

preach a Thanksgiving sermon we indeed felt grateful to our Heavenly Father for His kind and protecting care over us during the past; that the everlasting Gospel has been restored and that we were sent of God to declare the same.

My next visit was in the northern part of Missouri, one of my old fields of labor. I found Sister Lewis the same kind sister, and the Saints I had baptized there strong in the faith as ever. I was made welcome by them and by many friends. Numerous were the invitations I had to come and see the people at their houses. I feel that the good seed sown there by the Elders will yet bear more fruit, as I found several very favorable. It was there I first labored in the missionary field.

Bidding adieu to those familiar faces and scenes in company with Elder R. E. Yeates, just from Logan, Utah, we came here to Lincoln to labor for the winter. We have viewed the city of Lincoln from the dome of the Capitol building and find there is plenty to keep us busy here for some time. We first visited the Mayor and city attorney. The latter told us to go ahead. Our next call was on the newspaper men. They gave a fair notice of our being in their midst and what we were here for. We are in hopes of obtaining a large hall where we can hold regular services, as it seems a hard matter to get the churches.

The population is about the same as in Salt Lake City but the place is not near so beautiful. However it has some good buildings, and some excellent schools.

Following are the addresses of the Elders of this conference at present:

W. E. Criddle, R. E. Yeates, 1144 P Street, Lincoln, Neb.

Joshua A. Fawson, P. J. Williams, 612 North 14th Street, Omaha, Neb.

A. G. Young, J. W. Jones, Hastings, Neb.

Lee S. Robinson, L. S. Muhorn, Beatrice, Neb.

W. E. Hudson has been released since conference to return home on account of sickness. Should any of our western brethren or friends come this way we invite them to call on us.

W. E. CRIDDLE,

President Nebraska Conference.

CHASED BY AN INDIAN.

PLEASANT GROVE, Utah County,

February 1st, 1897.

While at American Fork the other day, I found the stream of conversation ebbing and flowing between the senatorial fight now on—and the battles and troubles with the Indians of the long ago, in the early days of the settlement of Utah; the latter subject was brought to memory, from the fact that the veterans of the Black Hawk war had held a reunion the night before.

"But father," said a young lady addressing a veteran in my hearing, "they did not have a real engagement, now did they?"

"Yes, my dear girl, we had all the engagements we cared for," and the father continued: "Your ideas of an engagement are possibly swinging to and fro between the achievement of the ring on your finger and the illustrations you have seen of the bloody fields of Shiloh, Murfreesboro and Gettysburg? Oh no! No such engagements as those, my daughter, we were but few in those

early days. We had an engagement at Gravelly Ford, and then the affair at Grass valley, in which one of our comrades was killed. Yes, we had many engagements, just of as great moment to us as to the vast numbers of men engaged in the struggles you have seen portrayed in the illustrations. All they had to give was their lives, and ours, like theirs were risked in the defense of the right.

"I well remember being called out by our commanding officer, to take a company of men, and go into the mouth of the canyon above our town, to recover the body of a young man, who had been slain by the Indians. Before going into the canyon I brought my men into line, to inspect their arms, and out of the twenty one men, there were only three guns among them that were reliable and really fit for service. The balance were shot guns and old time worn muskets. After doing some scolding, I ordered my men to deploy as skirmishers and advance.

"We had not gone far when some turkey buzzards were observed flying in small circles above the bluffs on the other side of the canyon, to our right. We knew the rest; and there we found the mutilated body of the young man. Never shall I forget the sight or the smell of that poor body—scalped and disfigured, beyond recognition. We bound the body upon one of our horses and carried it through the hot sun back to the sorrowing parents. The father would not gaze upon the lifeless form—saying, 'I know how he looked when he left me, I will not lose that memory of my boy.'

"Engagements," continued the father, "ask Mr.—there, it he was not in one, when a small slight boy, that made him think thick and fast," and the father of the girl pointed to a man who stood by listening attentively.

