

It is neither musty nor stringy. When you look at it and anticipate a rich flavor, you are not disappointed upon testing it. And so it is throughout the list. People who know what fruit is only take the imported article when the home fruit cannot be secured, except in the case of semi-tropical fruits which cannot be successfully raised here."

That was the experience of a man who understood the business. There is another suggestion in connection with his remarks, and that is that sufficient of clean Utah fruit cannot be found in the city market by comparison with the quantity imported. The reason for this is that home fruit raisers have not given sufficient care to the orchard and the fruit garden to bring the product up to its highest standard. Local horticulturists do not yet know how good fruit, or how much of it they can produce from the trees and bushes they have growing.

#### UTAH GRAPES.

With this fruit it has been the generally accepted idea that California is ahead of Utah. That grapes of a very fair quality can be raised here is now well known, though the realization of that fact has come only in the last few years.

But it is a fact that in Salt Lake county there can be raised grapes which have no superior on the continent, and alongside of which the California fruit goes into the shade, both in size and quality. This has been fully demonstrated by a young Utah farmer who has given his attention to the business with the most satisfactory results. He is J. M. Fisher Jr., of East Mill Creek. He is proprietor of what is known as the Mountain Nursery, six miles southeast of this city, where he raises forest and fruit trees of the choicest varieties. Three years ago he began to give special attention, in connection with his other business, to the production of the finer quantities of grapes. There were the hardy native varieties, such as Niagara, Salem and White Sweetwater, in the cultivation of which he was quite successful. Turning to the choicer kinds that give California such preference over other regions, as the Purple Damascus, Black Hamburg, Flame Tokay, Muscat of Alexandria, etc., he gave these varieties a thorough test, and achieved a triumph that was remarkable. Last year he had a small quantity of the better kinds, and their size and quality showed that he had solved the problem of raising grapes that were in no way inferior to any others in the market.

This year even better results have been attained, and about a ton of the luscious fruit has found its way into the market. At first glance one who is not acquainted with all the facts would pronounce the fruit to be the choicest varieties of California grapes. But it is not. It is Utah fruit, raised on bench land six miles from town. In size and quality there are no better grapes brought to market.

In Mr. Fisher's experience fruit raisers in this locality can learn a profitable lesson. It would be interesting for them to visit his place, where they might more fully realize that this section of the Territory can come to the front as a grape-raising locality.

The gentleman has pursued methods that differ in some respects from the usual rules of cultivation, and these and his reasons therefor he expresses a willingness to explain. His grapes are planted in alternate rows with the trees in his orchard, which consists of four acres of gravelly soil with a slight western slope. He has about 500 vines.

Mr. Fisher's work is mentioned because it is commendable and deserves to be known. His enterprise and success should also serve as an incentive and encouragement to those who are in the fruit raising business to put forth the necessary efforts and bring it up to a place as one of the most important industries of the Territory.

#### FROM SNOWFLAKE TO TUBA.

SNOWFLAKE, Sept. 15, 1893.—In accordance with an established custom a small party of missionaries started immediately after our Stake quarterly conference, to visit the far off isolated Tuba City ward. Our party consisted of President L. H. Hatch and two daughters, Brother and Sister John A. West and two children, Brother Marcus Porter, Bishop, D. Brinkerhoff, of Tuba ward, and three young people who came with him to meet us, and your humble servant. President J. N. Smith was unavoidably detained at the start, but expects to join us later.

We started out on a new road, supposed to be shorter and better. At the crossing of the Little Colorado, some ten miles below Winslow, we found the quicksand had been cordoned off by some San Juan freight teams just ahead, and we passed over very nicely. Our course lay along the river bottom for about five miles, where we overtook our roadmakers partaking of a very late dinner. We watered our stock at some ponds of settled water, and, obtaining some information from Mr. Sawyer, (owner of the freight), proceeded on our way some eight miles further, and made a dry camp with grass excellent.

Our next day's drive took us several points further east than that of yesterday, and about five points to the right of our destination. We found water and grass convenient; watered at Burro spring; visited a Navajo house of modern construction where a curky maiden was manipulating a first-class sewing machine; also noticed bedsteads, wire mattresses, etc., etc. Some Navajos camped at the spring gave us some instructions as to water and grass further on our route. We camped about fifty-five miles from Winslow in the midst of a beautiful grazing country, and about eight miles from the Oriba village, which is in plain view to our right.

Our third day's drive (from Winslow) led through immense coal deposits, from a few feet to seventy-five feet thick, in plain view, cropping out in the sides of every gorge. We crossed the Be-na-bi-to wash, now a raging torrent caused by recent rains to the north of us; also crossed numerous well-worn trails leading to the Cuonino country, trading posts, etc. Also a wagon road, where some 40,000 feet of lumber was taken over by the government and given to the Indians. We also crossed the late Tuba and Keams canyon mail road (now abandoned), and about sundown

we commenced to descend among the most weird and fantastic sand rocks of immense proportions; the whole scene being strongly impregnated with the delightful odor of the largest flood ever known at this place. By looking over the eudgates of the wagon occasionally, so as to see the horses' ears and keep them in line with the deep sandy road ahead (which in places was at an angle of about 40 degrees,) we finally descended below everything else in that vicinity, and arrived at Williams' ranch. Mr. Williams keeps an Indian trading store, and is essentially the pioneer road maker of this section of country. We were very well treated, and horse-feed, melons and anything else on the range were offered to us free of charge. We found we were now farther north than Tuba, and distant from it twenty-five miles, which intervening space we were informed was sandy enough to suit the most fastidious.

On the morning of the fourth day, we crossed the wash, and after climbing a winding and tiresome road, again came in view of the surrounding country, and were shown certain peaks and hills. One was so many miles beyond Tuba, and another a certain distance in another direction; but unfortunately our road was carrying us far to the right, and as we could see a road to the left crossing a high bench, which took the right course, we concluded to make a cut off. The full particulars of that cut off I would not have time to tell; suffice it to say, that we crossed the intervening space of about two miles, in about that many hours, and all came out alive. I am willing for any scribe who may follow in our footsteps to describe the cut off in detail, and will only ask that Bishop Brinkerhoff, Brother Porter and myself be remembered kindly as the chief guides and scouts in the undertaking. We now struck a little more sand and also another fork of the Mo-en-coppy called Tuckis-jay. We needed just beyond, surrounded as far as we could see by pennyroyal, also some grass. We reached Tuba a few dark, having had the pleasure of walking twenty-three miles. It was not considered necessary to rock any of us to sleep that night.

Tuba ward and vicinity has unfortunately had but little rain this season; whilst all around them has been well supplied. The fruit crop is almost an entire failure; grain shorter than usual; two cuttings of lucern short; by reason of dams being washed out. Considering all these circumstances, the settlers show an excellent spirit, and vied with each other in entertaining their visitors, the only regret expressed was on account of there being so few of us. Six excellent meetings were held on the 3rd and 4th inst.; all the organizations were placed in working order; some permanent improvements suggested and agreed to; some twelve patriarchal blessings given by Patriarch L. H. Hatch, and a very interesting ward conference came to a close.

Brother and Sister West, Brother Porter and Sister Ruth Hatch started home on the 5th inst. via Mow-ah-by, where they held a meeting. On the 7th, Brother Hatch, his daughter and myself drove over to the last named place, and met President J. N. Smith and others en route for Utah.