

natural location for the chief city of the Rockies."

Frank G. Carpenter

STATE OF WASHINGTON.

PALOUSE, Whitman Co. Washington.

About 2 p. m., on the last day of August, 1896, we landed safely in Spokane, Spokane County, Washington. The rain slackened its grand reception to the dry farmers, who had so long awaited its very much needed reception for it has been unusually dry this season, so much so that many farmers harvested their wheat shrunken so bad that it was unsaleable. Some of the farmers had to mow their small grain for feed. One Utah man, whom we met, left Utah to find a church which better suited his faith. He found it, has two preachers in the church, a large family, a dry farm, and is badly in debt; and we think his hopes in the hereafter are not over certain.

Immediately after our arrival at Spokane we sought the oracle of the people, the press. The leading paper of the place of about 35,000 is the *Spokesman Review*; a morning paper. We were kindly received, and they were pleased to meet representatives of the new State of Utah. On the following morning, one and a half columns appeared, which will spread over Washington, and her neighboring states, and be read by many thousands, thus spreading the articles of our faith, which were published, for which we owe thanks to the general editor of the *Review*. Zion is growing in favor.

Political excitement runs high, and we found public halls much engaged. We could find one very good place at \$10 for Sunday afternoon, and \$15 for the evening. There is a class of people here who are bright and very sociable, and I fully believe by and by, Elders will have a very good opportunity to preach the Gospel here, and do a good work.

We took train for Palouse, sixty eight miles, where we shall make a stand for a while. On our way to Palouse we pass several nice little towns among pine trees. Marshal Junction, nine miles; Spangle, 20 miles; then Rosalia, 35 miles, next Oakesdale 46 miles, Belmont, 52 miles, Garfield, 58 to Palouse 68 miles from Spokane.

Two miles out from Palouse we found Benjamin R. Turnbow, of the Reorganized Church. He is nephew to our Samuel Turnbow of the Fourteenth ward now deceased. On the next day after our arrival by the kindness of our friend Turnbow who furnished us with a horse and cart, we started out hunting "lost sheep." At 9 o'clock a. m. the fog raised and the sun rose out of the fog really in the east, and we found ourselves in the rolling hills of Washington. We rubbed our eyes to see it in reality it was possible that those high hills were all covered with golden grain, two hundred acres of which was yet uncut and owned by the Turnbows. No irrigation and it is well that it is not required on those tops. From thirty-five to forty and sometimes as high as fifty bushels of wheat is grown on these hills to the acre—truly are we in a land of great farms of wheat. One little farmer we have met, Mr. J. B. Humphrys, who

claims to know much of Utah, says he is now harvesting and threshing, 1,300 acres, which will average about thirty-five bushels per acre. Three years ago, he lost just such a crop, and so did most of his neighbors by reason of heavy rains. The stocks of grain literally rotted down. The country is subject of late years to drought and excessive wet spells. Mr. Turnbow said 7,000 bushels was entirely rotted. Mr. Humphry's 13,000 acres at thirty five bushels per acre—amounted to 45,500 bushels of wheat; this, said they, was the lot of nearly all of the farmers of the country. Who would exchange Utah with its irrigation after all for this hilly country of wheat hills, where on some of the hill sides several men have to hold the harvester outfits from capsizing? Only think of one man harvesting 1,300 acres from which he takes 45,500 bushels of grain, and some of the farmers have not paid their taxes for three years. Compains arise on every hand about hard times. In some respects this is a desirable country, but like others it has its good and its bad qualities. Mr. Turnbow says he has had a series of bad luck ever since he has been in the country, and that he is ready for the millennial reign, which he says the signs of the times indicate is near at hand. He believes Mathew 3rd, will soon be fulfilled when the Lord will suddenly come to His temple, but where is the temple? None but the true church has temples for Him to come too.

