ON THE SEVIER.

Interesting Items Concerning Monroe, Salina and Adjacent Towns.

Editor Deseret News.

On Sunday, the 26th of June, I spoke to an appreciative audience of Scandinavian Saints in Richfield, after which President Bengtsller sent his team to take me to Elsinore, seven miles distant, where I addressed the Saints in a fine grove, in which a floor had just been laid the week previous over a sufficient space of ground to make it commodious for meeting and social purposes. Elsinore is a prosperous town and the people here have made wonderful progress since the place was first settled sixteen years ago. So far as it is known no settlement in Utah raises the amount of grain in proportion to its size as Elsinore, where the average yield of small grain during the last few years sums up to fifty thousand bushels per annum.

Jens Iver Jensen presides as Bishop of the Elsinore Ward, with Erasmus P. Marquardsen and Peter Christensen as Counselors. The membership of the ward sets up to 180 families or 501 souls.

On Sunday evening I preached in Monroe, and spent the following day writing history. This is another of the four first settlements in Sevier county that were settled in 1864, broken up because of Indian trouble in 1867, and resettled in 1871.

Monroe is pleasantly situated near the south end of the Sevier valley, on a bench sloping gently toward the river northward. It is ten miles south of Richfield and five miles southeast of Elsinore. South of the town is a little village, formerly known as Monkeytown, owing to the fact that the first settlers there were apostate "Mormons" who seemed to glory in the theory advanced by some that the human race are simply improved monkeys, but as these apostates long since have left the county, and the place is now inhabited by a people who claim to be their Father—and not monkeys—that obnoxious name, Monkeytown, should be forever dropped.

The Monroe Ward is the largest ward in the Sevier Stake of Zion, numbering 157 families or 891 souls, but it has the youngest bishop of any ward in the Stake, in the person of Orson Hagley, who is but 25 years old. He was ordained at the last quarterly conference held at Richfield.

Six miles west of Monroe the Joseph a village, which, together with some families residing in and at the mouth of Clear Creek Canyon, and others along the Sevier River, including the Jericho of past Sevier Valley fame, constitute the Joseph Ward, which has 61 families or 332 souls. Gideon A. Murdock is Bishop. About two miles above Joseph, in the point where the Sevier Valley Canal taps the Sevier River. The canal on which about $40,000 has already been expended, will eventually be the means of bringing under cultivation nearly all the arable lands in Sevier Valley, lying on the west side of the river.

On Wednesday, July 1st, I held meetings with the Saints in Central or Inverary, a small town lying five miles south of Richfield, or just midway between that place and Monroe. Here and in the immediate vicinity reside twenty-eight families of Latter-day Saints, or 171 souls, who constitute the Inverary ward, over which D. H. Greenwood presides as bishop with Wm. F. Porter and Fred. Andersen as counselors. Inverary vies with Elsinore in raising grain, both in regard to quantity and quality. The founders of this little place hardly anticipated that it, on account of its central location and other advantages, should become the county seat, but Richfield has got the start of it, and will doubtless continue always to be the leading and principal town of the county.

Nearly opposite Inverary on the east side of the Sevier river is Annabella, named after some species flowers in the vicinity. The Annabella ward embraces most of the settlers living on the east side of the Sevier river between Monroe and Glenwood, and the township of Annabella, on which a portion of the people have built houses during the last few years the about midway between the two places, or about eight miles by road northeast of Richfield. This ward has for Bishop Joseph S. Stoker, and his Counselors are Joseph W. Fairbanks and Wm. N. Spafford. The ward has twenty-seven families or 118 souls belonging to the Church.

I held meeting with the Saints in Annabella on Wednesday evening and after attending their fast meeting the following day and writing history, Bro. Wm. N. Spafford took me over to Richfield, where I finished up my historical labors and on Friday the 3rd Bishop Horne sent his team to convey me to Vermillion, a ward consisting of the scattered settlers residing along the river north of Gunnison. The centre of this ward or the point where the Bishop, Peter Dethlefsen, resides, is about nine miles northeast of Richfield. About a quarter of a mile northeast of the Bishop's house is the point where a battle was fought between the Indians and some of our brethren who had returned thus far in April, 1866, for the purpose of settling Montezuma Alias as it was then called. Having reached the point, the Indians swooped down upon the teams, who immediately formed into a corral and commenced digging trenches in order to defend themselves against the savages. During the fight which ensued Lars A. Justesen, of Spring City, was killed and a number of others slightly wounded.

