

## Correspondence.

COVINGTON, Fountaine County,  
Indiana, Dec. 12, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

The WEEKLY NEWS is made welcome in this section of county; it is not only welcomed by residents, but is doubly welcomed by those who have the interests of Utah and its people at heart, and by us who are out sowing the seeds of the gospel, which has been introduced in the latter times, in fulfillment of the predictions of those who wrote and spoke as moved upon by the Holy Ghost.

We find many friends who do all that can be done to administer to the wants of those who have left home to publish the glad tidings of great joy, etc. Our friend Obe, "Oliver Shelly" as he is termed through this country, is a man of large heart, and of liberal sentiment, although not belonging to the Church we represent, is as firm an advocate as can be found among the most sanguine believers of the "Mormon" faith, and is commonly known here as a dry land Mormon. Mrs. Shelly is a whole-souled woman, doing all in her power to help a weary traveler, who has left wife, home and those kindred endearments of society which tend to make life desirable and happy, and notwithstanding the change which a man realizes in leaving home his heart is made glad in finding such friends as we find through this section, as well as other sections of the United States.

Notwithstanding the many misrepresentations, here and there we find an honest heart, seeking after the kingdom of God. We have a branch of the Church of Jesus Christ some twelve miles from here, at a place called Johnsonville, presided over by Bro. John R. Johnson, who exhibits a great deal of public spiritedness, which makes him an efficient worker in the cause of right.

The President's message does not seem to raise any comment worthy of mention, in regard to Utah, "The empire of the west." I presume the Giteau trial takes the place of other topics, as it is discussed pro and con, from the fireside to the street-corner gazer, and many surmises arise as to whether he will swing, or retire from public life, to an insane asylum.

The crops have been poor, especially the corn crop, through this section, and where good corn was raised, in the Wabash river bottom lands, the raising of its waters took away much, adding anything but comfort to the already serious situation.

The weather has been exceptionally fine, the first snow of the season fell yesterday, Dec. 11.

Turkey fattening has commenced, so that lovers of that dish can enjoy Christmas to their heart's content, many, however, will probably dine on roasting ears. I hope, however, that on that occasion I may enjoy a Merry Christmas such as you enjoy in Utah.

Your brother in the gospel,  
ELI A. FOLLAND.

CHRISTIANIA, Norway,  
November 24, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

Norway, as well known, is a cold country, with short summers, but no man can remember a summer so rainy and cold as the last one. In some places, there has been a continual rain, with but very little rest, and it has been very difficult for people to cure their hay. Last spring was late, and the frost set in early in the fall, so but very little grain had time to ripen, and people have been obliged to cut it green and get it into the house before winter sets in too heavy.

Thousands of bushels of potatoes are left in the ground, as they could not be dug for the frost. The poor people offered to dig them for one-eighth, but the farmers told them before they would give that much for digging, they should perish, and so they do, for many of the wealthiest farmers have not got out enough for household use.

The first snow of this season made its appearance on the 14th of October, and the cold was hard enough to freeze over the lakes. About the 20th of the same month we had another day of snow, and people commenced to put away their wagons and take the sleigh, thinking as usual that the winter would have no end before April next, but to every-

body's disappointment, instead of more snow, it turned mild and it commenced to rain, so now it looks more like spring than midwinter and the winter may turn out to be as curious as the summer.

Norway, as well as other countries, has its party difficulties. The Storting (Parliament) is divided into the right, which is sustaining the monarchical government, and the left, aiming at and clamoring for a republic. Bjornsterna Bjornson is the principal leader of the left party, and all seem to centre on him. His adherents are the farming, laboring and middle classes, while the other is the higher class, with a sprinkling of the civil and military authorities, and in general all the clergy, and the press of these parties are in a continual war one with another.

For a long time we have been left without any molestation, but at present a couple of brethren are held to answer before the police court for having preached and baptized. The civil authorities do not want to have anything to do with us, but they are sometimes obliged to, for those pious priests try to enforce the act of 1862, which forbids our Elders to preach or administer in any of the ordinances of the gospel, as we are deemed unchristian and have no protection under the dissenter law. But the few Elders here, six in number, four from home and two natives, are laboring diligently and are as faithful and trustworthy a set of men as can be found anywhere; but we have been entirely too few the last year. But I am happy to say that our number is now swelled by three more brethren from home; and I know if they come with a pure motive to spread the truth, honor themselves and the kingdom of God, they will be a great blessing, as there are many places in this country where our doctrines are not known, but the people have been stuffed with all kinds of falsehood, for those hireling priests are using their influence over the people when there are no missionaries to tell them the truth.

