

[For the DESERET NEWS.]  
IN MEMORIAM.

**Tribute of Respect to the Memory  
of the late Elder Orson Hyde,  
one of the Apostles of the  
Church of Jesus Christ  
of Latter-day Saints.**

Respectfully inscribed to his bereaved family.

He's gone! A veteran in the cause,  
Of righteousness and truth—  
An advocate for freemen's laws—  
A champion from his youth.

While loved ones weeping stood around,  
To watch his dying breath;  
A heavy'nly escort waited by  
The good man's bed of death.

And when the noble spirit left,  
Its tenement of clay,  
The guard, commissioned, led him forth,  
To bask in endless day.

While here, fond hearts with sorrow thrill,  
And heave the mournful sigh;  
Glad shouts of joyous welcome fill,  
The shining courts on high.

A grand reception holds above—  
A valiant soldier comes;  
Fraternal friendship's mutual love  
Receives the veteran home.

He fought the fight of faith below—  
The crown of victory won—  
With honor joins the host on high,  
With all his armor on.

In peace his weary flesh shall rest,  
Entombed in ruther earth;  
Till heaven's shrill trumpet wakes the dust  
In an immortal birth.  
Dec. 9, 1878. E. R. SNOW.

**A WANDERING HEROINE.**

The saying that "Truth is stranger than fiction" was never more correct than in the case of two persons who arrived in this city yesterday—a woman in middle life, and her son, a boy of some 15 years.

Last March the *Herald* published an account of certain dead bodies having been found on the plains north of Kearney, it being suspected that they were murdered by tramps. If the writer's memory serves him rightly, some arrests followed, but nothing could be proven. Now comes a flood of light on this mysterious murder and the history of sufferings at the hands of Indians which it seems impossible that any human being could survive. It is told, as given last evening, by the principal survivor, Mrs. Charles Jones, of Washington County, Iowa.

"I left Washington County early in February, last spring, with a company of emigrants who were starting for Montana, for the Yellowstone Valley. There were twelve of us, Wm. Brown, wife, and three children, Joshua Brown, wife and two children, Joseph Hyatt, (my brother) myself, and my son, Joel H. Jones. We had three wagons, and went through Omaha on our way out. We went on west and got to Kearney early in March, going to Fort Kearney and then striking out into the plains. I don't know just what direction we were traveling. The men had a compass and used to guide themselves by it, but I didn't see it very often. One day, about March 12, while we were traveling along a little stream several days' journey out from Fort Kearney, in coming to a little hollow where there was a bend in the stream, a crowd of Indians on horseback dashed up around us and commenced shooting the men, and in a few minutes had killed my brother in cold blood and the other two men, sparing all the women and children, and my son. Some of the Indians were armed with guns and some had bows and arrows. They took us to their camp a little way off, where their women were, and I never saw the other women or children again. I saw that they murdered them. I think their clothes were by the squaws. They took all my clothes away and gave me nothing but a blanket and a pair of moccasins. I should think there were 60 or 70 men in all in the party. They had a grand pow-wow several days after capturing us, and two or three times afterwards had pow-wows, when I think they had killed other whites, but I never could find out anything about it. I was with them two months, and in that time I only saw my boy once and then he was on horseback and quite a ways off. I wouldn't have known it was him if he hadn't called to me. The camp was moved often, the Indians hunting and fishing. They gave me a tepee next

to the head chief's tepee. His name was Yankton. He had a wife and children. I had to cook for them, wash their clothes, wash them, comb their heads, and do all the work of that kind. When I had nothing else to do they sent me out to pick berries. All the clothes that I had was a blanket and a pair of moccasins. There was one interpreter in the party, by the name of Ginness. He was a man 35 or 40 years old and told me he was captured when he was 11 years old and that he had been with the Indians ever since, except a little while when he was at St. Louis being educated. The Indians wouldn't allow him to talk with me much and he wouldn't tell me what they had done with the other women and the children. He told me they wouldn't hurt my son, and that they were going to keep him as one of them and that they would educate him at St. Louis. He said most of the Indians in the party were from the Yankton Agency and were Yanktons, but that there were some from Red Cloud and Spotted Tail agencies and some from Sitting Bull. He said they were out all summer and went back to the agency in the fall and stayed through the winter. He said they were Catholics. They treated me kindly and didn't abuse me. The men were a good deal kinder than the women, and didn't treat me with so much contempt. They quite often made me paint my face so that I looked like the rest of the Indians. I was never happy except when I was alone. If I ever saw any of the other white women who came out with me they were painted up. There were two French women with them, but they told me, through the interpreter that they had no homes and no friends left and didn't want to get away.

