

The Saints residing on the Mancos number about forty families, or 250 souls. They all live in a scattered condition on their farms, and are nearly all doing well financially. In all my travels among the Saints in this inter-mountain region, I have never seen such a country as this. The whole valley and surrounding hills and mountains are covered with almost endless forests of cedar and pine; it is mostly cedar in the valleys. In order to make farms the settlers have to cut down the timber and wood, almost the same as the people in the eastern states and Canada have to clear farms in the timber. Thus we find on the Mancos extensive wheat fields where the timber has been removed, while on the intervening ridges the cedars stand undisturbed in all their primitive beauty, lending interest and romance to the landscape. In some places I also noticed young orchards set out in the edge of native groves of cedar, which served to protect the young trees from the cold winds of the north.

Most of the Saints on the Mancos reside in a little valley of their own, commonly known as the Webber, thus named for the man who first located there. This valley extends north and south about nine miles, and has an average width of two miles. The main Mancos valley, which extends in a sort of crescent shape from northeast to southwest, following the main course of the stream, is mostly inhabited by non-Mormons, some of whom settled there before our people began to locate in this country in 1880. The town of Mancos, containing perhaps upwards of one hundred inhabitants, is situated on the river; it has one large business house, and a number of smaller ones; a newspaper, *The Mancos Times*, is also published here. The Latter-day Saints meeting house is situated on the west side of a hill about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile south west of the town of Mancos. The railway depot, on the Denver and Rio Grande Southern railway, is $\frac{1}{4}$ mile northwest of the town. But the people do not patronize the road very much, as the fare, 10 cents a mile, is considered extortionate, and when it comes to hauling freight, it can be taken cheaper by teams than by rail, according to the present rates. Hence most of the people who visit Durango, which is forty miles distant by rail and only thirty miles by wagon road, generally travel in their old-fashioned way. Our people in the Webber have lately built a school-house of their own, and the lady teacher engaged for this winter is a member of the Church.

The facilities for more settlers here are most excellent, and the good Saints, many of whom possess much more land than they can cultivate, extend a hearty invitation to come in and share the "fatness" of the soil and the grand natural advantages of the Mancos country with them. We ought to have a much more numerous community here than we have at present; and I would not hesitate to use my personal influence with those of my co-religionists who are in search of good homes to cast their eyes upon the fertile cedar-covered lands on the Mancos before they decide upon locating in less favored spots of the earth. Geo. Halls, formerly of Huntsville, Utah, is the Bishop of the Mancos ward, and his counselors are Hiram M. Taylor and Samuel S. Hammond. Elder Soren Jensen, long and

favorably known by a host of friends in Utah and Arizona, owns one of the finest farms on the Mancos. Last night I addressed a large congregation of Saints and strangers on Church history in the meeting house. The non-Mormons on the Mancos as a rule are friendly disposed toward the Saints, and both parties seem to cultivate a spirit of peace and friendship toward each other. It is not at all unlikely that a number of the non-members here will embrace the fulness of the Gospel in the near future. At the late conference held here a large number of strangers were in attendance, and seemed to be highly interested in the discourses delivered on that occasion.

I have now finished my labors in the San Juan Stake, and start this morning by team for Durango, thence by rail to the San Luis valley.

ANDREW JENSON.

A MEMORABLE RACE.

Referring to some old-time races, the *Breeder and Sportsman* republishes the following description of a race that stands unparalleled in this country, or perhaps any other, taken from an old western paper. It has passed from the memory of many and will be news to the public at large.

In 1859, St. Joseph, Mo., was the terminus of railroad communication. Beyond, the stage coach, the saddle horse, the ox team and prairie schooner were the means of transportation thence to the Rockies and the Pacific slope.

In the winter of 1859-60 there was a Wall street lobby at Washington trying to get \$5,000,000 for carrying the mail overland for one year between New York and San Francisco. The proposition was extremely cheeky, and William H. Russell, backed by Secretary of War Floyd, resolved to give the lobby a cold shower bath. He therefore offered to bet \$200,000 that he could put on a mail from Sacramento, Cal., to St. Joseph, Mo., that could make the distance—1950 miles—in ten days. The bet was taken and April 12th fixed upon as the day for starting.

Mr. Russell called upon his partner and general manager of business upon the plains, A. B. Miller, and asked him if he could perform the feat.

Miller replied:

"Yes, sir, I will do it, and by a pony express."

To accomplish this Miller purchased 300 of the fleetest horses he could find in the West and employed 125 men. Eighty of these men were to be post riders. These he selected with reference to their light weight and known courage. It was very essential that the horses be loaded as light as possible; therefore, the lighter the man the better. It was necessary that some portions of the route should be made at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

The horses were stationed from ten to twenty miles apart, and each rider would be required to ride sixty miles. For the change of animals and the shifting of the mails two minutes were allowed. Where there were no stage stations at proper distances, tents sufficient to accommodate one man and two horses would be provided. Indians would sometimes give chase, but their cayuse ponies made but sorry show in their stern

chase after Miller's thoroughbreds, many of which could make a single mile in 1:46.

All arrangements being completed, a signal gun on the steamer *Sacramento* proclaimed the meridian of the 12th of April, 1869—the hour for starting—when Border Ruffian, Mr. Miller's private saddle horse, with Billy Baker in the saddle, bounded away toward the foothills in the Sierra Nevada, and made his ride of twenty miles in forty-nine minutes. The snows were deep in the mountains and one rider was lost for several hours in a snowstorm, and after the Salt Lake Valley was reached, additional speed became necessary to reach St. Joseph on time. From there all went well until the Platte was to be crossed at Julesburg. The river was up and running rapidly, but into the flood the rider plunged his horse, only, however, to mire and drown in the quicksand.

The courier succeeded in reaching the shore with the mail bag in hand, and traveled ten miles on foot to reach the next relay. Johnny Fry, a popular rider of the day, was to take the finish. He had sixty miles to ride and six hours to do it with. When the last courier arrived at the sixty mile post, out from St. Joseph, he was one hour behind time. A heavy rain had set in and the road was slippery. Two hundred thousand dollars turned upon a single minute. Fry had just three hours and thirty minutes in which to win. This was the finish of the longest race for the largest stake ever run in America.

When the time for his arrival was nearly up at least 5,000 people stood upon the river bank, with eyes turned toward the woods from which the horse and rider shortly emerged into the open country in the rear of Elmwood, one mile from the finish. Tick! tick! went thousands of watches. The time was nearly up—but seven minutes remained. Hark! a shout goes up from the assembled throng: "He comes! He comes!" The noble little man, "Gylph," the daughter of "Little Arthur," darts like an arrow from the bow and makes the run of the last mile in 1:50, landing on the ferryboat with five minutes and ten seconds to spare!

A FRISKY young woman of Indiana, not yet 23 years old, has been already married and divorced four times.

W. N. Nesbit Sr., William N. Nesbit Jr., W. R. Nesbit, Fred Jonerson, S. D. Billington, James Holdsworth, Thomas Wilson, and F. D. Beamer were arrested at Idaho City yesterday charged with implication in the Quartzburg robbery. All the accused are Utah men. W. N. Nesbit Jr. had been suspected of the robbery, but it was thought advisable to arrest and search the entire party. On young Nesbit was found \$245 in gold coin. Among the gold coins stolen was an English sovereign and such a coin was found among the money concealed on Nesbit's person. He was held and all the others were discharged. He claims to have drawn the money from a Utah bank before going to Quartzburg. The robbery occurred October 5, \$1,200 in gold bullion and gold coin being taken from the safe in the office of the mining company.