Kanab Stake Conference.

The Kanab Stake quarterly conference was held in the Glendale ward new meeting house, June 7th and 8th, 1891. There were present E. D. Woolley, Thomas Chamberlain and Daniel Bergnillier—the Stake Presidency, several of the High Council and Bishops of the various wards.

Sunday, 10 a. m. Conference was called to order by President E. D. Woolley. After the opening exercises President Woolley addressed the Saints assembled. He was followed by Elders H. L. Rawson and James Leilibeck.

In the afternoon Stake Counselor Thomas Chamberlain read the recommend of release of Brother George Harmon and wife Mercy, who have been laboring in the St. George Temple for nearly seven years. The conference by a unanimous vote accepted and endorsed the sentiments contained in the recommendation of release.

Monday morning after the usual exercises, President Woolley presented the General Authorities of the Church and our local Stake officers, to the conference. They were all unanimously sustained. Elder Robert E. Robinson was sustained as second counselor to Bishop E. J. Cutler of the Glendale ward, filling the vacancy caused by the resignation of Brother James Swapp, the former counselor. Elder Isaac O. Brown was sustained as Stake president of the Y. M. M. I. A., taking the place of Brother W. T. Stewart, who is going to New Zealand.

The meeting house was crowded all through conference, and everyone enjoyed a good spirit.

T. L. Foster, Stake Clerk.

Panguitch Quarterly Conference.

The Quarterly Conference of Panguitch Stake met in Panguitch, May 31st and June 1st. There was a very large attendance and all enjoyed the meeting.

The local authorities reported the various wards in good condition and Apostle Lyman and Elder Andrew Jensen spoke of the necessity of systematic home missionaries, the prompt performance of duties of all the officers in the Stake and the necessity of being faithful and prompt in keeping all records. There were a number of permanent home missionaries appointed and ordained to travel in the Stake and report quarterly.

George Dodge, Stake Clerk.

Panguitch, June 6, 1891.

DAUGHTERS OF MAINE AND DIXIE.

HOW THE WOMEN OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH CONVERE.

(For The Press.)

In spite of the fact that many of our characteristics as a union are distinctly American, there also exists a wide difference between the people of various sections of our land. Men of the east are easily distinguished from their brothers in the wild and woolly west, and the same may be said of those north and south of Mason and Dixon's line.

But in the women of the two sections the difference even more plainly marked. The women of the north are progressive. They lead in every movement and are rapidly taking place side by side with man in his hitherto unapproachable positions. In law, medicine and the ministry they are prominent, while as business managers in many commercial concerns they are acknowledged factors. The "woman's suffrage," the "Woman's Christian Temperance Union" and a thousand and one other organizations are composed of a vast majority of women of the north and west. They are independent and brainy, self-reliant and industrious.

In the women of the south we find more of the graceful languor characteristic of the tropical climes. The climate invites a pleasant life and bountiful nature obviates the necessity for much exertion. The southern woman is essentially domestic in her character—her home, husband and children are her kingdom and subjects. Little does she bother her head about woman's suffrage or political affairs—she wants a pleasant home, a loving husband and pretty children.

A daughter of Dixie is fond of admiration. This love is innate and leads to the flirtation and "affaire d'amour" so universal over our southland. There is great literary taste in the south. In fact, the southern woman is generally well educated and some of the higher classes are most accomplished in languages, music and the classics. The number of our southern women who have recently made themselves prominent by their progress this. But southern woman's tastes are more in the direction of society than of political progress, stump speaking and suffrage. She rarely ever casts out on a "mission" for the emancipation of her sex. On the contrary, "Home is her only place," is the universal sentiment here.

While the gayest of girls she makes a good mother. While often the pillar on which her husband really leans, she is always expecting from him the chivalrous attentions to her helpless sex to which she has been accustomed from childhood. Yet while shrinking from public business there are few who can take a firmer grasp on affairs in necessity than herself.

