A CHRISTMAS ACROSTIC.

"Peace on earth, goodwill to men"—the message brought us by the Lamb;
Even that Christ who bled and died that our souls might ransomed be.
Ah! what love, what pure desire, did His heavenly soul inspire.
Could we emulate His life, how blest and happy might we be!
Ever patient, kind, and lenient, as our Savior was, thus proving
Our desires are to follow wherever He may lead;
Not revengeful as our foes, though they multiply our woes,
Ever begging as He did, every wicked word and deed.
Ah! "Forgive them Father, for they know not what they do,"
Even His prayers for those who slew Him while upon the cross He hung.
Then let us now, His creatures, strive earnestly as teachers
His principles of peace and love to spread the world among.
Great principles, they'are, and true ones, bringing ever peace and union.
"On earth, peace, good will to man." "Let us ne'er forget the song!
Oh! let us ever here begat, striving nearer to forgat
Duties to our God and neighbor, and ever yours to do a wrong.
Why are men so unforgiving, when we know that by our living
In the line of his Christ walked in, we will far more happy be!
Live according to His plan, doing all the good we can—
Loving all and hating none; happy than indeed are we!
Ere now the "last great dispensation," and still in ignorance the nations
Of all the earth are fast preparing to wage war, destroy and kill;
Ah! could our voices only reach them, and the blessed precepts teach them—
Love in peace, and love, and union, and our Creator's wish fulfill.
Love not for ourselves alone—think not only of your own,
Need and trouble lays are found to delay good and healing wounds.
Hour seeking others' gain here, we will find in greater measure
Not alone we've found another's, but our own is without bounds.

M.E.F.H

FROM PUEBLO TO SALT LAKE CITY.

I am constantly surprised at the number and endless length of the railroads here. Only within the past year or so, however, have the mountains been so entirely seamed and cut and crossed by lines of cars, and the plains as well. I came to Pueblo from Kansas City—a long, continuous corridor of more than five hundred miles on the Missouri Pacific—a road so new that but few people crossing this way are aware of the new world that it opens up as yet. And just near the new road to Santa Fe, direct from Pueblo, is pointed out to me one pass on with faces lifted to the Rocky Mountains and the awful gorges of Colorado.

I am setting out for Salt Lake City, direct, by the Denver & Rio Grande road; because I am told that much engineering and enterprise has been exhibited in its building is not matched outside of Mexico.

We are leaving Leadville and other famous mining centres to the right or to the left; all accessible by rail now. We are going to pierce right straight through the granite walls of the Rocky Mountains.

Another thing that occasionally amuses one is the weary distress, "How far is it by this short cut to Salt Lake?" I ask, as we wedge our way on up a fertile valley between its gray-white walls.

"Oh, only about 600 miles," says some one at my side. So here we go, good reader, on a ride of the biggest half of 1000 miles through the canyons of granite and over the gold and silver and copper and the iron ribs of the Rocky Mountains!

We are winding up the narrow and fertile valley of the Arkansas River, the one great stream that wears the Indian Territory. It is all thickly settled; and the most of it is plowed and planted.

And such orchards as we see on every side as we wedge on and up and into the fearful gorges through this narrowest and richest of little valleys! The apple trees are literally red with their loads of fruit; and so rounded and shapely are the trees, too. They look all along here as if they had only today escaped out of picture books! But after all, with all their abundance and their beauty, they are not so cheap here as they are away back yonder in the heart of Kansas, where the cry from forty little throats was, "Five for five!" "Fifty for fifty!" But maybe that was because the white boys have little black girls for competitors in the apple trade. But, be that as it may, the cry here is: "Three 'P' nickel; three 'I' nickel; three 'N' nickel, an' a pear throwed in!" And such succulent and rich fruit too. Fruit like this could not possibly be bad, with all its sweet freshness, in New York for here or money; and even the semblance of it, with all the soul and sense of perfume and blossom come out of it, would cost easily five times what this cost here. Hurrah for the Rocky Mountains! And now we begin to climb.

