

will never fare worse. After this my letters will be short and few. Monday we leave here for Fakarava, where we anticipate attending conference. After this Brother Damron and myself will go to Aua.

On Sunday, the 28th of May, I married my first couple. Brother Larsen baptized them after they were united as one. They were then confirmed. The people here are very good to us, treating us better than I expected. They will not let a missionary turn his hand to work if there is any way of stopping him. Mr. Mopuhi is especially kind, doing all in his power to make us comfortable, and this is a great deal, for he has the money and influence to help us in our labors more than any other person here. My main labor so far has been in teaching the people to sing. How thankful am I that God has blessed me with a powerful voice; but how much more thankful would I be if He would bless me with this native language and the understanding of the Scriptures. My faith and trust are in Him. This place where I am is very small; there are very few people here, and they seem like one family. It was only yesterday that the Josephites made these men who are working on our church a present of a pig, some thirty baskets of coconuts and \$10 in cash, etc. Would the different sectarians of the day who are whiter do an act of benevolence like this? I have been on this island a month now and have not seen a fight or a drunken man yet.

Last Sunday Brother Damron married a couple and baptized four persons, a man, his wife and two children. Mr. Mopuhi's wife gave me a fine sugar cane hat the other day. Brother Damron's description of the other islands is not very pleasing, but I am going to brace up and stand it. The women perform manual labor as well as the men. The other day I saw one of them coming with a rock on her shoulder, for the meeting house; following her were some seven wheeling a cart full of the same material. There is no class distinction here; a wealthy woman works the same as a poor one.

The natives come to the house every night and we stay up with them until 10 o'clock, after which we retire and arise in the morning between five and six. It is a disgrace to lie any longer.

TETAMANU, Fakarava, July 9, 1893.
—On Monday, July 3rd, we made ourselves ready for a journey to Tetamanu, where conference was to be held on the 8th of July. The people came from all around the island or "Takarua" to see us off. I think there were some two hundred. Many of these were shedding tears. It touched my heart to see how these people love their missionaries. Well, at 8:10 prayer had been offered and Brother Damron had made a few remarks, and we were seated upon the boat just going out of the passage. In about half an hour I was sick, worse than ever I had been before. The wind was blowing hard and the rain descending in torrents. I was leaning over the boat's side feeding fish. I hadn't energy enough to go to the cabin, so I lay upon the deck and got as wet as possible. Sick twenty-two times in one day will make the strongest of men feel faint. We landed and

set out for this place July 4—that memorable day—in good spirits and thankful for our safety.

On Thursday conference was commenced, and we enjoyed ourselves. On Friday I was called upon to deliver my say. Brother Damron said he would translate, so I began, but instead of speaking in English, my sermon was in native, on the necessity of baptism. I surprised the whole congregation, but myself the most. God assisted me, and I hope he will in the future more than in the past. Had not my Father given me His Holy Spirit my sermon would have been blank. Brother Seegmiller is here and will shortly leave for Tupuai. He speaks the native best. Brother Larsen spoke in conference in English, Brother Damron translating for him. In the morning early we leave this place for Aua.

I have had no mail for three months and don't expect any for some time, but hope you will not forget me.

T. L. WOODBURY.

NEWS OF THE WEST.

A meeting of wool-growers, to assemble in Reno, Nevada, September 20th, is called to consider all questions of interest to men in the business.

Last year the production of beet sugar in California amounted to 12,000,000 pounds. This year it is estimated the product will reach 27,000,000 pounds.

As T. N. Sacket of Frisco was on his way to attend court as a juror, near Minersville, he was thrown from his buggy, alighting on his head and shoulders, sustaining severe injuries.

A boy named Mike Donnelly, about twelve years of age, was crushed to death on Sunday by a pile of lumber toppling over on him at Hornsden's sawmill, twenty-two miles southeast of Carbon, Wyoming.

Ada M. Huber, an electric healer, has been arrested at San Francisco on a charge of embezzlement. Her former husband, Charles W. West, accuses her of having appropriated a quantity of household and office furniture.

Tommy Connolly, a fourteen-year-old boy, while hustling on the San Bruno road at San Francisco, had his left hand blown to pieces by the accidental discharge of his gun. The injured member was amputated at the wrist.

A distressing accident has happened to Judge William Slaughter of Loveland, Col. He had wandered to the Union Pacific railroad track some time before the arrival at the evening train from Denver, and lying down went to sleep with his left arm across the track. When the train passed the arm was cut and lacerated to such a degree that it had to be amputated near the elbow.

Mr. McDaniels and Mr. Probert did a little prospecting on the Indian mound just east of the court house, says the *Richfield Advocate*. They found several samples of pottery, some arrow spikes, charred corn and corn cobs and other things. A great many articles have been picked up around this old mound, the samples of pottery with very fine, white glaze, of different colors, and surpassing any pottery made in Utah by Anglo-Saxons.

Miss Tillie Sitters, the daughter of a

widow, was burned quite badly on Monday evening by her clothing catching fire, at Laramie, Wyo. The young lady was preparing supper and was lifting a pan with the corner of her apron wrapped around the handle when the garment caught fire and in a moment her clothing was burning. She was soon given assistance, but is painfully though not dangerously burned about the chest and on one hand.

On Saturday afternoon Charles Booth of Greenwille met with a severe accident, says the *Beaver Usonian*. He had caught his horse, and had used a lariat with a large loop. He then tied the other end of the rope to the horse, dropping the lariat in coils at his feet. The horse took fright and the loop caught one of Mr. Booth's feet. The horse jumped a fence, pulled Booth up against it, breaking the rope. Mr. Booth was taken up unconscious.

From Sheridan, Wyo., comes the strange story of a phenomenal cat belonging to a ranchman of that city. This cat—a big tom, of pure maltese blood—has for some time past habitually driven up every night from these daily ranges his owner's milch cows, the latest report at hand being that a few evenings ago, Tom, after corraling the cows as usual, was noticed blunting his claws on a large stone preparatory to milking the animals!

A colony of fifty families from Kansas will soon be planted between Boise city and Nampa. "The heads of these families," says the *Idaho Daily Statesman*, "are all sturdy, honest, hard-working farmers, who have become thoroughly disgusted with drought-stricken Kansas, and who have expressed a willingness to cast their lot in Idaho. They are glad to avail themselves of the colonization scheme, for without assistance it would be next to impossible for them to leave the scenes of their many misfortunes."

While Engineer Shanks was hoisting water from the dump of the Bull-Domingo shaft at Wetcliffe, Colo., with a large iron tank used for that purpose, the engine by some means was thrown out of gear just as the last tank of water was on the top, and like a shot the tank dropped from sight, and was at the bottom of the shaft, 605 feet below. There was a hum and a crash as the cable, 1000 feet in length, went rattling down on top of the tank. The accident will cause a shut down for some days pending the arrival of a new tank.

Two notorious criminals, one of them reckoned the most dangerous man ever captured by Colorado authorities, have broke jail at Canon City, Colorado, and are still at large. They are James K. Stratton, the desperate mail robber, and John E. Keenan, highwayman. In the dead of the night they sawed through the bars of their cell doors, escaped from the building, climbed the high wall and let themselves into the outside world by means of an improvised rope of torn bedding. So cunningly had the escape been planned and so adroitly was it carried out that when the absence of the two men was finally discovered they had at least a ten hours' start on pursuit and not even a trace of their course could be found.