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$3500 House, 4 rooms, lot 3x10, only a block and half from post office.

$1250 A nice Store, suitable for any kind of business, close to Main Street. Call soon.

$500 New brick house, 2 rooms, kitchen and cellar; lot 2¼x10, on J Street, between 7th and 8th, north.

$1500 A new adobe house of 4 rooms, hard finish, pantry and closets well finished and painted, lot 2¼x10 rods, in 7th Ward.

$1600 Adobe house of 5 rooms, well finished, with closets, etc., lot 3x10, Second South, close to D. & R. G. depot.

$600 Frame house of 4 rooms, adobe lined, lot 8x10, South Temple street. $300 down, balance on the instalment plan.

$950 Adobe house of 2 rooms and kitchen, lot 5-20 rods, full of good fruit trees, one-and-half blocks west of gas works on South Temple street.

$4000 A 2 story brick house, 7 large rooms, 2 pantries, well finished, 2¼ blocks west of Main st.; lot 5x15 rods.

$2000 House of six rooms and store, lot 5x10, near the depot.

$3500 Brick house, 7 rooms, buttries, cupboards, etc. Two story barn, etc. Second South close to Main Street.

$850 A new adobe house of 3 rooms and summer kitchen, lot 3x10 rods.

$1050 A house of 4 rooms, porch front and back, lot 5x20, a good stable, etc., on Fourth West and Fourth North sts.

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$350 Forty acres of farm land, North Point, good land and cheap. Must be sold soon.

$1000 160 acres patented land, 6 miles from Temple Block; also 160 acres school land adjoining.

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EVENING NEWS.

Saturday - Sept. 18, 1886

GRANT ON HORSEBACK.

To most people, probably, the business of monument building, seems the simplest thing imaginable, provided there is money enought in hand to pay the sculptor. But there was never a greater mistake. To set up a monument to any given hero complete, and in an artistic style worthy of the subject, is a pretty large undertaking; nor is the raising of the money—slow and dribbling as that process often is—the only difficulty in the way. We have an apt illustration of this fact in the case of the proposed statue to General Grant at Chicago. The funds were raised with less than the usual long delay, and the trustees are all right on that score. Neither are they vexed by the question as to what form the monument shall take, for it had alredy been decided to build an equestrian statue. Yet right here, strange as it may seem, the trouble begins, for before any statue can be made some design has to be agreed upon, and the trustees are confronted with fourteen models, submitted by as many anonymous artists, from which they are now engaged in what appears to be the somewhat hopeless endeavor of making a selection; for, according to the Chicago *Mail*, the models are a sorry lot.

Of one it says that the steed is a fairly good horse, and on some country farm would command a good price; but the profile view of Grant which is presented can only be identified by the label. Another presents "an Indiana circuit rider mounted on an animal which is crouching as to its hind legs." Another is a fine showy anamil, "something of a cross between a Shetland pony and a Norman-Percheron," the rider having, "the body of Phil. Sheridan, the legs of Dan Voorhees, and the head of Carter Harrison." Still another is a horse in a position suggesting "the last stage of colic," with Albert Sidney Johnson on his back. Another model represents a man on a horse, but "who the man is and how he ever got into his awkward position cannot be known. They seem to be standing on a hill looking at something, the man in one direction and the horse in another," with a neck that any giraffe might envy. And so on through the list, some of the animals being passable and some of the riders looking more or less like Grant, but the two not combined in any one model. It will be seen at once that the trustees will find it no easy matter to select a suitable design from such an extraordinary group; and the painful query naturally arises whether this is the best our American sculptors can do, whether the immortal Grant must go unmonumented for lack of the genius to reproduce him on a decent horse.

It is certainly surprising that a figure as familiar as Grant's was but a few years ago, to hundreds of thousands of men, and still vividly remembered by hundreds of thousands, should have to go begging for a life-like reproduction among fourteen artists, most of whom, though prudently withholding their identity, were probably the General's contemporaries. We shall await the decision of the trustees with interest. Perhaps their better plan would be to begin by determining which of the models is the worst. Then discard and repeat until the list is exhausted and advertise over again for proposals.—*Washington Critic.*

His Ingenious Explanation

"This looks suspicious!" exclaimed Mrs. Suspicion, direction attention to a long, golden hair which she had discovered on the shoulders of her husband's coat. She took it up carefully and, twisting it about her finger, examined it carefully.

