the senate.

Over 1,300 men are employed on the improvements under way at Garfield, and building and construction work of all characters is proceeding with vigor.

Springville now has three cases of smallpox under quarantine. All the cases are light ones and it is thought that there will be no further spread of the disease.

Frank Womack, charged with murder in the second degree, for the killing of Joseph Matthews at Salt Lake City, October 22, 1905, has been acquitted after a jury trial.

The biggest horse show in the history of Cache valley was held at the Agricultural college at Logan on Saturday. Fully \$60,000 worth of horse-flesh was on exhibition.

The beet growers of Willard have appointed a committee to work with the farmers of the district in an effort to have the sugar companies raise the price of beets 25 cents per ton.

George Tyng, the American Fork canyon mining man who was killed in a snowslide, was buried on Miller hill, on which his mine was located, according to the wish expressed in his will.

Five carpenters were at work on a scaffold twenty-five feet high in Salt Lake City last week, when the scaffold fell and all fell to the ground, all being badly bruised, but none seriously injured.

The Commercial club of Nephi prevented a close down of the public schools last week by securing a carload of coal which the directors had been unable to obtain on account of the coal famine.

H. A. Hathaway and E. E. Buxton of Chicago are in Provo and have arranged to start a fruit and vegetable canning establishment at that place, with a capacity of 25,000 cans a day. The plant will cost about \$10,000.

C. M. Gochanour, a lineman, was seriously injured while cutting down trees to clear the way for wires at American Fork, a limb falling and a portion penetrating his abdomen, inflicting a painful and dangerous wound.

Three street car collisions occurred in Salt Lake Thursday morning of last week during the dense fog, and in all about twenty passengers and employees of the Utah Light & Railway company were injured, but none seriously.

The people of Mount Pleasant expect to solve the coal shortage situation by breaking a road through the snow over the mountains to a coal mine situated about twelve miles from the town, and haul the coal in wagons.

JOINT STATEHOOD BILL PASSED BY THE HOUSE

Only Thirty-three of the So-Called Insurgents Held Out Faithful to the End.

Washington.—The house passed the statehood bill according to schedule on Thursday. The Republican opposition to the measure had spent its entire force, and no effort was made to defeat the bill on its final passage, only thirty-three of the "insurgents" voting against the measure. The bill passed by the vote of 194 to 150.

The bill as passed provides that Oklahoma and the Indian Territory shall constitute one state under the name of Oklahoma, and that Arizona and New Mexico shall constitute one state under the name Arizona.

Should the terms of admission be ratified by the residents of the territories in question, their respective state constitutions must contain clauses prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors and plural marriages.

The constitution of Arizona must prohibit the sale of liquor to Indians forever and that of Oklahoma for twenty-one years.

There are many other stipulations concerning schools, courts and political subdivisions of the proposed new states.

MUST COME OUT IN OPEN.

Clark Objects to Coolies Working on Panama Canal.

Washington.—The house on Friday adopted an amendment abrogating the eight-hour law for alien labor in the Panama canal zone. The Democrats combatted the amendment. The vote stood 83 to 35. The debate preceding the vote developed differences of opinion as to whether the Chinese exclusion act extends to the canal zone.

Filibustering tactics were used by the minority in efforts to defeat the proposed amendments, but after half a dozen attempts to obtain a rollcall on various motions had failed, the house went into committee of the whole and the eight-hour amendment was at once offered under the rule.

Mr. Clark of Missouri gave notice that he should immediately prepare a bill extending the Chinese exclusion act to the isthmus of Panama, "and I will make it extend to Japanese coolies, too," he declared, "because all coolies look alike to me, and I will make you get into the open if you intend to dig that canal with Chinamen."

GOLD WAS OF NO VALUE.

Bag of Yellow Stuff Kicked About on Broken Deck.

Seattle, Wash.—Among those who are supposed to have perished when the Valencia went to pieces was J. B. Graham, a passenger, and with him went a bag containing \$1,500 in gold. Survivors of the wreck say that Graham frantically offered the bag of gold to anyone who would place him on shore. But the others paid but little heed to the pleadings of the man, and his gold lay on the broken deck, kicked underfoot, no one bothering to even pick it up.

