

rectors of the Orphan's Home at Salt Lake City; Elizabeth Y. Stanford, president of the Y. L. M. I. A. of Weber Stake, recently returned from Washington, D. C. There were also on the stand Sister West and one of her counselors, Rose Canfield; also Sisters Burton, Herrick and Moench; also Sister Jane S. Richards, president of the Stake Relief Society organization, and mother of Sister West.

The following brethren were also present: Apostle Franklin R. Richards; President L. W. Shurtliff of Weber Stake, and Elders Lorin Farr and Richard Ballantyne; also a number of Bishops and their counselors.

The large and beautiful building was almost filled with little boys and girls in their holiday attire looking happy and sweet, a beautiful picture to behold.

The conference was called to order by President Joseph West. After singing and prayer the time was occupied in songs, recitations, and class exercises, interspersed with short speeches from the visitors. Special mention should be made of Mrs. Ruthinda Moench for the beautiful poem composed and read by her for Sister West, expressive of the loving sentiments of the associations towards her.

Mrs. Marion Burton, with a neat little speech, presented Sister West with a beautiful gift from the Primary associations, a heavy set of silver lined with gold, consisting of bowl and spoon, cream and sugar bowl. This was a great surprise to Sister West, and she responded in a brief but feeling manner, expressing her appreciation of the token of love.

After singing, benediction was pronounced by President Middleton and conference adjourned. The visitors and officers took up the line of march in the following order: Apostle Richards and family, Hon. Lorin Farr and family, Presidents, Bishops and families.

Arriving at the banquet hall the Third ward Institute, we were greeted with a beautiful sight, a feast for the eye and inner man. Three rows of tables the length of the hall were filled with the bounties of the earth, and decorated with May flowers. While the guests were filing along into their allotted seats sweet music was being discoursed by Misses Cannon and Houtz, and many fair daughters were fluttering here and there, trying in their sweet way to make all happy.

Speeches were again indulged in for awhile and the crowd began to disperse with many handshakes and a "God speed you" to Sister West in her journey.

Much credit is due Sisters Rose Canfield, C. C. Richards and their associates for the success of the entertainment and banquet.

OUT WITH OUR CANVASSER.

Kanosh, Millard County,
September 10, 1897.

The living descendants of President Millard Fillmore may well be proud of his name being perpetuated in the name of this county, and its principal city. True, today the absence of railroad communication and the lack of the application of the waters of the Sevier river, which await the action of capital to develop the extensive agricultural lands that are yet lying unoccupied, is a drawback to its rapid growth.

The waters of the county, although increased in their flow since the coming of the first settlers, have been all appropriated for years, so that the old resident families remain, with but very few newcomers among them. This gives a peculiar, old-fashioned, easy-

going air to all the settlements of Millard.

Fillmore especially has a venerable appearance—ripe, rich and mellow with its old age. The old State House looms up in the distance, as one approaches it from the north; the red glow of its massive walls of rock appears above the trees, which usually hide the buildings from view on many of our southern towns, and reminds us of the old Roman castles of England.

A sleepy, slumbering air seems to have taken possession of the old place, and all its surroundings, while a lingering thought exists with some of the younger inhabitants that their homes would be better situated if in the north, as betrayed by a couple of bright young fellow passengers on the stage, who were just returning from a prolonged visit to Ogden and Salt Lake dating back to the days of the late Jubilee; but the slightest allusion by way of comparison to the north draws out the old resident with a burst of eloquence on the beauties and glories of old Fillmore.

And indeed the old resident may justly claim much for Fillmore. It is the historic city of the State. The State House remains there yet and that grand old pile of red sandstone has a record. Within its walls the first legislature of Utah convened, men of true culture and breadth of mind, possessing that clear foresight that has made Utah what it is today. They assembled there for the consideration of the wants of their constituents and there, after the labors of the legislative hours were over, were gathered the same men with their true wives, enjoying themselves in the old fashioned dances of those early days.

Nowadays, the sons and daughters of the early settlers of Fillmore are found scattered through our State, entering into its various enterprises, and seeking its development in all the avenues of life, with the same vigor that characterized their ancestors.

