

Vegetables and grain have made good growth. Strawberry crop abundant now, but low priced.

Harriaville—Strawberries have ripened fast; all irrigated crops are doing finely.

Farmington—Only .02 inch of rain on 13th; balance of the week dry and windy. Millions of grasshoppers have hatched, and are hatching out in many localities; they have begun destroying grain, fruit and other crops and it is feared great loss will be occasioned by them.

Mill Creek—No rain. Very hot weather, with the usual cool nights, which is favorable for fruit and crops of all kinds. Commenced cutting lucern.

UTAH, JUAB AND SANPETE.

Lehi—The weather was a great improvement on that of previous weeks. Drying winds make irrigation necessary, but water is plenty. The caterpillars are disappearing; apparently lying off. Lucern hay cutting just commenced.

Pleasant Grove—Crops of all kinds are growing well. New potatoes and green peas are making their appearance. The apple crop will be light. The bees are very backward; none have swarmed here up to this date.

Springville—Since the 18th, hot; with cool nights. Cutting lucern, grain looks well; potatoes fairly well; fruit abundant, except apples, which will be small.

Levan—Another warm and dry week; everything under irrigation is doing well. Lucern is in blossom and ready for the mower. Grass on the range is getting dry.

Little Salt Creek—The week was a bad one for the growth of grain, there having been a scorching wind from the south most every day, drying the ground faster than it can be soaked up with water; if it continues I am afraid we will lose some grain in spite of all efforts to prevent it.

Water—Crops of every kind looking well. It is very dry; plenty of water for irrigation.

Moroni—We have had slight frosts every night in the week. (2) Weather during the day very warm; at night, cool. Crops are all doing well. Strawberries are just ripe.

MILLARD, SEVIER AND GRAND.

Leamington—It has been very dry and windy, yet crops are growing nicely; we have plenty of water.

Oak City—Crops look tolerably well. Commenced cutting first crop of lucern.

Scipio—Hot and dry days; mostly cold nights; light frosts on 14, 15, 16th, causing grain and lucern on lowlands to look sickly, yet they are now growing well, especially that which has been irrigated.

Redmond—On the morning of the 18th, light frost; no damage done to speak of. Grain and lucern look very good, but they are very late.

Moab—Tomatoes are in bloom.

WAYNE, PIUTE AND BEAVER COUNTIES.

Loa—Dry weather continues, but the high wind has ceased. Crops are doing fairly well, but they require lots of water. Strawberries about half grown.

Teasdale—First watering just finished. Weather very warm; wind is

now gusty. No rain, and the ranges will be very scant this year in consequence.

Loosharem—Frost on night of 14th and 15th; no damage as far as known. Strong winds have done some damage to crops.

Beaver—Hottest week of the season and very dry. An abundance of water for irrigation, therefore crops are doing exceedingly well.

Minersville, (1)—Crops of all kinds are looking well, and promise a good average as compared with former years. First lucern cutting just commenced. Weather has been bright and rather windy, drying everything up that is not irrigated. There is still plenty of water, and crops are looking well. Lucern is beginning to show blossom, and many are cutting for feed.

GARFIELD, KANE AND WASHINGTON.

Losse—The week has been fair for all growing crops, but cool for June weather. Thermometer registered 33 on the night of the 12th. Some wind, but not enough to damage anything.

Mt. Carmel—The past week has been clear, dry, and warm. Crops are looking well.

Johnson, 12th—Weather very warm and dry. Crops will be very light if it does not rain soon. Grass is drying upon the ranges. Fruit is nearly a failure on account of late frosts.

Virginia City—A high wind on June 12th injured fruit a little.

UINTAH COUNTY.

Vernal, 12th—The week has been warm, and there being an abundance of water for irrigating, crops of all kinds are looking well.

Reporters desired in unrepresented localities. Send for franked cards.

GEORGE N. SALISBURY,
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Salt Lake City, Utah.

IN LOVELY DENT DALE.

75 St. Stephen's Road off, Manchester Road, Bradford, Yorkshire, England, June, 1893.—Amongst the numerous excursions at Whitsuntide was one to Dent. Having a strong desire to visit that part of Yorkshire I availed myself of the opportunity on Whit-Tuesday. Rising early that morning I made preparations to mingle with the crowd who assembled at the Midland station. Trains were departing every few minutes to different parts of the British Isles.

Not being much acquainted with the geographical situation of Dent, I made inquiry, but elicited only a little information concerning it. It is situated in the western part of Yorkshire, close to the borders of Westmoreland. The town of Dent (which lies about half way down the valley at Dent Dale) is very small, with probably two or three hundred inhabitants. We left the station at 8:40. The scenery on the route is grand, and after an enjoyable ride of three hours we arrived at what is known as Dent Station.

"Where is Dent?" I inquired as I alighted from the train.

"You go about five miles down the dale" was the answer. It was interesting to learn that the town of Dent was so far from the station, especially

so to me who was, as it were, "a stranger in a strange land."

On I proceeded down a very steep hill for over a half a mile in the beautiful valley or dale of Dent. This is one of the grandest sights I ever beheld. It is about ten miles in length, and is dotted all over with farms and houses. The lower part of the dale is a well-wooded landscape. In the middle is the river Dee. Beautiful to the eye are the numerous patches of green fields, upon which can be seen many cattle and sheep. How grand the fields bedecked with buttercups and daisies and other fragrant flowers! Large clusters of trees can be seen here and there.

After traveling for nearly an hour I entered the paved, zigzag street of the old town of Dent. A noted author—Hartley Coleridge—some fifty years ago gave a truthful description of it:

There is a town of little note or praise;
Narrow and winding are its rattling streets,
Where cart with cart in dubious conflict
meets,
Hard straining up or backing down the ways,
Where, insecure, the crawling infant plays;
And the high savor of the hissing sweets
Of pan or humming oven rankly greets
The hungry nose that threads the sennons
maze.

I visited Dent once before—thirty-eight years ago. Such a lengthy period has elapsed that I have almost forgotten all I ever knew about it. Being desirous of ascertaining whether any of my relatives on my mother's side were alive, just as I entered the town I inquired from one named Thomas Fawcett, a shoemaker, (but no relation to our family) and was surprised to receive the answer:

"All the Fawcett family are dead and buried. The last one—Miles Fawcett—died a few months ago."

This to me was rather unpleasant news, after such a tedious walk and a journey of fifty miles on the railroad. The next thing to do was to see the floor of the old church in relation to genealogy. He informed me that his price for access to the records would be one shilling for search the first year and sixpence for every year after. As I could not make arrangements for obtaining genealogical information that day, I proceeded to look after the "inner man."

Tired and hungry I wended my way to a small store to procure refreshments, where I was kindly welcomed, and for a few moments rested my weary limbs. Feeling somewhat downcast at the thought of being unable to find any of my relations, I entered into conversation on the subject with the waiter at the store, when a very neat-looking young woman came in, and becoming acquainted with the subject we were conversing upon, informed me that the widow of the late Miles Fawcett was living a short distance away, and said that she would take me to her residence. The kind offer was soon accepted, and a few minutes later I was in the presence of several of my cousins. An invitation was extended for me to stay all night, which was gladly accepted.

Next morning I visited more cousins, and upon inquiry found that about half the residents of Dent Dale were either blood relations or related by marriage.

Amongst the numerous host of my relatives was one George Cabatlick, an old man verging upon four score years.