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$3000 Lot 2x12 rods on Second West st., half block north of County Court house.

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$1500 A new adobe house of 4 rooms, hard finish, pantry and closets well finished and painted, lot 2½x10 rods, in 7th Ward.

$1350 New brick house of 4 rooms, good pantry and closets, good flowing well, stable, etc., lot 3x20 on Third West.

$1600 Adobe house of 5 rooms, well finished, with closets, etc., lot 3x10, Second South, close to D. & R. G. depot.

$600 Frame house of 4 rooms, adobe lined, lot 3x10, South Temple street. $300 down, balance on the instalment plan.

$950 Adobe house of 2 rooms and kitchen, lot 5-20 rods, full of good fruit trees, one-and-half blocks west of gas works on South Temple street.

$4000 A 2 story brick house, 7 large rooms, 2 pantries, well finished, 2½ blocks west of Main st.; lot 5x15 rods.

$2000 House of six rooms and store, lot 5x10, near the depot.

$3500 Brick house, 7 rooms, buttries, cupboards, etc. Two story barn, etc. Second South close to Main Street.

$850 A new adobe house of 3 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 3x10 rods.

$1050 A house of 4 rooms, porch front and back, lot 5x20, a good stable, etc., on Fourth West and Fourth North sts.

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$400 Ten acres of good level land, 3 miles from Temple Block, west; $150 in water rights.

$350 Forty acres of farm land, North Point, good land and cheap. Must be sold soon.

$1000 160 acres patented land, 6 miles from Temple Block; also 160 acres school land adjoining.

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$600 Forty acres of No. 1 land; in North Point, fenced on two sides. This a bargain; call early.

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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday . Aug. 21, 1886

DOES THE PRECOCIOUS CHILD MAKE THE DISTINGUISHED MAN?

The idea that genious reveals itself early in life does not at once recommend itself to common sense. Observation of Nature as a whole suggests, first of all perhaps that her choicer and most costly gifts are the result of a long process of preparation. And, however this be, there is certainly more of moral suggestiveness in the thought that intellectual distinction is the reword of a strenuous adolescence and manhood than in the supposition that it can be reached by the stripling at a bound through sheer force of native talent. And it may not improbably have been a lively preception of this ethical significance which fostered in the classic mind so wide-spread disbelief in early promise of great intellectual power. We find a typical expression of this sentiment in the saying of Quintilian: The early blossom of talent is rarely followed by the fruit of great achievement.

It is evident that this saying embodies something like a general theory of the relation between rank of talent and rate of development. Where superior intellectual ability shows itself at an early date, it is of the sort that reaches its full stature early, and so never attains to the greatest heights. On the other hand genius of the finer order declares itself more slowly.

In order to estimate the soundness of this view two lines of enquiry would be necessary. We should need to ask, first of all, what proportion of these who had shown marked precocity have afterward redeemed the promise of their youth; and secondly, what number of those who have unquestionably obtained a place among the great where previously distinguished by precocity.

These two lines of investigation are, however, in a measure distinct. It may turn out that a large portion of clever children never attain to anything but mediocrity in late life, and that the majority of great men have been remarkable as children. Hence, we may confine ourselves in the present essay to the second branch of the above inquiry, retrogressive search for signs of precocity in the early life of those who have attained distinction.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

A DISCRIMINATING TRAIN BOY.

PHYSIOGNOMY APPLIED TO RAILROAD PASSENGERS—MALE AND FEMALE TASTES.

"What made you think I'd want to purchase that book?" asked a New York reporter on the West Shore road of a train boy who had just deposited in his lap a volume giving a complete history of all the notable encounters in the prize ring within the last hundred years. The reporter in question, be it observed, although of unfortunately somewhat pugnacious aspect, takes especial delight in reporting sermons, and is as ignorant of the Marquis of Queensbury rules as of the differential and integral calculus.

"I thought you was a sport," replied the train-boy, taking a rapid inventory of his interlocutor. He was a shrewd-looking lad with piercing eyes and a nose which is generally supposed to indicate that its owner knows a thing or two.

"Then do you always try to select books to suit the character of each passenger?"

"Of course I does. I hits it right, generally, too, though I sometimes get left. But 'tain't half as bad to mistake a religious man. The sport'll get madder'n a wet hen every time and sling all the cuss words he knows at you—that is if he's in the smoking car."

"Do you find much variety of tastes among the ladies on the trains?"

