

could do nothing inside we went out, sang, "Do what is right," and both spoke for a few moments. One young hodium who tried to disturb us was quickly silenced. As soon as we concluded, several prominent men came and invited us home. One said, "Come and go over home with me, you don't have to lay out."

Never did I see a congregation so much enraged as this one was, and Mr. Pig came very nearly getting his ears boxed by some over zealous friends; and for some cause not made public, he arose very early next morning and rode away several miles before he breakfasted. This was not all. The grand jury met and the case was reported to them, and fourteen witnesses were summoned to appear and tell all they knew of the case. The result of the investigation has not as yet been made public, but we hardly think anything will be done, because Mr. Pig is such a prominent man. Every one has some friends, and those friends often try to shield the guilty and punish the innocent. But I think he will see how thick the ice is before he slides on it next time.

This has served to advertise us in a favorable way among the people, and we are finding friends on every side. The people, seeing we were not permitted to use the meeting house, prepared a room in an old mill, and it being too cold and open, four private houses were opened to us. So as the angle said, "The more it is opposed, the more it will spread."

We have been in this country since Jan. 1st, present year, have baptized one and have several others seriously thinking. On account of the threatened chills, Elder Canfield was removed to another county and Elder P. P. Eldredge of Ogden, Utah took his place, and for the last few days we have been laboring in the Mississippi river bottoms where a few years ago Elders could get neither shelter nor food. Now several friends are there, and those who were once so prejudiced are now becoming less bitter. Surely the Lord is causing the hearts of the people to soften, and 'er long many who are still kicking against the pricks, will, like Paul, turn and build up what they have been striving to bring to naught. Yours truly,

JUNIUS J. TANNER.

Clinton, Hickman county, Ky.

#### WITHOUT PURSE OR SCRIP

Elder William P. Pratt, in a private letter to friends, tells his experience in the Southern States in the following manner:

Shreveport, Ga., Feb. 15, 1898.

I and Elder Kerr are holding meetings on the street every night. The Salvation Army comes out and gathers a crowd; when they get through we step out upon the street and inform the people to come this way if they want to hear the Latter-day Saints Elders preach. The Salvation Army have a banjo and violin and are good singers. We are poor singers but I believe we have the biggest crowd, who generally remain until we get through.

We have had many grand experiences since coming here. Last Thursday was our fastday so we went to work without anything to eat. At night we went by invitation of the proprietor of the Pacific hotel to room with him. He runs no restaurant so we sat up in the hotel office conversing with a number of men until midnight. While I was talking two more men came and began changing the conversation, when a traveling man from Kansas City stopped them saying: "Please let that young man talk until he gets through, for I won't get another chance to hear him." He gave us his name and address in Kansas City, saying he fed such men as at

his house. We retired gaunt and hungry but rested as well as possible under the circumstances.

Next morning before we left our room we asked the Lord to move upon some man to give us breakfast. Then we went down stairs and sat in the office a few minutes. Then I got up and went out and into the city hotel. While there I met a man who asked if I had had breakfast. I answered, no. He thrust his hand into his pocket and gave me 50 cents, telling me that I could get good meals at a certain place for 25 cents. I thanked him and returned to the office. I felt sorry for Elder Kerr as I gazed upon his lean countenance, and requested him to go down the street with me. I led the way taking him into a restaurant and ordered breakfast. To say he was surprised does not half express it. After breakfast we went to work with a will, canvassing from house to house.

The next day we called upon the editor of the Progress (a weekly paper) who had promised us his paper free of charge, as have all the other editors. His name is Col. Hicks. After a pleasant chat he inquired how we got along. If we went without money. We told him the Lord provided for us like He did the lilies of the field and the fowls of the air. He then went to his safe and brought forth 50 cents apiece which he gave us saying it was for Jesus Christ. We thanked him and left paying our board bill the following night.

Last night we had no place to stay. We told the people so upon the street when we were preaching, after which several men and boys came up and put some change into my hand, being in all \$1.05. Elder Kerr being otherwise engaged did not get any of the money and didn't know that I had got enough to pay our bill for another night. I surprised him again by inviting him to come and stay with me at the Glen hotel. He quietly submitted. We spent another night in sweet repose.

