

those who have a little money are glad to get cheap sloop garments. Those who are so blessed as to have mothers, wives, daughters or sisters at such a time are glad to depend upon their homespun weaving, and such clothing as they can make answers its purpose, whether the fit is good or bad. Getting a home together and cultivating the land are first considerations of all in such circumstances. But now times are changed, and it is nearly forty-five years since the first Pioneers entered this valley. Their troubles and sufferings were manifold, but they were constant, even unto death. They surmounted all obstacles; their efforts were mighty and produced grand results. But this can no longer be called a new location, and now is the time to get things in order. Salt Lake City is a thriving place, and many other places in Utah are rapidly following in its footsteps. Trades have been established, and mineral wealth is abundant. Here are signs of improvement every year, and colossal buildings are springing up on every hand. Things have settled fairly in their places, and all that have their eyes open know what it is best to do not only for the good of themselves, but others. The time will come when Utah will contain within itself nearly all things necessary for its inhabitants.

The founders of Salt Lake City and cities, towns and settlements of Utah, made it one of their fundamental principles to "prove all things and hold on to that which is good." They and their followers hold the same principles today, and as they are such a power in the land and their influence so widely spread, let us hope they will lend, even a portion of their energy to the suppression of the evil complained of, in order that, as far as possible, each city may support its own people, and in the case of the journeymen tailors, when the remedy is in your own hands, no longer have them to say as in the first words of this paper: "romantic scenery, but no work."

ROMEO.

NEW FROM KANOSH.

[Correspondence of the DESERET NEWS.]—In Kanosh we have been, since Christmas, passing through one of the most pleasant, festive seasons ever known here. Owing to the blessings of the Lord, showered upon the people during the eventful year of 1891, all have been well provided with that which cheers the heart and hearth. Not a home, but is provided with the comforts, and even some of the luxuries of life. No one complains unless it is the Justice of the Peace, as he has not even had one case of inebriety.

On Christmas day there was a wedding—Kanosh is noted for its beautiful girls—Mr. Rufus Snell of American Fork, won the heart and hand of one of them in the person of Miss Libby Robinson, who now leaves us to adorn with her graceful, winsome, presence, the more northern city of her future home.

Social and surprise parties have been in constant succession for the past two weeks, and it has been a source of reflection to see the tables growing under luxurious viands, and causes us to revert to twenty-five years ago, when

our sociables largely consisted of hymns, bread and molasses, finishing, as a variation, with molasses and bread. I am told that inside of twenty days we have eaten a wagon load of candy. Beforetime our wife called us Sam, but now she calls us dear; then our children went barefoot, now they wear articles and ten cent jewelry. Now our daughters make us presents, and we only find out the cost when the storekeeper hands us the bill.

On the 3rd inst. Brother D. S. Dorrity left on a mission to the Southern States. Our good wishes and a swelled wallet, the proceeds of two entertainments, went with him. Our school houses are filled to overflowing, and the citizens have strengthened the hands of the trustees by voting unanimously the amount asked for, to build additional rooms to the brick school house.

One of the great attractions of the holidays has consisted of horse racing, and some enthusiasts in that sport might learn profitable lessons from our boys, as from observation here and elsewhere, I am led to think that the amount of fun does not depend upon the amount of the stakes, nor the speed of the horses. Our boys catch up a few cayuses, put them in a dark stable, if they can find one, put a demises blanket on their back, feed them about nine oats a day for a week, and call them race horses. Then the rider must have a pair of red drawers on (a man's drawers will do for a small boy) white socks, all wool, head bare, his shirts tied with colored ribbon, and a club in the right hand. The owner of the cayuse is expected to do considerable shouting, while the boy wears a winning Isaac Murphy smile. When the blanket is drawn off, you observe that the horse's long hair is most of it pointing toward the winning post. Excitement now becomes intense, betting in jack knives, dance tickets and adobies. In this instance about six inches of mud had been scraped out of the tracks, which is a great help in keeping the animals in the furro, and now they are off at last. In the excitement you forget that you are gradually settling into six inches of mud, and the sight is grand to see the little animals nearing the three hundred yards outcome, their tails shaking like that of Mary's little lamb. We had several days of this cheap fun. It draws well, as we saw most of the elite of Meadow at the races.

One of our citizens is noted for the amount of cider he makes, mostly for home consumption. Some of the fun seekers dumped two of the barrels into a wagon and hauled them off. The cider man got on the trail next morning. When the boys from different directions rode into the sand hills with shovels, intending to bury the barrels, they discovered their owner leaning against one of them and blinking at his Winchester lying upon the other. This caused them to wheel and put off the funeral.

