

and a goodly per cent of our taxes are derived from cattle and sheep that are ranged upon this portion of our county; besides this there are quite a number of fine ranches that have deeds or United States patents that are taxable, being the only tracts of land that have secured government titles; these are located also on this tract proposed to be given to Grand county.

One reason set forth in behalf of this change is the long distance that citizens located on that side of San Juan county have to travel on any business with the county, as the county seat is at Bluff. This objection would be well taken were it not the fact that the county seat is sure to be removed to Monticello, a more central point. When this shall have been accomplished, those who make this objection will have less distance to reach Monticello than they would to reach Moab, the present county seat of Grand county. Our revenue is mostly derived from taxes assessed on our stock raising industry. This is fast decreasing as our cattle range is over-stocked, and some large herds found here a few years ago have been removed, which of course tends to lessen our revenue. This is not an agricultural county; this industry is very limited, and for lack of irrigation water must remain so until we have means and skill to make a success of reservoiring water. Again, we have no mines that we can depend upon for support or taxation. This kind of property is confined to a limited effort at placer digging here on the river, and a few undeveloped lead or silver claims on the Blue mountains.

Thus it can, I think, be seen why we should object to the proposed change, for it will largely decrease our already very limited revenue. There is now ranging on the strip of country in question at least 12,000 head of horned stock and hundreds of horses; and there is some of the finest real estate found in the country.

There is another subject I wish to speak of; it is the craze or fad now being followed by many people of flocking down here and roving over hill and dale in search of what is termed Aztec relics and remains. This has been going on now for some four years, pursued mostly by parties from Colorado. One party sold his collection, the result of some two or three months' exploration or search, I am told, for \$4000. The Messrs. Witherill, also from Colorado, have recently left here with one of the largest collections yet obtained. They found in one place some seventy odd skeletons buried some eight feet under the present surface of the ground. Besides these bones were large quantities of relics, consisting of pottery ware of very unique design, war clubs, arrow heads of immense size, feather robes, etc. These parties, I understand, are in the employ of some society in the East who pay the boys a stipulated wage per day or month. Judging from what other collections have been sold for, this last lot should bring some \$8,000 or more. You may ask, well, what shall we do, or what can we do about it? Can not the Legislature pass a law prohibiting people from coming into this Territory and desecrating the graves of the dead, and if these dead in the

interest of science, must be resurrected, reserve the right to the bona fide citizens of Utah? These relics of a lost race I think should be placed in our museum, and let our professors and scientists have the first right of examining them, and then give the results to the world. In this much I am a protectionist. I would have all this raising of the dead bones of this extinct race confined to the people of Utah in general and to the citizens of San Juan county in particular, provided there is any money in it; for we need it awfully bad. We have no hard feelings towards our Colorado neighbors, for they have been and are among our best friends; but when it comes to dividing up the honors, and especially the profits of this raising of dead business, we feel to object, and I am thinking that should our boys make a raid over into Colorado and commence to carry off the relics of their Indians they would make a kick, and their governor, Mr. Waite, would feel like "wading in blood up to the horses' bridle," and staying with it "till hell freezes over."

We have had two weeks of frolicking, rollicking, dancing, and one very good theatrical performance, "Leah, the Forsaken." It was placed on the boards by the presidents of the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement association, Mrs. Lucindia Read, Miss Ann Bailes and Miss Luciodia Neilson. Miss Ann Bailes took the leading character, in which role she made a decided hit. All other parts were well sustained, especially the part of Roland, taken by Prof. William Allen, our district school teacher.

I now feel, as to our holiday season, like some of the brethren way back in 1856 and '57—the time of the reformation—"I am glad it is over." We are having what we call down here a cold snap; the mercury says four degrees above zero. A good many are complaining of bad colds and sore throats, on account, no doubt, of our late dissipating.

Our Co-op. declared no dividend this year for the first time—cause, hard times. We have plenty to eat and good store clothes to wear. Most of the brethren sport a "billed shirt," which used to be the exception a few years ago. We have plenty of beef to eat and most of the families have a year's and some have two years' bread stuff on hand. We also have plenty of debts and we expect to pay them all, without discount or defalcation.

All our improvement associations are in good running order, especially the Young Ladies', who have continued their meetings throughout the entire year. We have baptized six new members into the Church since that fool gold-craze we had down here last winter. They are all fine, intelligent men; one young man was raised and educated in the Catholic church. They all bid fair to make good, staunch Latter-day Saints. Our new rock meeting house is finished up to the square and carpenters are now engaged in putting on the roof, thanks to our worthy Bishop and counselors, the building committee.

Thanks, my boy, to you for your reply some time ago to an article from here signed "Waiter," wherein the writer attempted to go for me in regard to my attitude on the Ute Indian

bill business. I felt when you left him there was not enough of him in sight to strike at.

Success to the News, the champion of the right and a terror always to the evil-doer.
F. A. HAMMOND.

Written for this Paper.

AMONG THE CHEROKEES.

MANARD, Indian Territory.—"On Tuesday the 19th at 10 p.m., the Iron Mountain train on the Mo. P. drew up at Fort Gibson, an evacuated United States barracks, situated on the rocky banks of the Grand River, just above where this beautiful stream empties in, and with the Verdigris, helps to swell the Arkansas, which in its serpentine curves winds its way from the Rocky Mountains to the Mississippi. Elders Harper and Jeppson were in waiting for their Salt Lake friend, and soon the noise of our wagon was heard rolling over the prairie. The moon shone brightly, the air was keenly cold, and by the time we reached Manard, a distance of nine miles, we were chilled through, and accordingly enjoyed the log fire on the old hearth stone, in the Elder's room of our Indian home.

Manard is situated about half-way between Fort Gibson and Tahlequah, the capital of the Cherokee nation—a city built irregularly among the trees, and rugged, rolling hills of that region. The first thing that greets the eye of an Elder at Manard is a small frame building under the shades of a huge oak tree, on the brow of a low hill, at the back of which is an almost endless forest. Near by is a little log house and blacksmith shop. Inscribed on the front of the frame building is, "Manard P. O. Wm. H. Hendricks, P. M." About two hundred yards further we come to the Bayou, the famous stream near which a part of the settlement known as Manard is situated. After having crossed this creek, on a foot log of course—for there are no bridges in this country—we continue eastward half a mile, still winding through the forest, until we come to a little rise of ground. Ascending this and to the left of the main road, we come to a double log house, with gables east and west, the chimneys on those outer walls. In front is a porch extending out from the main building, and leading back between the two log rooms continues through to the kitchen at the rear. To the right is the lot (as a barnyard is termed here) with barns and corn cribs. East of the house is a small peach orchard, set out eight years ago by two Mormon Elders. Extending east, north and west, for a half mile or more, are the fields, while between the farm and north of the house is a garden-patch fenced in with pickets. A splendid cellar and granary is between that and the kitchen, also built by the Elders. Under the projecting roof of the granary is a well of good cold water, in which swings "the old oaken bucket, the iron bound bucket, the moss covered bucket that hangs in the well." To the west is the smoke house, where during the winter season the tables are filled with fat sides of meat, while on the hooks are hung the hams of hogs which have run in the woods. To the west of the smoke house is the cowpen, where many a time we've wrestled with the