We went out canvassing to day visited about fifty-five families. Thus far we have canvassed this city without purse or scrip, one of the greatest accomplishments of the Southern States mission. When we first came in town, we met a friend in front of the Methodist church. He invited us to come to his shop and see him. We did so the next evening and told him how we were traveling. He said he had only a small house with no room to accommodate strangers. We told him we would go to the finest hotel in town and stay if he would tell us where to find it. After getting directions we went to the hotel and were taken in. Next morning our friend marveled, wanting to know how we could get to stay at the hotel free where everybody else had to pay. We told him the Lord did it. Thus we have been blessed while staying here.

WILLIAM P. PRATT.

#### ANOTHER TESTIMONY

Ft. Huachuca, Arizona.

February 9, 1898.

I notice in your Semi-Weekly edition of January 4th an item headed "A Modern Miracle." I wish to bear my testimony in regard to the power of the Priesthood to your readers.

While living in Denver I had the fortune to become acquainted with some of the Saints there, and incidentally became acquainted with Elder John W. Taylor, Horace S. Ensign, William C. Clive and others. After being thoroughly convinced of the authenticity of the Gospel as taught by them, I made application for baptism, but before the day appointed for this ordinance to take place I threw my left knee out of joint and fractured my knee cap. I was a soldier at the time and was taken to the government hos-

pital, where I spent nine weeks, and was pronounced a cripple for life by Major Munn, surgeon U. S. A. On the second day of July, 1897, I was baptized by Elder H. S. Ensign, and when I came up from the water I was a sound man; and on December 16, 1897, I stood the examination at the recruiting office at Evansville, Indiana, and am again in the service of Uncle Sam.

If you deem my testimony worthy of publication and think by it some may be led to investigate the truths of our precious Gospel, please publish it.

Respectfully,

ARTHUR M. SWIGART.

Co. H, 15th U. S. A.

#### OLD-TIME INDIAN RAIDS.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

The presence in San Antonio of an attorney for the department of justice of the United States to take testimony in cases of Indian depredation claims has brought to light some interesting reminiscences of Indian raids in that part of Texas. It has not been much longer than twenty years ago since depredations by bands of Indians were of frequent occurrence around San Antonio, and there are yet living in this city and throughout this section a number of venerable men who are noted as Indian fighters. In those days the Texas rangers were the principal source of protection to the settlers, and many of the most noted Indian fighters in the state today were members of ranger companies in those stirring times.

One of the most noted pioneers and Indian fighters of southwest Texas is Thos. Galbreath of Castroville, Medina county. Mr. Galbreath settled at his present home in 1852 and had many exciting experiences with the Indians. He said that when he first settled in Medina county the Lapananan tribe of Indians were the worst foes of the people of that section. These Indians lived across the Rio Grande, in Mexico, and would slip over to the Texas side when the moon shone and kill or steal horses and quickly recross the river.

"Just before I removed to my present home," said Mr. Galbreath, "a band of Indians passed down Black creek. They came to a house where two young Germans were living. These two Germans were quiet, industrious young men and had just built themselves a cabin and cleared a field. At the time of the Indians' visit one of the Germans was absent from home and the other one was sick in the cabin. The Indians looked in the door and, seeing the German lying on the bed, they passed on. A few days afterward the same band returned in that direction and found the well German working in the field. They shot and killed him, but did not molest the sick man. The sick man got up from his bed and made his way to the settlement on Francisco and told the news. A posse was formed to go in pursuit of the Indians, and they were trailed to Castroville. Near Castroville the pursuing party found the bodies of two more men whom the Indians had killed, and a little distance further on they came across the body of a boy who had been killed while herding sheep. The Indians escaped, taking with them considerable booty."

One of the bloodiest massacres that was ever committed by Indians in Texas took place in the year 1849 on the Nueces river. A party of three families, embracing twelve persons in all, were so reckless as to leave their homes in Louisiana and attempt to cross the plains and deserts of Texas and Arizona and New Mexico to reach the gold fields of California. These unprotected emigrants had hardly entered the Indiana country when their presence became known to a roving band of Comanche braves, who