

what we want, for then truth is sure to triumph over error.

The winter was very late breaking up this season, and it seemed that there was no spring, but when cold weather gave way summer seemed to come right away. The thermometer has been up in the nineties for two or three weeks. The weather is very dry and crops are suffering for want of rain. Fruit is almost all falling from the trees for some cause unknown. The country is full of locusts, and some people are much exercised over them having a W on their wings, which is said to denote war. It really seems that the day is at hand when men's hearts fail them for fear of the judgments of God.

May God our Heavenly Father bless and prosper Zion is the constant prayer of your Brother,

J. H. WELLS.

My present address is, Rochester, Butler Co., Ky.

MESA, June 1, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

In the last account of our trip, President Macdonald and company were still at St. David, on the San Pedro River. At 2 p.m., on the 19th inst., we started out on the course previously indicated. We arrived at Contention in short time. This place is situated on the San Pedro River, eight miles above St. David and 16 miles from Benson, their nearest railroad station. At this place there are two mills, one belonging to the Head Light mill, with 10 stamps, the other belonging to the Contention mine, which has 25 stamps.

At this point we leave the river and travel 10 miles in a southeast course, which brings us to Tombstone, which is a marvel. We expected to find that which is so common in mining camps, that is, light frame buildings with canvas roofs, etc. But not so; the buildings are substantial and have a look of permanency, which denotes that there is something behind it that can be relied on.

While rambling through the city during the evening, taking in the sights, we observed the shingles of Wells Spicer and others of Salt Lake fame, among whom were Dr. Greer and family lately from Payson, Utah, who treated us very kindly.

On the morning of the 20th we left Tombstone and taking a south west course for ten miles brought us back to the river and to the town of Charleston which is eight miles above Contention; this place has two mills belonging to the Toughnut Mining Company and a population of about 500; there is also a custom mill two miles below the town. Here we crossed the river and took a southwest course for 20 miles to Miller's Canon in the Huachuca (pronounced wa-chu-ca) mountains and about two miles up the Canon we found Brother J. W. Campbell and family, Edgar Sessions, John Sessions and Frank Campbell and family, all engaged with a steam saw mill, the property of Brother J. W. Campbell. We spent the evening with the brethren, who felt well, Prest. Macdonald giving them some good instruction and counsel. We blessed two children, and bidding our friends good-bye we started back to the river, following up it some 15 miles over some of the finest grazing country that any one could wish for, grass as far as the eye could reach and plenty of water to sustain a settlement of 50 families. But alas, the whole river for 30 miles is covered with an old Mexican grant which the mining companies of Charleston have secured in order to control the water for milling purposes and no chance even for a garden patch.

We are now at the Mexican custom house and six miles over the line. The first thing was to overhaul our wagons. The officers ordered us to open our satchels. The next thing was our team; after inspecting it they informed us, through our interpreter, H. W. Brizzee, that we would have to deposit \$36 per head, and when we returned, if we brought our horses back with us, we would have our money. This was something we had not looked for. Brother Brizzee went to arguing the point with them on his American blood, telling them that he had traveled over that road 35 years ago and thought he would now. In the mean time our teamster, D. P. Kimball, commenced looking over his effects and wondering if he could reach his watch or something else, as he was contrary to his early training to go back. While these cogitations were going on Brothers Brizzee and

Mac came out of the building, hats in hand, smiling all over and told D. P. K. to drive on the cart, and away we went, taking a southwest course for Santa Cruz.

