Some parts of it are as dense as the jungles of India. It is filled with quagmires. It contains all sorts of snakes, and there are alligators by thousands crawling through its muddy waters. It has some islands, upon which the soil is so rich that the finest crops of cotton, sugarcane and rice can be grown, and there are indications that a short distance below the surface of tne swamp there are immense coal beds. The timber will be one of the most valuable products of this region, and it will probably soon be thrown upon the market.

At present the lumber of Georgia is one of the most valuable properties of the state. The long-leafed pine, or Georgia yellow pine, still left is worth millions of dollars, and this lumber furnishes the bulk of the freight carried to many of the railroads. Many of the lumber men are getting rich by buying these forests and shipping timber to the north. They buy the woods by the thousands of acres and then build railroads to get the timber out. Their agents first go through the country and take options on the property they want. If they meet a man who will not sell they may run their railroad just to his estate and then stop; or they may get him to sell them a right of way through it, which he does, thinking sooner or later they will be obliged to purchase at his price. After they have gotten out their own timber, they tell the man that if he does not come to terms they will take up the railroad. In some cases he refuses, and, I am told, that such roads have been torn up, leaving a man with a small lot of timber a long distance from any line of railroad. Much of the timber which comes here is cut by loggers in the winter and floated down when the rivers are high by the early spring rains. The southern lumber men have not the advantage of the snows over which to draw the logs, as is the custom in the north. The logs are either dragged by ox teams or raised up between the wheels of a curious wagon which is used in lumbering here, and thus hauled under the axles of the wagon to the streams.

It is hard to realize how fast the lumber of the United States is being consumed. Nearly every country of Europe has some laws for the preservation of its forests. We have practically none. It is true that some of the states have passed acts for the preservation of forests and a small amount of forests has been set aside by the national government. These reservations are, however, comparatively small, and the probability is that we will at no very distant day be in the midst of a lumber famine. It is safe to say that there are about 200,000 people employed in lumbering today. We sold timber to the amount of $600,000,000 in 1888, and the product of lumber of that year was estimated at 30,000,000,000 cubic feet. This would make a solid beam a foot square, more than 5,500,000 miles long, or long enough to make a solid roadway more than 200 feet wide and a foot thick clear around the world.

At present the best timber of the north, namely, the white pine of the northwest and the New England pine, is practically gone, and everywhere I have traveled in the south I find the lumber men by hundreds at work. Our average loss of lumber by fire annually amounts to more than $12,000,000. Some years it is more than double this, and in 1879 more than 10,000,000 acres of forests were burned and more than $25,000,000 worth of lumber was destroyed.

Our foreign lumber trade is increasing enormously. We sent $20,000,000 worth of wood to Canada and England last year. The chief foreign demand now seems to be for southern pine, and great quantities of it are being shipped to Germany and England. Our furniture goes everywhere, and a great deal of lumber is used for making furniture. There are 2,000 establishments in Michigan which consume the products of the saw mills, and that state turns out more than $15,000,000 worth of furniture every year. West Virginia is developing a large wood pulp business, and the southern shingles now compete with the red cedar shingles of the Pacific coast. An enormous amount of lumber is used by the railroads, more than 600,000,000 cubic feet being annually taken for ties, etc. Five hundred cubic feet are used yearly for fences, and we consume for fuel the enormous amount of 18,000,000,000 cubic feet annually. The most of the mines of the United States have to be timbered, and 150,000,000 cubic feet are eaten up by our coal, iron and gold and silver regions, while 250,000,000 cubic feet are burned to make charcoal. In addition to this there are little businesses that used up a great deal of wood. A toothpick is not large, but the aggregate amount used by the 70,000,000 people of the United States requires many logs. There is a single factory in Michigan which makes 7,500,000 toothpicks every day. The material used is white birch, and the logs are sawed up into strips twenty-eight inches long and the machines run these out into toothpicks at the rate of hundreds a minute.

I find the chain gang convicts still used in Georgia. I saw convicts at work breaking stone in Spartanburg, S. C., and I am told that the system prevails generally in the states of the south. Georgia has passed laws which will soon do away with the leasing out of the convicts, but at present not only the state convicts, but those of some of the counties are so managed. At Brunswick I met Captain Wright, the head of the poor farm, near here, a man who has some new ideas as to the use of convict labor. He is employing the prisoners of this county in the cultivation of an experimental poor farm, upon which he is raising cabbages and other vegetables for the northern markets. He is now planting his cabbages and he has already one hundred thousand plants in the ground. It chatting with him about the working of the farm he told me that the prisoners worked in chains, and upon my asking him whether there were no additionall guards to keep them in order, he replied:

"Yes, we have white men with policemen's clubs to watch over the different gangs. Our prisoners are not hard to control, and they do not often get away from us."

"But, captain, suppose they escape, how do you catch them?"

"That is easy enough," was the reply. "We start the hounds after them, and they soon bring them to bay. I have seven bloodhounds on my farm, any one of which will track a negro for twenty miles or more. If a man escapes we give the dogs a piece of his clothing to smell and put them on the track. They will at once start off, running along with their noses to the ground. One or two officers follow on horseback, and we soon find the runaway."

"Such hunting must be exciting," said I.

"It is," was the reply, "the convicts know that they are almost sure to be caught."

"Do the dogs hurt them?" I asked.

"They do so if they can reach them, but the men climb trees, and thus get out of their way. As soon as a dog has treed its game, it sits down and howls until we come up."

"Where do you get such dogs, captain?" I asked.

"We train them," was the reply. "We begin when they are pups. We have negroes to tease them. They steal their meat and bother the pups when they are eating. The dogs soon get to hate them, and, after a time, we have the teaser run off and send the dogs after him. Then we take a piece of the coat of the negro who has been doing the teasing and let the pup smell it and put him on the negro's trail. It does not take long for the puppy to understand what we want. He will run after the negro for a short distance at first, the next day he will go further, and, after a short time, we find that the dog has caught on and will follow any man he is sent after, colored or white. It is wonderful the quickness which such hounds display. I have had pups which would follow a negro across one stream after another, taking up the trail on the opposite bank and finally picking out the man from a crowd of convicts and hanging onto his pantaloons leg until I came up."

Frank G. Carpenter

THE HILL CUMORAH.

457 Fifteenth St., Scranton, Pa.,
November 28th, 1896.

On September 22nd, Elder S. W. Richards, president of this mission, and wife arrived at Scranton, Pennsylvania, on their way to the Hill Cumorah. I met them at the depot, and we went to 19 Acker avenue, the house of Mr. and Mrs. Paddie Ruane, where we passed the evening very pleasantly. There were six Utah Elders present, and at 7:30 p. m., Elder Richards gave us some very valuable counsel. Elder Richards said he would like me to go with him to Cumorah if it were possible, and I told him I would be very pleased to do so. So arrangements were made, and on the morning of September 23rd, we went to the Delaware Lackawanna and Western railroad depot, and secured tickets to Cohocton, and at 9:15 a. m., our train pulled out. After passing through the mountains of the great coal district of Pennsylvania, we came into the farming country, which was very pleasant to the eye, with groves of timber here and there, and buckwheat, corn and potato fields reaching to the tops of the mountains; we came down on to the Susquehanna river, which is quite a large stream and arrived to Binghamton on the west border of New York state at 11:37 a. m. We passed through a number of large towns, crossed another divide, came down on to the Shamong river, which is bordered with farming country, and arrived at Cohocton at 3:18 p. m. We were met by Elder M. R. McFarland with a team and buggy sent by one of