The Elders coming from Utah to this country have many disadvantages to contend with, such as the climate and also the great poverty amongst the Saints, the first operates on the body, just as much as the other on the spirit, and they both tend to hinder our progress in the mission. Several of our brethren who have been called and sent to labor in this country have for one reason or the other been obliged to leave us after a very short stay, but although we have been few our labors have been blessed, and we are very thankful to our Father in heaven for our success. We have in the last year baptized 189 and emigrated 71, and the prospect is very favorable.

God bless Zion and all her interests.

Yours in the Gospel,  
C. HOGENSEN.

Arizona News—Accident to Lot  
Smith—General Items.

SUNSET, Apache County,  
Arizona, Dec. 19th, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

You will perhaps recollect that about a year ago, Brother Lot Smith met with an accident in getting his foot caught in the horse-power of a threshing machine, while in motion. Strange as it may seem, a similar accident occurred to him on the 15th. After having driven the horse-power a number of days, his ankle that had not fully recovered from the other hurt, having become benumbed with cold, and stepping from the power while in motion, in an instant his ankle gave way. Rolling over he was caught, this time the foot escaping, but the ankle and leg suffered severely. The brethren, with great presence of mind; caught the horses very quickly, not soon enough however to prevent the left leg from being severely lacerated from the ankle up to the calf of the leg on the left side, and with some appearance that the ankle was injured. He wishes to say this much for fear his friends would think he is doing this for effect, (and it had its effect) He thinks with a couple more attempts and a little greasing he will be able to go clear through. He does not think the injury will prove permanent at all, but that he will fully recover.

Our crops are light, but we think sufficient to do us. Health of the people good. The cars are passing us, climbing the San Francisco Mountain, 75 miles distant. All kinds of produce and beef are in

great demand and command good prices. Good day school in running order and Sunday schools successfully conducted. Young Men's and Young Ladies' Associations well attended by the young. Smallpox reported to be on the line and said to be quarantined, we shall take all precautionary measures to prevent it getting among us. Our relations with the Indians remain of a most friendly nature, our brethren going among them as missionaries say they were never more kindly received or treated. Weather is quite mild for this season of the year; no snow yet, neither here nor in the mountains. Dam permanently rebuilt and grist mill again running. Brother J. W. Young's contract on the railroad nearly complete.

The quarterly conference of the Little Colorado Stake was held at this place November 26th and 27th. Apostle Brigham Young, Counselor J. W. Young, Elder Rulon Wells, the presidency of the Stake, Bishops and others were in attendance. Fair reports were given of the few small wards in the Stake, and the remarks of the brethren were of an encouraging nature. The usual statistical reports were read, and the authorities, both local and general, were unanimously sustained.

Respectfully yours,  
F. G. NIELSON.

PIMLICO, London,  
Dec. 7th, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

I now avail myself of the privilege of penning you a few lines, to give a brief account of my missionary labors. I started upon my mission the 13th of April, 1880, landed in Liverpool, April 29th, and was assigned by Pres. Wm. Budge, to labor in the Manchester Conference, under the direction of Elder John Rider. He appointed me to the Tyldesley district, where I remained for over four months, and met with great hospitality from the Saints, and to a great extent from the people of the world, who seemed to appreciate my labors very much indeed. During my labors, there were between 20 and 30 adults baptized into the fold of Christ, which made a thriving branch. Some of them have since emigrated to Utah. I labored with all diligence to deliver the gospel to the world, by the written word, as well as verbally. Numerous large congregations met together in the open air, to hear the words of life and salvation spoken, by the servants of God. I met with success in that district, encountered no opposition, but the best of feelings were made manifest in our behalf, and often some person would say, "I sympathize with those young, smooth-faced men who have left their homes to come so many thousand miles to promulgate the principles of their belief," when at the same time I sympathize with them, for they were the ones that truly needed sympathy. Many will live to realize this and in reflecting upon their past life, will see where they could have improved, had they yielded obedience to the plan of salvation, and the precious words that have fallen from the mouths of the servants of the living God.

