

Arthur E. Graham of Salt Lake.
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Lance M. Earl of Salt Lake.
For Attorney:
Benner X. Smith of Salt Lake.
For Treasurer:
Sam C. Park of Salt Lake.
For Auditor:
I. M. Fisher of Salt Lake.
For Assessor:
William Groesbeck of Salt Lake.
For Surveyor:
F. M. Lyman Jr. of Salt Lake.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, SEPTEMBER 26.

Another of the heroes of Santiago—General Kent—is with us. When the 12 o'clock west-bound train on the Rio Grande Western railroad pulled into the city two and three-quarters hours late there was quite a crowd awaiting to welcome the returning hero. Besides citizens, almost all of the officers at Fort Douglas were on the depot steps. Among the ladies of the fort was the general's daughter.

Anyone not acquainted with the general would hardly have expected that the quiet little man in citizens' clothes was the man that so gallantly led the battle on that terrible day when Spain was routed before Santiago.

As soon as the train came to stop the general appeared and was quickly surrounded by a crowd of friends and admirers. He met them all with a quiet smile and a warm hand grasp, remarking to each inquiry that he felt well, but that he was glad to get home to rest for a while. The general's party was quickly conveyed to carriages in waiting from the fort and they were driven home. With the general was Mrs. Kent and their daughter, who went East to meet him.

Though sun-burnt and wearied, there was not much change to be seen in him since he left for the front.

Beck's Hot Springs was the scene of a disastrous fire early Sunday morning, the work, it is thought, of incendiaries. The blaze started about 4 o'clock and in something like half an hour had eaten its way into and through the hotel, swimming pool, laundry and boiler house, leaving a pile of charred debris in its path and totally destroying the buildings through which it traveled.

At the time the fire broke out several persons were asleep in the buildings, but fortunately they learned of it in time to escape, and therefore there was no loss on this score. A part of the Salt Lake fire department went out and played on the flames for a while, with the result that the old bath house was left, a saving largely due to the fact that the air was calm and no breeze blowing. There now remains but a brick wall or two to mark the place where many have found thorough enjoyment while undergoing a season of recuperation at the baths.

The resort was under the management of Al Gilroy, who operated it under a lease from the mortgagees, Zion's Savings bank and Simon Bamberger. The loss is estimated at \$18,000, with the insurance amounting to \$15,000. The hotel and other buildings will undoubtedly be rebuilt.

FROM TUESDAY'S DAILY, SEPTEMBER 27.

Among the boys who came in yesterday on the train that brought General Kent were Corporals Gibson and Jackson of company G, and Privates John F. Crager, company B, and G. Morton of company F. The boys left Camp Wickoff over a week ago and were taken sick on the road. The ladies of the Red Cross society of Chicago took care of them until able to resume the journey. They are filled with heart-

felt gratitude to the society for the kindness and care which they received.

Glenwood, Sevier Co., Utah,
Sept. 26, 1898.

On account of articles that have appeared in the papers, it is necessary to write a few lines to correct the errors, in relation to the death of Edwin J. Cowley, who had his arm mangled in the threshing machine at Willow creek, Sanpete county.

Edwin J. was a son of Chas. C. Cowley, formerly of Logan, Cache county, not a son of W. W. Cowley, or Wm. M. Cowley.

Edwin J. Cowley was born on March 10, 1872, in Logan, Cache county, Utah, and has lived with his parents, Chas. C. and Eleanor Cowley, till his marriage with Lydia Jackson of Glenwood on April 20, 1898, at the Manti Temple. By his untimely death, he leaves a wife, father, mother, six brothers and one sister, besides a number of relatives.

Edwin J. was an exemplary young man, respected by all who knew him; always foremost in doing good and attending to his Church duties.

The deceased came to his death, no doubt, by the nervous shock and loss of blood occasioned by the mangling and amputation of his arm by the machine. Every attention was given by his friends and the neighbors did all in their power to relieve his suffering, till Dr. West of Salina, and a doctor from Gunnison to assist the former, arrived, some six hours after the accident. He departed this life about 18 hours after the operation was performed.

A very large attendance followed his remains to the grave.

WM. M. COWLEY.

