

places this was so hot that pieces of wood which our guide had brought with him for the purpose immediately caught fire on being stuck into the cracks. The sights were awe-inspiring indeed, and though we regretted very much that we had not the opportunity of witnessing the volcano in its former terrible state of activity, we were well satisfied with our visit. Our guide informed us that though many visitors had experienced hair-breadth escapes, none had ever lost their lives in or around the volcano. In looking around for hair-breadth escapes, in order to have something to boast of when getting old, we conceived of the idea of walking out to the closest, possible proximity of the brink of the terrible pit and look down into the sulphur vapor. We did so, and in less than two minutes afterwards the rock on which we stood crashed down with fearful rapidity into the very bowels of the earth. This is no exaggeration; for I threw the rock down myself. However, the visit to the volcano is not made without danger, even to those who are most careful. The perpendicular, and in some instances overhanging volcanic walls keep cracking off and tumbling down all the time, and on this account the danger in approaching the pit now is perhaps greater than at the time when it was filled with lava. In order to convey a correct idea to the reader, I will simply remark that the crater of Kilauea is a sunken pit, about three miles in length and breadth, and looks in the daytime like a vast deposit of black pitch in the process of cooling with smoke or steam rising here and there. The pit is surrounded by almost perpendicular walls varying in height from two to five hundred feet. In the southern part of this large crater is what was, until quite recently, the active lake of Halemau-mau, enclosed by broken wall, somewhat similar to the larger pit. Though the floor of the large crater at the north end is about 500 feet below the hotel, the top of the walls inclosing the pit or former lake are only about 250 feet below the hotel grounds. The hotel stands near the edge of the northern cliff, about three and one-half miles from the pit.

Though the distance from Hilo to the volcano house is thirty-one miles, the crater is only twelve miles inland from the south coast of Hawaii, but it cannot be approached as easy from that side as from Hilo, the roads not being so good.

Having finished a hurried sight-seeing at and around the volcano, and learned some additional facts from the hotel proprietor, Mr. Lee we started on our return trip, at 12:20 p. m., and arrived at Mr. West's house in Hilo at 7:15 p. m. It rained again today which in fact is an almost every day occurrence on the Hilo side of the island.

Wednesday, June 19th.—Brother Noall and myself took another walk through the town of Hilo looking for a suitable meeting house site; we also visited the beautiful Rainbow Falls one and one half miles above the town, and the lava masses which came down from Mauna Loa in 1881, a short distance back of Mr. West's house. In order to reach them we had to pass through a strip of woods. We finished the day's work by getting historical data and writing letters.

Thursday, June 20th.—Elder Noall bought a quarter of an acre of land for a meeting house for \$250, paying \$10 down to find the bargain. The land has

a fine central location. At 5:30 p. m. we boarded the steamer Kinau, after taking an affectionate leave of Mr. West and several other native friends who came down to the wharf to see us off. The evening was again windy, in consequence of which sea sickness among some of the passengers once more asserted itself. We sailed from the Hilo bay at 6:30 and spent the night sailing along the coast of Hawaii, the darkness again preventing us from seeing the beautiful coast scenery.

Friday, June 21st.—Daylight found us at Makukona, where the ship stopped to take in freight; the next stopping place was Kawaihae, there the course was changed in a northwesterly direction towards Maui, and across the stormy channel. In rounding the southernmost point of Maui, where the ugly masses of black lava rock from a prehistoric eruption of Mount Haleakala greets the eye, six islands are in sight at the same time, namely, Hawaii, Maui, Motokai, Lanai, Kahoolawe and Mokeni. We lay at anchor off Makena from 11 a. m. to 1:30 p. m., taking on board a large quantity of potatoes, a number of pigs and a horse; the latter was tied after a boat and swam out to the ship, a distance of several hundred yards. The shipping of the pigs afforded a great deal of amusement to the passengers; but the native sailors were clever and handy even in handling pigs. I had watched them often before handling freight and manning their boats and could not help admiring them while at work. They seemed so good humored about it even when having unpleasant labor to perform, and everyone seemed to know just how to take hold and work to the best advantage. The captain of the Kinau, Mr. Clarke, is a fine gentleman and an old experienced sailor; he seemed to be liked by all the ship's officers, crew and passengers. But the most important individual on board, was Mr. Beckwith, the purser. His father being an Englishman, perhaps a knight or baron, and his mother a native woman, perhaps a distant relative of the dethroned queen, he certainly has reasons to think himself great, which indeed all his movements, the tone of his voice, and the corpulence of his body abundantly testify. He is a man once to see, always to remember. I shall always wonder why President Dole did not choose him for prime minister of the Hawaiian Republic. But then he may get there yet. Certainly every passenger, who ever travels with Mr. Beckwith on the Kinau will vote either for or against him, as he never fails to make an impression either by his look, tone of voice or otherwise.

