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DESERET EVENING NEWS. A GOOD INVESTMENT: Use the Descrit News to tell your store news. Our readers will buy what you adver-TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

PART TWO.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1903, SALT LARE CITY, UTAH.

FIFTY-THIRD YEAR.

From An Adobe Hut to a Mansion of Brick and Stone.

provement associations, the occasion being the regular con-

Cune, whose hospitality, like that of her husband's, is as boundless as their acquaintanceship among the people who have known them from childhood. for themselves, were, like all persons who are welcomed to the McCune mansion, greatly pleased with the evidences of art and luxury to be seen on every hand. Naturally their expressions of pleasure and appreciation were communlcated to their hostess, who with be- which I speak. coming modesty and pride told them that it was not always thus; that there was a time when her home was not only much less pretentious than it now is, but when it was about as humble as it could be and yet be dignified with the title of home.

Mrs. McCune admitted the substance of this in an address at the Tabernacle mission in southeastern Nevada, then mortar that went into its walls" the thought was suggested to a representative of the Deseret News who listened to her words, that there was material for a good Saturday story. And so there was as the reader will agree when he finishes a perusal of the lines which

MRS. MCCUNE'S STUDY OF ARCHITECTURE.

A serious witticism: "What do I know about building? You ask that after looking through . the handsome new home that ! has been erected in this city by my husband and myself. Well, 1 3 know a little; Listen, A long time ago when I was very poor, my father built a house away down on the Muddy, one of the Marmon

NE WEEK ago today there | ed. It was largely what other families were assembled in this city the officers of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Mutual Imucation were indeed fighted. when compared with the time in which we casion being the regular con-ference of those organizations, The young ladies were the guests of Mrs. Alfred W. Mc-hose hospitality, like that of band's, is as boundless as their tanceship among the people we known them from childhood. These young ladies, most of them, the daughters of parents who have strug-kled hard to build comfortable homes find the rob them of all the endoyments of life. We proved in those days that it is not necessary to be rich to be hap-py. Of course wealth is a good thing for what you can do with it, but it isn't all there is in this world. There is much beside—something higher, some-thing better, and that we had in liberal means of the days of usure-all of us-in the days of

GIRLHOOD RECOLLECTIONS.

"I recall most vividly some of the in-Trecall most vividly some of the In-cidents of my girlhood. Whatever had happened of any importance in my life had happened at Nephi. Up to the time I was 15 years of age there was no place on earth that was so precious to me as dear old Nephi. It was not large, not wonderful, but we had our occasions there, as we called them, just as much so as any big city of the land. And what is more, we got out of them. on Sunday and told feelingly, yet proudly of the part she had played in the creation of a home in the Muddy mission in southastern Neuda then mission in southeastern Nevada, then Utah, when she was a girl in her teens. And when she exclaimed with a thrill of conscious pride, as the recollection of it all fiashed through her mind, "I car-ried every adobe and every bucket of tions used to go out with bands of music and banners and flowers to meet and creet him and escort him into the town. . Photo by Savage During one of these trips just as the procession had stopped within the city, president and his associates had alighted from the carriage, he



MAGNIFICENT MCCUNE MANSION AT THE HEAD OF EAST TEMPLE STREET.

place in Zion.

ավավավավավավավավավավավավավավավավական կովսվություն, հայուլու կովու հայունություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայութ Դություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայություն, հայութ



everything he owned and take the prohelp build up another waste ON THE WAY. "My mother and sister remained in Nephi, the arst year, but my brother Sain and myself went with father and his second wife to help make the new We packed our wagons with a another family named Harmon started on our journey into the desert wilds.

stuck in the sand this time! And he laughingly retorted that it was quite clear now who was responsible for the wagon going down and that it was not the driver who was to blame. But it was no laughing matter for the wagon commenced slaking at a rapid rate. All three teams were hitched to it but they failed to move it an inch. Poor Sister Harmon was compelled to mount a horse and ride out. She had never been on a horse before and I must confess that I have seen more graceful riders. Although she was in tears and the sit-uation tragle, the place resounded with presented by lower tears. presistable laughter.