One day we camped near a little village, and the Indians got a lot of whisky. We had all the time, they told me, been making our way to the Black Hills. The Indians all became dead drunk, the squaws having to wait until the Indians were through before they drank. Finally, everything was as drunk as it could be, and that night I started for the railroad. When I got out of the camp, I hadn't a stitch of clothing on beside the old blanket and one moccasin. That was in May. I came to the first emigrant wagon five or six days after I started, and traveled with them one day, the only time I rode, or traveled in the day time, until I got to the railroad. I worried my way along by the stars, that's how I kept my way. I had hard work to get enough to eat. About all I had was wild artichokes without cooking, and I haven't any teeth. I saw a good many emigrant wagons, but they were all going the wrong way. When I got where I met people, dressed as I was, I didn't have any comfort to myself. I don't know exactly how long I was traveling or just when I got to the railroad. It's a wild country out there, and you don't know much about it when you get there. There hasn't anybody any business to start out as I did. I traveled pretty fast but I don't know how I stood it. I finally struck the railroad way beyond Cozad, some time in June and started for Iowa. Sometimes conductors gave me a short ride, but not often, and folks helped me a little. I got back to Iowa the last of June. I was almost like a wild woman, but a farmer's wife had given me some clothes long before.

Space will not allow the completion of the story in detail. The woman became unhappy over her son's fate and finally determined to return to Central Nebraska, with a vague idea of getting information from her son and perhaps being able to get him from the Indians. She procured the necessary means and returned to a point beyond Cozad, she is unable to give the name of the place. She went from place to place, stopping with farmers and watching for emigrants from the north.

She saw one party who stated that they had seen her son, but could give her no definite information. Passing from station to station on the U. P. Railroad, and watching every incoming party and every tramp, she had drifted to Kearney, and was fast becoming disheartened, when (with a joy which her quiet voice and quick tears best conveyed to the reporter's mind) she one day about two months ago, met her boy in the streets of Kearney, sick and worn,

out with his long tramp, but overjoyed at the re-union. They were given shelter by a Kearney farmer named James Carmichael, and here the boy was cared for during an illness of a month. Mother and son then started for their old home in Iowa. They moved along as they could, getting short rides, and walking and sharing the hospitality of farmers on the route. They followed the line of the railroad, and on Thursday found shelter with a Dane, 25 miles southwest of Omaha. Another kind-hearted Dane brought them into the city, yesterday, and Mrs. Jones at once attempted to find Mr. Samuel Jenney, an old friend, and like herself a native of Richmond, Ind. She only found that Mr. Jenney had left the city, but in her search met another family of good Samaritans, who gave herself and son a comfortable shelter for the night, and will see them off on the northwestern train this morning.

She is a simple, hard-working woman, with a clear, honest eye. Both she and her son have become browned by their long exposure.

Her story of suffering and terrible hardship, given above as it was given to the reporter, without embellishment of any kind, is almost without a parallel, and will undoubtedly incite some efforts on the part of the government to search out the red murderers at whose hands she suffered, and bring them to justice. — *Omaha Herald*.

**Discovery of Historical Records in  
an Indian Mound.**

A short time ago a discovery of several mounds, evidently artificially constructed and not the handiworks of nature, was made at what is known as Sheridan's Drive, on a range of hills immediately to the west of Fort Leavenworth. Within these mounds was discovered traces of stonework, to all appearances as artistic and perfect as that of the present day, which led to the belief that the race or races which had inhabited this portion of the country, anterior to the advent of the white man, were advanced in civilization and knew more about the arts and sciences than the egotistical beings of the present century give them credit for. These mounds bear evidence of a superior workmanship, and display an intelligence and a knowledge far beyond that which could be expected from the most intelligent savage. No attempts have yet been made to fully explore these mounds, but investigations which have already been made, have brought to light developments which tend to throw some light upon the former inhabitants of this great American desert, who are now almost wholly extinct. Some days ago a party proceeded to the mounds, and during the course of their investigations came across a sort of book of records, written, or transcribed rather, upon pieces of bark, and placed together like the leaves of a book, and tied with smaller pieces of bark. Among the exploring party was a gentleman from Boston, who has made the language of Mexico a study, and who, upon the examination of the records found in the mounds, found a similarity between the writings in the records and the ancient language of Mexico during the time of the Montezumas. The record was a history; a chronicle of events happened long ago; no dates were given, but from historical analogy it is to be inferred that it must have been about 1420, during the reign of the Montezumas in Mexico, when the emperors of that name had it all their own way in not only their own section of the country, but up this way as well. The records give the details of a bloody fight, a great battle which occurred in this vicinity, and in all probability upon the very spot where the metropolis of Kansas now stands—and here the ancients showed their good sense in military matters, for a more favored spot could not have been pitched upon. The lovely amphitheatre enclosed by the semicircle of hills which encircle the city, is a fairer pit than that in which the old gladiators fought, and while the records do not state definitely that this is the spot, it might have been, or else the scene of the carnage was either upon the hills themselves, or in what is now the fertile and blooming Salt Creek Valley. But be that as it may, the records state that a battle was fought between the tribes then in-

