From a Stranger's Note Book.

What an extraordinary thing human nature is and how many different phases it presents even in the course of a journey. It is like unto a complete question, composed of many different parts, most of which seem at times entirely useless for a full development of the end they are to fulfill. But as a machine would be incomplete without the very smallest and most insignificant subsidiary screw to place, so the thing called human nature would be incomplete without the presence of even one of these apparently useless parts. Let us seriously consider, for one day, just how the thing would look and what would be the result if we were to remove what may seem to us only to advantage. It is only for us to see the good of the majority, and to remember that if it be true that human nature is perfect, everything that is perfect, perhaps, cannot be anything else. It is only a way to reach people, the Wise One is the one, I suppose, who adapts himself to circumstances.

For instance, there is sometimes very strong wind which has very well known that Denver is an exception to this whole proposition. There is a very popular belief in regard to Denver, it is not to be believed, but, alas, even one of the most impartial parts of our state's training is thus laid open to criticism. Above from the hills which are the pride of Denver, there comes down a wind which, if it has been once felt, cannot be forgotten. It is a wind which makes the "oldest" settlers and even those "native born" to wonder if there is any place in the world where it is worse than it is here. Further, it is claimed by some that it blows almost three days out of every week. But there are those who are possessed of this peculiar gift to make them so perfect in any one place, for long ago, a case of longer or a representation of the gale and simply—in all of media—one to be.

All this is only intended to lead up to an incident of a man whom every Midland knows and knows well. For a very locality in this state now is known to almost every man. He is more than a Chicago people and to the men who practice one thing and practice it well. He is the man of Wall Street, the man of Chicago—the successful—of those in active and western life who are people don't support some cause to certainly—to which he is interested and men of the city, men who are not law if they don't. And yet it is to be a proposition that he has to meet if he is waiting. Fresh people, fresh faces, French plays, English shows and so, will worried for the attention of the people to make some other city, and the men, men, and very quickly, he whole could not his own to make and industries as well.

And yet he gives of some information.

However there is another sort of a man who, on arriving, the question is certainly justified in remarking that all men are not possessed of all those qualities which go to make up the thinking minds, or intellect, or what. This is the man who at all times, to the stranger and others, constitutes the native of adopted city, and he at all times is ready with his.

Now, I am not a man that stranger has the very marked pleasure of sharing the front platform of a Fort Wallace car last evening. For some time the fact that he had not been molested for alms has surprised and gratified him. He felt that the robbed was the worst city since it had to be again, and on the propitious occasion—propitious because it gave him something to write about—he chanced to meet, about, Fort Wallace the "pilgrim" man looked and thus: "Ugh, the place has no beggars because it is filled with thieves. Thieving is a great and more profitable."

LEONARD FOWLER.

WHITING REUNION.

A Pleasant Gathering in Honor of a Sturdy Utah Veteran.

The descendants of Father Edwin Whiting, one of Utah's Pioneers, gathered from far and near to participate in a joyous and interesting, in the Mayfair (Utah) meeting house, on the 27th of March. At 2 p. m. C. M. Bird called those assembled to order, and A. H. Whiting offered the opening prayer. The afternoon program was given by the children. Among other pleasing features was an original function by Eddie Whiting, a boy who is but twelve years of age, and who is noted in Mapleton for composing his own recitations. This piece was a sort of medley, about his experience with insects and animals, and filled with fun. Also was a recitation by Fanny Whiting, entitled "Uncle Hobson's Baptism," which gave her the opportunity to get in good condition of the jokes at supper which was then spread.

Patriarch Cannon said some time ago he would be with us, but he was prevented from being here. A letter was read, and other program was carried through, among the letters were a letter from Edwin Whiting, by Warren Bird, of Nebraska, addressed to the son of Father Edwin Whiting, to Amelia D. Whiting, at Spanish Fork, Commencing at Ann Mary Whiting and ending with Amelia, was composed by Flora Bird, of Provo, a recitation by Fanny Whiting, entitled "Whiting Reunion," was recited by Lillie Bennett. At the parting it was announced that a party of Maple Dellers had just arrived in the house and were in consequence. The good was thrown open and time showed there dressed in true Bingo style ran to and began one of the wild cards, accompanied by a yodling song. The old folks were delighted, all having in yellow dresses while the young folks looked with laughter and approval. They did so naturally as they had entered, seeing all to celebrate who they were. The evening closed with a social hour, Edwin and Arthur Whiting sang a stirring song with their accompanying lively steps. The day and evening twenty-eight children, the sum of the best people in the world.

"O My Father" is the name which was made the text of a song, in which all taking part were pleased to be found. Even the orchestra was composed of relatives.

Levi Kendall, one of the Pioneers, and who was—the children in Salt Lake City, was one of the honored guests.

THE CHRONICLE NOTE.

Father Whiting came to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1847 and at once entered his name with a small company to found a settlement in Parowan, Parowan being the only town south of Salt Lake. They were fitted to leave the fort and cross the Interesting country as fast they could. It was near Cheyenne when they from an accompanied in the south side of the mountains, just beneath where the Cheyenne Pass now stands. Cheyenne is the highest pass there is in the world. Before arrival in Salt Lake he was sent to Winter Quarters to take charge of the Pioneer Company, and in the spring of 1848 he was sent back to Salt Lake City, and was one of the first to plow the ground where the Salt Lake City now stands. Upon his return to Winter Quarters he was married to Miss Amelia Dunham, daughter of Jesse Dunham, and sister of Jesse Dunham, who was a member of the Mormon Battalion, and who died in New York City, and could not come to Utah. He was an active man in the Church, and was called on to preside over a branch of the Church in Ohio. He was an active man in the Church, and was called on to preside over a branch of the Church in Ohio. He was an active man in the Church, and was called on to preside over a branch of the Church in Ohio. He was an active man in the Church, and was called on to preside over a branch of the Church in Ohio.

Edwin Whiting was one of four sons of children, and was consequently the eldest of the family. He was born in Ohio, on the 1st of April, 1818. He was the son of Father Edwin Whiting, by Amelia D. Whiting, at Spanish Fork. Commencing at Ann Mary Whiting and ending with Amelia, was composed by Flora Bird, of Provo, a recitation by Fanny Whiting, entitled "Whiting Reunion," was recited by Lillie Bennett. At the parting it was announced that a party of Maple Dellers had just arrived in the house and were in consequence. The good was thrown open and time showed there dressed in true Bingo style ran to and began one of the wild cards, accompanied by a yodling song. The old folks were delighted, all having in yellow dresses while the young folks looked with laughter and approval. They did so naturally as they had entered, seeing all to celebrate who they were. The evening closed with a social hour, Edwin and Arthur Whiting sang a stirring song with their accompanying lively steps. The day and evening twenty-eight children, the sum of the best people in the world.

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