The northern woman is strong, a coadjutor with man, as a rule, and rarely she is foremost in the ranks of progress and independent in her every day life. Her southern sister is more timid about such things. She is a gay girl, a true and loving wife, a woman finding all her happiness in the four words of her empire of home.

Men's Best Friend.

Bald, bad spots have been heard to declare that the girl who refuses a boy is his best friend. They say that instead of going about with two pocket handkerchiefs, and letting his board grow, he might to be gay and frisky in his bachelorhood at the possible fate from which the young lady has saved him. There seems to be something in the notion after all. Thirty years ago a bachelorhood of Hamburg wooed a lady who declined him with thanks, so though he had been a courageous and fine no doubt. He perhaps from his bier so fast, but he soon calmed down, and now he has died, leaving the lady who is somebody else's widow. Alle Achtung, and his last thanks for her favor of thirty years ago. "As a consequence, he says, "my days have been passed in peace and quietness. I now regret your goodness. Depend upon it, that grateful bachelor had watched the fate of the other man.—San Francisco Argonaut.

DOROTHY.

In a low white cottage among the trees
Dorothy lives with her father,
White curls crown Dorothy and honey bees
Hum around and always are her father.
When returning from toil, or idling the soil,
Kneeling, she hears
Dorothy, dear
My love, do you hear?
I could not do without you.

Through the green vine by her lightly spinning feet,
To attend to the birds and her flowers,
Her spinning wheel hands 'mid the branches sweet,
And the lowing bell upon her is chimes,
They seem to say, in their ever sweet way,
Dorothy, dear
My love, do you hear?
We would not live without you.

The fragrant flower drops by the gate,
And their heads to the earth softly bring,
While the robin wakes on the lawn, and calls
To his mate,
In her listless ear, above in the vine,
The birds on their perches, "will not leaf
Dorothy,
Waking and sing, with the twinkling leaves,
To Dorothy, dear
My love, do you hear?
We would not live without you.

Through the vine twined lattice, a form she
sees,
There is noble, with manly beauty his portion,
With a flushed her cheek like pink sweet peas,
She hides her face in her apron,
He closes her hand, as he repeats again,
Oh without words of devotion,
Dorothy dear,
My love, do you hear?
I cannot live without you.
—Emma A. Shattuck in Good Housekeeping.

AN INCIDENT OF 1865.

"Indeed, mamma, I can bridle and saddle that little dun pony, and be back home before you can say Jack Robinson."

"But, my child, it is much a mad freak to go such a distance, and alone, too, on that stray pony, and for what? Only one green peach was seen on that tree."

"Yes, only one green peach, and perhaps somebody has got it before now, but 'nothing ventured, nothing have,' and I am going to ride there this afternoon and look for that peach and bring it to you." So spoke the young girl who was bent on taking the ride forbidden by her prudent mother.

This was during the summer of 1865, following the disastrous flood in that part of the Mississippi valley. We had gathered strawberries under the water, sometimes wading out to the beds and sometimes paddling out in a bottle of canoes. We had had dewberries and blackberries gathered by the moss hassle members of the family, who were not in fear of the moccasins and blacwater snakes who entwined themselves among these fruits, footing on the berries. All the other fruit was ruined by the overflow, and it so happened that some one had discovered a lifing peach tree, bearing one forlorn green peach, in a deserted plantation garden five miles from the home of our heroine. This tree grew on a knoll a little elevated above the overflow. Now, in June, this peach should have ripened, hence the longing to pluck it and give it to the mother who had sighed out that very day that she should so enjoy some peaches.

The girl had the dun pony saddled with a man's saddle and rope bridle, and donning her riding skirt of gray copper colored dimity that had served many years as the nursery window curtain, and the man's hat sequintibly trimmed with an aigrette of white and blue crane's feathers, she was soon mounted and cantering gaily down the grassy road. What a lonesome road it was too. There was no travel in that day, only some straggling soldiers going from camp to picket station. The plantations were deserted by negroes, and the long lines of dingy "pinters" with wide opened doors and swinging window shutters looked lonesome of all lonesome things in nature.