"Cert. When I see a woman who wants to be thought a fine lady but ain't, I drops her some novel about jukes and bloated aristocrats, where all the men has plenty of stamps and the women folk lots of jewelry. When I strikes a lady what's the genooine thing I flops her down a book that's been runnin' ever since I've been in the business and no telhin' how long afore."

"How about the men?"

"You've got to study them just as hard. Them dudish fellers is the worst customers. They never buys no books. They'll just set and suck their canes all day, thinkin' about mashin' or some such rot, I suppose. A man wot's full of business and looks worrited don't often buy books. He can't keep his thought on 'em. Young men that ain't dudes and ain't got no more money'n they know what to do with make the best customers. And old men wot's takin' life easy an' contented like and ain't everlastingly bothering themselves about money, buy a good many books on the trains. A railroad train is a mighty good place to study human natur' in."

"What's your favorite reading?"

I like to read how poor boys got on in the world till they got to be real big bugs like that feller Edison wot used to sell books on a train same as I do."

"Let me have that book of Farrer's sermons, and don't take me for a sport again."

"You can bet I won't."—*Ex.*

Too Late.

"My mind is made up. No power can stop me. Life is a torment. I can stand this no longer," and Clarence de Limberger rushed wildly to a closet in the room, and seized a bottle on which was a label with inscription:

POISON.

"For my sake, Clarence," cried his wife, in pitiful tones, "for my sake desist. Oh, Clarence, remember the love I have always borne you. Think of my agony, darling, and pity me."

"No," said Clarence, in a determined voice; "no, I can not, I dare not stop. Life is made a mockery to me. Through all the long watches of the night I lie in despair, trying in vain to sleep. If you had been guided by me it would not have been so, but you heeded not my suffering. I will not reproach you, but I knew the end would come sometime, and now it has arrived. My tortured soul can stand no more." And Clarence de Limberger moved quickly toward the open casement, through which the pale moon peered in upon this once united household, with looks of sadness and pity.

Ah, how languil and beautiful appeared the sky; how calm and serene the moon which so soon was to gaze upon the face of death!

Wringing her hands in anguish Flora de Limberger made one more appeal to her husband.

"Oh, Clarence, I beseech you be not so rash. Turn not from me and leave me in bitterness and gall. Have pity, Clarence, oh, have pity," and the frenzied woman seized his arm and clung to it in an agony of despair, while a shower of tears chased each other down her cheecks.

"Too late," he cried, in cold, stern tones as he saturated a large-sized piece of cake which he had procured from the closet, with the contents of the bottle. A moment later he turned calmly away from the window and said in chilling tones:

"There, 'tis done."

And Flora de Limberger, with a wild scream, fell fainting at his feet.

* * * * * *

It was morning. The bright orb of day was shining brightly in the east, when two persons stepped from the rear door of the de Limberger mansion.

Casting his eyes around, while a diabolical grin of satisfaction illuminated his countenance, one of them spoke:

"There, John, remove the carcass. I reckon my wife's pet cat won't hold any more opera festivals in our backyard;" and then Clarence de Limberger, for it was he, slipped out of the back gate and went down town to business.—*From Tid-Bits.*

A NEW KIND OF DOG.—"What kind of a dog is that you have?" asked the editor addressing the foreman of the composing-room.

"I call him a compositor dog," was the answer.

"It's a name I invented myself," said the foreman, as he helped himself to a cigar from the editor's box.

"Why do you apply that name to him? What resemblance does the dog bear to a compositor, or vice versa?"

"Well, this dog is a setter."

Then the editor with a melancholy look turned to complete his article on "the lesson of the late strikes."—*From the Boston Record.*

"No, I don't object to the smell of a cigar," said a widow to her lover. "It reminds me of dear John, who declared that although he did not like the taste of tobacco, he had to smoke to keep the moths out of his mouth."

Result of a Connecticut Horse Trade.

A Meriden man had a horse for which another man made repeated offers which were refused. The other day the horse died of colic, and while the owner was looking at the body, some one offered him ten cents for it and he took it. Then the purchaser looked up the other man who wanted the horse. The Meriden *Republican* tells the rest of the story thus:

He happened to drop a remark that he had purchased the horse of the original owner, but was sorry for his bargain. The would-be-owner, here saw a chance to become the possessor, and remarked as much. The stranger, however, said the animal was not well, and he didn't want to stick anybody on the bargain.

"Oh, never mind that," remarked the man who wanted to purchase. I understand horses from A to Z, and will take my chances."

"But I can't warrant the horse sound," remarked the stranger.