On the 29th of August, 1880, Bro. Thos. X. Smith was appointed to succeed Bro. John Rider in the presidency of the Manchester Conference, and he appointed me to labor in the Leek District, where I remained for over ten months. I did a considerable amount of teaching from door to door, and I believe I have been the means of warning a great many of the judgments about to be poured out upon the wicked. A great many received tracts from me very kindly, and were pleased to enter into conversation with me; and learn further regarding our belief, and I have taken great pleasure in teaching this class of people the principles of the gospel. But there are others quite the reverse, who have slammed the door in my face, and treated me with scorn. Elder Moroni Brown, a faithful, energetic man, labored with me in the above district for six months, and made many friends. He was then called to succeed Brother Smith in the presidency of the Manchester Conference some time in June. Elder Ben. E. Rich then became my traveling companion for two months. We held a great many open-air meetings, and experienced but little trouble in securing a host of listeners, who at all times paid strict attention. Brother Rich is still laboring there, with Elder Moroni F. Brown, and is doing a great deal of good. I learn that he has organized

a new branch in Burslem since I left, and baptized quite a number.

I labored in the Oldham district over five months and held open air meetings wherever I could. The first open air meeting I held in Ashton, Brothers Brown and Rich were with me. I was the first to speak, and after talking a short time to a large body of people, I was interrupted by a man while I was speaking; he asked me who I was and if I was a Latter-day Saint. I made no reply to his question, but kept on speaking as loud as he did, until I drowned his voice, and he told me if I did not stop he would set his bull dog on me, and let him worry me. I was not the least intimidated, but kept on talking until I was compelled to stop, for there was a mob of about 500 surrounding and ready to assail us. Brother Brown followed me, and after some little time succeeded in appeasing the great clamor of the multitude, hanging around like a lot of rapacious wolves, watching for an opportunity to attack. Brother Rich succeeded Brother Brown and bore a powerful testimony to this vast number of people, but was soon stopped by the mob. However, he gave them to understand that we had not come here to be daunted. At the close of his remarks, the mob rushed in upon us and pushed us from one side of the square to the other, time and time again. Their intentions were to get us under their feet, in order that they might trample us. They felt rather cheap when they could not accomplish their designs. We got them quieted after a long while, and I was asked to dismiss the meeting. When I had uttered a few words the mob rushed upon us again, but I dismissed while moving away. Brothers Brown and Rich have been mobbed once since, and that seems to have ended the trouble for the time being. Our meeting seems to have allayed a great deal of prejudice which was existing within the minds of our antagonists. I had the privilege of baptizing five shortly after we were mobbed, and quite a number of others have given in their names to be baptized as soon as convenient. I am confident that mobbing assists in advertising the gospel, which our enemies do not seem to realize, as it would be contrary to their intentions to do us any good.

I met with great kindness while laboring in the Manchester Conference, and I desire to express my gratitude, through the NEWS, to those who have emigrated to Utah, for their many acts of kindness in my behalf. Personally, I can never repay them, but the Giver of all good gifts will surely reward them for their benevolence. I was appointed on the 2nd of November to labor in the London Conference, and arriving here on the 10th, was assigned by President Cooper to labor in the Whitechapel District, where I am still laboring. I have a traveling companion, Elder O. F. Whitney, who is laboring with all possible zeal for the furtherance of the work of God. He makes friends wherever he goes and leaves a good impression with all who form his acquaintance.

Last Sunday we attended a Priesthood meeting at 42 Penton street. The room was well filled, and was said to be the largest Priesthood meeting they had held for some time. The Elders represented their various districts as being in a flourishing condition, and expected additional good to be accomplished soon. There are about thirteen ready to be baptized in Whitechapel, where Elder Whitney and I are now laboring. We baptized two last Sunday evening, Brother Whitney administering the ordinance. The people with whom I have become acquainted in London, are very kind and hospitable, indeed I may say, I have never met with more kindness in my life, than I have here. I am well, and enjoy my missionary labors.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, I remain, your brother in the Gospel,  
NEWTON FAIR.

