

done, as any attempt to repair them would only be a waste of means.

When the sun came up with its burning heat, nearly every vestige of vegetation became wilted and dead, as though a fire had swept over the entire island; this was caused by the salt water which was blown in from the sea. Most all the native food, such as yam, bread fruit, bananas and oranges are a total failure, which will cause this people to know what want is for some time to come. As yet I have heard of no lives being lost, and the damage done to property is not estimated, but it will be quite heavy.

MISSIONARY LABOR.

The first Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints landed on this island in June 1893, and since that time twelve converts have been made; three of which have removed to Samoa, one has died and the rest are in such a scattered condition that it is difficult to organize them into a branch. There are, at the present time, four Elders laboring on this group, and we have succeeded in visiting some seven of the sixteen islands which are inhabited, and meetings have been held on all that we have thus far reached. We are anxious to visit as many more as possible, so that all may have the privilege of embracing or rejecting the Gospel. We find the people very slow to give heed to the Gospel message which we are striving to spread among them; but we realize that if they do not repent when called upon to do so by the Elders, God will visit them with: "After your testimony cometh the testimony of earthquakes, that shall cause groanings in the midst of her, and men shall fall on the ground, and not be able to stand; and also cometh the testimony of the voice of thunderings, and the voice of lightnings, and the voice of tempests, and the voice of the waves of the sea heaving themselves beyond their bound."

We do not feel to get discouraged in our labors, but will press on, striving to sow the seed of righteousness, to tend and water the same, and wait for God to give the increase. Ever praying for the welfare of Zion, and for the work of the Lord in all the world, I am your brother in the Gospel of Christ.

THOMAS D. ADAMS

IN THE BLUE GRASS STATE.

BOWLING GREEN, Ky.,
February 21, 1896.

We called on the mayor of Bowling Green and handed him our cards, and I asked him if we might visit every house in the town and leave the people our literature, at the same time handing him two of our pamphlets.

"You may do so, gentlemen. Hunting for recruits, are you?" he said, kindly.

So we are now working in the aristocratic little town of Bowling Green. It is such a pretty place, and seems to me more like one of the nice little seashore pleasure towns of England, as we can often hear the whistle of the steamboats on the winding river Barren. The people of Kentucky speak of Bowling Green as one of the finest little towns in the state. Then there are so many beautiful homes here. You know down here in the sunny South the colored people are many; and in

nearly every lovely house there are the darkies who attend to the wants of the inmates. People have often said to me, "I wish I could feel as free from cares as the darkies do." Just give the darkey of the South plenty to eat and he is as good natured as the day is long, even if his big toes bare. So their labor is cheap, and well-to-do families can afford to keep many of them.

One night we stopped with a rich farmer, and frequently during his talk, when telling an anecdote, he would mention Uncle John. At length, I said, "Who is Uncle John?"

The old gentleman replied, "He's an old darkey my father raised, and when father died I kept him on the farm, and he lives in the log cabin at the end of the tobacco field over there. The children think the world of him, and he's a great talker when once he gets started. Go over and see him in the morning—he likes to see new faces."

So next morning I went over to his cabin and found him sitting out young tobacco plants in the field.

"Hello, Uncle John, how are you?" I said.

"Very well, massah, very well."

"So that is the way you set out tobacco, Uncle John?"

"Yes, dat's de way. We fust sow de seed in a plant bed and cover it with canvas, then when it grows a few inches, we set it out in de field on a cloudy day, after a rain."

"Well, Uncle John," I said, to get him started, "I hear they are talking of sending all you colored people back to Africa."

"Don't you believe it, massah, don't you believe in. We colored people's done all de work in de past, and now we do much of it. Why, you wouldn't know how to get along without us."

He said, "I am seventy-three and feel as young as de youngest niggah, and its cause I alers took care of myself. I keep out of de draughts and keep my feet dry; and den I don't eat too much when I feel hungry, or any tim; I alers get up from de table like I could eat two more bites."

"Sing one of your old songs for Preacher Cutler, Uncle John," said our host as he now came up with my companion. So he sang an old funny plantation song, and made us laugh till the tears trickled down our cheeks; for when he got through he jumped up in the air and kicked his heels together twice, and said, "I feel just as young as de youngest niggah!"

"I will have to be going now, Uncle John," I said, "I enjoyed your talk and singing immensely."

He looked just as pleased as could be and said, "Goodbye, massah, call again, call again."

Some Spanish sailors first conceived the idea of sprinkling licorice-water over tobacco to keep it sweet and fresh, so they could ship it across the ocean, as the salty atmosphere seemed to spoil it some without using this remedy. A man by the name of Cavendish, of Norfolk, Virginia, hearing of this way, commenced to make licorice-cured tobacco in the United States; and since then the filthy habit of tobacco chewing has grown, till to-day millions of people all over the world have made tobacco one of their necessities of life;

as a man said to me just lately, "Why I would just as soon do without dinner as not have a chew of tobacco any time I wanted it."

Louisville is one of the largest plug tobacco manufacturing centers in the world. Over 5,000 people are employed there in its manufacture. While in that city last fall I passed by many of the large warehouses where wagon-load after wagon-load of hogheads of tobacco had been snipped from the country to make into plug tobacco. After the hogheads are opened the leaves of tobacco are shaken to get out the sand and dirt which is used by the florists to keep bugs from plants; then after the tobacco has been stripped from the stems it is put into a large vat and dashed with a mixture made of licorice, sugar and glycerine. When this is finished it is taken to the dry rooms until it is crisp, then it is steamed and is ready to be moulded into plugs. There is a man at a press and another stands by his side and weighs out the amount that is to go into the plug. The man at the press takes the amount of tobacco and drops it into the mould, and when it comes out it is in the shape of a plug and is put into a wrapper. It is then ready for the final mould. This time it is pressed together by hydraulic pressure. Then the plugs are put in presses the size of the box to be used in shipping, and now the tobacco is ready to be boxed, labeled and stamped, awaiting the buyers.

Last year the total output of plug tobacco in the city of Louisville reached the enormous amount of 588,023,963 pounds which is sent all over the world to be consumed by those who are addicted to the filthy habit of chewing.

Our energetic band of over three hundred Elders down here in the Southern States besides preaching the Gospel, show by their every-day-life that they are keeping the word of God—the Word of Wisdom—for they neither use tea, coffee or tobacco; and for this cause alone our Elders are respected more by the people. When we stop at a house to spend the night, and sit down to supper our hostess asks:

"Will you take a slice?"

"No, thank you."

"Don't you use tea or coffee?"

"No."

"Or tobacco?"

"No."

"Well, you are nice men."

And first thing we raise ourselves in the estimation of that family.

In our lovely Desert, Where the saints of God have met, There's a multitude of children all around, They are generous and brave— They have precious souls to save, They must listen and obey the Gospel sound.

That the children may live long And be beautiful and strong, Tea and coffee and tobacco they despise; Drink no liquor and they eat But a very little meat; They are seeking to be great and good and wise.

These are two verses of a song Elder Curtis and I often sing while holding meetings and visiting among the people here.

A short time back we had a pleasant visit from Elders Bowen and Naylor, on their way to the northern part of the state. They are the only members of our Church we have seen for over five months. In our travels we are