

most beyond the limits of Cuba, is a terra incognita of more than Munchausen wonder. The young children go about entirely naked and the universal innocence, combined with the utmost dignity and punctilious courtesy, is charming to behold.

The soil is extremely fertile, but only a small portion of the island is under cultivation. A few of the green valleys are used as cattle ranges. Tobacco and sugar are cultivated to a limited extent and pineapples are perhaps the staple product. There has been some trade in woods—mahogany, pine and cedar, and might be much more. Spirits of turpentine, pitch, tar, sulphur, tortoise shell and crystals are also among the possible exports. Silver, quick-silver and iron exists in the hills, and the marble quarries are practically inexhaustible. The great swamp, known locally as "La Cienage" (the crocodile,) is totally uninhabited except by a few half-savage negro fishermen, most of whom were runaways during slavery days. There is no access to its green jungles except by dangerous and uncertain footpaths on the land side, or by a two-day's sail boat journey from Nuevo Gerona, through tortuous channels known only to the initiated. The whole place is said to be swarming with serpents and crocodiles of exaggerated sizes.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

HOME SEEKERS.

Giles, Wayne County, June 22, 1898.

We are not a seaport town; hence we are not fearful of a bombardment by the Spanish fleet, and thus far we have been unable to create a mining boom, but from the letters of inquiry we have received during the past few months we are of the opinion that Dame Rumor is busy circulating reports of good or evil concerning us. We are pried with all kinds of questions and we beg to answer some of the most important ones through the "News."

Salina is our nearest railroad station 115 miles distant. My advice to those thinking of coming here to settle would be to come and see the country for yourself, for in nothing is the story of the Cornelian more applicable than in home seeking, as people are not apt to see alike the advantages or disadvantages of a country. It is 50 miles from Salina to Loa, the county seat and Stake headquarters of Wayne county and Stake. Those living at a distance and wishing to see this country and not wanting to undergo a long journey by team, can come by rail to Salina. From there to Loa passengers are carried on the buckboard that carries the mail. At Loa horses and saddles can be hired very reasonably; or if two or more persons are traveling together, a team can be had. After leaving Loa we travel for miles through waving fields of grain and lucern, but from the great amount of unimproved land, we suppose that water must be scarce, but upon inquiry we learn that the Fremont river fed as it is by Fish Lake and mountain streams, is one of the best water sources in the State. But as the demand for water is greater than the supply, the people are building a large reservoir, known as Johnson Valley reservoir. It is situated high up in the mountains and will be of great value to the country in the future. As we travel down the valley our attention is drawn to the beautiful red sandstone cliffs above the town of Thurber, but as we are going into a country noted for its beautiful scenery we will pass on, for we are likely to see a great many cliffs and ledges before we get back. We pass the little town of Teasdale, two miles at our right, and cross what is known as Poverty Bench, and while the name may be a discredit to the place we ex-

pect to see good homes and beautiful fields and gardens sufficient to demand a change of the name. Farther on we travel down what is known as the Danish wash. As we round a hill we are confronted by a sentinel known as the Dutchman standing upon a ledge of rock, but in these times of wars and rumors of wars, I presume a Spaniard would designate him as the American pig, but as he doesn't order us to halt and the road is good, a crack of the whip and we are soon out of sight. We are now at Chimney rock and are beginning to wonder how long before supper. It is six miles farther to Junction where we will camp for the night.

This little nook in the rocks might very properly be termed the Eden of Wayne county. If it is in fruit time we will fare well for our friend, Mr. Johnson believes in doing as he would like to be done by. We will be able to get fruits to our hearts' content. We will be able to continue our journey in the morning, for we want to go to Blue valley in the morning. It is eight miles to the head of the Capitol Wash.

A story is told of one of the pioneers to this country. The old man and his boy went prospecting. They found a lead of copper which they mistook for gold. Says the father: "My son, we're rich now; we won't work any more," but alas how soon the riches of this world fade away. We are about to enter the Capitol Wash, and we are so delighted with the beautiful scenery that for the time being we forget all else. For six miles we travel down a narrow gorge through a mountain of rock. The scenery is surpassed only by the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. It is only a short distance from the mouth of the canyon to Pleasant Creek, where we will stop for dinner. From here it is ten miles over a fairly good road to Calneville, a neat little village of twenty-five families, presided over by Bishop Walter E. Hanks. He is interested in the development of his ward and should we meet him he will not be long learning that we are home-seekers, and in his good natured way will try to show us the advantages of Calneville over the rest of the country.