## Discord.

"Shucks! ye wouldn't wear that thing, would ye now, Delphy?"  
"I 'low to wear it fust chance I git, Ephraim Pickles."

The little wisp of a woman in a short tight dress and big blue apron looked very determined as she held by the collar a polonaise of the most flaming scarlet imaginable, and surveyed it through her spectacles. Her tall, awkward husband, just in from

the field, surveyed it, too, with his head half on one side and his eyes half shut. The old Brahma rooster going by the door, and evidently attracted by the vivid spot of color within, stopped to inspect it, too; jumping upon the step, he put his head inside the door, turning it from side to side, then threw it back, opened his mouth as wide as possible, as if indulging in a spasm of laughter, and sent forth a loud, hoarse crow.

"The C-yapten's a-laughin' at ye," said Ephraim, as he picked up his pan of pumpkin seed and started to the field. Wise would it have been for the Captain to follow, instead of standing stock still, a mark for the arrow of Mrs. Pickles' wrath. She seized the broom and brandished it vigorously.

"You jist tote yourself off, you ole varmint," she cried, "standin' an' crowin' there like a ole 'possum." The Captain, still standing in innocent wonder, exasperated her into hurling the broom toward him, whereat he sprang three feet straight up into the air with an astonished "Qu-aw-kt!" then marched off around the corner.

The polonaise had been sent to Mrs. Pickles by a sister in the city, whose taste in dress ran to brilliance of coloring, in part pay for the rolls of butter supplied by Mrs. Pickles, who had sent for the polonaise with a vague order for something "kinder stylish an' takin'-like." She shared her sister's taste for bright colors in a more moderate degree, and though she might not have selected such a very striking article herself, now that she had it she was loath to hide its gorgeousness from the light of day and the admiration of Steeple-ville eyes.

Probably the Captain had forgotten all about the polonaise, the broom and his own misdeed as he reveled in his noontide dust bath under the hot May sun. But Ephraim Pickles, leisurely patting the tops of the pumpkin hills smooth with the blade of the hoe, knew by the shrill and vicious tone of the tin dinner-horn that Delphy had not forgotten the slights put that morning upon her scarlet polonaise.

But the bone of contention had not yet reached the acme of its reputation.

The bells of the little village church were ringing the next morning for Sabbath School, when Ephraim put his head in at the bedroom door, where his wife was struggling with a mighty hair braid, which perversely refused to be arranged in orderly fashion, but with an utter disregard for propriety, bristled up in a jauntily defiant manner, and kept slipping backward and forward and sideways with every motion of Delphy's impatient head.

"Air ye a-goin' to wear that red thing, Delphy?" asked Ephraim.

"Yes, I air," answered his wife, positively, gouging a big hairpin into the refractory braid, and pinning it fast in a state of hilarious one-sidedness.

"Then I ain't a-goin' with ye," said Ephraim, with his usual deliberate slowness.

I kin go alone, I reckon," said Delphy, her neck looking suddenly very straight and her nose very stiff.

"Folks 'll take ye fer a big walkin' hollyhock," said Ephraim, as he shut the door. Never an idea of flinching from her purpose had Mrs. Pickles, as she buttoned on the red polonaise with steady fingers. But as she stepped out on the little buff portico as the bells were beginning to ring for church, and no Ephraim was to be seen, the thought that he really meant to let her go alone was a thorn that rankled sorely in her heart. "An' we ain't hed nary furs for so long—not since the time his steers tramped up my piney-bed," she murmured, as she carefully concealed the door-key in its small hiding-place, a clump of grass pinks in the border. Perhaps the polonaise was much admired by the church members, but Ephraim spoiled Delphy's satisfaction effectually by casting half amused, half sheepish glances at from across the aisle during the whole service, and further, by lingering after meeting to talk to the deacons until his wife was safely out of sight.

Dinner was attended that day with a crispless and shortness that belonged not to the pie-crust, and an acidity rivaling that of the pickled cucumbers. The Rev. Mr. Goodman's excellent sermon was not pondered over with usual interest; and in the May dusk Ephraim smoked his pipe on the long back porch, while Delphy rocked in her split bottomed chair in the front portico.