The grass was knee deep to the dun pony; as he sauntered through its green sea it closed in his wake like the waves of a calm emerald sea, asleep under the hot glow of that June day sun. The osana weeds grew so tall as to tress along the levees and where fences had been, giving out a fragrant odor from their leaves, beans and saucy yellow faced flowers. The bread fields were filled with the great array of sunpaint cockle burs, and on each of soil to be seen anywhere after that splendid irrigation of an already fabulously fertile land, and there being no cattle to trample the weeds and to crop the herbage, it grew and grew into the wilderness of unbroken green. The bleached bones of much valued stock drowned were even now assisting to make this rank luxuriance over their once happy forage ground. Nothing is wasted in nature's storehouse! However true this is, there was not the "survival of the fittest," the moss and herbs were fertilizing the rich earth, the people deprived of beef, milk and butter, and the osana weeds and cockle burs were all in their glory. Col bom.

The only four footed beast that was in that section of country for months was the dun pony, and he was kept hid by some disgusted soldier who was traveling along in the mud just after the waters receded into their banks.

The dun pony happened to fit into the landscape (or landscape) at that period. He harmonized with the hue of the prevailing mud, and no doubt thought he made a "graceful" in dun," and he stuck fast in a bog, so his older senior made a jump for term from, or an adjacent bog or tree, or some thing besides mud, bogs and quagmires, and there the pony was. I don't remember if he pulled himself out, indeed, I don't think he had sufficient strength to his skeleton frame to make the effort to pull; so, I suppose the sun shone fiercely down some days, drying the mud about the flanks of the poor beast, and then, perhaps, some good Samaritan helped him some. I don't know, though, there was no one about there but the lady of the house, a younger sister-in-law, two young girls, two little children, one a baby, and a small negro boy.

He, the pony, must have had brave sense, and got out somehow; somewhere, he stumbled up to the kitchen gallery to call at the corn meal and potatoes, and he shared the frugal, skimpy meal and partook of Avery Island salt, and he must have had some Arab blood in his ancestry if a little ancestry, dear reader, because I don't think at this time he had any blood in his body to write off, for, after partaking of the family salt, he never deserted the family—"Righteous things," was his motto. Very different, indeed, was he, this plebeian and colored creature, from the high stepping, bobtailed, eared, extra coated carriage horses that held arched necks and more arched tails, never seeming prouder than when they set out for the last time through the stable gate, prancing and caracoling under the seat of the forty negroes who were on their way to freedom and the "year of jubilee."

Doubtless, Prince and Albert sulked after all the fragrant bedded the plentiful forage of the Federal camp, their stable stall being quite empty. Who that has a stomach can blame them for worrying of green fields and pastures and hankering after their "fleshpots."

Yet I cannot fancy the humble dun pony turning tail on his best, though poor friends, and comforting himself with pride and dignity and clamping the bit, while bestride by another image of a greater degree. And when one remembers that the steeds had cost golden dollars in plenty, and the dun had cost not even a "thank ye, sir," there is a text for a sermon on ingratitude in horses.

He wormed round, indeed, when the young lady fixed herself finally to her satisfaction in her man's saddle, gathering together the voluminous folds of the copper colored riding skirt in her hands to prevent their tickling completely her small steed. With a shake of the rope bridal and a wave of the hand toward the group on the gallery she started on her quest.

Alas, and alas! why should "The best laid plans of mice and men," and maids also, "gang aft agley?"

The garden was reached, and in the orchard of defunct fruit trees, amid the tallness of nettles and tall ball grasses, there, too, stood that one lone green peach tree, but no peach was there, lock and pear so she would, feeling herself a dozen times with a reckoned leaf, standing up in her stirrup, handling almost each leaf on the tree, until let the sun had already set. However the old deserted dwelling house looked, as she rounded the moss tragedy enacted there in all its horrors just as the best her pinnacl had to escape the howling laughs of a low branched tree, she had almost thought somebody touched her; but no, it was only the disturbed branches closing behind her.