We come to oil wells; an oil city. But you have enough of these near at home. Suffice to say, these wells are numerous and profitable. The city reaches right and left; and all the long and ugly lines of cars and tanks and the like that make hideous the oil towns of the States are gathered upon down and round about this oil town of Florence here on the savage foothills of the Rockies.

Pretty soon we break up our train, and put engines on each section of our long and sinuous "pilot snake." The engineer of the head division beckons me, and, under an arrangement made days ago, I climb into his red-hot little cab, and away we drive right into the narrow granite defile for Salt Lake City, five hundred miles to the west.

No room for orchards or apples or alluring little mountain-born Mormons with blue eyes and torn hair here!

The red granite rises two, three, four, five hundred feet on every hand almost instantly. The granite is not only of a royally fine color, but it is also of a very fine quality. The capital of the State is being built of this red and gray and black granite here; to say nothing of other massive edifices already built. We have met freight trains with long lines of this granite on their way to Denver and other places. So you see there is little need of Aberdeen granite or any other granite here now. It would be cute to Newcastle. The Rocky Mountains make the granite quarry of the continent.

And now we observe that there is but a single track, a narrow gauge track, and the very smallest room for that one little narrow string of steel. Hardly a baffal of earth along here now. Granite on either side, below, above, nothing but granite. Boulders big as a church on top of boulders that are bigger than barns. Steep and stupendous walls of granite so high on either hand that they seemingly tear the clouds in twain and knock their foreheads against the stars.

The little silver-threaded Arkansas River is still at our feet, under us most of the time. It has a famous reputation for its excellent fish, and we stop to let out a stout Englishman and party who will flag a down train when their sport is done.

I find myself asking how this canon came to be. I am certain it is not the work of water. The world may be very old indeed, but it is not nearly old enough for this little river to have washed this awful opening in the forest of earth. Besides that it is not smooth or sinuous, or in any sense a water washed canyon.

So I am persuaded from what I can see as I sit where my nose almost rubs the wall, now and then, that it is simply a split in the crust of the earth; a crack that was made when this massive wall and world of granite was in the cooling process, as was the case with the Yosemite walls. And the gray old engineer at my elbow with his hand on the throttle quite agrees with me.

At last we halt—as we have might half a moment to take breath in a terribly steep pull. We are resting on an iron bridge above the tumbling little river that runs under us fierce enough. We are not crossing a river at all; we are simply trying to make our way up this fearful red granite canyon. But the precipitous walls have refused to let us pass to right or to left, and so it is that we are at this moment riding and resting on an iron bridge that runs lengthwise with the river. And the singular part of it all is, this iron bridge has not a sign of a pier, or block, or support of any sort beneath.

We are hanging in a basket here, as you would hang a bird cage! We are swinging in an iron platform that is supported by beams above. There are iron arches overhead. These iron arches or beams, coming together at an angle overhead, are at this moment holding bridge and train up in the air, while the little river rolls on entirely untroubled far below.

As we rest here and breathe a bit, out of the awful stillness above us I hear a pitiful cry; and as I look above an eagle rides down the canyon with a little cotton-tail rabbit in his claws. She must have a nest with little ones in these fearful clefts somewhere; for surely it is a fitting place in which to rear the fierce and liberty-loving bird that perches on the glorious banner of this brave land.

Whoever it was that built this road here or had the audacity to dare the thought of it I do not know; dead perhaps long since, and maybe forgotten. But to that man, or the memory of that man, I lift my hat. The spirit of yonder eagle, was his. He deserved to companion with these everlasting peaks of granite. He deserved to drink water from the same fountain with the grizzly bear. Living or dead, rich or poor, God bless the brave spirit that first dared set foot here and gird these granite steeps with strips of steel.

But we must get off this swinging bridge and on and on and on. It is much alike now. One granite wall of a thousand feet is much like another granite wall of fifteen hundred feet: A continuity of this; the tumbling water; more eagles; a juniper tree on the cliff; some trees now, for the river is not so narrow; some Mormons burning charcoal—and so we pull up at sunset for the long promised supper of fresh trout.

