

LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM WEDNESDAY'S DAILY, DECEMBER 29.

Payson, Dec. 27, 1897.

On Christmas eve we had a pleasant reception and supper on the return of some young people, two couples married at the Temple in Salt Lake City, viz. Joseph C. Morgan and Ada Marsh, and Ernest Menlove and Inez Daniels Selman. The order of the evening was singing and extemporaneous speeches, recitations, etc. The last-named is a granddaughter of Thomas E. Daniels, one of the Pioneers of Payson.

Respectfully,
CAMBRIAN.

American Fork World: The American Fork creamery, one of our most important business enterprises, was burned to the ground last night by a fire, the origin of which is unknown. It started shortly after midnight either in the ice house or in a room in the northeast part of the building, and was under great headway before discovered. Nothing was saved except a very small amount of machinery, a large vat of cream and a number of new milk cans going with the other things, the value of property burned amounting to \$3,000. S. B. and Ira Chipman were the proprietors and they will receive a good insurance on the building, but the machinery, etc., is a total loss. They are making arrangements to have the Lake View creamery take charge of the milk until it may again be handled here.

News comes from Tooele county to the effect that the body of H. Trechter, the Jewish peddler, concerning whom so much anxiety was felt in official circles there last summer, has been found on the desert. The discovery was made by Nepht Anderson, a sheepherder whose home is at Vernon.

Only the skeleton, bleached and eaten, remained. It was found near Government Butte, and every evidence was to the effect that coyotes and birds of prey had devoured the flesh from the bones. The skull was lying some distance from the body. The remains were gathered up and conveyed to Vernon, about twenty-five miles eastward, by Alvin Anderson, brother of Nepht, who made the discovery. The former is proprietor of the feed and supply station at Simpson Springs, on the old Dugway and Deep Creek road. The remains were identified by a memorandum book, papers and other personal effects. It is reasonably certain that Trechter lost his way while crossing the desert last August, and that he perished in an effort to find his way. The team which he drove when lost has never been found. His wagon and stock in trade were taken possession of by the sheriff and sold last fall.

Fillmore, Dec. 26th, 1897.

It was not a "Merry Christmas" at the home of Mr. William Stott in the quiet town of Meadow, Millard county, Dec. 25th, 1897. Joseph Stott, his wife and infant son came over from Kanosh, where the gentleman is principal in the district school, to spend the day with his father's family. In one of the rooms of the house lay unconscious of the world and his varied surroundings, Joseph Neild, the aged father of Mrs. Stott and also Mrs. Ben Goddard of Salt Lake City. For two days past he had ceased to recognize the hands that ministered to his slowly ebbing life. A numerous family of children would watch and report to ma, from time to time the condition of grandpa, as she anxiously worked to place the most joyous meal of the year upon the board before her loved ones, and just as the word was about to be given,

"Come to dinner," little Cleone, the sixteen-months-old son of Joseph Stott, who had been threading his way about amongst the table legs and chairs, was discovered at his grandpa's dental cabinet. This he had opened, and discovering a number of bottles, the little fellow selected one, and like many an older person at this season, he drew a cork and took a "nip." The result was almost fatal; the babe had swallowed chloroform, and fright, sorrow and confusion reigned where appetite and peace had waited on a bounteous feast. Little Cleone became the target of loving invention. He was violently kissed, hugged, squeezed, twisted and twirled, plunged into warm water, then sprinkled with cold, but his limp little body made no response to shock or supplication. His father's silent prayer, nor his young mother's convulsive tears were answered with a look of life. This scene continued for nearly four hours before little Cleone, like a resurrected one, came forth to the world in love and life again. Then there was joy in that house, greater than the animal gratification of a well-filled stomach. The soul rested in thankfulness for the kind interposition of Providence that had plucked the untimely reaper's sickle from the bud of hope, and bade him wait but briefly for riper harvests.

In our Sabbath day's journey we dropped in, and saw Joseph Neild laying there upon the bed unconscious, old and worn out, in body and mind, kind friends waiting and watching for the last beat of the piston when will stop the train of his mortal life. We also saw little Cleone, and like many an older and wiser (?) toucher of the bottle on Christmas day, he looked a sorry reflex of a festive time. He jerked, and twitched his limbs, as he nervously rolled his well formed head upon his mother's bosom, and when we caught his eye we detected that would-be-hidden look of shame seen today upon the face of many veterans of the festive "Jag." But we hope little Cleone will live it down, and as the years come round prove worthy of that fond embrace which lapped the robe more closely about her first-born, as he listened to the story of his first venture with the bottle.