"It was a cold block morning and the wind blew fiercely; but the three men rolled up their pantaloons and waded into the stream and carried every each of flow from the married every each of flour from the wagon to the bank. By the time everything was out the wagon had sunk so deeply into the sand that all the teams combined could not move it. To cap the climax the tongue roke. When the wagon was finally lrawn onto the bank, poor father was a cold that he took a severe chill. Hot rinks and good nursing, however, soon red him, but it took the remainder f the day to mend the tongue,

ON THE MUDDY AT LAST.

"The next day we were to arrive as out destination-St. Joseph. We got up early in the morning and commenced to ascend Virgin hill. This hill is over to ascend Virgin hill. This hill is over a mile long, and near the top is a huge rock that is almost perpendicular, Af-ter having brought the wagons to this point by hitching the three icams to the outfits in succession, blocking the wheels at frequent intervals while the horses rested, our difficulties increased. As it was not possible for the horses to climb this steep rock they were upclimb this steep rock they were un-hitched and led up a winding, narrow trail to the top of the rock. The horses were then hitched to a long heavy log chain, which was dropped down and at-Then the horses pullet them up. This very steep road was also very narrow: on either side was a precipice: the wagons had to be kept in straight line of they would be dashed over the side The wind was blowing a hurricane. The

selected be a selected and the selected f necessary and be proud of the fact that I could be of assistance to a man

"It is not so many years ago that there was an amusing incident in our household over the so-called adobe exhousehold over the so-called adobe ex-perience of my life. One of my little daughters was attending a city school. She made a remark one day that caused a playmate to get angry and say something about 'there being no need for you to be stuck up just be-cause you live in a big, fine house: your mather isn't much any way; she used to make adobes.' The child was sliceked greatly and came home in tears and wanted to know if it was true. I told her that it was, and that she needn't be ashaned of it; on the contrary she might be proud of it as not every girl had a mother who could not every girl had a mother who could do that sort of thing. After that she looked at the matter differently.

MUDDY MISSION ABANDONED.

MUDDY MISSION ABANDONED. "We stayed on the Muddy mission until it was abandoned by the Salniz, who were advised to leave. This was on account of the government survey divelosing the fact that a part of the land was in Nevada where the taxes at that time were so high that the peo-ple simply could not afford to pay them, As we could sell nothing we left our bouses standing and our fine crops un-harvested. Though the people were not called to ge to Long valley, they were advised to settle that place. So there they went, Here my father lived in the United Order until it, too, was aban-doned. About this time I returned to Nephi and some time later married Mr. A. W. McCune, my old sweethent. About three years after my marriage I took my little babe and started to Long Valley to pay a visit to my parents who were new living there. I started with a Brother Stewart and his daugh-ter Effa, and wrote my father to meet me at a place called Williams' lance. When we reached there my father had not yet arrived. Thinking he would soon come I remained and the Stewarts went on to Kanab. The next morning my father did not come and

he would soon come I remained and the Stewarts went on to Kanab. The next morning my father did not come and I knew he had not got my letter. Re-membering that a man named Hoyt, with whom I was acquainted, had a saw mill somewhere in the mountains not far away. I determined to go there

HOW MRS. MCCUNE STUDIED HARD WOOD

Another serious wittleism: You admire the hard wood in our new home, As you say, it is here in great variety, while the carving is artistically done. You also ask what I know about hard wood and if I ever studied it. 1 confees that I have had some experionce with it. How much? G. well, quite a little, though I don't mind telling you that the hand wood I "studied" was not actly the kind that you see her One year when I was a girl my father suffered from an injury to his back. It was about woodhauling time. It made it difficult ... for him to load it alone, so I I went to the canyon with him. The wood we got was oak and maple, I helped him load it. I oak and maple both belong to the bard wood class. Now you will a understand where I got my exparience with hard woods. don't blame you for laughing, for * I often laugh over it myself, but laughing is a good thing at the proper time and place. And who shall say that this is not the proper place?



sequently abandoned. I helped my father build it. I worked 🕏 just as hard as a man. Every 3 adobe and every bucket of mortar that went into its walls I carried. Yes, every one. It was a hard task but I am not ashamed of it and would do it again under like circumstances if it were necessary. My father was a good man and I was proud of the fact that I was able to lighten * his burden in some measure. He . is living in Arizona today and is just as good a man as ever he was. He always taught us to do right and I shell always love him for it. No boy or girl ever lost anything from obeying, honoring and loving his or her parents."

tell of the ups and downs of her life, which, after all, have been counterparted in many respects by hundreds of other "Mormon" women who have bravely assisted their fathers and hus. bands in the work of reclaiming the sterile wastes of the great west. To the "News" man who visited her during the week, Mrs. McCune gave these facts:

HER EARLY LIFE.

