

Provo, who is traveling in the interest of the Y. L. M. I. associations. She left us on the 22nd, just a little too soon to enjoy the cooling dish of ice cream for which she sighed while enduring the rays of our burning sun.

Accompanying Sister Clayton's visit was also one from two of our Stake presidency, Brothers Cannon and Snow also Sister Rosina Jarvis, Stake president of the Young Ladies. We had an enjoyable time while they were with us. The health of the people is good.

M. C.

IN CACHE COUNTY.

Logan, June 29th, 1898.

There is less waste land in Cache county than in any other county of the State, and while the enterprise and energy of its settlers have utilized every foot of space in the valley, they are now climbing up on to the high benches; and dry farming is carried on in the very laps of the mountains surrounding this grand, fertile valley.

This is the seventh visit the writer has paid Cache county, but is the first opportunity to see it in its summer array. In prior visits Cache has been under the snow, and King Winter has held sway—and he lays a right cold hand on land and stream during his reign in this vicinity. Now summer rules supreme, and Cache valley smiles under the glowing ray of the bright summer's sun, its broad acres covered with food for man and beast in all directions.

The view from Mendon across the valley to Logan is one that causes the heart of man to go forth in thanks to God for the abundance that is fast maturing for the use and comfort of the inhabitants of this grand valley. It is no wonder that Bishop W. B. Preston, when as a pioneer of Cache valley he pitched camp on the site of the City of Logan, exclaimed, "This is good enough for me." The spirit of acquisition of more land, is abroad among the people and some are migrating. Brother Thomas Duce of Hyde Park is selling out some splendid property, which he has held for years, and is going to Canada, with a view of providing a larger scope for his numerous sons to spread out upon; others are following in the same line.

Logan is at its best—its Tabernacle square is a paradise of lawn and shade, a lovely spot, where its patriotic citizens will assemble on the Fourth and celebrate the nation's birthday in a manner worthy of the occasion. The governor of the State is expected to attend and share in the enjoyments of the day. Business in Logan is lively, notwithstanding the colleges are closed; the white stripe of the A. C. is not seen, and the forms of the young collegiates are absent, but the young people of the town, as evening closes in, appear on Main street on their bicycles. The sharp ring of their bells, bright lights of their lamps, and merry, joyous laughter, as they glide along in procession, or execute fantastic figures, wheeling in and out in circles, the width of their wide street, impresses the on-looker with the idea that peace, plenty and joy reign hereabouts.

The view from Agricultural hill is grand, disclosing the broad meadows and fertile fields for miles in extent, with the cities of Mendon, Providence, Millville, Hyrum and Wellsville to the south and west, and with Hyde Park and Smithfield to the north. From the south side of the Temple hill you look down upon that part of Logan known as the Island, with its comfortable little homes partly hid in the foliage of orchard and shade trees, its straight lines of neat, white-washed picket fences and popular trees, reminding one of some old Dutch of Flemish picture.

The prospect for the yield of grain this season are better than ever before, and it is estimated that the yield of wheat will far overrun a million bushels. Beets are being grown; small experimental patches are found in many places, growing finely, showing that the soil and bright sun of Cache Valley will produce as fine beets as are grown in any part of the State.

Among the many good points made by the Wellsville Sunday school at their examination last Sunday, at which Stake Superintendent O. C. Ormsby and his assistants were present, was when Brother James Kerr's class arose. It was found to consist of the finest looking young men of Wellsville, and the handsomest old matrons. The children present had the privilege of hearing their grandmothers recite (by heart, as we used to say) answers to questions on the "general apostasy," which was the lesson reviewed. The bright young men and the grand old matrons were equally proficient in the lesson, and afforded an impressive picture of the motto, "It is never too late to learn."

Miller and Douglas of Wellsville have large orders to fill for brick, and they have already contracted for the erection of about a dozen residences in Wellsville during the present season.

Mendon, during the past spring, had an epidemic of measles, and with that and other causes the people there have laid away quite a number of their children lately. Among those departed this life, is Mrs. Forster, who has been hostess to the commercial men and travelers for many years past.

ALBERT JONES.

AN OAKLEY LETTER.

Oakley, Cassia Co., Idaho,
June 29, 1898.

