

tains about 15 miles west of Show Low. Ward meetings and schools are held in a good log schoolhouse, and the people are improving their dwellings and making good homes. The heavy timber in the vicinity is convenient for building and fencing purposes. Water for culinary purposes is obtained from wells and the farmers depend upon the rains for their crops. The grain in the fields proved that good crops can be raised without irrigation.

Taylor has about sixty families in the precinct and would appear to better advantage if the settlers would build up the town instead of scattering out so much. They appear to be doing so of late, and have every prospect of making it an important town.

A Utopian visiting Snowflake is at once struck with its resemblance to many settlements in Utah's vales. The town is in a good location, and its uniform streets lined with shade trees give it a homelike appearance. The city lots are laid off in orchards and gardens, and, considering past drawbacks, are in excellent condition. Both of the abovenamed towns obtain their water supply from Silver Creek, and are able, by the construction of dams and reservoirs, to obtain a good supply. This season they are scarce of water, the dams having been washed out before the reservoirs were filled. This is the only drawback, and will soon be remedied by the construction of substantial dams.

The Stake Tabernacle erected at Snowflake is certainly a credit to the Saints, who are justly proud of it. It is a substantial brick structure, with neat spire, and a seating capacity of eight hundred. When finished and nicely painted it will be the best and most commodious meeting-house owned by the Latter-day Saints in Arizona. Many older towns in Utah cannot boast of such substantial residences as may be seen in Snowflake. New two-story houses with bay windows are now in course of erection. The Snowflake Stake Academy, conducted by Brother Levi Savage, reports satisfactory progress and considerable interest is taken in it. Such institutions should be encouraged and sustained in every Stake of Zion, and I was pleased to notice an increased desire for this class of schools.

In company with President Jesse N. Smith I attended a meeting in the Tabernacle and was greatly surprised to see so large a congregation present. In conversation with Bishop Hunt I learned that a good feeling prevailed in the ward, and that the various organizations are doing an excellent work.

Woodruff, the next town visited, is located on the Little Colorado river. About thirty families reside there, and it is a very promising settlement. Considerable fencing has been done during the past spring, and all hands are now at work on the dam, which was washed out some time ago. The new dam is being built on a good rock foundation, and the side butments will also be bedded in rock, so that it will prove a substantial and permanent structure.

Holbrook is a railroad town on the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, and here we bade good bye to the genial Bishop, whose company we have enjoyed nearly two months, and change our mode of travel.

The Arizona Co-operative Mercantile Institution at Holbrook has a good stand near the depot, and is in a flourishing condition under the superintendency of Brother J. Fish. This institution does a good business, with the branch houses in different parts of the county.

St. Joseph is reached on the A. & P. railway, about twelve miles west of Holbrook, and contains about fifteen families, presided over by Bishop J. Bushman, whose fine orchards and gardens are an evidence of what may be accomplished in this locality. A good school is held here during the winter months, and good crops are raised by the farmers, as the soil is very productive. The people have proved the great value of summer fallowing their land. The water supply is obtained from the Little Colorado river, and the green fields of grain and alfalfa extending along the railroad are a pleasant relief to the otherwise dreary landscape, and another evidence of the industry and perseverance of the Saints.

We are now leaving the Territory for a season, and in doing so will say that we have experienced agreeable disappointments in our travels. In some parts of Utah the fair Territory of Arizona has been greatly misrepresented, perhaps not intentionally, but a great prejudice exists and many exaggerated stories are told regarding it. "Everybody that goes to Arizona dies there," was the consoling remark of friends when the writer signified his intention of visiting the Territory. Well, there is now an exception to this rule. Here we are in Wyoming, healthy and strong, and with an increased averdupois according to "Fairbanks" after several months travel in nearly every county of Arizona.

It was remarked several times on our trip that "Arizona has got a black eye" through the disheartening reports of some who have returned to Utah discouraged and despondent. Rapid progress has been made of late years, difficulties have been overcome, less disease prevails, and the people generally are healthy, prosperous and happy. Salt River Valley surpasses Southern California in productiveness and fine healthy climate.

Gila Valley offers inducements to all who dread the extreme heat in more favored localities, while those who prefer a still milder climate will find Apache County unequalled.

PHOENIX.

CHEYENNE, Wyoming, June 3rd, 1890.

THE MISSES STRINGAM.

Misses Sabra G. and Sylvia G. Stringam appeared in the Federal Court room at 10 o'clock, on June 9th, having been brought there by the order of the Chief Justice. They have been absent from the city since Sunday, June 1, having been forcibly detained at the String-

am ranch at the mouth of Bingham Canyon. They were taken there by a deception, and have been unable to get away, though they made several attempts. On the morning of June 1st. Mrs. Stringam induced her daughters to go and take breakfast with her, and to visit some of her relatives. She also wanted them to go to the lake, but this they would not do. She persuaded them to take a carriage ride, their sister, Mrs. Kate Fitzgerald, driving the vehicle, which was occupied by the two Misses Stringam, their sister Belle and Mrs. Stringam. Mrs. Fitzgerald immediately set out for Bingham, going down the State Road, and it was some time before the girls realized that they were going quite a distance from home. They protested, but it was useless—they could not escape. They were partially quieted by the statement that they would get back to the city before dark. Shortly after noon they arrived at the ranch, and Mrs. Fitzgerald drove away and they saw her no more till today. There the girls learned that they had been kidnapped. The place was forbidding, the four-roomed frame house being in a condition the reverse of attractive, and the surroundings and occupants making it far more uninviting. As night came on, and there was no prospect of getting back amongst friends, the situation of the young ladies became exceedingly painful. One of them threw herself down in a paroxysm of grief, and sought relief in tears. The other seized the opportunity to get away unobserved, and started for town, determined to make her way over the dreary stretch between the mouth of Bingham Canyon and this city, about twenty-three miles on foot. She hurried along the foothills, and had gone about a mile and a half when she found that she was pursued. Her absence had been noticed, and her brother started to force her to return. She tried to get away, but in vain; and he seized her and compelled her to return to the ranch.

In the meantime the young ladies' cousins in town had become anxious. They thought at first that they had been persuaded to visit the lake, but found that this was not the case. At last they learned that they had been carried off to Bingham. On Wednesday morning, Ashty Snow, accompanied by Deputy Marshal Doyle, went to Bingham. On reaching the ranch one of the young ladies started to meet her cousin, but she was seized and held back. Mr. Snow talked to them, and they plead with him to take them. They wanted to get back among friends, and to the home where their youthful lives had been spent, far away from the place where they were being detained, and the associations which made it disreputable. But Mr. Snow had no warrant from the courts to take them, and was given to understand that if he gave them any aid in getting away, bloodshed would be the result. So he started back without them. One of the young ladies waited till he had gone, and then started out to inter-