

sight. It was very quiet. I dragged myself slowly up and crawled along to the road. I was staggering down this when I saw some cavalry coming. I thought it might perhaps be the rebels, so I hid behind a tree. As they came nearer, however, I saw they were our troops. It was the Second Iowa. I came out, and as the men saw me they gave a cheer. They carried me back to camp, and after a time I got well again. It was that battle that made Sheridan a brigadier general, and it was upon his recommendation for my services in it that I was promoted to be major, and later on made lieutenant colonel of the Sixth Michigan.

Secretary Sherman has never been in the army, but had he entered the service he would undoubtedly have shown as much bravery as did his famous brother, the general. He has never been afraid of danger. During his first days in Congress, now almost forty years ago, he went out to Kansas to take testimony in the congressional investigation of the Kansas-Nebraska troubles. The western frontier was then filled with ruffians. Assassinations were frequent, and Congressman Sherman was again and again threatened with death. He told me once that the committee often found warnings, the paper above which was ornamented with coffins and pictures of skulls and cross-bones. Now and then the witnesses swore vociferously at the congressmen and nearly every other man had a revolver at his belt. When Sherman returned to Washington he had a chance to show his nerve. One of the southern members remarked one day, while Sherman was speaking, that one of Sherman's statements was a lie. Sherman did not hear the remark, but it was reported to him, and the next day he arose to question a privilege, stating that Wright was probably drunk and did not know what he was saying. As he did this Wright looked up at him rather insolently and Sherman picked up a box of wafers and threw it in Wright's face. Wright tried to draw his pistol to shoot Sherman, but the members of Congress about him prevented him from doing so. Every one expected a duel as the outcome of this trouble, and Sherman was called upon by one of the southern members and asked what he would do if he were challenged. He replied that he was not a duelist, but that if Wright attacked him, he should beware of the consequences. The secretary of state is a good shot, and he once said that he never felt cooler in his life than when he walked up to the Capitol the next morning with a pistol in his pocket and his hand on the trigger. He had made up his mind that if Wright approached him that day in a manner to justify it, he would shoot him dead. He did not see Wright until he left the Capitol that evening. As he went down the steps to go home, Wright came out and passed down the opposite side. Sherman had a friend with him and Wright was likewise accompanied by a friend. Sherman kept his hand on his pistol and his eye on Wright as he walked down the steps. Wright saw that Sherman meant business and he walked on without doing anything. He served for some time in Congress, but he never again called Sherman a liar.

Sherman's action as regards Wright was according to the same policy pursued by many of the northern congressmen just before the war. Sectional feeling was so keen that duels were talked of most every day, and the man who could be bulldozed had no peace whatever. Some of the southern fire eaters seemed to take pleasure in trying to intimidate their fellows, and among these was Bob Toombs of Georgia. Toombs found his match, however, in Ben Wade. The late Edwin Cowles, editor of the Cleveland Leader,

and a great friend of Wade, told me the story. Said he:

"Ben Wade once took occasion to abuse Toombs in a speech. Toombs sent one of his friends to Wade, with a view to arranging for a duel. The friend said: 'I am requested to say, Senator Wade, that Senator Toombs considers the language you used today a great insult to him. He demands that you make a retraction or abide by the consequences.'"

"Ben Wade looked the messenger in the eye, and then coolly replied:

"My dear sir, I want Toombs to challenge me. We northerners have held a consultation about the bullying action of you southerners. We have decided to kill off four or five of you, and I have picked out old Toombs as my man. You may tell Toombs to send in his challenge. I shall, of course, have the choice of weapons, and — me if I don't take my old rifle and lay Toombs out the first crack."

"General Toombs was not used to the rifle, although he was an expert with the pistol, and the challenge was not sent. FRANK G. CARPENTER.

PROSPEROUS MOUNT STERLING

Mount Sterling, March 2, 1898. This ward is situated on a plateau and like Zion, "stands with hills surrounded." No matter from which point you approach it, you must either climb a very steep hill or ascend two or three dugways. The Bishop's ward consists of two school districts, viz: Baxter and Sterling, both of which form the precinct, which is six miles by four miles, or twenty-four square miles, and the stranger who passes through it in the summer time and sees the thousands of acres of all kinds of grain and lucern is led to believe he has struck a modern Eden.

