

the main department in the shape of a cross. There are several other departments, dining-room, library etc., and the Monks' bed chamber. The solid masonry being covered with arched rock-work and plastered over, is so thoroughly covered with shrubby, cactus, ferns and moss that one might imagine, on entering, that he is penetrating an ancient cover.

San Antonio, has a very pleasant climate. The Mexican Chilla and hot tamales are sold at the various lunch stands and on every corner; there can be seen also the dark-skinned peddler with his basket of peanut candy, bananas, oranges, etc. The Curio stands, and the natural quaintness of the surroundings almost makes one feel he is not on United States soil.

At Lockhart Elder Miner remained with our Saints, with whom we had a very pleasant and no doubt profitable visit. Elder Dalley accompanied me.

At Houston, the second city in the State, we were especially interested in the old fashioned market, like we used to have in the middle of First South street, Salt Lake City, many years ago. The green groceries were of especial interest to us they having been grown during the winter, and sparkled out like green garden stuff at home in July. The large variety of fresh salt water and fish, a great cat fish as big as a baby, and all kinds of fish down to the smaller varieties, awakened our curiosity. Of course we climbed to the top of the court house, got a good look at the city, and were pleased with the up to date large and beautiful building.

As we neared Galveston we were struck with the beautiful long moss that covers many kinds of trees in Southern Texas; and were reminded of spring at home when we saw the peach trees in bloom. We beheld many beautiful evergreens, mammoth cactus and magnolia trees, fern, and many kinds of cedars. All but to the freshness of the scene, and as we commenced to breathe the ocean air we were soon convinced we were journeying in another land.

Hurrying to the bay we were wafted three miles out where we witnessed the Battle Ship Texas, already mentioned in your paper.

Galveston is an island about two miles wide by about thirty four long—a channel of the bay about three miles separating it from the main land.

When you see one large city in a country you see them all, with some minor distinguishing particulars, but in Galveston there is something new for this part of the ocean. Most all of the buildings are "on stilts" comparatively speaking, so they can "wade in the water," for sometimes the sea "heaves itself beyond its bounds in this place."

For the lack of leadership in most instances, the cities that come under my observation are poorly laid off. San Antonio more particularly looks as though it had grown from one house in the wilderness to a village; and as the people needed to get from one place to the other they made a trail, finally a road way, after which they were adopted as streets, indiscriminately, indirectly, permissuously, small, narrow and every other way. All whoever saw the broad clean regular streets of the capital of Utah are lead to exclaim that Salt Lake is laid out the best, and is about the cleanest and most beautiful city they ever saw. Outside of Denver, which is

somewhat like Salt Lake City, there are but few municipalities that show the genuine leadership of the city laid out under the direction of President Brigham Young.

There is a massive, as well as a magnificent hotel on the beach here, but as for a pavilion, bath house, and accommodations for a watering place, "They are not in it," compared to Saltair or even Garfield Beach, on the Great Salt Lake. The first time I ever looked upon the mighty deep, the waters of the great gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic were to me an impressive sight; and as I stood on the beach watching the rolling, tumbling foaming waves, was completely carried away with the grandeur of the scene.

Awakening from my slumber in the north bound train after twenty-four hours in crossing the great state and ashore run across Oklahoma, I stepped out of the cars in Kansas and had my nose pinched with the first frost I had felt for weeks.

ANDREW KIMBALL.

### AT JACKSON, NEW MEXICO.

JACKSON, San Juan County N. M.,  
March 6th, 1897.

We trust that you will give us a little space in the columns of your valuable paper, to express our ideas in regard to an article which appeared in your Semi-Weekly issue of February 19th, under the caption of "Another View," and signed "Citizen."

Not only do we feel that a great injustice has been done Brother Lewis Burnham, by indirectly accusing him of falsifying in his letter, published in the News, of February 2nd, but we feel that a greater injustice has been done our little place; and the effects, who know how far-reaching they may be?