"The oldest inhabitant" declares this to be the most severe winter known here before Christmas—14 below zero has been touched. A deep snow has lain upon the ground for weeks. Mr. John Stanley informs us that we have had eight inches of water since the first of September. This beats the record of the last five years.

A. BIRD.

FROM THURSDAY'S DAILY, DECEMBER 30.

Inquiry at St. Mark's hospital today elicited the information that Ernest Carson, the 9-year-old boy from Iona, Idaho, who underwent a delicate and successful operation at the hospital yesterday, was progressing nicely and that complete and permanent recovery is practically assured.

The operation was performed by Dr. Pinkerton, assisted by Doctors Worthington, Ewing, Pfoutz, Critchlow and Isgreen. It consisted of the removal of a safety pin from the esophagus. The pin was accidentally swallowed by the child three years ago. Violent coughing and general wasting and wearing away of strength followed until it was apparent that fatal results would soon follow unless relief was obtained. Acting on this knowledge the patient was brought to this city and taken to St. Mark's hospital, where the operation was performed as stated. The pin was located by means of the Roentgen rays.

Without their use the danger of the operation would have been greatly enhanced, if, in fact, it would not have been impossible.

A large blaze, the lurid flames of which were dangerously close to Z. C. M. I., broke out in a shed at the rear of the People's Forwarding company's place of business shortly before 9 o'clock last night. At first it was thought that the big mercantile establishment itself was the scene of the fire and great crowds filled the street while the fire department worked systematically and effectively at the rear.

The shed in which the fire broke out is used by the Forwarding company as a store room for hay. The blaze was detected by Joseph Bowman, an employee of Z. C. M. I., who turned in the alarm which brought out the fire department. Several streams of water were soon playing on the flames but not until after they had spread to a shed across the alley belonging to Z. C. M. I., where a small amount of hay, a wagon and some other articles, were destroyed. The Forwarding company's loss is estimated at \$1,500, fully covered by insurance.

I have taken the liberty to write you thinking it possible to be able to benefit a family who close on fifty years ago emigrated from Liverpool, England, with the Latter-day Saints to Salt Lake. Do you know anything about them—their names were Mr. and Mrs. Collinson, with their brother-in-law and his wife, and I believe a gentleman named Quigley? In less than one year the brother-in-law returned without his wife, and shortly afterwards went back to America. He never remarried but is, or was when I last heard from him four years ago, thought to be an old bachelor by his neighbors. I can prove his identity, and think if he left any heirs they are best entitled to his property. This is my excuse for writing to you. Any of Mr. Collinson's family, if living, would tell you all about him, except, of course, that he, if living, is rich and they are the proper ones to inherit it.

Yours respectfully,
C. J. DAVIS,

1727 South E Street, Tacoma, Wash.

Pleasant Grove, Dec. 29, 1897.

It has been some time since I have attempted to report any Pleasant Grove happenings; but having attended a "reunion" in the Third ward on the 28th inst., I think your readers will be interested in an account of it.

Meeting convene at 12 m. sharp, that hour being best because the people live on farms in a scattered condition. The meeting was called to order by Brother Artemus Holman, master of ceremonies; hymn by the choir; prayer by the chaplain, Magnus Nielsen. Counselor T. C. Beck then welcomed the people by saying that this reunion is held in honor of our retiring and worthy Bishop, Knud Swenson, and all are welcome irrespective of religious faith. The time was then taken up with five minutes speeches, songs, recitations and instrumental music; also verbal reports of various ward associations, Mrs. Lizzie D. Stewart, representing the Relief Society, Hans Hansen, the Sunday school, Annie Holman, the Young Ladies' association, Maggie Sorrensen, the Primary, and Edward Wadley, the Young Men's association. Bishop Swenson favored the assembly with a short address which was listened to with marked attention.

The Bishop was born April 11, 1827. He came to Utah July 9, 1858, and was appointed Bishop of Pleasant Grove Third ward April 20, 1890.

At 2 o'clock Master Holman announced that the committee on refreshments reported "coffee was ready;" and an adjournment for 45