AMONG THE CHICKASAWS.

Southern Headquarters of the Indian Territory Mission.

Correspondence Deseret News.

SULPHUR SPRINGS, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, Dec. 15, 1893.—Just as the sun was sinking behind the western prairie the Santa Fe train, via Oklahoma to Texas, pulled out of Orvin, a small railroad town ten miles west Sulphur Springs, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory. Among the crowd on the platform were Elders J. H. Holmes and Frank Collett. Their genial countenances betoken a kind welcome to their fellow-laborers in the southern two-thirds of the Indian Territory mission. A ten mile ride in the darkness followed, during our way two or three times Elder Holmes realizing our position and being so well acquainted with the country telling, illustrated, with country, walked about of the road, which caused us want to go, and we cause to right road, and pilots us to our lodging home.

In the domestic tent on Rock Creek, about the center of a five-acre patch of cotton, in the field on a little rise of ground is a big brown house 12 x 16 feet with a lumber floor in the west for evening purposes, since on the south is a bright moon is about the same size and size. Remarkable of size fixed up on one side will see a glide at the more efficient new sun chimney in another the same place the large fireplace, which a pile of logs are burning, is cooking and warming the inside within. In the Elders' room the steady on the solitude to hear the beautiful strains of two voices, as the modesty accompanied the singing of hymns and sweet songs by Elders Collett and Davis. Elder Holmes is very making preparation for an evening meeting. Elder Jos. Lowe is studying, while Brother K. is mending. Week of interest for the latter lately at home, a Near the Elders are poor old "Uncle Joe," as we call him—Brother J. J. Fry, formerly a Baptist preacher, born in Missouri, lived in Arizona and California, spent most of his time in the Oneida home and finally settled down at Sulphur Springs, Indian Territory, where he died in April of this year. Elder F. B. Woodbury baptized him and "Aunty," his wife. Uncle Joe is a stately old little man of 65 years; he wears a white, flowing patriarchal the size of one of his legs; he is one of those outspoken, good, honest souls, who take so much delight in quoting the heaven every of the day with liberal quotations from the Bible, and in administering to the comfort of our Mormon boys. Aunty, of a like godly mantle, lives in Sugar Hill, preparing the good things of the earth for the inner man, some of those happy, goodhearted home-persons, like many of our good motherly friends to our Elders in the world, who so kindly do for some other mothers' boys, and claim them as her own. The childish life of our home is little Elsie, an adopted child of our friends.

A hundred yards from the front door, and tumbling up on the bank and in the bed of the creek, and in this vicinity, are the coal cinder waste flowing from the renowned white sulphur springs, or hence all the way from Kansas to Texas for their health-giving properties. The trees in the dense forest immediately surrounding this health resort are composed of all kinds, oak, ash, elm, and the beautiful sycamore, interspersed with a great variety of tinters native of the sunny South. While here and there, climbing a hundred feet high to the tops of the massive oaks, are the trembles, the honeysuckles, wild ivy and grape vines, hanging like the rigging of a ship, having followed the trunk of the tree up, and a limb out, became separated from the main tree and hang out like a ladder from the earth to the sky. The rocky, broken, rolling, undulating prairie and timbered country, like that which surrounds the Hill Cumorah, or that which our elder witnessed when they visited Independence, Mo., make this one of the choicest sanitarium places on earth. During the entire summer and coming well into the fall of the year, people come from all parts of the surrounding country and camp by the hundreds. In later years religious revivals have been held among these trees and last summer when our Elders held the fort. While these people of leisure were whiling away their time partaking of the health-giving fluid of the springs, and toiling from the cares of business and fashion into the idle, loitering among the shady trees, in tents and wagons, they are only too pleased to be entertained by the guitar, the mouthorgan and the harmonicon of Zion, and during these leisure moments carefully put weight in the scales of the everlasting Gospel so they take home from the lips of the servants of God, our Mormon Elders. In this way hundreds of people, who otherwise would or could never have access themselves of the opportunities of the Gospel, take to their homes in the various parts of the country the inspired truths uttered by the Prophet Joseph Smith from the pens of Elders Mitchell.

Besides the hot and sultry days of summer spent at the springs, there is moment of the year, except short intervals at congregations in a church of either, a hall, a little tent and meeting, our Elders are out among the people of this nation. They are diligent in spreading the truth. The Gospel has now been given to twelve tribes of the inhabitants of this country of the divided tribes. There are a little over 300 thousand Chickasaw Indians, half-breed and white people and a great many negroes. They have a large and beautiful country covering over four and a half million acres. The land is held in common by the Indians and negroes and rented by the white people. The Elders are generally treated kindly by the Indians and the better class of white, among whom we have a great many friends and active members. At headquarters the Elders have prayers, hymns and interesting talks, after which return from these long and sometimes trying days of toil and exertion. At night we gather into the Elders tent in the woods, where we sing, pray, exhort, testify, preach, and sing, sweet the principles of the Gospel. As a direct fruit of our Mormon boys have all their studies in Bible, Book of Mormon, and Doctrine and Covenants, and instead of having to go to their missionary fields, a hundred or two hence, that they are so improved on the job, now that they have so many opportunities at home, and instead of having to stand, go to the world and preach. They hold meetings, while the various ministers of missionary life, straighten each other's testimony and, in fact, have a spiritual good time. Among the people present is a Methodist minister, who is a good man.

Respectfully,
ANDREW MITCHELL.

CHICKASAW MISSIONARIES.

For some time the Elders meeting in this part of the Indian Territory mission have found it quite a long time from our headquarters. We have been diligent in searching for a place nearer to our headquarters, in which we have met at Sulphur Springs, Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory, on the 15th and 16th inst. The work goes on in southern Indian Territory, and we are in the Elders and Saints, for the last year, Elder Elizabeth Stewart, formerly of Oneida, a graduate of the Indian and Normal school, and a beautiful young lady, who is a member of the Oneida Stake Relief Society.

Chickasaw was visited by Elders Fry, Jan. 15, of the Oneida District, Elders J. J. Fry, Jos. Lowe, Frank Davis and Elder Andrew Mitchell, of the Indian District, and Elders Jos. H. Holmes, Frank Collett, Joseph H. Davis, Jos. J. Fry, Jos. Lowe and Andrew Mitchell, of the Chickasaw District. Our Lord was in the spirit, the meetings were good, the saints were made to see the principles of the Gospel. Elder Holmes and myself the honorable of the Gospel, Elder Holmes, Elder Davis, Elder Fry and myself, Elder Lowe, Elder Mitchell, Elder Collett, Elder Fry, Elder Lowe, Elder Mitchell, Elder Fry, Elder Lowe, Elder Mitchell, Elder Fry, Elder Lowe, Elder Mitchell