

decreased by the coming of the railroad car, but the meek-eyed burro, as a beast of burden, seems indispensable to Mexican existence, and goes on his way rejoicing as of yore.

NORMAN W. MACLEOD.

COLONISTS IN MEXICO.

Colonia Juarez, Mexico, Oct. 20, 1897.—Not long since we were visited by a high Mexican official from Caudad Juarez—the Jefe Politico—(pronounced heffy politico, which in English means "political chief"), with a large number of other dignitaries, including those of Casas Grandes. A horseman in advance announced their coming, which was on Sunday morning. The Sunday school was dismissed and the children, about 250 in number, marched to the residence of President Eyring, formed in line before our visitors and sang several Sunday school hymns very sweetly, which pleased them very much. In the meantime the band had assembled and afterward played several pieces, closing with the Mexican national hymn. While this was being rendered every Mexican stood with head uncovered, and on its conclusion waved their hats and shouted, "Viva la Colonia Juarez," with much enthusiasm. The Jefe Politico spoke in glowing terms of their reception, the place and the people, and said that although he had much spoken in praise of Colonia Juarez, the reality surpassed his expectations. After dinner the party returned homeward, much delighted with their visit.

Our band recently received an invitation from Gov. Ahumada to visit the capital city Chihuahua, but I think they will be unable to accept owing to the absence of one member, Edw. McClellan, who has just gone upon a mission, and the recent death of another member, Henry S. Walser, both these brethren being important members of the band.

In company with Elder Joseph C. Bentley I had the privilege of visiting our settlements in the mountains a few days ago. He went as a home missionary, and to reorganize the Y. M. M. I. associations in Pacheco, Garcia and Chuichupe. In Pacheco we found apples just coming into bearing, also a few peaches at Corralis, about two miles south. We were told that small fruits, such as blackberries and strawberries, produce wonderfully both in quantity and quality, as they do in Colonia Juarez, Dublin and Diaz. I think all these mountain settlements will become great fruit producers; the summers are not so warm and the winters not nearly so cold as in central and northern Utah, snow rarely falling in Pacheco, and usually remaining only a short time on the ground. Garcia and Chuichupe are more recently established and fruit trees are as yet too young to produce; but I never saw such fine and large garden vegetables of all kinds. At Corralis, the home of our venerable Patriarch Henry Lunt, were growing the largest cabbages I ever saw. In all these places sorghum, vegetables, corn and oats do well. In Chuichupe a field of ten acres of oats belonging to Sextus E. Johnson stood fully five feet in height and was heavily headed. Stock does well here, and thousands of pounds of cheese are produced each year. Besides the Thatcher steam saw mill there is another near Pacheco, two at or near Garcia, a shingle mill at Pacheco and another at Garcia. These mills supply work for many men and teams in producing and hauling lumber and shingles to our own places and for shipment on the railroad.

Fruit is here a source of much revenue, some parties realizing over \$2,000 on blackberries and strawberries alone, which sell quickly at fifteen and twenty

cents per quart. Dr. Bentley has put up at his cannery many thousand cans of the above fruits and of plums and tomatoes, his business constantly growing. But of this more anon.

I must mention a rather anomalous condition of things here—the great scarcity of help, it being almost impossible to hire it for cash in hand. When help is asked in hand labor or team work men often say they would rather pay cash than do the work, if it is to apply on a debt. Many in Utah who are unable to obtain employment would do well to come here where they could have plenty, with good pay, and grow up with the country, which is rapidly developing and has great possibilities.

J. H. MARTINEAU.

OUR 'SAN FRANCISCO' LETTER.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 20, 1897.—Everything appears to be rather quiet around the city, owing perhaps to the unpleasant weather, which has been threatening the last few days. The recent official unpleasantness has almost died out, with the exception of an occasional echo that resounds when the city fathers drop the ax upon the neck of some disloyal politician. Police Commissioner Gunst was unsuccessful in trying to have the chief of police removed from office, and save for a little newspaper talk the controversy has ended, and business around the municipal offices has settled back into the old routine. The merchants are organizing to regain lost territory and are up in a body to defeat discriminating freight rates. Two conventions were held here this week, bringing many visitors to the city in addition to the large number that are here now awaiting the opening of the racing season.

