

the fish in the lake, and will then protect them from Indians and others at the side outlet for a few years, the lake will be filled with the most delicious trout again.

Then the Indians and others should be taught to cease kindling fires in the forests about the lake as they did last year, when they went away from there angry because they had failed to get a "fish way" at our dam to suit them. We are very much interested in the attempts of Prof. Whiting and others to protect our forests, and will be pleased to help all we can in that direction.

We have bought a right of way, and are constructing a dam, by which we expect to make a nice fish pond, equal to one mile square and twenty feet deep. This is not intended for a fish pond, but for the storing of water for irrigation, but it will be a fine fish pond all the same.

Yours respectfully,

FRANKLIN W. YOUNG.

FREMONT, Wayne county, April 29, 1894.

MOB WAR IN MISSOURI.

SPRING CITY, April 17, 1894.

Reading the letters of Cheney and Bigler—old time friends and comrades—caused me to reflect upon the past, and I now present a few facts, if you deem them worthy a place in your valuable paper.

I was the son of Isaac and Mary Calvert Allred, born in Bedford county, Tenn., February 21, 1822. There were two of us, and although my brother was born first, it has been said I was the oldest. We moved with our parents in 1829 to the state of Missouri, where we first heard of the "Mormon" Prophet in 1831. The bearers of the tidings were Hyrum Smith and John Murdock. They preached once and passed on to assist in locating the center stake of Zion, which was to be the "New Jerusalem." Other Elders came along in 1832 and a large branch of the Church was raised up, called the "Salt River branch." All the Allred families in that locality and other relatives and friends joined the new religion. My twin brother and I were baptized in the early spring of 1833.

The falling of the stars which occurred on the night the Saints were driven out of Jackson county, was witnessed in our locality in all its splendor, and many believed the end of the world was at hand. But we soon learned that that night marked the flight of the Saints from mob violence.

We first saw the Prophet in 1834, as "Zion's camp" passed through our branch. They camped there a week recruiting and organizing, and Uncle James Allred joined them with ten men from our branch. Our people having already disposed of their farms moved up into Clay county and bought land in 1835, but were not permitted to stay there long, and removed with the Church into Caldwell county and again purchased land, where we hoped to live in peace, where there would be "none to molest or make afraid," as there were but few settlers in that new country.

As soon as the surrounding country witnessed our success in opening up the new lands the mob spirit again re-

vived and we were threatened on every side. In order to be able to stand the siege which appeared inevitable, a company was sent into Davis county under Captain Buchanan, to bring a horse mill into Far West to grind our corn. I went with my father's team to assist in hauling the mill. After our return to Far West I put up at Father Morley's, not having time to go home, eight miles out, before night. I had just fed my team and was eating supper when father came into town with a report that the mob was making a raid upon the scattered settlements on the head of Log creek. He told me to hitch up and go home that night so we could move into Far West the next day and he would ride home as soon as possible to guard his family. It was dark when I started, and as I crossed the square Apostle David Patten was in his saddle raising his men to go out to protect our people. Having had scarcely any sleep for two nights, I could not keep awake in the wagon, so I walked by the side of my oxen, and there I even slept as I walked, at the same time not knowing what moment I might be in the hands of the mob. I got home at 1 o'clock and found all safe. Father kept on the alert, and at break of day he heard the guns at the "Crooked River battle," it being only five miles from our home. That morning we moved into Far West, and witnessed the approach of the army, the capture of the Prophet and others, the surrender of arms, etc., etc.

History has it that Joseph Holbrook came in about midnight with the news of the raid. He might, but I know the foregoing to be true.

REDICK N. ALLRED.

SOUTHERN SUMMIT COUNTY.

WOODLAND, Summit county, Utah, May 4.—The people in the south end of Summit county are just completing the planting of their grain. The weather is still quite cold nights and the snow still lies in great banks close to some of the fields.

At Wauship meetings have been held in relation to home industry, and the starting of some line of manufacture was urged. It looks as if a creamery will be built there in the near future. It is a splendid point for such an institution. All the people of this locality are stock raisers and small farmers; all keep cows, and it will cost but a trifle more to feed and milk cows than to feed and not milk them, as is now done; or, where they are milked, the butter produced is a drug on the market, never selling for more than fifteen cents, often for ten cents a pound, while a good article of creamery butter will bring twenty to twenty-five cents a pound wholesale. Peoa, Kamas and Woodland each are points where creameries and cheese factories could be established by the people on the co-operative plan and this would tend to lessen their present cry of hard times, which are indeed more imaginary than real, as is evidenced in their actions and surroundings. This winter there has been more means spent in social pleasure in some of these places than ever before; and in my travels through the Territory I think I see need of a great reform in our way of living, if we may hope for greater

prosperity, which can only come where there is perfect thrift. Industry produces prosperity and without frugal industry as communities we cannot hope to be prosperous.

There are many praiseworthy improvements in this part of the country. New and commodious barns have taken the place of the old, dilapidated sheds with straw coverings; farm machinery is more generally kept under cover and taken care of; yet this region is not without some of the sights seen elsewhere—harvesters left in the field, sulky rakes stopping gaps in the fence, and threshing machines exposed to the elements.

The lumber business that was so brisk here a few years ago now seems to be almost at a standstill, but it is hoped it will revive.

A good spirit prevails among the people. Meetings seem to be well attended and a general spiritual awakening is apparent.

The crop prospects were never better at this season of the year.

More anon.

TRAVELER.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

PAROWAN, April 15, 1894.

As reminiscences of nearly fifty years ago furnish interesting reading to the survivors of those times and instructive reading to others of later date, I venture to furnish you a few scraps relating to those days, when that remarkable pilgrimage was begun and accomplished, the results of which we see today in the wonderful development of this valuable mountain region. Surely an inspiration from God dictated and directed the movement, as can easily be discerned at present, though surrounded with fog at that time, and only carried out by an unusual exercise of faith and a providential condition of necessity.

Some of the readers of the NEWS will remember the curious story of the three-dollar wooden wagon and the remarkable dove-tailing outfit of relief to necessity when mobocratic orders made movement from Hancock county a necessity, published a few months ago. In company with a dozen or so of English families from the same neighborhood, the outfit journeyed through the state of Iowa to Garden Grove and Pisgah—points well written up in history—where President Young and associates, accompanied by a recruiting officer, met us. There was quite a large camp at the latter place attending to a growing crop, it now being in the month of July. I say met us, because, as is well remembered, the President had started earlier in the season and had reached Council Bluffs with the advance companies of the exodus; and pitching camp was waiting for others to catch up, and looking out for either winter quarters or the possibility of moving forward.

In order to carry out the request of the government for volunteers to serve in the Mexican war, he started on the back track to meet the traveling companies on the way. As remarked, the meeting in our case was at Pisgah. The emigrants were all gathered to an appointed place and the business was explained. As when he and his associates of the Twelve Apostles harangued the same men in England about