Fourteen Lives Lost in Explosion.

PotEAU, I. T.—Fourteen lives were lost in the explosion in Slope No. 4, of the Witteville mine. The explosion was caused by firedamp. Three of the fourteen bodies have been recovered. The explosion occurred at 11:15 o'clock Thursday in entry No. 4, where sixteen men were at work. Two of the men nearest the entrance were able to make their escape.

GENERAL JOE WHEELER DEAD

One of the Great Generals of the Civil War Succumbs to Pneumonia.

New York.—General Joseph Wheeler, the famous confederate cavalry leader and a brigadier general of the United States army since the war with Spain, died at 5:35 o'clock Thursday afternoon at the home of his sister, Mrs. Sterling Smith, in Brooklyn, aged 69 years. In spite of his age there was hope until Wednesday of his recovery from the attack of pneumonia which caused his death.

Blames the Government.

Seattle, Wash.—W. T. Pearce, assistant general manager of the Pacific Coast company, operating the lost steamer Valencia, blames the United States government for the loss of life on the steamer. He said: "The government is well richly and criminally negligent of coast shipping interests. Years ago, congress should have provided for a government tug, located near the mouth of the Strait of Fuca, in touch of telegraph wire and cables, for just such emergencies as the Valencia case."

Had Twenty-four Gunshot Wounds.

Boise, Ida.—Physicians report that Lafayette Gray, one of Neubeaumer's victims, has twenty-four gunshot wounds in his person, some of them having been made by the exit of bullets from the body. He has now one bullet in the arm, four in the chest and one in the abdomen. Two bullets passed entirely through the abdomen. Notwithstanding the natural danger from such wounds, the patient continues to improve, and unless some unforeseen complication should set in will recover.

FEW SAVED FROM ILL-FATED SHIP

The Valencia Goes to Pieces on the Rocks Near Cape Beale.

Only Thirty-six of the Passengers and Crew Were Saved, the Dead Numbering 119.—The Greatest Loss of Life in the North Pacific Since 1875.

Victoria, B. C.—Of the 154 people on board the steamer Valencia when she struck near Klamaway rock, five miles from Cape Beale, but thirty-six were saved.

The dead number 121, the greatest loss of life in the North Pacific since the "Pacific" was lost in 1875. The Valencia, in whose rigging about thirty people were clinging frantically waving for assistance which could not be given when the steamed Queen left the scene at 11:30 a. m., broke up about 5 p. m. Wednesday, sweeping to death those few who had survived these terrible hours of privation, chilled and numbed to the limit of human endurance by clouds of spray which swept over them.

Of the total company of 154, but 33 have been definitely accounted for, and three men believed to be other survivors were seen on shore, from the whaling vessel Orion, near the wreck, huddling about a fire. Six survivors have been taken on the Salvor, most of them so badly cut up and bruised, that they cannot stand, much less walk. Eighteen were picked up by the City of Topeka. With the three seen from the Orion, a mile and a half from the wreck, added, the survivors total to 36, leaving a death list of 118 persons. Not a woman or child is among the saved.

In an interview at Bamfield Creek Wednesday night, Boatswain McCarthy told the first detailed story of the wreck. He said the steamer Valencia had been going by dead reckoning and overran her distance. Soundings had been made three and four times an hour. The steamer struck at 11:45 p. m. Monday night, about midnight, the first officer, quartermaster and a seaman engaged in sounding having ten minutes before got thirty fathoms. Reverse speed was ordered by Captain Johnson, but the vessel began listing. The captain then gave orders to have two of the seven boats lowered to the saloon deck rail. Instantly the passengers crowded to the rail and overcrowded they cut whatever lines they could lay their hands on. The davits broke about the same time the lines were cut, and both boats were smashed at the sides of the vessel, capsizing the passengers and crew in them. The crew threw lines out and by means of Jacob's ladders succeeded in getting six of the passengers thrown out of the boats on board again. The boats when lost were mostly filled with women and children.

