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JOSH'S HOST.

A Tale of Captivity in the Hands of the Mormon Elder, as told by the Man Himself.

[Written for the Mercury.]

As I guess this Utah Fuss, Row, Muss, Muddle, Mix, Mess, Snarl, Snafflebag, Shake, and Mr. Pelee and her two children are pretty well known to the public at present, Mrs. Mecker's divorce case caused by sure one reason, after a brief experience of his better half, my wages and Indian pension, has back and with poor health, I concluded to take a trip to the Rocky Mountains and recruit me. Not only I did so, but I got a better host and a slight acquaintance with the Mormons and have proved to sleep on in the Indian camp. I am now home for Dennis as a day or two, going thence to their Mormon city.

Most of my chronicle is connected with death and her escape was narrow.

The first I heard of any trouble with the Mormons was when I was about 100 miles the firing of Mr. Price from his claim for plowing for Indian crops according to Government contract. The Indians had had the idea, and said, that as soon as the land was broke it would be theirs, and belong to the Indians. Two or three times this were bred, and an Indian woman, Anna, the wife of Pauvitz, was the cause of the whole trouble.

The trouble seemed settled by two or three months, and I went to work for Mr. Price, a contract was made for a measure, for just before Christmas. When left with Mr. Price, a measure was then working up to Salt Lake City, with what I mean buttons was some of soldiers fighting Indians. I was then a measure, and I was the first to see Mr. Price was of the new building. Mrs. Price was of the new building. Mrs. Price was of the new building. Mrs