After holding a meeting with the Saints of Vermillion in the afternoon of Friday, the 3rd, Bishop Dethlefsen sent me to Axtell, where I found the Bishop away from home, but was made welcome by the ward clerk, Brother Newman Van Leuven and others, who also rendered me efficient aid in getting the historical information wanted.

The Aurora ward consists of the settlers residing on both sides of the Sevier southward of Sigurd. It has forty-three families or 211 souls belonging to the Church, a small portion of which reside in the village of Aurora which is pleasantly situated on the west side of the Sevier river, near the point known in travelers in early days as Willow Bend, and is about five miles northeast of Richfield.

On the morning of the 4th I went to Salina which, since the 25th ult., has been the terminus of the Sevier branch of the Rio Grande Western railway. Trains are now running regularly, and Salina is jubilant over the prospects that she will be a city of some importance, as it is expected that a railway line will be built through Salina canyon to connect with the main line of the Rio Grande Western at Bluff, and when this is done, it is expected that all through trains, in order to avoid the Soldier Summit, at the head Spanish Fork canyon, will pass through Salina canyon and the Sevier and Sanpete valleys to Thistle station. In this event Salina would be on the main road of travel and the grand shipping point for the whole upper county.

The population of Salina is mixed, as only about one half of the people are Latter-day Saints. Besides a number of stores and other business establishments the town can boast of three saloons, which during the past few days, since the railway was completed, have been doing a good roaring Drunkenness, quarreling, profaning and fighting have been the order of the day, and the end is not yet.

The population of Salina numbers 524 souls, and are presided over by Bishop James S. Jensen, with Hans J. Gottfredsen and William R. Robinson as counselors.

After attending Independence day doings, and also the Sunday school and general Sabbath meeting on Monday the 6th, Bishop Jensen took me to Redmond, where I addressed a goodly congregation in the evening, and the following day worked from early morning till nearly midnight gathering historical information concerning Redmond and Salina.

Redmond is located on or near the west bank of the Sevier River, three and a half miles north of Salina, twelve miles east of Richfield and twelve miles southeast of Gunnison, Sanpete County. Immediately west of the town is a range of hills, behind which three red mounts called the Red Rollers, (which has given name to the settlement,) rise their oval-formed tops a hundred feet or more above the level and fertile tract of country lying between them and the mountains west. On to this tract of country an extension of the Vermillion irrigating canal will bring water in the near future, which will be the means of largely increasing the population of Redmond.

Having now finished my gleanings for the history of the Stakes, three counties and about forty wards and branches of the Church since I left Salt Lake City six weeks ago, I expect to leave Salina tomorrow morning by train bound for Sanpete county.

ANDREW JENSON.

Redmond, July 6, 1891.

Instructive Diagram.

I hate to see a man chewing tobacco while he is whipping his boy for smoking.

I hate to see a man with a suspicious breath boast of his temperance principles.

I hate to see a man continually talking about how much he loves everybody and never do anything to help anybody.

I hate to see a man always talking about what a happy place heaven is and doing nothing to make his home resemble it.

I hate to see a prominent church member slipping into a betting shop or a saloon adjacent to his place of business on Sunday morning.

I hate to see a man remember everything the elders said twenty years ago and forget every word the preacher said last Sunday morning.—Ram's Horn.

A Revengeful Petition.

Bugs one told me the other day a story—old, it may be, but new to me—of the little son of a famous English actor, which seemed an uncommonly good one. The boy had been flogged for some offense against domestic discipline, and sensibled in a grave and pensive mood throughout the day, and at night he contented his prayers with the remarkable petition, "O Lord, bless everybody, and make me a better actor than my father!"

