

crops planted by the Mormons were about to be destroyed by an army of worms when flocks of gulls came upon the scene and destroyed them, thus saving the crops, and the people, looking upon this as an interposition of Providence in their favor, the destruction of these birds has since been prohibited. The Indians were fully represented by one of the neighboring tribes, men, women and children in their accustomed costumes, also the inveterate cowboy with his lassoos, his ammunition belt and pistols, and the rear was brought up by mercantile vans of various kinds.

Considering the great body of people brought together on this occasion, it was the quietest and most orderly gathering of the kind it has ever been my lot to witness, and I did not see a single drunken man in the crowd, but this was not owing to any lack of saloons, as there appeared to be quite as many as such cities generally have.

I now turned my face homeward, but before leaving Salt Lake, I must say that the Mormons, as far as I have come in contact with them, are a quiet, orderly class of citizens—probably the result of according to them all the rights which good citizens should have, and though polygamy may still exist to a very limited extent as the last fibres of a cancerous growth, education and science will yet root out ignorance and superstition and make a homogenous people of the inhabitants of this valley.

I can truly say that the green and fruitful fields of Nebraska never looked so beautiful as upon my return to them, and however much we may enjoy the varied scene of nature as we pass from one to the other, yet for substantial enjoyment there is nothing that can be compared to the quiet retirement of a rural home.

GEO. S. TRUMAN.

We are always hoping to do more than we ever accomplish.—*Goethe*.

GEORGE CLARK DEAD.

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 WAS THE "GEORGE HARRIS" OF UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

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 Lexington, Ky., Dec. 18—Lewis George Clark, the original George Harris of Harriet Beecher Stowe's famous novel, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," died here Thursday afternoon.

Clark could never determine the exact year of his birth. He said, when asked about his age: 'You see we depended on the old folks keeping it in their heads, and they are dead and gone. Of course, the master kept a record, but they are gone like the rest. As near as I can learn I was born somewhere between 1815 18.'

Clark was a short, spare man, of restive habits, and was a genial and racy talker. He was born a slave, but was as white as the fairest Caucasian. He had also a Scottish shrewdness, inherited from his father. Being on a large estate all went well, as well as in slavery. His owner was rich. But when his son inherited his fortune things began to go to the dogs.

One day it was rumored that all the slaves were to be sold. Clark, who had long had the unenviable distinction of being a "spirit nigger," mounted a pony and made a dash for liberty. He rode away over the hills to Ohio and to Canada. Then he ventured to Cambridge, Mass., where he lived for seven years with A. H. Safford, a brother-in-law of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It was here that Mrs. Stowe heard from his lips the story of slavery. Clark became autobiographical, and Mrs. Stowe noted what he said. The result was "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which made a continent tremble.

Clark remained in the north for many years after the war, and became an educated and cultured man. About seventeen years ago he returned to his old home to teach the negroes.