"Sure it ain't yours, my dear?" he said.

"You know your hair has a golden tinge in the sunlight."

"My hair is black," responded the wife in a manner that indicated too plainly that flattery would not quiet her. "This is yellow red I may say. Now how did it get on your coat? That's what I'd like to know."

"Oh," responded he, "I forgot to tell you of a little episode that scourred to-day. I was coming along the street; I heard the cry of fire, and, looking up, discovered several females looking out the window of the fifth story and appealing for assistance. I went up the fire escape, and soon had all the girls safely down on the sidewalk. One of them must have been red-headed."

"The evening paper did not have a line about a fire," she said.

"Of course not," continuded he. "The fire did not amount to anything. I went around to the office and asked that my name be left out, in fact demanded that no mention of the affair be made, and actually threatened to stop my subscription if any publicity was given to my conduct. The reporter had me written up as a hero, and I knew you would not like to see me in print as saving anyone but you, so I kept it out of print. By the way, I saw a very pretty sealskin sacque down town to-day that I halfway ordered for you. I wish you would go down tomorrow and see how you like it."

Length of Girls' Arms.

"That explains a theory of mine," said a middle-aged man, as he directed attention to a matron and her little four-year-old daughter, who, hand in hand, were coming down Wabasha street.

The matron was quite stout, and found some difficulty in reaching down to hold the hand of the little toddler. The matron was evidently in a hurry, and she walked along the street at an ordinary rate of speed. Her little daughter found it impossible to keep up with the procession, and at regular intervals tripped and fell over, or at least would have fallen but for the intervention of the mother. She had tge child by the hand, and at every trip she tightened her grip, and by main strength jerked the child on her feet. The child's left arm was being elongated.

"I have always heard," continued the speaker, "that a woman's left arm is longer than her right; that her left shoulder is higher than her right, and have been trying to solve the problem, or at least explain it some way. Seeing that woman dragging that little girl by her left arm explains it all. Mothers usually start out holding their children's left hands. Why not boys the same way? I'll explain that. Boys can usually run as fast as a woman can walk, even when they are little fellows, and so don't have to be dragged. Little girls trip and the dragging process begins."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Two Little Jokes.

One of those smart Alexanders who travel on cheek and the inability of the public to change $20 bills for a glass of soda or four tobies, got on a Pennavenue car the other day and tendered the aforesaid $20 for his fare. Of course the conductor could not change it and so he got his ride free. This was repeated until the conductor got tired of it, and after the fourth or fifth time of its repetition he determined to get even with the fellow. By visiting the tollhouses and by other means unknown, the manipulator of the bell-punch managed to scrape up $19.95 in pennies.

Placing these in a little bucket, he quietly awaited the appearance of his victim, having posted the driver and some other intimate friends who happened to be on board. When the unsuspecting young man with the plethoric pocketbook put in an appearance and promptly produced the "twenty" with many apologies, the conductor pocketed the bill and produced his little bucket, and amid the grins of the spectators presented it to his customer. The young man looked pretty cheap, and after feeling the heft of the bucket thoughtfully got off the car and disappeared around the corner. Then the conductor took the bill from his pocket and proceeded to fold it up nicely so that it would fit into a convenient corner of his pocketbook. Something in the appearance of the bill caught his eye, and as he examined it a little closer his jaw dropped about a foot. The bill was of the genus denominated by the sporting fraternity as "queer." The young man had also been laying for the conductor. —*Pittsburg Gazette.*

How Girl's Buy Matinee Tickets

Will Palmer, Hayman and the staff of the Baldwin Theater were in the box office busy selling tickets for the matinee. It is not often that it takes more than one man to sell tickets at our theaters, but the novelty had brought them all out just to see the people rushing to buy them on this occasion. They were admiring the varied beauty of young and giddy things who came up to the window. You know how girls buy tickets for a matinee?

