

this is the port which a few years ago was the greatest banana-shipping place in the world! There is no sign of such an industry now—and in their palmy days the banana plantations were not seen from the sea. They were back in the interior, beyond the three remarkable terraces which rise abruptly from the coast line to a height of 2,000 feet, and then gradually ascend to the mountains, 6,000 feet higher. In the old days of activity, the arrival of a fruit steamer in the port was announced by telephone to Central points beyond the mountains. From these points, horse back riders conveyed the news to the banana plantations. Then the bananas were cut with all possible speed and transported in harness, on the backs of mules and cows to the edge of the plateau, overlooking the coast. Thence they were run down by wire trolleys to the bank of the Yumiri river, where they were loaded upon small lighters.

Negroes poled the lighters out of the river and through the surf, to the waiting fruiter—a dangerous and uncertain performance, in which the lighters were often upset and the cargoes lost. The mouth of the Yumiri river is eighteen miles from Baracoa. After getting her load, the fruit steamer had to return to the town for her clearance papers,—which the accommodating American consul, though not obliged by the duties of his office to do so—always gave at once, at any hour of the day or night, so that the vessel might go on her way to New York, Philadelphia or Boston as quickly as possible. The planter received 30 cents a bunch for his bananas, and 10 cents a bunch was paid to the trolley concern for bringing the merchandise to the river's edge. The fruit was stowed in the hold of the vessel, two bunches deep, stood on end, upon a false deck. A man stood at the hatchway to examine every bunch, and any that showed the slightest sign of ripening were thrown away or given to the darkeys. The laborers of this section, by the way, are all negroes, and apparently the happiest people on earth. They sing wild songs, brought by their ancestors from the heart of Africa, while passing the bananas, chain-fashion, from the lighter to the deck. When the vessel was loaded the negroes were given a free ride to Baracoa. Every one of them possesses a pet animal or two, which he takes along wherever he goes; and I am told that the collection of dogs, goats, pigs, parrots, chickens and monkeys which went on this frequent trip was a sight to behold.

In spite of all expedition in getting the cargo off to its destination, it is said that fully 15 per cent of it was lost in transit—mostly due, however, to lack of care on the part of planters. The least bruise on the skin of a banana, you know, rapidly develops into a black spot, which ruins its market value. Those that reach their destination in good order bring in the United States from \$1 to \$3 the bunch.

In the palmy days of Cuban fruit trade, eight thousand bunches of bananas were shipped from Baracoa every day, from April 1st to October. Under good American management there is no reason why the quantity should not be many times increased, as the possibilities of the region are unlimited.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

A HAPPY REUNION.

Fairview, Sanpete County,
July 21, 1898.

At the union of the Cox-Whiting families assembled here on the 19th there were present 368 persons as follows:

F. W. Cox, 172; his family, number of children, 23; grandchildren, 155; great grandchildren, 46. Orvil Cox's family, children, 19; grandchildren, 86; great

grandchildren, 16. Total, 121; present, 77.

Edwin Whiting's family, 235; present, 121. Children, 23; grandchildren, 140; great grandchildren, 72; grand total alive at this date, 648 (in the three families.)

These people settled in Manti in the years 1850 and 1852 and remarkable as it would seem, they remain, with few exceptions, intact and represent some of the best families in the State. A large per cent of the Cox tribe reside in Manti and Fairview in this county, and a number have "gone down the wall" into Emery and branches in Arizona and Mexico. The Whitings mostly reside at Springville and Mapleton, Utah county. These people are Mormons and sturdy and industrious citizens. They own and cultivate their own farms "live within their means," owe no man a dollar, live in mansions and are comparatively happy.

Wm. Arthur Cox has been very sick while in camp, but at this writing he is improving. This fact has caused a feeling of joy to spread over the relatives assembled. A program is being carried out each day by the several branches and a general time of rejoicing is manifest.

Augustus Cox and Aunt Mary Cox-Whiting are the only survivors of the old stock present. The children of Orvil Cox, residents of Fairview, are making every effort to accommodate their numerous relatives, visitors, and welcome them to this beautiful and picturesque mountain home. The weather is most delightful.

