

choir, with Henry S. Walser as organist, Maggie L. Bentley, assistant.

The organization has given general satisfaction. UN HERMANO.

STEVENSON IN MEXICO.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.,
Dec. 6, 1895.

Leaving Deming we traveled southeast forty miles and crossed the line into Old Mexico to Colono, the Mexican custom house—the American custom house being at Deming. Our outfit being rather late we were under the necessity of camping before crossing the line, as the law here is very stringent regarding crossing after sunset. My sleeping apartment was in a store at Columbus. Only a very few houses are here, and on the American side. Three persons were murdered in my bedroom about four years ago, one man, and son and the wife and mother. It was supposed that about \$1,000 was the booty; afterwards \$300 was found at the coroner's inquest—deposited among the household goods. There being no heirs to the property it was sold by the sheriff.

We drove before breakfast to the custom house and passed through the slow ordeal, leaving there at 1 p. m. The customs are very high at this point—a good horse \$40, mare \$15, saddles \$1 per pound, used ones 75 cents per pound, carriages, a luxury, very high outlay. There is one good building at Colono, the balance are very inferior, flat roofed affairs.

While using up some time and patience as papers, etc., were being made out at the custom house, we satiated out and saw some Mexicans making mud fences, they had a wooden box six feet long, twenty inches wide and about twenty inches deep; the mud was made by mixing mud, water and a little straw. Two Mexicans—I believe they were human beings, for they had some appearance of being so—were barefooted and barelegged as well, they tramped the mud, and once in a while struck it with a big bigger hoe, such as the negroes used in Missouri. After tramping the mud and hoeing it a little, they filled up the box, one of the two who were making the fence would tramp the mud, partly mixed into the box, smooth it over with his hands and so repeat, minding to break joints. These were the largest adobes I ever saw, being six feet by twenty by twenty inches.

We waited long enough for the slow operation of passing the customs—to learn the trade of mud fence making; then we went to the flat roofed custom house to see progress, learning that we might be detained for over two hours. One man waiting for his turn to come said the custom officers told him he would not get away until night and he asked him why he should have to wait so long. "Why," said they, "we must eat." That means with the Mexicans eat, sleep and rest in the warm part of the day two hours; then if they did not get quite through, "munnab," that means tomorrow. Learning this we, my guide and I, who spoke some Spanish, looked after a job, but the Mexican would not have us unless we stripped off as they were, and it was too cold for us to do so, so we took a look over another kind of

fence made of a sort of cactus, which grows in bunches, six to eight feet high, and some twice as large as a big walking cane. These, like everything which grows in this climate, are full of briars and thorns, sharp as needles. These are gathered and set in the ground and two little slim poles, one on each side, tied together with rawhide strings, makes what they call a fence. The devil would go around it before he would go through; and I do not believe even a Mexican would try the latter.

Now comes the word we could pass, i. e., into Old Mexico. Soon we turned southwest, making a V and then turned again into a Z. When the moon came up, I was so completely turned around, that the moon came up in the west. We camped on a small stream called the Boca Grande—the only one we have seen for a long journey. We were forty miles from Diaz and sixty miles from Deming, and no "Casa Hotel," as the Mexicans say. Some quilts were spread down, our coats down a pillow, some blankets to cover up and a handkerchief tied over our heads. We said prayers, and listened to the howling wolves, to send us off to sleep if that could do so. This put me in mind of forty years ago, but it is many years—I cannot remember just how many—since I laid my body down to sleep in this way. O how glad we were to see the peep of day once more.

About 2 o'clock a. m. my companion and I heard what we supposed was a graser—another sort of Mexican—walking down the road toward our horses, which were grazing on the roadside, we watched him by the light of the moon. He turned toward camp until he came apparently to get a rope to steal one of our four horses, which we could but ill spare in our lonely condition. Finally he came very near our all outdoor bed. I thought suddenly and anxiously close, when I hailed him with "What do you want?" The reply was: "Your money or your wife." We knew the voice; it was no other than that of our old friend, William W. Galbraith, formerly of Kaysville—our stage driver who so kindly came 100 miles to stage us over the rough road to the colonies. We let our careful watchman off by making up a good fire, after which we took a little nap, and up at 6:30, breakfast, prayers, and at 7 a. m. started, drove twenty-four miles by 11 a. m. and took dinner with cowboys—our Mormon boys who are rounding up their stock, one bunch of which consists of nearly 1,500 head in charge of J. N. Smith Jr., on their way to Deming to Broiner Taylor, who is there telling or supplying them for the pretenses—this being one of the sources of revenue of the Mormon colonists.

Here we met some friends—J. N. Smith, Elmer Beck and others—and drove past another ordeal of Mexican law, sixteen miles to Diaz, a Mormon colony in the midst of a great plateau of millions of acres of excellent soil, but scarce of water—of which we will have more to say hereafter. There we met Elders Lynn and Ivins, who arrived late last night with two little mules and a buggy, after a sixty-miles drive. Bishop Johnston of Diaz said it was hard to say which was the most tired the brethren or the mules. Our big stage coach, in which I rode 100 miles,

did remarkably well; for it rocked me first to the right then left, again forward then back, so that it kept us on the change and we had not time to get tired. But we enjoyed the trip very well and gained some more experience. E. STEVENSON.

NEWS FROM MOAB.

MOAB, Grand Co., Utah,
December 13, 1895.

Our place was called to mourn the untimely death of a little son of John Fangran, who was drowned yesterday by falling into a hole that had been dug close to the house for making mud for building purposes and had been filled with water. All was done that was possible to save the little one, but the water was so cold that it chilled the life out of the child. The body was not in the water long, but when recovered, life was gone.

We are having a good deal of building done here for a small place and considering the hard times. Flander Maxwell and his wife have built a fine hotel and will open it in a few days. Norman Taylor has built a large store with glass front. Dr. Davis adjoining him with a drug store with glass front, which was to have been a store but is a saloon, of which we can boast of two in our town. Next is a building under construction with a stone front; then a large dance hall, which they are trying to have ready for the holidays. Arthur Taylor has a large brick residence; also C. B. Brown and Chris. Taylor; beside these there have been several small residences built here lately. Weather has been colder than usual for this time of the year; the thermometer has been down to within ten degrees of zero.

Stock on some of the ranges is looking well. Taylors have just come in with a herd of beef off the range, where it was wintered last winter.

Now is a good time to prune ornamentals and grapes. Do not wait until spring, when you will be crowded with work and will not have time to do it, as it should be done. Cut away half of the tops; by commencing at the top do not think you are cutting off fruit because there are fruit buds after half of the tops are cut off. Then the fruit will need trimming if not damaged by frost. Ripe good fruit and get a good price; it is better than to have a large crop and no market for it; there is always a market for anything that is firm while there is no market or inferior produce.

The trouble with a great many horticulturists is that they try to grow too much fruit on a tree. In thinning fruit when small, it will look as if there would not be any fruit, but when grown it will be so large that there will be almost as much in weight and the flavor will be so much superior to fruit which has grown on a tree where there has been too much left.

Now take a red apple; if a tree has too many apples on it they will not be a bright red; where as if they had been thinned out properly they would have been a bright red and larger and finer flavored, and would bring twice as much a box in the market. It is the same with everything in the animal kingdom—the better the feed, the better the offspring. O. W. WARNER.