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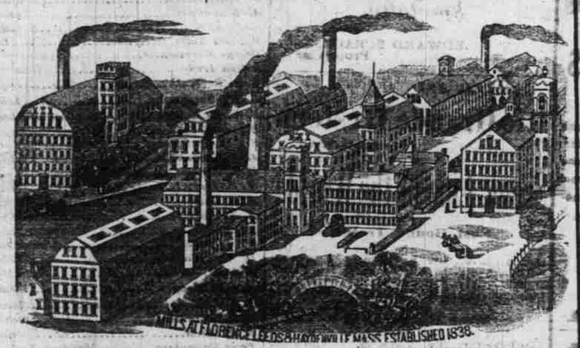

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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday, February 11, 1888.

JETS OF GINGER.

They are preparing for war in the Sil regions. At least they are drilling constantly.

It is the fellow who can't write who is bound to make his X mark in the world.

When a washerwoman changes her residence one may ask her "where she hangs out now," without using slang.

The devil will be to pay in this office next Saturday night. So will the foreman and the comps, and the society reporter, too.

Some of the men who are anxious for a revolution in theatre hats might do good work towards a reform in theatre breaths.

The drop curtain is probably so called because it gives the male portion of the audience a chance to go out and get a drop.

"What do you think of divorce?" asked some one of a young girl.

"Oh! I don't know. I hadn't thought of getting married yet."

"'Paradise Lost,'" says a recent writer, "was sold for a song." The man who bought it for a song must have considered himself badly sold when he tried to sing it.

She—You say your eldest brother is a bank cashier?

He—Yes.

She—My eldest brother is in Montreal, too. Perhaps they're acquainted.

Teacher—Correct the sentence, 'The liquor which the man bought was drank.'

Smart Boy—The man which bought the liquor was drunk.

Family Physician—I am afraid you have been eating too much cake and sweet stuff. Let me see your tongue.

Little Girl—Oh, you can look at it, but it won't tell.

First party—Hello Charley! How are you?

Second Party—Oh, I'm enjoying very poor health. How are you?

First Party—Well, I'm suffering very good health.

The pretty maiden fell overboard, and her lover leaned over the side of the boat as she rose to the surface and said, "Give me your hand."

"Please ask paps," she said as she sank for the second time.

Frances Wright, Folsom Wright and Cleveland Wright are the names of triplets recently born to Mr. and Mrs. Wright, of Baltimore. It's really a question, whether their common father would rather be Wright than the President.

Collector—I have a little bill here, sir, that I would like to have.

Man of the World—Yes; please lay it down in that easy chair, sir.

"Easy chair?"

"Yes. It's been running so long it must be tired."

John Edman, an Ohio man, proposed to start a daily newspaper in the Finnish language at Ishpeming, Mich., January 6. It will be the only daily in that language published in the United States. The editor ought to be a Finnished scholar to give it the proper tone.

One of our prominent physicians was immensely pleased the other day. He has a card hanging in his office, reading: "Consultations from 1 to 2," and a millionaire patient handed him $1.50 and got out before the doctor noticed that some vandal had placed the sign of $ before the figures.

Mister Grievely—I see you had luck o der rattl', Clarence?

Clarence—Umph!

Mister Grieveley—Whadjer shake?

Clarence—On'y two farves just off; but when Clem Haight shuk three sixes I shuck de lock off'n de back do'h, 'a' ock de turkey.

Visitor (to convict)—I suppose you have many a sad hour within these walls?

Convict—Yes, mum; many.

Visitor—What do you find hardest to bear?

Convict—Speculation, mum, on the part of visitors as to whether or not I'm a boodle alderman.

Mr. Bulcombe—Tell me, Harold, if you hear any compliments about me from your sister Emily.

Harold—Oh, yes; she said the other day that she didn't think you'd ever set an iceberg on fire.

Mr. Bulcombe—Of course I couldn't; he knows just where to find me there.

"They tell me that seedy, half-drunk-looking fellow over there was once a very bright man," said a traveling man to an employe in a western hotel.

"That's right, mister."

"Is it true that he practiced at the bar?"

