

Gospel is being carried to the different parts of the earth by energetic Elders and that the Lord is preparing the way before us all to effectually do our duty. Our beloved president, Joshua R. Clark, has been with us for a short time. He says there is an increasing demand for Elders. The health of all in this, the Indiana conference, is good. Our prayers are that Zion shall increase in unity and purity, that all may work in harmony together in forwarding the cause of truth. ERNEST M. BOYER.

A TRIP TO MORGAN.

MORGAN CITY, Morgan Co.,
Utah, May 18, 1896.

Apostle J. H. Smith and I left Salt Lake City on the U. P. train at 7 a. m. in the midst of a rain storm, and in fifty minutes we were in Ogden city, thirty-eight miles north of Salt Lake, where we changed cars for Morgan city, east, and up the Weber river, passing through Devil's gateway, in the midst of towering rocks, and elevated mountain peaks, dotted here and there with cedars and pine trees, but capped with snow. Indeed the panoramic scenery was sublime and as the tourist from the flat, level country passes through those mountain gorges all is excitement. Eager eyes turn toward the grand scenery. Doubtless God's anger was kindled when His only begotten Son was ignominiously murdered. No wonder if the solid rocks were rent in twain, mountains cast up and the face of nature changed!

Carriages were prepared on the arrival of the train, in the broad fields where the mountains opened up space for a lovely valley and the city of Morgan. We were conveyed to a meeting house where about 800 souls were waiting for spiritual food. Jesus said to his ancient Apostles, and why not to his modern disciples: "If you love me, feed my sheep, feed my lambs." The morning services were occupied by speaking comforting words and instructions, and by reports from the various wards of this Stake of Zion, located in the tops of the mountains.

In the afternoon Sacrament services took place, with the outpouring of the Holy Ghost. Eighteen pieces of silver sacramental service, glittering in their burnished beauty, was presented to the Church by the Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement society and was graciously received with a vote of thanks. The cost of the service was \$30. Apostle Smith and visitors were the first to sip from the cup, the emblems of the split blood of a crucified Redeemer. Two beautiful chandeliers had also been presented by the Relief societies for the benefit of the edifice. These were procured by the sisters by nickel subscription. What cannot the sisters do when they take it into their heads? The original price of the three chandeliers was over \$100. Five meetings in all were held. Monday's meetings were crowded and a happy time was enjoyed.

There is a useful industry started up, near this city, which proves a blessing to many. It is a creamery. Milk is bought even in small quantities and taken from the doors of widows and the poor and credit is given to each party on the factory books. A store is

kept by the company from which creditors may draw their groceries and necessaries. Eight hundred dollars was paid out in money and goods for the past month. This amount scattered among the people monthly relieves many wants. A widow may keep a cow or two, especially just outside the city. Father Rich, one mile and a half out, milks his cows and lets them out on the sides of the mountains to feed, and they return home generally in the evening.

I met Father Martin Hiner at the conference, who crossed the plains in my company in the year 1859. Then his family numbered only 10 souls; now, including his grand and great grandchildren, they number 124 souls, and most of them are in this county.

EDWARD STEVENSON.

UINTAH, EASTERN UTAH.

VERNAL, May 18, 1896.—Our quarterly conference occurred on May 10 and 11. We had the pleasure of listening to Elder Grant, of the council of the Apostles, who arrived Sunday morning. Our meeting house would not begin to seat the people, and an overflow meeting was held in the Stake Academy building, as was also the case at our February conference. Elder Grant occupied the greater portion of the time. The Word of Wisdom was largely dwelt upon in his most energetic style. The political duties of the Saints were touched upon, and the people advised to be Saints in politics as well as in religion. The recent address of the general authorities was read by Elder R. S. Collett, when Elder Grant called upon the people that were willing to sustain that declaration to raise their right hand. The house was crowded, the aisles, doorways and porches, in fact every available foot of standing room where a person could hear see or be seen, was occupied. A forest of hands was raised in response to the invitation. At the call for the opposition vote one solitary hand was seen in all that large congregation. Those who did not vote either way were asked to raise their hands, and two were shown.

Music was rendered by the choirs of Vernal, Mill and Merrill wards in turn and it was a pleasing feature of the conference. A good spirit prevailed throughout the entire meeting. So much for that, now for a little general news.

At the close of the conference, Monday, 4 p. m., the house was occupied by a double funeral of the two young men killed in Dry Fork, as chronicled in the NEWS of a recent date. The house and yard were filled with people. Elders Grant and R. S. Collett preached the funeral discourses. We also had a double funeral about two weeks before this—two mothers, one the wife of S. W. W. Tucker, and one of Henry Alexander. Only a few weeks previous to this another young married woman was buried, all of them recently confined.

Yesterday the wife of Lewis Holdaway was buried at Jensen. Her son, a lad of 14 or 15 was handling a gun in the house, when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the round of a chair, his mother's arm and lodging in her abdomen.

There has been much sickness in the land this spring so far. Teancum Kempton, whose parents formerly resided on South Cottonwood I believe, a strong, rugged man who had never been sick a day in his life, was about two months ago taken suddenly ill, and was dead before many of his neighbors knew that he was sick.

The weather seems altogether out of sorts; we have had no spring weather yet. I saw my nearest neighbor a few days ago water his grain to bring it up. A little pond had formed in a low place and in the morning ice to the thickness of a quarter of an inch had formed over it—that nearly or quite the middle of May. The winter, or as many believe, the freeze of September 21st last, killed many of the fruit trees, such as peaches, plums, apricots, prunes and some pears. Not many, if any apple trees were killed, but many varieties showed no signs of fruit blossom. In my own orchard there was quite a sprinkle of bloom on apple and pear, but the three or four nights of severe frost of last week has I believe killed them all. I think our small fruit has escaped so far.

The absorbing topic of the hour is the battle in which the two men above referred to lost their lives. The men who did the killing are now in jail, and our officials deem it necessary to guard it night and day to prevent either a rescue or an attempt to lynch the men. The reasons that lead up to the affair are not known, to me at least, with sufficient certainty to attempt to give them, only that it was over some mining prospect.

The district judge is daily expected to arrive, and there is prospect of considerable business before the court. We have quite a crop of lawyers, old and new, and young, who are anxious to display their ability—I sincerely hope to further the ends of justice. More in the future. C. C. BARTLETT.

THE MUDDY VALLEY.

In reply to a private letter asking for information concerning the Muddy Valley, Mr. O. H. Barnes, writing from Logan, Nev., April 27, sends the following communication:

Logan and St. Joseph are names of the same place. I was at the upper end of Muddy the last few days for the first time. All land is taken up. Beginning at the highest ranch in the upper valley is the Lileton Brothers 340 acres (not for sale) located where the largest spring comes in from the south side. This is the only family above the Indian reservation, which runs from about two miles above the Vagas road to where the white hills nearly come together about four miles above. Just below these narrows and northeast on the side of the reservation live five families. Then at the lower end of the reservation live Jim Harris and a Mr. Pickett. The postoffice (Maopa) is located here. At a road leading off to the Vaga lives one Mr. Cook and Mr. Curtis, and below one mile a Mrs. Crosby, daughter and son. Then the last place is a Mr. Wheeler.

Coming six or seven miles over the divide into the lower valley comes the Martin ranch, owned by Pioche parties, 550 acres.

Next the Logan ranch (where we are stopping). This is the old St.