

Of course Mr. Foote and the community deplore the accident. The doctors say that Jenkins may recover.

#### MY GRANDMOTHER'S OLD SHOES.

My dear Albert, you seem astonished; every time you come into my room to have a friendly chat with me, and receive advice on your little private affairs, at seeing upon my mantle this old pair of shoes whose presence in that place of honor has made you laugh so much, and which caused you and my comrades to laugh at me so much yesterday evening. Ah! you are astonished because I know that, you smile, you seem uneasy because you are caught in fault, let your astonishment cease; a little bird who knows all has told it to me, but, since you are so inquisitive, listen and then you will be able to judge if I am wrong or right—to keep these shoes in that place! Follow well my narration; do not laugh; don't ridicule me if at times I should appear simple; listen to everything and I hope then, that when you shall be in company with others you will not, as you did last night, cast the first stone at me.

#### I.

When my grandmother was dying, she called the whole family to her bedside: To one she gave her gold chain, to another a piece of property, to a third she extended her rings; to me, finally, although I was the one she loved most, she left—amidst the general astonishment—the last pair of shoes which she had worn; the very ones you can see there, my dear friend, upon this mantle, and that were yet under the foot of the bed. Everyone joked about the present and considered me disinherited, but I, I so dearly loved my grandmother that I left the death-chamber, pressing over my heart these old shoes that I would not have exchanged for anything else.

#### II.

Poor shoes, they recalled many things to me; first they brought back into my ears the sound of my grandmother's footsteps, when each morning she used to come to awake me; they awakened in my memory the days when I had been deprived of dessert and had been sent to bed, alone, without light in my room; because, invariably, a moment later, creek, creek, I could hear the shoes of my grandmother creaking on the floor, as she came to carry to me my part of dessert without anyone knowing it.

#### III.

When I was sick, creek, creek, I used to hear day and night around me, the sound of the dear shoes, and when later on I fell in love and my family was opposing me in my inclinations, creek, creek, it was—every evening when all were asleep—the same furtive noise, which accompanied my grandmother who always wanted—the dear soul—to advise me and ask me a thousand questions on her, whom I loved.

#### IV.

When I heard in the hall the sound of her step I did not cease to weep, because my grandmother brought with herself all the consolations, she dried my tears and made me happy again; much more happy than now that I am compelled to hide my misunderstood emotions and that I have no more—as then—someone to embrace me and extend to me a charitable hand when I am on the point of losing courage amidst the despairing questions of life.

#### V.

Poor old shoes, symbols of humility, I loved to contemplate them without weaknesses because they recalled to me the person whom I had most loved in the

world, and I had placed them in my room in the place of honor, upon the mantle, in the place of candlesticks; when one night, a night that I shall never forget, I entered my room poor and ruined. You know my dear Albert, that gambling and drinking have caused all my misfortunes, and that night, having spent my last penny, I became, in my drunkenness, incensed to see, there, ridiculous inheritance, these two old shoes, where you see them just now, and crazy with rage, seizing them, I hurled them against the wall. O! surprise! a roll escaped from one of them and as I stooped down, I saw with the greatest astonishment that it was a roll of bank notes. I was saved!

#### VI.

What a wretch I was! In casting thus down these relics I had just committed a profanation, because in that supreme moment of misfortune, my dear grandmother, although dead, was proving to me, that she watched yet over me; and I had been wrong to accuse Providence, who never leaves her children in trouble, and who on this occasion was sending to me in grandmother's name this unhopied-for succor. My drunkenness instantly disappeared and falling in a chair I shed bitter tears, accusing myself loudly; and at that moment, I do not know if it is an illusion; but it seemed to me that I heard my grandmother's sweet voice reproving me gently for having doubted her, and I am positive that I felt upon my forehead two kisses, as she formerly used to give them to me.