For striking at a sensitive place, and through a side, not to my body, charmed that bit of diplomacy would be hard to match.—Boston Transcript.

Here for Sun.

Jinks—Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy?

Winks—I shall make a plumber of him.

"Has he a bent that way?"

"He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week."—New York Weekly.

No one can suggest a cure for bashfulness. In severe cases the aid of a physician is needed to ascertain the cause and give proper advice; but in most cases an intelligent person may himself ascertain the cause and secure in the main exemption from attacks by attention to the general laws of health.

It has been shown that the incandescent electric light does not "smoke" the ceiling as has been claimed, but that the smoky effect is due to dust. The heated lamp causes a current of heated air to rise, and the consequence is there is more dust deposited above the lamp than anywhere else.

Herbert Spencer, writing to Dr. Jasse, of the Brooklyn Ethical society, observes: "In my earlier days I constantly made the foolish supposition that conclusive proofs would change beliefs. But experience has long since dissipated my faith in man's rational ality."

The Prince of Wales is said to be a lightning change artist in the way of dressing his action. He can get out of one suit and into another in a twinkling, and he is so skilled in changing his costumes several times a day the accomplishment is a valuable one to him.

When a Lobster Drops His Claws.

The lobster is greatly in dread of thunder, and when the peals are very loud numbers of them drop their claws and swim away for deeper water. Any great fright may also induce them to drop their claws. But new claws begin at once to grow, and in a short time are as large as the old ones and covered with hard shells. The lobster often drops its shell, when it hides until the new shell is hard enough to protect it.—Hennings.

AFTER THE MUD MARCH.

AN INCIDENT OF CAMP LIFE SPORTS SUNDRY GAMES.

How One Regiment Got the Laugh on a Company of Yankees—Amusements Found at an Early Day—It Was Time Spent in Vermonters as Hard Cheese.

Every old soldier of the Army of the Potomac remembers Burnside's mud march. It began on Jan. 23, 1863. This was forty days after his defeat at Fredericksburg. In an effort to retrieve his fortunes he attempted to flank Lee at Banks' Ford, and repeat a winter campaign. He tried to strike the Rappahannock some miles above Fredericksburg, cross the river on pontoons and reach Lee's rear before he could get there in force. It was a fine idea, if it could succeed, but it failed miserably for three days. The pontoons never reached the river. They were stuck in seas of mud. Nearly every man in the army was set to work in order to help others in their efforts to drag their train out of the mud.

The Confederates on the other side of the Rappahannock quickly divined the situation. They drew up numerous pieces of artillery and began to throw shell each succeeding day "Burnside's Army Stuck in the Mud." "Burnside and McClellan," and other pat sayings. When the sun began to shine and the pontoons were finally extricated from early morning till nearly midnight gathering historical information concerning Redmond and Salina.

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An Old Yank in a New Brook.

Two cyclers were resting their weary limbs on West Jackson street. Their machines leaned against a contiguous lamp post and the occupants wheelmen lolled on the grass and puffed the inevitable cigarette. Into the midst of this picturesque group strolled a washtub, a weather-beaten, lonesome Uncle Sam. Spying the bicycles with a wistful gaze, he said:

"Those things hard to ride?"

"Not at all," was the reply.

"Think mebbe I could straddle one of 'em," soliloquized the gentleman of mildew whiskers, and added: "Say, do you think I could ride it?"

"Get on and try."

Scheming a wheel the tramp climbed on, lost his balance and fell off, while the two cyclers roared with laughter, and a crowd began to gather. Again he valiantly attempted to mount, and again came a roar of laughter.

"I say," he piped, "won't one of you hold the saddle till I get on?"

The accommodating joker complied, and the tramp got under way while the assembled audience prepared for more laughter. One foot came down, then the other. Again the pedals made the circuit, and the wheelmen applauded.

"Good boy; keep it up, keep it up!"

And the tramp did. There was a sudden bending of the back, a swift spurt, and the astonished young man stood on the sidewalk going down West Jackson street with the speed of the wind.

One safety bore a double load returning home that night, for the tramp did not return.—*Chicago News.*

Learning to Use Pockets.