"My father, Samuel Claridge, and my mother joined the Church in England in 1852. At that time they had two chil-dren. I was one of them, a babe only dren. I was one of them, a babe only nine months old. On embracoing the Gospel our parents emigra 1 to Utah and settled at Nephi, wher two more children are form to them. It is hard-ly nece ary for me to tell you in de-tail, I think, of what oup family endur-

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hildren.



and of a failed and a failed a failed and a failed and a failed a failed a failed a failed a failed a failed a SAMUEL CLARIDGE. Father of Mrs. McCune, from a photographi taken in 1878.

AS A MATRON OF FIFTY-ONE.

From a photograph of Mrs. McCune, ta ken at Lima, Peru, this year,

passed by a bevy of twenty-five young | being eaten and discussed we all adles, all dressed in pure white, tripped up stairs in a hurry and, They had just strewn the path of the dis-tinguished visitors with evergreens and wild flowers. And as the president ap-proached with Heber C. Kimball and Gen, Wells they halted for a moment and the first named of the last two, said to five of us who were standing in a group: 'You girls will all live to be mothers in Israel.' That predic-tion was verily fulfilled as not one of us has had less than eight or nine children.

"The company having been taken to our homes the very best dinner we could provide was served. How we girls fairly flew about to make things

you believe it, we tried on the ladies' hats. Didn't we enjoy it? Well, the person who thinks we didn't was never a girl, that is all I can say. But there was more than one object in putting those hats on. If our city, friends could have seen us on the Sunday folcompanies. Just previous to our ar-rival a number of people had been killed and teams and provisions had lowing, they would have understood it-they would have been struck by the marvelous similarity of the millinery of some of the Nephi girls, and that of the visiting ladies who had come all the way from Salt Lake, where the fashious came from during those days. been stolen. The trip from St. Geo to the Muddy, with loaded teams, The trip from St. George quired three weeks. We waited for one week for another company to come along in order that we might not hav

to travel alone. But none came and on the advice of Apostle Erastus Snow MUDDY MISSION CALL. "During the afternoon we all attendwe resumed our journey unaccompa-nied. Those who have traversed that ed the meeting, the girls in white hav-mg reserved seats in front. The sernied. awful route will recall the loneliness o mons were inspirational and grand They made us very happy until wel the scene, the high mountains on eithe side, the dismal echo of the on toward the close, of the meeting when President Young announced that from wall to wall, which suggested yelling Indians to ears straining catch the red man's war whoop. he had a few names to read-names of men who had been selected to go with their families and 'settle the Muddy.' night when we camped, each took turn in standing guard. We were under the That almost stopped our beating hearts, Many of our people had been previously called to settle the Dixle country. But the Muddy-that was so necessity of proceeding on a sort of measured march, sometimes covering a great distance each day, and others, many miles less, in order that we could

much farther-so much more difficult. Then I heard the name of 'Samuel Claridge' my father. Aften that I knew nothing for a moment and when I recovered myself again I was weepcamp at night where there was water for ourselves and animals. "One day I was riding in the wagon ing bitterly. Tears were spolling my new white dress but I sobbed on just the same. Said the companion who was at my side. What are you feeling so hadly about? My father has been with my brother Sam; we were ahead of the others. Several times that day, I had made him stop his team because I thought I heard Indians. Each time It proved to be the shrill note of some wild bird, It was now sunset; we could called, too, but you see that I ar not crying because I know he won't go. see in the distance our camping place That is just the difference. My fath-er is called and I know that he WILL My brother and I were laughing when er is called and I know that he WHLL GO: and that nothing can prevent him from going. He never fails to do any-thing when called upon: and badfy as I feel about it I would be ashamed if he didn't go. Fut I will have no oc-casion to be ashamed for I tell you my father WHLL GO and the words of his solving daughter became subsequent facts.' suddenly I heard a human outcry, 'Sam,' I said, 'Stop the team! I heard the yell of an Indian.'". "'Yes, little girl,' he said doubtingly, 'you have been hearing yells like that all day. I clutched his arm and com-manded, "Sam, Stop! Stop! I not on-

