

CORRESPONDENCE.

CLEANED AT SCOFIELD.

Schofield, Emery County,
August 8th, 1898.

While waiting at the station called Colton (but known as Pleasant Valley Junction) for the train to take us up to Schofield, some twenty-three double decked cars passed us loaded with sheep, 220 in each car, making a total of 5,060 Utah sheep, bought in the neighborhood by a Mr. Walt Gosling, and being shipped by him to Colorado, their fine condition being evidence of the splendid feed which abounds in the mountains, caused by the fine rains of the spring and early summer.

On account of the rush of the coal business the railway company's train from Pleasant Valley Junction to Schofield has been making two or more trips per day, and therefore has not been running on schedule time; but the great monster engine with its long train of cars, loaded with coal, soon came in; pulling its cars on to the side track—then coupling on to a long row of empty cattle and coal cars, with the passenger car as the switch end to its long tail, the iron horse pulled us up the winding way over the road that follows the course of the creek, that runs down from the meadows of Pleasant Valley. Sometimes the train would form the letter S, and how the cars kept the track with the motive power on the curves so far ahead was a wonder, but as we passed on, now rounding sharp curves, then over bridges, in safety, our confidence became strong that the men in charge knew how to control the powerful steed that was snorting and puffing around the curves hidden from our sight, but whose black breath was seen over the hill around the curve to the right.

J. E. Ingles met us at the station, and after a good supper in his comfortable home, we walked on up to Winter Quarters, some two and a quarter miles distant, and held a meeting with the Priesthood of the place. President Partridge gave some valuable instruction, and judging from the interest manifested by those present, was appreciated by them.

The Sabbath dawned upon a day of rest for the miners—no whistle, called them to their accustomed toil—and save the hammering of a few house builders, and the work of the railroad hands in replacing some three coal-laden cars on the track, which had run off the day before, all was quiet at the big coal mining camp.

Big coal mining camp it is; from T. J. Parmley, who occupies the dual position of foreman of the mine, and Bishop of the ward, I learned that in the month of March last the output of the mine was forty-two thousand tons—an enormous amount, showing that the work must have been conducted with ability and skill; in the year 1897 the output was two hundred and twenty-four thousand tons; the average output per month now is twenty thousand tons, with an expenditure of fourteen thousand dollars per month for the mining of the product alone.

The coal is used on the Southern Pacific Railroad system, for their locomotives; a small amount is marketed in the state; some three hundred men and boys work in and about the mine; twenty to twenty-five mules and horses are used in the inner workings of the mine hauling the coal from the different chambers on tracks to a station about one thousand eight hundred feet from the mouth of the mine, where the electrical appliance brings out a

long train of trucks to the shoot at the rate of twelve miles per hour, where it is shot down the screens into the cars below.

The rattling, banging, jawing noise of the truck combined with the rushing, grinding noise of the falling coal—the quick movement of men and boys at the mouth of the mine, in managing the heavily loaded trucks, releasing the loaded, hitching on the empties—makes a scene of confusion to the uninitiated; but to those who watch awhile, see that everything moves with precision and order; otherwise loss of life and limb would be frequent. If the transportation of the coal by the powerful electric force at the rate of twelve miles per hour, was not governed and controlled by some masterly and powerful hand.

Sitting in our comfortable parlor, enjoying the genial warmth of our fires, we seldom think of the lone miner, grimy with sweat and black dust, in his chamber far down in the depths of the earth, who by the light of the candle stuck in his cap, is hewing out the coal, or lighting the fire and hurrying to some barrier in the dark chamber for safety, while the shot shall take effect—then reaching with a long rod of iron, pulling down the partly detached wall of coal, and with quick spring backwards avoiding the fall of the diamonds we burn—then shoveling it into his truck, and calling the boy to hitch on, and away with it, for another empty. And thus they toil in danger of their lives beneath the earth in darkness, save the flickering light of their small oil lamp.

