

talion, to be their captain to pilot them over the Sierras and across the desert eastward to the now city of the Great Salt Lake, with oxen and mules drawing the necessary wagons. A route by Truckee being considered impracticable for wagons, a route by Carson valley was chosen. No wagons had ever crossed these mountains going eastward. Those which had crossed towards the west had, in coming down the western slope, lowered their wagons down immense steepes with ropes securely fastened to large trees—down mountain sides utterly impracticable for teams to travel or wagons to pass in an opposite direction; hence it became necessary to send men forward to find a way for wagons and teams to travel; and it was while on this service that Allen, Browett and Cox were assassinated by Indians. Ten men were afterwards detailed to this service and after much labor and time a route was found, and the first east-bound wagon train crossed that lofty range of mountains.

"The journey across the mountains and deserts to Salt Lake City occupied sixty-five days, without further loss of life or serious accident. Salt Lake City had then been surveyed and occupied by about 5,000 Saints, most of whom had recently arrived, all being under the leadership of President Brigham Young and his able assistants of the Twelve Apostles.

"Thus a junction was formed of one portion of the Mormon battalion and a number of the ship Brooklyn Saints, with the body of the Church, during the forepart of December, 1848.

"This is my recollection of the events in which I participated during that eventful period, and I regard my memory as being quite clear as to what is herein related.

"ELIJAH THOMAS.

"Leeds. March 10th, 1898."

Preston, March 17, 1898.

#### FROM NORTHERN CACHE VALLEY.

Principal J. E. Hickman and his co-laborers of the Onida Stake Academy are now earnestly engaged in adding to our academy library. The various wards of the Stake have been divided into districts, and each teacher appointed to visit and thoroughly canvass one or more of these districts. The work has scarcely begun, and yet nearly one hundred valuable volumes have been contributed.

The Preston dramatic company is going to star the Stake in the interest of the library. The first play, *The Streets of New York*, is to be placed on the boards at Preston next Saturday night.

Elder Geo. C. Parkinson has generously proffered to fill up, at his own expense, one of the rooms of the academy with all the necessary tables, shelves, slopes, etc., for the accommodation of the library, on condition that the teachers will secure from the people at least three hundred suitable volumes. He will be under the necessity of soon looking up his carpenters.

The second term of the academy closed last Friday under very favorable circumstances. The work accomplished during the present school year is very gratifying. Thorough preparation has been the watchword. The amount of literary work done is phenomenal. Never during the history of the academy has greater progress been made. The present outlook for the academy is very encouraging. Lack of means to meet the necessary expenses seems to be the only block in the wheel of its progress. Six of Preston's young men (two students of the academy) start for Oregon and the Northwestern mission on the 24th inst. Truly the work of the Lord is progressing.

Preston is to have a building boom the coming summer. A \$10,000 opera

house and a number of substantial business blocks are among the contemplated structures. Business houses are in great demand.

We are informed that a Mr. Sweet is negotiating with the farmers and business men of Preston for a first class roller flouring mill, with all the modern appliances. The structure completed will cost \$18,500. Mr. Sweet gives bonds to complete the mill within a stated time. The parties taking stock in the enterprise bind themselves by promissory notes to pay Mr. Sweet in cash or negotiable notes after the mill is completed. The notes bear interest till paid.

Agents representing the Ogden Sugar factory have been in the northern part of Cache county during the past week contracting with the farmers for beets to be delivered next fall. We are advised that they will be here in the immediate future on the same errand, provided suitable freight rates can be secured from the railroad company. Assays made last fall on beets from various parts of the valley show a higher per cent of saccharine matter than is contained in the beets raised in Utah county.

One of our teachers, Miss Carrie C. Parkinson (Mrs. Goasling) is now on a furlough (wedding tour) to California, visiting many of the public schools of that state. Her visit, without doubt, will be profitable to the academy.

Tonight (Friday) a grand ball will be given in the large assembly room of the academy for the benefit of the departing missionaries.

JOHN E. DALLEY.

