

Sevier County has enjoyed warm, clear, sunny, springlike weather, all this winter. Some farmers grow, others think enough snow has fallen in the mountains to secure a supply of water for irrigating purposes next season. Sensible people enjoy the beautiful sunshine that Providence sends, believing that "God provideth for the morrow," and whatever He does is best, even to the chastening which the Saints are undergoing.

Last Monday I had the pleasure of attending a very agreeable surprise party given Brother Wm. Johnson of this place by the pupils of the District School, of which he has been teacher for some time. The occasion was his departure to another field, having been proffered the situation of Principal of the Consolidated School of Beaver, which he accepted. Expressions of regret were heard on all sides, and the people seemed to feel that they were losing an efficient teacher and a good citizen.

Saturday night was the occasion of another surprise party tendered "Grandpa" and "Grandma" Powell, upon the advent of their golden wedding. The affair was an enjoyable one, presents and congratulations being the "order of the day."

The hope and prayers of the people here are for the welfare of Zion. Yours truly, A VISITOR.

ward of a pigs' domicile, ought to be regarded as strongly convicting evidence of the disease-germinating qualities pertaining thereto. That there are such things as clean and healthy pigs I emphatically deny; God has declared them unclean, and our senses of sight and smell sustain the Divine verdict. A few moments proximity to the cleanest pig pen, that can be found anywhere, naturally disgusts any person unaccustomed to the effluvia and, as swine are usually kept, even the keeper instinctively holds his breath when forced to go near to feed them.

Why should nineteen-twentieths of the residents of this city be compelled to breathe the poisonous emanations from scrofulous pigs, which the other one-twentieth insist upon harboring?

Read what Dr. E. B. Foote says about swine, in his "Plain Home Talk." "One of the most common causes of blood impurities is the use of pork. It has been said that all things were created for some wise purpose. This is undoubtedly true, but hogs were never made to eat. We read that Christ used them to drown devils; they can never be appropriated to a more beneficent use. As an article of diet, pork exerts a most pernicious influence on the blood, overloading it with carbonic acid gas, and loading it with scrofula. The hog is not a healthy animal. From its birth it is an inveterate gormandizer, and to satisfy its eternal cravings for food, everything in field or gutter, however filthy, finds lodgment in its capacious stomach. It eats filth and wallows in its filth, and is itself but a living mass of filth. When, therefore, it is remembered that all our limbs and organs have been picked up from our plates—that our bodies are made up of the things we have eaten—what pork-eater will felicitate himself with the reflection that, according to physiological teachings, he is physically *pari hog*."

Yours respectfully, MAC.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Relic Hunters—The Disadvantages Under Which They Labor Sometimes—What is There and What Not—A Racy Letter from our Female Correspondent.

HONOLULU, Feb. 2nd, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

It has occurred to me many times that I would be performing an act of justice to people who come here, and leave friends in Zion expecting many mementoes of the Sandwich Isles on the return home, if I just gave a sort of description of curiosities and their haunts with the difficulties standing in the way of their being obtained, even if it rubbed all the gilt off from this famous gingerbread.

You see, years ago the natives were well supplied with many of their peculiar implements, armaments and rare curiosities. Well, every Elder who ever comes down here, or who ever has come has made it a special point "to fill his sack before he went back," and to get all he could well take home of curiosities, etc. All right, of course, that's exactly the way we feel too. But

TWENTY YEARS

of such things have very effectually drained the older members of the Church of rarities, while the rising generation are far too civilized and lazy to care for anything out a ducking suit of clothes as a white holoku with plenty of pol and fish. The calabash is as handy made out of a gourd as of wood, and far less trouble. So there is very little to be expected of the natives. And now let us see as to the curiosities themselves.

