

apples now upon the trees. Those worms are just now beginning to go through the transformation, and will turn into moth, like the original, during the next month. Every wormy apple left upon the tree or in the orchard will produce a flying moth to infest the apples that are now without worms. Therefore it is important that the rule of the county court, which requires that all fallen fruit be removed from the orchard, shall be enforced. Not only so, but all wormy fruit should be at once picked from the tree and destroyed. In addition to this the trees should be thoroughly sprayed twice with London purple during July to kill the second crop of worms. While some hold to the theory that the egg of the moth is deposited only in the calyx or blossom end of the apple, yet all careful observers know that the moth will lay the egg in the base or on the side of the fruit. Depend upon it, this second crop of moth will not be disheartened if they fail to find a blossom for a nest. The will simply do the best they can and lay an egg in some other spot on the fruit.

Another reason for this July spraying is the very peculiar season we are having. The successive warm and cold spells have caused great irregularity in the hatching of all the injurious insects. Not only the codling moth, but the plum curculio continue to hatch during this month. Therefore I wish to urge upon all the importance of cleaning the orchards and spraying as indicated above.

If the good work already done is supplemented by careful attention now, the result will be most favorable. On the other hand, lack of effort at this time will greatly reduce the percentage of sound apples at picking time.

As stated above, some were incredulous at the start, and have yielded a half-hearted compliance with the law, while all the time they have longed for the apples to be wormy as usual so they could say, "I told you so." But in opposition to these there is a majority of painstaking fruit-growers who will demonstrate beyond all question that spraying has come to stay. For the benefit of the doubters and fault finders I wish to say that there has not been an instance in Weber county of injury to any useful thing by spraying as directed.

Respectfully,

J. A. WRIGHT,
Inspector Weber County.
OGDEN, July 7th, 1894.

THROWN OUT OF COURT.

CAMDEN, S. C., June 29, 1894.—Thinking some of your many readers may be anxious to know how the Elders who were arrested in South Carolina a short time since on the charge of vagrancy come out in the higher court, I take the present opportunity to write you.

It will be remembered that the Elders took an appeal to the court of general sessions to convene in Columbia on June 25th. On the above mentioned date the Elders appeared for trial, but were informed by their attorney, Mr. John McMaster, an eminent young lawyer of Columbia, that their case would not be called for a few days. But in the afternoon session of Tuesday, June 26th, the case was very unexpectedly called. The evidence that

was given before Trial Justice Taylor was taken down. This was the only evidence to be given before the higher court, but this proved to be sufficient for our purpose. Mr. McMaster read the evidence to his honor and made an able plea for the Mormon boys, which resulted in the judge throwing the case out of court and releasing the Elders.

Our lawyer, Mr. McMaster, deserves credit for the way he has handled the case. He has treated us with great kindness throughout. We have proven that South Carolina is a place of religious tolerance, and that the courts of the land will not uphold any such proceedings as were enacted against us by Messrs. Coughman and Taylor. We feel to acknowledge the hand of God in all things and thank Him for our deliverance. Well may the poet say, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform." This little affair has preached one of the best Gospel sermons that has been preached in South Carolina for some time. The predictions made by the News some time ago in regard to this matter are already having their literal fulfillment. Friends are being multiplied to the Elders daily and the work of God is increasing. Our accuser and the trial justice are no doubt feeling ashamed of themselves by this time.

The Elders in our conference are getting along very nicely in their labors. We are all enjoying the best of health. We can not do a great deal of traveling at present owing to the hot weather.

Ever praying for the success of the servants of God, I remain yours for truth and justice,
W. G. P.,
President of S. C. Conference.

THIRST, FRENZY AND DEATH.

A thrilling tale of thirst, suffering, frenzy and death on the desert comes to this city in a private letter from W. H. La Pearle, from Bullionville, Nevada, to Mr. C. J. Lowe. The letter is as follows:

"I left Vanderbuilt, Cal., 400 miles from here, afoot. Part of the way I came afoot and the rest of the way I walked. I had a jackass packed with a little bacon and flour and a canteen of water and then struck out into the desert. It was a tough trip. I had one tramp of sixty-five miles without water, except my canteen full, and the sun beat down on me redhot for two long days with not a living thing in sight. I tramped steady for two days and one night, getting across that piece of landscape.

"I had quite an exciting experience the last day when within about six miles of water. I met a crazy prospector. He had his clothes off and was digging holes in the sand for water. When I came toward him he told me to look out, for the water was very deep. The poor chap had been without water so long that he had gone crazy. I poured a little water out of my canteen for him.

"As soon as he saw the water he jumped on me like a mad dog. As I fell I managed to put my hand on a rock, with which I hit him on the head. He came to in a few minutes and I got some water into his mouth. Soon after he fell asleep. Every few minutes I

would pour some water into his mouth, until it was all gone. I had only a pint when I met him.

"I knew it could not be far from water, so I took my pack off the jack and got on him and struck out. In a little over an hour I found the water. I never saw an animal drink like that jack did. I filled my canteen and went back to my crazy man, who was still asleep. I got some more water down him and wet his head. I watched him all night, and I tell you it was a long, dreary night, sitting out on the desert with a crazy man. By morning he had recovered his senses. He told me he had a partner, and they had got lost on the desert. He could not remember where he had left his partner.

"After we had had a bite to eat, as he was too weak to go with me, I struck out alone to look for his partner. I found tracks leading right away from the water. I followed them about three miles, when I came to the poor fellow, lying on his back, dead. I dug a hole in the sand and put him in and covered him up as well as I could and went back. My wild man being able to walk a little, we went to the Indian reservation and told the Indian agent about the dead man and then came here and we both went to work."

SHOOTING AT UNION.

At 4 o'clock July 9th, at Union, Carl Anderson was shot in the right leg, just below the knee, by Andrew Peterson, inflicting a wound which resulted in the loss of the limb. Anderson was brought here later and placed in St. Mary's hospital, where he was asked for a statement.

It appears, according to the man's story, that he was out in his field watering a part of the farm about 500 yards from the house, when Peterson came up and arrested him saying: "Now I have met you, you d—s— of a b—," and immediately poured the contents of a shotgun into him. The shot took effect in the right leg below the knee, literally tearing the member to pieces. The load also killed Anderson's dog, which was with him at the time. Anderson crawled on his hands and knees a distance of 500 yards to his home, when assistance of the neighbors was summoned.

Anderson says that for some time past there has been "bad blood" between himself and Peterson, on account of some objection raised by the former to the marriage of Peterson with his niece. Mr. Anderson thinks that the shot was fired solely on this account, as there has never been any other trouble between them.

Peterson has disappeared and Constable Van Valkenburg of Union is prosecuting a search for his man. Mrs. Peterson was entirely ignorant of the shooting, her husband having left her on Sunday evening about 8 o'clock, saying that he was coming to Salt Lake to seek employment.

Anderson's deposition was taken at the hospital and Doctors Pinkerton and Worthington amputated the limb at the knee. The wounded man is about forty-five years old, and at present doing nicely under the circumstances and will in all probability survive the ordeal.

Sheriff McQueen was apprised of the shooting by telephone about 10 o'clock this morning and at once left for Union.