GOD OMNIPRESENT.

My God is omnipresent, too
Lets not love and trust and rest.
I am the Father's perfect child,
Pure and good and undefiled,
My heaven is my present home,
For now I am Love's mighty power,
This government, and I know it keep, and then
The harmony reflect in me.
We will, affirm, then such, and we
Then know the truth and we are free.
Naught can e'er harm, that is my peace,
With every breath my rape increases.
I am not rich, God is my wealth;
I am not poor, God is my wealth;
I am not grieved, God is my joy;
Abundance, call, without alloy.
Since God is all, contented, hail,
I cannot sin, He is my rest,
No care and no support I seek;
He is my strength, I am not weak.
I am not blind, the holy light
Of heaven I see—God is my sight.
I need not look beyond the skies
For heaven when it moves and lies;
And caught, save what is pure and fair
And beautiful, can enter there.

ANNA C. BROWN.

Quarterly Conference at Bannock.

Editor Deseret News:

The quarterly conference of the Bannock Stake was held in Rexburg, Sunday and Monday, the 17th and 18th inst. Present on the stand: President Seymour B. Young, Stake President Thos. E. Ricks and Counselor James E. Steele, Patriarchs A. F. Hinckley and John R. Poole, and Bishops from most of the wards.

Sunday, 10 a. m.—After the opening exercises President Ricks called the conference to order, invoking the Spirit of the Lord to rest upon the speakers and Saints. He said there had been a good deal of sickness and death among the Saints, particularly in Rexburg. He sympathized with them and counseled them to put away their sorrow, knowing that their children were safe. He wanted all to be humble and live their religion, that we might have power over sickness, sin and death.

Elder Seymour B. Young spoke upon the law of tithing and the practical nature of all our work in the Kingdom of God. He also referred to the subject of fast-offerings and the duty of the Saints to provide for the poor.

Afternoon 2 o'clock.—After the usual exercises the sacrament was administered. The afternoon was mostly occupied in hearing reports from the wards, which were all represented and reported in satisfactory condition.

Elder S. B. Young resumed his forenoon subject upon the law of tithing, showing why it was instituted and the benefits to be derived by a strict observance of the same.

Monday 10 a. m.—Brother S. B. Young gave a brief history of the diseases known as la grippe and the liability of more fatal diseases following. He gave some good recipes for the cure of diphtheria, membranous croup, etc., and particularly counseled the Saints in respect to cleanliness. Pure air and sunshine, he said, are the best disinfectants, and pure and water the best. Brother Young also discoursed upon the loyalty of the Saints to our government from their earliest history and the wisdom of President Brigham Young in the course of industry he taught the people to pursue.

1 p. m. The General and Stake authorities were presented and unanimously sustained. Bishop Thomas and Elder F. S. Bromwell spoke upon the first principles of the Gospel and the gifts and blessings in the Church. Counselor Steele of the Stake presidency counseled the Saints upon the importance of properly training the young, encouraged all to live near to God and asked the Bishops to diffuse among the people the instructions received during conference.

A. S. GILLESPIE, Stake Clerk.

REXBURG, Idaho, May 25, 1891.

GUERRILLA MOSBY.

REMINISCENCES OF A PECULIAR BRANCH OF THE CONFEDERATE SERVICE.

"It's all over now," Col. John S. Mosby said to a party of gentlemen in his room at the Kimball, "and I am glad of it. But I must say that those days in the saddle and the camp were the happiest days of my life."

Then, after a pause of a second, his face brightened up, and he said:

"It was fun, I tell you, to lead a hundred or two bold, reckless riders right into an organized army of 20,000 or 30,000, and with sword and pistol in hand, cut our way out. Of course it was dangerous—extremely so—and no one knew it better than we. But, then, we loved the excitement, and we loved the cause for which we were risking our lives."

"But did these dashes do any good, colonel? Did they accomplish anything?" he was asked.

"They never failed to do good. Even when we got licked, and that did happen once in a while, it did good. Take for instance, Sheridan, when he would start up the valley with 40,000 or 50,000 troops, to join the main army on the east of Blue Ridge. We'd jump into his 'n, or, and, while we could not whip his whole army, we could keep him from leaving the valley, and by that Lee would have that many less men to fight."

"How did you happen to go into the army?"

"I was prompted by the same feeling that actuated every true Southern man. I saw my country at the mercy of the North, and I went into the army to defend her. I joined the First Virginia cavalry, under J. E. B. Stewart, then the colonel."

"But the partisan warfare, I mean?"

"Oh, well, that was at first an experiment. I was in the regular army, as they choose to call it, in '61 and '62. In that winter Stewart was in Winter Quarters in east Virginia. I had always felt that I could be a leader, so I went to Job Stewart and unfolded to him a little plan I had conceived. The cavalier heard me through and lent me fifteen men. At that time Loudon, Fauquier and Frederick counties, Virginia, were swarming by Yankees. The scouting parties went everywhere and any white and helpless women and children were at their mercy."

