

world below, that all manner of hospitality is lavished upon them. All they have is yours without the asking. The cows might come, or stay in the mountain fastnesses, until we were given our drink of milk, and drink and drink again we must; water for washing; some curious old half-wooden shoes to replace our heavy boots; and such an aftermath or supper as was never before piled up before me partaken of; *grød* or stir-about enough for the sæter's pigs; cream by the gallon; butter by the hundred weight; milk by the barrel; great wooden bowls of *jordbær* or strawberries; coffee and black bread and bacon; while we were plied ceaselessly with importunate commands to eat and never stop eating and beset with mournful reproofs because we could not eat it all.

The sæter house or cabin itself was rudely constructed of pine logs, though comfortable enough for the purpose required. Its roof was of pine beams sheathed with birch bark in many layers, and this overlaid by turf and sod. In the latter several species of mountain brambles and wild flowers were growing luxuriously. There were two large rooms, perhaps twenty feet in length and nearly as wide, and against the whole of one side of the structure was a huge, low shed, where the herds huddled in time of long-continued storm. One of the two rooms was kitchen, living and sleeping room combined. Two holes in the house wall and the open door served for admitting light, and there were no candles, lamps or lanterns about the place, as bed time always comes long before night time in the almost nightless Norwegian summer.

The table was simply a huge high bench. Stools and short benches answered for chairs, a few shelves resting on pegs, and a large, rough cupboard for holding food and provisions, with a bunk bed built in one corner, comprised all the furniture of the living room, aside from a large *skorstén* or fire place in another corner, opposite the door, with its accompaniment of iron utensils, and a little crockery ranged upon shelves at its side. The other room was the dairy. In this was a fire-place, suspended above which was a huge cauldron kettle; and near this was a boiler built in the wall in which the milk is heated to a curd and is finally moulded in the most primitive fashion, by stone weights, into *myssost* or cheese, the whey being fed to the *svin* or pigs, or, carried in *krukker* or kegs and flasks, when not too remote, to the valley homes below.

Vessels containing milk and cream were ranged along high, strong benches. Two high keg-like churns, a number of whey-flasks, cheese in the process of curing, and empty molds, kegs filled with butter and empty kegs, milking pails, the *krak* or milking stool, skimmers and numerous other rude but ample appliances of the dairy were cumbersomely but conveniently disposed, and everything was cool, dry, sweet and clean. In her innocent and boundless hospitality Lars' sister was determined that we should occupy the girls' bed while they slept upon the floor beside us, but we compromised by making our own couch of reindeer moss upon the sæter floor; and passed three nights in this peculiarly informal manner, the girls using every artifice and entreaty to persuade us to longer remain.

In the meantime in company with Tillie and Christine we visited a few

neighboring sæters. The arrangement, belongings and customs at all were precisely alike. At night the girls call the herds from the mountains with peculiar penetrating calls and songs. As they approach, each cow, goat or sheep is addressed by name, each name ending with the Norsk syllable *ros*, a term of endearment; and each animal is rewarded by a bit of salt licked from the sæter girl's capacious hand. The threat of the musical little bells with which the herds are provided, intensified by the echoing rocks and rare mountain air, is a melodic experience never to be forgotten. Each animal stands demurely at milking, night and morning, until a signal for its liberty is given by the sæter girl briskly patting its back. At night the animals dispose themselves for sleep in little groups closely huddled about the cabin; and the caressing and cooing of the girls to the dumb and faithful creatures, as they are sent away to the crags for the long day's grazing, is a scene of tender pastoral sweetness and affectionate simplicity worthy the noblest poet's or painter's art.

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

MEXICAN MISSION CONFERENCE.

Conference was held in the Juarez school house on the 25th and 26th of November, 1893, President Teasdale presiding.

Saturday, 25th, 10 a.m.—The following named Elders addressed the conference: Henry Eyring, Philip Hearst, Heleman Pratt, Dennis E. Harris, Bishop Jesse N. Smith Jr., P. H. Hearst and John C. Harper.