A PIONEER'S STORY.

A dispatch to an evening paper yesterday from Fort Worth, stating that the old Arizona herd of camels had been seen again lately, put Hugh McQuaid into a reminiscent mood. Colonel McQuaid is one of the oldest of old timers of Montana, having come across the Plains in 1864. He remembers distinctly when the original caravan of camels came from Salt Lake to Blackfoot City. This is the story as he tells it:

"I think it was in 1866 that the camels were brought to Montana. They were in charge of an irascible Frenchman, who brought in a large quantity of miners' supplies from the south. Rocky roads ruined their feet, and when they reached the end of the journey it was necessary for the owner to give them a long period of rest in order that their bruised hoofs might heal. They were herded in the neighborhood of Blackfoot City, then a lively mining camp, and it was here that one of them met an untimely end through the mistaken enthusiasm of a tenderfoot sportsman.

"Tom McNear was a late arrival from Iowa, and as fresh meat was somewhat scarce, he started out in search of game, for he was a good shot in spite of lack of western experience. He had heard great stories of moose in the woods, and his hopes were high that he might bring down one of these rather rare animals. It should be explained also that McNear had never seen a moose, neither had he ever formed the acquaintance of any member of the camel family. He had not proceeded far when he saw through the trees and undergrowth the head of one of the camels. The beast was lying down, and only its head was visible to the hunter. 'It's a moose,' thought he, and slipping carefully through the woods until he could get a good shot,

he let the game have it between the eyes. His aim was good and the camel fell dead.

"The Frenchman who owned the herd had been dozing under the trees and his lamentations over the loss of his camel were loud and emphatic. McNear thought he had run across a crazy man and as the other camels came in view, he yelled at the frantic Frenchman: 'Keep still, you d—d fool, and I'll get the rest of the herd.' Not until the Frenchman had cooled sufficiently to explain the nature of the case in broken English to the astonished hunter, did McNear get the idea into his head that he had made a blunder. The Frenchman claimed \$600 for the dead camel, but finally compromised for \$300, which was raised by popular subscription. McNear did not hear the last of his moose hunt for many a day and it cost him many another dollar for drinks to quiet the joshers. The Frenchman lost no time in taking his humped pack animals out of the country.

"The camels were used successfully in Nevada as pack animals where the country was sandy, but the great objection to them was that they frightened horses and a horse could not be urged past a camel if they met on a narrow trail.

"The United States government introduced the first camels on western trails. It was in the late '60s that an agent was sent to the Amoor river and purchased a number of these animals for service in transporting supplies over the desert between Fort Yuma and Fort Fillmore and other posts in Arizona and New Mexico. Native drivers came with them. The venture was not successful and they were turned out on the Colorado desert, where they multiplied rapidly in a wild state.

"Finally the Frenchman, of whom I spoke, secured 15 of them and loading them with cargoes of from 700 to 1,000 pounds started for Virginia City, Nev., going by way of Death valley. As almost the entire route lay through sand and alkali deserts, the trip was made in good time and without loss. They were later used to pack salt from the salt marshes to Virginia City, making the trip of 50 miles in a day. The brine soon made their backs sore and they had to lay off for a long time to recuperate. Later they were put on the Reese river route and became profitable ships for the desert. The mining panic of '64 caused the animals to quit the trail and they were turned out to grow fat on sage brush until the Montana trip was undertaken two years later.

"Camels, like goats, will live on the roughest of food and sage brush was their favorite diet in Nevada. They can easily make 30 to 50 miles per day and in a country where climate and other conditions are favorable they may be used profitably. They are docile when kindly treated, but when abused they will strike back. I remember seeing a driver prodding a camel with an iron gad at Austin, Nevada. The beast seized him by the arm and gave him just such a shaking as a dog would give a rat."—Spokane Spokesman Review.

Damage amounting to about \$30,000 was caused by fire late Monday night to the Hotel Vendome in San Jose, Cal., which is one of the finest hotels on the coast, costing \$300,000. The fire started in an electric fuse in the rear portion of one of the second floor galleries. It is reported that a chimney fell, burying several firemen, but at an early hour this (Tuesday) morning, this had not been verified.