

overlooked, neglected, wasted, does not indicate thrift, economy or appreciation. The current crop of Zante sustains its population, and the berry and small fruit crop of Utah can be made the harbinger of wealth and blessing to many a frugal and industrious home. Small indeed, but the aggregate count, weight and figures become enormous and astounding. Ten million pounds of dried apples, or over 400 cars of twelve-and-a-half tons each, were produced in the United States last year, and of insignificant raspberries, three-quarters of a million pounds were dried and sold. Utonians helped in the consumption of both, simply because of the misdirection of part of their earnings and the non-utilization of that labor which now too often goes to waste. When there is added to this our use of imported dried pears, plums, apricots, prunes, to say nothing of canned goods, does it not come home to us that we are "behind the times?"

Boys and girls, by the aid of machinery, will pare and core fifty bushels of apples per day for weeks together, and experts nearly double this, where things are systematized and orchards large. Here they are generally small; but union is strength, and Utah fruit, dried, canned or shipped when fresh, should bring a desirable revenue for application in many directions, implying comfort and blessing to a deserving population.

IN BUSY MANCHESTER.

NO. 14 A, HAMPDEN GROVE, PATRICROFT, near Manchester, Lancashire, England, June 27, 1893.—It was a few minutes after 1 o'clock Saturday, June 17th, when I arrived at the Victoria Station Manchester, after a long, roundabout, tedious ride of three hours and a half from Shipley, near Bradford, Yorkshire. Looking around at the magnificent and spacious station, my eyes wandered to see if I could find one of the Elders whom I had written, but I looked in vain. The train being late was perhaps the cause. I was like a "stranger in a strange land." Making my way as best I could I was soon amongst the bustle and din of the busy streets of Manchester. It being Saturday, business was more lively than any other day of the week.

Manchester is the third largest city in England, and, joined close to Salford with her two hundred thousand inhabitants, makes it look like the second largest in England. The population of London is 4,211,056, Liverpool 518,000, Manchester 505,000.

Sunday, June 18th, I attended meetings at Moorside—seven miles from Manchester. Words are almost inadequate to describe the good time we had. It reminded me of the old-time meetings we enjoyed when I first became acquainted with the Gospel. It was a time of rejoicing, a time of gladness—the Spirit of the Lord was with us in rich abundance. The Saints in this conference, as a general rule, are striving to live up to their religion according to the light they have received, and it is a pleasure to be in their midst. They are very poor and their means are not burdened with the wealth of this world. To hear them bear their

humble testimonies and sing the songs of Zion is soul-inspiring. They feel so full sometimes that tears roll down their cheeks, and their prayers ascend to their heavenly Father that at no far distant day they may be gathered to that land they have so often sung about. The pleasure derived from amusements and from wealth cannot be compared to the rich influence enjoyed by the Latter-day Saints at their meetings when they are living up to their religion and keeping the commandments of God. At Moorhouse they have a small meeting house. Recently they have had an addition of three by baptism.

Last week I attended an open air meeting at Heywood, nine miles from Manchester. There was a good attendance. I notice there is considerable prejudice against the Saints in this part of the country, on account of the bitterness and hatred manifested by Jarman and his associates about four years ago. It will take considerable time to allay that prejudice. Still we are hoping the Lord will assist us and many souls be convinced of the truth.

We have removed the conference house six miles from Manchester, to Patricroft. Our address you will find at the head of this article. I shall be pleased, in my travels, to visit any friends the Saints in Utah may have in this conference, if they will send me addresses of the same. There are nine Elders in this conference: Two at Patricroft, two at Farnworth, near Bolton, two at Heywood, two at Macclesfield, and one at Oldham.

The weather recently has been very hot—some say the hottest on record. At Macclesfield it was the means of producing many cases of scarlet fever. Rain has come at last and it looks as though we would have changeable weather. The warm weather has affected vegetation.

ROBERT AVESON.

DRIVEN OUT OF THIBET.

Captain H. Bower of the British army has returned to England and told the Royal Geographical Society of his very adventuresome journey across Thibet. Four or five explorers have made northern Thibet fairly well known. Southern Thibet has been crossed and recrossed by trained native surveyors in the service of the Indian Government; but absolutely nothing was known for certain of a vast region extending through the central part of the country from its western border half way to China. It is one of the loftiest regions in the world, is without drainage to the sea and contains many salt lakes. This is the region where Captain Bower has pioneered the way.

Captain Bower has demonstrated the accuracy in its main features in the great map due to old Chinese geographers upon which our map makers have depended for their delineations of this region. He has proved, says the *New York Sun*, that in its larger aspects the Chinese map is correct, and has thus supplied further proof that the Chinese are great geographers.

His expedition entered Thibet from Cashmere on the western frontier. The party consisted of his companion, Dr. Thorold, a native sub-surveyor, servant, a cook and six caravan drivers.

After crossing the frontier they reached, on July 7, 1891, the first of the wonderful series of big lakes. It is known as Mang za Cho, and is a fine sheet of water of a deep indigo blue, lying at an elevation of 16,540 feet. The water is very salt, and the Thibetans came from a considerable distance to gather the salt which lies in incrustations around its edge.

After leaving the lake the party kept on in an easterly direction up an open valley until they came to the shores of a large lake with several islands dotted over its surface. This lake, which is at an altitude of 17,930 feet, was the highest Captain Bower discovered, and is probably the highest lake in the world.

Then succeeded many days of hardship. There was little fresh water on the road. The poor animals in the baggage train kept rushing to every water course only to find them all dry. The second day they reached a lake which Bower hoped might be fresh enough to drink, but he found it salt as the sea. By digging they procured a little water that was slightly fresher than the lake, but still was of no use as a thirst quencher. It happened, fortunately, that a great hailstorm occurred that night. A kettle was at once filled with the hailstones, and soon the party were enjoying a cup of tea. Five miles further on they found a large spring of fresh water, and the poor animals, which had received no benefit from the hailstones, drank their fill.

Bower crossed 800 miles of country that had never before been touched by a white traveler. This elevated desert plateau covers almost the whole of Western Thibet and is known as the Chang. Captain Bower says it is a high tableland with hills mostly of a rounded character. Snow ranges are met here and there. The mountains have an east and west tendency, but there is no defined watershed. Little rivers from the mountains flow in almost any direction, and all terminate in large salt lakes. For five months his party never camped at a lower altitude than the summit of Mount Blanc, and all this enormous stretch of country contains not a single tree. The greater part of Chang, of course, is uninhabited for most of the year, and many places that would afford grazing in summer are too far from suitable winter quarters to be utilized by the nomads. The result is that they are met only around the edges of the region, and they live almost entirely on meat and dairy produce.

They had traveled only three days when they met two natives dressed in sheepskin robes with bright-colored stockings coming up to the knee and soled with yak's hide. Their hair, in matted locks, hung down on each side of their faces. Long matchlocks were slung over their shoulders and in their belts they wore straight swords in scabbards ornamented with silver and turquoise. In their hands were long spears. The men were very anxious to know who the party were and where they were going. They were told that the party were merchants and had lost their way in the mountains. A very large present finally induced the men to agree to guide the party. All the nomads Bower saw proved to be greedy, faithless and suspicious. He