One of the graduates at West Point says: "I am now trying to return the use of pockets. For five years I have been without that pleasant domestic feature in my trousers, and I am glad to find that they are still in vogue. Very few people are familiar with the Machiavellian nature of the system at the government school. In my course there I have been away from the Point once or two or three days' leave. Yet I have not found the accoutrement wanted. The work is hard but pleasant, and one must be hard to please who cannot find a sensational set of tricks there.

"Before taking my leave of absence, granted for six weeks after graduation, I selected a certain number of pairs of those committed to me—those selections were allowed me—and on my absence on getting the use of the Law I sent each for. The government always sends the best men out, but does not summarily dismiss them to some wilderness without something their prefer cures in the matter.

"For instance, out of the available posts submitted to me I chose one on the coast, one in Colorado and one in Kansas. According to the vacancies which may exist I am sent to one of these three. Naturally the posts with the best reputation for life are picked on by the west majority. There may be but a vacancy or two left. A man's standing at the graduation of his course has a great deal to do with his getting the best."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Sewage of Paris.

Paris, like all other great cities, has been much concerned with the question how to dispose of its sewage. At present most of the outflow of the collections passes into the Seine, to its serious pollution, but some years ago the municipality purchased several thousands of acres of land in the plain of Gennevilliers, a few miles below the city, and began the experiment of a sewage farm. The project has been as unqualified success.

An extension from the Pere Lachaise-St. Denis collector carries a large quantity of sewage to the farm, where it is used by irrigation as a fertilizer, with the best of results in every way. At present one fifth or more of the total sewage effluent of Paris is used on the land at Gennevilliers, and in due time the whole quantity can be diverted from the river to this and other tracts of land which have been selected as suitable for the purpose.—Dr. Albert Shaw in Century.

McKinley's Old Soldier Story.

Napoleon met an old soldier who had lost an arm. "My friend, how did you lose that arm?"

"Fighting for you, sire."

Napoleon, moved, responded with a handful of coins.

"Sire," said the veteran rapidly, "what would you give if I had lost the other arm?"

"I would give you the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

"With your own hand?"

"With my own hand."

Quick as thought the old soldier drew his sword and slashed off his remaining arm at the shoulder.

Very affecting! But then the question arises, how did he manage to do it?—Pall Mall Budget.

"Stand Up," Marshall P. Wilder.

Of course you know Max Edwards. He used to be treasurer in the Fifth Avenue box office, and is a very little man, like myself. One day as I went in to get some tickets he was standing at the window selling his head just coming up to the ledge of the sill. Max Jim just came up to the edge outside, and in my naturally deep voice I opened up and said, "Give me two seats in C, please."

"Stand up!" he called angrily, thinking I was a tall man who had sneaked down to pay him.

"Stand up yourself!" I answered sprightly, at which, recognizing the joke, he both laughed heartily.—Marshall P. Wilder.

Curing the Waves by Prayer.

An old traveler tells me that in a voyage from Moulmein to Malta he saw the captain, an experienced sailor, standing at the bow muttering and pointing with his finger. On being asked what he was doing he replied that he was breaking the force of a foul wave by making the sign of the cross and saying prayers proper for such an occasion.—St. Louis Republic.

Hair and Female Habits.

"What is the use of curing dandruff?" asked an intelligent Chinaman upon being put on an inquiring Englishman. "When young they are only an expense, and when they are old they marry and go away. Women, a sore."

What a world of difference there is between that sentiment and this of "A Cradle Song," a gentle poem by the young poet, W. H. Teale, where the mother addressed her baby thus:

I kiss you and I love you, my arms round my rose,
All how I wish some you, my dear, when you're grown!

To us, in these later times, and with all the sentiments of Christian civilization forced in us, it is almost incomprehensible that any grown human being could have the heart to extinguish the feeble struggling life of babyhood; most of all does it seem incomprehensible that the mother, whose nature is most to well up and flow out as the first helpless cry of childhood, and the father, whose instinct is to never rear and protect and "tend to" both mother and child in their weakness, could ever consider, or with their own hands during the creature who they had brought into the world. But, strong as are the animal instincts, stronger still is money a religious tradition, stronger is a national or tribal tradition.