Suddenly the colonel almost leaped from the chair in which he had been sitting, and began striding rapidly up and down the floor. His face was clouded with an ugly frown.

"I thought, as the Confederate government couldn't protect them, I'd try and I did try."

"With fifteen men?"

"Yes, with fifteen men at first, and they were all borrowed, for I had promised to return them to Gen. Stewart on demand. Well, with that handful I got into that section of Virginia, and in a short time the Yankee scouting parties became more cautious. The work of my men reached the headquarters of the Yankee commands, and in a short time President Davis gave me a commission as a lieutenant, and about the same time President Lincoln began clamoring for the possession of that paper and its owner."

The colonel paused in his waltz. A bright smile had driven the frown away. Pleasant recollections had taken the place of ugly, disagreeable memories.

"Of course I had attained what I wished—the respect and confidence of the Confederacy and the hatred and distrust of the Union. It is no wonder, then, that I soon found my force greatly augmented. Young men who were fond of adventure, and who had daring, came to me to enlist. Kindred spirits in the regular service secured a transfer to my department, and in a short time I had a big company. Then I was given a regular commission as captain, and Colonel Chapman, of your city, here, was made my lieutenant. With the company we dashed through the Yankee lines, captured scouting parties, secured money, horses and clothing, and relieved the helpless people in the lower end of the valley.

"My command continued to grow, and I became a major, then a lieutenant-colonel, and then a colonel. As I went up Chapman came right behind me, and I was now my no other—we had a better, braver or more faithful lieutenant than he. I have had in all five commissions from the government."

"How many times were you wounded, colonel?"

"Six times, and I carry a Yankee bullet in my high neck."

"Were you ever captured?"

"No, but I had two or three mighty narrow escapes. In December, '64, after some hard fighting with Illinois troops, in which we were scattered, I, with Tommy Love, one of my best men, stopped at night at Mr. Lake's near Berkeley mills. Our horses were hitched outside the yard, and a squad of Yankees in passing saw them. They surrounded the house and one of them shot at me through the window. The ball struck me in the side and passed around to my backbone. I knew I was hard hit, but before the Yankees came in my coat was under the bed. I had put my hand on the bloody wound and smeared it over my mouth, giving me the appearance of an internal hemorrhage. The Yankees did not know me, and every member of the household said the same thing. Then a negro was brought in, and he said he didn't know me. They thought I was one of Mosby's men, but they were unable to prove it. I looked like I was done for, and after taking my clothing and boots they left. I knew as soon as they went into my pockets they'd find who I was and would come back for me. So I got the family to put me in an ox-cart, cover me with fodder, and that negro drove me away. Soon after I was gone the Yankees came galloping back. They had found whose clothing they had, and they wanted me. But I was safe up in the mountains."

The colonel hesitated a second and then with a peculiar smile remarked: "And do you know that negro ran away the very next day."

"Where did you surrender, colonel?"

"At Lynchburg. And I think I was about the last man to give in. I do know, however, I was the only confederate officer who was outlawed by the United States Government."

"How was that?"

"When Lee surrendered I was in the lower end of the valley with about 800 men. Gen. Hancock was at Winchester with 40,000. He demanded my surrender, and I declined to comply, asking for a ten days' truce, because I wanted to know what Gen. Johnston was going to do. Hancock telegraphed Secretary Stanton the situation, saying that he would, under a flag of truce, have a conference with me. Stanton thought Hancock intended to come in person, and telegraphed the general not to do so, as I would likely be guilty of some act of treachery. Later I sent Col. Chapman with a flag of truce to meet Hancock's man, who was Gen. Chapman of New York. An armistice of five days was agreed upon, but when it was out he had heard nothing from Johnston. Then Hancock made another demand, and said if I didn't surrender he'd march his army up the valley and devastate it. I couldn't surrender honorably, because I didn't know what Johnston was going to do, so I dismissed my army and started for the James river. Before getting there I learned Johnston had surrendered and went to my father's home near Lynchburg. General Gregg was in charge, and through friends I began negotiating for my surrender. General Gregg telegraphed to Washington, and was told to receive me and give me my parole. This was brought to me, and on the day agreed upon I went into Lynchburg in a buggy and went to my brother's law office. For safety I carried my pistols with me and laid them down on the table in the office. I then sent word to General Gregg that I was in town and ready to surrender.

"In the meantime," the colonel continued, after a pause, "General Gregg was been instructed by Stanton to arrest me and send me on. Gregg was an honorable man. He knew that I had come in on his statement, that I would be paroled, and he sent a man telling me of his subsequent orders. The man said something about arresting me, and I picked up my pistols, saying:

"'I came here to be paroled and not arrested, and I'll kill the man who tries to take me.'

