

"Winter Quarters" Fifty-Eight Years Ago and Now.

President Joseph F. Smith's Visit to Picturesque Florence on the Banks of the Missouri—Thrilling Incident in His Boyhood Days and How He Came Near Losing His Life at the Hands of a Band of Ferocious Pawnee Indians—How He Was Rescued.

OMAHA, Neb., March 17.—Half a century, with almost a decade added, after he first arrived in "Winter Quarters," now known as Florence, President Joseph F. Smith, head of the "Mormon" Church, visited that quaint old village, recently, while on his way home from Washington, where he had appeared as the leading witness in the celebrated Smoot investigation. With him were Elder Francis M. Lyman, President of the Twelve Apostles; Elder Hyrum M. Smith, son of the president, and Elder Joseph A. West, of Ogden, Utah.

Florence is located a few miles north of Omaha and was the first general stopping place and outfitting quarters for the "Mormons" after they left Nauvoo, Ill. It was there the writer joined them.

For the time being the controversy at Washington was forgotten and President Smith and Elder Lyman lived over again the days when they were boys at Florence, recalling many instances long since lost in the meshes of the web of time.

They were down at the big water works plant, and looking out over the Missouri river President Smith said: "There, at the upper end of that island, is where we had our winter road on the ice, crossing to the Iowa side and then going down to old Kanesville, where many of the 'Mormons' were located. In summer we crossed by ferry onto the island and then drove through the shallow water."

"We came in 1846, didn't we?" asked Elder Lyman.

"Yes, in 1846," replied President Smith. "You and I were boys then."

Then they turned and looked off to the west. "Up that draw where the jack-oaks used to grow," said President Smith, "I had the most exciting experience of my life. In fact I came near losing my life there. I will relate it."

Thomas Alden and I were herding cattle up the draw. Each had a pony and we often had great sport running races and jumping the ponies across the ravines, as boys will do. One day while racing our ponies we were suddenly and unexpectedly surrounded by a body of Pawnee Indians. Alden managed to escape but the Indians caught me and jerked me from my pony and then jumped on top of me, with the intention, I think, of killing me. I fought them as best I could, but what could a boy do pitted against a horde of yelling Indians. Even their appearance was enough to drive me wild with fear, for they had on war paint and their hair was plastered with white mud, so it stood up in front, giving them a most ferocious look.

"I thought my time had come and had about lost hope when a lot of hay-makers, Alden had appraised of my predicament, came up over the brow of the hill and the Pawnees jumped on their ponies and rode away."

"But our cattle. Where were they? We believed the Indians had stampeded and driven them off. We started out to hunt for the herd but could not find them. Then we went back to 'Winter Quarters,' as Florence was then called, and there were the cattle safe and sound. One of our men had seen them going north and had driven them in, escaping the Indians by coming down a big draw."

In Florence, in the center of a park, stands an old cottonwood tree,

HISTORIC ACCURACY.

William Jennings Bryan visited War-wick castle during his recent tour of Europe.

A well known soldier took Mr. Bryan through the historic house, pointing out each object of interest with a long stick.

"Ere, sir," he said, in one of the

state chambers, "ere is an ancient old portrait of Queen Bess. A fine work." Mr. Bryan looked at the portrait, and there was a long, impressive silence. To break this silence, more than for any other reason, the visitor finally said: "Queen Bess, eh? She was a pretty old lady when she died, wasn't she?" The guide shook his head.

"Not pretty, sir, but very old," he said.



UNDER THE "BRIGHAM YOUNG TREE."

This group was photographed for the Deseret News by its special representative, at Florence, Neb., on March 12, 1904, on the occasion of the visit to that place of President Joseph F. Smith and party on their return from Washington where three of them had been to testify in the Smoot case. Right to left the party consists of President Francis M. Lyman, President Joseph F. Smith, Apostle Hyrum M. Smith and Elder Joseph A. West, the latter of Ogden.

A BOER COLONY'S INDUSTRY IN MEXICO.

