

The farmers kick. Why? The sheep herds have to pass from east to west twice a year, or vice versa. How long are they passing? Let us see. In some places it is only five miles through; the longest is from Nephi through Sanpete—about one night's stop on the way.

What do the farmers do for the country? It is not what they do, but what they do not do. I suppose they would produce the half million dollars' worth of pork that we now import. Go into the grocery store and look on the shelf—corn, peas, pickles, and fruits of all kinds from everywhere but home. A lazier lot cannot be found than the Utah farmers. Fifty thousand dollars are annually sent east for chickens, ducks and geese, a couple of hundred thousand for butter and cheese. There is a fair crop of eggs, but if it depended on the farmer to help to produce them, by holding his breath while his hen laid them, there would only be half a crop. I saw yesterday saucer out of the barrel from the east. Shame on the farmer! Tripe by the hundreds of kegs, preserves by the million. Is it to be wondered that we have no money when we send it out for everything we eat and wear?

Now let us look at the sheep men. What have they done? It will be remembered by many that in early days they were exempt from taxation, so as to encourage the industry. We can all remember that when a flock of sheep sheared four pounds it was called a good one. Fifteen years ago, if a sheep, when killed, averaged forty-five pounds it was called a fat one. Now they shear from seven to ten pounds by the flock; dressed sixty pounds. The sheep men bring into Utah annually about three millions. This is sent among the farmers, butchers, and store keepers. They have improved their flock by importing good sheep; not so with most of the stock. I cannot see why all should kick at the little sheep which go out on the desert in the winter, pick up the sage, the greasewood, the dry grass and the rushes, and manufacture wool out of it? Go east in the spring, climb the mountains up to timber, climb among the rocks, get the spears of grass and continue the growth of the wool. The shrewd cattlemen and horsemen are now your sheepmen.

Now, I want to say to the stockmen, "The legislators have gone home, the bill passed is nothing but a blot on the statute book. Let the sheepmen, the horsemen and the cattlemen be friendly and respect each other's rights. I would recommend that in each county they hold conventions and parcel out the public domains, as that is, or would be, the only law that can be enacted—"Do unto others as you would be done by." Quit strife and contention and let all get ready to go to the World's Fair together on one train. In my next I will treat on mining and dairy products.

H. J. FAUST.

SALT LAKE CITY, March 18, 1892.

IN SOUTHERN UTAH.

From my experience during the past twelve days I have come to the conclusion that a winter trip from Salt Lake City to the extreme southern part of our Territory is anything but

pleasant, but that it nevertheless can be accomplished, even with a one-horse carriage.

In the morning of February 16, 1892, which happened to be a cold, misty day, I left the capital of Utah, which was enveloped in a thick, chilly fog, while the ground was covered with snow, ice and frozen mud. In traveling through Salt Lake and Utah counties I found the roads tolerably good part of the way, although muddy and broken up in many places; but after leaving Santaquin and until I reached the noted Cedar Ridge which divides Juab from Sanpete county (about ten miles of Levan), I found myself endeavoring to make headway under extreme difficulties. The mud in places was simply awful and at other points, where snow still covered the ground, I had to break track for miles together, there being but a very little travel on the road I took part of the way. To add to my discomfort, I lost my way traveling after dark from Nephi to Levan, and instead of arriving at the latter place at the expected time to receive a kind reception from old friends, I found myself at a deserted ranch near the foot of the mountains, but finally made my way to a sheep herder's camp whither the road led, and there learned what gave me a degree of momentary satisfaction, that besides myself some thirty or forty others of the traveling public had been there before me having taken the wrong road. Now, if the road commissioners of Juab county would just go to the small expense of putting up a guide board of some kind at the point where the road forks a few miles south of Nephi, they would not incur the unpleasantness of being called such hard names as some of the teamsters on the road, when they get angry or disappointed, are capable of giving utterance to. After crossing Cedar Ridge I found myself in a warmer country, and the roads dry and dusty nearly all the way; and on arriving at Gunnison I witnessed the people engaged in spring plowing. Pushing on over a still better road, I arrived at Richfield in time to attend the late conference held at that place. After the conference, I held special meeting with the Scandinavian Saints in Richfield, Elsinore and Monroe, agreeable to the wishes of Apostle A. H. Lund.

Before leaving Monroe on the morning of February 25th, a snow storm set in and while crossing the mountains in going over to Marysville, the storm was quite blinding, and the traveling also became heavy and tedious, and I had to make a new track through the newly fallen snow. From Marysville via Junction to Circleville, and also through the long canyon above the latter place, the roads were nearly all mire and mud, but became better as I proceeded towards Panguitch. From this place the roads continue up the south fork of the Sevier for seven miles to a point where a left-hand road takes off to the east and leads through Red Canyon and the "East Fork" to Cannonville and Escalante, while the right-hand road continues up the river three miles further to Wilson's ranch, where I stopped over night and received kind treatment from one of the family who resides there.

The next morning I started off f.r., what I thought, sunny Dixie. Eight miles over a muddy and cut-up road brought me to Hatch's ranch, which consists of a cluster of houses nicely situated at the junction of Mammoth and Asay's creeks, which two streams form the Sevier river. Proceeding five miles further on the road passing up and down the mountain slopes, through mud and mire knee-deep in places, I reached Asay's ranch, another cluster of houses situated at the junction of Asay's and Minnie's creeks. These three places (Wilson's, Hatch's and Asay's) together with a few families who live in a scattered condition over the different streams, putting into the main tributaries of the Sevier river, belong to the Panguitch ward, but expect soon to have a ward organization of their own, as the Saints are now numerous enough to sustain such an organization. At present meetings and Sunday schools, as well as day schools, are being held in all three places, and the people seem to be healthy and cheerful, notwithstanding their secluded situation, so near the tops of the mountains.

I have now, on this and former trips, followed the main windings of the Sevier river, and from its head to where it disappears in the Sevier sink, or lake, in Millard county, and have learned from actual observations that that famous stream is the longest and most important river that Utah possesses as her exclusive property. All the other noted streams, except Jordan, Weber and Provo River, which are shown on the map of Utah, rise beyond the limits of our Territory (Snake and Bear River, etc.), while the largest of all, the Green, Grand and Colorado Rivers, simply pass through on their way to the Pacific Ocean. But the Sevier River, which rises on the north slope of the south rim of the basin in lofty mountain chains, together with its tributaries, supplies more settlements with water for culinary and irrigation purposes than any other stream in Utah, the Weber not excepted. Thus we find on the south fork, besides the three small settlements that I have already named, Panguitch and Circleville; on the east fork there is Marion ward, including a number of ranches above, on Otter Creek, which is a tributary of the East Fork, is Burrville, Koosharem and two other smaller settlements (all in Grass Valley), besides ranches. At the point where the East and South Fork unite are the two junctions (east and west), the county seat of Piute county, and Marysville, further down the river. Then, in the lower Sevier Valley we find the following string of settlements which all water lands from the Sevier: Joseph, Monroe, Elsinore, Invorary, Annabelle, Richfield, Glenrock, Vermillion, Aurora, Salina and Redmund. On the Sanpitch River (and its tributaries) which puts into the Sevier, near Gunnison, we have the settlements of Milburn, Fairview, Mount Pleasant, Spring City, Fountain Green, Moroni, Wales, Chester, Ephraim, Mant, Pettyville, Mayfield and Gunnison. Below the latter place is Still Fayette, and farther down "Sucker Town," in Juab county, and Leamington, Deseret, Oasis, and Hinckley in Millard county, not to mention the