

fortably. They dress as well or better than those in more favored circumstances, set a plentiful table, and enjoy such peace and quiet that seldom falls to the lot of people in these troublous times. No profaning is heard; the smoking, chewing and drinking habits are strangers to the "hope of Israel" here; no racing horses at breakneck speed through the streets is endured in our peaceful little town; in fact the only complaint is, and not without just cause, that it is rather too quiet.

We have an excellent Sunday School and Primary, the former presided over by Thomas Johnson, who is faithful and diligent in his labors, the latter by Sister Sue Johnson, who, in conformity with the Savior's command, "Feed my lambs," is earnest and untiring in her labors. The Sunday school and Primary are well attended. Sunday and fast meetings are also held; in fact this is a live little town spiritually, considering the fewness of its inhabitants.

There are a few pioneer families who have struggled bravely through the difficulties of a new or uninhabited country. Prominent among these is Ute W. Perkins, who has been faithful and untiring in subduing the soil and utilizing the elements. He has fought the battle alone for some time, but now his place boasts of six families, bona fide residents, and all are welcoming any of the Saints, with or without homes, to come and share with them the joys and sorrows of this favored spot. "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and those who immigrate need to give freely of their bone and muscle in developing the country. Their labor will not be in vain in reclaiming the land. The native wire that is used for fencing grows in abundance, and our brethren here are utilizing the products of nature, instead of the manufactured article.

The climate is perfection for about nine or ten months in the year. One can work, if he so desires, out doors the year round nearly every day without discomfort, the only disadvantage being the heat, which is very depressing for about six or eight weeks in the summer season; but with a little economy, united labor and with proper machinery that difficulty could be easily remedied; also with proper buildings the heat could be so modified as to cause little discomfort in the home. This is a most excellent place for those afflicted with lung diseases, catarrh and diphtheria. The clear, dry atmosphere is especially beneficial to those thus effected. The grand purifiers of nature, sun and wind, are ever alive to their duties. The wind, however, leaves the labor mostly to the sun, as it only visits us semi-occasionally, not enough to hinder the usual labors.

There have been but two deaths in eleven or twelve years. The last occurred a few weeks ago. The deceased hardly could be called a member of the place, having been in our midst only a few weeks. The only sickness that seems to be at all common is a kind of fever that sometimes is intermittent and at others continuous. But if care and the exercise of hygienic rules were practiced, there is no reason why the best of health should not be enjoyed.

There have been so many reports circulated by disaffected parties about

our beautiful and productive valley, that justice demands that the golden side of the shield be exposed to view. Those who give it a bad name are like those who cry "mad dog," and others take up the cry without knowing why, when really there is no one mad except those who started the cry. There is really no reason why people without homes of their own be frightened away, when there is such a fine opening to secure them. Land is cheap and plentiful, and as there has been and is a money famine there will, in all probability, be a bread famine to those who have neglected to be wise in season in securing land on which to produce it.

This valley contains the elements to produce a prosperous and flourishing community, the salt of the earth. Capital and labor, and the brains to utilize all if properly united, would furnish employment to a roller mill, a factory and a tannery, and also to all who were not otherwise employed. Are we to acknowledge that others are in possession of abler brains, more clever hands and greater industry and ability than our people, who profess so much and who have been taught the principle of home industry so thoroughly? Yet others are doing what we should do, and they'll get the honor, too, if we do not awake to a sense of our position and advantages.

The Savior said "The poor ye have always with you;" so we have. But we also have those who possess capital, and their names are honored and their memory cherished by the use they make of it. They can be benefactors to their race, and why not? Is not happiness the aim of all, both rich and poor? The mere possession of wealth does not constitute happiness, neither the abuse, but the use, that is evidence that the capitalist is in possession of other qualities equally as potent as wealth. We all, sooner or later, have presented to us opportunities for present or future greatness, but they seem so far off and insignificant, and the "money in it" so hid; that the golden moment is nearly always lost.

If our people understood the principles of economy, as do some who profess less than we, there would be no hides going to waste, but they would be converted into boots and shoes. The natural facilities for a tannery, for instance, would be utilized. Here the canaigre root flourishes under the most discouraging circumstances. It is destroyed at nearly all seasons of the year, according to the spare time the farmer has to devote to its destruction. But "th'ugh vanquished" it can flourish still—and maintains a vigorous existence. If it should be encouraged merely by being allowed to grow, the yield would be very great. There also is a probability that a sugar factory could be in time in successful operation.

What we sorely need is an increase of population of the right sort. Indeed the wealth of any country is in the virtue of her citizens. A country is rich according to the number of industrious, prosperous, energetic and law-abiding citizen who are true to themselves and to their advantages. If there are any of this class who wish to know more of this country, there lives here T. J. Jones, whose industry and ability to build and increase the prosperity of the Saints is well known, and

whose labors in southern Utah are equally valuable; also Brigham Whitmore, the chief land-owner and capitalist in the valley, and David Cox, whose broad acres are redeemed from the desert by persistent exertions, untiring and determined industry. I am sure these gentlemen will be pleased to give to all inquirers accurate information concerning our fertile valley. C.

THROWING STONES.

MO MINNVILLE, Warren County, Tenn., May 30, 1894.

We have just passed through a little unpleasant experience in our labor as missionaries in this part of the vineyard, and presume it might be of interest to the readers of the NEWS to know what occurred. I have been here about four months, constantly engaged in this county; my former partner was released to return home and I was therefore given a new partner just from the vales of Utah. We started out in the northwestern part of the county, and found all agreeable to us holding meetings in Columbia College. We left an appointment on Wednesday for Friday night, and circulated the word about the neighborhood, remaining in Evanston, that being the name of the postoffice where the college is situated. We held our meeting with a good turnout. Everything seemed friendly and quiet, we were asked after the close to speak on Sunday night following, which we gladly agreed to do.

We were kindly invited home by a Campbellite minister who lived two miles from the church. We started on our way, all three on foot, and got near a mile along, on a thick wooded road, when we were assailed with stones from the roadside. A great volley came, then the throwing stopped. We moved on untouched while the minister called, "Don't do that! Don't!" etc. We were quiet, and all walked steadily on, when another greeting of the same nature came, with increased quantity and vigor. We decided to increase our speed, and just as we got started a thud came heavy to my ear, and an exclamation of pain came from our friend who was escorting us home. He received a heavy blow on the left cheek, but we were untouched. My companion, in the bustle and excitement, stumbled into a mud puddle bespattering his clothes with mud, which drew forth a smile in spite of the danger. Soon we were safely lodged in the house of the minister. As we went back the next morning we found stones lying all along our path that had been flung there the night before. We deeply sympathized with our friend, as he received an ugly bruise.

We held meeting in the forenoon of the Sabbath in a schoolhouse near the college and had a good turnout. We were asked home, and well cared for. The neighbors came and we were invited to talk. After dinner I talked until my lungs were sore, then went to the college to fill the other appointment, as we had been required. The house being full I took up the time in advancing the first principles of the Gospel and the subject of new revelation. At the close the minister talked some, but could present no evidence of the doing away of these things, and