

Here is what Slater Fontz says of that occurrence:

This we did, without taking anything to keep us warm; and had we been fleeing from the scalping knife of the Indian we would not have made greater haste. And as we ran from house to house, gathering as we went, we finally numbered about forty or fifty women and children. We ran about three miles into the woods, and there huddled together, spreading what few blankets or shawls we chanced to have on the ground for the children; and there we remained until 2 o'clock the next morning, before we heard anything of the result of the firing at the mill. Who can imagine our feelings during this dreadful suspense? And when the news did come, oh! what terrible news! Fathers, brothers and sons, inhumanly butchered. We now look up the line of march for home. Alas! What a home! Who would we find there? And now, with our minds full of the most fearful forebodings, we retraced those three long dreary miles. As we were returning I saw a brother, Myers, who had been shot through his body. In that dreadful state he crawled on his hands and knees about two miles, to his home. After I arrived at my house with my children, I hastily made a fire to warm them, and then started for the mill, about one mile distant. My children would not remain at home, saying, "If father and mother are going to be killed, we want to be with them." It was about 7 o'clock in the morning when we arrived at the mill. In the first house I came to there were three dead men. One, a Brother McBride, was a terrible sight to behold, having been cut and chopped, and horribly mangled, with a corn cutter. I hurried on, looking for my husband, and found him in an old house, covered with some rubbish. My husband had been shot in the thigh. I rendered him all the assistance I could, but it was evening before I could get him home. I saw thirteen more dead bodies at the shop, and witnessed the beginning of the burial, which consisted in throwing the bodies into an old dry well. Oh! what a change one short day had brought! Here were my friends, dead and dying; one in particular asked me to give him relief by asking a hammer and knocking his brains out, so great was his agony. And we knew not what moment our enemies would be upon us again. And all this, not because we had broken any law—on the contrary, it was a part of our religion to keep the laws of the land. In the evening Brother Evans got a team and conveyed my husband to his house, carried him in, and placed him on a bed. I then had to attend him alone, without any doctor or any one to tell me what to do. Six days afterwards I, with my husband's assistance, extracted the bullet, it being buried deep in the thick part of the thigh, and flattened like a knife. During the first ten days mobbers, with blackened faces, came every day, cursing and swearing like demons from the pit, and declaring that they would "kill that d—d old Mormon preacher."

Those who were associated with the deep trials and heroic faithfulness attending the establishment of the Church, and of the settlement of these mountain vales, are dropping from the ranks of the people, weary in body from the long and galling struggle. But the sublime, unwavering heroism they displayed in the cause they had espoused and in which they triumphed, remains in history, a shining example to the youth of Zion. The courage and devotion of woman no less than that of man stands forth in brightness in the record of the Saints, to lead

succeeding generations to like fidelity in a glorious cause. The true and tried veterans are passing to the other side to receive the reward of their faithfulness even to death; may the generations that succeed them and now are active in life's battle have a record as bright and unsullied at the close of their mortal day as do their fathers and mothers.

AN AGE OF MURDER.

The present is sometimes called the golden age of the world's history, but prominent sociologists insist that this is a misnomer, and that the present should be designated as the "age of murder." This latter point is not disputed by those who are acquainted with criminal statistics in this country at least. These show not only that there never has been a time in the civilized world when human life has been regarded so lightly, but that no previous period has displayed such a general inclination to shed blood. The reason for this is attributed to various causes, notably the lax administration of the criminal laws.

Take two occurrences on Wednesday for instance: one in Alabama and the other in Arkansas. If they were isolated cases they would prove nothing; but they are illustrative of general conditions. In one case the member of a political party cheers for his candidate, and the opposition is so angered at his expression of preference that he is murdered, and a deadly conflict ensues between the partisans of the respective sides. The other was a fight between schoolboys, in which knives were used with fatal effect.

Both of these instances present conditions characteristic of an age of murder. Before any quarrel arose in either case, those who became participants were provided with weapons to kill if occasion required. This condition of preparation, so common now in many gatherings of the people, is the reverse of peaceful—of the age when the golden rule of good will to each other may be said to prevail; it is evidence of the spirit which is abroad to destroy, and which, in the legitimate course of its advance, bids fair to be an important factor in making the earth desolate till there be "few men left."

OLD-TIME PLAGUES.

The Worcester, Mass., Gazette has been reproducing accounts of storms and pest visitations in this country, and shows instances where plagues from bugs and insects were equally as bad as are experienced by agriculturists nowadays; the storms, however, were insignificant affairs compared to those of recent years; but the manner of diction in recording them three centuries ago is so different from the present as to be of particular interest to literary experts especially, and to school children. Here is an illustration from the record of Rev. Samuel Danforth:

1663. March 9. There was dreadful thunder & lightning in ye night, wch smote ye house of one Wakefield in Boston, tore two of ye rafters of ye house & ye gt corner post of ye House fro top

to Bottom & ront of ye boards yt end, yet there were 3 men lying in ye chamber, one who lay with his head neer to ye said post, yet they had no hurt, onoly they smelt a gt stink of Brimstone.

John Eliot, famous in the Old Bay State as the great Indian teacher, also leaves in the records of the First Church of Roxbury, Mass., the following account of a pest visitation in 1645:

This yeare about the end of the 5th month, we had a very strong band of God upon us, yt vpon a suddaine, innumerable armies of caterpillers filled the Country all over the English plantations, wch devoured some whole meadows of grasse, & greatly devoured barly, being the most greene & tender corne, eating off all the blades & beards, but left the Corne, only many ears they quite eat of by bying the greene straw asunder below the eare, so yt barly was generally halfe apoyled, likewise they much hurt wheat by eating the blades off, but wheat had the lease hurt because it was a little forwarder than barly, & so harder, & dryer, and they the lease meddled with it. As for rie, it was so hard and neere ripe yt they touched it not, but above all graines they devoured sylly oats. And in some places they fell upon Indian Corne, & quite devoured it, in other places they touched it not—they would goe crosse highways by 1000. Much prayer there was made to God about it, with fasting in divers places—and the Lord heard, & on a suddaine tooke ym all away againe in all pts of the country, to the wonderment of all men. It was the Lord, for it was done suddainely.

THE FEELING AT SANDY.

The burial at Sandy, Salt Lake county, of the Charles Thiede, the wife murderer who was hanged Friday, appears to have greatly outraged the feeling of the good people of that town, judging by the news from there today. They had not expected such a thing, believing the remains would have been interred elsewhere. Mrs. Thiede was buried at Murray, and her husband desired to be placed beside her. He was taken to Sandy yesterday and interred in the cemetery lot of his brother-in-law, Mr. Schmidt, who intends, it is said, to remove Mrs. Thiede's body to the same plot.

So far as placing a murderer's body in a town cemetery is concerned, objection thereto may be deemed by many as based upon superstition. Be that as it may, there are not many people who relish the idea that an instrument of that character has been allowed to take place near to their own beloved dead. In the case of Sandy there is the further objection that it was in that town that the executed man made much of his unenviable reputation in the early part of his residence here. Frequently his conduct outraged the feelings of the law abiding citizens, and many familiar therewith had no use for him long before the murder was committed. Now the people of Sandy generally seem to feel that an additional outrage has been perpetrated upon them.

There may be no legal barrier to placing Thiede's body in the town cemetery, and perhaps the people must bear what they now complain at; in any event, they must not allow threats of forcible removal to be carried out. In such cases as these, how-