"Don't care if you can't. What I want is the horse. What will you take for him, under whatever condition he is?"

"Five dollars."

"It's a bargain, cried the delighted man, pulling out a V from his pocket.

"The horse is in the stall, but when I left this morning he was suffering from rigor mortis. It won't last, however, over one day. Do you know anything about that trouble?"

"Oh, yes, I think so. Will have him fixed up anyhow, by the doctor. It can't be worse than the colic."

"Well," said the stranger, as he slowly folded up the bill and tucked it in his vest pocket. "I have told you all about the horse. I can't warrant his being perfectly sound, and he has rigor mortis, but you are willing to take the chances, are you?"

"You can just bet I am," remarked the man, tickled with the thought that he had got his wish at such a low figure, even if he was not sound, and had rigor mortis along with it.

Three men saw the new owner as he approached the stable and sought the stall where his yearning lay. It took him some time to see that the animal was dead. His next move, after swallowing down a mixture of wickedness and disappointment, was to consult a dictionary and ascertain the nature of the complaint from which the stranger said the horse was suffering. His $5 worth of horse trading and medical knowledge is now carefully hoarded.

Cooling Off the Bear.

One occasionally and accidentally overhears a good story by not attending to his own business on the horse cars. "We were over in the park last Sunday," said the North Sider to his friend, as they passed their nickles over to Mr. Yerke's hired man, "and while we were there a very funny incident occured. My little girl was along, and, of course, she was very much interested in the animals. She asked all sorts of questions about them and seemed to be greatly grieved because the bears were distressed with the heat.

"'Yes' says I, 'the poor bears do suffer in this weather, especially the polar bears. They come from a way up north, you know, Ethel, where it is all ice and snow. They dearly love the cold, and it is necessary to keep them in as cool a place as possible.'"

"But here I was interupted by Ethel with a request for fifteen cents. I didn't know what she wanted it for. But gave it to her and watched her scamper off to the refreshment stand near by. Then we moved along, looking at the animals, and without watching the child, supposing that she would keep us in sight and follow up. Ten minutes later I heard some of the bystanders cry out in alarm, and rushed back to the bear pit. There, inside the outer bars, stood my Ethel with a paper basket in her hand and muttering to the bear:

"'Here, you nice old bear, you take some ice tream on' get cooled off.'"—*Chicago Herald.*

A Fashionable Misfortune.

He had been to the city and went home brimful of news.

"You 'member the Smiths?" he asked his wife, "th' Silver Crik Smiths —them as got rich on the'r gran'fey-ther's money."

Yes, she remembered them.

"I seen 'em. They're way up; live in a gran' house on a street they call thavenoo. They ride in a double kerriage and have no end of money."

She said she s'posed as much.

"But, dumb sakes! 'Mandy, you wouldn't want to change with her, to see her a minnit an' I didn't hev the heart to speak t' her."

She said she'd like to kno why; stuck up thing!

"No, she ain't, Mandy; not now. She's bin humbled rite down to the dust. She's as blind as a bat."

She guessed not.

"But she is. Fust, she didn't kno me—an that's rid down hill and played tag with her when she warnt knee-high to a tarky. Then, Mandy, tho' her eyes was wide open, she went rite along the streets all dressed up in her fine close, and a leetle mite of a dog was leading her along. He was tied to a streeng, ane she had hold of tother end of the streeng. Now, Mandy, how'd you like to be?"

A Millionaire's Wail.

Nothing is more ridiculous and contemptible than the pretended dissatisfaction of wealthy people with their riches. An instantce of this kind was furnished by an eastern paper the other day. A millionaire was going up the Tribune elevator, and incidentally hearing that one of the elevator men had gone to see the base ball match, delivered himself to the following rot:

That is right. You are not rich and can afford to enjoy yourselves. I am weighted down with wealth and must work from morning to night to take care of my interests. I wish I was a boy cutting somebody so that I might have a rest.

