

## STAR VALLEY STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Star valley Stake of Zion convened Saturday and Sunday, February 15 and 16, 1896, in the Aston meeting house. After the opening exercises the Bishops of the various wards gave in their reports which were the most favorable since the organization of the Stake. The speakers for the most part were extremely anxious to see the Saints contented and united in the work of God. The topics spoken upon were Word of Wisdom, Tithing, public improvements, building a woolen factory, and some other subjects. On Sunday, the congregation was highly edified by listening to a brief outline of the travels of our beloved brother, John F. Burton, who was called to fill a mission to New Zealand but was afterward appointed to labor in Australia. He was called in January, 1893, and returned in January, 1896. In the afternoon of Sunday, Brother Archie Gardner, who has had a very severe sickness of about eight weeks duration, surprised the Saints by addressing them a short time. We had a time of great rejoicing and most of the Saints are striving to live in accordance with the mind and will of God.

The weather at present is very pleasant for this altitude and all are preparing for an early spring.

WM. H. KENNINGTON,  
Stake Clerk.

## "ESSAY CAIGH" IN BEAVER.

BEAVER, Feb. 18.—Those who were waiting here with as much patience as they could command for the advent of the District court were thrown into a state of disappointment more or less pronounced through a message from Judge Higgins announcing that the term would go over to next week. This was because of his being summoned to Salt Lake to sit for a while with the Supreme court, which body seems to need reinforcements continually, this being a necessary outgrowth of all its members having previously been trial judges and practicing attorneys, in one or the other of which capacities they frequently collide with a disqualification and have to take a back seat for the time being, each vacancy thus created being filled pro tempore by a district judge. There is no present telling just how long the Fifth district tribunal will remain in this state of suspension, but probably not later than Monday or Tuesday next; meantime the lawyers and others here who are waiting for hostilities to commence can go fishing, play ball or make themselves useful as well as ornamental by sawing wood, of which there is a good deal to do, no coal being used in this town.

Beaver, and in fact all the country towns of southern Utah, show but little change from what they were some years ago. This is by odds the most progressive in the matter of improvements, there being several new buildings some of which are quite metropolitan in appearance and design; but in places the same rickety old shacks span the water ditches that the people used to "teter" on a score of years ago while practicing the funambulist feat of proceeding from shore to shore, the same array of bullocks

and bellers patrol the highways, and I was shown one old hen who in the halcyon days of youth—bees and mine—used to lay an egg every afternoon, Sundays excepted, and is doing it yet. Very few people ever die in Beaver, so the population that I knew then has changed very little, albeit there is a goodly array of young men and women (chiefly unmarried, as elsewhere) who were then either infants in arms or awaiting the summons to appear on this stage of action. These I learn from observation and contact are physically equal to any, are fairly educated, decidedly intelligent and overwhelmingly Republican in politics, the best condition not being necessarily a sequence of the others by any means. The amusement hall here will by no means compare with that at Parowan when the latter is finished, in fact, there will be but few in the State that will do so, and outside of Salt Lake, Ogden, Provo and Logan, I believe none at all. The Beaver hall is, however, quite commodious and tolerably well appointed; it is built of huge cubes of stone, slate-colored, and being unpainted and undecorated, has more the appearance of a country barn or grist mill than a temple of Theeple. It is a quarter of a century or more old and internally is a long way ahead of what it was when the writer used to tear a passion (and sometimes a shirt) to tatters on its "boards;" these were not always securely fastened and unless the actor was careful and vigilant he would sometimes make an exit which his part did not call for. Nails are cheaper now and all that is past. The proprietor is Mr. Joseph Field, than whom there is not a more widely known citizen in this end of the State. He has been engaged in business of various kinds to an unusual extent. At the time the writer resided here Mr. Field was the proprietor of a newspaper and job printing office, of which the former was the chief factotum; Joseph also conducted the amusement hall spoken of, a general merchandising establishment, a drug store, a tannery, a harness-making establishment, a boot and shoe factory, a glue-making concern, a wood yard, a hay market, a butcher shop, and one or two other things that I have forgotten. It takes a man like him to build up a place, and he is still at it, not looking much older than in the lang syne days.

The Usonian newspaper, published here, was established by F. R. Clayton about eighteen years ago. It has been in several other hands since, and is now conducted by George Halee, a printer of general experience and considerable ability. Not the least feature in the make-up of his record as a typographer is his connection with the News several years ago. The Usonian is, I understand, now threatened with a rival to be launched in a short time by James T. Jakeman, one of our most widely experienced newspaper undertakers. One would hardly think the field large enough for two such enterprises at the same time, but as the great Rufus Choate put it, "there is always room at the top."

There is a marked diminution in the amount of court business done and likely to be done here. When Beaver city was the seat of the Second

district court it had numerous feeders from all around, but now it has only this county to look to. This is not an unmixed evil, nor indeed an evil of any kind. There used to be four dram shops here, now there is but one, the others having disappeared by means of the only form of prohibition that is prohibitive—lack of patronage. The whole of southern Utah is prolific of similar instances; at Oasie, on the Union Pacific, which used to be all that its name implied to those who were bibulously disposed, supporting two or three regular saloons and presumably another masquerading as a drug store, there is now none at all, not even the latter. Licenses are as accessible and cheap as ever, but no amount of advantage otherwise can overcome the absence of trade, and this condition takes root and grows most vigorously where the chief restraints are good examples and moral suasion. In no part of the Master's footstool are these more evident, more numerous or more patiently enduring than here in our mountain home. The work which they perform makes sumptuary and hostile legislation take on a sickly hue and dwindle into insignificance. Great is Utah, greater to be! ESSAY CAIGH.

## FOUGHT FOR LIFE.

TROY, N. Y., Feb. 17.—A small boy carelessly throwing a match into a pile of oily waste, a mass of flames, 300 girls and women frenzied with fright, fighting for life, as the hot flames chased them with hungry tongues, was the beginning of a fire tonight that consumed thousands of dollars' worth of property and caused the destruction of many lives.

From the outside of the high building the first notice of impending disaster was the sight of a body of girls as they rushed out upon the fire escapes from the windows, those who were fortunate crowding out the entrance. Following them was a mass of smoke, with flashes of hot flame in lurid streaks. Then the mass of frenzied humanity, finding the egresses too small for instant escape, began climbing over the sides of the escapes, and bundles of clothing filled with writhing humanity dropped at the feet of horrified passers-by.

Within twenty minutes after the fire started there was three dead women lain upon the floor of an adjoining store, and at least a dozen maimed and burned girls and women taken to the hospital or to their homes.

Of the 350 girls and women in the building, it is presumed that at least a half-dozen are in the ruins, for it is impossible to locate all, and there may possibly be a score of dead.

It was just thirty minutes before closing hour in Stettinmer & Co.'s shirt-waist factory on River street, and the 350 girls and women were working rapidly to finish up. In the cutting room on the fifth floor 150 girls were clearing up their day's assignments and preparing to leave when the whistle blew. Lillie Kreiger, who was working near a machine, called to a small boy to light the gas over her work. The boy struck a match and threw the burning stub to the floor. It struck a pile of oily rags, and in an instant the