

ter of evil has not forsaken his old schemes.

Prejudice seems the easiest barrier erected and the one requiring greatest patience to break down. Under the most trifling and often without the slightest excuse some refuse to hear us. By virtue of the same spirit the majority of the churches are closed against us, which is likewise true of the school houses; but it never fails that where there is a desire to bear a way, is always provided, while the servants of God rejoice in witnessing the attainment of the desired end.

The condition of the people varies from a point scarcely above actual want to that of comfort and ease. This particular section, Madison and adjoining counties, embraces some of the best lands of the state for corn and cotton, which feature is evidenced by frequent land monopolies by way of plantations. Naturally enough the better grade of laou has by hook or by crook worked its way into the hands of men well-to-do, which means men of a financial turn of mind. Another and inferior grade of land is that which during the wet season is more or less submerged. Such places, and those known as "piney woods" where little else but the turpentine pine will grow, is where the poor man makes his home. The clemency of the winters admit of the most astonishingly indifferent cabins for shelter, while on the other hand labor is not restricted during any month of the year.

The ways of making a living seem sufficiently varied and easy, but indisposition, a seemingly unlimited disease of the will, is common; despite this fact they are clever and free-hearted as a rule and with a genuineness hardly to be surpassed. This portion of the field may with due propriety be ranked equal to any other part as regards climate or labor. All are welcomed and those who join us are assured a pleasant and profitable time.

Respectfully yours,
FRANK CUTLER.

A DESPERATE ENCOUNTER.

It was in the latter part of the Summer of 1849, about thirty miles from Santa Fe now, in the Territory of New Mexico. The government troops were near Santa Fe and making hay for their cavalry horses. There being no tame hay in the country they had to resort to wild grass to supply their wants. It was on this occasion that one of the most desperate fights occurred, though little has ever been said or written about it. The Comanche Indians in those days were a warlike people and as daring a foe of Uncle Sam's men as ever met on the plains in a battle, and they were not conquered for many years afterwards as a tribe. It was in the month of August, 1849, while a small squad of government employees were camped several miles from the post for the purpose of putting up hay for the post. It is the one whose duty it was to do most of the cooking for the little squad that relates this story and it is true in every particular as related to me. His body bore many scars; and as he told the story of how he came by them, knowing him, as I did, I did not doubt his word.

In the early morning as his duty called him up earlier than any one else to prepare breakfast, he was busy preparing the meal. A little after broad daylight, before any one else of the company had arisen, he heard a distant noise; quickly turning his face in the direction the sound came from, a sight greeted his eyes not very pleasant to behold. Only about three hundred yards from camp on the prairie, in full gallop, from three to five hundred warriors of the Comanches on horseback were advancing, all in their best war paint. The alarm was quickly given; the commissary sergeant who had the key to the chest wherein was the most of the ammunition, as soon as he rose from his blankets took to his heels as fast as he could in the opposite direction from where the Indians were coming. As another was rising from his bed he was struck in the stomach by an arrow; the next second another was hit in the forehead and his days on earth were at an end; another followed the sergeant, which left only nine out of the twelve. This nine sent deadly answers to the message that the savages had already sent into the little camp of whites. There were some hands went up amongst the Indians and some screams—but they were so fastened to their horses that it was not easy to tell just what effect the shots had had. When only about thirty yards distant they turned and galloped away to a safe distance, some 500 yards, there holding a consultation. In the meantime, though nearly every one of the surviving whites had received wounds, some were fatal. They broke open the ammunition chest with the butts of their muskets and got to the ammunition, but found they only had six rounds left. This was only procured in time, for by this time the savages were on the return at full speed and yelling at the top of their voices. When in easy range for a most effectual fire, they got a good aim and in return gave the whites one with interest. This charge was not broken, but they dashed right into camp and many of them dismounted. By this time it became a hand-to-hand struggle for life or death, and by the time the six rounds were fired only three were left to tell what had happened. Taking his musket by the barrel and using it as a club, a formidable weapon, to clear the way for his escape, one of them got out of their way.

Strange to say, when the white's ammunition gave out the Indians ceased to fire on them any more, and commenced to pillage the camp. The survivor spoken of was smitten with an arrow that struck the arm bone just below the shoulder and split off a piece of the bone of the arm, entering the side and pinning his arm to his side. He took the arrow just outside the arm and broke it off, pulled the balance of the arrow through the arm and then pulled it out of his side; this freed his arm to use his gun as a club. He made his escape to a neighboring cliff not far away. Though pierced with arrows in many places he feared this wound the most from loss of blood, and he was not able to travel far.

Twenty hours afterwards, when he was found by the soldiers, he was more dead than alive. When the camp was explored the soldiers found

twenty-seven places that bore unmistakable evidences where that number of the Indians had hit the dust.

J. R. W.

A PROPER THANKSGIVING.

HOLDEN, Millard County,
Nov. 30, 1895.

Thanksgiving day was a great success, as is usual here. It is a custom for the Relief Society to provide the widows, the very aged and the missionaries' wives with firewood for the winter. To accomplish this they arrange for a grand supper and dance. Committees are formed, composed of young ladies and the mothers in Israel, to cook the poultry, meat and vegetables in the Relief Society's hall. While the pastry and a score of other dainties are being prepared and sent up in due time, each good load of wood is paid for with two tickets entitling the holders to banquet and dance. Those who do not furnish wood are charged a dollar each, therefore wood hauling has become a commendable fashion on these occasions, and many a thankful one is heard to exclaim, "God bless you, boys."

In addition a large band of youngsters are engaged to cut up wood, and these are given a feast and dance the day following, consequently there is quite a rivalry amongst the small wielders of the axe to get a claim in on that plea and case, and every male tot wants to take his "little hatchet" and carve an historic name upon the widows' wood pile.

The supper, as usual, was a grand display of the bounty of this God-blessed land—a royal feast of generosity in a good cause.

Some incidents in connection with this wood hauling that came under our notice may be worth recording. A young man and his brother drove up with a load, the father being on a foreign mission. The committee told them to take the wood home and gave them tickets. As they started off, the younger boy with a merry twinkle in his eye said, "We got the crow's nest, but did not bring the eggs." A couple of 16-year-old boys, cousins, brought in a good load of wood; the father of one of them is on a mission in the Southern States. These were given tickets, and the driver was told to take the wood to his mother. "No, sir; we can get my mother wood," was the reply. I happened to see that mother when told of the incident. Without a word her eye voiced renewed admiration of her son—that kind of a boy will surely make an honorable man. Joda and Jemmy Peters are two boys standing no higher than the wheels of their wagon, and are the chief rustlers for a widowed mother with six children. These little fellows wanted, and wanted badly, to earn a right to the good things, and struck out for wood. They came in at night in the dark without the load, having a "give out" team. They were out next morning early and brought in the prettiest load of nice dry wood that had appeared in town. The boys had placed the butts of trees at the front and back of the rack and built the load square up to the top of the stakes. They were congratulated, given tickets and told to take the load of wood home to their widowed mother. Their father died in a hor-