

will come, and some day none will dare to ask again on earth, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

### MINERS' WIDOWS' RELIEF.

RED CANYON, Uinta, Wyo.,  
Dec. 10, 1895.

Since my last report of the balance sheet is used by the relief committee of Almy, the two masquerade balls, one at Almy and the other at Evanston, as previously announced through the columns of the News, realized \$107.35 from the former and \$108.30 from the latter; in addition, the Eagle Gate lodge A. O. U. W., of Salt Lake City, supplemented this sum by a donation of \$5, and Senator C. D. Clark, of Evanston, \$10, making the sum \$230.65. This will give a measure of relief to the forty widows and 150 children who are depending entirely upon the charity of the public till their case be settled.

The case of the Widows vs The Rocky Mountain Coal and Iron Co. will be heard in the district court at Cheyenne on the 26th of January, 1896, and the legal fight will commence with the same able counsel that represented the widows and mine owners at Evanston.

We understand that Judge Brown, on behalf of the owners, offered a settlement to the widows, through their administrator, Mr. J. W. Sammon, of five hundred dollars, on Sunday the 8th inst. But the widows declined to accept the amount, and returned their former offer, viz, that they were prepared to accept three thousand dollars net as a settlement of their claim upon the company for each person who lost his life in the No. 5 Red Canyon mine by the explosion of gas on the 20th of March, 1895.

I am sorry to say there is considerable sickness in the camps at present. Typhoid seems to be the principle disorder amongst the people.

RICHARD R. HODGSON.

### STEVENSON'S JOURNEYINGS.

HOLBROOK, Arizona.  
Nov. 29, 1895.

Our journey from Snowflake to Concho, thirty-five miles, was one of great anxiety. The eighteen inches of snow which had fallen at Snowflake, by reason of the rain which had preceded it, caused the snow to settle into a sheet of slush. The good people of Snowflake say this storm stands unprecedented in their history in Arizona. On the early morn of our departure for Concho, the snow was about six inches deep, but no road was broken only close around the town. Our appointments were out, and our captain, Elder Lyman, felt assured that we would make the points, and we felt similarly inclined. Our noon camp came fifteen minutes to 2 p.m.—with an increased depth of snow—twelve inches on the level; but under the cedars our camp fire and picnic was merrily taken and we sang:

A life on the desert's plain,  
Camped in the drifted snow;  
With a little fire to warm,  
And the wind to unceasingly blow.

One team bade fairly well for the last end of the trip, but the other two felt snow-weary, while increasing depth of

snow and a soft road bed, clogged the wheels of the vehicles so much that with our precious load of freight, two Elders, three drivers and three ladies, matters began to look serious. We felt good confidence in the outcome, however. The worst features before us was a bitterly cold night, and when dark approaches everything, road and all, is leveled up with snow, making the danger of getting lost very great.

Soon after our noon camp, being determined to make the best of our circumstances, we had the best team of Bishop John Hunt make the long hard end of the road, and send relief. But a welcome shout, and relief of six horses and men, with President D. K. Udall, of the St. John Stake, and others—as delivered us.

After holding a splendid meeting at Concho Tuesday morning, 25th, we drove over to St. Johns sixteen miles and held a meeting in the evening, well attended. On Wednesday morning, the 26th, a meeting of the Seventies was held, of the One Hundred and Fourth quorum, and also a general meeting, and a very interesting enjoyment; the Utah Elders being joined by David K. Udall, St. Johns Stake, and John Hunt, of Snowflake. Elder F. M. Lyman's remarks were well suited to the scattered settlements of St. Johns Stake of Zion, comprising about 1,500 souls.

In St. Johns and Concho wards there is a majority of Mexicans—there being two Mexican towns, one at each ward and in close proximity, nearly joining the wards. Amicable feelings exist between the Mormon community and the Mexican element, and they trade with each other. The Mexican part of the town has flat roofs and crooked streets. The people have herds of sheep and some cattle, although stock doesn't thrive so well on the range as it did in earlier times.

Although the Mexican vote is in the majority, the offices are divided between both parties.

We are in the town where Elder Nathan C. Tenney was killed while acting as a peacemaker. It is interesting to know how few there are of the Mormons who have fallen victims, considering the wild cowboys and roughs in the early settlements of this barren waste, so uninviting even to Mormon energy, although many changes have been made for the better.

St. Johns and Concho have good reservoir, and at the latter place I am told a great flow of water runs 14 feet below the surface of the ground. Some day this will be brought to the surface and utilized.

The deep snow storm prevents us from further visiting other settlements, and President Udall and Bishop Anderson, of St. Johns, took us over to Concho ward, 16 miles, where we held meeting with the ward, joined by the few Seventies who reside here, one of whom was ordained a counselor to Bishop Marble, whom the ward chose to be their new Bishop.

Elder Christopher I. Kempe entertained our party very generously. He has done much to build up this ward, finding employment for many, and trusting men by his generosity from his little store who have not become his best friends. I once remember in my travels having read a little

sign, "Many we have trusted to our sorrow, so pay today and we will trust tomorrow."

Nov. 28th, having concluded our visit to the St. John's Stake, which has been very agreeable except for deep snow, we took the parting band of many good, faithful Latter-day Saints, and with two carriages managed by Brothers John Hunt and Anderson, passed over eighteen miles of land without water, excepting two wells for the benefit of the mail.

Thirty-six miles closed our day's work over a jumping, jolting road. One of our best meetings was held here in the evening. Elder Lyman could scarcely come to the end of his usual good and comforting words and instructions.

We arrived at Holbrook just in time to take train at 10:45 a.m. to Albuquerque, New Mexico, 254 miles. Here we take leave of our kind friends who have so safely taken us through the two Stakes, Snowflake and St. Johns, about 200 miles overland in tuler carriages, and one of the roughest times in my experience for fourteen years in this country. We leave 3,000 warm hearted Latter-day Saints, in Arizona. We will have traveled when we arrive at Albuquerque, 2,124 miles. Our faces are now set for Old Mexico, via Deming.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

DEMING, N. M., Dec. 2, 1895.—Retracing our journey from Holbrook, nothing new is observed except snow which has fallen, and that gets lighter until we arrive at Albuquerque, where it is no more. There we change cars and climate too. We arrived at 8:20 p.m. and our car for Ruidoso, 177 miles, left at 2:45 p.m., next day, Nov. 30. Our hotel, the Sturges, treated us very comfortably, arousing us just on time, and by daybreak the surroundings explained that where yesterday we were in ten inches of snow before breakfast, on this morning we were in a comparatively fair land. The change from 8 or 10 degrees in the midst of snow and frost to a land of cactus and rose, and spring time, in so short a time, does seem like a fairy dream. At a station called Nutt, where is a broad plateau covered with grass, rose, etc., and with a beautiful climate but no water, the altitude is about 5,000 feet.

Passing Florida some hilly country presents itself occasionally, but there are millions of acres with scarcely a habitation except station. On the Rio Grande river, which we have left, some flat rooted Mexican huts, corn fields, and slipshod surroundings exist, and it seems good to see them between these long and uninhabited stretches.

We passed near Silver City, in which place a branch road runs from Deming—a very large ranch is not far away; water being piped to it from a spring in the mountains. To find a ranch along here is really noteworthy.

At 11:30 a. m. Deming, N. M., our last stopping place was reached. Here we outfitted for a journey of one hundred miles overland into Old Mexico. Looking over what I should call a town of wind mills, all of which has large tanks into which is pumped, by the wind mill process, a good supply of what seems to be a very fine quality of