On the morning of the 22nd we arrived at Quitaca Cocospera, a rancho owned by one Don Domingo Elias; we found a gentleman on the ranch by the name of Fartino Paredes, from whom we learned a great deal in regard to these Mexican grants. After leaving here we met Mr. Callahan, a hardware merchant from Salt Lake, who had been down into Sonora buying cattle; he looked the worse for wear. Coming over on to the head of the east fork of the Santa Cruz river, we followed down the river or wash to the city of Santa Cruz, an old Mexican town. The houses are low and flat topped; it would be a difficult thing to find two of them in a direct line, or which was the street and which the corral. From here down the river to the town of Calabasa, a distance of about 50 miles, is one of the finest sections of country that I have ever seen, the rest of the brethren expressing themselves the same. The soil is of a rich black loam, the valley being about one mile in width, with low rolling hills on each side covered with large live oak timber and grass on the river. There is the largest growth of timber on it I ever saw of the kind, consisting of walnut, sycamore, ash, live oak, mesquit, hackberry and cottonwood. We ate dinner under an ash tree that measured 9 ft 6 in. in circumference. We measured three cottonwoods, the first 19 ft. 2 in., the second 19 ft. 3 in., the third, 17 ft. 4 in., these were on the Bueno Vista Rancho. On the Yerba Bueno Rancho we measured three walnuts averaging 14 ft. 7 in., in circumference; three hackberries averaging 5 feet 7 in., and three mesquits, averaging 9 ft. 6 in. in circumference. The last rancho is about 45 miles from Santa Cruz.

About one half mile below the house is the Lone Monument, erected on the line between the United States and New Mexico. This monument stands 31 deg. 20 min. north latitude, 110 deg. 51 min. west longitude. The town of Calabasa is about six miles below this monument, and here is what is going to be a great railroad centre and outfitting place for mines situated in the Santa Rita and Patagonia mountains, also Arivaca. This will be on the Santa Fe and Guaymas line. Here we found a gentleman by the name of Green, a colonel in the Mexican army, from whom we received a great amount of valuable information, and also letters of introduction to responsible parties in Tucson.

From Calabasa we traveled down the river, passing through the towns of Tubac, Canoe, Saurita, the mission San Xavier Dell Bac, which is a wonderful piece of work to be done in a wild country like this was at the time it was erected, which was in 1690. From here we went to Tucson, which place has quite a sprinkling of Salt Lakers, one of whom was Leventhal, our old townsman and auctioneer, who did all he could to make us comfortable. W. G. Mills is here, who occasionally preaches for the Methodists. We understood that the feed was rather short, and that he was going to return to Salt Lake.

We had, through Brother Brizzee, an introduction to Samuel Brannan, who was stopping here one day to rest between New York and San Francisco. In talking over his colonizing scheme, he offered great inducements to those who are not acquainted with the Mexican law on this point, but those that will inform themselves can do better by dealing with the government direct. In an interview with Dr. Green and Mr. De Soto, who read us the Mexican law on these points, we were satisfied that any of our people who had a desire to move in that direction, would do better to deal direct with the government. After finding out all we could and doing all that we were able to further the cause, we started for home in the evening, which place we reached on Saturday evening, and were very glad to get back home and get one more drink of good Salt River water. We found everybody well and the head-ers in the field gathering our crops.

The time that we were gone we traveled 525 miles, making that distance in 13 traveling days, laying over four days at St. David and one day at Tucson. One noticeable feature of our trip through the southeastern portion of the Territory, especially around Tombstone, was the presence of quite a number of birds from the adobe pen, some of them

escapes. Rumor says that as much as \$200 has been offered for the return of one of the worst of them back to Utah.

Your brother in the Gospel,
CHAS. I. ROBSON.

LUDINGTON, Mason County,
Michigan, May 28, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

The 24th of last October I left your city to fill a mission, appointed to me in the United States, and as there were no more missionaries going at that time, was obliged to travel alone.

Being much interested with the scenery along the road, considering the advantages and disadvantages of the country lying immediately on the route, observing many massive and beautiful buildings, prominent among which are the numerous churches, with their lofty spires and beautiful and commodious school buildings in every city and town, the time soon passed off.

I was met in the central part of Michigan by my old friend President Palmer, who took me with him to Elyria, Ohio, where we held a number of meetings in a school-house.

After staying there a few weeks, President Palmer sent me to join Elder Bunnell, in the most thickly settled part of Michigan, but as it was impossible to get houses to hold meetings in, we could do little more than distribute tracts and talk in private.

It has been my experience that the people in cities and large towns are much more prejudiced against our people; and are decidedly more corrupt than the people of the country.

A month ago I was called to join Elder Jos. R. Murdock at this place, his traveling companion, Elder Jas. Sanderson, who had been laboring in this vicinity for some time, having been released to return home. We are both young men (grandchildren in the covenant), though having a desire to do all we can for the spread of truth, soon started out into the country, where we held 22 meetings this month, and baptized five persons, whom we believe will make good workers in Zion.

