

seo, and the seven united provinces, not equal in extent to one of the lesser states, became great in arms, in letters, in wealth and in power, and all upon the East Indian trade. And London! What makes her the commercial mistress of the world? What makes an island no larger than one of our first-class states the mistress of possessions in the four quarters of the globe—a match for half of Europe—and dominant in Asia? What makes all this, or contributes most to make it, but this same Asiatic trade?

"Now, sir, we people in Missouri want our share of this Asiatic trade. Tom Benton said it had helped to make people great for the last 3,000 years, and the progressive people of Missouri want to share in this greatness they have in Asia, and in exchange for the same we'll give those yellow fellows some of the finest short horn and Hereford cattle, and the best wheat and corn that are grown in this country. And it will make us all feel much better, sir, while we're doing this trading, to own those islands out in the Pacific, so that we can make those Asiatic fellows trade fair, if they should try any game on us. Of course, we want those islands, and the Asiatic trade. 'In no instance,' said Benton, 'has it failed to carry the nation or the people which possessed it to the highest pinnacle of wealth and power, and with it the highest attainments of letters, arts and sciences.' Benton's peroration in his great speech in 1849 was as follows: 'Let us act up to the greatness of the occasion, and show ourselves worthy of the extraordinary circumstances in which we are placed, by securing, while we can, an American road to India—central and national—for ourselves and our posterity—now and hereafter, for thousands of years to come.'

"Does this not apply to Hawaii, sir?" The Missouri solon was asked how he thought Missouri's representatives would vote. "I don't know," said he. "I haven't asked them, but I do know, or I think I do, that 90 per cent of the people of Missouri are in favor of it. And the Missouri delegation in Congress being a very representative one, I imagine they are in favor of it, too. —Washington Star.

#### IN TENNESSEE

McMinnville, Tenn., March 20, 1898.

No doubt your table is continually covered with correspondence from the traveling Elders, who are scattered throughout the different conferences of the world, and with this in view I will not take much of your time by forcing you to read a lengthy letter from one of the humble servants of the Lord. Ever since the visit with Apostles Lyman and Cowley in December last, there has been a general awakening among the Elders of this conference—Middle Tennessee—and their labors have been more effectual this winter than in any of the stormy months of preceding years. Cities and towns, once known as extremely bitter towards us, have opened their public buildings and churches to the ambassadors of the Gospel, where they could expound, in peace, the principles of our most holy faith. Time was in these places, when a "Mormon" Elder could not even get an entertainment for one night and to ask for the privilege of occupying their pulpits was considered as the greatest folly.

This was foretold by Elder E. S. Kimball in a general conference held at Hickman county, Tenn., about eighteen months ago, at which time he prophesied that in less than three years a branch of the Church would be established in Lewis county at Cane creek, where Elders Gibbs and Berry were killed. This prophecy was closely watched by all who heard it, and when the people least expected it, im-

mediately after our last conference, two Elders went into that forsaken neighborhood and baptized a number of people, with the result that we have a branch of the Church there consisting of fifteen members, thus strengthening the testimony of the Elders and giving a new witness to this people that "all" the gifts which accompanied the Spirit in former days must, and do, follow the same Spirit in these latter days.

Our conference is considerably handicapped by the release of seven Elders, and the removal of the Georgia conference of three more, Elders C. O. Christensen, Jas. Hughes and Alex. C. Pyper. This is new territory for our Elders, and we hope that the Lord will grant us success.

The "News" is always eagerly read and is one of the most welcomed visitors we have, for it is as one "that hath a familiar spirit," bringing general news from far away Utah.

Your brother,

ALEX. C. PYPER.

#### YANKEE TARS ON SHORE.

"A man-o'-war's crew is a good deal like a herd of wild horses when the men get ashore after being pent up aboard ship for any unusual length of time," said a naval officer here. "That is, unless something remarkable turns up to put the curb on them. I saw this fact exemplified a few years ago in a singular and rather humorous way.

