

morning in Sunday school. We were reading the letter of Paul to the Philippians. When we reached the verse "and they shall turn away their ears from the truth and shall be turned into fables," the teacher said this was especially true in our own time. He said people were turning to false doctrine, and before the whole class said that Mormonism was false doctrine. I nearly jumped from my seat, and felt like I could let out and explain the whole truth of our faith and tell him that Mormonism instead of being a false doctrine is true, and that he said so because he was ignorant of the subject, and spoke from what enemies of that religion had told him. But I kept my counsel and my seat. I will write a note to him and request him to make an apology or tell the class that he did wrong. Yet I do not like to do it, for he is a venerable man and one of the head professors of the college. Yet he is hardly to blame, for almost every easterner has the same idea of Mormonism, got from books written by men who know absolutely nothing of the faith. My fingers itch to write a wordy article on the mistake they make in passing a too hasty judgment upon the people of Utah. Some one, a junior, told me that Brigham Young had ordered the Mountain Meadow Massacre. I called it a bare faced "lie," on the spot, and told him that no Mormon had any connection with it whatever, and that John D. Lee was not a Mormon, but said he was to hide his guilt. It is perfectly astounding how little most of the eastern people know about our faith.

Examinations are rapidly approaching, but I feel prepared for them, and have no fear of failing in them. If I pass them all, you need have no fear for my future in the college, for it will be assured.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain as ever.

Yours most affectionately,

HOUSTON.

LYNCHING OF INDIANS.

Little Rock, Ark., Jan. 9.—Charred and burned beyond all semblance of human beings, the remains of Marcus McGelsey and Palmer Simpson, two Seminole Indians, who a few days ago murdered Mrs. James Leard, are still resting in chains against the blackened trunk of an oak tree in the Seminole nation, where on Friday night they met their death in the most horrible manner conceivable at the hands of an Oklahoma mob.

The flesh is burned from their bones and lies in greasy and ill-smelling particles in the ashes on the ground. The fingers and hands are burned from the frames and the ghastly skeletons, bereft of feet and ankles, stand on blackened bones on the ashes on the ground. Every vestige of hair and flesh are burned from the heads, and the clinched teeth of the dead men show the great determination to endure their awful punishment in silence with which the redmen died. The scene is a fascinating one for the curious and has been visited by many people since yesterday morning.

Additional details of the horrible work of the mob near Maud postoffice, in the Seminole nation, last Friday night, were received here today. According to this information the mob's work is not yet finished and will only be completed when four more Indians have been dealt with in the same manner as McGelsey and Simpson.

The citizens' posse was scouring the country for the four men when the messenger left Maud, and it is probable that at least part of the quartet have by this time paid the penalty decreed by the maddened populace.

The crime which led to the burning

of the two men was committed on last Thursday. Marcus McGelsey was the owner of some property. On his land lived a white family named Leard. During the absence of the husband on Thursday McGelsey went to the Leard cabin and asked for a drink of water. Mrs. Leard was at home with her four small children. The Indian was given the water and then he asked for a saddle. On being refused the saddle McGelsey grabbed the woman, who had her baby in her arms, and dragged her out of the house. When the woman attempted to run away the Indian seized a Winchester and dealt her a deadly blow on the head, crushing the skull. The woman died instantly.

The murdered woman's husband did not return Thursday evening and the children were unable to remove the body into the house, from which it had fallen into the yard. The little ones stayed up and watched their dead mother's body until the bitter cold compelled them to relax their vigilance and seek shelter from the weather in the cabin. During the night the body was almost devoured by hogs.

The news spread rapidly Friday morning and the whole populace for twenty miles around was aroused. About twenty Indians were arrested. The oldest child told the crowd that McGelsey was the guilty man and a posse of twenty determined men went to arrest him. Simpson was at McGelsey's home when the posse arrived and both were taken into custody.

A rope was procured and the prisoners were strung up by the necks. On being let down and given an opportunity to talk, both confessed to the crime and named four others whom they declared were equally guilty. It developed that the Indians decided to get rid of certain white settlers and that McGelsey had been hired to do the murderous work.

Posses were at once sent in search of the other four Indians and it was decided to have a wholesale lynching as soon as they could be captured. As night came on, however, and the other four were not captured, the citizens changed their plan and determined to dispose of McGelsey and Simpson without further delay.