"Have you any good seats?"

"How many, miss?"

"Have you got any good seats?"

"How many, miss?"

"Have you got any seats?"

"Tell me how many, and I'll show you where I can please you."

"Three."

"Dress circle or orchestra?"

"Dress circle."

"There, miss," showing place.

"Have you any in the orchestra?"

"There, miss; three good ones."

"How much?"

"Four dollars and a half."

"Oh, my! That's too dear. I'll go up stairs."

"These here in the balcony."

"I'll take these."

"There you are, miss; two and a quarter."

"I think I'll go into the dress circle.'

"These three, miss?"

"Those will do."

"Four dollars and a half."

"I guess I'll wait till next week."

All in One Building.

"Ain't get much to tell you," said Patrolman Strud, as he hung up his club this morning about 1:30 and started for home.

"Well, tell the little," said a hungry news gatherer.

"Well, let's see. Down on Decatur street, in a three-story building, a negro opera company, a dance, a prayer-meering and a festival are going on."

"In the same building?"

"Yes: on the first floor the darkies are rehearsing; they are going to give a minstrel show, and they are good, let me tell you. They can beat Barlow with the bones and banjo. Then, on the second floor is a church fastival in one end and a prayer-meeting in the other, and they can pray, oh, my Lord! Then on the top floor is an old-time dance."

"Don't they annoy one another?"

"What? Annoy one another. Why, man, you don't know a negro. No, they don't. You can just stand across the street and hear:

"Oh, Lawd, hab mercy on dem poor misguided sinners wat's dancing and frolickin.'"

"Then in a second comes:

"'Say, bonec, ober dar, why's Purcell, de base ball player, like de 'teslan well?'

"Then before the other end man can say 'cause he's deep,' some one in the top floor yells out:

"'Why don't you swing dat gal on de right dar.'

"Ah, they are having a big time."

Sending Pictures by Telegraph.

A method of sending a picture by telegraph has been invented by a Scotchman, W. Gemmill, by which a photograph taken at one end of a wire is transmitted and reproduced at the other. The picture is primarily projected on a selenium cell placed in the photographic circuit, which, according to the degree of intensity of the light received, acts upon the current, and through it a number of subsidiary currents connected with an incandescent lamp, illuminating it with varied degrees of intensity consonant with the strength of the current. "These successive illuminations," according to The Photographic Times, "would give images of corresponding brightness to the points in the picture thrown upon the selenium cell, and the final picture, of course, would consist of a series of these points in various depths of shade."—*New York Sun.*

Household Hints.

Plain Pudding—Two eggs, one cup of sweet milk, one pint of flonr, two tablespoonfuls of baking powder. Steam from twenty to twenty-five minutes, and serve with sauce.

Sweet Potato Pies—When the potatoes are dry and mealy, take a quart after they have been pared, boiled and mashed; a quart of milk, four eggs, salt, nutmeg, cinnamon and sugar to taste. Bake the same as squash pies. If the potatoes are very moist, use less milk.

Excellent soft gingerbread is made of 1 cup of sugar, 1 cup of butter, 1 cup of sour cream, 1 cup of New Orleans molasses, 4 cups of sifted flour, 1 tablespoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water, 1 tablespoon of ginger, 3 well beaton eggs, the rind grated of 1 lemon. Raisins if wanted.

Molasses Fruit Cake—Two cups of molasses, 1 each of butter, sugar and sour cream, a teaspoonful of powdered cloves, two nutmegs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, raisins and currants. Make about as thick as cup cake. This will make two cakes; the fruit can be omitted as it is good without it.

To Use Canned Salmon—One can of fish rubbed into four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, add four well beaten eggs, one-half cupful of fine bread or cracker crumbs, pepper, salt and minced parsley. Put into a pudding mold (after thoroughly beating together), boil or steam an hour.

Cabbage Salad—Two cabbages chapped fine; sprinkled with salt; let stand over night. One pint vinegar, half cup of ground, mustard, three eggs. Beat eggs thoroughly and add to boiling vinegar; pepper and salt to taste; let all come to a boil. Pour over cabbage and stir thoroughly together.

