

to my dull understanding than to his lack of making it clear. Well, we finally reached the ramsack "pier" with no accidents, despite the fatal thirteen.

RUTH E.

### MARICOPA STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the Maricopa Stake of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, convened at Mesa, Arizona, Sept. 17th and 18th.

Both days were characterized by a large attendance, and all were highly pleased, edified and built up by the rich spiritual feast received.

Among the speakers were Elders Warner Allen, a recently returned missionary from South Carolina, and Boren Sorenson, from Denmark; both performed successful missions and reported a general good time while away. During the conference a variety of subjects were spoken upon by the Elders, exhorting the Saints to continued faithfulness. Especially was the subject of educating the young in the things of God and the Gospel of His Christ dwelt upon. The reports from the Bishops and officers of the Stake show the people generally to be in a healthy condition, both spiritually and physically; a renewed effort is being put forth by all to fulfill the law of God, and to add their mite in the building up of God's Kingdom and the establishing of righteousness upon the earth.

GEORGE PASSEY,

FRANK T. POMEROY, Clerk.  
Assistant Clerk.

### THE TYPO'S TRIALS.

WOODHUFF, Utah, Sept. 24th, 1893.—Perhaps a few words from this isolated part of the Territory will be of interest to some of your many readers.

As a prefix, my experience since leaving Salt Lake June 20th last, has been somewhat varied, and just why I "jumped cases," "cashed my string" and bled me forth to this land of alkali and sagebrush I am really unable to say, unless visions of a glorious vacation with many days' shooting the wary sage hen, and angling for beautiful specimens of the finny tribe, imbued me with that morbid desire to commune with nature which anon comes to most typos.

Being in somewhat straightened circumstances when I left the capital I concluded to economize by boarding a way freight and depending on the amount of "divine affluence" I could muster up when I encountered the wily, cunning of the festive "shack."

All went well until reaching Ogden, when alighting from the side door sleeper, I was accosted by a bluecoat who seemed to be very anxious to learn my business in the Junction City. It being very dark and he an old acquaintance, I assumed that I was from Oshkosh and bound for Squaretown, whereupon I was invited to visit the Hotel de Baxter, (calaboose). After walking some distance, I turned around to the light and said, "Have a drink, B——? His grip loosened from my arm, he extended his hand, remarking, "A horse on me; what'll ye take?"

After a day's layover in Ogden, shaking hands with numerous friends, I

boarded a train (again the side door sleeper) for Evanston, at which point I would leave civilization and wend my way down the verdant Bear River valley. Arriving at Evanston at 12:30 a. m., nothing but utter darkness and silence confronted me and except the slow but regular "chew, chew" of the pump house exhaust, the ticking of my watch was all the sound I heard. After trying several hotel doors without gaining entrance I concluded to economize again and so stretched myself in an empty box car and was soon sleeping the sleep of the novice and dreaming of "fat takes"—box car dreams. Just as a few faint streaks betokened the approach of dawn, I was awakened by a "bum" who had not been so fortunate as to find the box car and had slept in the sagebrush and listened to the coyotes' dismal howl.

After a brief stay in Evanston, I wended my way down Bear river in quest of a quiet "home ranch" where I could "commune with nature" and indulge in a typical summer vacation as become a weary compositor. Having got fairly started on my way (on foot) down the valley, I noticed that a great many "travelers" were also out for a vacation or rather for a job. I encountered at least 200 idle men heading for the hay ranches, hundreds of which lay along the river for a distance of 150 miles. Having talked with a great many of these ex-silver miners about the great hay harvesting then first starting up, an idea struck me, I would "go haying." Here was my chance. I could now at least imitate the poetical Maud Muller and "rake the meadows sweet with hay." So I stopped at a wayside store and purchased a blouse and overalls, articles which I was told were essential to haying. Having donned these accouterments and discarded my already faded boiled shirt and soiled four-in-hand, I joined the gang and trudged along, stopping at each ranch to inquire if a good No. 1 haymaker could get a job, and invariably received the reply, "full handed."

At last, after three days' weary walking, wading rivers and getting lost, I and "my partner," who was a candy-maker and had drifted out West from Iowa on account of his brother's mother-in-law and the blizzards, struck a place, where the main force were laying off, or rather sleeping off the effects of the Twenty-fourth celebration at Almy, and were only too glad to "put us on." So after a sumptuous feed of buttermilk, cheese and corn bread we were handed the reins and told to attach ourselves to a Walter A. Wood mowing machine which we tremblingly did, flattering ourselves on the success of concealing an emotion that might betray the novice. And right glad we were to be sent out alone a mile distance to a vast plateau of alfalfa which lay undulating in the gentle breeze as if inviting the sickle keen. Having taken a roundabout way to the scene of operations we had ample time to study out the combinations which should put the machines "in gear." Arriving at the edge of "the green grass waving," we viewed the sublime scene. Here indeed was nature in all her graceful beauty. Would I commune

with her? Here I stood a Nimrod in the forest ready to do battle. Would my aim be true? Would my newly painted W. A. Wood cleave the blooming alfalfa? Had I the combination right? All these and many other queries arose to my mind. I looked at Bill; Bill looked at me. I said, "You start first." He said, "You." I touched the restless boys,—whir-r-r, zipp, chug—a knife head bursted, pitman gone; in fact the general kibosh was severely resting on that W. A. Wood mower.

Next morning I "cashed my string," so to speak, and "showed up" for work a few miles further down the river and was reluctantly put on stacking hay. Now, if anything will rejuvenate a man, and limber up his broken down constitution, it is stacking hay. Just fancy the unalloyed pleasure to be derived from ten hours' sweating in the midst of the sweet, fragrant alfalfa, breathing the "new mown odor," fretting and climbing to keep from being buried under a ton of red top or lucerne buried with mighty force upon the stack by a four-horse, all-wood and a yard wide derrick; frequently being threatened with the G. B. if you did not keep the gangway clear! Oh, this is fine! And then at night, when all this has been enjoyed or rather endured since sunrise, the grand rally for camp, each member of the horny handed hay-diggers trying to outstrip all others to be first at table and first served, regardless of any toilet arrangements whatever, for well did they know the consequence of being "late." Then after supper, ah, here indeed was the "fat take!" Shivering around an old wagon cover or a dilapidated tent vainly pleading for room to spread your blanket where you can roll up and shut out the cold, biting northwest wind! Yes, cold winds and in July and August, for such is the fashion of this country!

After getting "broke in," one evening when I was snugly ensconced in my canvas roll and had just dropped into a shivering doze, I was aroused by a kick from the pusher who came out to inform me that it was my turn next morning to "wangle." Now what was meant by wangle I had not the remotest idea, and the remainder of that night I put in trying to study out what new addition to my ardent labors I was to face in the morning. However, just as the cook arose, I did likewise, and after I shook myself and buttoned up my overcoat I was prepared to "wangle!" By quite an ingenious device I learned that I was to round in the horses, about twenty-five in number.

To make a long story short, I got back to camp about one hour a thirty minutes after time was called to go to work. One old mule also arrived at the same time, said mule being the sum and total of my "wangling," notwithstanding a great deal of this was carried on by the indignant "gang," which was, in consequence of no horses unable to proceed, and therefore each and all were "docked" a quarter of a day, while I was given a ticket of leave—unlimited—with the admonition to "leave" before the "pusher" arrived, which I did very reluctantly, being just in the height of my ecstatic vocation.