

"Mamma hasn't had breakfast yet," she told him in childish innocence "and I'm so hungry."

The grief-stricken man took in the import of it all at a glance—the wife and mother had died, while the child at her side, ignorant of death and the meaning of the mother's unwonted stillness, had busied herself all day beside the corpse. To the bed she had brought her toys, a doll, its dresses, her blocks and a "picture book." She had brought her own dresses as well and had apparently tried to persuade the mother to dress her.

One glimpse was enough for the father. The shock of the sudden and unexpected death unnerved him, and he wept. The child seeing her father's tears endeavored to comfort him. She threw her tiny arms about his neck and kissed him. The man grew calm, and hugging her to his breast hastened with her to his neighbor and told his story. The child was given into the care of sympathetic women, and the husband returned to the deathbed of his wife to be alone in his grief. The neighbor notified the coroner and in less than an hour after his home-coming the body of his wife had been taken to the morgue.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Finnie was 31 years of age, was naturally delicate, and her death is ascribed to heart failure. They had been married about three years, and had but one child.

KILLED THE SHEEP.

There has been considerable uneasiness among Utah owners of sheep in Wyoming over the condition of their flocks, because of the severity of the recent storm, and late developments prove that the anxiety was not without cause. As a result of the storm, Wyoming and Utah sheep-owners, whose flocks ran in the locality named, are thousands of dollars poorer than they were at the beginning of April.

Councilman E. H. Callister of this city has just returned from a trip to Burns valley, Wyoming, and intermediate points, whither he went because of his sheep interests. He reports that the effects of the heavy storms were very disastrous indeed. The number of dead sheep on the ranges tell a tale of great loss.

When Mr. Callister left Burns valley the dust was flying, the snow all being gone; in fact, when he got there it was fast disappearing. But for seven days it had a terrific effect on some flocks of sheep. Snow fell to a depth of six feet, and the damp and cold particularly affected the ewes, which died by thousands. The cause of the fatality was not starvation, although from lack of food the sheep would eat even the stumps of greasewood. In some places hay was fed—a very unusual thing. Mr. Rigby of this city fed thirty tons of hay to his flocks during the storm, but this did not save the ewes from death.

It was a pity to see the poor sheep, in the effects of the storm upon the ewes coming so near the lambing season. They would be seized with blind staggers, which the herders at first thought was caused by snow blindness; but as it did not affect the wethers and bucks, this was soon seen not to be the trouble. The diffi-

culty was a spinal affection which often paralyzed the hind parts of the animals, and in most cases touched the brain, making the sheep perfectly crazy. Death followed this condition. In one herd, 500 died in this way.

Station Agent Graham, who has resided at Aspen since 1868, stated that it was the worst storm he had ever known in Wyoming. Not only did sheep fall victims, but cattle died also, and even ground dogs were slain in large numbers.

Mr. Callister was asked concerning the report from Casper, Wyoming, that out of 25,000 sheep all but 1,100 had died, and answered: "It would not surprise me if there had been a very great loss, though such a proportion as that seems improbable. I was informed that the loss was very great, but saw no figures like that. When sheep died by thousands with the wool on, however, you might expect the condition to be worse among sheep that had been sheared within the previous week."

Asked concerning the sheep of Callister Brothers, in which the councilman himself is interested as a partner, he replied: "We got off very light indeed. Our sheep were crowded down to near the winter range, and thus escaped almost entirely. Of course they got caught in the storm, but they were in good shelter, and we will not lose more than three per cent. We counted up one of the flocks of about 2,000, and there were nearly a hundred ewes dead; but this was the flock that suffered worst. So far as we are concerned, and it might be said generally in western Wyoming, the sheep got through the winter in good shape. We never had them do any better."

Written for this Paper.

JENSON'S TRAVELS.

LETTER NO. XLIII.

Friday, November 13th, 1895. Elder William Gardner and myself spent the day writing and reading at Wellington, and also visited a family which had formerly belonged to the Church. At 8 p. m. we left Wellington as passengers on board the little steamer Waihi, bound for Blenheim on the South island fifty-seven miles from Wellington.

Saturday, December 14th. Daylight found the little Waihi puffing and snorting at the mouth of the Wairau river, trying to pull herself over the bar into the deeper river water. She succeeded at last and we now followed the windings of the river for a distance of nearly twelve miles to Blenheim, a town of 2,000 inhabitants situated on the lowlands in the great Wairau valley. Here we were met by Elder Joseph S. Linford, president of the Wairau district who brought a one-horse cart in which the three of us now rode forty miles by round-about road to Te Hora, a native village situated about six miles above Havelock, on the main road running from Blenheim to Nelson. We arrived at Te Hora at 2 p. m. and were warmly received by the natives, who had hoisted a British flag on the largest house in the village in our honor and who, when we approached, strung themselves out in a long line to "hongi" with us.

Here we also met Elders R. Leo Bird, Hyrum Cook and Walter Bunot, the other three Elders from Zion who are la-

boring in the Wairau district at the present time; the two first named among the Europeans, and the latter among the Maoris.

The greeting being over, we ate dinner, and at 3 p. m. commenced our first meeting. Elder Gardner and I were the speakers; and as there were quite a number of Europeans present I spoke English without an interpreter, a number of the natives also being able to understand English. Immediately after the meeting was closed we noticed considerable rustling and heard some boisterous talk on the outside, and in going to the door we saw three drunken Maoris with bared arms, clinched fists and desperate looks attacking some of the Saints who had attended meeting. They pretended to have a grievance to settle with the Elders, one of whom they accused of having told a saloon keeper in Havelock not to sell whisky to the Maoris; which accusation was without foundation in fact, as our Elders do not associate with saloon keepers in Havelock or any other "lock." The Saints generally taking the part of the Elders, a general row and fight ensued, and for about an hour there was a regular war of words and muscles going on, the like of which none of our Elders present had ever seen before in all Maoridom. Both men and women participated before the fight was over; and several men were knocked violently to the ground and severely beaten, but no limbs were broken and only a little blood spilt, as no sharp instruments nor fire arms were used. After trying in vain to act as peacemakers we Elders retired to a corner by ourselves and formed a little group of our own, determined to defend ourselves as best we could, should we be attacked. One of the drunks made a rush at one of our number whom they accused of being the one who had talked with the saloon keeper, but Maori friends interfered and the assailant was knocked down. While the fight was on, the excitement ran very high. Some of the combatants on both sides looked desperate indeed; women and children ran to and fro crying, and the air was rent by the terrible threats, oaths and uncouth language that the drunken crowd indulged in. Finally the intoxicated parties were drawn off; and a non-member, who was wiser and better than many of the rest, suggested that they settle their difficulties by engaging in some friendly games. This broke the spell, and peace was finally restored. The whole affair seemed to be an attempt on the part of the adversary to break up our conference and destroy the good influence and happy feelings that we were so anxious to produce wherever we went. We held another meeting in the evening, at which Elder Gardner was the principal speaker; I also said a little. But while we worshipped on the inside of the building, the devil raged on the outside; and the threats and insults offered by one of the drunks, who came to the door several times disturbed us somewhat. No further trouble occurred, however. Elders Gardner, Linford, Bunot and myself slept in the house of Hakaraia Hemi the president of the branch, while Elders Bird and Cook went home with Brother Whitney, a European Saint, who lived about two miles away.

Sunday, December 15th. We continued our conference at Te Hora. Elder Linford, some native Elders and