The Manti contingent gave a theatrical performance last night. Aaron Johnson of the Springville contingent and a veteran in the line will hold the boards tonight in the play Nevada. Orvil Cox people will entertain the crowd tomorrow evening and Saturday the town will give the reunion an ovation after which the multitude will begin their return journeys home. Many of the relatives have never met before and others at long intervals. These families are in the main comfortably situated and enjoy the confidence of the communities where they reside.

DEMONSTRATION BY ITALIANS.

Elder Arthur Porter Jr., writing to a friend in this city from Geneva, Switzerland, says:

I suppose you are having considerable excitement over the present war. We read the dispatches here every day with interest to see what developments are taking place. The recent troubles in Italy have also added interest to the topics of the day. There seems to be a temporary calm again for a time but without doubt that government is very unsettled. Italy is so very close to us here, much closer than Salt Lake City is to Logan, that we came nearly being right in the "swim" of things. While I was in Lausanne at the beginning of the month (May), the Italians there, who are very numerous in these Swiss cities, collected on the market place and made quite a demonstration by excited discussions, etc. We can expect just such trouble to take place. Wars and rumors of wars will desolate the earth and that day is not far distant when God will pour out His judgments on the wicked who reject Him and His servants in their efforts to present them the Gospel.

I have been very gratified to notice the improved interest that has been taken lately among the members of the Church in living up to the Gospel and keeping the commandments of God. I have been interested in reading of the M. I. A. missionary efforts among the young men and women and

of other efforts to call us to a sense of our duty, and from all I hear and read that must have been productive of very much good. We would be even more blessed if we would always obey the teachings of the Gospel and the counsel of our leaders.

As regards missionary life it continues much the same, of course, always. After laboring nine months in Neuchatel I was removed down to Geneva where I came the beginning of this month to preside over this branch. We are two Elders here. Geneva is a city of about 85,000 inhabitants. Its position, age and reputation make it naturally a very cosmopolitan city, and it is also very worldly. Very little respect is had for the Sabbath day. There is a great deal of drinking and gaiety here. Since here I have already been out tracting besides becoming acquainted with investigators and friends. The people seem to me very indifferent to religion. At present there is a popular orator here, Frank Thomas, who draws the majority of church goers to hear him as he is eloquent and knows how to say such things as will tickle their ears and console their consciences. There are, however, here and there honest souls whom we find from time to time, and who accept our welcome message. Efforts are being made now to introduce the Gospel in France again. Elder Theo. Nystrom was sent to Paris about two weeks ago to do what he could to open up headquarters there. We can't tell what the result will be. It is a long while since any Elders labored there and they had so little success that it was abandoned. Perhaps they will be better prepared to receive the message now.

A DEAD HERO.

Mesa City, A. T.,
July 15, 1898.

The death of Captain William O. O'Neill, Mayor of Prescott, Arizona, killed while leading a charge on El Caney, was a sad blow to everyone. It was the one theme of conversation, when the news arrived and there were few indeed but felt that they had lost a personal friend. This surely is true so far as the Mormon people are concerned in this territory, for Captain O'Neill was one of our warmest personal friends. This he proved by the manly course that he took in our interest when there was nothing to be gained by it. Some years ago when the Republican party of this territory tried to disfranchise us, a thing that every one is now ashamed of, by making the so-called Idaho test oath a plank in their platform, Captain O'Neill together with the Honorable Jerry Millay, argued long and loud against it, and when argument would not prevail, Captain O'Neill took his hat and left the convention, saying that he would not be a party in the attempt to control any one's religious belief. He not only walked out of the convention but out of the Republican party. The writer has one letter among many from Captain O'Neill, in which he said that there is no other people upon the earth where the brotherhood of man means anything except with the Mormon people. Captain O'Neill had a large land and water interest in what is known as the Buckeye country, some fifty miles west of Phoenix. He was president of the Buckeye Canal company and it was he who made the offer to the Mormon people through your correspondent of the use of water in his canal five years free of rent with the privilege of buying a controlling interest in the canal at a very low figure, there being plenty of government land under the canal at that time to locate about one hundred