"Everything possible, it seemed, happened to prevent us from getting off. Just as father was nearly ready to

the had to buy nother animal. A week later one of his mules was choked to death in the barn. Some of our friends said, 'Brother Claridge, this shows that yeu are not to go?' 'Does it?' said father. 'It shows me that the adver-sary is trying to prevent me from go-ing: but I am going all the same if I have to walk every foot of the way.' "As we had just moved into a large new house and were very comfortable

new house and were very comfortably situated not a few of our friends en denvored to persuade father to retain his home and farm; to go south awhile and then come back. But father looke at matters in a different light. He sald he had not been called upon that kind of a mission, and that he would sell don't let the Indians think we are

OLO "ACO. Y AISSION" HOME.

To a Detect Notes artist Mrs. Mc Cune described in detail the humble at ode that she helped her father build on the "Muddy" when she was a girl. From that description the artist drew the picture from which this half-ton was made. It will take but a glance to convince the reader how mighty is the difference between that rude habita-tion, long since reduced by the elements, to a pile of mud, and the splendid edifice of brick and stone, that the McCung family now occupies.

WAR PAINTED INDIANS.



As we approached they showed no sign of hostility. Father and Brother Harmon watered and fed our horses and Sam made a roaring camp fire. By this time the moon was shining, it seemed to me, as it had never shore before, Eleven or twelve Indians cam over to our fire and squatted about it As my brother smoked at that time, he took out his tobacco and neatly rolle up a cigarette and then passed the to bacco to our dusky visitors. This act of proffered friendship greatly pleased the Indians, and, imitating him, they each made a cigarette and then smoked the pipe of peace. This night will be forever riveted on my mind. I thought What if my mother and my sweet-heart could look through some super-natural stone and see their loved ones n the great danger in which we were

'Father shook hands with the Indians as they arose to go: then after they had gone and we had had our customary evening prayers, we went quietly to bed. We pretended to sleep that night-pretended-that was all, for not one of us closed our eyes. I remember well the feeling of gratitude that came in-to my heart when I thought what a good man my father was: what a right-cous man I thought Brother Harmon was, and how I attributed our salvation to those facts. When we arose in the morning we thanked our Heavenly Fa-ther with over-flowing hearts for the protection accorded us that perilous night. After breakfast we gave the Indians a sack of flour and bade them all goodbye. They shook my father's hand heartily and said, "You good Mormon.

ly heard an Indian yell but I have just DANGER ON THE VIRGIN RIVER. "Our next trouble was wide and very river. This stream is wide and very "Our next trouble was on the Virgin that rock and then jump back.' Sam stopped this time. In an instant the Indian was on his feet again in full view and was leaping from rock to crooked, and winding in its course. some places it is also very deep with quick-sand at the bottom. If the horses or his race. We waited until father and the Harmon family came up. By the time they reached us there were were to stop in these places the wagons would sink speedily. Father first drove a large, strong pair of mules across; they were hitched to the provision wa-gon. He farly salled through the stream. But Brother Harmon was not ten Indian warriors, all decked out in their war paint, in full sight. We all stopped and the conference that we an expert at driving and got his wagon held was a mighty solemn one. I shall never forget the words of my stuck in the quicksand. The three teams were hitched to the outfit with all posfather, or the beautiful expression on his face when he said: sible haste and it was pulled out. The next time we crossed the river Brother Harmon had a like experience and his " 'Don't be afraid, my children! We are in the hands of the Lord! He has good wife declared smilingly that she would not ride with him again, as he called us on this mission. I have done everything in my power to fulfill it thus

didn't know how to drive. "Very well, Sister Harmon, you may ride with me,' exclaimed father. ride with me,' exclaimed father. And then the laugh turned; for lo, and be-

afraid, for there is nothing an Indian | two light wagons went up all right and the heavy one was well on the way My brother and I stood watching its progress with grateful and happy hearts. But suddenly our happiness

was transformed to sorrow. The tongu that was broken in the river again gave ways and down came the wagon with an awful crash. It dashed by me with fearful velocity. My dress was caught in one of the wheels and badly torn while I narrowly escaped ba-ing dragged to death. The wagon went over the precipice and down the hillside scattering provisions cicar to the bot-tom. It was a trying moment as we gazed on the scene of destruction be-low us. It was all very discouraging, particularly to my brother who ex-claimed with much bitterness in his voice that he would not stay in such a that was broken in the river again claimed with much outerness in his voice that he would not stay in such a place. Nothing damated and to buoy him up I said resolucely. 'Well, I shall.' And I addedthat I wouldn't back out of that mission if everyone of the wagons went to the bottom.' But Sam protest-ed with a tremor in his voice, 'just look at your clothes' at your clothes.'

