

CORRESPONDENCE.

Written for this Paper.

THE RESERVATIONS.

SUGAR HOUSE WARD, Salt Lake county, Aug. 7, 1894.—It may be that a few facts about the Uintah reservation will not be out of place and may be of great benefit to those who are anxiously awaiting the opening of that section of country, so I will venture to give them.

For about twenty-five miles from the headwaters of the Strawberry creek, or where the road goes over the divide at the head of Daniels' canyon, is a beautiful grazing or stock country for summer, but very cold in winter, snow falling to the depth of five to ten feet. Ice will form to the thickness of quarter of an inch in July and August, and each night the grass is white with frost. I do not think grain or any kind of vegetables will grow there.

After you travel about twenty-five miles east, or down the Strawberry, you leave the grass and beautiful meadows and low, rolling hills commence with Currant creek, a tributary of the Strawberry. This is a beautiful stream of water incased by high red sandstone walls. The valley or bottom land between those walls is only a little wider than the bed of the stream, and there is but little grass or feed for stock.

Seven miles across red sandstone and cedar hills brings you to Red creek, a tributary of Currant creek. Red creek is a small stream and its name is very appropriate, for its source is between walls of sandstone, and a kind of red clay colors the water, which often is unfit for use either for man or beast. The valley or bottom land along this stream is only a hundred or so yards between walls and of but little use for agriculture.

Twenty-five miles across desert sands, rocky cliffs, precipices, deep sands, through cedar and nut pine groves (the cedar good for fence posts and the nut pine good for fire wood), but no grass or water, we come on to the Strawberry river. There is no farming land, for in many places the bluffs of sandstone come down to the water's edge and for two and a half miles the road takes to the hills again. After crossing the river at a very bad ford, and going by more bluffs, sand and rocky glades and cedars, we again come to the stream. There are some cottonwood trees and a little feed.

Two and a half miles brings us to the Duchesne river, where the two streams come together. Here there is a tract of land, perhaps four thousand acres, of good looking soil, some of which could be made a meadow if the water was turned on it.

The Duchesne is a beautiful small river. For about eight miles down the valley—if it can be called one, for in no place is it more than a mile wide from bluff to bluff—the road goes. Then it has to take to the second bench, over rolling foothills covered with boulders of various sizes and plenty of them. It is a very bad road from here to Fort Duchesne. It sel-

dom comes to the river—only in about three places, and then for only a few yards, when it takes to the hills again. As far as the river is in sight of the road, in no place is it to exceed two miles from bluff to bluff.

On the south side of the Duchesne, from where the Strawberry empties into it, going east for forty miles there is as far to the south as you can see a vast desert—no cedars, no pice, no grass, no vegetation of any kind, only sand, rocks and deep gorges. All the vegetation on ten thousand acres would not feed a jack rabbit for twenty-four hours.

Take the Duchesne valley from the mouth of the Strawberry to Fort Duchesne, which is about fifty miles; the valley would afford many good sites for farms on one side of the river or the other, and sometimes on both. I believe the soil is good and the climate quite pleasant. Water is in abundance. There is scarcely any feed on the bottoms and absolutely none on the hills. Some cottonwoods grow along the river.

What I say about the Duchesne I can say about the others of the streams. The country lying between the Duchesne from where the Strawberry empties into it, going north across to Lake Fork, furnishes no vegetation and is worse than all—no soil, and a bleak, rocky, sandy desert. Lake Fork is a beautiful stream of good water. There are plenty of fish, and some ducks and geese in the fall of the year; and Lake Fork, for about 25 miles from its source, would furnish many searchers after homes with nice places to settle. Its narrow valleys are incased in high walls of red and white sandstone. Where the Lake Fork empties into the Duchesne could be made a nice sized settlement, with good land and plenty of water. Building timber is about 80 to 50 miles distant, for lumber, house logs, fence posts, etc. There is plenty of this and of a good quality, and which will not be used up for ages.

Dry Creek, or Dry Fork, as some call it, about eighteen miles from Lake Fork, is a nice piece of land about one mile wide and several miles long. The soil is rich, but there is no water unless Lake Fork or the Uintah river is brought on to it, which might be objected to by people living along those streams. There is no grass and but few cottonwoods along the dry wash.

Eight miles brings us to the Uintah river at Fort Duchesne. There is some good land along this stream, in the narrow valleys as in other streams in the reservation. White Rock is a tributary of the Uintah river. It is a short stream but would furnish many good ranches. On the headwaters of all these streams there is abundance of good timber to supply the farmers of that section for many years.

While I may not agree with some who describe that country as a paradise, I am to tell of it as I saw it. Along those streams the valleys are so narrow that it would necessitate settling it for a long stretch to get population sufficient to have a school, and some children then would have to travel a long ways. The streams go

zigzagging across the valleys. In many places there is no grass or feed.

Persons who can spare the time and bear the expense should go and see for themselves before deciding to settle on the reservation when it is opened. Don't think you will find 40 acres plowed up, with a row of fruit trees all around in full bloom.

JOHN R. WILSON.

A CONFERENCE IN SAMOA

PAGOPAGO HARBOR, Samoa,

May 1st, 1894.

On the 27th of April the Saints dwelling upon the island of Tutuila manned their boats and paddled toward Aunuu, as that had been designated as the place for holding conference. Aunuu is a small island about a mile long, and less than a mile wide, with a population of less than 200 souls.

Conference would have been held on the 6th of April had it not been that we were expecting a visit from President R. M. Stevens, after conference on Upolu, for which we waited, to find later on that circumstances were such that he could not possibly attend. Towards evening of the above date my companion, Elder J. B. Barton, and myself wended our way to the beach where a boat lay dancing upon the waves, waiting to bear the Saints of this village across the briny deep that separates Tutuila from Aunuu. Soon the natives that had assembled were wading and swimming out to the boat, while we were left standing on the shore, for here we have no wharves, and unless one has friends near by upon such an occasion, he probably will be called upon to test his wading powers. On this particular day, however, friends were near, and soon we were being carried to the boat on the backs of two strong natives, necessarily strong, for coconuts, bananas and breadfruit have increased our weight considerable since we arrived in Samoa. Among others our boat contained our school of about twenty members. We were soon through the narrow opening in the reef of this island, and the oarsmen were keeping time to a native song which all seemed familiar with. This singing was kept up during the whole of the journey, and I was reminded of the song Elder Dean mentions having heard here that was forty miles long, it having been sung during a journey of that length. We were presently nearing the reef that surrounds Aunuu and upon reaching the shallow opening the boat crew rested upon their oars until a huge breaker came rolling in, whereupon the command was given to pull for shore. Once through the reef, the natives began jumping and diving into the water from every side, and we were again left alone.

Our strong men had not forgotten their duty, however, and soon we were being carried safely to shore, where we met with Elders R. E. Dimond, A. W. Harding, C. A. Allen and the Saints. A happy meeting indeed, and to add to our joy Elder Dimond informed us that the mail had just arrived. If the missionary delights in any one thing more than another, it is the arrival of the mail with good news from home, for as Solomon says, "As cold water to a