THE Chihuahua Enterprise recently published an article on a Boer colony in that state, from which the following is an extract:

"The hacienda consists of 83,000 acres of land, 4,600 acres of which are rich alluvial land, nearly all under cultivation, and planted to crops. These farm lands are all irrigated from a canal 14 miles long with more water than is needed. These lands are all leased out to Mexican farmers for a rental of one-third of the crops. Wheat and other crops are already looking well. The general and his companions are farming part of the lands themselves, and their work is an object lesson to their Mexican tenants and neighbors."

"The Hacienda de Santa Rosalia is no place for drones, as was evidenced by the work of the four Boers and 55 Mexican tenants cleaning out the canal mentioned in 11 days, the first time it had ever been thoroughly cleaned."

"Another evidence of Boer industry is shown about the main ranch house, which was not in a condition to live in when the general moved his family there the first of last September. Now everything is neat, rooms are floored and whitewashed, yards leveled up, etc. The house is situated just below the canal, and water is running through the adjoining canal and to the turbine wheel which runs the flour mill of the

hacienda alongside the residence."

"The house, a characteristic one of a large hacienda, is built upon the side of a small hill overlooking the broad acres of the river bottom, now neat and well cultivated and becoming green, with growing wheat. In front of the door, about 60 feet, is a warm spring where Gen. Snyman purposes building a bathhouse."

"This is the home of a happy Boer family, struggling hard to get another start in the world, but ever thinking of their countrymen and friends who are coming to have a similar home on the hacienda."

"The 4,600 acres of bottom farming lands are to be divided equally among the 50 families which the government obliges the general to put upon them within three years from the date of signing the contract, which was done about the first of the year. The general anticipates no trouble in getting his colonists, since he has already had numerous inquiries from Boers who have come to the states already. Gen. Ben J. Viljoen has 10 families coming, but the heads of these families will remain in St. Louis, Mo., during the world's fair, to participate in the spectacular 'South African Boer War Exhibition.' A brother of Gen. Snyman is also coming with colonists."

"The rest of the land is mesa and hilly, but 2,500 head of cattle that goes with the land range over it. These pas-

ture lands and cattle are to remain the common property of the colonists, and it is estimated that the cattle will provide the necessary sinking fund to pay for the property, as it is distributed in annual payments through 25 years. Through the help of the Mexican government and Enrique C. Creel this large estate was bought. A first mortgage of \$140,000 at 7 per cent interest was given to the Banco Agrícola of Mexico City, and the Federal government lends the colonists \$50,000 at 6 per cent interest. The whole amount will aggregate at the end of the 25 years about \$145,000. Thus the 50 families will start under the most favorable auspices, other than that they are poor. With an 80-acre farm each, and the cattle as a sinking fund, abundance of water for irrigation, there is no excuse for the Boers not winning out the Hacienda de Santa Rosalia. It is a question now of grit and energy."

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INGRATITUDE.

Senator Foster of Tacoma walked into the Capitol the other day with a look of annoyance on his face.

"What is the matter, senator? You appear disgruntled," some one said. "I am disgruntled," Senator Foster returned. "I'll never give money to a street beggar again as long as I live."

There was a very pitiful-looking beggar on the avenue a few minutes ago, and my heart going out to him, I stopped to hand him a few small coins. I had some difficulty, I admit, in finding my change, but was that any reason for the beggar to frown at me and say impatiently: "Hurry up, sir, I've lost several customers while you've been muddling over them pennies."

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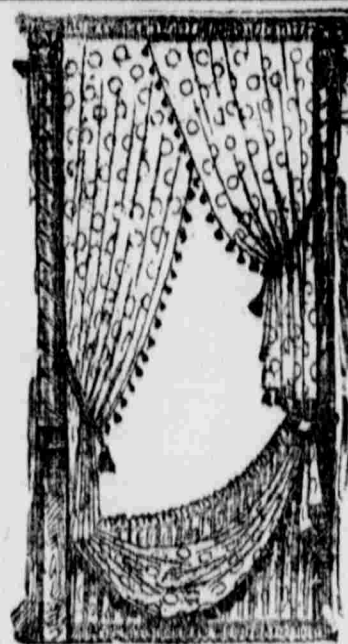


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