

quidness men to help the enterprise on account of so many other calls and requirements; that the consensus of opinion of business men generally was that it had better be omitted this year.

#### FUTURE FAIRS.

The question of holding future fairs was then considered for a time and Mr. Bamberger introduced the following, which was adopted:

Whereas, The present territorial exposition grounds are entirely inadequate for holding the annual fair with its live stock divisions and industrial exhibits; and

Whereas, The association is the owner of a tract of land known as the old race track, situated on the Jordan river, which is lying unoccupied and unless, and which, if sold, will greatly help towards a fund to secure proper grounds; therefore, be it

Resolved, That it is the sense of this board that the Agricultural park grounds, known as the old race track, situated on Jordan river, be offered for sale, with a view of purchasing grounds sufficient for territorial fair purposes and adequate to the growing demands of our commonwealth.

#### ANOTHER BIRD OF FREEDOM.

It was decided to purchase an eagle to be a fac simile of the Eagle Gate bird of freedom to be located at Utah's World's Fair building at Chicago.

#### BLESS THE OLD FOLKS.

"What is that?" exclaimed Julia, peering anxiously out of the window.

"What?" replied her mother, who is, by the way, a little deaf; "I don't hear anything."

"There was though," returned the daughter. "It sounded like an explosion of some kind. There it goes again! How strange! And again—and now I hear the martial band beginning to play. What can it mean?"

"I don't know"—began Mrs. I—, then suddenly, "oh, I have an idea—"

"Let's have it," said Julia laconically.

"Why, don't you know to-day is the old folks' party day? Undoubtedly this is the cause of the unusual stir."

"The very thing. I expect they've dragged that rusty old cannon out that used to scare me nearly into fits when I was a little girl and we used to go out and meet President Young when he came to Dixie on a visit. Well, I should judge at the rate they are going on, a good portion of their donation money will go up in smoke. Anyhow, they are taking a good course to make the rain pour out of those angry looking clouds."

And so it transpired. The rain did not actually pour, but it fell all day, gently and silently, soaking into the ground, to be returned tenfold in another month by bursting buds and scented fruit blossoms.

But, oh, what a day it was! At the noon hour every available vehicle was busily passing to and fro bearing the old people to the theater, where everything was ready for their reception. Dressed in their handsome uniforms, the brass band discoursed enlivening strains of welcome to the arriving guests. A reception committee of comely maids and matrons received and made all comfortable as they arrived.

At 1 p. m. came the call for dinner. How to portray this part of the scene

properly is a problem. Three long tables extended the whole length of the main body of the hall. In common newspaper parlance, these "literally groaned" beneath the load of good things, arranged upon them with all due respect to art and order. Nearly two hundred sat down at the first table, and after an appropriate blessing by Elder John D. T. McAllister, did full justice to the good things set before them. At the second table there were about one hundred and twenty-five, making over three hundred people, the majority of whose ages ranged from sixty to ninety-four years.

Dinner over and tables cleared away, an informal program was carried out. Our former fellow townsman, Joseph Birch, here on a visit, and to whose activity the old folks' party was mainly due, made a short speech, in the lively manner so peculiar to himself, which was received with vociferous applause. The brass band, two string bands and a harmonica band took turns in tuning up the company to concert pitch. The effects of all this good cheer soon became manifest and a dance was called for. Old couples ranging in age from seventy to eighty-seven years danced the "French Four" in a manner to delight the spectators. A cotillon composed of people from seventy-five to eighty-four quickly followed. Brother Lorenzo Clark, a "Battalion Boy," aged eighty-four, danced a horn-pipe in a very graceful manner. Brothers Alger and Carpenter sang songs in the style and tune of long ago. A variety of songs, duets and recitations followed. A comic historical sketch of the first few years of life in Dixie was given by C. L. Walker in his funniest of all funny styles, which was highly appreciated by all present.

A good feeling prevailed; all pronounced it a "good old-time gathering," and glad to be there. In the expressive if not elegant language of Bro. Birch, everybody had on a "broad grin."

At 5 p. m., after three cheers had been given with a hearty good will for the "old folks," the vehicles were again brought into requisition, and were soon rolling homeward with their loads of precious freight.

At 8 p. m. the young people assembled to have their fun, and what was the surprise to find a number of the old folks back again, not having had enough hilarity during the afternoon. The final close took place at 1 a. m., after an exceedingly lively and enjoyable evening.

Much credit is due the instigators and all who assisted to make the gathering so great a success.

"Poor Dixie" that we Dixielites hear so much about from our northern friends responded so liberally to the call for donations, that \$32 were left as a reserve fund for the old folks' committee, after all expenses were paid. We hope the old folks' fund will always exist, and old folks reunions be more numerous in the future than in the past.

St. GEORGE, Jan. 22nd, 1893.

Nampo, and in fact, all Idaho, is excited over the discoveries in Diamond basin. Miners are flocking into the new fields by hundreds. Experts from New York have pronounced the gems to be genuine diamonds.

#### A HINT ON BUTTER MAKING.

While no old butter maker, I have had some experience in that line from my youth up. A friend recently informed me that black pepsin would greatly increase the yield of butter, and had our druggist order some; she was very sanguine of success and invited me to see the marvelous results. She churned two gallons of cream the usual way and had four pounds three ounces butter; she then churned two gallons with black pepsin, but only had four pounds seven ounces of butter; and she at once pronounced it a humbug. I noticed the buttermilk was full of small particles of butter not gathered and called her attention to it but she claimed she had followed the directions to the letter and as the result was not what she expected, it was a failure. I asked her to let me take some pepsin home and the next day I churned; but the result was the same as with my friend, no increase in butter but the richest buttermilk I ever saw. The next day I churned more slowly and was rewarded by a decided increase of butter. The next day I let the cream get very thick, churned slowly after it began to break and had 9 pounds 13 ounces in a butter from two gallons of cream, two gallons churned the old way made only 4 pounds 7 ounces butter. I have used black pepsin ever since with complete success. A teaspoonful of black pepsin to each gallon of cream will combine in the form of butter all the cheese, butter and sugar that milk contains and you will have more than twice as much good butter. The butter tastes, looks, keeps, and sells better than common butter. Here in Nebraska our markets are poor but being able to double the increase of butter by using pepsin, I can make money at our prices; but back home in the east this system of butter making should be a fortune to any farmer, and it will certainly pay to try. Have patience enough to learn; do not think you can double the increase of your cows without any thought or experience, but a week should enable you to more than double the yield of butter without additional expense or labor.

MRS. MARY HALL,

OMAHA, Neb.

Mrs. P. C. Wood, wife of the proprietor of the Wyoming house in Laramie city, has not yet discovered any trace of her husband, who left for Denver on the 19th instant to purchase furniture for a hotel in Laramie. Thomas Fleck is in Denver, searching for the missing man, but without success so far. Mrs. Wood says she has been married eleven years, and as her husband was not given to dissipation of any kind, she fears foul play.

The strong northwest gale that blew with such terrific force this week twisted the gable end of Mr. George Edgel's brick house and nearly brought it down, it being without a cornice, allowed the wind to get a hold. It swung out eleven or twelve inches. Had it fallen it would have been serious for the family, as some of them were sleeping in the room under the gable. Many stovepipes were wrested from the roofs of houses.—Summit (Coalville) County Chronicle.