

## OLD FLY

AL FRIEND

By the Editor

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## LIKE THE FALL OF THE MANN.

The Shover of Quail for the Morn.

From the New York Sun.

The stories about quail which are coming

from Nevada have suggested to an old

hunter an explanation of a phenomenon which

has all along been cited as an evidence of the

favor in which the Mormons who made the

journey across the plains with Brigham, were

held by the Almighty. The Mormon teachers

maintain that the experience of the faithful

on that well-known pilgrimage was

never marred by anything that occurred

to the children of Israel when they

wandered in the wilderness under the

leadership of Moses. By Christians

it is generally admitted that the Israelites

were under the guidance of the Lord; that

they were fed from Heaven; that water

was sent down from the sky to quench their

thirst; and that but for superhuman assistance

they never would have passed safely into the

promised land. Yet the Israelites

were forty years in crossing a wilderness

not so extensive and certainly not so

dangerous as the one which the Mormons

crossed in a few months. To all

Mormons in this vicinity the story of the

Israelites is a familiar one. It is a story

of the triumph of the faithful over the

adversities of the world, the flesh, and

the devil. It is a story of the triumph of

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## GOOD-BY, BOYS! GOOD-BY!

A Message that Went Ever the Wides One

Lonely Night in Wyoming.

From the New York Sun.

Did you ever hear of a telegraph operator

who was sent to a party of men, young and

old, who had had experience at the keys. One

man knew of a fellow who had been with

a telegraph wire, and several others

had heard of a fellow who had strangled

himself on a telegraph pole and across

the wire, but these were not what the speaker

meant.

"You don't catch the point," he continued.

"When the overland wire was never there it

was, and some of them were not so funny

either. The country was full of telegraph

travellers, and you used to have them all to

strangle. One night in the winter of 1880-70 I

was on duty here alone. It was a howling

night, intensely dark and stormy. Not much

light came from the sky, and I had been reading

a newspaper and was a little

nervous. A man came in and

said that a fellow had been committed in the

neighborhood. I began to fidget. The

man was still, and so I began to fidget. The

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