The feeling was so bitter against them that the crowd would not be satisfied with the ordinary method of lynching and it was voted to burn them at the stake. The victims were accordingly chained to an oak tree. Fence rails and dry wood were then piled high about them and in a few minutes the Indians were wrapped in roaring flames, while the timbers cracked beneath their feet.

Never a word did the Indians utter while being roasted alive. They apparently saw that they were powerless to resist and endured their lots like stoics.

The crowd was composed of not over thirty men and the work was done in a quiet but thorough and determined manner.

Posses continued the search for the other Indians and it is very probable that if captured they will be dealt with in a like manner. The gentleman bringing this information states that there are grave fears of an outbreak among the Indians and he believes bloodshed is certain to follow.

Muskogee, I. T., Jan. 9.—An alarming state of riot prevails in the Seminole nation, and unless immediate steps are taken by the United States authorities a bloody Indian uprising may result. This is on account of the burning of two Indians by whites for the outrage of Mrs. Leard, January 1st.

Late tonight Dr. C. P. Linn, chief physician of the Seminole nation, telegraphed to both Indian Agent Wisdom and Marshal Bennett for assistance in quelling the state of war that prevails in the nation.

He confirmed the news of the stake-

burnings and gave the names of the sufferers—Lincoln McGelsey and Palmer Samson, two young Seminoles. Both the Indians came from respectable Seminole families, and their fearful death has aroused their friends and relatives to frenzy.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY IN IOWA.

Des Moines, Iowa, Dec. 28, 1897. I left my home in Salt Lake county, Pleasant Green, on the 2nd day of June, 1896, to fill a mission in the Northern States. I was assigned to labor in the state of Iowa. I landed in Chelsie, Tama county, on the 4th day of June, and labored with Myron A. Holgate of Glendale, Kane county, Utah, for five months till our November conference, which was held on the 7th and 8th, in Franklin county, under the leadership of Elder Samuel G. Spencer. There I was assigned to go to Sioux City, my companion being David Rishton of Riverton, Salt Lake county. There we labored until the spring conference which was held there on the 10th and 11th of April baptizing three persons and making a number of good friends. Then I was sent to Mason City, Cerro Gordo county, my companion being Conrad J. Smith of Glendale, Kane county. There we labored till the following October.

I used to hear of corn growing from eight to nine feet high in the state. Up there I found it, two ears on a stalk, and the people have a smile on their faces. They have no saloons in Mason City, and that accounts for the smiles the fathers and mothers wear on their faces. There are a great many warm friends of the Mormons up there. On my way down to attend conference, I spent one week visiting friends in Sioux City, and I believe the seed sown there will bring a harvest in time.

After conference at the Bluffs, which was held on the 10th and 11th of Oct., I was sent to Des Moines with Daniel E. Black from Morgan City, Utah, as companion. There are eight Elders now in this city, located in different parts.

On Christmas I was sitting in my room, reading the good old Bible, when I was notified that there was a telegram for me. As I started to receive it a great many thoughts ran through my mind, for I had left a wife and thirteen children in the land of my birth, and it made me a little nervous, but when I opened it I found it read, "Sioux City, Elder Isaac Coon, 615 E. Maple St. Get a box at American Express office on Christmas morning and get all the Elders together and take dinner with me. George W. Crockwell."

It changed my looks; so the people told me. So my partner and I were at the office early in the morning and asked for and received a big box. It was heavy and we had a mile to carry it. All the Elders were soon at our room. The box was opened, and we found to our surprise a large roasted turkey, Boston baked beans, cakes and candy. So we were not long planning out how to get it all warmed up, for we joined with the kind-hearted people where I make my headquarters, who had been preparing for the Christmas day. There was a warm and cheerful fire started in the sitting-room, and the kind people invited us to make ourselves at home. On our table we had nearly all the good things the state of Iowa produces for the food of man. Our entertainment kept up till ten o'clock. We had an organ and Elder J. F. Thomas knew how to handle it. We sang the songs of Zion. When the time came to depart there was a hearty shaking of hands with a "God bless you all."

ISAAC COON.

P. S.—If any of the friends of the "News" have friends in Des Moines I would be pleased to call on them if you will send their names.

I. C.