"I was attached to a vessel stationed at Honolulu when the cholera broke out there in 1895. We were doubly quarantined because a boy died on our ship. As soon as the boy's body was disposed of we up anchor and pulled into the outer harbor, where we tossed around in the swell for a few days in a jolting style that finally determined the skipper to pull away from Honolulu and the island of Oahu altogether and to make a cruise of the islands. We made a cruise that lasted nearly three months and finally got into Hilo harbor. Next to Honolulu Hilo is the most important town in the group. It is on the main island of Hawaii, and, towering nearly 15,000 feet above the sea, sixty miles or so from the town, is the great volcano of Mauna Loa. The burning lake of Kilauea is midway between the town of Hilo and the crater Loa.

"During the cruise none of the men forward were permitted to go ashore. When we reached Hilo the skipper, decided to give all hands shore liberty. The boatswain's mate passed the word on deck: starboard watch was to go ashore the next day, port watch three days later, upon the return of the starboard watch to the ship, for the length of the liberty was to be three days. The yelp of joy that went up from the forward part of the ship when this announcement was made must have been heard ashore. The men waltzed around like dancing dervishes and acted as if they were already drunk. Aft in the wardroom we commiserated in advance the townspeople of Hilo, for we knew there would be the devil to pay directly those sea Indians of ours struck the beach.

"The men of the starboard watch, about 150 all told, got together and decided to make the trip up to the burning lake of Kilauea, and to start as soon as they got ashore. All hands were paid off and received their three months' money, and the men of the starboard watch turned into their hammocks early to be ready for the big jaunt the next day. As soon as they got ashore the men distributed themselves among the gin mills to take a preliminary drink or two and then all turned up at the big livery stable in Hilo, where conveyances and horses

were to be hired for the trip to the burning lake, which is twelve hours from Hilo. Most of the men felt pretty good from the preliminary drink, and most of them, too, had a good sized jug to keep out the cold of the higher altitudes of the journey. They hit up these jugs with considerable frequency while the master-at-arms, who was the spokesman of the crowd, made arrangements with the liveryman. He engaged a lot of stages for such of the party as wanted to travel that way, and horses for the men who preferred that means of reaching the burning lake.

"Everything was ready for the start and the men were becoming comfortably jagged, when a dozen young women, most of them pretty, and all American girls by their looks, tripped up to the stable and got into a stage that was awaiting them. The blue-jackets gazed with a good deal of respectful interest at these nice looking girls, who laughed and chatted together once they were settled in the stage, and chatted in the American language, too, which is pleasant music unto the ear of the sailorman in foreign ports. The bluejackets all perked up their ears and nudged one another.

"Here there, mate," called out the master-at-arms to the liveryman, 'if it's a fair question, where's that pack-ettful of young women bound—the same port as my gang's making for?' "Yes," replied the liveryman, 'they're just starting for the burning lake of Kilauea, and they'll reach it at the same time your party does.'

"The master-at-arms, a rough man of some self-acquired education, walked up to the stage in which the young women sat. They watched his approach with interest. The master-at-arms removed his peaked cap with the diffidence of a sailorman and spoke:

"Young ladies," said he, 'you're from the United States, ain't ye?'

"We're not only from the United States," spoke up one of the young women, smilingly, 'but we teach the young idea of the United States how to shoot. We're all school teachers from Detroit.'

"That bein' the case," said the master-at-arms, 'it's only right and proper that you should have a United States guard, when there's one at hand, while you're in foreign parts. I've got a gang of 150 men here, all able-bodied, and thirty of them mounted, bound for the same place you're makin' for. They all wear the uniform of Uncle Sam. Young women, I place that guard at your disposition durin' the cruise to this here hell-fire lake we're bound for.'

"The girls were one and all delighted with the idea, and the girl who had first spoken told the master-at-arms so in enthusiastic terms.

"It'll be such a perfectly sumptuous thing to tell when we get back home that we had a guard of 150 United States sailors to escort us to the burning lake of Kilauea," the girls said to one another.

"The master-at-arms saluted gravely, and walked back to where the bluejackets were standing, ready to start. He called the whole gang to attention, picked out four trustworthy men, and said to them:

"Search all hands, and stack up here every bottle of rum found."

"The men wondered a bit at this, but the master-at-arms was in charge of the expedition, and their wonder didn't count. The four men passed along the lines and got a quart bottle from the mustering jacket of about every man. They heaped the bottles together. When the work was finished the master-at-arms addressed the bluejackets.