

worked very unsatisfactorily and my principal reliance was the sun, of which I could obtain occasional glimpses through the dense foliage. At length the undergrowth became so dense as to be very difficult to penetrate, and to add to my discomfort, my clothes were becoming saturated with moisture from the foliage, it having rained the three previous days. Under the weight of these disadvantages my pertinacity reluctantly yielded, and I resolved to attempt a return to where I had entered the forest, but I had been wandering about in quest of the practicable path by which to proceed till I had become somewhat bewildered, so that there were great odds against the chances of my coming out anywhere near the point at which I had entered the woods. However, after a very toilsome struggle with the underbrush, rocks, ravines, etc., to say nothing of the harassing doubts as to whether I was going in the right direction, I emerged into a field and quickly discovered that I was within a stone's throw of the path by which I had entered that dismal forest. Some people may imagine that there is something delightfully romantic in getting lost in a Maine forest, but as for myself I shall hereafter decidedly prefer the plain, unromantic wagon road.

On the Sabbath following this adventure I was in North Newry, where I attended a Methodist meeting and heard a sermon in explanation of the theology of that sect, from which I gleaned some information and a little gospel truth. After the services I made the acquaintance of the minister, and in the evening attended a prayer meeting led by him. It was a good, old-fashioned Methodist prayer meeting, in a New England backwoods village, and had it not been for the sacred subject of religion involved, the proceedings would have seemed ludicrous and laughable in the extreme to me. At one stage of the proceedings, however, I became almost alarmed. It was when several women rose in quick succession and, in a flood of tears, sobs and groans, tried to tell how they "loved Jesus." This was too much for my nerves to bear unmoved and I seriously began to think that some of the gentlemen present would have to assist two or three of the women from the room, so hysterical did they become. But their enthusiasm at length spent itself and the meeting was brought to a placid close, not, however, till I had given out an appointment for a meeting at the same place on the following evening.

At the hour appointed next evening the house was filled by one of the most attentive audiences it has been my lot to address for some time. Seeing the large turnout and the interest of those present in my remarks, I gave out another appointment for the next evening, same hour and place. Again the house was well filled, though it was raining and my remarks were listened to with marked attention, and many desired more meetings, but previously made arrangements prevented my spending more time in that place.

I am constantly being invited to preach or lecture as I pass from place to place, and it is impossible for me to accept half these invitations, as I have but a little more time to spend in Maine before returning to Massachusetts to do some work there which is awaiting me.

Your brother in the gospel,  
B. F. CUMMINGS, Jr.

#### More Co-operation.

SALT LAKE CITY,  
October 14, 1876.

Editor Deseret News:

Some three years ago, while traveling through the Territory, I was pained to observe the sinful waste of fruit, and through the local press gave suggestions as to the utilization by preserving it, and the means of turning it into money this heretofore neglected branch of industry. Being thankful that my humble hints have in many instances been adopted, and the trials met with success, will you kindly permit me through your columns to offer another suggestion?

I wish now to speak upon the home manufacture of toys and fancy ornaments. Do not laugh at this, for do you know that nearly thirty thousand dollars are spent every year of our hard-earned money throughout the Territory for these imported petty articles, and this branch of trade is likely greatly to

increase instead of diminish. Where are these toys generally manufactured? In large manufactories? No. Ask our Swiss and London brethren. No doubt they will be able to tell you. If not, I will endeavor to do so. Those toys and pretty nicknacks are made by Swiss, French, and English men, women and children in their own homes, and they sell them to the wholesale dealers, who export them to all parts of the world. The tools and materials necessary for this employment are simple and inexpensive—a few sheets of cardboard, scraps from the lumber yard, a glue pot, cheap tinsel and paint. Each family makes but one or two special designs; each one, to the youngest child, is allotted his or her particular branch of work, and constant practice on that one branch makes him or her very expert. Thousands of families in the countries above named make comfortable livings in this humble line of labor. Who has not read Dickens' picture of the toymakers' life?

The freight here amounts to nearly the cost of these fragile and bulky articles, and I am sure dealers would be only too glad to handle *homemade* articles of this kind, saving them the heavy freight, and allowing them to pay a much higher price for them here than what is allowed in Europe.

