

taining 172 square miles but as yet unoccupied and entirely unused. Cayo del Sal, the next in size, supplies half of Cuba with its primitive salt-works. A few of the islets have an excellent anchorage, while others are surrounded by inaccessible reefs. Not a ripple disturbs the mirror-like surface of the sea, and through the crystal water the bottom, with furrows made by currents on the sand, can be distinctly seen. Looking over the bows, the boat seems to be suspended, as by magic, above the pellucid fluid, the sea-garden below illuminated by sunbeams in prismatic colors. And the living creatures in the vast gardens—the concho with their cleft-openings upwards, extending long feelers to catch the passing prey; fish of various forms and colors, startled by the boat from their repose among tufts of weeds, and sometimes an overgrown turtle, aroused from his napping, paddling away amid a milky cloud of coral sand. There are starfish, too, a foot in diameter, lying motionless on the bottom; sponges with concave tops, like big bowls; coral in globe-like forms, with myriad branches and their world of zoophytes. Interspersed amid a thousand marine growths standing erect on the ocean floor. What is called the Boca (mouth) de Sagua is four leagues distant from the real mouth of the river, strewn thick with islets. On some of them are fishermen's huts, with their nets drying on long poles in the sun and their boats at anchor near the beach. The channel through the shoal water is in tricate and marked by stakes, the most important of the latter surmounted with a broken bottle or a fluttering rag tied to it. Finally the "Boca" proper is reached, amid a dense mangrove swamp; a dangerous bar is passed and you emerge into what seems a continuous cane-field, far as the eye can see, with the narrow river running through.

Sagua is the best place I know of in which to study the prospects of Cuba. It has a prosperous past, a depressed present and unbounded possibilities for the future. Before the war, Sagua, with its 20,000 inhabitants was called the most progressive town on the island. Its streets are wider and better paved, its buildings fresher and there is less the air of decay than in other Cuban cities.

Most of the sugar raised in Santa Clara province was exported from the port at the mouth of the river, twelve miles distant. Time was, not so long ago, when this was the stronghold of ultra-loyal Spanish sentiment, when its citizens declared that they would rather see the red and yellow standard of Castile and Arragon floating over an ash-heap than have the island given over to independence. Americans were frequently insulted here, and at times the consulate barely escaped mobbing. But all this is changed now. The flower of many Sagua families are in the insurgent army, and if loyalists remain, they have the good sense to keep quiet.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

#### ELDER HEDBERG'S DEATH.

516 Temple St., Los Angeles, Cal.,  
Aug. 1, 1893.

The announcement in the "News" of July 29th, concerning the death of Brother A. L. Hedberg, late of Salt Lake City and Ogden, was no doubt a surprise to his many friends.

He died July 21st.

On the 23rd at 10 a.m. the Saints and friends met at the Latter-day Saints' hall on Temple street, to attend the funeral services. There were also in attendance Elder E. H. Nye, president of the California mission, G. F. Harding, president of the Southern Califor-

nia conference, and eight Elders, six of whom acted as pall bearers.

After singing and prayer, Elder Harding spoke of the faithfulness of the deceased in his Church duties. Having been intimately acquainted with him for nearly two years, it was a pleasure to testify to his humility, and fidelity to the cause of truth. He exhorted all to live lives of purity that a happy reunion with loved ones might be ours in the spirit world.

President Nye then portrayed, in clear, forcible language, the future estate of man, exploding, by scriptural argument, the generally accepted idea of an immaterial future existence, and a life of unending ease.

At the close of the services the remains were taken to the Rosedale cemetery, where they were interred, President Nye dedicating the grave.

Brother Hedberg was born in Hillefors, Orebro, Sweden, in 1840. He embraced the Gospel in 1865, in Stockholm, after which he presided over the Stockholm branch for some time. He emigrated to Utah in 1876. He conducted a tailoring business in Salt Lake City till 1885, when he was called to return to his native land as a missionary, laboring in the Stockholm conference. After returning from his mission he removed to Ogden, and from there to Los Angeles, where he has acted as first counselor to the president of the branch the last six months. The disease from which he died, and by which he has been afflicted for years, was diabetes. His demise was a shock to all, as none thought the end so near.

He was loved by all the Saints, and especially by the Elders, who have so often received of his kindness and hospitality. May heaven bless his grief-stricken family, who have our deepest sympathy.

JOSEPH HANSEN.