#### VII.

That is why I will always preserve these poor shoes there: They recall to me, my illusions, my first love, my happiness and my tears; they bring back before my eyes the spectacle of my youth, of my successes and my failures; they remind me of the old house—yonder, far away across the waters—; so merry formerly, now solitary; clad in its frame of grand, dark, old oaks, centuries old; who seem to watch over the place; they remind me of the immense fields which surround it and of the giant hills which proffed themselves on the distant horizon; and above all that, great with divine greatness, I perceive the peaceful and sweet face of grandmother imparting to this landscape, so great, and to all these things, animate and inanimate; an air of profound serenity and happiness.

JULES CAMBAN.

#### BEAUTIFUL DAVIS COUNTY.

Syracuse, Davis Co.,

July 16, 1898.

Some few years since this region of country was known as the dry barren sandridge, fit only for cattle and sheep to roam over. The people of adjoining settlements would laugh at the idea of making homes on it. Nevertheless Bishop Layton (noted for his far seeing) one morning, with a string of his boys, plows, etc., started out and plowed a ditch around about a mile. He advised others to come too. Some took his advice; others wished they had, but those who came and took up the land determined to make the desert blossom as the rose are looking forth to the bright and successful time we have today. There was no water except from wells 100 feet deep and over. The water was of a salty taste. There was no water for trees except from wells. Orchards were planted and watered by hauling barrels around each evening; but soon a company was formed and a canal constructed. Weber was tapped and a flume built along the mountain side, and although many doubted its success, still they pressed onward and success followed.

Beautiful homes, lovely orchards, shade trees, lucern fields and all that could be needed to make a great commonwealth. Settlers came, land was broken, crops of grain and vegetables harvested. The desert, once wild, now is the garden of Davis county. The lovely homes with beautiful surroundings are to be seen on every side and no finer place can be found in Utah. Today we can boast of the finest crop of grain in the county.

The threshing machine has just commenced to separate the wheat from the straw. The farmers are binning the pay for their summer's work. Many will have to enlarge their granaries which they are willing to do.

While our table at the Lagoon on Old Folks' day did not come up with others in bunting, it excelled in fruits, and noted was fine cherries from J. G. Wood's orchard, over fifty in a cluster. Branches of fruit adorned each end of the table, and other fruits showed what is now being raised here in the way of small fruits. Mr. Wood's farm is the most beautiful and productive farm on the range. The lines of grain stacks are fine. Barns, stables and out-buildings are painted and furnished in a better style than many homes.

JOHN H. COLE.

#### WASATCH SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The conference was held at Heber, Utah, June 18th and 19th, 1898.

Brothers Karl G. Maeser and L. John Nuttall were present and noted a marked improvement in the Sunday school conference over last year. They explained the object of Stake conference. First, to get acquainted with each other. Second, that visiting brethren may know if we are attaining the desired results. Third, that the best exercises of different schools may be presented, that each school may profit thereby.

They said all teachers must keep the Word of Wisdom and pay their tithing. A vote taken showed 90 per cent of all present keeping the Word of Wisdom. Children should bear testimony on Fast day. The Sacrament should be administered at the conferences and always under the supervision of the Bishops, and should not be given to unruly or disorderly children. A question as to what hot drinks meant was answered to mean stimulating drinks.

A concert exercise should be given at each session of school on Articles of Faith, Lord's Prayer, etc., and children should be encouraged to fast, and to be baptized as near their birthday as possible that they may remember their baptism better. Other timely instructions were given.

Elder Abram Hatch urged the teaching of cleanliness by example, also truthfulness that a generation may grow up who will tell the truth and thus save the State one million dollars per year now expended for witness fees, law suits, etc.

Brother John Bond was chosen assistant Stake secretary. Brothers Jno. A. Fortie, Jos. A. Rasband, Chas. Brunson and Frederick Hasler were chosen Sunday school missionaries for the ensuing year. All felt much edified and strengthened by attending this most successful of Wasatch Stake Sunday school conferences.

JNO. BOND,  
Asst. Stake Sec'y.

Prof. Gee Muyder, astronomer of the University of Christiania, Norway, has arrived at San Francisco on a mission from his government. It is the intention of Norway to build a new observatory and the professor has been sent to America to examine the observatories in this country. He will at once go to Mount Hamilton.