

one of these springs above his farm and brought the water through iron pipes into his residence, thus securing a constant supply of good, pure water; and I commended him for his good example in this direction. I was much surprised to find two thrashing machines at work in this small valley; I thought one was all sufficient at least for this season.

The Pine Valley mountains certainly look grand and beautiful at this season of the year; the trees and shrubbery which cover them from summit to base are now being touched with early frosts of autumn, presenting to the eye a bewildering array of colors and tints, so sharply defined that they command the attention and admiration of the most commonplace traveler through the mountains, and would certainly fill the soul of the landscape painter with supreme delight as his eyes feasted upon this lovely scene.

On leaving this valley you rapidly descend towards the Dixie country. These roads through the mountains are certainly marvels of road making and reflect great credit on the skill and forethought of our early pioneers.

We finally reach Diamond valley, which is noted for its many volcanic hills, giving ample evidence of active eruptions in ages past. There is also found here rock in abundance, possessing the proper grit to make good griststone. This I think, could be made a source of profitable industry if intelligently directed. Some small springs are found in the valley. One of these is owned by an odd genius named Edwards, who lives all alone, and who may be aptly termed a hermit. He is continually writing upon what may be termed knotty and abstract questions and theories. He also claims to have a sure and infallible knowledge of hidden springs and underground streams, and gold and silver ledges. He has already published one book of over sixty pages on astronomy and geology, and he has now in manuscript a work on man and his final destiny and the earth and its destiny which he thinks will be surprisingly novel and startling.

We leave him and soon find we are in the city of St. George and soon note its semi-tropical climate and surrounding. The general architecture of houses, stores and churches carries us back to the style that prevailed thirty years ago—neat and solid. The lucerne looks greener, flowers brighter hued than further north and the foliage on vines and trees is full and fresh looking even in the early fall. In conversation with business men some of them considered Dixie had reached its growth; but with the advent of a railroad their productions and facilities would be materially increased and their products find a profitable market. A region covering sixty miles also would be more fully opened up, mines would be worked, Silver Reef would open up. At the latter place people are doing fairly well now, and with improved and cheaper methods of treating ores they could be made fairly profitable. A recent run of the mill had produced \$300 worth of the precious metals.

The people in this whole section of country are learning the value of reservoirs, and it is surprising the amount

of water that can be stored even from small streams and springs. Ed. Snow of St. George, who has the most modern house in the city, has utilized a small spring and piped it down to his residence. It supplies the bath room and kitchen with good clean water, and he even sprinkles his lawn with the latest and improved sprinklers. I note with pleasure this new departure.

The people of St. George feel keenly the loss of their fruit in general. While it is true grapes are in abundance they do not compensate for the other and larger fruits which Dixie is noted for, and a goodly revenue from this source will be lost. Small grain and hay are fairly good crops. I was surprised to learn from one gentleman that in addition to good crops of grain and hay, his bees had made him 900 gallons of honey which at twelve pounds to the gallon means 10,800 pounds or something over five and a quarter tons; and all the labor attending it had been done by his own family. He said in commenting upon it, "My neighbors had all their honey in their hay stacks, while my bees went into the barn." I thought truly this was an objection. How many will profit by it.

Children in St. George were suffering from measles and some cases of typhoid fever had developed, but I was informed that chills and fever were not as prevalent as formerly. The grounds around the temple I noticed with pleasure were being improved and a beautiful lawn and flowers now greet the eye.

At Washington the Rio Virgin mill was not running to its full capacity. The recent floods had destroyed one of their main reservoirs. But found the lessee, Thomas Jude, with his usual energy at work with men and teams making a new one and also a new ditch was being blasted out through the solid rock. When all is completed they hope it will not fill up with sand and debris as their old reservoir did. Sufficient warm springs will run into this water to prevent freezing and thus enable them to run all winter. What is known as the Washington field has been extended and enlarged very much and there seems to be an ample supply of water. The corn crop is very good—this crop netting raised after the wheat is harvested, and on the same land. Happy and prosperous Washington yet we don't envy you. I was surprised to learn that a common weed found in all this section of country called by the Indians woose or cose was being used at the factory to wash and scour their wool, and it was doing it so effectively that they had discarded the use of potash and other washing compounds. I subjected the wool washed to a test sufficient to satisfy myself that it was devoid of that peculiar aroma peculiar to sheep.

At Leeds, vineyards were to be seen on every hand; but what struck me most forcibly was to see nearly all their garrens and grape vines covered with a profuse growth of moruing glories. I thought surely this is a paradise for over; but judge my surprise when I was informed there were very few bees in the place. I regretted this, for it seemed a fine opportunity lost for the production of honey. The flowers were looked upon as a weed a pest to be got rid of.

At Toquerville the vineyards were more extensive and grapes were not only planted in their city lots but in the fields. Grapes were being hauled by the wagon load, and I actually saw them being unloaded with a pitchfork into the mill, where the grape juice was crushed out preparatory to wine making. Grapes everywhere in profusion; the smell of grapes was in the air, and everywhere we went we were invited to partake of grapes. Molasses is also made here in large quantities, and is of good quality. Wine is made in abundance, the place being somewhat noted for its vines. I paid a visit to the La Virken, a large farm orchard and vineyard owned by a company. They have driven a tunnel through the mountains called the Hurricane ridge and tapped the Rio Virgin river to obtain water for several thousand acres of land which they own. The company has planted forty acres in almonds, twenty acres in apricots, ten acres in peaches, and grape vines by the acre.

Cotton is growing and ready to pick, as are milo maize and other products of this semi-tropical climate. This point I was informed is the southern end of the great Wasatch range. The mountains in the south run east and west and every other direction.

TWIN BROTHER,

FROM FATHER TO SON.

Below is a letter from a son to his father written by a young man who left his home in this city, about two weeks ago for a mission to the South. CHATTANOOGA:

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Oct. 12, 1896.
—Dear Father—We arrived here this morning from St. Louis; we met eleven of the boys at Kansas City and all traveled together from then; we are all at the Rotamore hotel—nineteen of us. We met the presiding brethren of the mission this morning and they have been with us all day speaking words of encouragement to us; we are all well and happy; we all went down to the banks of the Tennessee river this afternoon where Bro. Chipman baptized a man named John Arvin Dodd, who was a Methodist and he was confirmed by Brother Mober; we will all leave for our fields of labor tomorrow.

Chattanooga is quite a pretty place of about 30,000 people, half of them negroes who seem to almost run the town. We can stand at our hotel door and see the famous mountain where the battle of Missionary Ridge was fought. The farther east we go the slower the trains run and the rougher they are to ride in.

Do not write to me until I write again and give you my address. We have had to buy a few things today and it took about \$10 to get them. I gave my hymn book to a lady today as she asked for it so I will have to get another before going into the field. I also had to get a Bible which cost \$3, a Testament and some cards with my name and address on them. I will send you one of them in the next letter. It is now a quarter after 8; the time here is one hour later than in Salt Lake. Since I wrote last we have passed through Kansas, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky and Tennessee. We have crossed rivers some of which are