Fish and Rice—"Pick up" and bone cold fish, be it either salt or fresh, season and heat in a stew-pan with a piece of butter the size of an egg. When hot add a teaspoonful of cold boiled rice and four chopped boiled eggs. Stir until thoroughly heated through. Dish and serve with pickles.

To Prepare Corn—Cut off the kernels from six large ears of corn. Boil until tender in salted water, about twenty minutes. Drain and then put in a saucepan with a cup of milk, into which a tablespoonful of cornstarch has been smoothly mixed; add two beaten eggs. Cook until the cornstarch is done, and serve.

A pretty pudding is made by putting bread crumbs or cake crumbs in a butter mold and sticking among them at intervals either preserved cherries or peaches, or bits of citron or orange. Then pour a plain custard of eggs and milk into the mold, covered with a bit of buttered paper or stiff pasteboard, and bake.

Plum Jam—Let your fruit be dry and free from leaves and stock. Take equal quantities of plumbs and sugar, put into a clear vessel and boil one hour, stirring it thoroughly. Damsons prepared the same way are very good. Care must be taken when cold to cover all preserves closely and stand in a cool, dry place.

Egg drinks are popularly advertised in many tempting mixtures and decoctions at the confectioners', the restaurants and the soda water shops, but it is not generally known that the well beaten up white of an egg, added to any of cooling fruit drinks (not to tea) makes them more readily absorbed into the system, doing their refreshing work more quickly.

Browned Butter—Put one quarter of a pound of butter into a frying pan over a clear fire; when the butter smokes, have ready and throw into it one tablespoonful of minced parsley, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, salt and pepper and simmer one minute longer. Most excellent upon fish either salt or fresh, scallops or oysters.

To Pickle Pears and Peaches—Select medium-sized pears and smooth freestone peaches,; stick them full of cloves. Boil seven pounds of sugar with one gallon of vingar, an ounce of mace and an ounce of allspice. When it boils put in the fruit and let it cook gently till a straw will pierce it. Remove the fruit with a skimmer and boil the syrup down for a few minutes, then pour it over the fruit. Cover close.

To Boil Fish—Cut an onion in quarters, stick a clove in each, put a bit of parsley or thyme with it and lay inside of the fish, salt and pepper, pin the whole up in a clean white cloth or masquito netting and put into water that had two gills of vinegar added and that is boiling. Do not lay the fish into cold or even warm water. Never put meat or fish into other than boiling hot water to boil, except for such as are intended for soups or chowders.

A very simple way to fill in the yawning space of an open fireplace is to tear four yards of very coarse unbleached muslin into half yard lengths, and ravel it When all is done, fill your grate with paper and put the ravelings, all over and up to the fender. Get three moderate sized white fans. Tie these together in the center, letting each of the three be seen. Fasten a variety of the little Japanese insects—toads, beetles, &c, all over the fans, then put these in the center of the fender as before the grate.

Ripe Cucumber Pickles—Take large yellow cucumbers, pare and take out the seeds and cores, soak in salt and water two days. Then take them out of the brine, pour over them boiling water, and let them stand over night. Pour off this water and they are ready for the pickle, which prepare thus: For each quart of sharp vinegar take two and a half large cups of sugar and one tablespoonful each of the following spice: Cinnamon, cloves, allspice, black pepper and nutmeg. Add a cup of raisins; scald all together until the cucumbers are easily penetrated with a fork.

Milk broths are great favorites, and are the best of food for young and growing children. Milk broth proper is made of pearl barley and new or skimmed milk, with sugar to taste. This is the way: A peice of fresh butter the size of a walnut is put into the broth pan and allowed to melt; then the pan is turned about so that the oiled butter will run all over the bottom. This is done as a preventive against the barley sticking to the bottom. One-forth pound of washed pearl barley is put in with three quarts of milk. This is placed on a gentle fire and allowed to boil. It is now drawn to the side and simmered very gently for three hours, being stirred occasionally to prevent the barley from sticking to the bottom and getting "singed." Before serving add sugar to taste.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

"Why don't the newspaper men of the country step to the front?" asks an exchange. We can't; the journalists were there first.