"Lord bless you, no. He didn't need to; drinkin' jest come natural to him."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Anxious Wife—My dear, now that you have stopped drinking, you must be more careful about yourself in bad weather. Your feet are wet.

Reformed Husband—They've been wet all day.

"My gracious! You will take cold."

"Well, don't worry. I never had a cold yet that couldn't be cured with whisky."

Teacher—Class in physiology, stand up. Bodkins, how do you distinguish organic from inorganic matter?

Bodkins (glibly, having committed the answer to memory)—In the organic world every individual springs from some parent, while inorganic substances are formed by chemical laws.

Teacher—Very good. Give an example of an inorganic substance.

Bodkins (usually slow at these things, but for once inspired)—An orphan.

Omaha Dame—Do you know what time it was when you got in last night?

Husband—Nearly 1 o'clock. I guess it was after midnight when I got through balancing my books. Well, well! This is curious. Here's my hat under the bed. I must have hung it on this chair and it fell down.

"Probably."

"Where are my boots?"

"On the hat rack."

SIGHTS IN A MOSQUE.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOSLEM HOUSE OF WORSHIP.

You enter this mosque through a bronze door, having, of course, previously shod your profane feet with protecting baboosches; and then you are free to examine and admire. The first feature that strikes you is four enormous pillars, which might be compared to four fluted towers, and which support the weight of the principal cupola. The capitals of these pillars are carved into the form of a mass of stalactites, a style of ornament which may be observed in many fine Persian monuments; and half-way up they are encircled by a band covered with inscriptions in Turkish characters. The strength and simplicity of these four pillars, which at once explain to the eye the constructive system of the building, give a striking impression of robust majesty and imperishable stability. Sourates, or verses from the koran, form bands of running ornament around the great cupola and the minor domes and the cornices. From the roof are suspended to within eight or ten feet of the ground innumerable lusters, composed of glass cups full of tallow, set in a circular iron frame and decorated with balls of crystal, ostrich eggs, and silk tassels, as in St. Sophia and all the other mosques. The mihrab, which designates the direction of Mecca—the niche where rests the sacred book, the koran, the "noble book taken from a prototype kept in heaven"—is inlaid with lapis lazuli, agate and jasper. Then there is the usual member, surmounted by a conical sound-board; the mastaches, or platforms supported by colonettes, where the muezzins and other clergy sit. As in all the mosques, the side aisles are incumbered with trunks and bales of merchandise, deposited by pious Mussulmans under divine safeguard; and finally, the floor is covered with fine matting in summer and carpets in winter.

While I was lost in wonderment at the splendor of this mosque, several moslems came in to pray, with the usual prostrations and beard stroking and yawning. Two or three women also came to pray, clad in ferijds of brilliantly striped silks—rose and white, azure and white, yellow and red—and they, too, kneeled on the matting and bowed and touched the ground with their brows; and their little baby girls, with their fine eyes and white veils wrapped round their heads, stood patient and motionless beside them, but being yet old enough to pray, or perhaps not strong enough on their legs to prostrate themselves without irremediably losing their balance.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

TWO STORIES OF SULLIVAN.

MEN WHO CLAIM TO HAVE COWED THE BIG ONE.

"I'll tell you a story of John L. Sullivan that never was published," remarked a well-known sporting man in the presence of a *Globe* reporter the other night. "I know it's true, because I happened to be an eye-witness of the transaction myself. When the big slugger was in St. Paul recently, on the exhibition tour, he carried a load of wine most of the time, and showed his ugly disposition on all occasions. But he got the worst of it once at the hands of a St. Paul alderman. It happened this way:

"Sullivan and Alton Taylor entered the ticket office of a certain road in this city to procure transportation to Milwaukee for the Sullivan combination.

"John L. Sullivan brought his fist down on the counter with terrific force, and, leering at the aldermanic ticket-seller, blurted: 'My name is Sullivan—John L. Sullivan. I've got my combination here, an' I want to go to Chicago an' stop off at Eau Claire. Gimme tickets, theatrical rates.' Saying this the champion pugilist slammed a roll of bills down in front of him and looked tired, as if the length of the speech had wearied him.

"The alderman replied, politely: 'I don't think I am authorized to sell you tickets at theatrical rates, sir, unless you get an order from the general passenger agent.'