To enter and remain for a few hours in the mine, say a mile from its mouth, passing away from the main line, lit up by electricity, to the chamber of the miner with his small oil lamp, gives one an idea of the brightness produced by the superior light of electricity—but then to pass on out to the mouth of the mine and behold the light of the sun—how glorious it is! One does not know what sun light is, or fully realize its brilliancy and magnificence, until being deprived of it, and then returning to its light, while the powerful king of day is shining with its noon day strength, as was the experience of the writer at a prior visit to the mine.

The business of the company is increasing yearly, new side tracks will be put in this season, and a new chute, which will make four in use, to enable the company to supply the orders which are increasing every day. A new company store is contemplated. Thomas Roylance of Springville has the contract for the excavation, 32x76 and has it nearly completed. A district school house for the Winter Quarters district with capacity for 150 pupils, will be finished in about two weeks at a cost of \$1,500. Mr. Edwards of Spanish Fork and T. T. Davis of Provo are the contractors. The money is on hand for its payment. Andrew Hord, D. E. Lewis and W. T. Evans are the trustees.

The ward conference on Sunday was well attended. The choir, under the leadership of Andrew Hord, are deserving of the thanks of the community there; for the fine singing which they rendered on the occasion. "They be Welsh, do you see;" and their powerful, rich voices maintain the fame of the old Welsh bards, their fathers. President Partridge and other speakers were listened to with great attention.

The Sunday school cause is well supported. Brother Andrew Hord again

coming to the front as superintendent of the Winter Quarters branch, and J. E. Ingles of the Schofield branch. Good order was maintained by the children, and a strong corps of teachers were on hand to support their superintendents in their labor of love.

Going up stairs—nearly 3,000 feet—the difference in the altitude between Provo and Schofield makes quite a difference in the temperature—and we realized that a "duster" makes a poor substitute for an overcoat in the slight frost which was experienced this morning. Bishop T. J. Parmley may well be proud of his ward, and we think that the Saints and people up there generally appreciate the Bishop and his labors in their behalf.

ALBAL JONES.

A LETTER FROM RUSSIA.

Moscow, July 23, 1898.

St. Petersburg, the modern capital of Russia, contains, according to the latest census (1893), 1,009,000 inhabitants. It was founded by Peter the Great about 1703, amid the marshes through which the river Neva discharges its waters into the Gulf of Finland. A great many years elapsed devoted with untiring energy to the construction of a firm foundation for the projected buildings, before the work seemed to approach a satisfactory completion. For years between 40,000 and 50,000 peasants were forced to put their shoulders to the wheel, the czar personally superintending the operations. During this time every conveyance approaching the town, either by land or sea, was required to bring a number of stones to fill up the marshes and pave the streets. Peter the Great, the founder, the empress Anne and Catharine II, did the most toward beautifying the city, until at present there are but few capitals in Europe to equal it. The number and vast size of its buildings are not surpassed by any city in Europe.

On arriving from Stockholm my passport was demanded. Getting that bother over with, I drove to my hotel at a break-neck pace. This is the only city in the world where you are allowed to race on the main streets, and you do race. Your driver will never let another pass him if he can help it. So with turning corners at a pace that makes your hair stand on end, you wonder whether you would not be more at ease in Siberia. A racey man will get his fill here. The sleighing must be more than fine here in the winter. But when you get six months of it I guess the novelty wears off.

The architecture of the churches strikes one as being odd. They are generally covered with small domes, some gilded with gold and others painted all colors of the rainbow, which makes a very pretty showing from a distance. Blue is the favorite color. St. Isaac's Cathedral is the largest and finest in the city. On going in you are struck with the amount of gold and silver tapestry and pictures which literally cover the walls. The interiors of the Greek churches are the finest of any I have seen in all my travels. You will never see a statue of any kind. Paintings take their place. A great deal of form is gone through both in and out of the churches by the people.

As I was visiting the home of Peter the Great, a service was on in one of the rooms, so I pushed in and had a good view of it all. Pretty soon a loud howl was set up by the choir, which sounded more like a back yard midnight chorus. All it lacked was boot-jacks, etc. Then the people handed small slips of paper with a name on to be prayed for, or an account of their wicked deeds. A priest with long golden hair received them. While the