This a fair simple of a great deal of talk that is heard from wealthy men. It would be better left unsaid, because nobody believes that it is honest, or that it not arrant humbugand hypocrisy if these rich men are sincere they could very easily lessen theair burdon. It is not very difficult to get red of one's money. But they don't want to get rid of it. They want to get more all the time, and they work hard and decline recreation solely for this purpose. Instead of contracting their business, they go on enlarging it. They are so wrapped up in money-getting that base ball has no attractions for them, and that is the real reason they don't go to see the games. No, your average rich man has no desire to be a poor man, whatever he may say to the contrary. H

A Congressman Who Could Work

Congressman Loutitt, of California, said to a compiler of the Congressional Directory when asked for his history: "I can give it to you very quick. Born in a stable; brought up in a blacksmith-shop; educated in the common schools." The compiler looked at him in amazement. Loutitt quietly remarked: "That is the size of it." The fact is that Loutitt was born in a stable in New Orleans. He is a self-made man. He is of medium stature, but powerful in bulk. The muscles of his arms stand out in great cords and are as firm as a chord. He gained a vote in a peculiar way during his race for Congress. There was a blacksmith in the upper part of the district who sneered at the idea of the lawyer candidate for Congress having "served at the trade." He thought it was a political trick. When Loutitt got to the blacksmith's town he walked down to the shop, and without saying how he was pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work with the big hammer. The blacksmith had heard the condidate was coming, but stood back and watched the performance in astonishment. After Loutitt had gotten in some of his "best licks," the blacksmith walked over and felt of his powerful arm. Fully satisfied, he walked back to the forge, saying: "It's all right; that gets my vote."—*Louisville Times.*

COMEDY OF A TELEPHONE ERROR.—A horse was taken suddenly ill with the colic in front of Speakman's restaurant, Saturday last, and as the owner of the animal lived in Avondale, he was telephoned to. The receiver of the message, however, mistook the name of the horse for that of his daughter, and, summoning the entire family, immediately took the train for West Grove, where they arrived in time to find the daughter in good health. Explanations were made, at which the party had a good laugh, even the colicky horse joined in, for he had now recovered and was ready to proceed on his journey.—*From the West Grove Independent.*

FOUR FAIR AMERICANS.

HOW THEY LACKED THE SOFT VOICE WHICH IS "AN EXCELLENT SWEET THING IN WOMAN."

Our fellow-travellers were all of the opulent class, going to amuse themselves at the seaside resorts, and we sat in a drawing-room car. A young lady, perfect in dress and dainty of figure, exactly one of the stylish creatures pointed out by Americans with pride upon Regent street and the Boulevard des Italiens as one of their compatriots, made a remark audible to all in her neighborhood. She was perhaps a graduate of Vassar, certainly of some first-class finishing school, who had probably made the grand tour; for her ejaculation was embroidered "Nice" and her novel of Octave Feuillet. "I just lay back and yelled!" remarked this Daisy Miller.

Only that very morning we stood upon the veranda of a mountain hotel. Two elegant matrons chatted together. Remarked one: "I've just hit the child with nurse, yelling and howling like all possessed!"

Remarked Johannes Taurus: "This habit of yelling and howling seems a very common thing among American ladies and children. Can it be the war-whoop of your aboriginal predecessors upon your native soil handed down as an American car work? I was once a guest at an elegant soiree in an Illinois town of 10,000 inhabitants. The house was sumptuous, so was the hostess, so the guests. At supper the charming daughter of the house remarked to me: 'Mr. Taurus, if you don't see what you want, just yell for it!' Then there was that pretty Philadelphia bride who told us how horribly embarrassed she felt in going into church to be married two weeks before.

"'I told Ned I knew I could not do it,' she prattled. 'I knew that when the clergyman came to the word "obey," I should roar right out, and if I didn't roar I should squall!'

"'Did you roar or did you squall?' asked Johannes.

"'Neither,' answered the lovely girl. 'I waited until we returned to the carriage and then I just howled!'"

A GREAT CALAMITY.

If losses approaching in magnitude those consequent upon the great forests fires that have for days been raging in Wisconsin were to fall suddenly, by the freshet or the tornado, upon any community, the sympathy of the whole world would be enlisted. But the slow, daily advance of the flames, now consuming a hamlet, now threatening a town, now cutting off some unfortunate settlers, though not less destructive in its picturesquely appalling than some sudden cataclysm. In fact, this conflagration is one of the most serious of possible disasters. The loss is not necessarily small. The loss of property is at present beyond computation. But hundreds of people will be made homeless, and thousands will find themselves, in the face of approaching winter, without occupation. Perhaps the feature of this destruction which is most irreparable is the consumption of vast quantities of standing timber. When some conflagration licks up millions of dollars of value in a great city the loss is distributed, and the ravages made can soon be repaired. But there is no insurance upon the forests of Wisconsin, and a generation cannot replace the timber that has fallen before the flames. To dealers in lumber this may not be an unmixed misfortune. But, with our diminishing supply, this wholesale destruction is a thing more to be lamented than even the misfortunes of villages, which will soon be rebuilt. It is, however, as useless to repine after the event as it would have been to attempt prevention before. These forest fires are inevitable wherever there is a general and prolonged drouth. Millions of acres of trees or grass become one vast tinder box. By no precaution can the start of fires in this, either by hunters or from the sparks of passing locomotives, be prevented, and then the whole mischief is done. The ready sympathy of the public should express itself in substantial offers of assistance to those left destitute by this great calamity. Their suffering will probably be all the more real because there is nothing particular in their misfortune to fix and hold public attention, or tap the fountain of public sympathy before its quick exhaustion. —*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Excavations at Pompeii.

