

who they are, but I venture to say any school child in the town near by knows them and can tell their names lay beside the log. A stranger might in one word, "Mormons."

Yes, they are two Mormon Elders traveling without purse or scrip. Listen to one of them tell his tale in a few words: About the 19th of last May a letter sent to the Elders of the Queensland conference by Elder E. F. Richards, giving us new instructions concerning our labors. At a meeting of the Elders held in Coorparoo May 23 it was decided to follow the hint given in the president's letter and travel without purse or scrip. My companion and I started out with the determination to trust in God to open our way. Things went smoothly for a while. The first night out we were boarded and lodged over night at a hotel in the city and have never lacked a meal or a bed until last night. We have been tracting the town below and the adjoining country for some time past, and prejudice has been very much stirred up against us by the usual stories and ministerial aid. We were threatened with prosecution by the police as vagrants, and last night every door was closed against us, so that we were compelled to make a fire—(judging by Brother A's hands and face he had been making fires all night)—and spend a night in the bush on a paper bed, invented as usual by necessity, the mother of invention.

Shouldering their grips they walk away to the nearest house to inquire for breakfast and water with which to wash before starting upon the same labor of preceding days, viz., that of carrying the truth without charge to the people's doors in the face of open scorn, silent contempt and often bitter hatred. Who can help longing for the day when the world will see the Latter-day Saints in a truer light and praying for those who, if they only knew, would feel the greatest pleasure in giving, were it only a cup of cold water, to one of the little ones of Jesus? ECHO.

MEANDER NGs IN MEXICO.

For a long time I have wondered what has become of the large number of wild pigeons which twenty or twenty-five years ago were so abundant that they frequently cast shadows upon the earth, and were seen like clouds passing under the rays of the sun during the spring and autumn seasons in many of our northern and middle states. I am now in receipt of a newspaper clipping, taken from an El Paso paper, which states that these birds have at last been found in great numbers in the northwestern part of Chihuahua, Mexico, not far from the terminus of the Rio Grande Sierra Madre & Pacific Railroad—in the forests of the Sierra Madre mountains.

This is of particular interest to me, for last winter it was my privilege to take a most delightful trip through this region of country, that lasted six weeks. On the morning of January 13th, 1896, I left El Paso in company with a few others, all of us mounted on good horses, for an extensive journey through this region. We were well equipped with camping outfit and our commissary sufficiently stored with provisions to last at least two months. Besides these necessities we were well armed with Winchesters, and for close work, our revolvers were of such a pattern and size as to make us a pretty formidable party either for Apaches, bear or mountain lion.

Our first few days' experience was tedious, traveling through a sandy desert; but as we worked our way towards the southwest, in the course of a few days we had entered into a new country, a new world, as it were, which

became exceedingly attractive and interesting, while the further we continued our journey southward and westward the more beautiful it became, until finally we found ourselves entranced by the charms of a wonder-land.

I shall hardly be able to describe at this time my experiences in the canyons, getting lost in the forest, the great tree growth of pine and oak, well fitted for the abiding places of that wild wood bird, which report states has now been seen in such large numbers. I question whether there is a better hunting ground today in the world for certain kinds of game than can be found in the Degollado lands in western Chihuahua. It is through this section that General Cook pursued the indomitable Apache Indian chief, Geronimo; and it has only been in the past week or ten days that reports have been made through the New York papers of finding the body of the "Apache-Kid," a son of Chief Geronimo, which was discovered in a lonely spot in the Sierra Madre mountains, quite near this locality—bleaching in the sun. This Kid was a terror, and his death will virtually wipe out any further alarm as regards the desperate Apaches.

The land I have referred to was for many years the roaming ground for these Indians, and a place of such perfect security that only in recent years have people been found bold enough to lift the veil that has screened it from the outer world; while now it is merely a question of a short time when the treasures hidden in its hills and the fruits of its rich and beautiful valleys will be advertised to the world. These things so useful and enjoyable to man, with a climate unequaled, will all add their share in making this part of the country a new Eden and a land of great promise.

GEO. ROWLAND.