First, then, come canes. A missionary who would return without from six to sixteen canes of various kinds of wood, would be looked upon as an anomaly, whose whole inwardness was withered and devoid of natural warmth. The highest prized of all is the iliahi or sandal-wood. The history of these trees is told in a few words: Comparatively numerous in years gone by, they have been exported to China and so well culled by both foreigners and natives that a small tree large enough to get out four canes is a very

GREAT RARITY

now. The tree is of very slow growth, requiring from twenty-five to fifty years to mature. And as no trees have been planted, it follows that they will soon become extinct. So that a cane of this wood is quite a novelty. Besides this, it is only the heart of the tree which contains the peculiar fragrant smell, the outside being worthless. Oftentimes a tree apparently healthy, on being cut down is found rotten inside. Much is wasted, too, by those who have cut a large tree down, sawed out what they wanted, and left the rest to rot. Then there is the puhala or pandanus, a peculiar pinkish colored wood with dark red dots running or sprinkled thickly all through it. This makes very handsome canes or rulers, but the wood is not large enough for slabs or boards. This wood is still very plentiful here, although searching is required to obtain the desired dark shade.

The kaulia, a dark, red, heavy,

FINE-GRAINED WOOD,

only obtained on the Islands of Kauai and Hawaii, is a very rich looking wood susceptible of high polish and fine finish. It looks to me like dark rose-wood. It was used anciently for

spears, by the natives, on account of its hardness. It is said to sink in water. Koa is the rarest and most expensive of all the woods. It is a brown wood, grained in all the shades of brown, from almost black to a pale yellow. It is a large tree, and on account of its great beauty was used for calabashes by the chiefs and nobles. Its grain is very fine, and when polished is rich and handsome. Koa is a pretty wood resembling koa, only the grain is not nearly so fine nor the wood so hard. By-the-way, two kou trees which were cut down here some time ago were sold for \$75. They were the only trees on the land, and lucky is he who gets from a friend a penholder or bit of wood as a curiosity. The koa is very plentiful, though, as we burn it

FOR FIREWOOD.

There are many other woods, but they are not often used by our Elders. One thoughtful missionary has adopted an admirable plan. He has cut off tiny slabs of every kind of wood around here, and on each has pasted a label. Many kinds which he has were new to me. And low, to obtain these woods, only a man with a good horse and an ability to

STICK ON HIM

through thick and thin, can get them at all. And there ain't a great deal of time to get out on such expeditions either. People who come down here to remain on the plantation expect to work, and are expected to work. And so, after all, our pleasures are dearly bought. In passing, I might mention that although I have been here nearly one year and a half, I have only been up in the gulches once and then it was too difficult climbing to get up far enough to obtain a bit of moss or any nice ferns. But I am still living in hope of better things. Then there are shells. A few very common looking kinds of shells may be picked up on our shores here. But the

BETTER CLASS,

in fact about all that are worth carrying home have now to be bought in Honolulu, having been exported from the South Seas. Even the little fan shells, which we could pick up by the handful at Waialua Bay, are kapned, and one has to buy them of the people who have established themselves there. There never has been any coral but the white, and not very fine, obtainable here. The red coral is brought from the South Sea Islands and is got at the shops in Honolulu. The simple little black and brown shells, spotted and mottled, are still to be had at the purchase of wet feet and much trouble. Then there are the moss and ferns. Dear me, that recalls my own visions of what the famous

SANDWICH ISLANDS

were, and also the words of a wise friend of mine, who wrote that his children were delighted to know I had gone to the Sunny Isles of the sea, the land of shells and ferns! Oh, added he, all their fancies are tinged by their own rosy spectacles; they do not see the inner real side of life as yet. And so I expected to find flowers around my doors, ferns draping the adjoining hill of rocks, and moss and shells ever to be had for the plucking. The real truth is, Late or Lani Huloet is as bare of trees, flowers, ferns and mosses as a gentleman's grass-plot. The ferns and moss laughs at your longing dismay two miles away in the dark

GORGES AND GULCHES

of the bordering background mountains—with paths wet and slimy and only wide enough for a horse's foot, one at a time at that, and cut in holes, often rocky, precipitous and dangerous. In short, we go up to the gulches about as often as at home we went for a canoe trip, viz: once a year. And the pretty ferns are as easily got as our own mountain ones. If people who came here did not make it a business to go in quest of these things, a real stern business, why they would never get one.

