

Mrs. Woodbury, of St. George, was present and took much interest in the proceedings of the convention.

Messrs. H. Tauffer, J. B. Clark, G. N. Dow, Wm. Phillips and George E. Dudley were appointed a committee to draft a new foul brood law, to be presented for the approval of the next beekeepers' convention.

The convention adjourned to meet at the call of the president.

GEO. E. DUDLEY, Secretary.

SALT LAKE CITY, April 5, 1895.

WHITING REUNION.

The descendants of Father Edwin Whiting, one of Utah's Pioneers, gathered from far and near to perpetuate love and friendship, in the Mapleton (Utah) meeting house, on the 27th of March. At 2 p. m. C. M. Bird called those assembled to order, and A. M. Whiting offered the opening prayer. The afternoon program was given by the children. Among other pleasing features was an original recitation 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 local bits; also a recitation by Frank Johnson, entitled "Uncle Raubeu's Baptism," which put all the digestive powers in good condition for the splendid supper which was then spread.

Partaking of dainties and social chat occupied the time until 7 p. m. when order being once more restored, another program was carried through, among its features were a speech on the life of Edwin Whiting, by Warren Snow, of Manti, followed by the History of Father Edwin Whiting, by Eddie D. Whiting of Springville; Reminiscences by Aunt Mary Whiting, and a poem composed by Phoebe Oldroyd, of Glenwood, a grand-daughter of Father Whiting, entitled "Whiting Reunion," and recited by Libbie Bromley. At this juncture it was announced that a party of Moqui Indians had just arrived from Arizona and would like to come in. The door was thrown open and three stalwart bucks dressed in true Moqui style ran in and began one of their weird dances, accompanied by a natural chant. This lasted ten minutes, all moving in perfect unison, while the house resounded with laughter and applause. They left as suddenly as they had entered, leaving all to conjecture who they were. The mystery cleared up when Ed Snow and Edwin and Arthur Whiting came in shortly after with their mustaches freshly shaved. The flag and wreath drill by twenty small children was one of the best numbers given.

"O My Father," by the entire company ended the program, in which all taking part were members of the family. Even the orchestra was composed of relatives.

Levi Kendall, one of the first pioneers, and who plowed the first furrow in Salt Lake City, was one of the honored guests.

Father Whiting came to Salt Lake City in the fall of 1849 and at once enrolled his name with a small company to found a settlement in Sanpete, Provo being the only town south of

Salt Lake. They were forced to make the road and cross the intervening streams as best they could. It was near Christmas when they droye up and camped on the south side of the stone quarry just beneath where the beautiful Temple now stands. Constructing rude dugouts they lived in them that winter. Having arrived too late to get a supply of winter feed, most of their stock perished. Walker's large band of Indians were camped near and the little colony divided their scant provisions with the Indians until starvation seemed imminent. Brother Whiting, weak and staggering for want of food, carried timber on his back from the mountains, and the first chairs made in Utah were put together in that humble dugout. These he hauled to Salt Lake City and traded for provisions. He was also known and honored for introducing a number of fruit and ornamental trees to Utah. He established one of the first nurseries in the valley, and thousands of trees, evergreens and flowers stand as living monuments to his memory. In 1857 he accompanied President Brigham Young on an exploring expedition to the Salmon river. In 1858 and 1860 he was a delegate to the Utah Legislature from Sanpete, and was counselor to the president of the Stake, and mayor of Manti for a number of years; was captain of militia during the war with Walker's band of Indians. Regarding Springville, Utah county, as a more suitable place for fruit culture, he moved there in 1861. He was an advocate of education, and built at an early day a school house at his own expense.

Edwin Whiting was a man of high moral character, and was scrupulously honest in every deal. Ever dreading litigation, he tried to live a just life, faithful to his country, true to his religious convictions, and at peace with his fellowmen. His descendants number over 200, most of whom were present at the reunion.

LOUIS WHITING JOHNSON.
MAPLETON, April 2, 1895.

FREMONT COUNTY HAPPENINGS.

REXBURG, Fremont County,
April 8th.

Tuesday, April 2nd, about eighty-five per cent of Rexburg's voting strength went to the polls and made known their choice as to who should be their city officers for the ensuing twelve months. While the Republicans were successful in getting five out of the seven officers, they did not by any means get there by straight party votes, as many Democrats voted for some Republicans, and vice versa. In fact, not more than twelve per cent of the voters voted straight party tickets. The result of the day's voting decides that the following shall serve the people for the next year: For village trustees—G. W. Woodrue (R), John L. Jacobs (R), Thomas E. Bassett Jr. (D), Thomas E. Ricks Jr. (D), Nathan Rick (R); for treasurer—Frank Lutz (R); for clerk—Willard Johnson (R); for magistrate—Phineas Tempest (R). The election passed off very quietly; no drunkenness or rowdiness of any kind. J. R. Young received a complimentary vote of sixteen for village clerk; Ben. E. Rich received a com-

plimentary vote of one for village treasurer.

Quite a number of improvements are going on in town, indicating that Rexburg is still growing. McAllister's harness shop has just been remodeled and enlarged to make room for the large stock of goods that he is now carrying. Walter G. Paul, Rexburg's enterprising undertaker, has just received a large consignment of very fine caskets. Our merchants have shipped several carloads of potatoes this week to eastern markets. John L. Jacobs and others are erecting a large planing mill and will soon be turning out all kinds of doors, window sash, molding, etc., which will obviate the necessity of importing such articles as we have had to do hitherto.

The young men and young ladies of the First ward contemplate giving a grand sociable in the near future. The officers and members of the Primary association of the Second ward are very busy at work on an excellent program for an entertainment to be given in about two weeks from now. Elder A. L. Blackburn lectures in the Second ward meeting house Sunday, April 14, under the auspices of the Y. M. M. I. A. Subject: "The fundamental principles of the science of theology."

Thursday evening, April 4th, the members of the Second ward choir sprung a grand surprise on their estimable leader, Prof. Tempest. As the hour for practice arrived but few of the singers were present, and it looked for a time as though there was not going to be much of a turnout, and the professor was seriously contemplating the advisability of dismissing what few were present, going home and calling the meeting a practical failure for once. But lo! the doors of the meeting house were suddenly thrown open and in flocked a lot of happy lads and lassies: "Wuy, what makes you so late, girls? Where have you been till this hour of the night, boys? This is no time to come to practice—you know that the time for practice is 7:30 and not 8:30. What have you all got in those baskets?" These and several other expressions come from the leader in one breath. He was, however, unwittingly right for once—that was no time for practice; and he soon found out what was in those baskets. For once the choir was leader, and the leader was led, and not unwillingly either, judging from the happy smiles that soon spread over his countenance. A very inviting picnic was soon spread and heartily enjoyed by the choir and a few invited friends; after which a very entertaining program of songs, recitations and short speeches was enjoyed until a very late hour. During the evening Sister Holeman, the organist, on behalf of the choir, presented the professor with a very beautiful baton, on which were engraved the initials of his name. In a few appropriate words he thanked the choir and their friends for the honor they had conferred upon him, their expressions of good will and the esteem in which they held him, and expressed the hope that the good feeling existing between leader and singers might be cemented together with a cement that knows no breakage. Everybody went home happy, expressing themselves as having enjoyed one of the pleasantest evenings of their lives. IN LOCO.