

Written for this Paper.

AN INVITING REGION;

CEDAR CITY, Feb. 9.—In former communications I have endeavored to make your immense clientele of readers understand something of the possibilities of the great stretches of practically uninhabited plain in the central portion of the State. From Nephi on the north to the southern terminus of the Union Pacific at Milford, with the exception of an occasional station and once in a while a few residences or at least places put up for that purpose, the country is very nearly a monotonous waste, fringed at varying distances with bald-headed and featureless elevations which produce absolutely nothing in either of the great kingdoms—animal, vegetable or mineral. It is not these but the flat country—and it is flat everywhere else—that invites attention and suggests thought. There is perhaps not an acre of it that would not produce twenty-five bushels of wheat or a corresponding quantity of other products indigenous to a wheat-growing district, for it is at last well understood that sagebrush and greasewood do not vegetate on barren soil; they are only there for the purpose of showing our department of the cosmic system what can be done and keeping possession, so to speak, till we see fit to move in and take hold. I didn't try to estimate the number of acres, but any of my calculations, which are entitled to consideration because of the ease with which they are evolved and their general inaccuracy, placed the figure pretty high and led to the additional conclusion that they would produce enough breadstuffs to feed the entire population west of the Missouri river, with a few small families on the other side thrown in—not in the river but in the computation. At present the lands referred to are open to entry; they are easy to cultivate, the climate is good, the railway and a good-sized stream sometimes called a river penetrate them midway, and the diversion of some of the water is the remaining factor in the problem. In this connection it seems a singular thing that no one appears to have thought of trying the Archimedean screw, or if any one has thought of it that it should not have been tried. Archimedes was the Edison of ancient Greece, I believe, and a good many people would laugh to scorn the idea of going back to the times darkly shaded with antiquity for ideas with which to conduct modern operation; but if we can benefit ourselves in any way by doing such a thing, why not? The process is simple and inexpensive; but little time, money or labor would be wasted even if the experiment should prove a failure, and if successful it would mean an immediate increase of the State's taxable property by an immense sum and an addition to the visible supply of human sustenance that at present is incalculable. The stream is sluggish as a rule, but in places has fall enough to turn a screw, and if the spirals were not too large would do so continuously, thus projecting a steady, even though comparatively diminutive, volume of water from the river to the banks above; a system of reservoirs would do the rest, so far as this phase of

the proposition is concerned, and there you are. Independence stands in an inviting posture in the midst of all this present desolation, with an overflowing cornucopia at her feet, a sheaf and sickle reposing on one folded arm and the other entwined with blooming vines of rarest foliage, while a smile of welcome ever plays upon her fair visage. It will, of course, be needless for the wayfarer to look for this figure with his natural eye anywhere along the road, albeit the same is there; it is a figurative sentence to which I have here given expression, of course. A love of truthfulness would not permit me to say such a thing in any other vein, and an inherent and undying regard for womankind in general would not permit me to locate one in such a place just now; but it will be a good place for them in the days to come.

Another fine strip of land yawns drearily between Milford and Minersville, this section being in fact the southern limit of the other spoken of, since it runs along unbrokenly to the low spur of hills separating it from Tintio district, about 100 miles north. Perhaps the land last spoken of would be more productive than any other, as the portions of it bordering on the Beaver "river" that have been cultivated have shown splendid results. But it is a plateau whose elevation is so rapid that the fringing spoken of is very narrow indeed, and to get water upon it elsewhere is or has so far been utterly out of the question. The situation is somewhat aggravated by the circumstance that the Lincoln mine, one of greatest silver-lead deposits of the West, has been abandoned because it has been found impossible to overcome the water encountered in the shaft. This mine is a good deal higher than any part of the land spoken of, yet the water gushes in as fast as the best machinery has been able to get it out; the people here are thus confronted by the double trouble of there being no water where it is wanted, and any amount of it where it is not wanted, the respective locations being within a mile or so of each other and the lower altitude being the waterless one. If this is one of nature's revenge, I should like to find out what good it does her.

Speaking of freaks of nature, they are somewhat abundant hereabout, nothing being more strikingly unique than the physical aspect of the country itself in places. In the early days, when the earth was not as hard a case as it has been since, but a huge liquid mass, it seems as if the forces within and without made things so lively for a while that the whole outer area was lashed into sylfables, and in this condition of things the cooling time came along. This is not a scientific deduction by any means, but only a hasty conclusion arrived at by a contemplation of the appearance of things. It is between here and the Rio Virgen "river"—which sometimes has enough water in it to make the bed real damp—that regularity and system became empty, hollow terms. The only assured thing is that the next development will be altogether different from the present one and all others. The country is on its side in places, on its

back in others, and in others still on its head, and bunged up everywhere. There used to be a road south of Virgen City that led across the stream last spoken of and then on up the canyon through which it flows. This road at this particular place was considered extremely crooked even for this country, meaning that description should never be attempted; it has been likened to a corkscrew, but this has regularity and form, while the road has neither. A stranger saying the feat of getting to the other side of the ravine by means of that road would as likely as not after trying to follow it two or three hours find him at the place where he started if not back of that, with his wagon reposing on three wheels at a point he could not describe and might never be able to find again. Some people may say that this is an exaggeration; but if it is any more so than the face of nature itself at the places spoken of, then surely old Munchausen must rest uneasily in his tomb. That the soil wherever cultivated is productive in the highest degree, and the roads on the whole as good as human hands can make them, is but a tribute to those hands and the brains which control them. They have steadfastly maintained the work of subjugation and made themselves prosperous and happy under circumstances which would have caused the average tenderfoot to shrivel up and be blown away.

The St. George division of the Fifth district court came to a close on Friday and Judge Higgins with the paraphernalia of his court is on his way to Parowan, where a term opens on Thursday next. But little business of consequence has so far been transacted.

There is a good deal of excitement over the mineral discoveries at Desert Springs, and men are leaving here every day for the land of promise.

ESSAY CAIGH.

THE FARMER'S DUTY.

MOAB, Grand County, Utah,
Feb. 5th, 1896.

I have received a letter from a professor in regard to an article I wrote some time ago for the NEWS, and for fear others may not understand me in the position I took in regard to the farmers I want to say I am a farmer if I am anything, as I make my living from the product of the soil. No one understands the disadvantages that a farmer is placed in more than I; I understand it particularly since I lost my health and have to hire all the work done on the place. What I disapproved of was getting up contention between different industries. All are as necessary as one part of the body is to the other, and we should move along in harmony. I know if the farmers would vote in a body they could carry the elections, because there are more farmers than any other. But I do not think it would be for the good of the country for them to carry everything. Some say that the sheepmen have more representation than they are entitled to. As a general thing most of the sheepmen are also engaged in farming more or less. I do not believe they could legislate to the disadvantage of the farmer unless they in-