

of the men recognized him as one of the mob who shot down eighteen or twenty of our brethren in the Haun's Mill massacre in Missouri. He acknowledged that he was one of the mob and begged to be forgiven for the part he took in the slaughter.

On May 2nd we had word that our men stationed at Los Angeles were making cartridges to be prepared for an attack by Fremont and 300 or 400 men who had sworn to kill every Mormon in the country. On the 14th of June we had news that General Taylor had subdued Santa Ana, whereon we gave the general a cheer of twenty rounds of cannon.

July 4th, at early dawn, we fired five pieces of artillery to welcome in the birthday of American Independence, after which we marched in order down into San Diego and gave our captain and officers a hearty salute of musketry, also cheering the whole town. This took so well with the citizens that they brought out a great amount of choice wine and brandy to treat the boys and seemed to regret we did not drink it all.

Orders were now given for company B to be ready to march in four days for Los Angeles, there to be discharged with the rest of the Battalion on the 16th.

The people of San Diego now began to plead to have us re-enlist. They did not want us to leave. They did not want the dragoons or the marines stationed there. The Mormons were peaceful and attended to their own business. They were industrious and had greatly improved their town, etc. Some of their leading men said when they heard the Mormons were coming they feared to stay in San Diego, and were inclined to take their families and leave, for they had been told the Mormons were a very bad people, and they would steal anything and everything they could lay their hands on, and their women would be in great danger when out alone. But they had been surprised to learn to the contrary.

On the 8th of July our brick masons finished laying up a brick building to be used as a courthouse and for schools. Philander Colton, Henry Wilcox, Rufus Stoddard and William Garner made forty thousand bricks for Don Juan Bandini, a Spanish gentleman. They also did some paving. Our boys dug wells and walled them up with brick. Sidney Willis made log pumps and put into the wells, and our carpenters did a good deal of work fixing up and finishing rooms, etc., in their dwellings. After the mason work of the court house, the first house of burned brick in California was finished. The citizens gave a banquet to our men with an abundance of good things, both to eat and to drink.

On the 9th company B left for Los Angeles, where we arrived on the 15th, and on the 16th the Battalion was discharged from service. From some cause we were not paid off until the 19th of July. We were solicited by Uncle Sam's representatives to re-enlist. One company of our ranks entered the service for six months and was sent to San Diego under Captain Davis, of Company E. On the 20th the discharged soldiers held a meeting and organized companies for our journey home. Where that was we did not know. We had but little

means to enable us to travel. We felt lost and yet free, like birds let out of a cage.

H. W. BIGLER,
St. GEORGE, Utah, Aug. 15, 1894.

H. MARGETTS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT.

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY AUGUST 24.

Phil Margetts received a telegram this morning at eight o'clock that conveyed very sad and shocking news to his family. It was to the effect that his grandson, Henry, was accidentally killed in the Bear Lake valley sometime yesterday.

There are, however, no particulars as to time and place. The telegram was sent from Paris, Idaho, by Henry Margetts, brother of Philip and uncle of the unfortunate young man.

The deceased left here for the north a few days ago on a vacation, which it was his intention and desire to spend with his father, who resides at Preston. Whether he reached there or not is not known. Phillip Margetts Sr. left for Idaho on the 2:40 train this afternoon to bring the body home for burial. The young man's mother was Henrietta Margetts, daughter of H. P. Richards. The lady is at Eureka, Tintic, where she went on a brief visit a few days ago. The sorrowful news of her son's death was telegraphed to her today and she is expected to return home tonight.

Young Margetts lived with his mother in the Nineteenth ward and was her oldest child and principal support. She was attached to him by the tenderest ties of relationship and humanity and loved him with all her heart. It was her hope and his aspiration for him to become a worthy and respected man and to that end they both worked with remarkable unanimity and perseverance, overcoming obstacles that to hearts less brave and noble would have seemed unsurmountable.

The deceased was 19 years of age and a printer by profession. He was held in high esteem by a large circle of friends and acquaintances and to them the news of his untimely taking off will be sudden and shocking. But to his grief-stricken mother will the blow be most terrible—the sorrow most heavy. To her a sympathetic public extends compassion in the calamity which has overtaken her.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY, AUGUST 25.

The Union Pacific passenger train from the north which reached here at 10:30 this forenoon—twenty minutes late—had on board the lifeless body of young Henry Margetts, whose accidental death was announced in last night's NEWS.

Accompanying the remains were Phil Margetts Jr. and Phil Margetts Sr., father and grandfather respectively of the deceased, Henry Margetts, an uncle, and Richard Papworth, who went to Idaho from Salt Lake with young Henry on his vacation. They made up a sad and grief-stricken party. But the father of the dead boy was the most woe-begone of all and his swollen, bloodshot eyes and every expression and movement told in unmistakable language the mental anguish and suffering he had undergone.

The party was met by relatives and friends and the body conveyed to

Joseph William Taylor's undertaking parlors where it will be prepared for burial.

The story of the killing was told by Mr. Margetts, Henry's grandfather, substantially as follows:

During the early part of the present week a hunting expedition was planned and Henry, his father, Harry Papworth and young Joe Rich started out together and on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock the awful accident occurred in Indian canyon about twenty-five miles from Paris. They got into a section where there were a great many chickens and were having a royal good time shooting them. Phil, it is said, had enjoined the boys to be very cautious in their use of fire arms, and they were. He was very familiar with shooting irons himself and had no thought of accident. He had the misfortune, however, to get a defective cartridge into his gun. This was removed without trouble and another one substituted. In putting the good shell in one of the needles which was out of gear, in some way went down sharply on the cap, discharging it. Instantly a sort of half smothered cry was heard about thirty or forty yards ahead and Henry was seen behind a bush falling to the ground. The full charge, excepting one shot, had entered his right breast. The single pellet had found its way to his heart and he died in a very few minutes.

The body was brought about forty miles over the mountains in a wagon and reached here in a good state of preservation. The deceased's mother returned from Eureka last night and is overwhelmed with sorrow at her son's tragic death.

TERRITORIAL FAIR MATTERS.

The secretary of the Deseret Agricultural and Manufacturing Society has just returned from a flying trip through Cache Valley, made in the interest of the October Fair.

Mr. Pyper visited Logan, Providence, Millville, Hyrum, Wellsville, Hyde Park, Smithfield, Richmond and Lewiston. The orchards and field crops he reports as looking magnificent, the latter being now mostly cut and ready for the threshers. In Lewiston, especially, the wheat and oats brought forth exclamations of surprise, those crops being very heavy.

The threshing machine is buzzing in many places, and the farmer is congratulating himself on getting cleared up two weeks earlier than usual. A very extensive and fine exhibit of grains should be sent from this beautiful valley.

Lewiston, at one time was called "Poverty Flat," but now it is the best grain district in the county, and the fine residences of the farmers and the substantial and capacious barns, tell a tale of prosperity in language stronger than words. The irrigating canals come from Cub river and it is claimed that just below the soil is a clay that holds the water so that when ditches are filled the water stays on the clay and thoroughly soaks the soil above it, thus reducing the labor of irrigation materially.

An any rate, says Mr. Pyper, the crops make one think of the Golden Farmer. The people are pretty well