

Correspondence.

ST. GEORGE, August 5.

DEAR DESERET NEWS:

Although invited, it seems a task to me to address the public through the press; yet, wishing to make myself useful I will pen a few lines from our far sunny south—St. George and its surroundings.

A little over five years ago ground was first broken where St. George now stands, and notwithstanding appearances were forbidding, and circumstances trying, yet to-day this city will compare favorably with Great Salt Lake City when it was 12 years old, especially in fruit. Almost every man has fruit, particularly grapes, in abundance for his family, while some have more than they can well take care of. In two years more our "Dixie" will be able to load trains with excellent wine, splendid dried grapes and other fruit dried or canned, or both, as the market may demand.

While upon this subject I will call the attention of the Latter-day Saints to the fact that, from our first arrival in these mountains, the Priesthood urged upon us the importance of cultivating fruit trees and vines, also shade and ornamental trees; yet I see, as I travel about the settlements, here and there a man, even in Great Salt Lake City, who has neglected this great and pleasing duty; and passers remark, there is a slow man, he makes but a poor mark in the world; there are neither trees nor flowers about his place, and his children, if he has any, will be tempted to steal his neighbor's fruit; and if they should, he is in a great measure accountable for this sin. Very few, if any, of this class are to be found in our "Dixie," while many are still enlarging and spreading out vineyards that will soon call for many laborers.

Much attention is now being paid to propagating the best varieties of grapes, as this is proved to be a natural grape country. Those in the north, who want a warmer and better climate, and who take pleasure in cultivating the vine and other southern productions, are invited to come down and help us raise vineyards, build beautiful arbors, and make themselves beautiful homes. Any number of rooted vines can now be had at a small expense, while cuttings are as plenty as to be almost without value. As to room, we have twice the amount of land we need already surrounded with water ditches; and to the north and west are comparatively large and fine valleys, capable of supporting many thousands of people.

During a late missionary tour, in company with Pres. E. Snow and some 30 persons, I visited Pine Valley, Mountain Meadows, Shoal Creek, Pannaca, Meadow Valley, and Eagle and Spring Valleys, the last named about 130 miles from St. George. All of these places, now sparsely inhabited, have facilities for large and flourishing settlements. I speak particularly of the chain of valleys ranging north from St. Thomas about 150 miles, the largest of which is Meadow Valley with a "Dixie" climate, but not so warm as St. George. Eagle and Spring Valleys and others still further north are colder, but any of them are better in regard to climate, than Great Salt Lake Valley, and for a stock country they cannot be excelled in these mountains. The people are enterprising, and their crops are excellent. They have not been disturbed by Indians during the past year, nor by others, except now and then a "regenerator" from the western mines, who would rid the "Mormons" of their surplus stock.

Two of this class; Vail and Harrington, visited Meadow Valley on the 17th of May, and stole 11 head of horses. After ten days search and inquiry, the trail was struck, and four men, Capt. Henry, John N. Lee, William Atchinson and John Mayfield, started in pursuit. The trail led in a north west course to the head of Pahrnagat Valley, thence due north 200 miles, thence west to Austin 110 miles. There the City Marshal and the Deputy Sheriff were employed; these two officers pursued the thieves and overtook them 35 miles out, on their way to Virginia City. The ruffians were allowed to escape with one horse, the best one, of course. Many suppose their escape to have been brought about through bribery. The officers charged \$200, in coin, for one day and one night's service, although the law allowed them but \$50. Our men being strangers and nearly out of money.

the officers took the next best horse for pay, leaving nine head, with which our men made safe their retreat. I mention this that the good people of Austin may know how their administrators of justice take in and entertain strangers.

The two thieves, Vail and Harrington, having lost their booty, returned for another haul. Vail fetched up at Pahrnagat and was hung, as has been announced, by the citizens there, for murder. Harrington passed through the settlements not long since, on his way to G. S. L. City, taking good care not to be seen in Meadow Valley, fearing, no doubt, that there might be some men there who would attend to his case.

On our return from Eagle Valley, by way of Desert Springs, thence through Mountain Meadows to St. George, we conversed freely on the feasibility of a good coach road from the Colorado, or from St. Thomas, through Meadow-Eagle, Spring and other valleys, thence through an open country, generally called the Desert, to Fillmore, or to Great Salt Lake City on nearly a straight line, avoiding all, or nearly all, the large streams, and thus making a shorter and better road to Great Salt Lake City than the one now traveled; and from St. George we could intersect by the way of the Meadows and the open level country named above.