Yet when we consider that it has taken ages of Christian culture and being to bring us to our present height of humanitarian sympathy with all forms of life, till now we are agreed that it is more beautiful, more or diverse right is to be seen under the sun than that of a mother with a child in her arms, then we can understand that, while it is an extravagance and a crime to destroy a child in its infancy, it is not murder, it is not a heinous transgression among the instructed of humanitarians.—Round Magazine.

Reading the Human Face.

Every one knows that man's position, responsibilities and destination as well as their influence are reflected in their faces, but it is only the few who have made the study of physiognomy an especial pursuit who are gifted with the power of reading them form. Judges who have sentencing to the use the lives, lawyers in large practice and doctors of eminence possess the power of interpreting physiognomies more largely than other people, but any one can acquire the knowledge of the art by dint of hard study.

It is as impossible to disguise a face (without putting on a mask) as it is to disguise every underlying. When the mind is at ease the disguise is torn off and the face tells the true story of the spirit inside the body. One only needs to visit the penitentiary to realize how undeniably vice writes its sign manual upon the features. It is not the drunkard only whose red nose, flabby cheeks and watery eyes betray him; it is the scoundrel whose vice is read in his lips, the knave whose propensity is revealed by the shape of his mouth, and the man of viciousness who has been betrayed by his eyes.

An experienced detective or a trained judge will soon note the crime of which a prisoner is guilty; he can tell it on the criminal's face. In short, all the advantages which Fowler told us we were going to derive from the study of phrenology we may possibly gain from the study of physiognomy, and the science of Dr. Fowler.—St. Louis Republic.

Spurgeon Says Hate Oil.

Mr. Spurgeon has always been perturbed by appalling in his readiness to deal with insolence in the house of God. The finest case on record is, perhaps, one in which three young fellows came in and actually commenced conspicuously in the gallery with their backs on him. In vain the officials requested them to desist.

Of course Mr. Spurgeon's eye was soon upon them, and, heeding his discourse around he then requests which all Christians are bound to shake at the feelings of others, "My friends," he said, "the other day I went into a Jewish synagogue, and I actually uncovered my head, but on looking around I perceived that all the rabbis had their hats on, and nothing troubled against what I supposed to be their reverent practice, though contrary to my own, I conformed to Jewish use and put on my hat. I will now ask those three young Jews who are in the gallery to show the same deference to our Christian practice in the house of God as I was prepared to show Jewry when I visited their synagogue, and take off their hats."

He would indeed be a prince and a prig who could refuse a sympathetic smile of approval, even in the sanctuary, to a witticism so genial, so witty and so just.—Contemporary Review.

Water in the Bible.

The question of water goes back much farther than we can go back. For example, we are told in the book of Joshua that when Caleb's daughter Acsah was given to Gomel Othniel in consideration of his capture of the city of Debir, she asked of her father a very wise thing, because, she said to her father: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water." She understood that the true dwelling southward lay where the springs of water were, because, except by her winds and fertilized by rain supply. So she wanted besides a piece of land well watered and fertile. Get it might be profitably cultivated. Caleb's eyes were gladdened with the reply she was for him by Othniel that he could deny her little nothing. "And he gave her," the record adds, "the upper springs and the nether springs"—more than she had asked, or, rather, more than she had asked for herself. Women are apt to do with daughters whom they rear and love, only to love when the inevitable tribulation comes.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Babies That Are Sold.

The Flathead mother under her papoose into a sound bundle, with folds of back and things of decorative and service in a wooden receptacle something like a canoe, slung to her back, with a little pouthouse or shade projecting over the baby's face.

It is worth noting that this complete swaddling of infants is almost universal among barbarous and civilized peoples who dwell in subtropical or temperate climates. It is done not so much for not only to keep the child warm, but to prevent it from scratching itself from tearing about and hurting itself and from breaking itself or breaking its tender bones if it should chance to fall. A baby, however, that is done up tight and that as a reliable baby is, must be almost as safe on a top shelf as on the ground.—Round Magazine.

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