

possibly by the whole Territory. Its delicious and unexcelled fruits are without a market or a purchaser, only as their owner, not possessing a good grain farm, is compelled to hitch up his (too often) hungry and poor team and loading up his fruits, plows his way through the sand and over and between the rocks to the settlements lying north and northeast, where he can exchange for grain and potatoes with which to load back in return. The Dixieite is thus (dusty and hungry as the cold and heat, wind and storm may combine against him), classed as a poor peddler who has to get out of his shell for bread. Traveling from 40 to 150 miles to make his exchanges; no regular carrying company nor system of boxing fruits and carrying them upon springs, assist the producer in this disposal. And yet with suitable lines of carrying transportation no county in the Rocky Mountains has greater promise of bountiful returns for labor or intrinsic value of improved land. Settlements lying north and northeast, as before said, 40 to 140 miles away, long distances from each other, make the roads a most painful tariff to both parties to an exchange. One hundred miles of this rough, rocky, sandy, wagon travel cuts it off from railroad communication with Salt Lake City and the north, whither it sends all the money it can get for imported supplies, and there bestows from necessity its sole patronage, while California, which buys little or nothing from Salt Lake City and central Utah, supplies daily and receives the money for which they bestow no patronage in return, but seem, as reputed, to try to cripple the institutions of Utah, wherein its inhabitants are trying to help themselves; yes supplies daily and gets commercial advantage for the very things produced within our own borders and almost by our own families.

Washington county—planted and keenly appreciated by our great leaders and early founders—is now left out in the cold of isolation, with, as far as known, no effort or sympathy to achieve her financial redemption. But as self-help is the best, helpful measures should begin at home, and surely Salt Lake City and northern Utah would specially see the point of increasing their own patronage by extending a helping hand to a struggling community possessing valuable and desirable fruits, vegetables and delicacies which are produced nowhere else within our borders. With the advent of prosperity, let us hope that a suitable effort will be made to supply the people of Utah who have been gathered from many nations under a common impulse of human redemption, with the delicate productions of this warm climate, produced by their own brethren in faith, fellow citizens of state, and very often blood relatives.

More might be said inductive of protection and amendment to the roads and conveyances at present available, but for one writing—enough.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

FROM FAR AWAY.

OPARARI, Anaa, August 15, 1894.

It is now some time since we have seen anything published in your columns from the missionaries who are

laboring on the Society and Tuamotu groups of islands. Therefore, with the thought in view that a few lines from this part of the world will not be amiss, but may be of interest to some of the readers of the NEWS, we will attempt to write of how we are progressing on this island of the Tuamotu group. Missionary experiences and letters from our brethren who are laboring in the different parts of the world, that are published in your valuable columns, are always read by us with pleasure, as by them we know that the work of God is increasing amongst the people of the earth, and that the labors of God's servants are not in vain. We also receive encouragement to press on with our duties, as we know that we are not the only ones engaged in this work.

Since the month of April we have been laboring on this island (Anaa) amongst the Saints. Regular meetings are held, and the opportunity is given to the people to come out and hear the message we bear, but sorry to say not many come around to our meetings unless there is going to be some nice singing or something special to attract their attention. We, however, hope that we are doing some good among the people, even if none have for some time presented themselves for baptism. Many people are prejudiced against us and the Church to which we belong, but it is on account of their ignorance and the lies that they have heard which are circulated against us.

It is the custom of the Saints to meet in conference once a month to partake of the sacrament. We accordingly had our last "Sabati Oroa" at the village of Temarie. There were gathered there the Saints from the villages of Putuabara, Oepipi and Tuuhora. On Saturday, the 4th of the present month, the Saints arrived, and on Sunday, the 5th, we held our regular Sabbath meetings. The 8 a.m. meeting was called to order, and meeting was commenced by singing, "Stars of morning about or joy," in the native tongue (translated and taught by Prof. F. L. Woodbury and William Seemiller); prayer by Elder C. L. Larsen. Singing, "E Iehova te Atua," Elder Tenina then discoursed to us upon the personality of God and the benefits to be derived from the atonement of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ. Singing, "Te poheraa no Iesu Christ," Benediction by Elder Tara.

At the 10:30 a.m. meeting, the song, Beautiful Day of Rest, was sung in the native tongue and prayer was offered by Elder Maihea. Singing, Inaba tenaere mai nei oia. Elder C. J. Larsen occupied the time in speaking on the Church of Jesus Christ, as established by Him in this day, and its characteristics. He said that none of the gifts and blessings have been done away but that they are in His Church at the present time. Compared the Church that was set up by the Savior in His ministry on earth, with the Church that has been set up in these latter days, and showed that the offices and gifts existed in the former, and that they exist in the latter at the present time. Singing, Mai te hoe fare mori. Benediction by Elder E. M. Cannon.

The afternoon meeting was commenced by singing the sacramental hymn, "Te Atua, te Metua, te parahi

ite rai." Prayer by Elder Ta Harea. Singing, "O vai te hiaai vai." Elder E. M. Cannon spoke to the people, exhorting them to do good to all men, no matter what their religion was. We are not on earth for the purpose of doing evil to one another, but to help one another in all of our daily walks. We are not under the carnal laws, as the children of Israel were, but we are under the grace of Christ. Therefore, we should try and follow His footsteps and observe the precepts that He has given to us. The Sacrament was touched upon and the reason why we observed it. It was a commandment of the Savior that His people should meet together and partake of the emblems of his body and blood. When we do so we should partake with clean hands and pure hearts.

The Sacrament was administered by Elders Cannon and Larsen, after which the hymn, Praise God from whom all blessings flow, was rendered in the English tongue, by the native Saints assisted by their two white brethren. Benediction by Elder C. J. Larsen.

These meetings with our "pure fetu" in the evening, closed our conference and the next "oroa" was appointed to be held at the village of Tuuhora the first Sunday in September.

On Monday morning we set sail on the lagoon and came with the Putuabara Saints to this place, where they are engaged in gathering coconuts and making "puta," or copra, which forms their chief article of trade.

The Saints of Anaa have learned and can sing several hymns and Sunday school songs in the English language, which have been taught to them by the missionaries who have labored on Anaa. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," "We thank Thee, O God, for a Prophet," "Song of the Seasons," and "Weary Not," can all be rendered by them and it might surprise some of the brethren and sisters at home were they to hear them.

Respectfully,

EUGENE M. CANNON,
C. J. LARSEN.

Three prominent citizens of Ukiah, Cal., were painfully wounded on Wednesday night while playing a practical joke on Hocklander, a carpet weaver. The jokers attached a string to a "tick-tack" arrangement, which was fastened to Hocklander's window. Hocklander discharged a blunderbuss filled with duck shot at the disturbers and each carried off a good load of lead. Doctors were summoned and the metal extracted. None of the injured men are fatally hurt.

The mysterious disappearance of W. J. Copeman, deputy collector of internal revenue, from Leadville, Colo., some days ago is puzzling. The officials say they know of no reason why he should have disappeared, unless he has wandered off in a fit of temporary aberration of mind. About September 1 last, Copeman, it is said, went up into the mountains to hunt down a lot of moonshiners. On this trip he got lost and was compelled to remain out all night, exposed to the weather, without any covering or shelter. When he was found he had contracted a severe cold, and since that time his mind has appeared to be somewhat off its balance at times.