#### NORWAY AND SPITZBERGEN.

Leaving Berlin some few weeks ago, I decided to make a trip along the coast of Norway to the North Cape, and then on to Spitzbergen. So I started via Copenhagen, Christiania, and Trondhjem, going as far as Trondhjem by rail, arriving there in the evening. The next evening I boarded one of the Bergenske Dampskibsselskab company's boats. (I am glad my duty extends no farther than writing that word). I found my way to my cabin finding my room mate in the land of Nod, playing the Star Spangled Banner, or remember the Maine at a pretty lively tune. Knowing that no one but an American could render such tunes, I took the liberty to rouse him from his peaceful dreams. He woke up and glared a moment at me. So I said we had ought to become acquainted with each other. He then said my name is Montagnier. I immediately returned the favor and the usual confab followed, such as where are you from? Have you been over long? What boat did you come over in? Have a rough voyage? When are you going back? Like it over here? etc., etc. We soon pumped each other dry, becoming friends in a hurry. A fellow feels at times as though he could welcome a yellow dog from America. We were the only representatives of Yankeyville on board the Neptune, which was the name of our boat. So we hung together pretty well all through the voyage. The nationalists of the passengers was rather mixed, a la Irish stew. The first day out we were trying to study up a little Norge lore, such as The land of the midnight sun by Paul Du Chaillu, The land of the Norsk Lapp and Finn, by F. Vincent, and Prof Forbes, Glaciers and Fjords of Norway. Towards evening we joined hands with three or four English people, forming an Anglo-American alliance for the time being.

About 9 p. m. we crossed the arctic circle. I looked hard for the line but my eye-sight must have failed me, as I only saw land and water without a mark. The event was saluted by firing four small cannons we had on board. At 12 p. m. we had the sun in full view and from then on until we reached Trondhjem on our return. It must be pretty dark here during the winter months. Rip Van Winkle would have been believed in here. The rocks are numerous enough to play at nine pins. you can not find a more rugged coast than Norway. The coast survey registers 600,000 islands, and the captain informs me that there are many more, so you can let imagination have full sweep as to the grandeur of Norway. And when you see the reality, you will not be disappointed. Just imagine a high rugged range of mountains following along the coast as a back ground with hundreds of pretty little inlets and thousands of islands in front and then the sea as far as the eye can reach. It is a sight to be remembered. There are but few people along the coast as its rugged nature is a drawback to farming. The people live on fish and potatoes. A great many have their cows and make some of the finest butter in the world.

Going back to the midnight sun, after it made its appearance, a number of the passengers got full on the strength of it. One especially, a lawyer from Newcastle, was trying to convince us that he was Admiral Seamorc, the swell of the ocean. In all my life I never saw a man act the fool so well. If Barnum had only met him, and labeled him as a curio, his fortune would have been assured long ago. He kept in the funny state all night and at dinner we had the climax of his mania. In his trying to flirt with the bride of an Austrian count we had on board, what with his bowing and twisting a misplaced eyebrow on his upper lip? It was too comical to describe. Puck and Judge cartoons take a back seat. The captain soon relieved us of his company, locked him up in his state room until morning. When he appeared I took him aside and informed him that the Austrian had sent him a challenge for insulting his wife. We scared the life out of him. He got so worked up that he hunted up the count and apologized. Toward evening we anchored in a pretty bay with towering cliffs surrounding us. On the mountain side, in a deep ravine was an immense glacier. We all made the climb to it more for the exercise than anything else. It was a very beautiful sight. On arriving at the boat we got out fishing tackle and soon had some fish. There is not much sport, for a cod does not give you any trouble in landing. It is just like pulling a dead weight. There is plenty of fine salmon fishing in Norway but we did not have a try at them. Leaving the glacier we passed through some of the prettiest fjords on the whole coast. The next evening we arrived at a small village, where we drove by carriol some six miles to a Lapp encampment. I looked in vain for snow huts, fine skins, etc., but could see nothing but disgraceful wigwams with no special feature about them. And as for the Lapps themselves, our American Indians are princes by the side of them. They are beyond a doubt the dirtiest people under the face of the sun. From appearances they never wash. And as for reindeer. They carry a very fine breed on their person, which are very numerous, exceeding those in their corral. They dress mainly in reindeer skins, which are very greasy. They most all wear a Joseph's coat of many colors, which is sensational if not