"The prize fighter growled: 'Say, do you know who I am? Gimme tickets at theatrical rates, now, an' no more monkey business.'

"'Yes; I know who you are. You just told me your name was Su Ilvan. But it don't make any difference who you are; I can't sell you tickets at theatrical rates without an order from the general passenger agent,' replied the alderman, a little nettled by Sullivan's furious tones.

"Sullivan did not reply, but quick as a flash he drew his right arm up and tried to catch the alderman back of the head, intending to bump his nose on the counter. The alderman was too swift for him, and sprang nimbly out of the way. His aldermanic blood was up. Before his movements were understood he walked back to the safe, opened the door, and pulled out a big six-shooter. With the weapon in his hand, he turned back to Sullivan and remarked indifferently: 'That kind of business don't go here, Mr. Sullivan. You take a walk.'

"Sullivan was speechless, but he had caution enough to back away a few steps, and Steve Taylor took him by the arm and pulled him toward the door. 'Come on out o' here, John, he said. 'You don't want to have any trouble here.' Sullivan backed out and when he got pretty near the door the alderman laid the revolver down under the counter, and nonchalantly picked up a newspaper. Sullivan saw this, and, suddenly breaking away from Taylor, dashed toward the gate leading inside the counter. But the plucky alderman was just a little too smart for him. In an instant the gun was in his hand, cocked, and the muzzle levelled straight at Sullivan's head. The champion stopped short, trembling with fear and rage.

"'D——n you, sir; you make another move this way and I'll blow a hole through your carcass, you dirty cur, and there'll never be anything said about it either.'

"Advancing as he talked, the alderman shoved the revolver close up to the face of the big slugger, who stood paralyzed with fear, and continued:

"'You think you're a great man. I'll let you know, you sneaking dog, that you can't bully me. You turn your head around, now, and move out of that door, or the coroner will have business with you before morning. Git!'

"Sullivan turned in a dazed sort of way and Steve Taylor pulled him along. The alderman kept close behind and the slugger increased his gait and sneaked out into the street on a dog trot."

It was on the same trip that Sullivan and Sheedy, his manager, had a little scene down in the corridor of the Merchant's Hotel. It is a well-known fact that Sullivan was afraid of Sheedy, and, although he threatened many times to do up Pat, he always concluded to wait. His discretion probably saved him his life. On the occasion in question, Sullivan approached Sheedy and complained that the receipts of the night before had been tampered with.

"I don't know whether you're doing me or not," he said to Sheedy.

The manager rose from his chair and said something fierce in an undertone, which the bystanders could not hear. Sullivan backed up a step or two, and doubled his fist, hissed:

"I ought to smash your face for you, Sheedy."

"Look here, John," replied Sheedy, motioning the onlookers to stand back, "you know your God too well to make a break at me. The first time will be your last time, for I'll put daylight through your d——d fool head in a minute."

John L. put out his open hand. "You know I don't mean it, Sheedy. What's the use of us quarrelling?"

And in another minute they were cooing together like a pair of doves.—*St. Paul Globe.*

THE BEAR AND THE LOCOMOTIVE.

THEY COLLIDED AND THUS SAVED THE LIFE OF A BADLY FRIGHTENED NEGRO.

There are a good many bear stories going the rounds nowadays, but we have one which actually occurred in this parish recently. On a small plantation a mile or two above Bayo Goula a black bear was seen to enter a turnip patch and at once proceed to help himself to as many turnips as his appetite demanded. It is said that a colored man witnessed the unauthorized levy of Mr. Bruin and determined that he would enter the patch and drive the invader out. Acting on the impulse he immediately entered the inclosure and started in bruin's direction. As soon as the man's presence became known to the bear he discontinued his vegetable repast with the evident intention of embellishing it with meat, and, with ears thrown back and head erect, he started toward the son of Ham, with the apparent intention of testing the qualities of his make-up. The darky saw him coming and at once decided that he did not wish to drive his bearship from the field, and rather than attempt it he would leave the field himself. So he graciously turned his face in the opposite direction and made for the railroad. The bear appeared to be socially inclined and willingly followed his visitor, accelerating his speed as he traveled. Sambo imitated him and quickened his pace. And thus they had it for some time straight up the railroad; run bear, run man, and the devil take the hindmost. Suddenly the colored man heard a rumbling noise down the track, and knew at once that the night express train was coming. In a short time it hove in sight, running at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. When the train came in sight, the colored man jumped from the track and continued his wild flight on the side of it. The bear also heard the noise, and looking around, saw the iron horse, with its red lights and its terrible wheezing and puffing, rushing madly upon him. He seemed to lose all thought of the man, and turned his attention to the new foe which threatened him. Bearing defiantly upon his haunches, with his fore feet extended, he snarlingly awaited the oncoming train. He hadn't long to wait, and the ponderous engine, with its long and heavy laden train, struck bold bruin amidships, and in a jiffy sent him to the happy hunting grounds, to join the members of his family which had preceded him there. He was skinned on the spot—by piecemeal we suppose—and the colored man who had been racing with him enjoyed a slice of hapless bruin for supper.—*Iberville (La.) South.*