I spare you the painful but ludicrous recital of the difficulties attendant upon obtaining a horse; and where the best ones are kapu, the others spankias, and one or two old

RICKETTY AFFAIRS

which labor under such difficulties as broken-wind, balky, skittish, stumbling, etc., you will agree that it is no fun to try and make a trip to the gulches, especially if you are a woman.

This plain, unvarnished statement of facts shall go as it is, that our dear home friends may know a few of our difficulties, that they may fully appreciate anything from the Sandwich Islands.

HOMESPUN.

IN THE SOUTH.

Pleasures and Annoances of Missionary Experience Entertainingly Told.

St. JOSEPH, Lawrence, Co., Tenn., Feb. 24th, 1887.

Editor Deseret News:

"Where there's a will there's a way." This familiar saying receives many tests in a missionary's travels, and most invariably proves true, whether in pursuit of a night's lodgings, or making a trip that appears to be a formidable undertaking before starting; hence it has become a kind of golden rule, in surmounting seeming difficulties.

At this season of the year, when emigration is the principal topic that oc-

cupies the attention, things are in a kind of hurry-blurry condition; the elements are none the less stable, rain and high waters being the greatest with which to combat in this respect. It is only in times like these that we venture to calculate a day or two beforehand what is to be done; even a venture at these times seems to arouse nature's entire force to cause a break in the programme. It reminds a person very much of the practice some people have of

MAKING RESOLUTIONS.

The individual who has for certain reasons concluded to reform in a certain matter or matters, and is so delighted with the effect it produces that he must tell all, can safely be set down as never having reformed, and in all probabilities the next news that greets the ear, will be that he is worse than ever. On the contrary, the person who is the true reformer shows by his acts what resolutions have been made, thus coming off conqueror by keeping quiet. It appears from these facts that everything is to be surmounted in order to succeed in the first case, and the trial is not nearly so great in the second.

Programme completed, nine o'clock in the evening finds us around the dusky fireplace, half tired over the contemplations of a walk of twenty miles, with attendant scenes on the way, the coming day. A song or two to pay for a meal and we retire. At four in the morning we are awakened by the sound of rain upon the roof, consequently a hole in the programme or

A GOOD WETTING

is suggested as we listen to it. Day arrives, breakfast over, and still the rain comes, with occasional let-ups, each bringing hope. Nine o'clock arrives and the misery we've undergone in waiting, forces us out, contenting ourselves that if it grows worse by the time we reach the post-office, we'll return.

Reach this point and no rain; after a short consultation we push on, knowing at the end of our journey, in the event of a wetting, comfort is insured with our colored friends. An hour's walk and the clouds grow darker, and all around us it appears to be pouring down, yet we escape and umbrellas have not been unfolded. This peculiar freak is highly gratifying, and we indulge in the thoughts that even nature is going to favor our endeavors. Six of the twenty miles are over, when suddenly we are brought to a youthful river with no bridge across it. Here we are, with water behind, water above, water in front and mud, *ad infinitum*, underfoot. Experience has taught that if

WILL BE USELESS

to endeavor to get set across by borrowing or hiring a horse from those living close by. Bringing the molar together with a twitch, we began to pull off our clothing; firmer became the grit of our teeth as we advance in the waters of winter waist deep. The blood forced from our feet gives the sharp, loose rocks a good chance to caution us to step lightly. About eight rods of this and we reach the opposite shore, where the best accommodations for dressing are a water-soaked log and rain pouring down overhead. Our thoughts are at zero, and the impressions of the sharp stones brings to mind the punishment at school of the unruly youth by causing him to walk with his bare feet upon peas sprinkled over the floor. We have now reached a point that turns back is out of the question and the rain has just commenced with a determination that means continuation. A companion here tells the story of the rest of the road, how many more streams there are to wade, etc. Three o'clock and our

BEST UTAH CLOTH

begins to show and we feel signs of leaking, notwithstanding umbrellas have been used for all they were worth, and our jeans trousers are bespattered with red sticky mud up to the knees; but we are still able to smile and wonder what our friends at home would say if they could see us now. Another half hour and our journey's end is reached; but in this half hour it appears that the flood gates above are turned loose, which, taken in connection with the fact our clothes are unable to hold any more water, forces that reflection so common to the situation, "Look like drowned rats." At last we are under shelter and the rain immediately ceases for the first time in the last five hours. Strange! passing strange! And so uncommon! The next hour we steam by a comfortable fire with no greater trouble than a very empty stomach.