Let, then, those persons with large families, now complaining of want of employment, look to this. Let them use their wits and invent some novel toy, and work it out on that line, or if they have not inventive genius imitate some familiar one. *There's money in it.*

If I am not too intrusive, allow me to ask, in this connection, where do we get our half million of boxes of shoe blacking, that are consumed annually in this Territory? Imported! Oh! indeed. Whence come every year the thousands of dollars worth of mushroom and other cat-sups? Ditto! Then, does no one here know how to prepare a mushroom bed? Where do the tens of thousands of dollars worth of knives, forks, pocket-knives, shears, pins, needles, &c., come yearly from? Ditto, again. Have we no iron nor skilled artisans from Birmingham and Sheffield wanting employment in Utah?

These few questions for the present will suffice, but I think I already hear the cry—"It is all very well to produce these articles, but how can we obtain payment for them when we have made them?" This is easily answered, place them on commission in our co-operative stores, but, first, don't be greedy by asking too high a price, but be satisfied with a fair return for your labor, letting the seller live as well as yourself. Our energetic sisters have just opened out in the very business that will be advantageous to producers in all branches of workmanship. They have opened in the Old Constitution Building a commission store, where on a moderate commission they are ready and willing to sell anything, from a needle to a bar of soap. There is a laudable enterprise and, mark my words, they will greatly prosper in it. Idle ones, call and consult them. You with money, call and purchase. Sisters, mark the price of your articles in plain figures and at bed rock prices.

HUGH KNOUGH.

—An exchange says, "Rose Delevanti, a well-to-do British matron of forty-four, was caught stealing a piece of silk, and tried to get off on the ground that she was tipsy. The Judge was incorrigible, and sent her up for three months, but the poor woman fainted when the sentence was pronounced, and was carried senseless to her cell. She was too honest in her plea. If she had only pleaded an uncontrollable mania for taking things, like an American lady, she would have been acquitted and had the sympathy of the court to boot."

—The New York Herald says, "A South Carolina lady of former aristocracy writes that she had almost no meat during the summer, but that Senator Cain, a mulatto legislator, with a salary of \$600, drives a seven-hundred dollar horse, owns a handsome town house and two plantations, and took his wife to the Centennial."

#### MOUNTAIN WARBLER!

THERE are several hundred copies of the above Song Book remaining unsold, they can be obtained at the Deseret News Office for 25 cents per copy.  
WM. WILLES:  
S. L. City, March 31st, 1876.

## FARMERS

AND

## OTHERS.

WE HAVE IN STOCK, READY FOR HARVEST.

- 25,000 Seamless Grain Bags
- 5,000 2 bushel (9 oz.) Burlap Grain Bags
- 5,000 2½ bushel (9 oz.) Burlap Grain Bags
- 5,000 3 bushel (9 oz.) Burlap Grain Bags
- 5,000 3 bushel (11 oz.) Burlap Grain Bags
- 5,000 4 bushel (9 oz.) Burlap Grain Bags

Also Burlaps for making Bags or Wool Sacks.

APPLY AT THE

## WHOLESALE DEPARTMENT.

Z. C. M. I.

H. B. CLAWSON, Supt.

MARVEL OF CHEAPNESS, SIMPLICITY AND DURABILITY.