Judge Black on Shakespeare.

The late Judge Black was a Shakespearean critic and authority, and nothing grated on his ear more harsh than a mis quotation. During the last constitutional convention of which he was a member, the country delegates could scarcely make a speech without dragging in some poetical excerpt, which they butchered; and the judge, who never knew whether he was in or out of order, would interrupt them with his corrections, or would go to the clerk's desk and see that the lines were printed right. One day there had been an unusual number of mishaps of this kind, and the judge had secured leave of absence to go home. Just before leaving he walked over to Mr. George W. Biddle's seat and said:

"Biddle, I am going away, and if, in my absence, you allow any injustice to be done to the memory of William Shakespeare, I will hold you personally responsible."—*Cor. Philadelphia Press.*

Grattan, English consul at Antwerp, has recommended Volapuk to Lord Salisbury for official correspondence.

UNCLE SAM'S GROCERY.

HOW ARMY OFFICERS' FAMILIES OBTAIN GOODS AT A DISCOUNT.

Just south of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, west of Fourteenth street and facing the river bank, stands a large frame building, with a one-story L extending along the alley-way. This is the United States commissary depot for the supplying of subsistence stores to the soldiers of Fort Myer and the arsenal. This depot also furnishes to the families of retired officers resident in the city, groceries and provisions at a lower rate than they could be purchased of a city dealer. The United States commissary department buys in large quantities direct from the importers and wholesale dealers all the provisions used by the army.

As Uncle Sam is a cash customer and large consumer, his trade is sought for, and he is quoted at very low prices on all he buys. The army officers are allowed to get groceries at first cost from the commissary depot—that is, they can buy one barrel of flour at the gro rata rate the government paid for one thousand barrels, which were bought, not in open market, but from the dealer offering the lowest price in answer to the department's proposals for supplies. A reporter dropped into the depot storehouse here, a long, low building, the interior looking like a grocery store. The air was tinged with the subtle flavor of coffee, spices and bacon.

Great piles of salt meat packed high in a corner. Sacks of fragrant coffee from Rio and Java. Boxes of black and green tea from China and Japan. Little packages of spices and peppers from the isles of the Indies. Case after case of canned tomatoes, corn and fruits. Barrels of rice and hominy. Casks of sugar and molasses, and firkins of butter. Caddies of tobacco for the enlisted officers, and row after row of boxes of Havanas, Reinas and Perfectos for the officers. Hanging from nails on the wall were canvas-covered hams, and lengths of breakfast bacon, and last, but greatest in profusion, a seemingly inexhaustible supply of that joy and comfort of the army, the succulent bean.

The government buys nothing but the best of goods, and it goes without saying that if it is possible to get pure, unadulterated articles of food, the officers and men of the United States service have them. The majority of the retired officers living in Washington avail themselves of the opportunity of saving a small per cent. of their grocery bills by purchasing their supplies from the commissary. It is no unusual sight to see several fine equipages drawn up before the door of the storehouse, while the owners of them, officers' wives, are inside the building, selecting and ordering their supplies of groceries. An account is kept with those who purchase from the commissary, and prompt payment is required at the end of every month.

