

in Old England. Many others have done similarly, while many now in Utah who are raising up sons and daughters who hope to make a lucrative and easy living, more by their superior educational abilities than by growing trees, raising wheat, etc. I sincerely hope that the market will not prove overstocked in this line, for, as a rule, the farmer's boys are inclined to leave the plow, anvil, etc., and crowd into city life.

Most of our leading men, I realize, were those who have gained experience and been taught by revelation from heaven, angels' visits, etc.; as an example, our great and grand leader, I am sure more forest trees should be grown and less destruction and waste of the timber already in our mountains, as the DESERET NEWS has been suggesting for years past, but very little regarded.

Wishing all the NEWS readers a very happy new year, I remain, as ever,
EDWARD STEVENSON.

LETTER FROM OKLAHOMA.

Thinking you might have space for a few lines in your columns, I take pleasure in sending them to you. By way of letting the Latter-day Saints know how blessed they are of the Lord in Zion, I will give a few quotations on produce, etc., of this country. Several times lately I have heard merchants ask \$1.25 per bushel for Colorado potatoes. (Am satisfied many of them were from Utah.) Now our people could find a market here for many carloads of potatoes in the fall, or have them stored here until this time of year, and do exceedingly well on them. Dried fruit also could be profitably shipped. These only could I recommend shipping this way, as you will see by the following: Farmers here have 160 acres each, and depend entirely on the rain from above for irrigation. Last year wheat crops averaged throughout Oklahoma, ten bushels per acre, oats twenty and barley about twenty-five. Many bushels of wheat were sold at thirty cents, while oats and barley brought only fifteen cents. The corn crop was quite a failure—not going more than five bushels per acre. One reason why potatoes are high is owing to their yielding so light, and another reason is because they cannot keep them. They rot before Christmas time. Sweet potatoes grow large, fine, and keep splendidly through the winter in cellars.

Yesterday I met some young men with six very fine one-year-old chickens on their shoulders which they had just purchased from a neighbor for 75cts, or 150cts each. One can buy last year's geese and turkeys at 30c each, dressed, fine live geese feathers for 50c per pound. Pork in this country is the most profitable business. Fat hogs bring from 3½ to 6c per pound on foot, and always ready market for them. Beef on foot may be purchased from 1½ to 1½ cts. per pound on foot, in any quantities, small or large. Just before the holidays I saw eggs sold at 6c per dozen, and farmers are now in glory because they get 15c for them. Butter is worth only 10c per pound, fresh from the churn. No coal is used in this vicinity, but the astonishing fact, that good black jack, and oak wood—

some of the finest timber I ever saw, for durability and heat—can be had at one's door cut in cord wood for \$1.30 per cord; or one may have it chopped in stove lengths—a double wagon box full for \$1.00. At our "headquarters" Bro. S—hailed wood six miles, paying 25c per load (a little over a cord) standing in the forest. He cut it in cord lengths, re-loaded and hauled it another five miles to Hennessey, for the enormous sum of \$1.30 per cord. This wood cost at least 20c per cord, and 50c was paid a young man for cutting it up. So our Brother S—receives 60c for his and his team's two days' work.

The Latter-day Saints do not fully appreciate their blessings, for truly they are blessed. Many of our young men may have an opportunity of learning to love home and surroundings as I have, when they are among people who merely "exist," and they, as I, will say, O Zion, how happy, God has truly prospered his people!

Our work in the service of our Father is progressing nicely. Since my last communication four new baptisms have taken place. During the past week the weather has been exceedingly cold, snow having come to the depth of an inch. We have had something peculiar to the Usonian, since Wednesday. Heavy fog, or mist, with partly snow, frost and rain continually falling. One gets wet by being outdoors a few minutes. Our New Years was pleasantly spent. The Saints and Elders (about twenty) met together on the 31st. During the eve we sang songs of Zion, and had a good time generally, at the home of Brother Smith. All remained over night, and partook of a fine chicken dinner on the 1st. Some of the Saints came fourteen miles to visit with us. At 11:57 p. m. all took seats around a cozy fire, and while the knell of the dying year was sounding we sang the all inspiring hymn so well known to Israel, "We thank thee, O God, for a Prophet." So we "saw the old year out and the new year in." Soon after this we knelt in solemn devotion to our Father in behalf of ourselves and Zion for '95." With a hearty "good night" we once more retired, inhaling the new atmosphere of a "brighter day." "A happy new year to all."

Yours as ever,

W. D. BOWRING.

HENNESSEY, Oklahoma, Jan. 5, 1895.

IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

LYONS, Burt county, Neb.,

Jan. 8, 1895.

Thinking a few lines from this part of the Lord's vineyard would be of interest to the readers of your valuable paper, we subscribe the following: I, J. H. Cook, having been called to fill a mission to the Northern states, left my home at Thurber, Wayne county, August 29, 1892, reached Salt Lake City September 4th, was set apart on the 5th, and, after purchasing a ticket for Council Bluffs, on the 6th took the Union Pacific train. After two sleepless nights in a crowded car I reached my destination and was kindly received by Mr. Halladay and family. I also met with Brothers Marshall and Fletcher. For nearly a month I stayed at Brother Hancock's, and was treated

as one of their own sons, till conference, when we received much good instruction. I was appointed to labor in connection with Elder S. A. Bunker, of Bunkerville, Nevada, being appointed to labor in Burt county, Nebraska. We arrived in Decatur Oct. 4th, but it was some time before we could awaken an interest in the people. We met with some opposition, such as "How about polygamy and the Mountain Meadow massacre" and many other similar questions, which we answered satisfactorily. We soon allayed much prejudice and finally got a hearing which resulted in much good, and we soon added three more souls to the true fold.

We attended conference at Council Bluffs, March 24th, 1894, which was a happy meeting. We were again appointed to the same field of labor, where we continued holding meetings and calling the people to repentance. We attended a Methodist camp revival, and the preacher hit us hard. He said that we were that strong delusion that was sent in the land to deceive the people; that Joseph Smith was a false Prophet and the Book of Mormon a lie and a mixed up fabric. We went to him after meeting was out and told him we would meet him before the public and compare our doctrine with his, taking the Bible for a guide, and let the people decide who was right. He refused to meet us and the news was circulated that the preacher was afraid to meet the Mormons. There were about fifteen hundred people on the ground. From that on we had many friends, and houses were thrown open for us to preach in, and we continued the glad tidings.

We attended conference at Council Bluffs Sept. 22nd, which was a happy greeting, as there were five Elders who had just arrived from our mountain home. After much good instruction was given we were appointed to our fields of labor, I being called to labor in connection with Elder Henry L. McMullin of Heber, Wasatch county, in the same old field, Nebraska. We left Council Bluffs Sept. 26th, reached our destination the same day and commenced our labors. We visited a German town twenty-five miles west of the Missouri river, where we experienced two nights out without food or shelter. We called this last day, as we had not fasted for some time. We thought of what the Savior said, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head." We thought we would visit that part again in warm weather and hear our testimony to the truth of the Gospel and give them another chance to reject us. We were assailed by a Lutheran just previous to our holding meeting there, and he said it cost the Lutheran church thousands of dollars to keep a preacher in Utah to reclaim the people that we had converted. We asked him if their preacher had much out there, and his answer was emphatically No. We bade him goodbye and he went off mad, scratching his head, and we went on our way rejoicing.

We are now laboring on the Black-bird, about two miles from the Omaha Indian agency in the northern part of Nebraska, where we have many friends