habiting this country, and an immense force sent out from Mexico by the blood-thirsty, ambitious and adventurous Montezuma, and that the tribes were vanquished, their primitive mode of warfare and unskilled weapons forming but a comparatively small resistance to the well-drilled legions and improved weapons of the Mexican monarch. The records further state that the battle raged for three days, and that the ground was strewn with slain thick as the leaves in the valley, and that after the conflict was over the victors, with the prisoners they had taken, reversed their steps and went back to Mexico, where the captives were to be offered up upon the altars as a sacrifice to their god of war. The records were evidently written by the victors and placed by them in the mounds where they were found. The records deal in the most extravagant praises of Mexican prowess, together with fervent thanks to their god of war who aided them in securing the victory. The names of the tribes are not given, they being spoken of throughout in the records as "the enemy." According to the statement of the records, 40 great chiefs of the tribes were slain; together with thousands of their warriors; while the Mexicans lost 23 of their leading men, among them the nephew of the Emperor Montezuma, who was in command of the expedition. The records chronicle the fact of the burning and destruction of the great village of the tribes, and the capture of the women who were to be taken to Mexico, to serve as slaves in the families of their conquerors, together with a large number of children. A great many of the women of the tribes were slain, they having taken part in the battle and helping to beat back the invaders. A portion of the records had become almost entirely obliterated, having lain in the place where they were found for a period of over 350 years, but several pieces of the bark were almost as fresh as the day they were buried. The records consist of ten large pieces of bark, flattened out, about 10 by 12 inches in size, and bound tightly together by thongs of bark cut into long strips and pressed. They have been sent to Boston, and will be placed in the State historical museum there. — *Leavenworth Times*.

**The Lion Street Hotel.**

"Dar's gwine ter be a pow'ful sarchin' 'nquiry 'naugurated round 'heah," said Mr. Copernicus, last Monday morning, as he pulled off his gloves and rapped on the desk for books. "I'm a makin' some remarks, yaung 'uns, and I want yer to, hol' de flaps o' yer yeans in a perpendicular pershion. Stop dat snickerin', Ben Blackinbo, les'a I put a box 'id five handles 'longside o' dat souse meat on de side o' yer head." Now, 'cordin' to all de information which I has obtained fum de preacher and one o' de deakuns, dar was a boy dat 'longs to dis school, dat went to de chu'ch yistidday, and 'stead o' list-'nin' to de preachin', as de offsprin' ob 'spectable parents had order do, he 'played his time in fixin' a pin on de bench in front ob him, so dat de pint would hol' usef up straight, and wait fo' de report ob de com-mitty. An' Mr. Morefuss, de preacher, say dat jess as he got in de middle ob the first hyme, a fat woman cum in a considerabl ob a hurry an' drapped 'ersef on dat pin; an' he says dat she seemed to sorter rise up like a steamboat 'sposion had tuck place under de bench, an' made several remarks not 'actly in 'cordance wid de s'oundings, an' which caused considerabl ob an ubsturbance. Howsom-dever, under de circumstances of the affair, de ongodly words of de sister was passed ober, and de Deekin spoke to me dis mawnin' about it, and 'lowed as how I'd better pass a resolution appointin' myself an investigatin' com-mitty, wid de power to sen fur pussons an' papers, an' 'deavor, as far as in my power lay, to discover de lump o' sin dat was de 'casion of all de trouble. De com-mitty is now organized, an' de investigation will commence.

"Bill Bosin, whar was you yistid-day?"

"So?"

"Whar was you yistidday?"

"Me?"

"Yes, you."

"I—I was out to Cumminsville, fishin' in de canal, and nebbur caught nuffin' but a little mud

turkle, 'dout any tail." And Bill began to leak out of the eyes.

"Dat'll do; yer needn't commence ter git up 'er spell here in harvest time. Turn dat book right side up, an' set down on dat nail keg outer de way. Stan' up, Jim Johnsing. Whar was you yistid-day?"

"I went out to de base-ball, an' peeped froo de cracks in de fence. I warn't at de chu'ch 'tall."

"All right," said Mr. Copernicus, and he smiled just the least bit. "Whar was you, Tom Lukens? You was at chu'ch?"

"No, sir-ee Bob; twasn't me put no pin on her seat, f'I kin prove by Johnnie Jimison dat me an' him went out ter Mr. Stone's orchard and got sum apples; didn't we, Johnnie?"

"Yes, we did, an' ol' Stone like to got us an' licked us, an' we hid from him in a galberry patch, and staid till mos' night."

"Dat'll do, boys, dat'll do. Here Joe Johnsing, run dis here sprout in de hot ashes and kinder temper it, till I get off my coat and 'prepar' to rectify some ob de morils of dis heah gang. I kinder cotch up wid you, boys. I jes made up dat tale about de woman an' de pin, an' I found' out all 'bout whar yer was yestiddy. Bill was out ter Cumminsville, fishin' in de canal on de Lord's day, an' never cotch nuthin' but a little turkle; Jim Johnsing he went to base ball, an' Tommie Lukens and Johnnie Jimison was he'pin' deysefs to Mr. Stone's apples, and like to got cotch. All right, boys, de testimony is all in, an' de verdict's made up. We will now purceed to pass de sentence ob outraged law." And in about a minute a sound like fire-crackers on the 4th of July was heard in the temple of knowledge, and a weeping, and wailing, and howling like a menagerie in a thunder-storm went out upon the surrounding atmosphere, until old Aunt Dinah who lives over the way, leaned on her scrubbing-brush and remarked, "Brudder Copernicus is 'tired too sevirgeous when he gets started." — *Cincinnati Bre'kfast Table*.

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