

Singing by the choir, What Prize Shall Be Your Reward.

Benediction by the chaplain, Bro. J. D. Wilcox.

The singing was taken charge of by our able leader, Bro. Wm. R. Butler; was beautifully rendered. The house was nicely decorated for the occasion.

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WEST WEBER, Weber Co., Utah,  
March 2, 1897.

In honor of the birthday of our worthy President, Elder Willford Woodruff, the married people of this place assembled in our spacious amusement hall at 2:30 p.m. Monday, March 1, 1897. This was to be a regular party of "ye olden times," the kind we used to have thirty years ago. The relief societies had the arrangement of the program, so it was an assured success from the commencement to the finish. As we know "can't" is a word our sisters do not recognize as belonging to their vocabulary.

The afternoon exercises were opened in the usual way, by singing, prayer, etc. Sister Sarah Hunter of the Relief Society was the presiding genius. The program would be far too lengthy to give in detail—as we were together over two hours, and then some of it had to be left over until the evening. There were some numbers on the program that were worthy of special mention, among them being a short sketch of the progress made in the arts and sciences during the life of our worthy President, by Z-carlah Ballantyne; Brother John Douglas related some amusing incidents he experienced in the hand-cart company of 1856; the "bunny Scott" was remembered of old times by a duet by G. F. and Ellen Hunter, When Ye Gang Awa, Jamie; so with our Scandinavian population—they were represented by a chorus; I must not forget our sailor to the person of John E. Blotto, who gave a few of his experiences as "Jack aboard and Jack ashore."

While the program was being rendered in the hall, a company was busy in the meeting house, which is close by, preparing tables at which the physical man could be regaled with the things the "gold wife" had prepared. He said that night is the time when elves and fairies have their fun. So when the shades of night came down upon us, after the tables had been emptied of their load of good things, the company returned to the hall, and six long hours it was dance and song and stump speech; to see the way our fathers and mothers "balance and swing and chase all," indeed made the heart rejoice. There was no admission fee charged so that the poor were as welcome as the rich.

The party was adjourned when the "we sina" hour" were approaching, to meet on or before March 1, 1898. The assembled company responded with a hearty amen; and may our worthy President, God bless him, be with us during another decade, is the prayer of old and young.

JONATHAN HAYSEED.

TCQUERVILLE, Utah, March 2, 1897.

—Yesterday President Woodruff's ninetieth birthday was celebrated in a manner long to be remembered here. All the old folks over 70, the widows

and the families of our missionaries, were entertained in the public hall from 11 a. m. until 6 p. m. They were conveyed to the hall, which had been made warm, neat and comfortable, in carriages.

During the day they engaged in old time chats, singing, dancing, reciting, speech-making, testimonies, etc. What a happy time they had! At 1 p. m. dinner was served in Brother John Batty's hall; and how the old folks enjoyed it, and what good appetites they have! Still, there was plenty and much to spare notwithstanding the hard times. Many valuable testimonies were borne respecting the restoration of the Gospel and the life and labors of President Woodruff and other great and good men. In the evening a picnic party was given for the benefit of our missionaries (Elders Joseph and Enoch Naegle, Riley C. Savage and Walter H. Slack), which was a social and financial success.

At the old folks' gathering prizes were given to the best dancer, the best reciter and the best singer. To see how those in their "eighties" tipped the light fantastic was a caution. The following questions were asked:

How many have seen the Prophet Joseph? Answer—Three.

How many were in Zion's Camp? None.

How many were in the Mormon Battalion? Answer—three.

How many were among the Pioneers? Answer—four.

How many present from a foreign land? Answer—thirteen.

How jolly, entertaining and appreciative the old folks are! How we enjoy their society, and how they do shower the blessings upon our heads! Long may they live and be prospered in the land!

Wm. A. Bringham Jr. expects to start for the California mission in a few weeks. He had taken up a farm and was laboring hard to fence it. We concluded to help him. Some twenty or more volunteered and we put in a good day hauling rock and building fence. The sisters, true to their nature, came out to see us, laden down with baskets full of nice picnic, and how we did enjoy it! I need not add that the baskets were much lighter when they returned.

Today some of the young men gathered up a lot of snogles and put them on the house of a poor widow. That is good religion.

We have had many beautiful soaking rains and a good deposit of snow in the mountains, which makes our prospect for the future much brighter.

We remain as ever the friends of the old folks.

Mrs. Susan A. Bringham, Mrs. Jas. G. Duffin, Mrs. Vilete Kirtman, Miss Adelaide Jackson, Mr. Francis Harmon, Mrs. Annie Spilsbury, Heber L. Naegle, John T. Batty, Wm. D. Jackson, Wm. B. Savage and David Spilsbury.

COMMITTEE FOR THE OLD FOLKS.

#### BATTALION VETERANS HONORED.

PAYSON, Utah, March 9, 1897.—

About forty relatives of Father G. W. Hancock assembled at his residence last evening to give him a pleasant sur-

prise party in honor of his seventy-first birthday.

The evening passed off merrily, with many a song and recitation by children and grandchildren, and instrumental selections on the violin and piano.

About 11 o'clock a large variety of tempting viands and temperance drinks was spread on the extension table in the dining room, and the generous repast was heartily enjoyed by all, the elder ones particularly being happy while contrasting the abundance of the present with the frugal fare of forty years ago.

By request Father Hancock sang a number of songs composed by Patriarch Levi Hancock—songs of early pioneer life and of the Mormon Battalion, each filled with historical themes and suggestive of the trials and hardships of that early day. He then related for the benefit of the children and grandchildren many incidents of his travels with the Mormon Battalion from the Missouri river to Santa Fe, thence to California, where they were mustered out of the United States service; thence way up to Fort Hall in the Northwest, thence southward in search of the Pioneers and the Church in the wilderness, which he found near Great Salt Lake in October, 1847; thence eastward with a few companions in the snows of winter across the mountains and plains till, exhausted by privations, they reached the settlements on the Missouri, having swung around a circle a great desert country two thousand miles in diameter, he subsisting nearly all the way on the game secured by his rifle, with occasional rations of seeds and corn secured by barter with the Indians, and now and then a relish when nothing else could be obtained, or gristly mule meat and raw-hide strips cut in m pack-saddles and fried in the campfire, with twigs from the wayside shrubs in lieu of vegetables and bread.

During the narration the children kept crying "go on," being intensely interested in these wonderful tales of adventure and privations till 1 o'clock reminded the guards that it was time to separate.

Father Hancock bore his testimony to the truth of Mormonism and the prophetic mission of Joseph Smith, with whom he had been acquainted, and urged his children and grandchildren to be faithful to the cause for which he went through so many privations and in which his heart still throbs in full fellowship and sympathy.

J. L. T.

Three more suits have been commenced against the Atchafalaya and Mad River Railroad company, Cal., on account of injuries received by the driving way of a bridge over Mad river on the company's line last September. Charles Kirkham sues for \$25,000 on account of the death of a daughter, Ida A. Kirkham. Mrs. Mary E. Kirkham, who received injuries from which she alleges, she will never recover, brings suit for the same amount. Clara A. Kirkham, an 8-year-old child, who was injured and maimed, also sues for \$25,000 damages. This makes fourteen suits as a result of the accident and damages asked aggregate \$314,779.