It seems odd to speak of a dead city as a growing one. But that is exactly the case with Pompeii. There are no cities in Italy that do not grow half as fast as the one buried by the ashes of Vesuvius 1,800 years ago. A person visiting it at intervals of a year notices a marked enlargement of its boundaries. The Italians, you know, are the champion diggers. They make the shovel fly when they attack the grave of Pompeii. We saw a gang of them at work there. A Government overseer watches them like a hawk. He want to be sure that they pocketed no jewelry, coins or objects of art or utility yielded by the excavations. The only produce of their toil in that line as we stood by, was a bit of iron, which the guide called a hinge, and the fragment of a small marble column. The spades busily piled were gradually laying to light a beautiful house. The floors were mosaic, with simple but graceful designs in scroll pattern—nearly as fresh of color as if laid yesterpay. The walls bore frescoes of fainter tints—grinning masks, fawns, cupids, birds, fish and fruit. It had evidently been the home of a well-to-do citizen of Pompeii. The nervous movements of the workmen betrayed their anxiety. They were hoping at every moment to make a valuable "find." Perhaps they might hit upon a great iron chest, studded with round knobs like a boiler, and full of gold, money or ornaments; or they might strike another wonder in marble or bronze; or they might be startled by coming suddenly upon a skull or other human remains. In the latter event the work is suspended till a careful inspection is made The responsible and intelligent person in charge proceeds to ascertain if the dead Pompeiian had left a mold of himself or herself in the plastic ashes. If so, he prepares a mixture of plaster of Paris, breaks a hole in the crust, and slowly pours in the liquid till the mold is full. When it has hardened, the casing is tenderly removed. Lo! there is a rough image, showing some poor creature in the agonies of death, prone on the floor, face downward. Thus, most usually, were the inhabitants of the doomed city caught by the destroying angel. The skull, or leg, or arm, or whatever other part of the skeleton has not relapsed into its original dust, may attach itself to the plaster cast in the proper place, or may be required to be poised on by a pardonable "restoration." In either case, the effect is thrilling in its horrible reality.—*From the New York Journal of Commerce.*

It Didn't Come Off.

San Francisco *Chronicle*: "W'y, how yer do, Nancy?" said old Hester, addressing old Sanderson's daughter.

"Didn't yer git married Sadday night?"

"No; the weddin' dat come off didn't take place."

"What's', didn't it gal?"

"Well, case der warn't but thirteen present."

"All foolishness. You quietener b'lebe in no sich foolish 'sition ez dat. I 'clar ter goodness, yer makes me ersham ed o' yer, puttin' offer weddin, fer bekase der want but thirteen dar. W'y n't yer sen' out an' inguce de fo'teenf pusson ter come?"

"Well, daddy did go out and beg him ter come."

"Well, w'y n't yer go ahead an' let him erlone?"

"Couldn't."

"Why?"

"Case de fo'teenf man was de pusson what had promised ter marry me. I tell yer, Aunt Carlsy, thirteen is bad luck."

A LUCKY ACCIDENT.—Willis A. Parks, a blind violinist, who has been stopping at the New River mines for some time past eking out an existance by playing in saloons, met with the luckiest accident a few days ago that ever befel a man. Parks lost his sight when a boy from an aggravated attack of the measles, and for twenty-three years he has been unable to distinguish day from night. On the 14th of July he strolled from his tent and lost his bearing. In wandering around he fell down the shaft of the Mary Blaine mine, striking the bottom eighteen feet below. The most serious of his injuries was a cut extending across the forehead, the skin being torn loose from the skull until it hung down before his eyes. The skin was placed in position and stitched by a miner by the name of Rourke, and after the injured man was washed he astonished the miners by stating that he could see, and in proof told how many men were around him, and gave the exact color of a dog which sat ten feet from the cot he was lying on. On the 16th Parks was able to be around, although feeling quite sore. His sight was stronger, and he was able to detect fine gold in a piece of rock. This is one of the queerest cases on record, and is vouched for by the best men in camp. *Yreka Union.*

GETTING ADMITTED.—A young man dropped into the office of a Dakota lawyer and said:

"What is a habeas corpus?"