Considerable prospecting is still going on in our mountains. Major McKinley and that Denver syndicate has not yet visited the much-talked-of Millard County tin mines, and at present very little ore is being shipped, owing to the absence of "tin."

With best wishes for the old reliable people's friend, the NEWS, I am,
A, BIRD.

OBITUARY.

KLEINMAN.—At Toquerville, Washington county, Utah, August 12th, 1891, Elizabeth Maholm Kleinman; aged 73 years, 6 months and 24 days. Sister Kleinman was born in Lancaster county, Penn., January 19th, 1818, was married to Conrad Kleinman on April 3rd, 1839, and emigrated to Nauvoo in the same fall, 1844, and emigrated to N. Uvoo in the same fall. She continued with the Church in its wanderings, and drove an ox team across the plains, arriving at Salt Lake City in the fall of 1847, a short time after her husband, who was one of the pioneers. She accepted the fulness of the Gospel, administered to the sick, lived and died firm in the faith, rejoicing in the hope of exaltation beyond the grave.

HATCH.—Died at Woodruff, Apache County, Arizona, December 27th, 1891, at 11.30 p. m. Alice Hanson Hatch, wife of President L. H. Hatch. Sister Hatch was born at Bradford, England, December 10th, 1837, and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in the year 1851 by Elder Milton Atwood. She with her aged mother, one brother and two sisters, crossed the plains in a handcart company in 1859. Sister Hatch leaves a husband, eight children and seven grandchildren and many other relatives and friends to mourn her loss. Her children consisted of six sons and two daughters. In the fall of 1877 she left her home in Franklin, Idaho, for Arizona, arrived here in February, 1878, and may be numbered among the pioneers in this section of the country. Sister Hatch was remarkable for her retiring disposition and modesty of character. She was a most devoted wife and affectionate mother. Her last illness was of four days' duration, when she fell peacefully to sleep in full assurance of a glorious resurrection.

DEATHS.

PRATT.—In the Twentieth ward, January 15, 1892, Carl Mendenhall, son of Parley P. Pratt, Jr., and Eveline Cook Pratt aged five months and seven days.

WESTWOOD.—In this city, January 16th, Thomas, son of Charles and Margaret Taylor Westwood. Deceased was born January 5th, 1822, at Edgeworth, Lancashire, England; baptized by Henry Whitaker, in 1833, and emigrated to Utah in 1863.

SMITHSON.—At Woodruff, Arizona, January 4th, 1892, at 12 noon, Elizabeth L. Smithson, wife of James D. Smithson, and daughter of Dennis and Diana Jolly Dorrity, born Nov. 2d, 1846, at Bonaparte, Iowa. Deceased leaves a husband and eleven children, and many other relatives and friends, to mourn her loss. Three of her children are married. She was a devoted wife and loving mother, and a true Latter-day Saint. She was remarkable for her hospitality and was always ready to render any aid in her power to the afflicted and needy.—[COM.]

ROBERTSON.—At Orangeville, Emery county, Utah, January 5th, 1892, of general debility, Jane, relict of Nicholas Robertson, born August 7th, 1807. Deceased joined the Church with her husband at an early day in its history. She was in the persecutions and mobbings in Missouri and at the exodus of the Saints from that State. Returned to Illinois and there shared in the privations and sufferings of the Saints. She was the mother of seven sons and had the satisfaction of seeing them all emigrate to Utah in the year 1862, with the exception of one, who enlisted to defend his country in the late war and died in the service. She was a good wife, a kind mother and a true Latter-day Saint. She passed from this life at the residence of her son, Bishop Jasper Robertson, of Orangeville, at the ripe age of eighty-two years, six months.

ROYLANCE.—At Springville, Utah county, January 3rd, 1892, of general debility, Mary Ann Oaks Roylance, widow of the late John Roylance; born June 2nd, 1810, in the county of Cheshire, England. Deceased was baptized in the parish of F. oven, Cheshire, in 1840, emigrated to Nauvoo, Illinois, in the spring of 1841, and was there during the persecutions and drivings of the Saints from that city. She resided at Winter Quarters and Council Bluffs, enduring many hardships in the absence of her husband during the time he was with the Mormon Battalion. In 1850 she arrived with her husband and six children in Springville, where she resided until her death; she was very earnest and true to her God and her religion and died as she had lived a faithful Latter-day Saint, leaving four sons, four daughters, seventy-one grandchildren and forty great grandchildren to mourn her loss. She was respected by all who knew her.
Millennial Star, please copy.