THE SURROUNDINGS

are new and somewhat strange, even in the south. On a bed in one corner of the room is a colored man in distress over a conflict with a mule, in which the mule conquered and sent him to bed with an aching frame and a revengeful heart. With us surrounding the fireplace, is another colored man, who is pathetically describing scenes during slave times, and how good his master was to him; with a hearty "Lord bless him! I'm gwine to see him some day," he ceases. In an adjoining room Sister Mary, colored, is cooking and singing merrily, because the Elders have come. These three, colored, constitute the family. What, at a family of "niggers!" Yes; they are, also, members of the church, Brother and Sister Johnson by name, and in the language of the Elder who baptized them when tormented by his friends, so say I, "They are the

whitest people in the neighborhood." Sister Mary, was once connected with a

WEALTHY FAMILY,

during which time she learned admirably the art of cooking, and Bro. Isaac is just independent enough on his little farm to have all he wants; it is simply impossible for them to do too much for the Elders. One of the best homes we have yet found in the south is under our colored brother and sister's roof. Our bed, known as the "Mormon" bed, is one a king might envy. Nobody else is allowed to occupy it, or wipe on the towel on which the Elder swipes.

It is here the elite (?) of the south resort when they want a good meal, notably a probate judge by the name of Simms. This man, Nichodemus-like, makes a convenient excuse, at times, to drop in during the evening, when he knows the Elders are going to be present. His object is to talk with them about

THE PRINCIPLES

of their belief. At times he has expressed himself very freely about the divine calling of the Prophet Joseph, saying, "You have more evidence to prove that Joseph Smith was a prophet than that Jesus Christ was the Son of God." And, "I read Joseph Smith's prophecy about the war of the rebellion thirty years before it transpired; if one-half the evidence to establish the fact that he was a prophet were produced in court against a criminal, conviction would be as sure as the sun shines; yet I don't believe the doctrine." Such is the testimony of the disinterested, or rather who, for the sake of popularity, will not permit his manly qualities to be developed. Many do we meet who are willing to make statements

EQUALLY AS FRANK,

but it is impossible by any lawful means to get them any further than a bare statement. Whether these things are results of a desire to still wallow in corruption, or merely a hypocritical show, time alone will tell. By this time wet clothes have become dry, the thoughts of a comfortable bed and general torpor creeping over me, urges 'tis time for a change. So I record one day's experience in the South, and yield to the request of my arm and fingers to sign

How can you expect a woman to keep up with the age, when she has so much difficulty in keeping up with her own.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the Probate Court, in and for Iron County, Utah Territory.

EMMA S. BESS, Plaintiff, vs WILLIAM H. BESS, Defendant.

The people of the Territory of Utah send greeting to William H. Bess, defendant.

YOU ARE HEREBY REQUIRED TO appear in an action brought against you by the above named plaintiff, in the Probate Court, of the County of Iron, Utah Territory, to answer the complaint filed therein, within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the services on you of summons, if served within this county, or if served out of this county, but in this Second Judicial District, within twenty days, otherwise within forty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a decree from this court, dissolving the marriage contract existing between said plaintiff and you, on the ground of willful desertion of plaintiff, and willful neglect to provide for herself and three children for several years past. That said defendant is an habitual drunkard, and at times very abusive, and plaintiff prays for the care and custody of the minor children; also for general relief as will more fully appear in the petition on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear, and answer the said petition or complaint as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to this court for the relief prayed for.

Witness the Hon. William C. McGregor, Judge, and the seal of the Probate Court, of Iron County, Territory of Utah, this twenty-fourth day of February, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

WILLIAM DAVENPORT, Clerk of the Probate Court, of said county.

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