

finally gave me a letter to the consul and he wrote to the ambassador at Bern and procured me a new one. On the 23rd I went to Bern to set things in order in that conference and on the 27th went to Zurich.

March 10th, while visiting among the Saints, I was followed from place to place by a policeman. Stopping at Sister Schneblin's to write a letter, a policeman passed the window and knocked at the door. I stepped behind a large oven. One of the sisters stood in front of me and another stepped into a chair, leaning upon the shoulder of the other under pretense of searching after something on the top of the cupboard. The officer searched about the room and asking if they had any strangers there, etc., left. He returned in a few minutes, when I went into the kitchen, Sister Emily Schneblin following me. The officer went into the room where I had been the first time and searched closely every corner. He then turned into the kitchen. Sister Emily standing in the door told him that was her domain and he had no business there. He, however, pushed her back and came into the room. She stepped behind the door, standing in front of me. After he had examined every part of the room he came up to her and attempted to look over her shoulder, when she slapped his face and said, "You need not try to kiss me behind the door." The ruse was complete. He left, and John L. was saved from banishment.

On March 16, while at dinner with Elder Ursenbach at a hotel, a policeman came in and walking up to me asked if my name was Myer. I told him it was not. He said he was looking for a tall, thick set man with long hair and beard and believed his name was Myer. (Brother Jacob Myer formerly labored in this country and had been expelled for preaching Mormonism.) I knew I was the man he wanted, but he had not the right name. He asked the second time if I was sure my name was not Myer. I asked if he thought I was fool enough not to know my own name. He passed out and I stepped into a side room and cut off my hair and whiskers, changed hats and coats with Elder Frederick Ursenbach and walked out, passing several police at the door, and among the rest the man who had scrutinized me so closely a few minutes before. On the 17th I left Zurich with forty-eight Saints for Liverpool, and arrived on the 26th. They sailed for New York on the George Washington.

On April 1st, I started on my return to Switzerland, visiting and preaching to the Saints in Birmingham, London and Paris, and arrived at Zurich on the 22nd. The 30th I returned to Geneva.

June 1st, I went to Zurich. During the month I was stoned once and frequently followed from place to place by mobs of from 20 to 30, with sticks, stones, etc., and was hooted at and called all manner of names; but through the merciful providence of the Almighty I was preserved every time.

August 29th, Elders Jabez Woodard, John D. Mallan and James Roulet, arrived and brought word that I was released with permission to come to England and labor during the winter and return home in the spring.

While laboring in the mission I published twenty-four numbers of the *Darsteller Reflector*, in the German language, containing sixteen pages each; 2,000 pamphlets entitled *Marriage and Morals in Utah*, in French, being the principal part of a discourse delivered by Parley P. Pratt at Fillmore, Utah; and 500 copies of a selection of hymns, sixty pages, for the use of the French-Swiss Saints; besides getting many articles published in different papers in Switzerland and Italy. I baptized several and re-baptized about seventy-five persons.

In September, 1857, I went to London and spent six weeks laboring in the London pastorate, preaching on an average of eight times a week.

November 21st, in company with George G. Snyder, I started on a tour through and preached to the Saints in the following places: Cambridge, Nottingham, Leicester, Derby, Chesterfield, Sheffield, Marsbro, Leeds, Bradford, Sunderland, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Edinburgh, Glasgow and Carlisle; arrived in Liverpool on the 25th of December.

January 2, 1858, in company with Elder Samuel W. Richards, I visited Manchester and Birmingham and attended conferences in both places. On the 21st I sailed from Liverpool in company with twenty-three other Elders, on board the packet ship *Underwriter*, for New York, under the presidency of Henry Herriman. I was appointed first counselor and Thomas King second counselor. Arrived in New York March 10, and went to Burlington, Iowa, remained a few days, and then went to Florence and waited one month for the arrival of the Elders from the east.

On May 2, 1858, I started from Florence for Great Salt Lake City, walking most of the way. At Big Sandy we took the Kinney cut off, passed around the United States troops, and came into the old road at the head of Echo canyon.

June 21st, I arrived in Great Salt Lake City, having been absent three years and forty-five days. The last day I walked sixty-five miles.

JOHN L. SMITH.
ST. GEORGE, Utah, Aug. 6, 1894.

IN GARFIELD COUNTY.

Across the mountain range to the east from Panguitch some sixty-five miles lies Escalante under towering mountains that rise to the west and north, while to the southeast it opens out into a genuine desert. This has been a great cattle raising center. The settlers ranched their stock in the mountains in the summer and drove them on to the deserts for winter. This was such a success in the past that it brought prosperity to the people. But the rapid increase of sheep in the country is destroying the grass, and of late it is quite common for many of the steers to disappear from the winter range. Yet Escalante is a veritable oasis in the desert—good gardens filled with all kinds of vegetables, and orchards well laden with fruit gladden the eye, while commodious barns well filled with hay are quite common.

From Escalante we journeyed to upper Potato valley where are some prosperous summer ranches, and then down over a steep divide past some

romantic scenery on to the head of Pahreah to Henrieville; surrounded with steep inclines and towering cliffs, it lies in a little narrow valley where all the land they have water for appears to be cultivated. Farther on lies Cannonville with a background of towering red cliffs, and still farther down is Georgetown, all within about four miles of each other.

At these places harvest was on and we saw the old-fashioned cradle being swung by stalwart sons of toil; the grain grows in small patches where it would not be practicable to run machines. To the northeast of these places is the new town of Tropic, destined to be the largest and most desirable town in this part of Utah. All they need is to continue the good work already begun and get in a few more settlers to aid in completing their irrigation system. They have in contemplation the making of a large reservoir that will more than double their present irrigation water and allow several thousand acres more land to be brought under cultivation. The town is supplied with water for culinary purposes from springs about two miles above the town, and if piped into the place it would give them an abundant supply of water for all purposes. It has been decided to begin work immediately on the reservoir. The place is well supplied with excellent saw timber, and lumber can be had at from eight to ten dollars a thousand, while four loads of wood for fuel can be hauled in a day, and abundance of coal can be had for the digging, as it crops out in abundance all around the valley. All in all this is a desirable place for industrious, frugal Saints to make a home.

From Tropic we returned to the upper country to Mammoth ward or Asays as it is popularly called, a land of beautiful summer ranches. Here we endured one of those sudden showers that this region is noted for at this season of the year. It hailed and rained as though it meant business.

In our journey through Panguitch Stake we had the pleasure of the company of one of Utah's veterans, Patriarch J. L. Heywood, who on the 1st of August celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday, in the full possession of his faculties and with a strong testimony of the Gospel in his heart and blessings and good words for all the Saints he met.

TRAVELER.

ASAYS, August 1st, 1894.

FROM KANE COUNTY.

Crop prospects in Long valley were perhaps never much better than this season, with the exception of fruit, most of which was taken by late frosts. Haying is in active operation, but has been retarded by frequent showers, some of which have been quite heavy. Stock on the ranges have been dying from the effects of the drouth, and it is hoped that the rain will be sufficient to start the grass and supply water. It is now estimated that the stock raisers have lost 50 per cent of their cattle—yet the rain has given a more hopeful prospect.

Bishop R. J. Cutler, of Glendale, died on Friday, August 3rd, at 10 p.m., after a protracted illness. Ex-Bishop Jolley, of Mt. Carmel, has been seriously ill for some time, but it is thought he has taken a turn for the better.