Many years ago, or when the people begun to find the values of dry farming, a number of the settlers of Hyrum and Wellsville moved onto this great flat up among the mountains and took up farms. They were thought to be simple to ever dream that they could make a living on this barren-looking spot where the summer sun poured down its scorching rays fourteen hours each day. Under many difficulties these brave men and women labored. Nothing but true Mormon pluck could have brought forth such grand results.

Mount Sterling ward was organized about two years ago, with 24 families and 167 souls. (There are a few land owners who reside in Hyrum.) They have two good school houses at suitable distances and have built an elegant brick church costing about \$2,000. It is 20 x 40 with an 18-foot ceiling, and is one of the prettiest pieces of architecture that can be found in the county, and all its appointments are modern. All the Church organizations are in splendid condition. The Sunday school has an attendance of ninety per cent of the one hundred and sixteen enrolled. Bishop W. J. Hill is the presiding officer and Sister Hill teaches the theological class in the Sunday school and is a noble helpmeet in all the work she can do in the work of God. The people live miles apart, some on farms all the way from forty to three hundred acres. On the Sabbath day the children come on horseback and in buggies, also to the church service; and the sleek, fat teams and handsome conveyances all bespeak a very well-to-do people.

Last summer was not a profitable season even for irrigated lands. The season was late and cold, then a severe hot spell set in and dried up the land so that thousands of acres of grain never came up. And much that did come up was so thin that many farmers plowed it under. Yet these dry farms in Sterling precinct raised between thirty and thirty-five thousand

bushels of grain, and both merchants and millers say it is the finest grain they handled this season. The only water among these hills is a small stream on the lands of Robert Baxter and Daniel Stewart, and this is only sufficient for an orchard and garden. Many years ago a canal was commenced at Avon, formerly Old Paradise, and each year these men have worked upon it is they could spare the time and means. It is now nearly completed; the distance is fifteen miles from the river winding in and around the hills and bluffs, and when complete it will cost about \$15,000. They expect to put water in it this spring. The question now is how to get the water to put in? Some hot-headed people say, "Go to the courts." My advice was to them, "No; it is much cheaper to make canals than to hire lawyers. Our southern Cache people tried the courts a year or two ago; they did not get any water, but it took a pile of money for court and lawyers' fees, and it took some of the farms, too, before the end came, and some homes were on the rack. I advised these men to go to their brethren of the various water-boards and see if by arbitration and old Mormon plans a proper solution of the question cannot be reached. The Lord has wonderfully increased the waters in these valleys of the mountains, and the good old Bible doctrine is still good: "A man's gifts maketh him room," and our people have proved this to be true in all their labors.

Mount Sterling is a prosperous settlement and, as I said at the beginning of this letter, she stands with hills surrounded and in more senses than one. SALOP.

A DREADFUL CRIME.

Colonia Juarez, Mexico, Feb. 25, 1898.

It becomes my painful duty to report an event which has cast a gloom over our whole community—the murder of our beloved sister Agnes Macdonald, wife of A. F. Macdonald, for many years a resident in St. George, Utah, which occurred during the night of the 23rd inst, in her home in Colonia Garcia, about forty miles from this place. The crime was not discovered until the following morning, when the wife of her son James went to the house and found her lifeless body upon the bed, a pillow over her face and finger marks upon her throat, showing that she had been choked to death. At the time of her death Sister Macdonald was alone, her husband being in El Paso. An entrance had been made by the murderers through a window which was broken by them, and seizing her by the throat they prevented her from making any outcry. She kept the postoffice and a small store. Robbery was evidently the object of the murderers, who secured about \$75 in money and a quantity of dry goods and escaped long before their crime was discovered; but it is believed they are known, and no effort will be spared to secure their arrest and conviction.

Sister Macdonald was one of the pioneers in Mexico, was widely known and respected by all who knew her. She has made a good record in this life and has passed away firm in the faith, and with the certainty of a glorious resurrection among the kings and queens of eternity.

Colonia Garcia is a small but flourishing village eight miles south of Colonia Pachea and on the road to Chuichupe, our southernmost settlement, and is situated near the summit of the Sierra Madra range, the connecting link between the Andes and the Rocky mountains.

I omitted to state that the murderers stole a pair of horses from Joel H. Martineau, upon which to make their