I am, as ever, your Brother and fellow laborer in the cause of justice and truth,

J. W. CROSBY.

[We here take the occasion to remark to br. Crosby and all others, that all communications tending to interest, instruct, or in any way promote human welfare, are "adapted" to the columns of the NEWS, and we are ever pleased to receive and publish them.—ED. NEWS.]

ROCKVILLE, Kane Co., July 29.

EDITOR DESERET NEWS:

DEAR BROTHER:—A few words from the upper valley of the Rio Virgen, will probably be interesting to the very numerous readers of the NEWS.

The weather has been hot and dry thus far through the summer. The wheat crop is light; there was but little cotton planted, and that is late; corn and cane are excellent; fruit is average.

Health is generally good, though this climate is a little severe on children.

Education is progressing, though feebly as yet.

Improvements are advancing steadily. Religion is reviving. Our morals are not tainted with "regenerators."

The Indians are quiet, and peace prevails.

The 20th anniversary of the entrance of the Pioneers into Great Salt Lake Valley was celebrated in the usual manner, with a right good will, evincing that the people here duly appreciate the labors of that noble and honored band of veterans.

Finally, "Mormonism" in these craggy regions is in the ascendancy.

Yours, most respectfully,

G. SPILSBURY.

Miscellaneous.

"FOR FATHER'S HONOR."

So much gone! I might have known how it would be! said Mr. Sterling, looking up from the morning paper, with a most unpleasant expression on his face.

What is gone? asked his wife.

My money is gone, answered Mr. Sterling, fretfully.

What money?

That money I was foolish enough to lend Mr. Granger.

Why do you say that?

He's dead, replied Mr. Sterling, coldly.

Dead! The wife's voice was full of surprise and pain. Sorrow overshadowed her face.

Yes, gone, and my money with him.—Here's a notice of his death. I was sure when I saw him go away that he'd never come back, except in his coffin. Why will doctors send their patients from home to die!

Poor Mrs. Granger! Poor little orphans! sighed Mrs. Sterling. What will they do?

As well without him as with him, was the unfeeling answer of her husband, who was only thinking of the three hundred dollars he had been overpersuaded to loan the sick clergyman, in order that he might go South during

the winter. He's been more of a burden than a support to them these two years.

Oh, Harry! how can you speak so? remonstrated Mrs. Sterling. A kinder man in his family was never seen. Poor Mrs. Granger! She will be heart-broken.

Kindness is cheap and easily dispensed, coldly replied Mr. Sterling. He would have been of more use to his family if he had fed and clothed them better. I reckon they can do without him. If I had my three hundred dollars I wouldn't—

But he checked for shame, not for any better feeling, the almost brutal words his heart sent up to his tongue.

Not many yards away from Mr. Sterling's handsome residence stood a small plain cottage, with a garden in front neatly laid out in box-bordered walks, and filled with shrubbery. A honeysuckle, twined with a running rose-bush, covered the latticed portion, and looked in at the chamber windows, giving beauty and sweetness. The hand of taste was seen everywhere, not lavish but discriminating taste. Two years before there was not a happier home than this in all the pleasant town of C—. Now the hand of death was upon it.

Poor Mrs. Granger? poor little orphans! Well might Mrs. Sterling pity them. When her mercenary husband was sighing over the loss of three hundred dollars, the young widow lay senseless, with her two little ones weeping over her childish terror. The news of his death found her unprepared.—Only a week before she had received a letter from Mr. Granger, in which he talked hopefully of his recovery. I am stronger, he said; my appetite is better; I have gained five pounds in flesh since I left home.—Three days after writing this letter there came a sudden change in the temperature; he took cold which was followed by congestion of the lungs, and no medical skill was sufficient for the case. His body was not sent home for interment. When the husband and father went away, two or three months before, his beloved ones looked upon his face for the last time in this world.

Love and honor made the heart strong.—Mrs. Granger was a gentle, retiring woman. She had leaned upon her husband very heavily; she had clung to him as a vine. Those who knew her best felt most anxious about her. She has no mental stamina, they said, she cannot stand alone.

But they were mistaken. As we have just said, love and honor made her heart strong. Only a week after Mr. Sterling read the news of the young minister's death, he received a note from the widow.

My husband, said she, was able to go South, in the hope of regaining his health, through your kindness. If he had lived, the money you loaned him would have been faithfully returned, for he was a man of honor. Dying, he left that honor in my keeping, and I will see that the debt is paid. But you will have to be a little patient with me.

