

MISCELLANEOUS.

FROM ARKANSAS TO TEXAS.

SAN ANTONIO, Texas, Feb. 15th, 1897.

It is twelve years since I landed in Indian Territory, and one of the most interesting features to me, aside from the Indians, was to witness the poor, white people emigrating to and from between Arkansas and Texas. On being accosted as to where they had come from and where were they going, they would reply: "We'uns from Arkansas, and we'uns 'gyin' to Texas," etc. At that time our field was circumscribed in a district of the homes of a half-score of kind friends in the Cherokee nation. Now the home of the Cherokees is still in advance of the other tribes which form a part of the conference by that name in the Indian Territory mission, and not only geographically, but otherwise, stands as the hub of our present mission field; but the latter reaches far beyond its old limit. Little is known of the state of Arkansas (properly pronounced "Arkansaw"), by many of the readers of your valuable paper, except as they are drawn by the pen of an observing missionary, and is thus held up to view. President Willford Woodruff could, perhaps, tell of some of its interesting exploits as a missionary, and of his less desirable experience when crossing Indian Territory and Arkansas, about the line of Osage agency, Cherokee nation, and Little Rock to Memphis, Tenn.; how in one day he walked sixty miles through the swamps of that state, and while in the Indian Territory, stayed with an Osage family who kindly entertained him.

The eastern part of the state has not changed much, and I am inclined to think it never will, unless the Atlantic recedes and allows the Mississippi to wash out her bed and the country to be drained; for most all the eastern borders is a continual swamp, the major portion of which is uninhabited, except by colored people, and that sparingly. Coming west we see one of the prettiest countries in the world. Extending from north to south on the western borders, is a continuation of rolling hills, covered with choice hardwood timber and lovely pine and cedar, while the prairie country is a continuous meadow of waving grass. As we come west from about the center of the state, the elevation increases so rapidly before we get to the line of Indian Territory, that one is reminded of climbing the Rockies on the ascent westward-bound from Colorado to our mountain home; but, of course, the mountains of this country, called such, are but hills to a Mountain boy.

As we pass through Van Buren, our minds revert back to the sad fate of our beloved Apostle, Elder Parley P. Pratt, and the many circumstances incident to early Church history.

Following up the Arkansas river, and by the time we get through the hills, we cross the river near Fort Smith; and, after viewing the old fortifications, are on Indian soil. No sooner does the former Indian missionary set his foot on the land occupied by the Lamanites, than his heart rebounds and he is temporarily lost in meditation; the days of toil and weary, zealous missionary work comes back. This was especially noticeable in Elder Lorin C. Woolley, who

accompanied our party, and, after an absence of about eight years, was once more among the forests of the Indian wilds, and stood on the very ground he once stood as a missionary. I do not know how Elders of other missions feel, but there is truly something remarkable about those who labor among the house of Israel, having once got the spirit of the work and a testimony of their being of the seed of Joseph. That love never waxeth cold.

Our conferences have been written for your perusal by our secretaries, and I am not going to ask you to re-read, for we have a large country to cover and want you to look in and see where the Indian Territory missionaries have to labor.

The Northern Pacific railroad train that brought us from Arkansas to our former field goes across the Cherokee nation to the northwest, and enters Kansas at Coffeyville. We got off at Vian, only a short distance from the old Webber's falls, where most all our Elders have crossed the Arkansas river on a ferry boat. In that vicinity we have two little bands of Saints and many good friends. Our conference proper was held in the Manard meeting house, but, about the falls country, we held a great many meetings. I believe the hardest day's work we had was to walk seventeen miles and hold two meetings. Of course, we were new in the business.