Two of the grand old eagles caged! There is no use protesting against it. But I thought I saw a bit of pity and pleading in the fierce black eyes of one of those birds. I offered to buy them, but they were not for sale.

The supper here was not a railroad supper! If it was it would not be news, or art, or literature.

We were all seated, and for the first time in my railroad life, had plenty of time to sit down, and time to spare.

Some of the men, notably a man with diamonds and a bent nose, began to pound on the table, when suddenly one! two! three! And they were so pretty and so shy and so rosy! Each had a hot plate on a napkin, and each plate was heaped high with trout, done in butter and crumbled bread. The perfume filled the room. Ah, that was a procession of nuns to live for! They laid a whole trout in your plate—a big, rich, read-meated trout, as solid almost as the road granite walls that they grew between, and then the pretty procession passed out and did not come back any more.

"Mormons, hey?" demanded the man with a bent nose; but a frown from right and left silenced him, and we had peace—and trout.

I was told after returning to the cars that the pretty women who bore the plates of trout were ladies from the East, who, having been very lucky in catching trout, took this method of seeing our party in disguise, and at the same time putting their rare catch of trout "where they would do the most good."

As night came on the moon came up. And I could hardly refrain from uttering the lines of Manfred in the Alps, where grand and gloomy Byron placed him. Ah, these mountain passes here are waiting for the poet, their prophet. And they can wait; and he will come.

We climbed in sections to the summit under the grand round moon; and then we glided down under the air brakes, under the pines, under the moon, filled and thrilled with the tremendous memories of the day in the great granite bosom of the earth.

Then we came to a plain; a dimple in the face of the mountain. Stars and moon and mountain; a city in this dimple of the mountain; a great mining city and center; the city of Gunnison; electric lights, long lines of cars, the old confusion incident to all cities, and we begin to wish for the granite walls to shut out the world once more; we want to be back on the mountain-top with the moon and the stars and all the inspiring elements that make up the grandeur of the upper world.

But here we are down in the dust again; bowling away on the dead level of our dimple in the face of the Rocky Mountains for Salt Lake. There is another canyon above; some say grander than the red granite canyon through which we have passed. But I say this is impossible. For this other canyon is called "The Black Canyon," and, of course, cannot be nearly so fine; for it is the glorious color of the red canyon that makes it so surpassingly perfect.

Ely Jocquan Miller in New York Independent.

ODDS AND ENDS.

In certain districts of Washington the street numbers are badly mixed up. It is said that when the colored people move, as they frequently do, they generally take the door number with them, and put it on their new house.

The Russian clergy have set up a massive clock to commemorate the Borki railway accident, in which the Czar and his family barely escaped death. The clock faces the scene of the accident, and once a year, at the exact hour, a heavy silver bell tolls for five minutes.

The oldest of all the obelisks is the beautiful one of rosy granite which stands alone among the green fields upon the banks of the Nile, not far from Cairo. It is the grave stone of a great ancient city which has vanished and left only this wreck behind. The city was the Beth-shemesh of scripture and the Heliopolis of the Greeks.

A man thirty years old, with no hair on his head, no whiskers on his face and no eyebrows, is under treatment in a St. Louis hospital. He comes from Texas and claims to be hairless from his birth. He has been married once, and another Lone Star belle has agreed to become his bride if the defects in his makeup can be remedied. That is why he put himself in the doctors' hands.

The most profitable book ever printed, at least in this country, was Webster's Spelling Book. More than 50,000,000 copies of this production have been issued, and could Dr. Webster and his heirs have enjoyed the royalties from it they would have found it more valuable than the cave of Monte Cristo. Yet Dr. Webster wrote it that he might procure the means to support himself while engaged in other work, notably his dictionary, which was really an elaboration of the spelling book.

One of the strangest features of Stanley's story, as given to the New York *Herald*, is the marked resemblance in his religious opinions to those of Chinese Gordon. The man who perished at Khartoum always fancied that he saw the direct hand of God in every work he was engaged in, and Stanley, after his three years of crushing anxiety, misery and hardship, attributes everything which befel the expedition to Providence. Despite this strong faith, Stanley evidently never neglected any precaution to secure the safety of his command, and it goes without saying that if he had not led the relief expedition Emin would still be in equatorial Africa.