"Women's work is never done." This suggests a marked similarity between women's work and the undercrust of some women's pies.

Customer. Got any brook trout?

Dealer. No, sir.

Customer. Then let us have a smoked herring.

The use of tobacco is said to injure the eyes. Yet at a recent anti-tobacco meeting it was the nose that were opposed to its use, while the eyes were in its favor.

Kentucky Colonel. Waiter, something to drink.

Waiter. Yes, sah; watah, sah?

Kentucky Colonel. Young man, I don't want to take a bath.

Peters. What a magnificent estate Peterby owns up on the Hudson.

Scrooge. Yes, it always reminds me of the Garden of Eden.

Peters. Garden of Eden? Let's see—where is that situated?

They have some bright pupils in the Tyngsborough schools. At the examination the other day a boy was asked. "What are the warmth-producing foods?" His reply was, "Cayenne pepper and Jamaica ginger."

In Court:

The Judge. It is in vain for you to deny it. Here are three witnesses who saw you commit the deed.

Prisoner. Only three? And pray what are three out of a population of 58,900,000?

The Illinois editors are to consider the subject of "Truth in Journalism" at their meeting this week. We have forwarded the Secretary of the Association several copies of the *Herald*, so that the editors may see what the genuine article looks like.

Two aged cows of peaceful character were seen chasing a man all over a field in Illinois the other day, much to the astonishment of the honest old granger who owned them. Inquiry revealed the fact that the man was a drummer for a Chicago clothing house.

"Do you play the piano?" asked he.

"Yes," she replied.

"Sing?"

"Yes."

"Sing the Mikado?"

"Yes."

"Mary, I think we had better part forever."

Brown. I hear you have sold out your newspaper.

Black. Yes, I'm going in for making money.

Brown. Indeed. Going to become a moneylender?

Black. No, I am going to become a revivalist.

A Chinaman is speaking to himself as he irons a shirt. Picks up a shirt showing evidence of having been well cared for and says:

"Bachelor. Him landlady fix him." Picks up another, buttonless and all frayed at the wrists and neck.

"Mallied man."

Influential citizen—"So yer thinkin' uv locatin' hyur, are ye?" Young physician—"Well, yes, I had thought some of practicing here." Influential citizen—"Practicin'? Look hyur, young man, thar's a good openin' hyur fur a doctor ez un' erstan's his biz, but we don't want no practicin', doctorin's what we want."

An extenuating circumstance "Gentleman of the jury, there is still another extenuating circumstance in favor of my client. He broke open a burglar-proof safe, a masterpiece of German workmanship valued by experts at 2500 marks, and this client of mine contented himself with the 120 marks which he found inside and left the valuable, safe to the owner."

Theatrical manager (to young author.) I have read your play, sir, and it is idiotic. It is the veriest trash.

Young Author. The plot is clever.

Manager (scratching his head). Yes the plot is clever, and that is the trouble If you could eliminate the plot and substitute a big dog and a baby, the play would run for two years.

"This newspaper must have a very gallant editor," said Mrs. Dresser to her husband.

"Why?"

"Because it heads its fashion column 'Hints for the Dear Creatures.'"

"Hum," said, he thoughtfully, "Dear Creatures! That man knows what he is talking about. I'll bet a hat he's married."

Customer. Was that Jamaica ginger you put in that soda? It doesn't taste like it.

Drug Clerk (examining bottles). By Jove! I've made a mistake and given you laudanum. I'm afraid I'll have to charge you half a dollar more, sir. Laudanum comes higher than Jamaica ginger, you know. Sixty cents, please.

Boston Girl. Let me see, they have bears and such animals up in the Arctic regions, don't they, Mr. Higgins?

Returned Arctic Explorer. O, yes. I went out one day and followed an immense bear, and finally shot and cached it.

Boston Girl. Cached it? I suppose you mean caught, dont you Mr. Higgins.

