

## MISCELLANEOUS.

## AN INDIAN DINNER.

Early in the fifties the people of Parowan thought it would be well to give the Pah-eed Indians a feast, hoping thus to make them more truly our friends. So Kanarra, their chief, was notified and the time set for an event which to an Indian, always hungry, is of great importance and pleasure. On the appointed day a long table made of rough boards and trestles was placed near the public square and covered with eatables contributed by the settlers according to their means. The bill of fare was not what would be called first class in Utah today, consisting as it did entirely of vegetables prepared in one style or another, but to Indians who lived almost entirely upon meat the dinner of vegetables was not only very good but doubly so because it cost them nothing. In addition to the bread some of our more wealthy citizens contributed cake. There being no sugar nearer than Salt Lake City, this cake was sweetened with molasses made by thrifty housewives from beets, corn stalks, carrots or parsnips, and instead of raisins or currants had dried service berries scattered through it.

Probably the Salt Lake City four hundred would speak slightly of such a cake today, but in those days it was thought fine enough for the most aristocratic table.

So of bread, crackers, cake, potatoes roasted or boiled, squash in every style—in fact, more squash than anything else—there was a plentiful supply, and it did one good to see how the bucks, squaws and papposes enjoyed it; and their delight was still greater when told they might carry home what was left. They had no vessels to carry it in, but, as "necessity is the mother of invention," his little difficulty was quickly settled, and in a very original manner. Each buck took off his buckskin leggings, tied a string around the bottom ends and behold! a sack capable of holding nearly half a bushel! Into these sacks bread, cake, potatoes, etc., were scaped, and cemented into a concrete mass by the abundant stewed squash, and away they marched to their little brush shelters or wickiups.

But before leaving, Kanarra made a speech thanking the people for their feast, which he said was "tu-e-je wino"—very good; said he now knew the Mormons were true friends to the poor Indians, and he and his people would always be true friends to them. He owned that the Pah-eeds had sometimes stolen our cattle, but it was because they were very poor and very hungry, while we were very rich; and they thought that if they now and then took a calf or a yearling for their hungry wives and children it would not be missed. He said three men had killed a two year old colt and had not left it until they had eaten it all. But they would not steal any more but be always "tu-e-je tik-ahoo"—very good, true friends.

President John C. L. Smith thought this a fine opportunity to inculcate morality and industry and made them a speech. He told them they should not steal or be lazy. If they did they would make the Great Spirit very angry, and they would all die off until hardly

any would be left. They should quit stealing and should work and be like the whites, and instead of dying off they would live and increase and become numerous and wealthy.

They listened with great attention, and we all thought President Smith's argument had fully convinced them; but Kanarra, in a few words, gave us a great surprise.

Pointing to our graveyard which was in plain view not far distant he quietly asked "Wholieburied there? All whites! No Indians!" And this was true: all who slept in our cemetery were white—not a single Indian among them; and this fact in the estimation of the Pah-eeds was a complete reputation to all President Smith had said. I never knew so good an admonition so neatly parried and in so few words; and though we were chagrined for the moment we could not but admire the sharp wit of the old chieftain.

And so they departed to their camps, the squaws carrying their babies and the bucks bearing the food sacks, stalking along in their airy negligee costume. But after all, the outcome was good and proved the wisdom of President Young's maxim that "it is better and cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them." From that time they stole but few cattle and many learned to work; one becoming a useful assistant in the blacksmith shop of Francis T. Whitney and others becoming good workmen in the fields and canyons and as herdsmen to our stock.

J. H. MARTINEAU.

## PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

WATERLOO, Iowa,

February 27th, 1897.

On the 1st of August, 1896, in company with nine other Elders, I left home and beloved friends in the valleys of the mountains, and after a two days' journey through varying scenes of mountains and plains arrived at Kansas City, Missouri. There I spent a profitable week in visiting places of interest, one of which was the Temple lot at Independence. In the meantime, while at Kansas City I had the pleasure of joining with our beloved president, Elder Samuel R. Spencer and other Elders. In holding meetings upon the street corners, where the people were going to and fro in large crowds. When the Elders would commence their strain of beautiful singing, the people would forget about their rush, and began to collect to see what was in progress. Then, to their surprise, they were listening to a discourse on the true and everlasting Gospel, which would hold them spellbound for upwards of an hour. After meeting closed some would come and shake hands with the Elders and ask some questions upon the Gospel of truth which has been restored to earth. These questions were answered with satisfaction. On the streets of Kansas City is where I first sounded my voice in defence of this great and mighty work; but I can assure you I did not keep the people spellbound very long, for I spoke briefly; nevertheless being called upon. I felt it my duty to tell them who I was.

After spending a pleasant week at

Kansas City with the Elders, I left there on the tenth of August, in company with Elders Christopher Burton and Edward Liddle, the former of Kaysville and the latter of Salt Lake City, Utah. They were to open up a new field in Jefferson city, where I bade them farewell and continued on my journey to Salem, Dent county, Missouri, where I was appointed to labor in company with Elder Edward W. Laird of Mountain Dell, Utah. We arrived at Salem at 5:30 p. m. I made my way to the post office, expecting to receive a card there informing me where I would find my companion. To my disappointment there was no mail for me. I then came to the conclusion that my companion had not arrived. I felt somewhat lonely in the world, being alone, but while studying over what to do, the Spirit said, Retire into the woods and offer up a prayer, and dedicate the city unto God, which I did. After prayer I was led to a house where I went in and partook of a nice cool drink of water, which was offered me by the lady of the house. I was then asked to take a chair, which I accepted. I talked with her for some time, telling her who I was. I also gave her a tract, which she read. We were just getting interested in a Gospel conversation, when to my disappointment she told me she would like to keep me over night, but could not on account of scarcity of bed room. She directed me to a place where I went and found a good supper ready for me, which I enjoyed the best kind; but lo! and behold they could not keep me all night. The gentleman of the house took me and introduced me to the hotel proprietor, and told him to find me a good bed and give me breakfast, and he would foot the bill. I felt like all praise belonged to the Lord, for I of myself could do nothing.

I remained in the city tracting and visiting the people for one week. I was then joined by Elder Laird, and the weather being good we started tracting among the farmers, meeting with good success; although at times Elder Laird suffered very much from sickness. He tried very hard to overcome his illness that he might remain and fill his missions, but the chills and fever caused him to become so weak that he could not travel. So we were instructed to go to Kansas City, which we did. Elder Laird did not seem to improve any, so the same day that we arrived in Kansas City he took the train to return to his home in Mountain Dell, Utah.

I remained in Kansas City eight days, tracting. I then went to Hampton, Iowa. On arriving there, I met Elder Otto Johnson, president of the Iowa conference. We labored together one week in Hampton. The Elders then gathered at Hampton, that place being appointed for the conference. All the Elders came in feeling well and enjoying the spirit of their mission.

Conference was held in the Baily opera house, where we all met with our beloved president, Elder Samuel G. Spencer. The Spirit of God was greatly manifested throughout our meetings and we received such instruction that always will be a comfort to those who were there present at the conference.

After conference we separated to go to our new fields of labor. My companion, Elder Conrad J. Smith, and I came to Waterloo, Iowa. I arrived here at two o'clock a. m. We remained in