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KANAB STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—E. D. Woolley, Graham.
COUNSELORS.—Thomas Chamberlain, Graham; Daniel Seegmiller, Kanab.

Kane County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Factory	John Covington, P. E.
Glendale	R. J. Cutler
Johnson	W. D. Johnson, P. E.
Kanab	L. C. Mariger
Lee's Ferry	W. M. Johnson, P. E.
Moccasin	C. Heaton, P. E.
Mt. Carmel	H. B. M. Jolly
Orderville	H. W. Esplin
Pahreah	
Graham (Ranch P. O.)	G. D. McDonald
Fredonia	

MARICOPA STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—Chas. I. Robson, Mesa.
COUNSELORS.—Henry C. Rogers, Collins R. Hakes, Lehi.

Maricopa County, Arizona.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Alma (Mesa P. O.)	O. M. Stewart
Lehi	T. E. Jones
Mesa	E. Pomeroy
Papago (Lehi (P. O.)	Daniel P. Jones
Nephi (Mesa P.O.)	Samuel Openshaw

MILLARD STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—Ira N. Hinckley, Fillmore.
COUNSELORS.—Daniel Thompson, Scipio; Jos. V. Robison, Fillmore.

Millard County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Deseret	Joseph S. Black
Fillmore	Thomas C. Callister
Holden	David R. Stevens
Kanosh	Abram A. Kimball
Leamington	Lars N. Christiansen
Meadow	Hiram B. Bennett
Oak Creek	Peter Anderson
Scipio	Thomas Yates

MALAD STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—O. C. Hoskins, West Portage.
COUNSELORS.—Abraham Zundel, Willard; W. H. Gibbs, West Portage.

Box Elder County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Plymouth	Myron J. Richards
Portage	Enoch Harris
Washakie	Isaac E. D. Zundel

Oneida County, Idaho.

Cherry Creek	Joseph W. Dudley
Malad City	G. S. Stuart
Neeleyville (Am. Falls)	Wm. Neeley
Rockland	Isaac Thors
Samaria	Jonah Evans
St. John	James P. Harrison

MORGAN STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—W. G. Smith, Morgan.
COUNSELORS.—Richard Fry, Samuel Francis, Morgan.

Morgan County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Croydon	George Knight
Enterprise	J. K. Hall
Milton	Eli Whitear
Morgan, North	O. B. Anderson
Morgan, South	Charles Turner
Peterson	James Carrigan
Porterville, East	J. R. Porter
Porterville, West	Samuel Carter
Richville	A. D. Dickson

ONEIDA STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—George C. Parkinson, Franklin.
COUNSELORS.—Solomon H. Hale, Gentile Valley, Bingham Co.; Matthias F. Cowley, Franklin.

Oneida County, Idaho.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Clifton	Wm. F. Garner
Dayton (Weston P.O.)	Stephen Callan
Franklin	L. L. Hatch
Preston	Moroni W. Pratt
Mink Creek	Rasmus Rasmussen
Samaria	Wm. C. Parkinson
Riverdale	Leonidas A. Mecham
Weston	John R. Clarke

Bingham County, Idaho.

Chesterfield	Parley P. Willey
Garden Creek (Oneida P.O.)	J. P. Capell
Marsh Valley (Oneida P.O.)	C. M. Squires
Mormon Ward (Gentile Valley)	E. F. Hale
Mound Valley (Gentile Valley)	Rill Williams
Oxford	S. R. Lewis
Pocatello	Wm. Williams, P. E.
Whitney Ward	James Chadwick

PANGUITCH STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—J. W. Crosby, Jr., Panguitch.
COUNSELORS.—M. M. Steele, David Cameron, Panguitch.

