

extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, until our credit at times has been strained to the uttermost, in order to carry it through, and we feel that we have been neglected to a great extent, by the people of Utah, in that they have not favored that institution and sustained it with their patronage. Numbers of our brethren who proposed to help us carry the burden in the beginning, when the times tightened up upon them, shrank up in their feelings and withdrew their support from it, leaving the load for others to carry, and we have had to carry it, and we carry it still, to a certain extent. With permission I will say this: we met a gentleman from the East, who came out here to Utah on a visit and went down and took a look at the sugar factory, and at the fields of growing beets; he observed the industrious character of the people, and he said to himself, and to these men here, "I have sufficient confidence in your integrity and in your intelligence and wisdom, to invest at least one hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of your bonds"—and so we were able by this means to dispose of a few of the Utah sugar bonds for money, which has lightened the burden upon us to that extent. And this was confidence shown by a stranger in the integrity, industry and thrift of the people—and President Cannon suggests, in the First Presidency as well. Now, I make this statement because the First Presidency and some of the Twelve have been under this load, and are still under the load to the extent of all that they possess in the world, and yet some of our brethren are fighting against the industry, and against the interests of the people and the interests of the Presidency of the Church in relation to these things, and we do not like it. We want the people to know that we do not like it, and I take this occasion to tell them that we do not like it. We are giving to the people of Utah county and other portions of the Territory thousands of dollars for their labor where years ago they received not a penny. We have increased the value of much of their farming lands more than one-half by the establishment of an industry among them that has given not only labor for themselves and for their children, but has increased double the value of their lands in their productions. And we have received but little thanks for it. Now, we ask the people to patronize home industries—patronize the Lehi sugar factory, and as long as you can get an ounce of Utah sugar at any price, buy it in preference to anything that is imported. Then you will be showing a spirit of patriotism, a spirit of home interest, and of wisdom, which will build up and bless the people of the country and the land in which we dwell. And do not let any Latter-day Saint say that he or she does not like Lehi sugar because it tastes of the beet. I have been a lover of sugar all my life. I loved it so much when I was a boy, and also when I got to be a man, and I ate so much of it that I had to buy a new set of teeth. (Laughter) Well, I do not advise you to use it to such an extent as that. I do not ask you to go to extremes in eating sugar. But if you want sweet, sugar is the best form in which to use it. Although I have some experience in using sugar, I have not yet been able to detect any unpleasant beet taste in the Lehi sugar!

President Cannon tells me that a

gentleman who is in charge of the eating houses along the Denver and Rio Grande Railway had told him that the Utah sugar was remarkable for its sweetness and he bought all he could of it in preference to other sugar. Here is a case of another "outsider" who can appreciate the value and the worth of a home product when a Mormon sister did not like it and would not have it in her house for any consideration because she could taste the beets in it. President Woodruff says he has eaten a good deal of home made sugar and he has never yet tasted the beet in it. We ought to have two or three more sugar factories in Utah equal in capacity to that which we have now, in order to produce enough sugar for the consumption of the people of Utah alone. Notwithstanding we have a factory which produces five or six millions of pounds of sugar a year, we are importing three-fourths of that which we use, in order to supply our necessity. Five million pounds, Brother Morris, the president of the company, informs me, were produced last year. And this is one of several great facts that are drawing the attention of our neighbors toward us. They see this people use intelligence and wisdom in the direction of their labors and in the development of the resources of the country for their own sustenance, and they admire us for it. And so will all the right thinking people of the world admire us, the more we are able to take care of ourselves and provide for our necessities.

We have a little woolen factory down in Provo; we have another in Salt Lake City; there is another little factory in Beaver, I understand, and still another on the northern borders of the Territory, called the North Star mills; also another in Washington, Kane county, and another in Brigham City, Box Elder county, and one in Ogden, and another in Springville. Some of them are small, you can depend upon that—so small that we have passed through the country a great many times and never seen them; and, in fact, there are some of them I have never heard of myself until just now. I am glad to hear there are so many; but we have never heard a great deal about them, for the reason, I suppose, that we are importing so much of the materials that can be produced by them that they are not thought of. I want to tell you that I and Brother Heber Grant, and Brother Lyman and Brother Richards and many more of my brethren are clothed in home made goods, made from Utah sheep, by Utah workmen, in a Utah factory, and I am not ashamed of my apparel. My shoes that I wear are made at Z. C. M. I., or at Solomon Brothers, or by somebody that is struggling for an existence and laboring for the support of his family. I do not go abroad to get my shoes. I would to God that all this people would do the same. Here is poor Brother Smyth starving to death almost trying to make hats for the people, and he makes decent, good, serviceable hats; but the people will not patronize him as long as they can get something marked with "Stetson" in the lining of it. They want the foreign made article. We ought to sustain this industry. I tell you it is the word and wisdom of the Lord that we should sustain these industries at home. It is wisdom—it is the true

policy of the Church—the doctrine of the people, and has been the doctrine of the people from the beginning of our settlement here. Babylon is to fall some day, and the merchants are to weep and wail because no man can buy her merchandise any more. They will not be able to buy it; for Babylon is to fall and rise no more, so says the Scriptures. I can tell you, whether Babylon falls or not, so far as the principle is concerned, it makes no difference; the people that can supply their own necessities, meet their own wants, and provide for themselves, are always better people, more intelligent people, happier people, more independent people, than any other people upon the face of the earth that do not these things. It stands to reason; it is common sense; it is good judgment; it is Gospel truth, that all this people ought to understand and live up to. Now, if you want blankets, all wool and two yards and a half long, and two yards and a quarter wide, large enough to cover your bed, go to the North Star mills and get them, or go down to Provo and get them. Order them if they do not make them that large, and don't you buy any that are less than that—unless you sleep alone. (Laughter.)

Then again, I want to name another little factory that is a very important one in this country. It is a little factory at Logan, run by Brother J. W. Hendrickson, wherein all kinds of underwear and stockings are knitted. I have been wearing his union suits for a long time, and I can tell you that I shall never patronize shirts and drawers any more. I want them all woven in Utah, by some of my own brethren that are laboring to supply a living for themselves and their families. I want to help them to live; and inasmuch as I cannot manufacture these things myself, and I may produce something else that he needs, I can exchange with him or turn what I raise or produce into money, and thereby be able to give to him the money that I obtain from the product of my labor for the product of his, and thus give him a chance to live as well as myself.

This is the temporal Gospel. My time is up; may the Lord bless you, is my prayer in the name of Jesus. Amen.

AN INDIAN ATTACK AND A MURDER

[Written for the News by John Nicholson.]

Stories of frontier life in the West are exceedingly popular. This is evinced by their frequent appearance in the public journals of the country. Many of them are wholly, and others largely, drawn from the imagination of their authors. The fictional aspect of these productions is apparent on account of an absence of consistency between their several features. Utah and contiguous regions could furnish abundant materials—in the shape of stirring incidents—for many volumes of story constructed exclusively from facts, of which scarcely a note is made for the purpose of perpetuating them.

This brings to mind some of the frontier experiences of William N. Elfe, who was, for several years, marshal of Ogden City. He is the possessor of a splendid physique—brawny, broad-shouldered and muscular—and is a stranger to the sensation of fear. In February, 1881, he migrated to Cochise Co., south-