

once more can dwell in their midst and enjoy their society.

What I have said will explain, with the study of the language and mail facilities, my seeming negligence in not writing before. I expect ere this reaches you you will think that I have forgotten you, or else something must be wrong. Our mission here is about like two doctors both calling upon a sick man at the same time, and upon meeting in the house, each lays aside his medicine and grasps one of the sick man's arms and each pulling in opposite directions in an endeavor to obtain complete possession of the sick man, fondly imagines that he is doing his full duty, while each views the other with the air of one who sees the eyes of his opponent full of motives. A Swedish missionary of the Josephite church preached a funeral sermon here recently, and though he has been here twenty-six years, and since 1885 engaged as missionary and interpreter; his own people and ours too said they could understand me much better. Not one of the Josephite missionaries from America has ever learned this language; they have always had interpreters.

We have been vainly looking the last fifteen days for a vessel, in the hopes of securing passage to attend October conference. But to look for ships here is about as profitable an employment as looking for diamonds in the Rocky Mountains. I have no cause to grumble, however, as I have received mail, etc., with more regularity than I anticipated I would, when I was appointed to this field of labor. It is now two years since I saw a mountain; it is two years since I saw anything, save sand, coral rock, cocoanut trees and the sea. There is one thing I am glad to be able to miss and that is your Utah mud. You will remember when I left home I thought I was coming to a rainy and fruit-growing country. It does not rain here as often as it does at home, and mud is unknown on these islands. One could not wish for a finer climate. Nine out of ten days a cool sea breeze keeps the graceful cocoanut palms in constant agitation, and sends the little sail boats of the natives flying across the lagoon, while the roaring of the breakers on the reef furnishes music in the absence of birds. When I tell you that nothing of value is to be found here outside of cocoanuts, fish and pearl shell, you will most probably think, and that truly, that this must be a most uninteresting place to spend three or four years. But we have one of the wonders of the world here, the like of which I do not think can be found in all our country. It would fill a small volume to tell all of the uses which might be made of the cocoanut tree and its fruit. Perhaps a short account of some of the uses the natives make of this would be interesting to you, as it will serve to show some of their daily habits and customs. The tree grows to a height of from ten to sixty or seventy feet, its trunk being from ten to twelve inches in diameter, with no branches whatever except a bunch at the top. It thrives well in sand and even in places where nothing but coral rock can be seen. In five or seven years after being planted it begins to bear fruit. Of the tree itself the natives make almost everything they use that is not eatable, including house, furniture, clothing, cooking utensils, fuel, boats, etc. Of the trunk they make what we call a vaa, (canoe), by chiseling out the

inside and rounding off the outside with an adze. Before the advent of the white men this was done with shells, and it is the only kind of a boat these people originally made. It must have been a most laborious task, for it is hard wood. The trunk also furnishes posts and rafters for their huts, wood for spears, wooden bowls, and now answers for making bed posts, etc., though the people where I now am do not use beds. Of the leaves they make their houses, churches, etc., braiding them into a mat, some six by two feet, and tied to rafters as we nail shingles. Of the leaves they also braid and weave all sorts of baskets and everything they have to carry is done in baskets. The native carpets and mats are also made of them; their hats, ornaments of several kinds, several varieties of fishing nets, etc. The stem, from which the fruit has been planted, serves as a broom, while from a fibrous substance which binds the links to the trunk, cloth was formerly made; it now serves as a strainer to extract the oil from the nut, strain their medicines, etc., and is extensively used to start a fire, besides being a good covering for their owners to keep in the heat and keep out the dirt. It resembles the material gunny sacks are made from. A sheaf resembling the leaf of a century plant, which grows with and is a protection to the stalk bearing the fruit, contains considerable oil and burns readily with a bright light. It is split up, tied in long sticks about two inches thick and makes an excellent torch, by the light of which the natives fish at night. It (the cocoanut) is the staple food, the staff of life, of the Tuamotu Islander. It is on his breakfast table (which consists of mother earth, and generally dirty hands); it is back there at dinner time, and is never absent at supper. It is food for him, his wife, children, his pigs, cats, dogs and chickens, and if he has more than he can eat he dries it in the sun and sells it for four and five cents per kilo (two and one-fifth pounds), while the money he gets for it is worth just half what our money is. When dried it is called pufaa (cobra) and is shipped to Europe and America, where the oil is extracted and serves for innumerable purposes. Of the meat of the cocoanut the native extracts the oil and makes his perfume, his hair oil (which they all use profusely), his lamp oil, his medicine and many other things, while he often mixes it up in his bread, rice, etc., when he is fortunate enough to secure any, and which makes a very palatable dish, greatly improving the eating qualities of the articles mentioned and many others besides. The milk of the young nut is a most refreshing beverage and discounts soda water, though when I first landed here I did not like it. It is a God-send that cocoanuts grow and bear good water as well as fruit, for the water is very bad here. Rain water is much prized; no more by natives than by us, as it is a great relief after drinking the hard, salty, island water. Where will you find another tree that bears both food and water, fuel and clothing? The apu or shell is the native's cup and bowl made without hands, and it is quite amusing to see how the natives pass the sacrament around in them. He grasps it firmly in both hands and holds it for you to drink, as best you can. I once attempted to take it in my hand, but the man would not let go and I had to give in. This shell is also an excellent fuel and makes a bright, hot fire. Of the husk

they make all kinds of cord and rope that they have use for and rope made of this material is said to be much superior to the manila rope we use at home. A rope that they call nape makes a most excellent spring bed which I found in almost every house I visited in Tahiti. I have only seen two or three on Hao and never had the privilege of sleeping on either of them. This fibrous husk called the puru is also made into brushes, stuffed into horse collars, beds, etc., etc. It is used in innumerable ways in our country.

I might tell more but my letter has already reached greater and longer proportions than I intended, so I will bring it to a close, hoping that when you have read the same you won't be so tired that you cannot write. Would be most happy to hear from you all. This letter may answer for all the relatives and friends who desire to hear from me until I get the opportunity of writing.

Give my love to all relatives and friends and accept a large amount of the same yourselves.

I remain your most affectionate son,
THOMAS JONES JR.

PLEASANT GROVE ITEMS.

PLEASANT GROVE, March 1st, 1895.
—Frederick Thorne and family are celebrating a double wedding at their residence tonight. Their daughters Mary E. and Ida were married this week, the former to Mr. George Noe, of Springville, the latter to Mr. Wm. Henry Bush, of Sugar House Ward, Salt Lake county.

Our Hume Dramatic association are rehearsing "The Mariner's Return," to be played next week.

Sister Mary Ann Winters, of Pleasant Grove, is engaged in a noble work—undertaking to enlist the young boys into what she terms a "Reform class." Her object is to gather up those between the ages of those not eligible for either Young Men's Association or the Primary. The boys are taking hold of the work in good earnest, and Sister Winters will "make men" of them if they will only follow out her good teachings.

Pioneers John Brown and Benson Walker are both quite feeble.

The "married folks" of Alpine are holding a plouie party there tonight. Snow still remains to quite a depth in that locality.

The district schools held exhibition exercises today. The work of the pupils was very creditable and was viewed by many parents. The results are quite satisfactory.

The snow is fast disappearing, the roads are almost impassable—mud, mud, more mud. Parties just down from the head of American Fork canyon report the snow very light in the mountains.

Messrs. Wadley and Devey are putting in machinery for working up their onyx, of which they have a large quantity ready for the saws. They are making some very nice ornaments from this fine stone.

Some of our townsfolks are contemplating moving to Teton Basin, Idaho, this spring.

Boreas turned loose last night making everything movable jungle. D.