

## MANTI EXCITED.

The *Manti Sentinel* publishes the following, which is authenticated by a well known resident of the capital of Sanpete, who arrived in this city today:

Mr. Foster R. Kenner of this place has owned for eighteen years a small dog, and had become very much attached to it on account of its faithfulness. Mr. Kenner has been heard to say on many occasions, that when the little fellow died he should have a decent burial; at least something better than dogs usually get in that way.

Last week Mr. K. bought a load of hay, and when the teamster stopped his team to open a gate leading into Mr. K.'s premises, the little dog went under the wagon, and being occupied with his observations, did not notice the starting of the team, and the unfeeling wagon ran over and killed him outright. Mr. K. was very much mortified and grieved over the sad accident and immediately set to work to carry out his charitable designs in regard to the dog's burial.

And now comes in the exciting part of the tragedy. Mr. K. procured a suitable box, and placing his little favorite therein, he got his buggy, and taking a pick and shovel with the box, he drove to the foot hills east of town, intending to bury his little companion under some spreading cedar tree. When he had driven as far as he could he left his horse and buggy and taking his pick and shovel, went in search of a proper place for the interment of the dog. He saw a short distance up the mountain a large cedar tree; this, he thought, would answer his purpose, and on approaching it, he discovered a flat place of ground under the boughs of the tree which answered his purpose exactly. He at once commenced to dig, and after sinking the grave about eighteen inches his pick struck what he thought was a rock, but on clearing the dirt from around the obstruction, he discovered, much to his surprise, what proved to be, on close examination, a copper camp kettle, which he carefully removed from its bed, and on taking off the covering, which appeared to be a pile of blankets, he saw, to use his own expression, something that caused his heart to jump into his throat. There was the kettle almost full of Mexican doubloons. He had unearthed a fortune. He was too faint to count his money just then, but after resting a short time he began the labor of reckoning. At the conclusion he found that he had one thousand two hundred doubloons; and estimating a doubloon to be worth seventeen dollars, he calculated that he was worth in gold \$20,400.

He says his little dog has been faithful to him even in death and he intends to erect over his little grave a fine marble monument with this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of Fido,  
The most faithful of his kind.

## AN ENJOYABLE TRIP.

A brief reference to some of the places of interest visited between this city and Salt Lake is all that is necessary in this letter, as most of them have often been referred to in your columns. After leaving Utah Valley via the R. G. W. Ry, we passed through Spanish Fork Canyon, and reached Soldier Summit, the highest railroad point on the Wasatch range, having an elevation of 7,465 feet. Rushing along, we went through Castle Gate, with its massive portals of rock towering like giants, hundreds of feet high. Utoians who have traveled through the Narrows in Clear Creek Canyon, between Sevier and Beaver counties, can form a good idea of the scene, as river and railroad crowd each other for passage along the narrow space. The "little giant" well deserves the name of "The scenic route." We gazed with rapture at the numerous attractions until we began to reach Marshall Pass, where we were well nigh bewildered with the curves and loops of the iron road as it winds its way to the summit. Looking up the mountain side we see line above line, like terraces, displaying evidences of engineering skill and filling the traveler with wonder as to how such a feat was conceived and accomplished.

Marshall Pass is 10,852 feet above sea level. From this point to Denver we continue to pass objects of interest too numerous to dwell upon. Our stay in Denver was quite enjoyable, and we employed the time in visiting the public buildings, schools, smelters, etc. At Denver we took the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway en route to New Mexico. Canyons and mountain ranges have now passed from view, and we see before us extensive grassy plains, with thousands of cattle grazing in the distance.

After a good night's rest we reached La Junta, and your correspondent realized at once the difference of travel from that of Utah.

A small valise of mine containing numerous papers, books, etc., had disappeared during the night, and in conversation with one of the officials on the train I learned that such losses were frequent. The following day I noticed that some of the passengers took the precaution to chain and lock their valises to the seats. A companion remarked that he had traveled in Utah many years and his property was always safe, though often left lying carelessly around. At Rincón we took the train for Deming, and now await the arrival of the Southern Pacific train to journey westward.

We boarded the 9 p. m. train about a week ago for Arizona, and after being "punched" by the conductor, turned into bed and slept soundly till morning. During the night we had been transported from New Mexico to Arizona, and we noted the change at once. The cactus and mesquite relieved the monotonous appearance of the arid desert, and, together with the warm, balmy air, indicated that we were nearing a tropical climate. At Maricopa sta-

tion we alighted for breakfast and waited for the Phoenix train going north. After traveling a few miles a delightful change occurred. The desert with its cactus disappeared and gave place to green fields and meadows, studded here and there with dwellings. Hundreds of stock were grazing on alfalfa or lucerne in the extensive fields, and beautiful orchards appeared in the distance.

Phoenix, the county seat of this county, being reached, we were agreeably surprised at the growth of that city. Business activity and enterprise are manifest on every hand. The commodious public buildings would do honor to any city, and the wide streets, fine shade trees and gardens reminded us forcibly of our beloved city in the valley of Salt Lake. We were greeted on the streets by old residents of Utah, some of whom take a very active share in the county government.

Just now the disfranchisement of the Latter-day Saints is being agitated by Governor Wolfley and a small body of politicians. The "Mormons" in this country have proved themselves an energetic, industrious and law-abiding people, and by their upright and consistent conduct have made many friends. In conversation with several prominent republicans and democrats I learned that members of both parties are strongly opposed to the Governor's measure.

Seven miles east of Phoenix lies Tempe, a very promising town situated near to Salt River. There we visited the Territorial Normal School and received a cordial welcome from the principal, Professor R. G. Long. The Normal School is prettily located on grounds covering twenty acres, and is held in a very neat and commodious building. About eight miles from Tempe is Mesa City, where many Utah people are to be found. About fifty families are living there, and it was quite a pleasure to drive through the long avenues of trees which line many of the thoroughfares. We noticed extensive vineyards covering from five to fifty acres and many fine orchards with fruit trees in bloom. The Salt River valley will in the near future team with a prosperous people. After traveling thousands of miles through various territories, I must confess that no finer inducements can be offered to industrious, energetic men than those presented in Salt River valley, the population of which is nearly 20,000. There are 311 miles of canals, capable of irrigating 266,000 acres. During the last few years over 10,000 acres have been planted with fruit trees, the soil being well adapted to raising all kinds of fruit. If any of your readers are seeking homes I would suggest that they write to President C. J. Robson or President C. R. Hicks, of Mesa City, who will be pleased to send information.

PHOENIX.  
MARICOPA COUNTY, ARIZONA,  
March 28, 1890.

CONTROCOCK, N. H., March 29.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt here last night and in several of the surrounding towns.