This article is not written with the view of entering into any controversy with anyone, or to take sides in any contention, but to speak the truth in the matter under consideration.

While we feel, that the article of Brother Burnham's was highly seasoned, it contained no erroneous statements, and he presented the matter exactly as he views it. While Brother Lewis is very enthusiastic, he values his good name and honor as he does his life, and for all the wealth in San Juan county, he would not wilfully misrepresent.

The facts in regard to timber are these: The nearest sawmill is thirty-five miles distant, where all kinds of common lumber can be purchased for \$10.00 a thousand, and an ordinary team can haul 1,000 feet at a load, as it is nearly all down hill. Cedar posts can be obtained at a distance of from three to five miles, and cedar and pinon pine wood of the finest quality, at a distance of three to four miles.

The excellent quality of the land and the magnificent climate, no one questions, but the water, or the lack of it, has been our only drawback. We depend for our water supply upon the La Piatte, a stream that has its rise in the La Plata mountain, forty-five miles to the north in Colorado. Up to within a few years past, fair crops have been raised here, by largely relying upon the river for our water supply; but owing to the drouth that has prevailed in this part of the country for a few years past, our crops have been, almost, and in some instances a complete failure.

Some will say, "What about your reservoir? Why did you not build that while you were raising good crops?"

We never felt the necessity of it until the drouth struck and we lost our crops; and, in consequence, we were obliged to go elsewhere to earn our bread.

Our prospects were never so bright as they are at present. The snow is piled up in the mountains in such a quantity to insure us good crops this season, without resorting to our reservoir which, by the way, is progressing nicely. The dam is fifty feet wide on the base and twelve feet in height. The water, ten feet deep at the dam, will cover ten acres. When raised to the height of forty feet, the water will cover fifty acres, at an average depth of about twenty feet.

In conclusion, we wish to say, that we have unbounded faith, not only in the almost unlimited resources of this country, but in the prophecies and promises made by a number of the Lord's worthy Apostles, who have visited this place and have seen its many advantages,—especially our beloved and worthy Apostle, Elder Brigham Young, who has spoken repeatedly of this place, and counseled the people to hold it, and in time a thrifty ward would be established here. Our esteemed and honored brethren of the Stake Presidency, Elders F. A. Hammond, William Halls and Platte D. Lyman, also have given us like counsel. And we propose, if God wills, to stay here and build ourselves homes; and if others do not wish to come and join us we will get along without them.

Our counsel to all is: If you can say nothing good, say nothing bad. Because, whatever you say will return to us, bringing us either happiness or sorrow.

GEO. F. BURNHAM,  
E. F. TAYLOR,  
J. G. BIGGS,  
J. P. STEELE,  
H. M. TAYLOR.

### IN THE SAMOAN ISLANDS.

On Christmas day the hearts of the Elders, who were at Fagalu, were gladdened by the words, "Steamer! here's the steamer!" The welcome visitor, entering Apia harbor and about to drop anchor, had on its deck three Elders from Zion, among them E. J. Wood, who returns on his second mission and is now our president, "the right man in the right place." Heaven seems to have smiled on our verdant shores and bestowed a special blessing. As the new Elders entered our humble cottage, the expression of "We welcome you to our ranks," fell from the lips of ten Elders who had come into headquarters to meet our new president, and to wish Elder Barrus, our former president, and those who accompanied him, a safe return to their loved ones in Zion.

In a few days the Elders returned to their fields of labor, while Elder Wood and myself were busily preparing for a journey to the island of Savau. On New Year's day we crossed the straits between Nopolu and Savau, landing at Salelavalu, where we were warmly welcomed by Elders and Saints. The Elders of Savau had gathered to meet our president and comply with the wish of Brother Alfred Keneson, who had invited the Elders to partake of a New Year's feast prepared by himself and wife. None but the servants of God can appreciate the joy one has in meet-