UNION PACIFIC SOLD.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 1.—The Union Pacific road proper, including the buildings and all that goes to operate the system, was this morning sold to the reorganization committee for the sum of \$53,528,532.76. This amount does not include the sinking fund in the hands of the government, and taking this to be \$4,036,400, the amount stated in the government decree covering the sale of the road, the total paid for the property is \$57,564,932.76.

There were no other bidders and the road went to the reorganization committee without any opposition.

The sale of the road was in itself one of the tamest and most uninteresting performances possible to imagine. It was advertised to take place in front of the Union Pacific freight house at the junction of Ninth and Jones' streets at 11 o'clock, and it was just one minute after that time when Master in Chancery Cornish, who was to act as auctioneer, took his place on the low stone step in front of the Ninth street entrance. For over an hour a crowd had been gathering to witness the sale and it was only with great difficulty that Mr. Cornish was able to get sufficient room to enable him to work. He finally jammed himself back into the corner of the doorway with one shoulder against the door and the other against the brick wall and prepared for business.

The crowd, which was not over 500, all told, was packed so closely around the doorway and up in front of the center of the building that the members of the reorganization committee, the men who came out to buy the road, were unable to see anything or hear a word of what was going on. They were compelled to stand back in the hallway, from which one of the mem-

bers occasionally poked out a face just to see that all was well.

Packed into the hall, leaning against the banisters, squatting upon the stairs or standing wearily in the center of the door, were all the members of the committee. Receiver Mink bled him to an upper window, out of which he leaned to watch the proceeding below. Those of the committee and connected with it who were present were:

Receivers John W. Doane, Ellery Anderson, Gen. Louis Fitzgerald of the reorganization committee, and Winslow S. Pierce, attorney of the reorganization and the wizard who evolved the scheme of reorganization; Alex. Miller of Boston, secretary and assistant comptroller of the company; John Sheridan of Maryland, a government director of the road; General Solicitor Key and Mr. Cowen, the government representative; Marvin Hughtitt of Chicago; T. Jefferson Coolidge Jr. of Boston, and Lawrence Greer, his assistant.

Mr. Cornish carried under his arm a large portfolio bound with the regulation red tape, and as soon as the crowd gave him room to extend his arms, he untied the strings and drew forth a number of papers. Selecting one of these he replaced the others, and holding it out he said:

"Gentlemen, I am here to sell certain railroad properties in pursuance of a decree of the United States circuit court. I will now read the description of the property to be sold, and when I have finished the reading I will be prepared to receive bids."

Here followed the notice of sale, which was very long, being about four columns of agate type.

"This notice is so long, gentlemen," said Mr. Cornish, "that I will not attempt to read it so that all of you can hear it. I will endeavor to get through it as rapidly as possible."

He began the reading of the notice and as he had said, did not read it so that many people could hear it. His voice grew weaker, and finally it became nothing but an unintelligible mumble that was not distinguishable three feet distant. Close to his left hand stood Lawrence Greer with a copy of the notice in his hand and he followed the reading of the master in chancery very closely. He was the only member of the reorganization committee or those connected with it who saw the proceedings from first to last. From time to time, Attorney Pierce, who was in the hall just behind that portion of the door in front of which the auctioneer was standing, looked out, and receiving a glance from Mr. Greer, withdrew into the hall once more.

The reading of the notice took just an even forty minutes, and when it was evident that Mr. Cornish was well through, the last column of the notice, Dr. Louis Fitzgerald, who was to make the bids, pushed through the door and stood close by the side of the reader. As he finished his reading, Mr. Cornish folded up the paper and placed it deliberately in his portfolio. He then drew forth a small type written document and without announcing its nature, began to read. It was a protest from Managing Receiver Trumbull, of the Union Pacific, Denver & Gulf road, against the sale without the other Union Pacific properties of the Cheyenne & Northern road and the line that is claimed by both the Denver & Gulf and the Union Pacific.

After reading this notice, Mr. Cornish placed it in the portfolio and said:

"I am now ready to receive bids for the railroad property of the description which I have just read."

There was a moment's silence and then General Fitzgerald said:

"I bid thirty-nine million, eight hun-