There is an active movement on foot among the merchants of this city to form an organization of representative business men, the object of which will be to promote trade along the Coast and in the interior of the neighboring states, by subsidizing steamers to compete with the regular steamship lines and thereby reducing transportation charges, which at present are prohibitory and cut San Francisco off as a distributing point for the territory she claims as rightfully belonging to her. A similar organization existed a few years ago and the benefits derived were decidedly satisfactory to shippers in general. Competition cut freight rates and San Francisco became the principal distributing point for the Pacific states. But things came too easy, interest died out, the competitive vessels were absorbed by the corporations controlling the main lines and again transportation charges became exorbitant and San Francisco found herself shut out of the field of competition and deprived of the trade in the territories she now seeks to regain. The railroads are also largely held responsible for the state of affairs as they exist today, as they have tried to dictate to the merchants the limit of the territory they are entitled to. The effort of the railroad has been to divide the trade of the Coast into three divisions with Portland in the north, Los Angeles in the south and San Francisco in a part of California and Nevada. To attain this object discriminating rates have been made in favor of the first two places named. As everyone knows, it is useless to expect relief from the railroads, but the great waterway, the ocean, on which this city is so advantageously situated, is open and free, and it is to this means of transportation that the merchants look for deliverance. In the course of a few weeks a new line of steamers, subsidized by the Merchants' association,

will be in operation between here and the northern and southern ports, carrying supplies from San Francisco into the forbidden field at rates that will defy the railroad discriminations, and will, it is hoped, compel them to meet the cut or else withdraw from the competition.

The sixth annual convention of the California Miners' association is in session here this week and nearly four hundred delegates from all parts of the state are in attendance. The question of creating a new cabinet position, that of secretary of mines, will come up for discussion, as it seems to be the unanimous desire of the delegates that Congress create a department to look after the interests of mining in general, and no doubt a resolution will be drafted to Congress for that purpose.

The Grand Lodge of California, Free and Accepted Masons, held their forty-eighth annual meeting last week. The main feature of the meeting was the appropriation of \$20,000 for the benefit of the Masonic Widows' and Orphans' Home recently established in Alameda county.

Another fountain has been presented to the city of San Francisco, making the third for the present year. The last monument was unveiled with impressive ceremonies on Sunday, October 17th, and was erected to the memory of Robert Louis Stevenson, the novelist, and is the gift of a host of his admirers. It consists of a granite pedestal in which a water tap is inserted, and on which the following words of Stevenson are inscribed: "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little, to spend a little less, to make upon the whole a family happier for his presence, to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered—to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation, above all on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy." On the top of the pedestal is a bronze ship with golden sails, something after the pattern of a Spanish ship of Columbus's time. Portsmouth square was selected as the site for the monument because of its association with the author, who used to spend much of his time there, while living here, among the outcasts and unfortunates of the four quarters of the earth.

On next Saturday San Jose will introduce something novel in the way of raising money for the cause of sweet charity. The electric street car lines will be in charge of pretty young conductresses, who will collect the fares of passengers and perform the duties of the regular conductor. The cars will be decorated with ribbons and flowers and some will be accompanied by string bands. The proceeds of this novel venture are to go to the Associated Charities.

The receiving hospital came near being the scene of a frightful fire last Sunday night, that would have ended the lives of many of the helpless inmates had it not been for the timely action of the attendants in charge. A maniac confined in the padded cell it is believed set the place on fire, and his cries attracted the attention of the doctor and his assistants who rushed to his rescue. They found the maniac enveloped in flames which they quickly extinguished with buckets before much damage had been done, though not before the other patients had become terrified.

An old woman in rags and tatters was arrested last week for insanity, and on being searched at the city prison \$1,450 in gold was found concealed in the soiled and torn rags that served her for a dress. Since then several people have displayed an interest in the poor old creature's welfare.