After leaving Makena the ship next stopped at Maalaea; and at 4 o'clock p. m. at Lahaina, where I landed for a few minutes so that I might truthfully say that I have visited the old historic town. Lahaina was once a place of importance containing perhaps 2000 inhabitants; now there are scarcely that many hundred people. In going to the shore in a boat I thought of Apostle Lorenzo Snow's narrow escape from drowning at this place in 1864; also of President George Q. Cannon's experience here in 1857, and other Elders who labored on Maui at the time that Lahaina was the chief town of the island. At 5 p. m., anchor was weighed for the last time on this voyage and the steamer steared direct for Honolulu where we arrived about midnight. Since we took our de-

parture from that city on the 12th inst., we had traveled 566 miles, of which 465 miles was by steamer. The distance from Honolulu to Hilo, Hawaii, direct is only 192 miles, but the way we traveled it is considerable further.

In connection with our trip to Maui and Hawaii I desire to express my appreciation of the kindness of Mr. C. L. Wight, President of Wilder's Steamship Company, who gave us half rates, and also Mr. Lee, the proprietor of the Volcano House who treated us kindly. While Wilder's Steamship Company are treating our Elders with due courtesy and give them special rates the same as the members of other denominations, the Inter Island Steam Navigation Company insults our Elders, if they apply for reduced rates; and especially is this the case with Mr. W. B. Godfrey, the president of the company, who seems to be a denounced enemy of anything that pertains to true Christianity.

ANDREW JENSON.

HONOLULU, Oahu, H. I. June 22, 1895.

NOTES.

William B. Green was found dead Sunday in a cabin near Badger, Wyoming, 124 miles north of Cheyenne, where he has been living. A razor found beside him indicated the cause of death, as it had been used freely. Green was on a prolonged drunk at Cheyenne last week, and as he was despondent after returning home it is supposed that he committed suicide. Deceased was 40 years of age and unmarried. He had lived with a bachelor companion on the Stewart ranch for several months. Something there is a possibility of foul play, but nothing definite is known.

James Barber, of Carbondale, Cal., was annoyed by dogs about his residence Saturday morning. He took his revolver and went after them. The dogs seeing the gun became alarmed and kept at a safe distance. Wishing to get a shot at them, he concealed the pistol under his coat, when it discharged in some unaccountable way. He stepped into a neighbor's house and remarked, "I guess I've shot myself. No, I don't believe I did, either." He was brought back to his home and a doctor summoned, who pronounced it simply a broken rib, but afterward discovered that the bullet had lodged in his liver, and death resulted about 8 o'clock Saturday evening, after twelve hours of intense suffering.

Heber City, Wasatch county, Waver: Little Claud Willie, while raking the yard last Saturday, in the absence of both Mr. and Mrs. Willie, found a piece of candle. He had seen the members of the band wear lamps on their caps, so, boy like, he thought to imitate them. Lighting the candle and fastening it to his hat he went inside the house, where he accidentally came in contact with a lace curtain and the flame of the candle was communicated to the curtain and for a time a serious conflagration was imminent. Mrs. Parry saw the fire from across the street and hastening over soon quenched the flames. The damage done was slight, but had the fire not been extinguished it would, in a few minutes, have been beyond control. The promptness of Mrs. Parry saved the home.