

paper. After being weighed so that the exact proportion of the weight of the flour to the ton of rock may be known, the ore flour is put into a little furnace about two feet high, which furnishes an intense heat. This melts the ore. The lead and other metals are taken out by various processes, and at the end you see at the bottom of a little crucible not much larger around than the mouth of a five-cent ink bottle a little button of pure gold. This crucible is made of bone ash, and the gold stands out a speck of bright yellow against the white ash. Now, this gold is weighed, and the assayer can figure out by its weight and that of the flour ore melted the proportion of gold there is to the ton of ore from which it came. From forty to seventy-five assays are taken at the Victor mine daily, and the miners know exactly what their ore is going to run before they send it to the smelters, so that no one could possibly steal the ore or the gold without its being discovered.

Yours truly, G. Carpenter

TRAVELING AND PREACHING.

GRAND JUNCTION, Colorado,
June 7th, 1896.

After traveling 300 miles, we arrived at this place at 5:15 this Sunday morning. We remain ten minutes, change cars and depart for Pueblo. We are well and having a fine time. I hope you are feeling all right. Cheer up, and all will be well—you will prosper and so shall I.

Pueblo, June 7th, 5 p. m.—We have just arrived here, about 650 miles from home. In an hour we leave for Kansas City. We are all well. Banish care. Don't worry about Fred. Love to all the boys and girls.

Chicago, June 9th.—We arrived here at 9:30 this morning. At Kansas City we stopped over only long enough to change cars. We are busy, taking in the sights here, as we leave at 3 p. m. for New York. Don't worry about us, although we are 1,500 miles from home. Chicago is no place for a slow person; all is hurry and bustle all the day long. If any of the boys call, give them a photograph, and tell them I am well and shall write to them when time will permit. Now, don't worry about me. All is going well and will do so for us all. Give my regards to all.

New York, June 11th.—We arrived at this place last evening at 10:45. Leaving the train, we were met by a gentleman who took us on a steamer, and after a ride down the Hudson river of five miles, we were taken to the Cosmopolitan Hotel, where we are now staying.

June 11th, evening.

We have been to Coney Island, over the bridge, and also to the office of the Eastern States mission, where we met President Samuel W. Richards and wife, who wished to be kindly remembered to father. We also met four Elders from Salt Lake, making eleven of us, who went all over the city, calling at the office again at night. I bade Brother Asper good-bye—a rather hard hit. He will stay at the Mission house. Mother, we are all enjoying the best of health,

and trust you are the same. The time will soon fly away, and I trust that God will comfort you and help you to battle along. In fact, I am positive He will, and that it will be for the good of us all.

Our trip across the continent from home to New York was one of pleasure, for there was always something to catch the eye. We arrived here at night, and the ride down the Hudson on a steamer after dark, when all the other steamers were alight, was the grandest sight I ever saw.

I thought Chicago was a large and busy town, but it is nothing in comparison with New York. I do not believe I saw as much in Salt Lake during the last ten years as I have done today. The scenery on the route was fine, grand over the Rocky Mountains and the fields which lay on either side of us, as well as the forests of oak and pine on the hill tops. In Chicago we visited the lake front and saw hundreds of vessels in the docks, being loaded, ready to sail across the lake, and also a great many in the river which runs through the city. The scenery along Lake Ontario was very good, but above it all is a little nook in the west, called home, which is incomparable, and which no one can properly appreciate until he misses its usual attractions and the faces of those who have made it near and dear to him. Well, I cannot get downhearted. The Gospel has got to be preached, and I must seek the spirit of it, and go forth in humility to do it, and then I know all will be well. I trust that the blessings of the Lord will be with you, and enable us all to live those lives which will be acceptable to Him.

Philadelphia, June 12th.—This morning we visited Central Park, New York, and the statue of Liberty on Bedloe's island, also Castle Gardens. At 2 p. m. we were ferried across the Hudson for the Pennsylvania railroad station, where we boarded a train, arriving in Philadelphia at 4:30, when we left for this hotel, which is one of the finest in the city and beats the Knutsford all to pieces. It is the finest looking place I ever entered. The Cosmopolitan, where we stayed in New York, is quite nice, but nothing in comparison with this. We have seen the sights of nearly all the principal cities between Salt Lake and here, but this is the best of all. Kansas City and Chicago are swill tubs in comparison. Tonight we saw the fire department turn out, which was quite a sight for us. I also took a look at the statue of your friend William Penn, as it stands upon the tower of the city hall, a great building, larger than our city and county building.

The twenty story buildings in these cities are grand to view. Some of the boys went through the steamer and pronounce it a palace on the water. I have had several rides on the river, and we are all enjoying ourselves in the best possible manner. Give my regards to all the boys, and tell them I am feeling fine every way.

S. S. Belgenland, June 13th.—We left the docks of the American Line Steamship Company on board the Belgenland at 11:30 this morning, and the captain says the pilot will take any letters when he leaves the vessel and mail them. Land is getting out of sight, and the wind is blowing very hard, so we are getting some sea life here in the bay. I like the ocean so far. We are all in

good spirits. There is lots of amusement on board. We have just had dinner, rather late the first day. We have the best to be found on the steamer, and the dinner was fine. The ship is not large, but good in every way.

S. S. Belgenland, off Queensland, June 23rd.—We expect to reach Queens-town, Ireland, at 2 a. m. tomorrow. We are out at sea a few hundred miles. The captain informed us that the mail from Queenstown was about four days earlier than that from Liverpool, and knowing you would be worrying until you heard of our arrival, I thought I would write as soon as possible.

We left Philadelphia on Saturday morning, June 13th, at 11:30 a. m., the pilot leaving the vessel about dusk, the land fast fading from view.

Sunday morning I arose sick and vomiting, but soon recovered, although I lost three meals that day. The next day I was entirely well, my appetite being enormous. Our voyage was simply grand, having a touch of all sorts of weather, fine, stormy, windy and foggy. Our treatment on board was the best we could wish for, and the officers were the most polite set of men I ever met with. Our food consisted of everything imaginable, and was certainly the best that could be procured anywhere. We have now been upon the water ten and a half days, and begin to be quite tired. We have only missed one day without seeing one or more vessels, and some times we would see five or six a day. We have seen lots of fish; one day two whales lay near the vessel, spouting volumes of water into the air.

On board we indulge in games of various kinds, hold concerts in the evening in the saloon, and have a good time in general. On Sunday morning last we had religious services in the saloon, the Rev. Mr. Taylor officiating. He preached a very good sermon on the character of Christ, but his prayers were not in harmony at all with our manner of worship. Immediately after we retired to our state room and held a short meeting, thanking the Lord for preserving our lives, and partaking of the sacrament in remembrance of the Savior, whose life we are trying to pattern after.

Well, mother, I did not realize that the world was so large as it is, but no where in it can be found anything in comparison with home. There are six of us—Mr. Young, vocalist; McKinnon, chaplain; Schulthess and Knudson, orators; Bjorklund and I, musicians. All are well, and we are enjoying ourselves, yet I should like to see home again. We have had a good time from the start and no sickness to amount to anything has marred our pleasure. So we feel, about ready to go to work, and work with a will, to accomplish the object of our mission. In about forty hours we shall be in Liverpool. Remember me kindly to all inquiring friends. The sea is all right. We were promised a safe voyage, and the least fear has never entered our minds, but we have gone on from day to day trusting in the Lord, and He has carried us through in safety. Well, I trust you are all right, and don't worry about me.

Liverpool, June 26th.—We arrived safe and well here in Liverpool, and are enjoying the sight seeing. We landed on the evening of the 24th, after traveling a distance of about 7,000 miles, and