An Arkansas Justice of the Peace who had just married a couple turned to a man and said:

"I don't believe the woman will love, serve and obey ahm."

"I don't know," some one replied, "she seems to be a very amiable woman."

"I don't think she is," the Justice replied.

"Why so?"

"Because she used to be my wife."

"Why, you haven't left your place, Mary?"

"Yes I have."

"Bless me! Why everybody who has lived with Mrs. Blank gives her a good name."

"O, she's all right as far as good treatment goes, but she and I are of different complexions."

"What has that to do with it?"

"What has that got to do with it? Why her bonnets make me look like a fright."

"You say you were in the Union army during the war?"

"Yes, sir, I was at Gettysburg."

"At Gettysburg? Well, I suppose you have written a magazine article about the mistakes of the battle?"

"No, sir, I have not."

"Why, my dear sir, you must be. You are the only soldier living who has not written an article on the subject. Why, man alive, you are a freak. You can get $100 a week in a museum."

Poneeky. What! no fishing or boating?

Proprietor of Humpback House. Nary.

"No bathing, of course?"

"Certainly not."

"I guess I won't stay. You haven't a single attraction."

"Yes, I have. There's a girl stopping here who's worth half a million. She is all alone and—"

"Give me a cheap room on the third floor."

He entered the office of a capitalist in Richmond the other day and quietly inquired: "How much would a strip of boot half a mile long, a quarter of a mile broad, and fifty feet thick be worth?"

"I should say $25,000, but if you want more exact figures and will give me the location I think I can."

"Oh, no, you can't, Colonel," interrupted the quiet man; "I'm going to marry her myself as soon as the Earl can take me out there.

And he hustled out as if fearful that the capitalist might locate the widow and the spot.

It was at El Paso, Tex., that a citizen buckled on two revolvers, seized an American flag in his hands, and was about to jump into the street and yell: "Down with Mexico!" when a stranger laid his hand on his arm and whispered. "Don't I'll give you $1 not to."

"Ain't you a patriot?" howled the Texan.

"Oh, yes."

"And don't you want to see Mexico licked?"

"Certainly."

"Then what ails you?"

"I want to get rid of $6,000 worth of Mexican Central stock first. Please don't add to the excitement."

"Perhaps you will be good enough to tell us, Mr. Teller, where that $10,000 deposit of yesterday has gone." said the Bank President.

"I have it on my books."

"Yes, but the money is what we'd like to see."

"Well—er—that is—I have it in my coat in the next room."

"There, gentlemen," said the President to the Directors, "I told you Teller would produce it. I knew he was an honest man."

Teller went into the next room and made for the depot. The Directors are still convinced that he is an *non est* man.

"My dear it seems to me that you are much more extravagant in dressing than there is any necessity for," said the fond husband. "Now, why couldn't you have your garments a little plainer? The trimmings on your dress ran the bill up dreadfully."

"That's always the way," was the plaintively spoken reply. "Whenever I get a new dress you scold about the trimming. I'm sure I don't treat you that way."

"Certainly not, my dear, there is no occasion for it."

"Yes there is. You go and get your whiskers trimmed as much as you choose and I don't say a word. So there, now."

"Do you believe in mesmerism?" shyly asked a sweet young maid, who will graduate from Somerville high school next summer, of a young Harvard sophomore whom she had met at Mount Desert.

"Certainly, I do," replied the young man promptly. "I can mesmerize people myself."

"Oh, I don't believe it," said the shy girl, incredulously. "You couldn't mesmerize me, now, could you?"

"Well, I could try," said the young man, confidently, leaning toward her in the moonlight.

And she acknowledged to her dearest friend the next day that she did experience a sort of tingling sensation about her lips, something like a mesmeric shock.

The August days are flying fast
And happy is the lover,
Because he knows the season for
Ice cream is almost over.

—*Boston Courier.*

The brightest of sunshine is ever adorning,
The sky of the lucky man's life,
Who can creep into bed at two in the morning
And never awaken his wife.

—*Boston Courier.*

NAMES OF PRESIDENCY AND BISHOPS

OF THE

Organized Stakes of Zion.