One very sad incident was witnessed. A lady and gentleman with a little girl tried to get in one boat. The father succeeded and the mother tried to pass the child, but a wave struck her and washed the child from her arms. The child was lost before her eyes. One life raft was also lowered, but it was dashed to pieces. After this four boats succeeded in getting away from the ship all full of passengers. This left one boat and two life rafts. The captain, after consulting with the mate, asked McCarthy to take charge, which he did, and called for volunteers and the five sailors who reached shore in safety responded. The captain instructed them to pull along the beach and find a place to get ashore. They landed at 1:10 p. m. Tuesday and made Cape Beale lighthouse at 3 p. m. Before making Cape Beale they tried to get back to the vessel by the beach, but could not do so.

The Valencia left San Francisco about 11 o'clock on Saturday last and heard no sound or saw no light presaging danger. The officers were running by dead reckoning and were on the outlook for Umatilla reef lighthouse when the steamer struck. She was backed off after she struck, but the water filling the engine room, the fires were extinguished and the engine crew forced out of the room, although not before the Valencia had been driven hard on the beach.

OIL TANKS EXPLODED.

Two Men Killed and One Painfully Burned on River Boat.

Portland, Ore.—The river steamer Regulator, belonging to The Dalles, Portland & Astoria Navigation company, was wholly destroyed by fire Wednesday after an explosion in which one of the steamer's fuel oil tanks had set fire to the craft. Two men who were working on the tanks were killed outright. Twenty-five other men narrowly escaped death. The monetary loss is \$40,000.

Flood Coasts Millions.

Weston, W. Va.—A heavy wind and rainstorm resembling a cloudburst passed over the southeastern portion of this state Wednesday, flooding Cherry, Holly and Elk rivers and carrying away bridges, houses and many millions feet of valuable timber. In Richwood the water rose five feet in the houses. The water came up so suddenly that men, women and children had to wade waist deep out of their homes to the mountain top. The loss will be in the millions.

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc. Copyright, 1881, by Cassell's Publishing Company. Copyright, 1908, by Street & Smith.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued. "The train started on the journey which was to end in its destruction, and mile after mile sped away in silence. Once more the feeling of restraint had settled down upon us, and this time heavier than before. "Then I remember a sudden, awful, never-to-be-forgotten crash, followed by cries and shrieks such as have rung in my ears ever since. "I found myself flung violently forward against the opposite side of the compartment amid the smashing of woodwork, and with the presentation of some awful doom upon me. I was half stunned, but recovering myself, found that I was not much hurt. Then I remembered my companion and turned my attention to him. "Silas! I cried. 'Are you hurt?' "But before he could reply, another sound was added to the awful babel of cries and groans all around. "Fire! fire! we heard shrieked in voices mad with terror, mingled with agonizing cries for help. The atmosphere became stifling, a sickening, insupportable odor was wafted towards us and clouds of thick, black, suffocating smoke began to drift past. "Silas! I shouted, in mad terror, to my friend; 'come! exert yourself, if you wish to escape instant death!' "And I caught him round the body and tried to compel him to move; but in vain; he only gave a scream of agony. "Save yourself, he groaned. 'I cannot stir; and I think my leg is broken.' "I was almost demented, and tore at the shattered woodwork which made his prison, with my fingers; but only to increase his agony, without freeing him from his horrible position. And already the atmosphere was like that of a furnace, and hell itself seemed to be open. I could not save him, but I might save myself. I knew the door on the other side was unlocked, so that I might attempt to escape that way.



"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer.