#### A LIVELY CENTENARIAN.

The Dundee Weekly News of Feb. 12, 1898, presents the picture of a man who celebrated his one-hundredth birthday recently by dancing a rollicking Irish breakdown to the accompaniment of lively music. The centenarian's partner in the dance was his youngest sister, who has just completed her ninetieth year. These remarkable dancers were Nicholas M'Quillan and Mrs. Jane Thompson of Southold, Long Island. In spite of their extreme age these two people have retained all their faculties, and both lead very active lives. The centenarian's birthday was naturally a great event, and was attended by his family and friends from all parts of Long Island. The old man's immediate family numbers ten children, forty grandchildren, and four great-grandchildren. Among them all no one was more lively or animated than the venerable head of the family. The party did not break up until dawn, but through it all the old man did not show the least fatigue. When the couples formed for the dance Mr. M'Quillan led his sister to the middle of the room and urged the orchestra to "shake it up lively." As a little memento the guests during the evening made up a purse of \$20 in gold, which was presented to the old gentleman. Mr. M'Quillan's long life is remarkable in many ways. He has been a hard worker, and has scarcely lost a day through sickness of any kind. He was born in Drogheda, County Meath, on New Year's morning, 1798. If his life be spared for less than two years more he will have the curious experience of having witnessed three centuries—the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth. Mr. Quillan emigrated from Ireland in his sixtieth year. He has always remained a citizen of Ireland. Until he went to America he followed his trade of a weaver. It is due to the years spent bending over the loom that his figure has become round-shouldered. Mr. M'Quillan attributes his strength and activity to the fact that he has always lived a very simple, wholesome life. He has drunk beer and liquor moderately for the greater part of a century.

He has not smoked, he is very fond of saying, for exactly eighty-six years, when he smoked his first and last cigar. To the abstinence from tobacco, he says, he owes at least twenty years of his long life. Not only are the old man's limbs strong and vigorous, but his nerves and his eyesight are still as good as with most men at fifty. His hand is so steady that he shaves himself once a week without even inflicting a cut. He is very fond of sitting up until a very late hour reading or playing cards. His favorite game is old "forty-five." Mr. M'Quillan says he will never be content to sit idle all day without accomplishing something. He spends most of his time, even now, in cutting rags and sewing them together in long strings, to be woven into rug carpet. He handles the scissors and needle with the skill of an old weaver. His memory is so clear that he has no trouble in recalling events that happened more than eighty years ago.

#### PRONOUNCING NEW ORLEANS.

[Chicago Record.]

"By the way," said the lady, who had been trying for three days to say "St. Charles" without the use of the letter "r" and without looking guilty, "what is the name of this city?" The others of us looked at her in amazement, but she returned our gaze with cold hauteur. "Oh, yes," she said, with dignity, "I know how to spell the name, but what is that name after you have spelled it?" "Why," the stranger from Michigan answered with conviction and cordiality, "it's easy enough. It's New Orleans. It was discovered by a man named Beaulieu—a man from Boston, I suppose—with a weak and foolish attempt at humor. "Beaulieu! Hal ha!" cried the Pocatello visitor. "Why, I'm not much on accent myself, but I am nevertheless in a position to inform you that that French gentleman's name was Beaulieu, with the h on the calf part of it. And from your pronunciation of the name of the city—say, we've only been acquainted for a few days, and I hope you won't get hot, but honestly, you have got that laid out so far wrong that it is a matter for lamentation. The real way to say it is New Orleans." The Pocatello man looked at the lady and at the wife of the stranger from Michigan as though expecting salvos of applause. He did not get them. Instead, the lady turned her head away wearily and said: "I suppose so. Perhaps that is it. But why do some of these people who live here and have their being here call it New Orleans, with one quick explosion of sound, while others speak of it as New Luns or New Awluns?" "I suppose," said the stranger's wife, "that the name was changed with the change of government. You know that in the early history of the city it turned over from one allegiance to another with wonderful facility." "Yes," the stranger chimed in, "when Beaulieu came along and discovered the levee he established it as a French town. After that it was sold to the Spanish—sold like a dog or a cord of wood or a yard full of poultry. Then something happened—the Spaniards failed to keep up their interest coupons or something and the sheriff took the town up to the front door of the court house and sold it again, the French buying it back to save their investment, I dare say. They held on to it for a while, and by and by Napoleon or somebody else, finding that France was getting land poor, decided to offer it up as a bargain, and the American government bought it along with several thousand million of acres of suburbs. In those days, the city limits extended from the Gulf to the Canadian line and clear back as far as Pueblo and Denver. The outskirts of the city