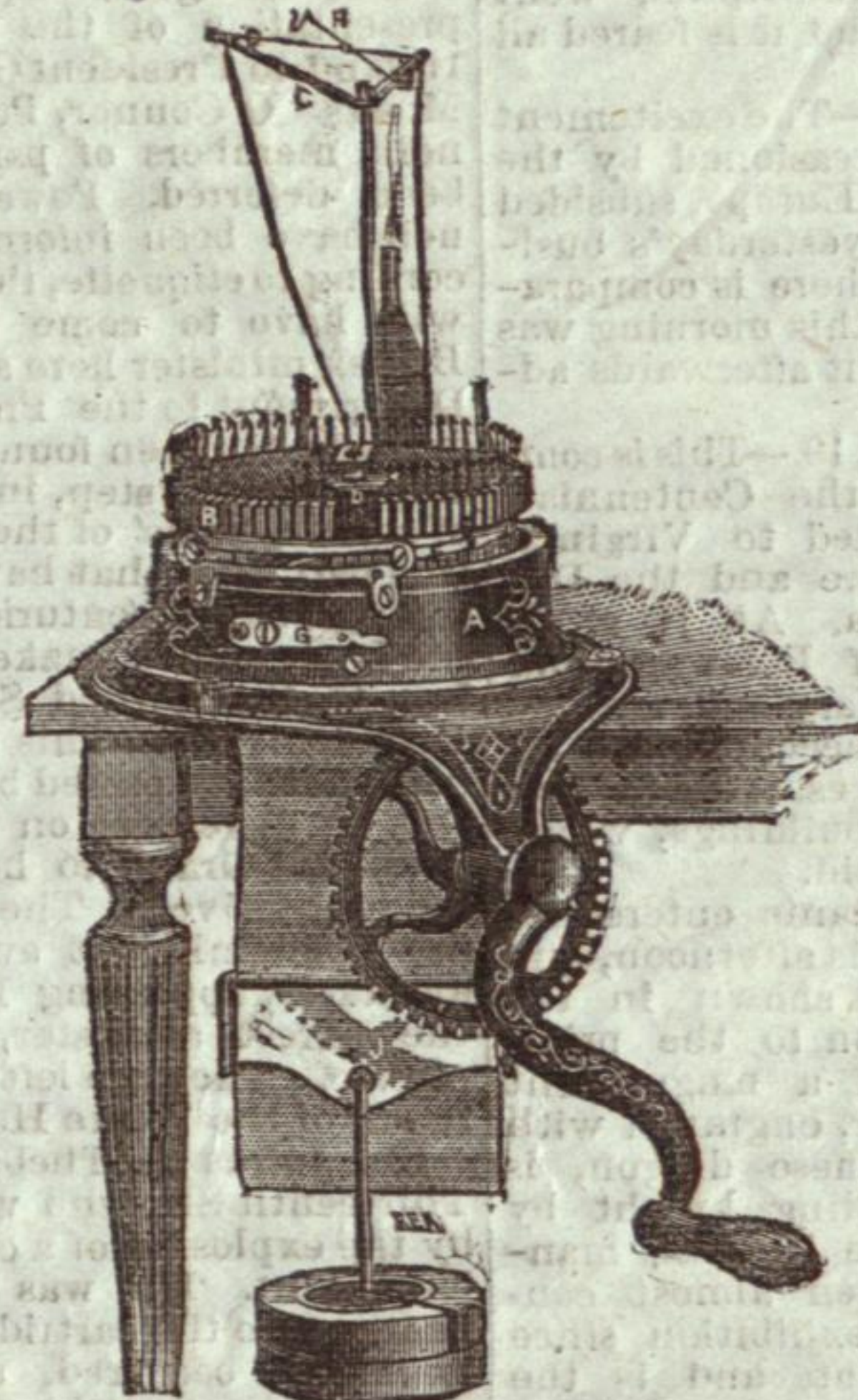
## Branson Knitter!

KNITS A SOCK OR STOCKING, HEEL AND TOE COMPLETE.

IMPROVED.

The heel is made so that not a SINGLE STITCH is added by hand, and the Toe with only two minutes work of the Needle.

NO BREAKING OF YARN! NO BREAKING OF NEEDLES! NO GETTING OUT OF REPAIR!



P. O. Box 519.

PRICE FROM \$22 to \$38.  
Send for circular to J. W. SNELL,  
Idaho Store, Salt Lake City,  
Agent for Utah.

Crackers! Crackers! Crackers!

The Utah Steam Cracker Co.,  
OF SALT LAKE CITY.

ARE daily manufacturing a superior article of all kinds of Crackers: Soda, Butter, Oyster, Pearl, Pic-nic, Boston, Boston Butter, Santa Clara, Saloon, Pilot, Hard Bread, La Grande, Ginger Snap, Lemon Snap, Jenny Lind, Abernethy, Sugar, Wine Biscuit, Ginger Nuts. The above varieties are now being shipped and sold throughout this and adjoining Territories at prices lower than Eastern or Western. Address all orders to the Utah Steam Cracker Factory, Box 246, Salt Lake City.