"I prepared for flight, but before I had taken the first step I was stayed by my friend's voice—" "James," he cried—and the roaring of the flames almost drowned his voice, which was sharp and shrill with horror—"put me out of my misery. Save yourself, but shoot me through the brain first! Quick! quick!" "It was the most merciful death, and, without pausing a second—which on that awful day might have meant a human life—I drew the revolver, placed it to his temple—"("My God!" from the reader)—and pulled the trigger. Even as I heard the report a thin tongue of flame curled upward through the splintered flooring, and without even looking back—without even a glance at the face of my friend, I forced open the door and sprang from the now burning carriage with the smoking weapon still grasped in my right hand. In doing so I trod upon some smouldering timber and wrenched my ankle severely, so that for a long time I was lame. "A few hours later and I was conveyed to town, together with a company of the other survivors, and as soon as I reached my destination my strength forsook me and I was prostrated for days by a nervous illness, the result of my late terrible experience. "When I recovered, it was to find that there was a hue and cry already after me—that the partially consumed corpse of a first class passenger had been discovered shot through the head, and that all the evidence pointed to the crime having been committed by a fellow traveler who had made his escape during the terror and confusion of the catastrophe and who was being eagerly sought for. "Since then, I have had to submit to the ordeal of seeing myself confronted by the reward of one hundred pounds offered for my detection; and have lived in daily and hourly fear of being charged with the committal of this crime—if crime it can be called—of which I was guiltless, in thought, if not in deed. It is this which is killing me, and I do not regret it. "Sometimes I regret nothing; not even the shot which took my best friend's life and branded me with the brand of Cain!"

the face of the revelation which had burst upon him. "My God! To think that I should know the truth at last! But how marvelous! How utterly beyond the realization of my wildest dreams!"

Not for an instant did it occur to him to think the narrative false. It was too astounding and, what was more, it agreed so exactly with all the strange, and hitherto mysterious, circumstances which had attended the tragedy. And the man he had wronged—the man he had hunted down and would have betrayed to death, believing him to be the vilest of his species—whose whole nature he had read falsely by the light of his unjust suspicions! His eyes were closed—he seemed to be hardly breathing. Had he fainted—or—was this death?"

Was he to be left alone, and in the dark, with a dead or dying man? He rushed to the door and dashed out of the house in search of a doctor.

James Ferrers was not dead; but the nearest medical man, on being summoned to the house, shook his head over the case.

"Heart!" he said, briefly. "Get him to bed. I do not think he will ever need to get up again."

By this time the whole household was roused, and the sick man's daughter was hanging in speechless grief, over her father's unconscious form.

At one time it was feared that he would pass away unconscious, but the untiring application of restoratives was at last productive of some effect, and two or three hours later the dying man opened his eyes.

He saw his daughter kneeling beside his pillow; and, not far away, his old friend's son, who, by some means, had asserted and maintained a right to remain in the sick room.

The doctor, seeing that the patient had regained consciousness for a while before the end, stood aside, so as not to interfere with those last solemn moments.

The dying man's gaze rested upon the young man—who, in obedience to a gesture, approached and bent over him—with a strange intensity, and his lips moved.

"Do you forgive?" he murmured close to the other's ear, so that the words might be heard by none but him for whom they were intended.

"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer. "You acted for the best, and I bless you for it."

A look of peace fell upon the corpse-like countenance upon the pillow, and he turned his eyes again upon his daughter.

"Don't grieve much for me, my child," said he; "and when I am gone—"

He gave a deep sigh, his eyes closed, and his head fell a little to one side. The doctor pressed forward.

"This is the end," he said, "and a very peaceful one. But it was not quite the end. Once more the dying eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon the pale, remorseful face of the young man who had once hoped to see him expire his dead upon the scaffold.

Then he turned them from him to the bowed head of the girl who knelt, with her face hidden, upon the other side of the bed, and back again. His lips moved for the last time, but no words issued from them.

He tried again, and this time—though there was no sound—it seemed to the other, who had his eyes fixed upon them, and his ear strained to catch the lightest whisper, that the motion of the lips might be translated into the words, "Keep my secret!"

"I will—I will," he answered, and even as he uttered these words the end came.

The next day Ted Burritt returned home unexpectedly. The first thing he did was to write a brief summary of events to Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright, who, in spite of the very short time which had elapsed since his last visit, again made his appearance at Magnolia Lodge—ostensibly to hear further details, but more particularly to carry out a deep laid scheme of his own.

"And what do you mean to do—eh? I mean, about the young lady? Oh, you needn't look as though you don't understand what I am talking about! I've not forgotten what you told me about her. What a beautiful blush!"

