

Written for this Paper.

MISSION WORK IN TENNESSEE.

SHELBYVILLE, Bedford Co., Tenn.,
Nov. 23, 1894.

Knowing the interest and susceptibility made manifest in the noble labor of eternal salvation by the Latter-day Saints, we address these lines from this part of the vineyard in humility. Since last heard from we have been called to labor in another county. We wended our way westward from the scene of many pleasant hours among our many friends and some newly made Latter-day Saints. Elder Sanderson had the privilege of baptizing nine souls since our arrival in Warren county. We parted with tears on both sides, with a hallowed, peaceful influence of joy and satisfaction that a few honest souls were ferreted out from the awful reign of evil extant in the world today—doubt, discomfort, unrest, confusion, strife, envy, division, superstition and selfishness prevalent on every hand.

After giving a hearty hand shake with an earnest God bless you, we parted with a cordial invitation to a Christmas dinner at several homes whose noble hospitality has been proven time and time again by the weary Mormon Elder.

We directed our face westward through Coffee county, where Elders McAllister and Ogden are now laboring, expecting to see them and pass a few moments in greeting salutations, but when calling at Manchester, the county seat, where they get their mail, we found our letter, written about a week before, at the office awaiting them. With a slight tinge of disappointment we still wended our footsteps in the direction of the setting sun, landing within the borders of Bedford county, where we were to spend the winter months.

By the way, it may be deemed of interest to mention our notable friend Mr. J. C. Cook, of whose hospitality we partook in Coffee county. We also listened with much interest to the history of his career. He is the father of four blind children. One of these, called "little blind Maud," developed in infancy great musical talent. Her father therefore traveled with her in many parts of the United States. He had many contracts to fill when Maud was taken from the darkness here, at the age of 16 years. Others of the family are highly gifted, but not to compare with the lamented one. She is still fresh in the minds of people who listened to the sweet renditions, vocal and instrumental. The father, who is now living in retirement near the city of Manchester, Coffee county, Tenn., is completely discouraged in a financial view; he has been in good circumstances but his wealth has slipped out of his hands. In surveying the new field where we now travel we find low hills and abrupt rising cliffs, and bluffs on the river banks of blue limestone rock, which form a foundation to river beds; also some of the farms have this foundation after a few inches of soil. There is a peculiarity about this county I never found in my travels elsewhere. There are sixteen dykes running into the city of Shelbyville from every point of the vane, with toll gates, each one owned by a company.

To get into town one must pay, driving, riding or in any manner except footing it. One can walk the highway without being charged. The roads are graveled, smooth and fine. A ride through the country in the balmy breeze of the "sunny South" is invigorating; so also is a walk, as we experience the latter daily. The people are kind and hospitable. There is an unmistakable evidence everywhere of the great change manifest regarding the people called Mormons. There is a growing desire for investigation.

We are now opening up this country, finding friends in abundance, as well as a few who are direct enemies of divine truth. We are finding it advantageous to get before the people of the cities first; then we are received freely in the country. We are hailed by friends whom God raises up almost miraculously to our own wonder and amazement. Tonight the Campbellite is going to define the difference between our faith and his—a Mr. Smith from Nashville. We will be present and perhaps be given a voice. They would in many cases like to take us by the hand and say we are congenial in the same line, but a different feeling is shown when we are heard on the Holy Ghost, authority, organization, etc.

We visited our former companions in Navarre county last week—Elders Rushton and Larson, where we spent a pleasant evening, rejoicing as only Elders in the vineyard can. They are just closing the county, having canvassed it pretty thoroughly. The county is very small with a wealthy population who manufacture whisky from corn in great abundance. We were shown through some of their bonded warehouses, which are in charge of a United States revenue officer. Many hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth are stowed away in these large warerooms with the date of manufacture, awaiting the release of the bond by the individual owners, for it to go toward the large consumption of this article, the production and traffic of which bears the stamp of deauchery.

OWEN M. SANDERSON,
J. W. WEST.

SEVIER AND GARFIELD COUNTIES.

PANGUITCH, Garfield Co., Utah,
November 26th, 1894.

Leaving Gunnison on Saturday the 17th inst., a beautiful sunshine lent its genial smiles to make the scenery the more sublime, as we sped on in our carriage southwesterly through a lovely valley of about ten miles in width, level and smooth as a barn floor, and well cultivated, mostly by Scandinavians who have acquired pleasant homes here in Utah, which they could never have hoped to have done in their native land. These beautiful fields extended five or six miles when more abrupt and much less valuable land, without fence or mark of the husbandman's improvements, until we came to a very lovely square of fruit trees, shrubs and a variety of shade trees. This is in the midst of the desert, between the Gunnison fruitful fields and Redmond, about twelve miles southwest, where stand two great red mounds. The Sevier river is crossed several

times before we arrive at Salina, a pretty fair sized town named in view salt mines near at hand. In many parts much salt and mineral inlets the ground, especially at Redmond, where fifty families have struggled hard to subdue the rich black soil so much mixed with minerals. I learned they are gaining experience and are likely in time to make a final success.

Between Salina and Richfield, twenty miles, are Aurora and Vermilion, two stirring town on the Sevier river where we encounter terribly dusty roads, rough as a washboard. The Sevier Valley railroad stops twenty miles too soon, at Salina, leaving this bad road the worst part of the thirty-six miles from Gunnison to Richfield.

Two days interestingly spent at Richfield, attending the Sevier Stake conference, which was very fairly reported by the editor of the Richfield *Advocate*, who is the son of a Presbyterian minister, Mr. John Meteor. In a brief note he said, "by one of the speakers at conference Sunday afternoon the political campaign was aptly compared to the game of smut. It was advised that now the game is over, we all wash out faces and shake hands."

Holding meetings at Elsinore and Monroe we passed over a tolerably high pass, leaving the Sevier river and valley, to Marysvale, fifteen miles, to Presiding Elder Jared Taylor's, who presides over a small scattered branch strung along the valley. Marysvale has a store, saloon and postoffice—a little mining town. The balance of the vale is scattered in a radius of eight to ten miles up and down the Sevier valley. Elder Taylor claims a large fish pond and a fine lucern farm on the bench lands extending far above the natural fish pond. Our noon lunch was made all the more sad by our host's damaged physiognomy by an accidental fall from his horse which fractured his skull slightly and otherwise marred his visage, and for a time his mind was disturbed.

Elder George W. Bean, an old pioneer and an Indian interpreter, has many reminiscences of interest to relate regarding the Indian war, commonly known as the Black Hawk war, lasting about four years, when finally peace was made with the redskins. Now Elder Bean reviews homes, ranches and farms and improvements in lieu of wild Indian raids. He handles the reins managing the team wonderfully well considering minus one arm which he lost during the Indian battle at Provo, by the accidental discharge of a cannon. He made an interesting traveling companion from Richfield, Sevier county, to Panguitch, Garfield county, 75 miles over a most wonderful country.

We arrived at Panguitch in time to attend the two days' Stake conference, having held meetings at Circleville by the way and leaving appointments at Kingston, Junction, Elsinore, Salina, Gunnison, etc. Our two days' conference, Priesthood and two Seventies' meetings closed last night, with most excellent results; and now we leave the nice little town of Panguitch with its steeped meeting house, many fine brick dwellings, and comfortable homes. Patriarch J. L. Heywood, our U. S. marshal of olden times, of Salt