The depot keeps a small delivery wagon, which delivers to any part of the city, orders filled by the storekeeper. The plan of selling groceries to the officers was inaugurated several years ago for the protection of those stationed at far Western and inaccessible posts. These men were compelled to buy their supplies from a sutler, and the prices were often so exorbitant that the margin between the expenses of a soldier stationed there and one in the East was quite a large amount. The system not only saves money to the officers, but gives them a better class of supplies.—*Washington Critic.*

VANDERBILT'S TREASURE VAULT.

ONE OF THE MOST INDOUBTABLE WORKS OF DEFENSE IN THE COUNTRY.

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his $200,000,000 in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It is one of the most indoubtable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock; the front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick with brown stone trimmings. The beams, girders, and main pillars are iron, incased in fireproof material. The doors, window-frames, and minor partitions, are iron, marble and glass.

No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 30x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel, and frankilite iron, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8,200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the iron work. The vault, which is burglar, fire and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securities which can be opened only by skeleton keys held by the owner alone.

I suppose that a hundred men in this building with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery. It may be a year since Vanderbilt, then worth $200,000,000, put the larger part of his possessions in the vault. He could not, perhaps, put more than $200,000,000 under guard here at that time, but he has added $12,000,000 to his fortune within the year, though it has been a poor year. Thus rapidly does the stupendous volume of his unparalleled pile enlarge. Nothing like such growth of any man's wealth was ever before known in the world. Every year, in the nature of things, the growth increases, so that the estimates of the best informed men is that by the year 1890 he will be able to pile up $300,000,000 in his great iron vault behind walls five feet thick.—*John Swinton's Paper.*

There Was Another Question.

Since Wednesday he had been in the country, out of the reach of the newspapers. Late Saturday night he arrived at the Union station. His two boys were there to meet him. They grabbed his valise, and ran to get in the street car. As soon as they sat down, the younger son exclaimed:

"Papa, mamma told me——"

"How's base ball?" the father interrupted eagerly. "Who beat Thursday?"

"The Baltimores. Mamma said——"

"Who pitched?"

"Henderson. But mamma told——"

"Who beat Friday?"

"The Mets got whipped again. But as I was going to say, mamma——"

"Good enough! How about today?"

"Mets won—score 17 to 11. But, really, mamma——"

"The mischief they did? What was the matter?"

"Don't know—they played terrible bad. Mamma——"

"Did Henderson pitch?"

"Yes, sir; and Clinton made seven errors, and——"

"That's a shame—perfect disgrace! What's the matter? Let's see—there's another question. Oh, yes; how's your mother?"

By this time the little fellow was pretty well broke up, and the fond husband, with base ball on the brain, gradually woke up to a realization of the fact that several people around him were smiling.—*Baltimore American.*

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Beaver, First Ward	O. D. Smith
Beaver, Second Ward	J. X. Smith
Greenville	Jos. S. Morris
Milford	E. B. Tanner
Minersville	James McKnight

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Bingham Co., Idaho.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
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Parker, "	W. M. Parker
Teton	John Donaldson
Rexburg, First Ward	Thos. E. Ricks, Jr.
Rexburg, Second Ward	Casper Steiner
Labelle, (P. O. Menan)	W. F. Walker
Menan	Wm. N. Stephens
Louisville	R. F. Jardine
Rigby, (P. O., Louisville)	George Gordon
Eagle Rock	James Thomas
Iona, (P. O. Eagle Rock)	J. E. Steele
Cedar Grove, "	J. T. Clark, P. E.
Willow Grove, "	Reuben Cole, P. E.
Taylor, "	John Priest, P. E.
Cedar Point, "	A. O. Inglestrom, P. E.
Salem, (P. O. Rexburg)	G. H. B. Marris
Burton "	Geo. U. Smith
Wilford "	George Davis
Lyman	Samuel A. Wilcox

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Dingle	Samuel Humphreys
Fish Haven	John Stock
Georgetown	H. A. Lewis
Liberty	E. N. Austin
Montpelier	Wm. L. Rich
Nounan	John Skinner, P. E.
Oeid	Peter Jensen
Paris, First Ward	Wm. West
Paris, Second Ward	Robert Price
Preston	R. H. Dalrymple
St. Charles	J. A. Hunt

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Soda Springs	Daniel F. Lau, P. E.
Star Valley, Wyoming	C. Cazier

Rich County, Utah.