And the little gentleman chuckled; when, all at once, became preternaturally grave. "By-the-by," he said, "I avoided his friend's eye, 'about that of mine.'"

Ted looked surprised. "Bill?" he repeated. "Yes, bill," continued the doctor. "You didn't suppose I was going to you off, did you? You haven't forgotten what I said a little while ago about sending one in, have you?"

The young man looked and felt puzzled. "I have made up my mind to talk in kind. "What I mean is," continued Cartwright, "that instead of receiving payment for whatever services I may have rendered, in ready money, I'll be willing to take it out in some other article."

"And what might that article be was the natural but still perplexed inquiry. "Your sister," was the brief answer to the point response. "By Jove!" was the exclamation called forth—followed by, "you don't mean it?"

"Don't I, though!" was the demurred reply. "I've been meaning for some time past. What's more, I've sounded the young lady—I don't mean with a stethoscope—and wasn't half so much surprised as you seem to be."

The brother of the young lady question burst out laughing. "I suppose I shall have to give it up and I may as well do it sooner than later."

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About three months later a gentleman in the most irreproachable attire called at the residence of the late James Ferrers, Esq., of Belmont House, Hampstead, and requested to see Miss Ferrers.

That young lady, who had descended to encounter her visitor quite in ignorance as to his identity, was confounded beyond measure to discover, in the supposed stranger, none other than the same individual whom she had first met at the Royal Academy, and who had afterwards occasioned her greatest perplexity of mind by doing the part of the young man who waited at table and cleaned the plate. Only—he had grown the lovely moustache and it seemed perfectly possible to imagine for a moment he had ever done such a thing as polish the forks and spoons and make himself generally useful.

Ted plunged at once into the objects of his visit. "I should have called much sooner he remarked with a compassionate glance at her deep mourning, "but was afraid of intruding upon your retirement. I have a statement to make an explanation to give, which I cannot withhold any longer."

He came nearer to her and—oh, the presumption of the creature!—actually ventured to take her hand. "Do you remember being at the Academy, one day last June, and dropping your catalogue?"

Did she not? But she made a audible reply, and the explanation she propitiously commenced was continued without any interruption beyond an occasional stifled exclamation on the part of its recipient.

It is not necessary, however, to report the whole of what passed during the interview. A certain portion only of it need be referred to as being of some interest.

"And you really mean to say," said Miss Ferrers to the young man, "you really mean to say that you fell in love with me then and there, and took the situation, and put up with everything just for the sake of being under the same roof with me?"

He looked at her strangely for a moment before answering. "What other reason could there have been?" he asked.

She clasped her hands together in delight. "Whatever will the girls at school say to this?"

(The End.)

Beecher's Deacon Went to Sleep. "Pew sleepers are one of the best bears of preachers," said the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran New York minister. "I can speak feelingly from experience. On one occasion when Henry Ward Beecher asked me to go to Plymouth Church to talk to his people, he remarked—jokingly, let us hope—that most of them were hard working folk who needed plenty of rest on Sunday, and he felt that a sermon from me might be gratefully received."

"In the course of my talk I mentioned this, and said that it was, however, a matter upon which my feelings could not be hurt, and that I owed this imperviousness to Mr. Beecher himself. I told them that, one Sunday, years before, when I was attending a service at old Plymouth and Mr. Beecher was thundering forth, I saw one of his deacons asleep in a front pew."

"I went on to say that always after this, whenever I saw a man slumbering peacefully through my most stirring efforts in the pulpit, I would say to myself: 'Well, let him sleep; even the great Beecher can't keep 'em all awake.'—Success.

The Vogue of Pantalots. Pantalots came into vogue about 1820. They were loose, flapping trousers tied on under the knee and hanging over the foot. The strings generally broke or slipped down, and one learned of a young mother's trials with those horrid things in a letter quoted by Mrs. Earle, which says: "My finest dimity pair, with real Swiss lace, is quite useless to me, for I lost one leg. I saw that mean Mrs. Spring wearing it last week for a tucker. My help says she won't stay if she has to wash more than seven pairs a week for Myrtilla."