

in saying that the thoughts of home awakened in the breasts of the rude-looking men and the sight of those bonnets started tears from the eyes which the worst forms of privation and hardship had failed to moisten.

The Christian missionary was already on the ground and good parson Dyer managed to find a place where he could preach on Sunday. One of the first men who arrived with his family came to one of these meetings attended by his wife and baby. During the sermon it chanced that the baby cried and the mother was about to withdraw, when the preacher addressed her thus: "My good woman, I beg you to remain; the innocent sound of that infant's voice is more eloquent than any words I can command. It speaks to the hearts of men whose wives and children are far away, looking and praying for a safe return of the loved ones at home." The infant's cry seemed to them like the music of angels.

With those who made Denver their temporary abode gambling appeared to be the chief occupation and Spanish monte the favorite game. One house, a two-story frame building, rented for \$120,000 per annum, the rental being paid mostly by gamblers. A single store of small dimensions and made of rough boards rented for \$3000 a month. A canvas tent used as a gambling saloon rented for \$40,000 per annum. Money was loaned on good security at fifteen per cent. a month, and out of the loan the borrowers made fortunes in real estate and mining operations.

The legend of Singing Springs: Far up on the western side of the Mazatzal mountains, a range prominent in Central Arizona, not only for its physical proportions but as well for its connection with the cruel warfare which followed the earliest attempts to secure that territory for civilization, are singing springs. They are situated not more than 1500 feet below the summit of the rugged chain, the elevation of which is officially given as 8500 feet, on a most picturesque and romantic mountain bench or shelf forming a glassy shade in the forest of towering pines. This delightful dell is but an acre or so in extent, and near its centre burst forth from the mighty rocks the clear and cold waters of Singing springs, which rippling and falling over a ledge of crystallized quartz produced the most beautiful, yet peculiar and inimitable sounds of the softest and sweetest music, far surpassing anything within the range of human power.

It is not at all strange that the Apache Indians, whose only God is nature and who attach reverential significance to every peculiar or unusual work of creation, should regard singing springs with superstitious awe and avoid that delightful spot, for such is in perfect accord with the history of that rapidly declining race. Neither is it surprising, when the character of the surroundings are considered, that it should be associated, in their unwritten mythology, with a story of love.

Ages ago, so their legend runs, the only daughter—one of the most beautiful of her race—of a powerful Tonto Apache chieftain, forced by her father's desire to wed one of the most valorous warriors, ran off on her wedding eve with a younger and gentler Indian, to

whom she had previously plighted her troth. When the discovery was made pursuit was given, and at the place where Singing springs now break forth the unfortunate lovers were overtaken and captured.

With the young warrior who had been promised the maiden for wife rested the matter, according to custom, of punishment or forgiveness. The wounded honor of a brave warrior could only be appeased in the death of the violators, and he decreed that the girl and her lover be tied to separate trees and allowed to perish from thirst or starvation or to be devoured by wild beasts. The father of the maiden so directed, and the man and woman were securely bound with thongs to two trees but a few feet distant, and facing each other were left to their fate, the warriors returning home.

For weeks and weeks birds brought food and dampened leaves to the pair, and the girl continually sang songs of encouragement and love to her faithful swain. Then came a day when all the birds left the mountain, followed by a terrific snow storm, and the lovers perished from starvation and exposure. When the snow disappeared from the ground a spring had burst from the mountain directly between where the girl and her lover stood when they met their death. Preceding every snow storm, so the story goes, the loyal maiden returns in person to the scene of her earthly misery and chants and dances in the dell, as if rejoicing over the circumstance that released her and her lover from the troubles of life and permitted a union beyond.

Mountain Jim: The opening of spring, the return of the leaves, twittering birds and genial sunshine, open up to the world the beauties of Estes Park, and people are already turning thither to spend the summer months. That isolated park up in Larimer county furnishes a subject for a reminiscence at this time. Well do we remember old Jim Nugent or "Mountain Jim," as he was called. He came to Colorado early in the fifties and located in Estes park, and for years was the boss bear hunter of that romantic section. He was a man of powerful physique, with shoulders and limbs that Sullivan might envy; besides that, he was an educated man and a reading man. He had the poetic faculty very well developed, and did some very good writing.

There was some mystery connected with his coming west that his best friends were never able to fathom. He was evidently driven away from home by a deep grief which he would never explain. His most memorable bear fight took place in Middle park in 1872. He started out one morning with his gun and revolver, and a big knife which he always carried. When he got about a mile from camp he passed around the roots of a large tree which had fallen to the earth. As he passed around the tree, Jim stepped right into a nest of cinnamon bears. He was so close to them he couldn't shoot, and only discharged one shot from his revolver, but with his big knife he killed all three.

Two hours later some of the boys from the camp found him lying unconscious among the three dead bears, one of which lay across his legs. Jim had

come off conqueror, but one of his arms was broken, one eye was out, and his scalp was torn loose and hanging over his face. He was torn and bitten over his body in a way that it was dreadful to see. He recovered from these injuries, but his mind was affected. Poor Jim was never the same again. He went back to Estes Park, and imagining that he owned all the land in that section, he attacked a man named Griffith Evans, one of the early settlers, who shot him through the head in self-defense.—*Field and Farm.*

WASATCH STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Wasatch Stake of Zion convened in the Stake House, Heber City, May 2nd and 3rd, 1891, President A. Hatch presiding.

Saturday, 10 a. m.—Present on the stand: A. Hatch, president of the Stake, and counselors; Apostles F. M. Lyman and A. H. Cannon, and a good representation of the local priesthood.

After the usual exercises Apostle Cannon spoke in praise of our beautiful city and tabernacle, and considered God had greatly blessed the people here, and if they would be faithful we should continue to be blessed and make this valley a beautiful place for the Saints to dwell in. In our prosperity we should be very careful not to be led away by vice and covetousness. Referred to the great work that would be accomplished in the future and the power of God that would rest on this people. Advised the older people to set a worthy example before the young. Referred to what had been accomplished by such great men as Washington, Israel, Edison and others, and how it took energy, perseverance and constant labor to make them what they were. The Savior Himself and the Prophet Joseph were not exceptions to this rule. When a man is prepared for any work the opportunity will be given him, and every man who fails, on reflection will see that it has been his own fault.

Apostle Lyman regretted that the house was not filled with young men to listen to the discourse of Brother Cannon. We could plainly see how those who made good use of their time (in whatever calling) as a rule would be bound to succeed. Our children should be taught to not spend their time in idleness; the powers of both mind and body should be trained to be strong in virtue, to resist the evils even of our own nature, and be filled with integrity and power to resist sin.

Benediction by Bishop Van Wageningen.

2. p. m. President Giles made a few remarks on the condition of the Stake. He had visited nearly all the wards, and was pleased to find the prosperity and peace that prevailed. He considered salvation so small thing; it was worth everything or nothing.

Bishops N. C. Murdock, D. Van Wageningen and H. Clegg reported their wards as prospering.

Apostle Cannon delivered a very interesting discourse on the following subject, "The necessity of the Saints to still further improving; the success of the various institutions; the education of the sexes; the sin of immorality; the authority and power of the sealing