Uncle L. Mabry met us at Mr. Creepani's, and, with his big mule team, hauled us to Briartown, a distance of twenty-five miles. We found Aunt Sallie hale and hearty and as true as ever. Sunday was spent with our Cherokee Saints in testimony and fast meetings. Our Cherokee sister had prepared considerable of the good things of the earth in advance, allowing all the more time to enjoy the company of visitors. Among the various dishes, especially favorites by the Elders, are sweet potatoes and con-neh-ua. As we sat down to the table the first evening, Aunt Sallie went to the cupboard and handed out two great dishes of this favorite Indian food, giving one to each, myself and Elder Woolley. The latter got a great stirring mush spoon with his. Of course our friends enjoyed the joke, and we enjoyed the "con-neh-ua."

Crossing the Canadian river, we stayed with our Choctaw friend, Uncle Enoch. The old gent was out on a panther hunt, but we were made comfortable by the good lady, who lost no time in preparing a most excellent supper for us. On arriving home, Mr. Fox invited his neighbors and some others in and the evening was profitably spent in a meeting.

The following day was rather cold to begin with, but, by the time we reached Grandma Griffith's—a drive of twenty-five miles—we were ready to doff our coats and wipe away the perspiration. Not awaiting to ride around the fields, two of us climbed the fences and were soon at our Choctaw home, and met grandma and all the familiar inmates. A little over three years ago, Elder Rease M. Harper and I stood on that sacred spot, surrounded by a little band of Saints, and dedicated the ground on which stands a monument of the skill

and industry of our Mormon boys. Elders Isaac A. Jensen and Herman Campbell, assisted by local Elder James Nalley, went to work, and by the latter part of September, an inscription was nailed on the gable front of one of the most substantial, commodious and beautiful little structures in the Choctaw nation, which read: "L. D. S. Meeting-house, Erected Sept. 22nd, 1894." At that time we had a nice little branch of the Church and a Sunday school.

Parting with Elder Richardson and his companion, Elder Woolley, Uncle Lebe took them to their field. We took train for Oklahoma crossing the country on the Choctaw line, we passed through the Greek and Seminole nations, enabling us to see Indians of each of the five civilized tribes. After conference at "T. C. Flat," north of Choctaw city, Oklahoma, we parted with the Elders of that conference, and, at Oklahoma city, Elders Knight and Kirkman proceeded north for St. John, while I took train southbound for Texas. After conference, which concluded at about 3 p. m., February 15th, the Elders parted, going to their various fields. Elder A. C. Dalley and Elder M. O. Miner accompanied me. We set out for this beautiful city en route to Lochaat, where we expect to have a happy meeting with the Saints.

The weather is beautiful. The country in many places is covered with green grass; trees are out in green foliage. One would almost think May day had come at home. Last night we took our seats at the table of a Mexican lunch stand in open air, in an open courtyard, on the street, and ate Mexican "chilla," while the little Spanish waiter girl struck a match, lighted her cigarette and stood in readiness to serve us to the peculiar dishes presented there.

ANDREW KIMBALL.

IN HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

KAUAI CONFERENCE, Feb. 16th, 1897.

At our last conference, October 6th, 1896, which was held at headquarters at Laie, Oahu, we were appointed to this island, Kauai. We left Laie October 12th for our field of labor, and came to the beautiful city of Honolulu, on horse-back.

Tuesday, 13th, at 5 p. m., we boarded the steamer Mikahala, and fifteen minutes later, were being tossed by the waves. After a pleasant voyage we landed at Nawilewile landing, on the morning of the 14th, at 4 o'clock; we were distant from Honolulu about 100 miles. We were not long in finding friends who gave us our breakfast and asked us to leave our luggage. President of the Hulaia branch, Kauekauehia (which is located about four miles inland), on learning that we had arrived, was soon down with some horses and took us to his home, where we were made as comfortable as possible. We were soon out among the people announcing to them that we were to meet at that branch the following Sunday, when we had a good turnout and baptized one person. Since that time we have made a circuit of the island, meeting at each branch, there being eighteen. Some we have visited twice. We also held meetings wherever we could get a crowd together, which is very hard to do, the most of the people being at work for the plantations, except on Sundays; therefore, it makes it a little