

on deck, talking, laughing and asking questions. Our little schooner soon arrived at the mouth of Jordon river, and a few moments sailing out in the bay brought us around the point in sight of a canning factory, and while passing by schooners were busy unloading oysters which are taken from the wharf into the factory, where the shell is removed and after going through many different processes are canned up ready for shipment.

On sailing around in front of the city, we next came to the railroad trestle work that crosses over the bay three miles in length. Passing on through the draw bridge which is 200 feet long, we sailed out into the Mississippi sound. By this time the breeze had died down and a complete calm surrounded us; the sails flapped aimlessly as though all was over, and while the captain spun boat yarns for us, we sat with our legs hanging over the starboard, waiting for another wind. At 2 p. m. the canvas was again standing before the wind pulling hard, and our little vessel once more glided smoothly along, passing over an oyster reef, upon which schooners were fishing for oysters, and after catching a few of the "stomach ticklers," to settle the inner man, our journey continued and at 4 o'clock we could see nothing but water, land having become lost to view, and as the sun lowers the scene becomes more beautiful, till at last it is beyond words to express; it dips the water's edge and appears as a ball of fire standing far out upon the sea, but on sinking lower it sheds forth a golden light upon the water, and forms a path still more brilliant back to the schooner on which we were standing, then finally passing out of sight, the ocean seeming to have swallowed it up.

Night was quickly casting her mantle over the deep, but it did not decrease the beauty of our surroundings as we were in sight of two light houses, and the oyster schooners carrying red and green lights which cast their reflections upon the water, formed a scene more beautiful than ever, and as the moon arose sending forth its light upon the rolling waves, to us mountain-raised boys, the scene was something grand.

After sailing around Niger Point up into a little bay, anchor was lowered and as the "wee small hours began to appear, we entered the cabin and all retired to rest, and while being "rocked on the billows of the deep," we four in a cot were trying to sleep. When morning dawned with the prospect of a beautiful day for our tour over the island, breakfast was scarcely noticed, we being so anxious to take in the sights. Brother Burdin rowed us to shore in a small skiff, President Pomeroy and myself being first to land. After crossing over the neck of the island and traveling some three miles along the beach we came in sight of what looked to be a large bank of snow, but on getting nearer it proved to be a sand hill, some fifty feet high, the sand being very fine and almost as white as snow. After ascending to the top the sight that met our eyes was well worth the climb. From this point we were permitted to view most of the island, it being about ten miles long and perhaps will average two miles in width.

To the east of us lay Ship Island, noted for its use during the Civil war, as a place where prisoners were kept. The old fort was still standing there but deserted. Out in the gulf south of the islands lay a few ocean schooners which were being loaded with lumber from smaller vessels. After viewing the surroundings till our hearts were content, we turned our faces toward the boat, arriving there hungry and tired.

During the remainder of our time spent on Cat Island we were engaged to gathering shells and enjoying ourselves in many ways.

The ride back over the Sound was a pleasant one having a good wind and waves rolling high, although neither of us became sea sick. I occasionally felt as though I would be compelled to stretch out on deck and feed fishes awhile, but finally pulled through, arriving at Brother Burdin's January 8th to continue our labors as before. Since that time our labors here have been crowned with success; the way is continually being opened up for us with friends on all sides. Traveling without purse or scrip is the keynote to success.

### TO KILL CODLING MOTH.

INDEPENDENCE, Mo.,  
March 14, 1897.

The wave of prosperity having failed to materialize here as yet, there is a consequent dearth of important events to chronicle from this historic place. However, a few items may be of interest to your readers, who some day hope to obtain an interest here.

There is a steady growth of population in and around this city, and most of the new owners are Book of Mormon believers of some sort, all looking for something to turn up in fulfillment of certain revelations.

A recent movement to consolidate the various factions under the banner of the Reorganized church proved a failure, for neither faction would concede anything. Each believing themselves the only original, true church, it was impossible to come to an agreement. The Hedrickites, the proud possessors of the Temple lot, looked upon the scheme to consolidate as another method to get possession of the lot, without which the Josephites feel they are greatly hampered in the building up of Zion, and in maintaining their claims of being the right and only successor to the original Church.

The little band of Hedrickites deserves considerable credit in their legal fight to hold the property, some of them having sacrificed all of their earthly possessions to pay the expenses of the litigation; yet they feel amply repaid for their losses in defeating the aspiring and powerful opposition. They feel that it was repetition of the battle between David and Goliath.

Both branches are publishing a paper in this city in the interests of their respective churches.

There seems to be quite a controversy throughout the mountain country as to the merits of spraying for destroying the insects which ruin the fruit, and I notice some are in favor of spraying, while others seem to think it is of no value. The same controversy has been going on here, with

the honors in favor of those who believe it is a waste of time and money. There is, however another method for destroying the codling moth which is said to be absolutely effective, and that is the gasoline torch process. By hanging two or three torches to the acre in the orchard every night during the blooming season, the moths will collect around the light, burn their wings off and fall down on the ground and soon perish. This method has been tried and proved satisfactory, and will be extensively tried in this country this season. The torches can be obtained from wholesale hardware companies at \$15 per dozen at Kansas City, but will be a little higher in the west. If your dealers do not have them I will have any orders filled and shipped at the above rate should any of your readers desire to try the process.

Spring is opening up with bright prospects for all kinds of products, and while the financial and political conditions are a source of great depression in all branches of industry, the successful producers from the soil are by far the most safe and substantial citizens in our community. Yet they are on the housetops anxiously awaiting the gigantic wave of prosperity we are promised shall overwhelm this fair land. Let us hope it will not jump the track.

E. PETERSON.

### PIONEERS AND BATTALION.

BEAVER, Utah, March 17, 1897.

While others are putting in their claims for recognition in the Pioneer Jubilee, I beg to be heard in behalf of the Mormon Battalion. While that valiant band was not led directly by that great, wise and good man, President Brigham Young, he was the chief recruiting officer, and but for him the Battalion would not nor could it have been raised; for although the love of country burned deep and strong in each bosom, but for a great, wise and influential leader, who would have thought of outraged, plundered, persecuted (even unto death many of them) exiled American citizens, while feeling unprotected from civilization to escape death by martyrdom at the hands of cruel, unfeeling mobs—I repeat who would have thought of leaving their families in an Indian country without house or home and but little provision, and turning out over two hundred times as many soldiers in proportion to their numbers as was required of any state in the Union, to face a foreign foe? Again, he it remembered that this same great patriotic leader met in council with his subordinate leaders of that unflinching corps on the eve of their departure, and gave them his last charge and blessing. Furthermore, it should not be forgotten that only three days after the arrival of the Pioneers in Salt Lake valley, a portion of the Battalion were the first to plant the American flag on that then Mexican soil. Further, to show his recognition of the valiant band, it was President Young who, after the detached soldiers had served a little over their time—who stepped forward against the wishes of some military officers and discharged them, and that discharge has been recognized by the general government. It is also notable