ABOUT BETTER CLOTHES,

"My trunk happened to be in this wagon. I had been the telegraph oper-ator at Nephi for a year or two before leaving and my salary, though small, had enabled me to buy some good com-fortable clothes. In fact I had a fine wardrobe for a girl in those days. 'Yes, look at your trunk.' Sam said, 'broken all to pieces and every stitch you got now blowing across the prairie.' He hought that if there was anything that could touch a gol's heart it would be that sight. But I snapped my lingers and said. 'I don't care that much for the old things, anythow.' "My father had not spoken a word

"My father had not spoken a word up to this time; he now turned to me caimly and said, 'My daughter, I pro-phesy that the day will come when you will have much better clothes than those to wear. Of course his words have had complete verification. After sathering complete verification. After gathering up all the articles we could find, and leaving one man with the wagon, our little company went on to the settle-ment. And oh, what a place it was! Nothing but deep sand and a burning sun. No houses, only a few dug-outs. But we all went to work with a will however, and at the end of a year we had a fine farm of waving grain, and one nice large adobe room to live in. CARRIED THE HOD.

"Some of our girls smile when I tell them that I carried every adobe and every bucket of morta; that went into that house. My brother hauled the that house. My brother hauled the adobes four or live miles from where they were made. They were not like the old blue clay adobes of this part of Utah, but were quite red in appear-ance. Father laid these adobes while I carried the hod. Yes!" exclaimed Mrs. McCune in a tone that proved that she way not achoused of what the had was not ashamed of what she had done, "I carried the hod and would do

and told the people at the ranch if they would assist me to get there that he would help me on to the home of my parents. When we got to the mill we parents. When we got to the mill we round Mrs. Hoyt and three little chil-dren all alone. The men were a mile or two away cutting timber. She ex-plained to me that the Bishop had sent word for all of the women folks to move into town, as the Indians were to move into town, as the Indians were threatening to go on an outbreak. Some white men, it appeared, had killed an Indian, and they had sworn that they would kill ten white men for revenge. Mrs. Hoyt told me that they were all ready to start for town on the follow-ing morning and that I could go with them

ANOTHER INDIAN EPISODE.

"She had two bake-kettles on the coals in which two nice loaves of bread were baking. We sat chatting without a thought of danger, I was just telling her the Nephi news when the children ran in crying out that a band of indians was coming right into the house. The savages were mounted on horses and were respicadent in their war paint and feathers. They were of the Navajo tribe, the very band that was making the trouble. Well, the moment was a trying one on we two defense-less women with our little ones, but there was nothing for us to do but face the situation. I offered up a brief and fervent prayer to our Heavenly Father to preserve us from a fate that might be worse than death. The Indiana or worse than death. The indiana came in, gomething over a dozen fierce warriors. I thought, as they stood looking at us and talking, that they were considering what they should do with us. All at once I thought of the bread baking on the fire and said as I interest to Mrs. How for the these these turned to Mrs. Hoyt, 'Let us take these two loaves of hot bread and break them up and divide them among the Indians.' She assented, and we elbowed our way through the crowd and took the bread from the kettles and proceeded to break it. We then asked our unwelome visitors if they liked molasses on their bread and they grunted approval. Meanwhile they watched our move-ments very closely and munched their toothsome meal with great gusto. tootheome meat with great gusto. We then gave them some water to drink and presently they mounted their hors-es and took their departure, saying as they left. Whyno squaws; whyno squaws, meaning that we were good women. And then we thanked our Heavenly Father for His goodness in prevention as from heine harmed by preventing us from being harmed by the savages. When the men came home to supper that night and under-stood the danger through which we had passed, there was no complaint on account of there being no bread in the house, and that they had to fare on mush and milk. The next day I met my parents. My coming was a complete surprise to them and we had a most enjoyable time together.

CONCLUDING OBSERVATIONS. These are only a few of the thrilling experiences in the life of Mrs. McCune,