The * indicates the President's address. P. E. Presiding Elder.

BANNOCK STAKE,

T. E. RICKS, President.

W. F. RIGBY, F. C. GUNNELL, Counselors.

Bingham Co., Idaho.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Brighton	Ruben Hyatt.
Cleveland	W. F. Walker.
Iowa	Jas. E. Steele.
**Menan*	R. L. Bybee.
Lyman	Amos Arnold.
Louisville	R. F. Jardine.
Parker	W. M. Parker.
Rexburg	T. E. Ricks, jr.
Rigby	Geo. Cordon.
Salem	Geo. H. B. Harris.
Teton	John Donaldson.
Wilford	Geo. Davis.
Beaver Canyon	Abraham Redford, P. E.
Burton	Geo. Foss, P. E.
Eagle Rock	J. B. Rawlley, P. E.
Taylor	Jno. Priest, P. E.
Willow Creek	Jessie Cleverley, P. E.

Elder R. L. Bybee is the Acting President of the Stake.

BEAR LAKE STAKE,

WM. BUDGE, President.

J. H. Hart, George Osmond, Counselors.

Bear Lake County, Idaho.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Bennington	A. R. Wright.
Berne	John Kuntz, P. E.
Bloomington	Wm. Hulme.
Cottonwood	S. S. A. Wilcox.
Pink Haven	John Stock.
Georgetown	H. A. Lewis.
Liberty	E. N. Austin.
Montpelier	Samuel Matthews.
Nounan	John Kinner, P. E.
Ovid	Peter Jensen.
**Paris, First Ward*	Wm. West.
Paris, Second Ward	Robert Price.
Preston	H. B. Dalrymple.
St. Charles	J. A. Hunt.

Bingham County, Idaho.

Soda Springs	Daniel Lau, P. E.

Rich County, Utah.

Garden City	Robert Calder.
Laketown	Ira Nebeker.
Meadowville	Joseph Kimball.
Randolph	A. McKinnon.
Woodruff	W. H. Lee.

BEAVER STAKE,

Beaver County, Utah.

J. R. MURDOCK, President.

John Ashworth, M. L. Shepherd, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Adamsville	J. H. Joseph.
**Beaver, First Ward*	C. D. White.
Beaver, Second Ward	J. X. Smith.
Greenville	Benjamin Lilleywhite.
Milford	E. B. Tanner.
Minersville	James McKnight.

BOX ELDER STAKE.

O. G. SNOW, President.

E. A. Box, J. D. Burt, Counselors.

Box Elder County, Utah.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Bear River City	Carl Jensen.
**Brigham City, First Ward*	Henry Tinger.
Brigham City, Second Ward	Alvin Nichols.
Brigham City, Third Ward	A. Madsen.
Brigham City, Fourth Ward	John Welch.
Deweyville	J. C. Dewey.
Grouse Creek	C. Kimber.
Honeyville	Abraham Hunsaker.
Mantua	P. Cafenson.
North	Thos. Harper.
Park Valley	E. D. Meecham.
Plymouth	M. J. Richards.
Portage	O. C. Hoskins.
Tremonton	A. A. Scoville.
Three Mile	O. Al Perry.
Washakie	I. D. Zundel.
Willard City	George Facer.

Oneida County, Idaho.

Neelyville	Wm. Neely.
Pock Creek	Isaac Thorn.

CACHE STAKE,

Cache County, Utah.

C. O. CARD, President.

M. W. Merrill, Orson Smith, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Benson	Alma Harris.
Clarkston	John Jardine.
Cleveville	J. C. Larsen.
Hyde Park	Robert Daines.
Hyrum	S. M. Molen.
Lewiston	W. H. Lewis.
**Logan, First Ward*	E. M. Lewis.
Logan, Second Ward	Henry Ballard.
Logan, Third Ward	Robert Davidson.
Logan, Fourth Ward	T. X. Smith.
Logan, Fifth Ward	Wm. Hyde.
Logan, Sixth Ward	J. T. Smith.
Logan, Seventh Ward	Isaac Smith.
Mendon	Henry Hugh.
Millville	G. O. Pitkin.
Newton	Hans Funk.
Paradise	Samuel Oldham.
Petersboro	Jos. Eastman.
Richmond	W. L. Skidmore.
South Cache	G. L. Farrell.
Trenton	J. R. Jardine.
Wellsville	W. H. Maughan.