After diligent searching, we found out in the hills a brother and sister, Lyman Fisher Chapin and Susan Emma Wooley Chapin; Sister Chapin is sister to counselor Wooley, deceased, of Pleasant Grove; Bishop John Brown of Pleasant Grove married Brother and Sister Chapin.

We observed last day Thursday 3rd, taught the Gospel, bore several testimonies and arranged two meetings for Sunday next, the 6th, in two school houses four and eight miles out from Palouse, and twelve miles from Elder Turbones.

Returning to Elder Turbows, fifteen miles, we found and visited several families, took dinner with a daughter of Elder Turbows'. His family is with him in his faith. Some of them, however, heard the fulness of the Gospel in Kentucky. Elder M. F. Cowley has faithfully bore his testimony to them in Kentucky, and now in the state of Washington, and I believe not without good results.

We found a Mr. A. H. Harris Editor of the Palouse Republican, who will advertise our meetings in the Humphries school and only meeting house, and the Pitts school and meeting house, and we expect a good turnout tomorrow, Sunday, at 4 p. m. and 7:30 p. m.

EDWARD STEVENSON.
M. F. COWLEY.

WITHOUT PURSE OR SCRIP.

LEBANON, Kentucky,
September 14th, 1896.

In my journeyings I have found that the good of travel is to fill our minds with the reality, and instead of reading and thinking of things as they may be, we see them as they are.

Let me tell you some of our experiences since conference. I waited three days near Owensboro for a new com-

panion. A. J. Self, just out from home, was sent to work with me. We had to go to Marion county, 150 miles east. The instructions at conference were to travel without purse or scrip. Well, we had a dollar given to us, and we went down to the Ohio river and asked the captain of a steamboat how much he would charge us to go thirty miles up the river to Hawesville. He said, as we were ministers he would take us for two-thirds fare, so we took passage on the boat, and at 3 p. m. we started for Hawesville.

The Ohio river is 950 miles long, and divides this state on the north from Indiana and the state of Ohio. There is an immense amount of merchandise carried on the many steamboats that ply along its course from Cincinnati and Louisville to the towns along the Mississippi river. It is so very much cheaper to ship by water than by land. It has been demonstrated by positive test that a single tow boat can transport at one trip from the Ohio to New Orleans 29,000 tons of coal, loaded in barges. Comparing the boat and its tow worked by only a few men, with railroad transportation, the steamboat carried as much freight to its port as 3,000 cars and 100 locomotives manned by 600 men could carry.

The scenery along the banks of the Ohio is quite pretty. Acres of land were covered with immense cornfields, waving as the wind blew. The many large sugar, hickory and oak trees we saw were filled with twittering birds. As dusk came on my companion and I sat watching the banks slip behind us. We felt as if we were gliding along the river of life.

A sacred burden is this life to bear,
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly;
Stand up and walk beneath it steadfastly,
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win.

Soon the lamps were lighted, and the purser came up and commenced talking to us. We told him we were of the Mormon belief, gave him our cards and a pamphlet and explained the first four principles of the Gospel to him. To the engineer and captain we also explained our views.

We reached Hawesville at 8:30 p. m. There the ship was to be anchored for the night. We went to the captain and told him that we had two miles to go out in the country, and if it would be all right with him we would like to stay on the boat till morning. He said it would be, and wouldn't cost us anything, either, and he gave us one of the best state rooms on board. We had a delightful sleep, having a cool river breeze all night. On land the thermometer had been up to 95° nearly all day.

Next morning we left the boat at 6 o'clock and walked to Reverend John Walker's home. He was very glad to see us, and procured us a Presbyterian church to hold meeting in the next day, Sunday. We held a fine meeting, with a large congregation. After staying with some of the Saints three days, we continued our journey.

We left Reverend Walker's early in the morning, without a cent of money, and walked eight miles, reaching the largest town of Breckenridge county—Cloverport—about noon. It is a town of about 2,500 inhabitants, on the Ohio river, and has a railroad passing through it. We called on the mayor and asked him if we could hold meetings that after-