"It's a kind of writ for—"

"That's all I want to know about it. Is a mandamus a writ, too?"

"Yes."

"Use pretty considerable of these writs in the law business, I reckon?"

"Yes; there are a number of different kinds."

"What is the usual rates for making collections in the Territory?"

"We usually take about one-half."

"All right—thanks. You see I made up my mind this morning to become a lawyer, and I wanted to get a point or two. I'm going over to get admitted to the bar now before court adjourns—I'll hang out my shingle in the morning."—*From the Estelline Bell.*

HOW TO DRIVE A NAIL.—Every woman who has ever tried to drive a nail knows how perversely and invariably it will go in crooked. Science has come to the relief of the wronged sex, with a remedy as infallible as it is simple. It is to dip the points of the nails in lard, when they will correctly and directly penetrate the hardest wood under the lightest blows.

Friend (taking leave, after spending the evening)—"Admirable talker your wife is, Brown. I could listen to her a whole night. Brown (with a sigh)—Ah! I often do!"

Shall I vind the clock, fadder?" asked young Jacob Isaacstein, as they were about to close the store. "No," said the gentleman, with a sigh, "pizness vas too pad. Choost let it alone, Jacob, und ve vill save the vear and tear on the veels."

"How much is these raisins vuth?" asked a farmer as he dipped into a box for a sample.

"Five cents," said the grocer.

"Five cents for how many—a pound?"

"No, for those you've got in your hand."

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WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Beaver Canyon,	Abraham Redford, P. E.
Burton,	George Foss, P. E.
Cedar Buttes,	R. L. Bybee.
Eagle Rock,	J. D. Evans, P. E.
Lewisville,	R. F. Jardine.
Lyman,	Sidney Weekes.
Parker,	W. M. Parker.
* *Rexburg,*	T. E. Ricks, Jr.
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Teton,	John Donaldson.
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Cottonwood,	S. A. Wilcox
Fish Haven,	John Stock
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Nounan,	John Kinner, P. E.
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* *Beaver, First Ward,*	C. D. White
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Honeyville,	Abraham Hunsaker
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Logan, Sixth Ward,	L. Reader
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Burton,	George Foss, P. E.
Cedar Buttes,	R. L. Bybee.
Eagle Rock,	J. D. Evans, P. E.
Lewisville,	R. F. Jardine.
Lyman,	Sidney Weekes.
Parker,	W. M. Parker.
* *Rexburg,*	T. E. Ricks, Jr.
Salem,	G. H. B. Harris
Sand Creek,	Cadwalader Owens, P. E.
Teton,	John Donaldson.
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Heber,	G. C. Williams
Meadow,	Peter Isaacson
Navajo,	Ernest Tettjen
Nutrioso,	Benjamin Noble
Omer,	J. T. Eager
Show Low,	Hans Hansen
* *Snowflake,*	John Hunt
St. John,	D. K. Udall
Taylor,	J. H. Standifird
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Pleasanton,	W. C. McLellan

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Muddy,	Casper Christiansen
Orangeville,	Jasper Robertson
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Juab,	Elmer Taylor, P. E.
Levan,	Neils Aagard.
Mona,	J. W. Hawe.
* *Nephi, First Ward,*	W. H. Warner.
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Glendale,	R. J. Cutler.
Johnson,	W. D. Johnson, P. E.
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Lee's Ferry,	W. M. Johnson.
Moccasin,	Alvin Heaton.
Mount Carmel,	H. B. M. Jolly.
Orderville,	H. W. Esplin.
Pahreah,	T. W. Smith.
Ranch,	J. W. Seaman.
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LITTLE COLORADO STAKE,

Apache County, Arizona.

LOT SMITH, President.

John Bushman, T. W. Brookbank, } Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Moan Coppy,	A. L. Farnsworth.
St. Joseph,	J. H. Richards.
* *Sunset,*	P. W. Nelson.
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Wilford,	J. H James.

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WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Alma,	O. M. Stewart.
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* *Mesa,*	E. Pomeroy.
Papago,	C. S. Peterson.
Tempe,	T. E. Jones.

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*