"The man left with a peculiar smile, and I got out of Lynchburg. Gregg did not indeed me then, but twenty-four hours later sent a squad to arrest me. They went to my father's house, but, of course, I wasn't there."

"How was it done?"

"General Gregg got an order from General Grant to parole me. Then I went in and gave up."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

The Derivation of "Calico."

The word "calico" has a queer origin. Many centuries ago the first monarch of the province of Malabar gave to one of his chiefs, as a reward for distinguished services, his sword and all the land within the limits of which a cock crowing at a certain temple could be heard. From this circumstance the town which grew up in the center of this territory was called Calicoda, or the cock of crowing. Afterward it was Calicut, and from this place the first cotton goods were imported into England, bearing the name of calico.

SUNSET.

The hills are clad in dark the sunset sky,
And days with sighs are lost the morning sun,
Yet still the sun shines clear from his home,
The life blood ebbing slowly from his wound.

A mist floats to and hide the distant home
Tinged with the glory of the sun, whose shade
Is time shall hide in night the earth's
And cool away the flame for which he bled.

But glorious on the morry sunset beam,
Behold the crowned of the morn coming!
The sacrificial lamb is gone to rest
Shall in all the first rosiness to wend for
Ever.

—Margaret Thomas in Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY STRATEGY.

"Are you going into the Mason's parade?" I asked.

"Very well. I shall expect to start at sunrise tomorrow."

"Shall I be ready, sergt."

"Can you furnish two good horses?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Then be you may come at the appointed time."

With a few less the Mexican quite startled and smiled from the corner.

I was surprised at the sudden change from home which possessed the distinction of being the only land in Texas which was not invaded by the Yankees. To enlisted, in eastern New Mexico, I was also from the Mexican line.

I had just arrived from Las Vegas and was on my way to Mason's parade, which for forty miles to the northward of this place.

The girls whose services I had engaged were a young Mexican and my young boy of age. He was slender in form, with hair of a jet black and skin of a deep copper color.

My sergt. easily have passed for a full blooded Indian, so dark was his complexion, yet there was an indication of intelligence in the clear sparkling of opened eyes in his deep black eyes.

Though only a youth he had been recommended to me as a thoroughly competent person to guide us our whole in the country.

It was just sunrise the next morning when my youthful guide, Manuel Garcia, and I had crossed the river on a pair of horses, saddled and bridled, ready for our journey.

It was passed with a scouting rifle and two pistols, while I had only my pistols, second, which I always carried with me in my travels.

However, seeing that Manuel had thought it necessary to be well armed, I procured a rifle and the remainder of cartridges before leaving the station.

Then equipped we set out on our journey, taking a course to the northeast, in the direction of the San Francisco range of mountains.

The plains over which we were traveling soon began to give place to a more hilly and broken country, with here and there a narrow canyon. I had noticed in my through images of low hills.

It was in the afternoon. We had traveled twenty-five miles at least, and were winding our way across a strip of hilly plain, when suddenly Manuel reined in his horse and dismounted.

Bending down he examined the ground closely for some time, then he rose a fairly glance about us.

"Los Apaches!" he said, making a gesture to the west with his hands.

"Do you think they are at Apaches in this vicinity?" I asked in alarm.

He nodded his head and pointed to the ground.

I glanced downward and could plainly see the marks of shoeless hoofs in the sandy soil.

"Perhaps we had better turn back," I suggested. "I am not anxious to encounter a band of hostile savages."

But Manuel assured me that such a course of action was not advisable. There might be no danger after all, but if there was it could not be avoided by returning. It was just as possible that we might encounter the Apaches if we were to continue on our course. So, after a few moments spent considering the matter, we resumed our journey.

We rode on close of four miles farther, when, in crossing a little hill, we came suddenly in sight of a band of perhaps twenty Indians advancing from the north and not more than a mile away.

Turning our horses quickly about, and keeping under the brow of the hill, we galloped back out of sight, hoping to avoid an encounter with them.

There was a chance that our presence had not been discovered by the Indians, and it was our duty to keep out of their sight, if possible, because we believed strongly that in the hot trust to the Redmen of our lives to carry in out of danger, as a fight on the open plain with such a number of Apaches would be the extreme of folly.

We had not ridden a mile before it was plainly evident that our pursuers were gaining on us rapidly, and more than ever we knew that we must escape.

The sun was still high in the western horizon, and there was no hope that we could keep up the race till darkness would come to our aid. Our only hope was that we could gain some of some kind we would be forced to stop and take our position for a fight for life. Yet to this one it was not hard to decide the question.

On, on we urged our panting horses, with the yelling savages drawing nearer and nearer to us with every mile.

Suddenly Manuel turned his horse slightly to the left, and pointing across the plain said:

"We must get to the house."

