

Too late for our last issue.

WHITE ROCK WHITTLINGS.

Agent Myton and wife, accompanied by Mr. Owens and wife, returned from Colorado a few days ago after truant Indians. This is the weather that impels an Indian to take up his tepee poles and seek his former happy hunting grounds. This annual hunting expedition is almost the only thing left to them that recalls the past, though no doubt the older ones consider it tame enough, with no chance to happen on a tribe of Indians who are hereditary foes, nor even a few defenseless whites whose scalps they could take as mementoes of an enjoyable and profitable half hour spent in their society.

The Indians express themselves as delighted with this last trip, and say they were treated splendidly by the cow-boys. Probably the old style cow-boy, with blood in his eye, a revolver in one hand and a dime novel in the other, whose hero wallowed in "Indian" gore, has about left the range, and been replaced by others who realize that the Indians are doing no more harm than the white hunters with their unlimited ammunition and their power of remaining invisible to the hoodcoed eyes of the game wardens.

Dr. Lloyd's family are here from Tennessee and occupy what used to be the agent's residence.

Mr. R. McKenna has gone to Salt Lake to take the civil service examination for farmer.

Miss Carter, of Virginia, who is the Episcopal missionary and also a trained nurse, is busy attending the sick Indians.

Gus Johnson, the wheelright, is confined to his house by a sprained ankle. While shingling his house the ladder slipped and he fell a distance of twenty feet to the ground.

Curtis Blake has sold what cattle he owned, and started last week to attend the Collegiate Institute in Salt Lake City.

Election night every one sat up to hear the returns. The results were satisfactory to the majority of the people here. The German blacksmith was heard to yell, hurrah! the Dutch have taken Holland.

A. Q. Boan is siding his store, which will greatly improve its appearance.

Miss Sallie Calvert is teaching the young white ideas how to sprout.

Last night the election was celebrated by an immense bonfire, and afterward by an impromptu reception at the schools.

BULLY HEAD