

He had over forty years' experience in the Arctic regions.

You were speaking about Nansen—he is a good man; I was in company with him out in Greenland in 1881. He was in the steamer Viking at the seal fishing but he did not go the right way. After you get half way up Smith sound, always see that you get on to the land flow, and if you can't get that, take the land for it; just as General Greely says, you may think you are going north and all the time you are going south.

As for Andree, the next time you hear from him will be when our noble Lieutenant Peary finds his remains. That is the man who is going to the Pole. He is taking the right road and the right way; four white men and four Esquimos—that is plenty. I will give him two and a half years when he will be back to his native land and be able to tell you all about it. I think if Lieutenant Peary were going to start about the 15th of June he would get right up to Smith sound and make better time.

I have found some very fine gold ore in that country—it will be just as good as Klondike. I know where we found coal and there is a gold field about two and a half miles from there. I did not know much about ore when I was out in that country, but by this time next year I will know what it is like for I am going out with Lieutenant Peary.

I remain yours truly,

JOHN B. FERGUSON.

WANTED

Giles, Wayne County, Utah,
October 30, 1897.

We frequently see in the columns of the "News" glowing accounts of the goodly lands of Idaho, Arizona, Old and New Mexico, and many other parts of our broad domain, the eastern and western portions of our State not excepted; but it has been a long time since we have seen anything from Giles or the eastern part of Wayne county. Oh, says the observer, that is Blue Valley, down near the Robbers' Roost! Yes, we are headquarters of Blue Valley and as to the Robbers' Roost, it is of so little concern to the settlers here that we never hear anything about it only as we see some exaggerated newspaper story or perchance meet some travelers just down from Salt Lake that is full and running over with the latest news but after listening to him tell all that he knows we are forced to the conclusion that he has read a dime novel during his journey and has imbibed too freely of alkali water while crossing the desert and his brain or perhaps only his stomach is badly deranged.

We have had considerable rain, several floods and a little snow and frost of late. This country has the credit (and I guess justly, too) of being a hard country; hence, Mr. Editor, if you can tell us of a country where we can get all of the necessities and some of the luxuries of life with less hard work than we can here, we will hail the news with glad tidings of good things; otherwise we will follow the admonition of Paul: We will hope and patiently wait for better times. How often do people travel through the Dixie country and almost envy the settlers, the beautiful homes they possess! But what do they know of the hard times that our fathers underwent in settling that country? They forget that it has taken from twenty to thirty-five years of hard labor to make those homes. The pioneers to that country can tell of floods much greater in magnitude and damage than any we ever had in this country. They can tell, too, of heavy roads and unproductive soil. They had to haul their wood and timber farther than we

do, and here we have coal in abundance five or six miles distant. The water is generally good and it is considered a very healthy country.

On Sept. 22, 1896, we had the largest flood ever known here. Bridges and dams were swept away and out ditches greatly damaged. The people worked hard and earnestly, but with all they could do, it was June 4th of this year before we got the water out, here at Giles, and many of the people almost despaired of raising any crop. But the idea seemed to prevail that if we do not plant we cannot reap, so we went to work as though it was spring instead of June 5th, as very little planting or even plowing had been done up to that date. Through our efforts and the blessings of the Lord, crops generally are good. At present flour is very scarce in our community, but most people have their yards full of corn and their barrels full of molasses, with a few vegetables such as squash, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, etc.

I will not advocate the idea as experiment, but will give it as my opinion that as a matter of necessity, a family could starve for a long time on a diet of corn bread and molasses with plenty of baked squash. Grain does well here if sowed early, also some fine potatoes have been raised; and those who doubt that this is a fruit country, if they will come down home-seeking can be convinced that Lorenzo Turner is prepared to stump the earth not only with peaches but apples also, and Johnathan Hunt has as fine an assortment of grapes as can be found north of Toquerville. Land can be had on easy terms with a chance to work up a water right. Fifty families or more can make good homes here if they will pioneer and labor for it as our fathers have done in the older settlements.