Then for the first time I saw a small building nearly a mile ahead of us, and toward this we urged our horses at their greatest speed.

A few minutes' ride brought us to the house, which proved to be one of those small adobe structures so common in New Mexico and Arizona, erected for the use of the Mexican sheep herders, but long since abandoned.

In a moment we had thrown ourselves from our saddles and stood by the open door.

"Come," and Manuel, "we need are the horses inside."

Quickly we entered the cabin, leading our horses after us. A glance showed us that we were in a room about fourteen feet square, with a single door in the western wall that served as a window. The door, which was on the eastern side, was a sickly affair, roughly constructed of pine slats, and now showing very plainly the signs of decay.

We had barely time to gain the inside and bar the door with the wooden bolt with which it was provided, when the Apaches, with yells of savage rage, dashed up to within sixty yards of the cabin and began circling about it, but not a shot was fired.

After some little time spent in maneuvering they suddenly separated into two squads, one going to the west of the house and the other remaining on the east.

They had now entirely cut off our escape, and seemed to be defying the question what they would do next.

It is hard to understand the measures of a band of Apaches, and we kept on guard night for we knew they might come at any moment.

I stood by the door, rifle in hand, while Manuel, stationed at the door by the window, kept a sharp lookout in that direction.

It was soon evident that they did not mean to attack us immediately, but doubtless had intended to wait until daylight, when they could do so under cover of darkness.

This was Manuel's view of the situation, and he supplied my amusement by telling me we had little chance of being able to hold the place against them.

Suddenly about the noon were a few gray hairs and several points of interest of darkness, and in one moment a plaid cover there were not alone, which had made, but also another as a bed to lose pain.

The first was of my boy, the walls of another book or which, alone, the first was of needs, held in this place by large wooden pins.

Soon after we were surprised by the first sensible danger I began to rack my brain for some plan of escape.

Night came on at last, and then we might expect an attack. It would not require much force to run down the door, and then we would be at the mercy of the Indians. Which was to be done? I looked about the room, but could see no way in which our fortifications could be strengthened.

We must depend on our escape from the place before the attack came, but how was to be effected?

There was only one place for us I could see, and I proposed to Manuel that we should come out from the place and try to elude the enemy in the darkness.

"Impossible!" he said. "If we I barely had my pony before me, but he is only about six hand."

"Yes, sir," he said. "I love you too dearly to do a thing."

"What is it?" I asked eagerly.

"Wait and see," he replied briefly.

Then, saying for me to keep watch upon the Apaches, he left the door in the far end of the room, where the horses were standing. Presently I saw that he was busily engaged at work on something in the corner, but the small light afforded by the small window prevented my seeing what he was doing.

The sun was just throwing its last golden rays across the prairie when Manuel came forward, leading the two horses in front of the window.

Then he came to my side of "coal" he asked, pointing to the opposite.

For a moment I was too surprised to speak. Glancing at the animal I saw what appeared to be a large bag of meal, and the saddles, pressed and set to the panels by ropes and straps, but a second glance told me that these figures were only done in paint. Manuel explained:

"What does this mean, Manuel?" I questioned, wondering if the guide had taken leave of his senses.

"Will you Apaches Kite Gone for sure?" he asked, pointing to the figures and not answering to notice my question.

"Why, do you mean?" I stammered short, for a light had suddenly flashed upon me. "You mean to turn the horses loose upon the plain so as to deceive the Apaches into thinking that it is we who are their old enemy?" I asked.

"You are right, senor."

I held out my hand.

"I am a fool, Manuel. You are wiser than I in these matters, and I believe your plan will work."

"It is our only chance," he said in a calm tone, "and it it fails we are lost."

Having completed every arrangement for carrying out Manuel's plan, we took our supplies to turn the performance of the savages till night should give us an opportunity for action.

It was not our purpose to wait until darkness had fallen, but we had to carry our plan into action just at dusk, when the light would be sufficient to allow the Indians that the horses had taken, but not enough to reveal the ruse.

As the twilight settled over the plain I noted one that the Indians drew closer together, as if holding a final council.

"It's time now, senor," said Manuel in a low tone.

Keeping in the shadow of the house we fell the two horses to the window, then turning their heads to the north we slapped them several sharp blows. They reared violently and plunged away in the darkness.

At the same moment we then ourselves in at the door and lay full upon the ground.

We had not lingered in the room of rifle, pistols and ammunition, but had carry one of the blankets with us. Then into a corner to the east and west, with a quantity of loose pieces from a store of savage thieves. The Apaches had discovered the place of our horses and had gone immediately in pursuit.

Through the open door I could see a line of dark forms sweeping across the plain in the eastern horizon, and knew that our ruse was having its desired effect.

"Come," said Manuel, "we must not lose a moment. We have to be in the saddle as soon as possible after they discover the ruse and return to search for us."