2 p.m.—The following named addressed the people: Bishop Winslow Farr, Elder Christopher Heatoo, Patriarch William R. R. Stowell, Elder John J. Walcott and Bishop George W. Sevey.

At 7 p.m. a Priesthood meeting was held and business appertaining to the mission was transacted.

Sunday at 10 a.m. the Sunday school conference was held with a good attendance.

2 p.m.—Conference was resumed. The attendance was large, the house being literally crammed. The sacrament was administered by Bishop Geo. W. Sevey and Jesse N. Smith Jr. The speakers were Elders Geo. Teasdale, Henry Lunt and A. F. Macdonald.

7 p.m.—The speakers were Elders Miles P. Romney, Thomas Hawkins and George Teasdale. The latter presented the authorities of the Church, who were unanimously sustained.

The subjects dwelt upon were tithing, the necessity of always being ready to protect ourselves, unity, faith, the necessity of setting good examples to the Mexican people and keeping out of debt.

As usual the societies held their usual conferences, all of which President Teasdale encouraged with his presence and counsel.

MILES P. ROMNEY,
Clerk of Conference.

IN MEXICO.

The revolutionists have all passed on, so report says, and all the people are busy again with their work. Quite a body of troops is encamped at Casas Grande, ten miles from here.

A board of trade has been organized with directors in all our colonies; J. C.

Bentley is business agent, and Henry Eyring president.

R. P. M.
COLONIA JUAREZ, Mexico, December 6, 1893.

MARTHA SEED THORNLEY.

At 10 o'clock Dec. 11, at Layton, Davis county, occurred the death of Sister Martha Seed Thornley, wife of John Thornley, after three weeks' illness, the cause being heart failure, superinduced by typhoid-pneumonia.

The deceased was born September 22, 1819, in Preston, Lancashire, England, the place where the Gospel was first received in Great Britain, and she was one of its earliest converts, having been baptized by Elder Joseph Fielding in the fall of 1837. During her subsequent residence in England she did all in her power to extend a knowledge of the Gospel among her acquaintances and to provide a home for the Elders who were engaged in the ministry. In company with her husband and two children she emigrated to Utah in 1855, being seven months en route from Preston to Salt Lake City. The trials of a long sea voyage and the overland journey by ox team, as well as the hardships incident to early life in her new home, were borne by her uncomplainingly, and in the faith which she displayed and the untiring energy with which she labored to assist her husband in establishing a comfortable home in the undeveloped region in which they settled she proved herself worthy to rank as one of the pioneer women of Utah. She was a thorough Latter-day Saint and full of faith up to her very latest hour.

Of seven children born to her three are now living, but her faithful, self-denying, devoted life has left such an impression upon them, as well as upon her acquaintances generally, as will not soon be effaced, and it will doubtless bear good fruit for many years to come.

Dr. A. J. Shores assisted by Dr. G. Tilson has just performed a very delicate and difficult surgical operation on the little Drollinger girl who has been at the point of death for some time from an empyema or pus in the pleural cavity, says the *Payson Globe*. The doctor made an opening into the pleural cavity of the left lung directly under the shoulder blade and inserted a drainage tube, from which has escaped about one gallon of matter. She felt great relief immediately after the operation, and she is now gaining rapidly with good indications of final recovery.

There was a wolf hunt started recently in Laramie county, Wyo., says the *Boomerang*. Roy Tate and Wm. Lannon were the principal members of the party, and three large grey wolves were captured. These two gentlemen each had their hounds on the chase. Besides the wolves they captured five coyotes. There have been a few head of stock killed lately in that neighborhood by grey wolves. Last week there were two 2-year-olds killed by them, and they have been chasing stock at other times. It is feared in this neighborhood that the hunting of the animals down there will drive them up here, and a regular wolf hunt is talked of here.