Fillmore gave us our first circus, the Bartholomews in the ring with their trick pony, Young America, at whose clever performance we boys, that were then, applauded with right good will. Fillmore gave us an Apostle, F. M. Lyman; to the people of Utah county a president of a Stake, Edward Partridge; to the State a Congressman, William H. King; to Provo she gave a mayor, L. Holbrook; and two of her young men are doing good service at the Brigham Young Academy at Provo—the Hinckley boys—and still Fillmore has many bright men left.

The county of Millard is making a steady quiet growth. There is Scpio, with its new school house of four well finished, commodious rooms, with a fine large hall in the second story, costing about seven thousand dollars, all paid for by an assessment—a good showing for its inhabitants and a credit to their trustees, Orville L. Thompson, William Memmott and Antone Peterson.

At Fillmore, they have two creameries running, N. S. Bishop's modest little plant, established a little over a year ago, with a capacity of two hundred gallons of milk per day, is now making about ten hundred pounds of excellent cheese per week; and Joseph S. Giles & Co. have one running of double the capacity of the former.

At Meadow some well-to-do sheepmen reside. Here also is Utah's best crop. The writer saw some twelve babies in arms at the meeting of the Saints on Sunday last—and the attention of the audience was about equally divided between the speaker and twin children that merrily played hide-and-seek about the stand during the services.

Kanosh has the same quiet, self-satisfied air that pervades the county.

Its merchants—T. Nadauld, the M. K. Co., and J. W. Lamoran—three separate firms, are trying to enliven the times, but the financial drain on their little town, in consequence of some sixty-five of its citizens attending the late Jubilee, at an estimated expenditure of \$20 per head, has, in the former merchant's opinion, greatly injured their trade, in something like the modest sum of \$1,300, and he cannot see any just claim whatever for them in the surplus that is annoying the Jubilee commission.

Bishop Jesse Hopkinson of Kanosh, is confined to his room, his poor health, a complication of diseases contracted prior to his coming to Utah, being the cause. He is a worthy man, beloved by the people of the ward, and his condition is much regretted.

Millard county has a grand future before it. The waters of the Sevier will yet be recovered by some capitalists and conveyed to the vast tracts of fine agricultural lands on the west of the valley, and with the increased population which this will bring, an impetus to other industries will be given, and the water power gained by damming the Sevier will be utilized by an electric plant, which will dispense light and power through this vast county.

The late Apostle George A. Smith, it is said prophesied that the lands between Kanosh and Fillmore would be settled, and when that day comes the broad streets of Fillmore, the capital of the county, will bear witness to the foresight of President Brigham Young, as the width of the streets of Salt Lake City bear evidence of his foreknowledge and wisdom in planning for the good of the children of man.

ALBERT JONES.

FROM THE STUTTGART CONFERENCE

Your readers have perhaps heard that Germany has been divided into conference districts—five in number—and you may perhaps hear reports from some of them in the future. Five new conferences have been held since July 4th of this year. Besides local Elders, there were in attendance Presidents Wells and McMurrin of the European mission, and Lautensack of the Swiss and German. The conference districts are: Frankfurt, Dresden, Berlin, Hanover and Stuttgart. This year marks an era in the German mission, not simply because of the changes in respect to conferences, but more particularly in the fact that greater freedom is granted the Elders, and the press in some of the large cities is making favorable reports of meetings held and the sentiment is changing remarkably in some cities in our favor.

On Sunday, Aug. 8th, the Stuttgart conference was held. To show the change of feeling here in Stuttgart: One year ago it was thought unwise to give tracts out from door to door on account of the sentiment against us and the way we were watched by police, but this year we have been "tracing" systematically and have completed several streets. It is true we must needs visit the police at irregular intervals, and they reciprocate and visit us, but we keep on pleasant terms. The culmination of these pleasant relations is that on July 2nd our petition to hold public meetings in the future was granted. In this connection we are thankful to the American consul of Stuttgart who aided us materially. We told the consul that we had written a petition and intended to make an effort to hold public meetings. He answered: "You had better not try it." We told him that as long as private meetings were held by us, the police would necessarily watch us to find out whether such