"Yes, this is the very window the boy jumped through after shooting his poor old father, and it is wide open. Why, I can see clear through, and into the hall where he fell and died five minutes later. They say the blood stains are there yet. Poor old man! what a sudden, oh, what a horrible death by the innocent hands of his young son! What a stricken life now and always for the boy, his mother and his widow."

These reflections were more terrible as she recalled every detail of the fatal mistake. The mother rousing her son at midnight, placing the weapon in his hands and whispering in his sleepy ears that "somebody—some thief or pickle—is walking through the hall."

She had thought her husband asleep in bed, and the gun being in the boy's room she had slipped out quietly, not waking the old man, as she thought—fatal error. The father had risen some moments before, fearing some thieves were in his smoke house, and wishing to disturb his good wife. He had slipped out as silently, and on returning he caused death.

O times of unutterable horrors! War shrouded over the latest country under God's broad skies; men far away from hearth and home, their treasured ones unprotected save by old men and tender youths. Hear the weird hooting of that gray old owl as he flaps his wings on that moss covered cypress limb. The birds are all twittering in the tank row bushes and the honey suckle tendrils, and the wise old owl, sage and cunning, watches keenly his prey, and will know when each little head is tucked beneath a wing. He regrets the absent family and the chickens that nightly adorned the oak trees in the back yard. Birds are very dainty, to be sure, but there is so much more in a chicken to devour. I expect that's what Mr. Owl is thinking about. Ugh! and cuch! What a great big snake just glided up that old stump covered over with trumpet vines! Shoo, a big black one as we live, in my life! Run, you and I! Let us hasten to get out of this and beyond the yellow bayou strip of woods before it gets dark.

But there are washout holes, hidden pools under the green briar vines, thorns, beasts threating their prickly terrors aggressively in one's face, and oozing from true to true homes the weird hootings of many cried, watching owls, while bullbats are flitting freely through the gloaming. Here she reaches a gap in the dense fallen fence, densely shrouded in the deep green of the angelcupids, and while alder blow some crowning them with their metal white corymbs. There is a rail or two for the pony to step over, and the sun shower down thousands of the fragrant flowers upon the equestrian. The river road is reached, the rankest and recessed levees looking more like billocked graves than a bandwork against the turbid waters of that 54th flowing Mississippi; at bat, they looked innocent enough in June within their swaddle and and blue clay banks, and broad white vested bars stretching almost across to the further shore, willow fringed and sentinelled with a thick mushroom growth of cottonwood trees that like Tamlanner's staff, branched and leaved and flowered a these sights growth, spotlessly.

To calmly sleeping waters, what have ye wrought, what evil yet will ye do in the coming years? Willow fringed, gentle cooing waters, deep roaring waters with the twilighted heavens, with the consolatory thought that ye have wrought an evil work that good may come. Have ye not deposited a rich alluvium upon this already fertile land? Time, the place, as he now is ready, and the gear eaten by rats, and the wagons fallen into "Succession downside," and the voice of the laborer no longer heard in the plantation melody, but is being lifted in the rousing chorus of "John Brown's soul goes marching on," to the reoccupying Federal camps.

The Yellow Bayou woods, skirted by an old clearing of cutting trees, and pitted by revenue holes, taped the girl to have her who about her and shake off the dismal memories of the tragic haunted home, the universal desolation of her surroundings and her present solitude. Should something happen, what then? She was far from human aid, so ear to hear her cry, no hand to save! Almost her left would form a parallel to the previous plight of the abandoned pony, left like a stick in the mud by his disgusted master.

"Hello! here I go, sure enough!"

The unshod hoofs had stumbled. The pony fell to the ground, the girl going over his head—and then—silence!