DAVIS STAKE,

Davis County, Utah.

WILLIAM R. SMITH, President.

J. W. Eldredge, Anson Call, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Bountiful, East	Chester Call.
Bountiful, South	Wm. Brown.
Bountiful, West	Wm. S. Muir, jr.
**Centreville*	Nathan Cheney.
Farmington	J. M. Secrist.
Hooper, South	Edwin Parker.
Kaysville	Peter Barton.
Weber, South	David S. Cook.

EASTERN ARIZONA STAKE.

JESSE N. SMITH, President.

L. H. Hatch, Oscar Mann, Counselors.

Apache County, Arizona.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Alpine	Edward A. Noble.
Eversus	Jesse J. Brady (Acting).
Heber	William Sharp.
Nutrioso	Benjamin Noble.

Valencia Co., N. M.

Ramah	E. A. Tietjen.

Apache County, Arizona.

Show Low	Hans Hansen.
**Snowflake*	John Hunt.
St. Johns	David K. Udall.
Taylor	M. R. Willis.
Woodruff	James C. Owens.
Union	Geo. H. Crosby.

EMERY STAKE,

Emery County, Utah.

C. G. LARSEN, President.

Orange Seely, Rasmus Justesen, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
**Castle Dale*	Hosmog Olsen.
Ferron	F. Olsen.
Huntington	C. Pulsipher.
Molen	L. S. Beach.
Muddy	C. Christensen.
Orangeville	Jasper Robertson.
Price	Geo. Frandsen.
Cleveland	J. Alger, P. E.
Lawrence	Calvin Moore, P. E.
Upper Price	F. Ewell, P. E.
Wellington	Jefferson Tidwell, P. E.

JUAB STAKE,

Juab County, Utah.

WM. PAXMAN, President.

Joel Grover, Charles Sperry, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Eureka	John Beck.
Juab	Elmer Taylor, P. E.
Levan	Nels Aagard.
Mona	J. W. Haws.
**Nephi, First Ward*	W. H. Warner.
Nephi, Second Ward	David Udall.

KANAB STAKE,

Kane County, Utah.

E. D. WOOLLEY, Jr., President.

W. D. Johnson, jr., Thomas Chamberlain, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Factory	Thomas Stalworthy.
Glendale	R. J. Cutler.
Johnson	W. D. Johnson, P. E.
**Kanab*	R. S. Robinson.
Lee's Ferry	W. M. Johnson.
Moccasin	Alvin Heaton.
Mount Carmel	H. B. Kelly.
Orderville	E. W. Replin.
Pahreah	E. W. Smith.
Ranch	J. W. Seaman.
Upper Kanab	R. R. Robinson.

LITTLE COLORADO STAKE,

Apache County, Arizona.

LOT SMITH, President.

John Bushman, T. W. Brookbank, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Moan Creek	A. L. Farnsworth.
St. Joseph	J. H. Richards.
**Sunset*	P. W. Nelson.
Tonto Basin	Hiel Allen.
Willard	J. R. Jones.

MARICOPA STAKE,

Maricopa County, Arizona.

A. F. MACDONALD, President.

H. C. Rogers, C. I. Robson, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Alma	O. M. Stewart.
Lehi	T. E. Jones.
**Mesa*	E. Pomeroy.
Papago	C. S. Peterson.
Tempe	T. E. Jones.

MILLARD STAKE,

Millard County, Utah.

J. N. HINCKLEY, President.

Daniel Thomson, J. V. Robison, Counselors.

WARDS.	BISHOPS.
Deseret	J. S. Black.
**Fillmore*	Thos. C. Callister.
Holden	D. R. Stevens.
Kanosh	A. A. Kimball.
Leamington	L. N. Christiansen.
Meadow Creek	H. B. Bennett.
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