I left my home in Cache county on Friday the 17th inst. for a trip to Cassia Stake. Coming to the Snake river a four-horse stage with passengers was lowered on to a ferry boat and crossed this large and turbulent stream. This frail craft with guy ropes and pulley seems to me to be a very slim affair. The fare for each team and wagon is \$1, a pretty rich thing for the owner. He propelled it by a wheel till we struck the swift current, and the stream after this furnished the motive power.

We left the river and continued our journey over this barren waste nineteen miles to Albion, the county seat of Cassia county. The Later-day Saints live about two and one-half miles from the town. Here I learned that the Cassia Stake quarterly conference would be held at Elba and not Oakley.

We had a splendid two days' conference. There was much valuable instruction given, but I shall leave the full report to the Stake clerk.

On Monday at 5 p.m. Brother Hyrum Wells took me in his carriage eighteen miles through a canyon to Little Basin. It was a ten-mile steep incline to the summit, and a perilous eight-mile incline road winding among hollows and gorges to the settlement. I only wish the readers of the "Deseret News" could have witnessed the grand and sublime panorama I did from the top of this mountain. It was near sunset, and the lord of day was yet in full power. The towns of Oakley, Marion and Basin were in full view, with Snake river twenty-five miles away. The Wood river mountains, 125 miles distant, were visible to the northeast, also the Goose creek mountains in the southwest, as well as the Raft river valley with the settlement of Sublet. No pen is equal to the task of doing anything like justice to this fairy scene.

Tuesday, Brother Wells drove me through the Basin valley calling first on the presiding Elder to ask for a meeting in the evening. He gladly con-

sented and we then went to every ranch in the valley, placing the news in nearly every home. At 8:30 we held a meeting a good audience. Patriarch Dorr P. Curtis and your humble servant talked to the people and they all asked us to come again soon.

Among the people of this little glen in the mountain tops, I found three old veterans, who were with the Prophet Joseph Smith, and they are yet hale and hearty. They described to me their close association with the Prophet and said they knew that he not only taught but practiced every principle of the Gospel revealed in this dispensation. One was John W. Cooley, aged 87, baptized in 1837. Another was James Dayley, aged 87, who was at the Hawns' Mill massacre. His father-in-law was cut down by the mob with a corn cutter. The old gentleman had been digging up the grass in his large orchard and quietly remarked: "I can't work as much now as I could wish." The other was Solomon McIntosh, aged 85, who was baptized in Joseph's time.

On Wednesday Brother Wells drove me through a small canyon to Oakley. Apostle Lyman first settled Cassia county about seventeen years ago, when the land and water were all held by outsiders; and although they bought the water as well as the land, paying about \$45,000 for the water. They have been put to several thousand dollars' expense in law suits to maintain these rights. In the Basin Valley the ranchers have constructed many small reservoirs, where they husband their water during the night time, thus making the best use of it.

The people of this Stake of Zion are largely from Tooele county, and are engaged in the sheep industry. Their herds number many thousands. The grain and lucern fields are looking better this year than for many years past. There is a terrible pest here—the Jack rabbit. They are here by hundreds of thousands and destroy both grain and lucern fields. The people form rabbit hunts, build a corral and then surround a large tract of country and drive them in. By this means they have killed as many as three thousand in one day, and feed them to the hogs.

Cassia county could sustain a large population were there more water, and I am of the opinion that the present supply could be made to go much further if the people would build reservoirs.

Fencing is a very expensive affair especially against the rabbits. There is a marble quarry here of very fine quality, but as transportation to the railroad is sixty miles by team, the Chicago company who are working it, will have to leave it here, or build a railroad.

Oakley ward is made up principally of ranches, miles apart and the ward is five miles by six, and this makes it interesting visiting from house to house. The people of Oakley are building a new tabernacle of lava rock and when dressed and the sun shines upon it, resembles marble. The Stake should help in this work. The structure is 100 by 37 feet, with 20 foot ceiling and a basement of 10 feet. It is now up to the water-table and is to cost eleven thousand dollars, and if it don't cost twenty thousand before being finished and furnished, then I shall be mistaken. Joseph Beck is master mason, E. M. Lee, carpenter, and Bishop John L. Smith, superintendent. The log cabins which are of the best are fast being replaced by new rock and brick residences from plans by skilled architects.

A few young or middle aged missionaries would find a fine field here next winter. The long journeys and the weather make it necessary that they should be robust men, full of the true fire of the Gospel. This people are rich, prosperous and happy. SALOP.