The party addressed was a spare-built man, who would not weigh an ounce over one hundred and thirty pounds, and from appearance about fifty years of age. "O that affair," said he, "was more a happy stroke of wit on my part than an engagement, but at the same time, it was serious enough for me, a slight built boy of fifteen, to contend with an Indian all alone. But my adventure is of no consequence, in comparison to the deeds related last night."

"Never mind," returned the elderly man, "tell it to my daughter. In my opinion, while the numbers to make up an engagement of sufficient value to make a Gettysburg were not there, still as much cool bravery was manifested on the occasion as was shown in any part of the field on that terrible day. Tell it John."

"Well it is over thirty years back," said the younger man, "and I was working for old Steve Mott or some of the Chipmans, herding over on the west mountains; and of course I being the boy, had to pass back and forth from the herd to town here very often, for supplies, or with messages from the men, when they were working over there.

"On the occasion referred to, the camp was out of matches and tobacco, and I was sent to town late one summer evening on old Steve Mott's young race mare, with strict orders to come back early the next morning with the much needed articles. So the next morning found me on the back of the gray mare—proud as a peacock—as I passed the

boys of my acquaintance, who, I knew, envied me in seeing me on the fastest mare of the north end of the country. In the height of my joy, it was all I could do, to restrain myself from giving a shout and letting the mare out in a burst of speed. I controlled myself as best I could, little thinking of the race that was before me. But as I felt the movement of the muscles of the fast mare I rode, so supple and ready for the spring, if I would only let her go, my young blood went coursing through my veins, and I felt the force of the old saying, 'The outside of a horse is good for the inside of a man.'

"Passing on with my matches and tobacco in my hand, done up in a red cotton handkerchief, I soon passed through Lehi and its farming land on the west, and gently galloped my mare up the ascent towards the divide which separated me from Cedar valley. As I was riding up out of the big hollow I came face to face with an Indian, mounted upon a pretty fair pony. I knew the Indian, and also had a very poor opinion of him, as he had once received a severe beating from one of the men of our camp for stealing; and I didn't like him a bit.

"We rode up side by side, and commenced talking, I fancied he looked quite sullen and cross. I felt a little scared of him, but did not let on that I was. He knew I was going to the herd, and seeing the little bundle in my hand, wanted to know what I had got. I told him—and he asked me for some tobacco. I took out a bran new knife from my pocket, which I had just got on my wages, cut off a good sized chunk of tobacco, and gave it to him. He motioned for me to let him have my knife to cut off a chew. I let him have it, and after using it he put it, together with the tobacco, into the folds of his blanket, saying he would keep it too.

"I asked him for the knife several times, but he refused to give it me; and as I was on the point of leaving him, he caught the mare's bridle, saying 'you go with me now.' I could see he meant mischief, and I'll tell you I thought thick and fast. I thought, he wants the mare, the balance of the tobacco and the matches, and if I go with him in all probability he will kill me if he thinks it the best thing to do. Think? I should say I did, and as we looked into each other's eyes, I could see the devil in him only too easy, and my thoughts ran out to home, my mother, my fair young sweetheart at the herd house, my playmates, and for a plan to escape from this Indian's clutches.

"As quick as thought I said to him as I quietly untied the handkerchief, 'Let me have the knife to cut you off another piece of tobacco.' I held out my hand towards him. My coolness threw him off his guard. As he placed the knife in my hand, my heels struck the mare's flanks and I shouted 'go.' She sprang forward. The Indian vainly threw out his disengaged arm to catch me, but the sudden spring of the mare pulled him from his pony, and he fell to the ground. In a minute he was on his pony's back in pursuit of me. He sent two arrows after me, the first passed to my right, seemingly floating through the air, the rapid pace of the mare appeared to lessen the rapidity of its flight. The other fell harmless in my rear.

"I leaned forward close to the mare's neck, urging her to her best pace, and