There stood a wretched, gloomy, and, school little "beastie," looking more like a donkey than a horse, the saddle away on his thin back, the rope bridle dangling disconsolately in front of his nose.

"Hello! what's this! A mustang unbridled in the woods! Somebody must be around hard by ourselves. Strange that he did not take up the 'pawhoog,' or join in our train."

A party of six mounted rebels were riding along the unfrequented river road, singing "The Yellow Rose of Texas," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," with an occasional rebel yell to enforce the refrain.

"That animal, or animals, has some very fine points about him, boys."

"Fine points indeed! Look at his shoulders; his ribs can be counted, and he may be one great interrogation point to us; he tells us nothing, however."

Then he pawed among the fallen logs and around the deadened tree trunks immoving. "Oh, the sweetest girl that ever I did see is the girl I left behind me. Why, bob-boys—look here! The sweetest girl that I ever did see is here before me, dead—or fainted dead away!"

The six soldiers clustered around, bustled about and held customs water to the closed lips, and sprinkled the pallid young face. One picked up the hat, and another essayed to arrange the disheveled copper skirts in some semblance of decorum.

Soon the girl stirred, and opened wondering gray blue eyes upon her numerous attendants. Where was she? And goodness sakes alive! what were all these soldiers doing? They seemed the whole of Walker's brigade to her, crowding around her there, and her head down among the logs and bad smelling weeds. She sold she had been thrown over the moss-back, as she listened to scarcely up, wondering if her skirts were at all decorous, and if there might not be earwigs crawling over her.

Twelve hands assisted her from her recumbent posture and placed her on the moss pony; twelve eyes looked solicitude and tender sympathy, and six men wanted to lead that dangerous and excited beast from amid the pitfalls of this howling wilderness! The girl did not like so much attention, and did not want to be pitied by them and laughed at by the home folks. "Hey pony was safe as a church! This was no wilderness—only the Yellow Bayou clearing, and the revenue holes were not so very deep."

So, with her escort she was soon "home again," to explain her disappointed search to the anxiously alarmed mother, and to dine over her accident as nothing at all. "I was up in a minute, but for an instant I must have swooned — everything became black and still—then the soldiers saw me."

But the mother knew her lean strong, willful daughter had lain among the logs and weeds cold denuded stumps for longer than she realized, since she did not hear the familiar air sung by the slowly riding soldiers, nor had she heard one word of their criticism of her pony.—E. S. Gaines in Atlanta Constitution.

An International Affair.

"There's Prince Bugbolti still bidding silver to his fancy. By the way, isn't their wedding to be a fortnight earlier than was originally set?"

"Yes, the board of immigration decided he must be returned by the vessel that brought him."—Life.

Long Year in Early Days.

Long year in early days was a source of mystery, not only to the peasantry but to the educated as well. St. Augustine, for example, in writing of it, said: "The Almighty made it from the beginning of the world for a great mystery, and if it be passed by untold the first course of the year will be perversely altered, because there is one day and one night not reckoned. If you will not account it also to the moon, or to the sun, then you frustrate the rule for Easter and the reckoning of every new moon all the year."—St. Louis Republic.

Gas from Petroleum.

A new process for the manufacture of gas from petroleum has been put into practice at Kittanning, Pa., by which it is claimed that gas can be manufactured at one-half the cost of the old, and is much better for illuminating purposes. The method is a very simple one, consisting of a boiler and a system of retorts. These retorts are kept at a certain heat, and the oil forced through them into a receiving tank filled with water. When the heated oil strikes the water it turns into gas, and is conveyed from there to the supply tank, ready for use. It is said that 4,000 feet of gas can be manufactured from one barrel of Lima oil.—New York Telegram.

SALT LAKE NURSERY.

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Nursery, one mile south of Salt Lake, on state road.

MARTIN CHRISTOPHERSEN.

RIO GRANDE WESTERN RY.