ONE OF THE PEOPLE.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

While beefsteak appears upon the average American table more frequently than any other meat, the cook who cooks it to perfection is a rara avis. To be at its best, a steak should be from one inch and a half to two inches in thickness, and will require about twelve minutes to cook. If a porterhouse, cut off the lower portion, which is too tough to broil, but makes a welcome addition to a stew or the stock-pot. Remove a part of the fat, and score the remaining fat in two or three places, being careful not to cut into the lean. If it is to be broiled over the coals, see to it that the fire is clear and bright; if over gas, have the oven heated at least five minutes before broiling. Have the gridiron in the oven that it may be perfectly heated, and wipe it over with a bit of suet. Arrange the steak on it compactly, and if broiling by gas, put upon a small pan. This will economize the drippings and prevent them taking fire. Sear the steak quickly one side, then turn on the other. In broiling by gas, it will need but three turns; but if over coal, it should be turned every twenty seconds. To ascertain when the steak is done, press it with the back of a fork. As soon as it loses elasticity it is done. Have a little butter hot on a plate. Turn the steak on a hot platter, and season with salt, pepper and butter. A little finely chopped parsley makes a good garnish, while a mushroom or tomato dressing is esteemed an improvement by many. A mushroom dressing is made by slicing a few mushrooms in thin crosswise slices, and cooking slowly in butter, with a little salt. This draws out the juices of the mushroom. They must cook very slowly or they will harden.

The days are all busy ones now for the housekeeper with the winter's

sewing staring her in the face, the newly resumed club work making its insistent demands, social and church duties crying for recognition, and the household machinery still a little rusty from the summer's disuse. But let the work go, lay aside the half-prepared paper on "Woman's Contributions to Civilization," send regrets to the Mothers' Meeting, Health Protective association, whist club or five o'clock tea, and take the children out for one more afternoon's stroll in forest or park before the "winding sheet of winter" alters their aspect altogether. Give the children one more of nature's exquisite pictures to "hang on memory's wall." The trees are already being stripped of their garments, and the gorgeous colors of October have lost much of their brilliancy; but in the half-tones of November there is still a beauty quite its own. Along the roadside, clumps of goldenrod, grown somewhat gray, it must be confessed, still nod and wave a welcome to the children's outstretched hands. The clusters of queen's lace have lost their pristine purity, but gathered into feathery green bunches they are not to be ignored as destitute of charm. Now, and then a stalk of "butter and eggs" gives sturdy defiance to Jack Frost's mischievous fingers while the soft, fat leaves of the gray-green mullein seem suited for the winter. Clusters of scarlet bittersweet burn bright among the branches of the pine and hemlock; while a red-cheeked apple here and there among the gnarled apple boughs, the dainty coral of the hips and haws on the wild rose-bushes, the rich pendants of the barberry bushes, and the few brilliant sumac leaves still fluttering from the parent stem, give touches of color all the more vivid in contrast with prevailing grays and browns of the November landscape.

Not all the shocks of corn or reddish buckwheat have yet been harvested, and through their crisply rattling leaves, and swift among the stubble, the field mice scamper about, busily completing their arrangements for winter. Along the river the sedge grass is fading away to a Quaker brown that is quite in keeping with the steely glint of the river. Let the children gather great handfuls of grasses, of the running checkerberry vines, of the silvery goldenrod and glistening pine cones, and carry them home as trophies of the last faint breath of autumn.

Hot lard can be tested to see if it is at the right heat for frying by putting in a small piece of bread. If it browns on both sides while you count forty it is at the right temperature for cooked foods, like croquettes, fish balls and the like. If it allows the counting of sixty, its temperature will be right for uncooked foods.

In some of the trips to the seashore do not forget to bring home some clean sand. This will be found most useful for filling the jardiniere in which cattails and grasses are arranged; for holding the stems of table decorations in place, for scouring the kitchen tables, for the baby to "shubble in" with a big iron spoon, and for the bottom of the canary's cage.

The housekeeper who prides herself on her china, feels that there is a most decided "crumple to her rose-leaf," if among her collection she fails to number some pieces of the lovely, satiny Belleek ware.

Not every one, however unless a connoisseur in china, realizes that many of the daintiest and most artistic pieces come from our American potteries at Trenton, New Jersey. While we can