We are told that the people of Giles ward are under written contract with the Stake presidency to divide up their land and water right with new settlers, so we will go and see what they have to offer settlers before we look elsewhere. Six miles down the valley we see several deserted homes. The place in the past was known as Mesa. As we cross the low range of hills that divide Calneville from Giles, we exclaim: "Hello! yonder is the Provo factory off to the north, but what mountain is that off to the south?" That is the Henry Mountains where in the near future we expect to see a flourishing mining town. From that mountain we get our lumber, poles, posts, and fire wood. As we came over the hills we saw where people had been digging coal. It crops out on every hillside and is free to all. It burns fairly well, though it is not first-class coal and the veins are small. We are told that both north and south of us, 15 to 20 miles distant, there are large veins of first-class coal. Upon visiting Bishop L. C. White, we were shown a copy of the contract between the people and the Stake presidency. It is in substance to the effect that the settlers, seeing the necessity of having more people here to assist in rebuilding and keeping in repair our dams and ditches (as they have been greatly damaged by floods the past two years) and that we might have better schools and other ward associations, we are willing to sell our surplus land at about its primitive cost, and we are willing

to divide our water rights with new settlers equal, according to the work done on the dam or ditch during the year of 1898. There is a large tract of school land that is now being offered at a low figure by the State. It is the best body of land in this valley, and is offered on very reasonable terms, and then there are a few nooks and corners of good government land that can be taken up. Our climate is a god. We raise all kinds of grain, corn, cane, beans, potatoes, cabbage, onions, tomatoes, melons, apples, peaches, pears, plums, apricots, grapes, and small fruits. Lucern does fairly well. We get three good crops of hay, and when we have learned to cut it at the proper time, it will add a fourth crop to our stacks. Bees do well here. We have an excellent winter range for sheep. Some little placer mining has been done on the Colorado river in the past and from present appearances the work is likely to increase which means employment for those that are unable to stay on the farm. The well known surveyor, Mr. Ferron, passed here a few days ago on his way to the gold fields to do some surveying. Several capitalists have visited the country of late and it is said that we are to have plenty of work, better wages and a good market for all we can produce. Crops that are up look well and our prospects are fairly good for bountiful harvest, though in many cases we have had to replant.

Those wanting homes in a climate like this will do well to come and see the country and we will try to interest them.

F. H. YOUNG.

A STORMY DELUGE.

Bunkerville, Nev., June 24, 1898.

Our town was subjected to a stormy deluge yesterday afternoon, the excess of which has not been known here for many years, sixteen at least. A cloudy morning on the 22nd, followed an excessively hot night, and drenching shower fell in the afternoon. Yesterday afternoon the clouds again amassed and literally poured down an overwhelming deluge of water, raising a flood that drove some of the inhabitants in the lower part of the town from their homes and caused them to seek shelter on higher ground. Some of the houses were badly damaged and were with difficulty saved from entire destruction. Among the buildings which stood in most danger was our new ward house, which is not yet finished; by a united effort the building was saved from serious damage. Many cellars were filled with water, destroying their contents; and many gardens are ruined. The crops in the fields suffered seriously; much of the grain in the shock, and hay uncut and full grown, being buried in mud and water.

Three miles above the town, also at Mesquit, about four miles from Bunkerville, hallstones as large, many of them, as a hen's eggs, fell in masses, stripping the trees of their foliage and bursting watermelons on the vines and doing much other damage. These ice balls still lie in heaps in the hollows and gutters and the young boys of the town are hauling them home today in barrels and freezing ice cream with them. They make the first ice ever seen in Bunkerville in June. Our town ditch, which is also the irrigating canal is so badly damaged that at least six weeks will be required to repair it, and consequently the gardens which the flood has spared will have to yield to the drouth that must follow. The destruction wrought by the rain and hail came very near being attended by a loss of life and that we have been saved from such a calamity fills every heart with gratitude to God for His intervention in our behalf. We have been enjoying a visit from Sister Cornelia H. Clayton of