CURRENT TIME TABLE, IN EFFECT JUNE 16, 1891.

East-bound Trains.	No. 4. Atlantic Mail.	No. 6. Atlantic Express
Lv. Ogden	6.00 a.m.	8.45 p.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	9.00 a.m.	11.40 p.m.
Lv. Salt Lake	9.05 a.m.	11.50 p.m.
Ar. Provo	11.00 a.m.	11.15 a.m.
Lv. Provo	11.40 a.m.	12.05 a.m.
Ar. Green River	4.10 p.m.	7.40 a.m.
Lv. Green River	4.20 p.m.	7.45 a.m.
Ar. Grand Junction	8.35 p.m.	11.15 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	8.40 p.m.	11.20 a.m.
Ar. Gunnison	1.05 a.m.	2.45 p.m.
Ar. Montrose	3.50 a.m.	5.15 p.m.
Ar. Ouray	7.50 a.m.	9.15 p.m.
Ar. Silverton	8.50 a.m.	7.30 p.m.

West-bound Trains.	No. 1. Pacific Express	No. 3. Pacific Express
Lv. Ouray	7.00 a.m.	6.00 a.m.
Lv. Silverton	8.10 a.m.	7.10 a.m.
Lv. Montrose	11.45 a.m.	11.15 a.m.
Lv. Gunnison	4.25 p.m.	3.45 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	11.10 a.m.	1.5 a.m.
Lv. Grand Junction	11.15 a.m.	1.10 a.m.
Lv. Green River	2.20 p.m.	4.15 a.m.
Lv. Green River	2.25 p.m.	4.20 a.m.
Lv. Provo	5.10 p.m.	7.1 a.m.
Lv. Provo	5.20 p.m.	7.4 a.m.
Ar. Salt Lake	6.20 p.m.	8.10 a.m.
Ar. Ogden	9.15 p.m.	11.0 a.m.

LOCAL TRAINS.

SALT LAKE AND OGDEN.

Leave Salt Lake 7.30 a.m., 4.15 p.m. and 5.40 p.m., arriving Ogden 10.30 a.m., 7.45 p.m. and 8.50 p.m.

Leave Ogden 8.30 a.m., 12.30 noon, and 6.00 p.m., arriving Salt Lake 11.30 a.m., 3.30 p.m. and 9.00 p.m.

AMERICAN FORK, PROVO, SPANISH FORK, THISTLE, MT. PLEASANT AND MANTI.

Leave Salt Lake 8.00 a.m.; returning, arrive Salt Lake 5.27 p.m.

D. C. DODGE, General Manager. J. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. A.

Utah Central Railway

TIME TABLE.

In Effect April 1st, 1891.

Passenger Trains will Run Daily, between Salt Lake and Park City, as Follows:

SALT LAKE CITY.

Train 1 leaves for Provo at 8.00 a.m.
" 3 " " " 4.00 p.m.
" 5 " " " 5.00 p.m.
" 7 " " " 6.30 p.m.

PARK CITY.

Train 2 arrives at Park City 11.30 a.m.
" 4 " " " 6.30 p.m.
" 6 " " " 8.00 p.m.
" 8 " " " 9.30 p.m.

SUBURBAN PASSENGER TRAINS

Run daily between Salt Lake City and Mill Creek, as follows:

Leave Salt Lake at 6.40 and 11.20 a.m. and 4.20 and 7.10 p.m.

RETURNING

Leave Mill Creek at 7.10 and 9.10 a.m. and 5.10 and 8.10 p.m.

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A Warning

To Horse-Owners.

The Split Nail in the Shoe seriously injured the horse from which it was recently taken by Messrs. Wm. Moore. One point of the nail came out in the proper way for clinching, and so deceived the blacksmith. So did the horse. The other point went to the direction shown in the illustration, piercing the tender part of the foot called the "quick," from which the horse was made lame for one nearly two weeks.

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