Garden City	Robert Calder
Laketown	Ira Nebeker
Meadowville	Joseph Kimball
Randolph	A. McKinnon
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Brigham City, First Ward	Henry Tingey
Brigham City, Second Ward	Alvin Nichols
Brigham City, Third Ward	A. Madsen
Brigham City, Fourth Ward	Jens Hansen
Deweyville	J. C. Dewey
Honeyville	Abraham Hunsaker
Mantua	P. C. Jensen
North	Thomas Harper
Park Valley	E. D. Meecham
Plymouth	M. J. Richards
Portage	O. C. Hoskins
Snowville	A. Goodliffe
Three Mile	O. A. Perry
Washakie	I. D. Zundel
Willard City	George Facer

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Cleveville	J. C. Larson
Hyrum	S. M. Molen
Hyde Park	Robert Daines
Lewiston	W. H. Lewis
Logan, First Ward	B. M. Lewis
Logan, Second Ward	Henry Ballard
Logan, Third Ward	Robert Davidson
Logan, Fourth Ward	Thos. X. Smith
Logan, Fifth Ward	Wm. Hyde
Logan, Sixth Ward	A. L. Schaukey
Logan, Seventh Ward	Isaac Smith
Mendon	Henry Hughes
Millville	George O. Pitkin
Newton	Hans Funk
Paradise	Samuel Oldham
Providence	Niels Hansen
Richmond	W. L. Skidmore
Smithfield	G. L. Farrell
Trenton	J. B. Jardine
Wellsville	Wm. H. Maughan

CASSIA STAKE.

HORTON D. HAIGHT, President.

Moroni Picket, Wm. F. Brim, | Counselors.

Cassia County, Idaho.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Oakley	John L. Smith
Marion	Adam G. Smith
Spring Basin	Enoch R. Dayley
Albion	Wm. T. Harper
Elba	Thomas Taylor
Almo	Thomas O. King
Grouse Creek	Charles Kimber, Sen.

DAVIS STAKE,

Davis County, Utah.

WILLIAM R. SMITH, President.

J. W. Hess, Anson Call, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Bountiful, East	Chester Call
Bountiful, South	William Brown
Bountiful, West	J. H. Grant
Centerville	Nathan Cheney
Farmington	J. M. Secrist
Hooper, South	Edwin Parker
Kaysville	Peter Barton
Weber, South	David S. Cook

EMERY STAKE,

Emery County, Utah.

C. G. LARSEN, President.

Orange Seely, Rasmus Justesen, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Castle Dale	Henning Olsen
Ferron	F. Olsen
Huntington	C. Fulcipher
Molen	L. S. Beach
Muddy	C. Christensen
Orangeville	Jasper Robertson
Price	Geo. Frandsen
Cleveland	J. Alger, P. E.
Larenes	Calvin Moore, P. E.
Upper Price	F. Ewell, P. E.
Wellington	Jefferson Tidwell, P. E.

JUAB STAKE,

Juab County, Utah.

WM. PAXMAN, President.

Charles Sperry, James W. Paxman, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Juab	Elmer Taylor
Levan	Nels Asgard
Mona	John Kienke
Nephi, First Ward	W. H. Warner
Nephi, Second Ward	David Udall

KANAB STAKE,

Kane County, Utah.

E. D. WOOLLEY, President.

Thomas Chamberlain, Daniel Seegmiller, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Factory	F. L. Porter, P. E.
Glendale	R. J. Cutler
Johnson	W. D. Johnson, P. E.
Kanab	R. S. Robinson
Lee's Ferry	W. M. Johnson, P. E.
Moccasin	O. Heaton, P. E.
Mount Carmel	M. B. M. Jolley
Orderville	H. W. Esplin
Pahreah	Thomas W. Smith, P. E.
Graham (Ranch P. O.)	G. D. Macdonald

MORGAN STAKE,

Morgan County, Utah.

W. G. SMITH, President.

Richard Fry, Samuel Francis, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Croydon	John Hopkins
Enterprise	J. K. Hall
Milton	Eli Whitear
Morgan, North	O. B. Anderson
Morgan, South	Charles Turner
Peterson	James Carrigan
Porterville, East	J. R. Porter
Porterville, West	Samuel Carter
Richville	A. D. Dickson

MARICOPA STAKE,

Maricopa County, Arizona.

