

of a single drum and the singing of a number of men, and though the tune was painfully monotonous, and partook of a sameness throughout, there was time and tact in it; which the respective dancers seemed to understand almost to perfection; for every dancer seemed to step accurately to the music; all turned and moved with one accord, and apparently made no mistakes.

There were, according to the U. S. census of 1890, 1,463 Indians at Zuni; but though they all spent part of the time at the main village, a large number go off in the summer season to farm at neighboring villages; of these there are three or four in the vicinity; considerable grain is raised, and sufficient is saved or stored away to keep the inhabitants in bread for three or four years. Fine peach orchards are planted in the sands half way up the slope of a mountain standing four miles to the southeast of the village. On the top of this mountain, which is upwards of 500 feet higher than the country below, are the ruins of the old Zuni village, where the forefathers of the present population a long time ago sought refuge from their enemies; they are supposed to have lived there for several generations.

Though there is an unpleasant smell about the Zuni village, I found the inhabitants more cleanly in their habits to all appearances than I had expected, judging from such reports as I had previously heard concerning them. Most of their rooms are large and airy; and the walls and floors are kept quite clean in most places; earthen floors abound; but there are some laid with flat stones. The largest dwelling room we entered measured no less than 75 feet in length by 25 feet in width; and was about 12 feet high from floor to ceiling. Some other dwellings which we visited contained rooms varying in size from 15x20 to 20x40 feet. In some rooms there were crude paintings on the walls; but the furniture was very scant. No tables or chairs are seen as a rule; small wooden blocks are used to sit upon; and meals are served upon the floor, where also the beds are spread.

There are in New Mexico nineteen Indian pueblos altogether, containing a total population of 7,681. The smallest of these pueblos or villages (Pojoaque) has only fifteen inhabitants, while the largest is the Zuni village, which we are visiting. The Pueblo Indians (so-called by the Spaniards because they dwelt in "fixed habitations" or permanent villages) are the original inhabitants of New Mexico. They are noted for that docility and gentleness of character that demarks civilization from barbarism and have always been distinguished from the nomadic Indians by their fixed homes, their permanent cultivation of the fields adjacent to their villages, and the civility that comes from an organized system of government. The Pueblo Indians have from times immemorial been the bitter enemies of the Apaches, the Utes and the Navajoes. War between the wandering tribes and the Pueblos were constant in times past. Now the warlike Apaches and Navajoes are confined to their respective reservations, and the semi-civilized Pueblos are left to pursue their labors in peace. The Zunis, unlike most other Indians in the United States, receive no annuity from the government, as they are self-sustaining. We may add that we saw in the village quite a number of good wagons and

some farming implements of modern manufacture; still a great deal of their farming is yet done in the old, rude way; a forked stick answering for a plow, etc.

The Catholics seems to have lost their "grip" upon the Zunis long ago; the old church, probably built centuries ago, is in ruins; but they are now repairing the walls with a view to roofing it in again, after which it is intended to hold Catholic services in the village once more.

A young intelligent Indian, in conversation with Elder Gibbons, conveyed the idea that there exists a tradition among the Zuni Indians to the effect that some records are hid in a stone box up on the top of the mountain where the old village once stood, but that an old Catholic priest carried off the paper or document which described the place of concealment; consequently, the present generation of Indians are unable to find these records, which they believe contain some account of their forefathers. Perhaps, after all, Moroni was not the only one of the ancient inhabitants of this land who hid up historical records in a stone box. What tales would not the hundreds of Indian pueblo ruins that abound in this part of the country unfold if they could speak; or, if records, giving account of their inhabitants, could be found.

ANDREW JENSON.

HISTORICAL FACTS.

The first paper ever manufactured in Salt Lake City, Utah, was on June 27, 1854, by Thomas Hollis and Thomas Howard. Some time previous to this the necessity of saving paper rags had been publicly advocated, and some 300 pounds had been taken to the Tithing office, and from these about forty pounds of paper was made by hand, suitable for handbills, etc., on the above date. One sheet of this lot has been preserved and may now be seen at the Deseret Museum. History records this fact that paper made in Salt Lake City in 1854 was the first paper ever made west of the Missouri river. As soon as this was noted abroad, and that paste-boards could be had in exchange for rags, there was no lack of material to supply the slow method of making paste-boards and paper from such a crude process then at command.

President Young had granted the above-named men the free use of the old nail factory situated on City Creek, afterwards used as a molasses factory, which contained a boiler and other machinery, additions to which made by Nathan Davis constituted their paper-making establishment. They had the privilege of using the water power after it was needed by the public works during the day, so that their card boards and paper-making had to be done during the night or until 7 o'clock in the morning. From June until November they furnished the DESERET NEWS office with many hundred dollars' worth of paper, upon which was printed the NEWS, edited by then by Hon. Elias Smith. There was a demand for all the paste boards they could make, because of many uses they could be utilized for, such as sun bonnet, bonnet boxes, etc.

About this time a change in the firm occurred. Mr. Thomas Howard retired to his farm in Mill Creek and Thomas Hollis entered into partner-

ship with Wm. Jeppson. They removed the machinery to Centerville, and through mismanagement or otherwise, little or no paper or cardboards were afterwards manufactured; the machinery was disposed of in fragments and the parties left for California.

Nothing further was done until 1860, when machinery for the manufacture of paper was brought from the East. In January, 1861, President Young called on Thos. Howard to aid in the conversion of a building known as the sugar works into a paper factory, suitable for the imported machinery. He was ably assisted by Z. Derrick Sr., machinist. The factory was all fitted up in time for the first lot of paper to be manufactured by machinery on the 24th of July, 1861. When all was ready for a start, President Young, with a number of invited guests, including Heber C. Kimball, Daniel H. Wells, Joseph A. Young, Elias Smith, Wm. H. Hooper, besides others, with their ladies, went down in a body to see the first lot of rags put into the mill, and were delighted to witness all the machinery work like a charm. The first lot made was 10 reams of wrapping paper and some brown paper, total 680 lbs. Second lot, made August 9, was 6 reams of job paper, 261 lbs. Third, on Sept. 4, was 19 reams of news paper, 562 lbs., being the first ever made in Utah by machinery.

Thomas Howard not only put up the mill but made all the paper from July 24, 1861, to January 16, 1863, which amounted to 28,997 lbs. He is now in his 80th year, hale and hearty, and living in this city.

Here we have in 1861 a paper factory, costing several thousand dollars, with a capacity for making 2,000 lbs. of paper daily, and no material on hand (viz., rags) to run it with, the above figures showing the comparatively trifling quantities made at one time, and then only occasionally. Hence the necessity of some bold effort being made to wake up a more universal attention to the husbanding of paper rags throughout the country.

To meet the emergency, President Young asked me if I would accept as a mission for the good of the community the gathering of paper-rags from house to house, and advocate the necessity of fostering this home enterprise. I consented, and for about three years my field of labor extended from Franklin, Idaho, in the north, to Sanpete in the south, including all intermediate settlements. To say that after being one of the leading merchants of Salt Lake City at one time, and the only auctioneer at another, the gathering of paper-rags did not seem somewhat humiliating would be an injustice to human nature. But duty before pleasure being the mainspring of my past life, I conferred not with flesh and blood, but as an Elder in the Church of Jesus Christ I gladly assumed the comparatively menial employment and became almost universally known as the rag-gatherer.

I have the satisfaction to know that by my labors a foundation was laid for a large and thriving business being done in rags as an article of commerce, and an immense amount of paper manufactured since the year 1861. As an evidence of my earnestness in the