H. S. REEDALL, Proprietor.

## SALT LAKE CITY IRON WORKS,

One Block South of U. C. R. R. Depot,

T. PIERPONT, Supt.,  
Are now prepared to manufacture and repair all kinds of

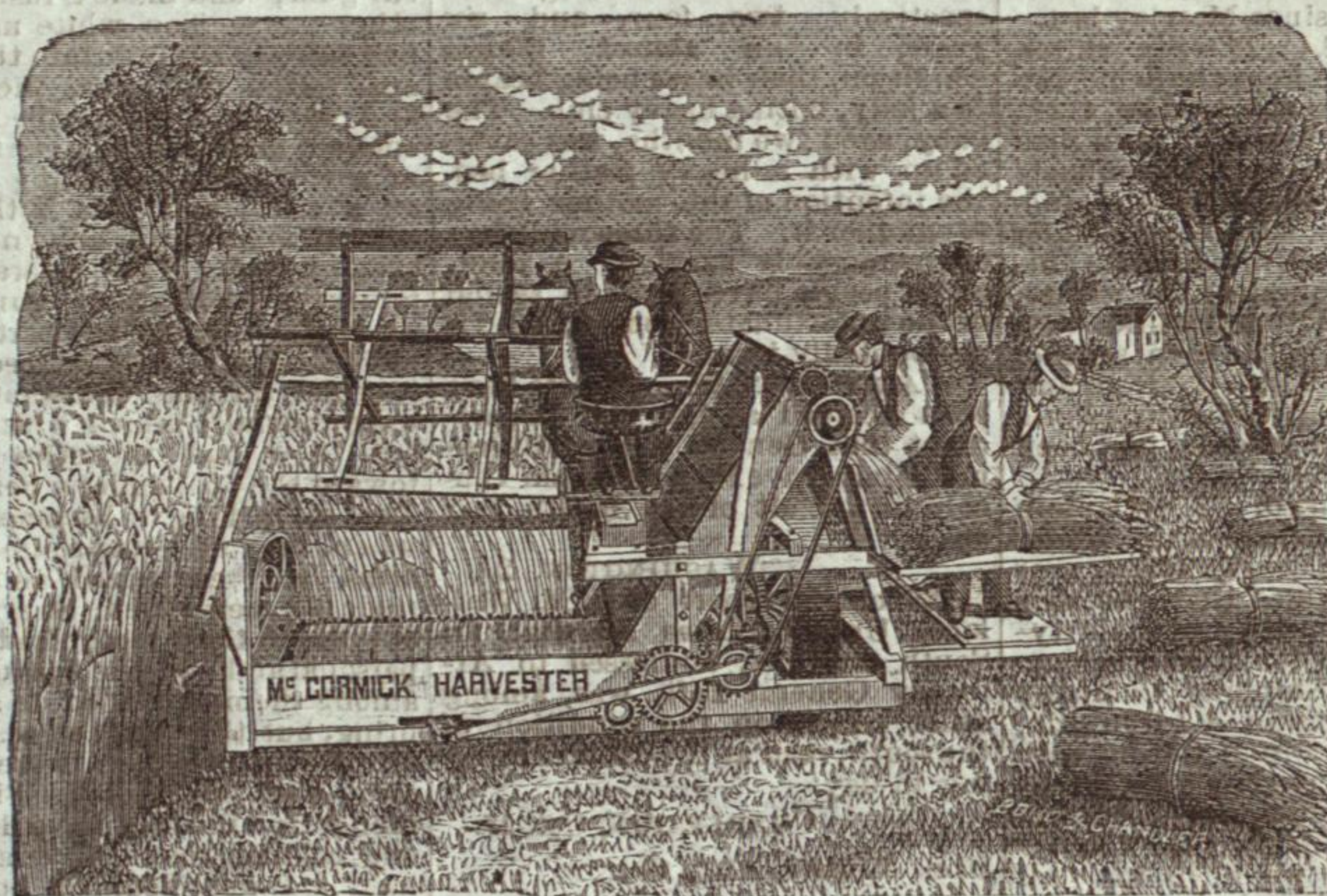
Steam Engines, Boilers, Mining, Milling and Hoisting Machinery, Agricultural Machinery, Mowers, Reapers, Threshing Machines, &c., &c. Iron and Brass castings of any description made to order.

CASH for old Cast Iron, Brass, &c.

## MCCORMICK REAPERS, MOWERS AND HARVESTERS.

Who was the Inventor of Reaping and Mowing Machines?

MCCORMICK!



MCCORMICK!

Who has been building Reapers and Mowers for over Thirty Years?

## FARMERS OF UTAH!

We have one question to ask you, viz: Ought not the Inventor of the Reaping and Mowing Machine, who has been building them constantly over THIRTY YEARS, and who has the largest capital and largest Manufactory of any firm building machines in the world, ought not he to be able to build as good and BETTER machines than any competitor?

Think of the above before you buy! Also, remember that there were more of the McCormick machines sold in the United States last year, and every year, than any other make, and ask yourself the reason why. Is it not because they are the BEST and most DURABLE machines?

See for yourselves before buying. Remember that every machine is fully guaranteed.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN W. LOWELL & Co.,

Agents for Fish Bros. Wagons, &c., S. L. City.