Almost all the time we were among strangers, and that, too, without money, but the way was opened before us, so we never suffered for anything. True, it seemed sometimes as though persons took us home with them to pick our bones by the way of repeating all the foolish stories they had ever heard about our people, besides some perhaps they made themselves, yet we thanked the Lord for providing for us.

Prospects for a very extensive work in Michigan are not very flattering; still we are in hopes a few will be brought to the knowledge of the truth, and perhaps some of the good seed sown may spring up after it has been irrigated with the judgments of God.

While at first it was a little humiliating to take such abuse as we sometimes have to, and somewhat hard to address a people hostile to the Church we represent, we consider the experience and testimony gained as being of priceless value to us.

Young people, as you value eternal happiness, do prepare yourselves for the mighty work before you.

Our P. O. address will remain as the above. Shall be pleased to hear from any one having relatives in this vicinity.

Ever praying for the welfare of

I remain your brother in the gospel,
D. E. HARRIS.

DOVER, Sanpete County,
June 6th, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

It has always been a pleasure to me to chronicle the ultimate success of our brethren in an arduous undertaking, hence this communication.

West of the Sevier River running parallel with Fayette and Gunnison is a tract of fine arable land, some 12 miles in length, and averaging 1½ miles in breadth, and to which is now given the name of Dover. Many years ago, and at intervals since, parties of Saints endeavored to make settlements thereon and take out water from the river, but failed, and so abandoned the enterprise. But some three years ago about 20 families from Salt Lake City (mine with the rest), Bear Lake and Utah counties, joined hands and determined, if it were at all possible, to get out the water. They selected and entered their respective quarter sec-

tions of land and started to build a canal of the following dimensions: 12 miles long, 12 feet broad and 2 feet deep. With heart and will they progressed with the work, but found at the end of the first year that the canal was far from completion, owing to the small number of hands employed on the work. The brethren's supply of food, etc., was running short, and there was no way open to replenish their store. I am sorry to say, they were ridiculed by some, yet for all they started to the work again early in the following spring. Some of the brethren went to work on the railroad, so as to obtain means to support their families. When the canal builders finished their work for the season and turned the water into the canal in order to test it, they, to their great dismay, found that about six miles above the dam the water refused to flow, owing to an error in the survey. This was a great hardship to the brethren, as they were depending on raising a crop the following season, their means being entirely exhausted. Yet for all this they stuck nobly to their work, having engaged a competent surveyor—John Hougard of Manti—to re-survey the canal, and (to abbreviate) at last their labor has been crowned with success, for now the canal is full of water running its entire length, and you may rest assured we are delighted and thankful.

Ours is a motley community comprising American, English, Scotch, Irish, Swiss, Welsh and Scandinavian nationalities.

Our next move is to build a meeting and school house and if the authorities think proper to form us into a ward with proper officers we shall be thankful. We also intend to seek the aid of the county officials to lay out our roads and to build us a bridge across the river which at present locks us in twice a year, viz: winter and summer. In summer we cannot cross the river on account of the floods, and in winter it is very dangerous, if not impossible, to cross when the ice is forming and breaking up.

We all feel well and are sanguine as to the future, desiring to live together in peace and unity to help build God's Kingdom up here on earth, and give thanks to Him for His goodness to us at all times.

Yours, etc.,

HUGH KNOUGH.

A TOUR OF OBSERVATION.

