

concluded to go back to Massachusetts, learn to be a wagon maker in his brother's shop and again come west to practice his trade. He did this, and when he returned to Ohio he got work as an employe under a wagon maker in Union county. He served his master so well that he was soon taken into partnership, and the old wagon maker gave him his daughter in marriage. The young couple lived together with the old folks in their log cabin home. It was in that log cabin that I was born and near there I spent my boyhood. Father stopped making wagons after a time and bought some land. I think he had 200 acres at first. It was all timber and he had to clear it. As I grew older I helped him, and I thus learned to do all kinds of farm work. My father taught me also how to handle tools, and later on I found this of great value. It helped me to get through college, for I was able to put in my Saturdays in doing carpenter work, for which I got \$1.25 a day."

"Did you work your way through school, senator?"

"Yes and no," was the reply. "My father gave me some of the money I needed and I earned some, I made some, as I told you, on Saturdays, and I earned something during my vacations. Delaware at that time was a cheap place to go to school. I remember one term cost me just about \$42."

"How could you live so cheaply, Senator?"

"Well, the tuition, was very low, in the first place. Then, I had a room mate, and, together, we paid only \$1.50 a week for our room. We did our own cooking. Our homes were about twenty miles away, and we could bring our supplies from our own farms. We had plenty of bread, which our mother's baked, and we learned how to make mush. We could boil potatoes, and when some one started our batter for buckwheat cakes we could add to the batter from day to day and keep it alive, so that we had fresh buckwheats every morning. All this cost very little, and still we lived fairly well."

"How old were you when you graduated?"

"I was twenty. I entered college at sixteen and graduated in 1872."

Senator Fairbanks is one of the leading lawyers of the west. Though he is only forty-five, he has made a fortune at the law, and his practice has for many years been worth many times as much as he will receive as his senatorial salary. As I thought of this I asked him how he came to study law. He replied:

"The law was my first ambition. I studied Blackstone while I was in college, and I got through law school by studying between the hours of newspaper work. While I was at Delaware I became the editor of the college paper, and after I left there I got an appointment as Associated Press agent at Pittsburgh at \$82 a month. I did this, thinking I could go to the law school there, but when I learned that in Pennsylvania a man has to study law three years before he can be admitted, I had myself transferred to Cleveland. It was there that I was admitted to the bar."

"Then if you were to be born again, senator, and had the choice of the location, you would choose to be born upon a farm."

"Yes, I should, emphatically," replied Senator Fairbanks. "I believe in it. It was upon the farm that I learned how to

work, and such as I have had has come from hard work. It is from the farm that are to come the successful men of the future. The great writers, lawyers and business men of the next generation are among the farmers' boys of today. It is true that a few may come from the city, but the majority will come from the country."

Returning to Senator Foraker, it is wonderful how the lines of his life and that of Senator Fairbanks have run along side by side. Both had to struggle during their boyhood, both went to school at the same college for at least a part of their education, and both have made great success as lawyers, and both are now influential men in the United States Senate. Foraker, like Fairbanks, learned to work on the farm, and his ambition to do well came to him in his cradle. When he was not yet in his teens his father says that he thought he was able to do anything that any of the other boys could do. "One day," so the old gentleman says, "Ben's elder brother, Burch, put up thirty-three shocks of corn, for which I paid him \$1, and Ben thought he ought to earn some money as well. I told him he was too small to do such hard work, but he said he was going to try. That day I went to the fair, and when I came back I found that he had put up his thirty-three shocks. He was not tall enough to tie them, so he got his little sister to stand on a chair and do it, while he held the stalks in place. It was a big day's work for a boy, and I don't see how he did it."

Frank G. Carpenter

EASTERN STATES MISSION.

91 WILLIAMS AVENUE, CARBONDALE PENN.,
March 27th, 1897.

Knowing that it is a desire of the people living in Zion to hear from the ambassadors which the Lord has sent out to prune His vineyard for the last time, I add a synopsis of my labors to the many that are being sent into the News. No one realizes that there are many different minded people in the world more than an Elder preaching the Gospel. Some cannot bestow enough honor upon you; while others seem as though they cannot say enough evil against you. Among the latter class, or at least I find it so in this community, are generally found those who profess to be leaders of the people religiously inclined.

When myself and companion, Elder J. H. Bess, wandered into Forest City, seeking the honest in heart, in December, the word soon went forth that Mormon Elders had invaded the town. The shepherds (so called) began to warn their flocks that the "wolves" had made their appearance in their midst, and cautioned them to beware lest they should fall a prey.

While tracing the town I came across a gentleman who, after a few conversations kindly opened his house for meetings. After holding the first meeting he was called upon by his minister and was notified not to allow those Mormons in his house. The reply was that he was boss of his own house. Not to be beaten, the gentleman's employer came to him soon after, and told him he had no place for any that let the Mormons into

their houses. Undoubtedly the minister had gone to the gentlemen's employer and asked him to discharge him if he let the Mormons into his house again. Not wishing to cause his discharge, we cancelled further engagements.

Soon after this, it was published in the papers that Reverend P. B. Kennedy's subject for the following Sunday would be, "The Mormon People." No more attentive listeners were found in his audience than Elder D. R. Gill and myself. Brother Gill came up from Scranton to hear the sermon. The preacher began by reading about half his discourse, which was principally aimed at the Book of Mormon. He endeavored to prove the falsity of it by bringing up the old Spaulding story, but a very poor effort it was and a sad failure as to disproving the divine authenticity of the book. At the close he warned all his audience to beware of us, and not to allow us in their houses, saying that we had taken one young man from their midst already (as we had baptized a young man,) and it would require their united efforts that no more should be taken. At the close of the service we went up to speak to him, and asked for the privilege of saying a few words, but were refused.

We also had been holding meetings in a private house about three miles from the city, and the Reverend gentleman hearing of it went out to see them and endeavored to turn the good people against us. After spending about an hour in telling them the Lord had sent him there to tell them that the Mormon Elders were not to be allowed in their house, did not preach from the Bible, etc., he was kindly told that the Mormons were welcome to hold meetings in the house at anytime, and they knew that they preached from the Bible as they had heard them. The minister told the lady of the house, as he went off, that she was no child of Christ. The family is now ready for baptism into the Church of Christ.

Another Reverend gentleman told me that if I did not leave town I would go out with a coat of tar and feathers, and he would see that it was done. But no heed was taken to his threat.

We have been as instruments in the hand of the Lord in bringing ten souls to the true fold in Carbondale, and in the near future we expect to baptize as many more as soon as a few fine days come, as some are a little backward about getting into the icy water now.

Ten miles east of here we came across an old gentleman who was baptized into the Church in its early history, but having no one to say a good word for the Church to cheer him up, and hearing so many stories, he said he had come to the conclusion that the Church had gone astray, but he still holds to the principles. We exhorted him to remain faithful, told him the Lord was with the people and that to bless them, if they would seek Him at all times. We left him feeling better.

The people of Canaan are furnishing us a hall to hold meetings in, and are coming from the surrounding towns to hear us. Many of them I suppose all or nearly so, never saw a Mormon Elder before, and they came for miles to see and hear us. I hope soon to see some of the fruits of our labors there.

The Lord is showing forth His power through us as His servants in our administration to the sick, and some