All very fine, muttered Mr. Sterling, with a slightly curling lip. I've heard of such things before—they sound well. People will say of Mrs. Granger, 'What a noble woman! What a fine sense of honor she has!' But I shall never see the three hundred dollars I was foolish enough to lend her husband.

Very much to Mr. Sterling's surprise, and not a little to his pleasure, he discovered about three months afterwards, that he was mistaken in his estimate of Mrs. Granger. The pale, sad, fragile little woman brought him the sum of twenty-five dollars. He did not see the tears in her eyes as he displayed her husband's note, with its dear, familiar writing, and made thereon with considerable formality, an endorsement of the sum paid.—She would have given many drops of her heart's blood to have been able to clutch that document from Mr. Sterling's hands. His possession of it seemed like a blot on her dear, lost one's memory.

Katie Granger is the queerest little girl I ever knew, said Flora Temple to her mother, on the evening of the very day on which her first payment was made. Mr. Sterling heard the remark, and letting his eyes drop from the newspaper he was reading, turned his ears to listen.

I think her a very nice little girl, replied the mother.

So she is nice, returned the child; but then she is so queer.

What do you mean by queer?

Oh, she isn't like the rest of us girls.

—She said the oddest thing to-day—I almost laughed out, but I'm glad I didn't. Three of us, Katie, Lillie Bonfield and I, were walking round the square at recess time, when Uncle Hiram came along, and taking out three bright ten cents pieces, he said, 'here's a dime for each of you girls, to buy sugar plums.' Lillie and I screamed out, and were starting away for the candy shop in an instant; but Katie stood still, with the dime in her hand. Come along, I cried. She didn't move, but looked strange and serious.—Ain't you going to buy candy with it? I asked. Then she shook her head gravely, and put the dime in her pocket, saying (I don't think she meant me to hear the words), 'It's for father's honor,' and leaving, went back to the school-room. What did she mean by that, mother? Oh, she is so strange.

Her mother is very poor, you know, replied Mrs. Sterling, laying up Katie's singular remark, to be pondered over.

She must be, said Flora, for Katie has worn the same frock to school every day for almost three months.

Mr. Sterling, who did not let a single word of this conversation escape him, was far from feeling as comfortable under the prospect of getting back the money he had loaned Mr. Granger, he had felt an hour before. He understood the meaning of Katie's remark.—It's for father's honor; the truth flashing at once through his mind.

There was another period of three months, and Mrs. Granger called again upon Mr. Sterling, and gave him twenty-five dollars more. The pale thin face made a strong impression on him. It troubled him to take the money from her small fingers, in which the blue veins shone through the transparent skin, as it was counted out. He wished that she had sent the money instead of calling.—It was on his lips to remark, Do not trouble or pinch yourself to pay faster than convenient, Mrs. Granger, but cupidity whispered that she might take advantage of his considerate kindness, and so he kept silent.

No dear, it's for father's honor; I can't spend it.

Mr. Sterling was passing a fruit shop, where two children were looking in at the window, when this sentence struck his ears:

An apple won't cost but a penny, Katie; and I want one so badly, answered the younger of the two children, a little girl not five years of age.

Come away, Maggie, said the other, drawing her sister back from the window.—Don't look at them any more—don't think about them.

But I can't help thinking about them, sister Katie, pleaded the child.

It was more than Mr. Sterling could stand. Every want of his own children was supplied. He bought fruit by the barrel. And here was a little child pleading for an apple, which cost only a cent! but the apple was denied, because the penny must be saved to make good the dead father's honor. Who held that honor in pledge? Who took the sum total of these pennies, saved in the self-denial of little children, and added them to his already brimming coffers? A feeling of shame burned the cheek of Mr. Sterling.

Here, little ones, he called, as the two children went slowly away from the fruit shop window. He was touched with the sober look on their sweet young faces as they turned at his invitation.

Come in, and I'll get you some apples, he said.

Katie held back, but Maggie drew on her hand, eager to accept the offer, for she was longing for the fruit.

Come, repeated Mr. Sterling, speaking very kindly.

The children then followed him into the shop, and he filled their aprons with apples and oranges. Their thankful eyes and happy faces were in his memory all day. This was his reward, and it was sweet.

Three months after, and again Mr. Sterling had a visit from the pale young widow.—This time she had only twenty dollars. It was all she had been able to save, she said; but she made no excuse, and uttered no complaint. Mr. Sterling took the money and counted it over in a hesitating way. The touch thereof was pleasant to his fingers, for he loved money. But the vision of sober child faces were before his eyes, and the sound of pleading child voices in his ears. Through over-taxing toil and the denial of herself and little ones, the poor widow had gathered this small