PROVO, Utah, June 8, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

I left Salt Lake City on Monday morning last, on a tour of observation southward. It is my first trip through this section, and I desire to express, through your widely circulated journal my surprise and satisfaction at seeing so fine a country—surprise, because it so far exceeded my expectation and surpassed all I had ever heard or read of it, (for accounts, as you know, have widely differed concerning Utah and her people), and satisfaction in being permitted to enjoy the friendship and hospitality of the people, witness the evidences of their industry, and learn the story of their early trials. To me it forms a most interesting chapter of my life-observation, and I shall never forget it. Nature, too, while she has marred the plains with sage brush and divested the valleys of those natural adjuncts which are indispensable to the husbandman, has on the other hand beautified the landscape with much that redeems these untoward features. She has reared some of the grandest and most picturesque mountain heights, whose diamond cut tops, covered by eternal snows, battle with the clouds, and stand like sentinels at the gates of your lovely towns and villages, nestling at their feet like a youngling nestles for protection at the feet of a fond parent, for these eternal hills reared their rugged brows heavenward long before the awful "Mormons" sought these mountain fastnesses as a refuge from persecution. With singular regularity she cut great canyons through the lofty ranges at intervals through which ever living streams flow out upon the plains, to irrigate the barren lands, and supply water to man and beast. At the gateway of these mighty gorges are located the lovely cities and towns, and the homes of the people. Among the prettiest of these is the town of Provo, in the magnificent Court house of which, at the desk of the genial and accommodating County and Probate Judge, Warren N. Dusenberry, I am penning these lines.

I have much to say of the people and the places I have visited in this locality, but which I must reserve for other occasions, and not trespass upon your columns to do so. Suffice it to say, my trip thus far has been a most delightful one. I have met and made friends whose kindness and hospitality I shall never forget, and can only wish that the outside world could have enjoyed them as I have done. They would possibly leave Utah with the impression that "Mormons" have neither cloven feet, forked tails, nor horns on their heads, but are very much like unto the rest of mankind, even as has been the case with yours truly.

A. J. B.

The Bishop of Ross communicated the following to the press: The riots of Skibbereen have been much exaggerated by the English and Irish newspapers. It would be unfair to charge the Land League with the responsibility for the disturbances.

About midnight last night, Officer Timothy Mahoney, one of the bravest and oldest policemen in Chicago, while attempting to arrest two drunken thugs who had just burglarized a house at the stockyards, was shot three times and died within a few minutes.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and conditions. Address H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine. w 38

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One red 3 year-old STEER, brand on left ribs resembling O S, crop off right ear, peace out of end of left, wattle on left neck and dew-lapped.

If not claimed by June 27th, 1881, it will be sold at the Nephi estray pound at 9 a.m.

L. A. BAILEY,

District Poundkeeper.

Nephi, June 13th, 1881.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One dark red STEER, about 2 years old, spot in forehead, white under belly, bush of tail cut off, crop off left ear, no brands visible.

If not claimed will be sold June 23d, 1881, at the Estray Pound, Moroni, at 10 o'clock a.m.

JOHN BAILEY,

District Poundkeeper.

Moroni, Sanpete County, June 13, 1881.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One sorrel MARE, six or seven years old, branded JB combined on left thigh, right hind foot white, white spot in forehead.

One sorrel HORSE COLT, one year old, branded JB combined on left thigh, fore feet

white, white strip in face.

One dark bay MARE COLT, one year old, branded JB combined on left thigh, white

spot in forehead, hind feet white.

If not claimed, will be sold on June 18th, 1881, at the Estray Pound, Castle Dale, at 10 o'clock a.m.

JOSEPH L. BOULDEN,

District Poundkeeper.

Castle Dale, Emery County,

June 8th, 1881.

TUTT'S PILLS!

AS AN ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE, are incomparable. They stimulate the TORPID LIVER, invigorate the NERVOUS SYSTEM, give tone to the DIGESTIVE ORGANS, create perfect digestion and regular movement of the bowels.

AS AN ANTI-MALARIAL

They have no equal; acting as a preventive and cure for Bilious, Remittent, Inter-mittent, Typhoid Fevers, and Fever and Ague. Upon the healthy action of the Stomach and Liver depends, almost wholly, the health of the human race.

DYSPEPSIA.

It is for the cure of this disease and its attendants, SICK-HEADACHE, NERVOUSNESS, DESPONDENCY, CONSTIPATION, PILES, &c., that these Pills have gained such a wide reputation. No remedy was ever discovered that acts so speedily and gently on the digestive organs, giving them tone and vigor to assimilate food. This accomplished, the NERVES are BRACED, the BRAIN NOURISHED, and the BODY ROBUST. Try this Remedy fairly and you will gain a Vigorous Body, Pure Blood, Strong Nerves, and a Cheerful mind.

Price 25c. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a Glossy Black by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a Natural Color, and acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists everywhere on receipt of \$1. Office, 35 Murray St., New York.