CHAS. I. ROBSON, President.

Henry C. Rogers, Collins E. Hakes, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Alma	O. M. Stewart
Lehi	T. E. Jones
Mesa (Zenos P. O.)	E. Pomeroy
Pueblo	Daniel P. Jones

MILLARD STAKE,

Millard County, Utah

L. N. HINCKLEY, President

Daniel Thompson, J. V. Robison, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Deseret	J. S. Black
Fillmore	Thos. C. Callister
Holden	D. E. Stevens
Kanosh	A. A. Kimball
Leamington	L. N. Christianson
Meadow Creek	H. B. Bennett
Oak Creek	Peter Anderson
Scipio	Thomas Yates

ONEIDA STAKE.

GEORGE C. PARKINSON, President.

Solomon H. Hale, Matthias F. Cowley, | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Clifton	Wm. F. Garner
Cherry Creek	Jos. W. Dudley
Franklin	L. L. Hatch
Fairview	Moroni W. Pratt
Malad	George Stuart
Mink Creek	Rasmus Rasmussen
Preston	Wm. C. Parkinson
Riverdale	Leonidas A. Meecham
Samaria	Jonah Evans
St. John	Daniel Evans
Weston	John H. Clark

Bingham County, Idaho.

Chesterfield	Parley P. Willey
Garden Creek	Joseph E. Cassell
Marsh Valley	Chas. M. Squires
Mormon	John H. Thatcher
Mound Valley	Robert H. Williams
Oxford	N. R. Lewis

PANGUITCH STAKE.

J. W. CROSBY, Jr., President.

M. M. Steele, David Cameron, | Counselors.

Garfield County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Cannonville	William J. Henderson
Escalante	Andrew P. Schow
Marion	Culbert King
Panguitch	Allen Miller

Piute County, Utah.

Circleville	James E. Peterson
Junction	Rufus A. Allen

PAROWAN STAKE.

Iron County, Utah.

THOS. J. JONES, President.

John E. Dalley, Morgan Richards, Jr., | Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Cedar City	Henry Lunt
Kanarra	William P. Willis
Paragoonah	William E. Jones
Parowan	Charles Adams
Summit	Sylvester S. Hulet

SALT LAKE STAKE.

Salt Lake County, Utah.

ANGUS M. CANNON, President.

Joseph E. Taylor, Charles W. Penrose, | Counselors.

SALT LAKE CITY WARDS.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
First Ward	Joseph Warburton
Second Ward	Samuel Peterson
Third Ward	Jacob Weiler
Fourth Ward	Harrison Sperry
Fifth Ward	S. M. T. Seddon
Sixth Ward	W. H. Rickenlooper
Seventh Ward	Wm. Thorn
Eighth Ward	E. F. Sheets
Ninth Ward	S. A. Woolley
Tenth Ward	Adam Speirs
Eleventh Ward	Alexander McRae
Twelfth Ward	H. B. Clawson
Thirteenth Ward	Millen Atwood
Fourteenth Ward	George H. Taylor
Fifteenth Ward	Joseph Pollard
Sixteenth Ward	Frederick Kesler
Seventeenth Ward	John Tingey
Eighteenth Ward	O. F. Whitney
Nineteenth Ward	James Watson
Twentieth Ward	W. E. Bassett
Twenty-first Ward	W. L. N. Allen

COUNTRY WARDS.

Bluff Dale	L. H. Mousley
Riverton	O. P. Miller
Big Cottonwood	D. B. Brinton
Brighton	Frederick Schoenfeldt
East Mill Creek	John Neff
Farmers	H. F. Burton
Granger	Daniel McRae
Granite	Alva Butler
Herriman	Robert Dansie
Mill Creek	J. C. Hamilton
Mountain Dell	W. E. Hardy
North Jordan	Samuel Bennion
Pleasant Green	L. N. Hardman
Sandy	Ezekiel Holman
South Cottonwood	J. S. Rawlins
South Jordan	W. A. Bills
South Willow Creek (Draper)	I.