

IN LITTLE RHODE ISLAND.

The following is from a letter written by Elder Joseph A. Anderson to his parents in this city, and received Monday afternoon; it is dated Thursday, Aug. 6. Telegrams received since the writing of the letter, from Elder L. D. Young, the missionary companion of Elder Anderson, report the latter as again quite ill so that he cannot be moved at present. His affliction, while it is severe, is not regarded as specially serious except that the rheumatism incapacitates him from missionary duties at present and it may be advisable to change his locality or bring him home until he has fully recovered to further prosecute his labors. He says:

"I received your letter last week, but at that time was too ill to answer it. For the past three weeks I have been very sick. At present I am much better, and the last few days have been able to get down stairs and walk around the yard. My partner wrote to Brother Richards, telling him I would have to be released. We have received no answer as yet; but my condition has so improved that I think I will be able to pull through and remain. I do not want to come home. If I can possibly pull through I will do so. My health has been greatly impaired since I have been here. I have endeavored to take the best care of myself, but in spite of this have been thrown to my bed. I had been in Rhode Island only two weeks when I was seized with a chill. At the time the people here told me I was taking malaria, and it has proved to be the case. We inquired of a doctor as to my ailment and he said it was malaria and kidney trouble and that rheumatism was fast getting into my system. I have suffered with pains that have made me quite weak. Today I feel like I will soon be well again, except for the rheumatism that has crippled me up so that I can hardly get around. It is in my hips and the lower part of my body. I have a pretty severe cough, but am trying to break it up.

"Mrs. Denman, the lady whom we get our room from where we make headquarters in Providence, has been very good and kind to me while I have been sick, and has done all in her power to make me comfortable.

"I feel so glad that I am again able to get around. Before I was taken down my partner and I were traveling without purse or scrip—which all Elders should do if they possibly can. As a result we have had to lay out twelve nights, and have not found one yet who would entertain us. Five out of the twelve nights it rained all night. The only shelter we could find was under large trees, and the rain soon came through on us. These experiences have no doubt given me the rheumatism which I am now suffering. Although the people would not take us in, we know we have done a good work in helping to allay some of the prejudice which is so prevalent among the people in this region; and the fruits of our labor may be reaped in a year or two to come.

"I know my sickness will worry the folks at home, so I have not said much of it before. I need not ask for your faith and prayers, because I know I have them constantly that I may have

health and strength to fill an honorable mission, and I hope the Lord will enable me to do so. I have no desire to come home now. Brother Richards may transfer me to another district which will be more suited to my health, but I am not well enough to travel as yet and will have to remain here until I am better, which I hope and expect will be very soon, so I can get about and do something."

THE DARKEY IN THE SOUTH.

LEBANON, Ky., Aug. 5, 1896.

The colored man is no great favorite in the South since slavery has been abolished. The laboring white people would prefer that he was back in Africa, for the negro will work in the cities for \$1.50 a week and his board. The hotel keepers, livery stable owners and many wealthy people of the cities are glad they are here, as the money paid out for the work done is but little. Many of the owners of the larger plantations would rather have them here, as they like to have a lot of colored people to boss, and then they can hire them for their board and a little clothing without paying out any solid cash.

If the colored man accumulates a little wealth, and desires to live in respectable and fashionable city districts, nobody will sell to him. Sometimes a negro is able to make such a purchase through a white man, but whenever this happens, all his neighbors, for a square around, become displeased and make every effort to get him out of the neighborhood. The same rule is followed with the renting of houses and property; so generally the negroes are under the necessity of living in certain quarters along with others of their own color.

In nearly every city of the South there is a section which belongs to the colored population usually called by some name, as "Georgetown" or "Coloredtown," to distinguish the colored districts from the balance of the town. Then the railway service of the South draws the separation line between the white and colored people very plainly—on every train that leaves the depots there are cars marked "For White People," and cars marked "For Colored People."

The negroes of the South are divided into three pretty distinct classes—the well-to-do negro who has others working for him; the negro who is making a daily living; and the indigent pilferers who depend for a living on the number of chickens and other food they can steal. The majority of colored people, though, don't seem to bother their heads much over financial affairs. Just so they have enough to eat day-by-day, they seem to be as free from care and as happy as children.

The colored people of the South have their own schools, with teachers of their own color presiding. In the cities they have their lawyers, and doctors, and preachers. The negroes, as a rule, like to attend church services. In one city I was in, there had been a "protracted meeting" going on for two months,—meeting every night—and the church was crowded all the time, and many sinners had come up to the "mourner's bench and got religion," and been taken joyfully into the

folds of the church. Many of the darkies are fine singers, and when the whole congregation in a church are singing it sounds splendidly. The darkies like the warm summer weather. I was walking along a 'pike road the other day with my umbrella up, and just roasting—the thermometer only registered 100 degrees in the shade—and I met an old darkey coming up the road with a pitchfork in one hand and a bucket of nice cold looking water in the other.

"Mighty warm," said I. "have you some drinkin' water there?"

"Yesab," he said, "help yourself."

"This weather just suits me," he went on; "I can't stand cold weather." And it's the same with all the darkies—they all like the warm weather best.

Last winter, so the story goes, there was a colored protracted meeting going on, and the preacher in telling his congregation where they would go if they didn't repent, spoke of Satan's regions as a place where pitchforks would be thrown at the people all the time. After meeting one of the members of his congregation came up to administer a gentle reproof, and he asked him why he told the people this. The preacher replied by saying that he didn't care to tell them it was a heated region for fear some of his rheumatic congregation would want to go there too bad.

The watermelons are ripe here in "Old Kentucky" now, the corn-top's ripening, and the birds are making music "Tis summer and the darkies all are gay."

JOHN C. CUTLER JR.

DR. WITCHER'S WITCHERY.

SCIPIO, Utah, Aug. 10, 1896.

In your issue of the 6th inst. you have an article on "Scipio Diphtheria" in which you refer to a report said to have been made by Dr. J. S. Witcher. In defense of the people of our much maligned little town I wish to say a few words. First, with reference to the gentleman's "three days' stay in the town," that he came into town at about 9 o'clock p. m. on the 3rd inst., visiting and spending about ten minutes with one family that night. He left his hotel after breakfast at about 8 a. m. on the 4th, visited among the sick until about noon, had dinner and left town at about 1 p. m. of the same day. He is reported to have said both in Salina and in Salt Lake that we had thirty-six cases of diphtheria of a malignant form, but just before he left here he stated that he had found but four cases of diphtheria in town. We who live here and know everybody in town, can only count seventeen persons who were sick from any cause at the time of the doctor's visit and several of these the doctor told the parents of the children that there were no symptoms of diphtheria in their cases.

"The disgustingly filthy condition of the reservoir from which the people of Scipio secure water" is also referred to. Our reservoir is as free from disgusting filth as any other outdoor reservoir can be. It is true that a few head of cattle water there and no doubt the gentleman may have seen some of them standing in the water drinking. If the gentleman had been