Garfield County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Cannonville	William J. Henderson
Escalante	Andrew P. Schow
Marion (Coyote P.O.)	Calbert King
Panguitch	Allen Miller

Piute County, Utah.

Circleville	James E. Peterson
Junction	Rufus A. Allen

PAROWAN STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—Thos J. Jones, Parowan.
COUNSELORS.—Morgan Richards, Jr., Francis Webster, Parowan.

Iron County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Cedar City	Wm. Corry
Kanarra	Wm. Ford
Paragoonah	Wm. E. Jones
Parowan	Chas. Adams
Summit	Joseph B. Dalley
Enoch	John P. Jones, P. E.
Hamilton's Fort	Geo. Condie, P. E.

SALT LAKE STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—Angus M. Cannon, Salt Lake City.
COUNSELORS.—Joseph E. Taylor, Charles W. Penrose, Salt Lake City.

Salt Lake City, Wards.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
First Ward	Joseph Warburton
Second Ward	Samuel Peterson
Third Ward	Jacob Weller
Fourth Ward	Harrison Sperry
Fifth Ward	Samuel M. T. Seddon
Sixth Ward	James C. Watson
Seventh Ward	William Thorn
Eighth Ward	Elijah F. Sheets
Ninth Ward	Samuel A. Woolley
Tenth Ward	Adam Spence
Eleventh Ward	Alexander McRae
Twelfth Ward	Hiram B. Clawson
Thirteenth Ward	Milen Atwood
Fourteenth Ward	George H. Taylor
Fifteenth Ward	Joseph Pollard
Sixteenth Ward	Frederick Kesler
Seventeenth Ward	John Tingey
Eighteenth Ward	Orson F. Whitney
Twentieth Ward	George Romney
Twenty first Ward	William L. S. Allen
Twenty-second Ward	Alfred Solomon

Country Wards.

Big Cottonwood (Brinton)	D. B. Brinton
Bluff Dale (Mossley)	Lewis H. Mossley
Brighton	Frederick W. Schoenfeld
care E. Schoenfeld, Z.C.M.I., S. L. City	
Draper	Isaac M. Stewart
East Mill Creek (Neff)	John Neff
Farmers (S. L. City)	Henry F. Burton
Granite (Butler)	Alvin Butler
Granger (Taylorsville)	Danl. McRae
Herriman	Robert Daniels
Hunter (S. L. City)	William Miller
Mill Creek	James C. Hamilton
Mountain Dell	William B. Hardy
North Point (S. L. City)	Levi W. Reid
Pleasant Green (S. L. C.)	L. N. Hardman
Riverton (Gale)	Orin P. Miller
Sugar House	Apollos G. Driggs
South Cottonwood	Jos. S. Rawlins
Sandy	Ezekiel Holman
South Jordan (Gale)	William A. Hills
Union	Ishmael Phillips
West Jordan	Archibald Gardner

SAN LUIS STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—S. S. Smith, Manassa.
COUNSELORS.—R. Dalton, Wm. Christenson, Manassa.

Conejos Co., Colorado.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Manassa	J. C. Dalton
Sanford	S. C. Berthelsen
Los Sereitos	L. M. Peterson, P. P.
Jerome	J. H. Jack, P. P
Richfield (La Jara)	K. Coombs
Morgan (La)	J. J. Sampson.

SANPETE STAKE.

PRESIDENT.—Canute Peterson, Ephraim.
COUNSELORS.—Henry Beal, Ephraim; John B. Malben, Manti.

Sanpete County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Chester	Christen Christensen
Ephraim, North Ward	L. S. Andersen
Ephraim, South Ward	C. C. N. Dorius
Fairview	Amasa Tucker
Fayette	John Bartholomew
Fountain Green	James Torgeson
Gunnison	C. A. Madsen
Indianola	John Spencer
Manti, North	Wm. T. Reid
Manti, South	Hans Jensen
Mayfield	O. C. Olsen
Moroni	J. W. Irons
Mt. Pleasant, North	N. P. Madsen
Mt. Pleasant, South	Wm S. Seeley
Spring City	[illegible] Reed
Stirling	J