

and killed him, together with his brother-in-law, who sought to protect him. Such occurrences are not very uncommon in Mexico. The recent Temoche outbreak was an attempt to raise a general rebellion against the present federal government, with Porfirio Diaz at the head.

From La Ascension I traveled about 20 miles in a south-southeasterly direction to Corralitos (Little Corrals), another Mexican town situated on the Casas Grandes river. The ranch of which this town is the center is very extensive, and includes some rich mines (Sabanel) situated in the mountains about 18 miles away. At these mines nearly 1500 Mexican peons are employed and about the same number are working on the ranch and at the smelter situated immediately south of the town. The American company which owns this place is said to be very wealthy.

Six miles south of Corralitos, on the bank of the Casas Grandes, we reached the ruins of the Mexican town Barrancas, where Young Wesley N. Norton was murdered for his money by Mexicans on the 4th inst. The young man, who was a son of Jacob Wesley Norton, of Diaz, was in the sewing machine business and had just collected some money at Corralitos. Continuing his journey southward, intending to go to Juarez, he is supposed to have been waylaid by men who had secreted themselves in the old adobe ruins, and who killed him with rocks. The murderers took nothing but his money and gun, and left his team to wander about in the brush, where it was found two days later, when also the dead body of young Norton was discovered, lying on the mud floor of a two-story adobe ruin in Barranca. The ground was still stained with the blood, as we visited the place, and presented a sickly sight. Brother Norton, who was born in Nephi, Juab Co., Utah, January 22, 1873, was an exemplary young man, beloved by all who knew him; and his death has cast a gloom over all our Mexican colonies. He is the first Latter-day Saint who has been killed by Mexicans since our people settled in the republic. Three men were arrested on suspicion of being the young man's murderers, and they were imprisoned for several days at Casas Grandes; but sufficient evidence not being forthcoming to convict them, they have just been released. The Mexican laws not allowing dead bodies to be removed from one municipality to another, the earthly remains of the murdered man were interred at the Corralitos graveyard, which I visited.

Continuing our journey southward about 15 miles from Barranca, we arrived at Colonia Dublan, thus named in honor of a Mexican federal official (the secretary of the treasury). This place is beautifully situated on the east bank of the Casas Grandes river, near the center of a very large valley in which most of the lands are very level and productive. The settlement is scattered, the thirty-three families or 300 souls of Saints who compose its inhabitants living on their respective "terrenos," which extend north and south about two miles. Each of these "terrenos" is about 14 rods wide and from one half to one and a half miles in length according to the windings of the river, which forms the west boundary, while the "camino real" (the main road) running from Corralitos to

Casas Grandes, from north to south, forms the east line of the "terrenos." The brethren each own one or more of these narrow strips of land which were originally taken up by Mexicans, of whom our brethren bought them, together with water rights, the Mexicans having, before the Saints came, constructed an irrigation ditch from the river about two miles long. This ditch has since been enlarged by the brethren. Immediately east of the settlement is a large tract of level, fertile land which was partly purchased by Elder Geo. M. Brown and others as early as 1888 of a Mr. Louis Huller. But this man, failing in business, his creditors were unwilling to carry out the stipulations of his contract with the "Mormons;" and thus the purchase has not been perfected yet. It may be, however, in a near future, in which event Dublan would soon (judging from prospects and natural advantages) become a large and prosperous settlement. Water for irrigation purposes can be secured by taking advantage of the splendid natural facilities which the country affords for making extensive reservoirs.

Among the first settlers of Dublan were Geo. Lake (formerly Bishop of Oxford, Idaho, and Brigham City, Arizona), Charles A. Foster and others, who located here in February, 1888. Soon after that a large company of Saints came in with a view to becoming permanent settlers in this desirable locality; but as the land purchase did not materialize, a number of them left for other parts of the country, while others bought out Mexican claims and settled in the present settlement. The place was first organized as a branch of the Juarez ward, April 14, 1889, with Fred. W. Jones as presiding Elder; it was called the San Francisco branch, that being the name by which the locality at that time was known among the Mexicans. The present ward organization with Winslow Farr (late of Ogden, Utah) as Bishop was effected by Apostle George Teasdale July 19th and 20th, 1891.

Dublan is six miles northeast of the Mexican town Casas Grandes, 16 miles from Colonia Juarez, the headquarters of the Mexican Mission, 55 miles south of Colonia Diaz, 25 miles northwest of Galeana, where A. J. Stewart and others are about to start a new settlement, and about 145 miles by wagon road from Deming, New Mexico, and about 110 miles from Gallego, the nearest accessible railway station on the Mexican Central.

ANDREW JENSON.

A MODEL FARM.

While visiting the World's Fair at Chicago and also the Midwinter Fair, my attention was attracted by a magnificent model farm picture and I could but admire the particular selection of a choice place to hang the picture, for to my mind it was one of the grandest of all pictures, and it was a very large one, requiring much space. Not only was the artisan, the mechanic, the banker, the engraver, the capitalist and the husbandman—the good old farmer—attracted to this picture, but also the ladies with fingers sparkling with gems, and milk maids with rosy cheeks, pictures of health and strength.

E. T. Clark, his wife, my sister and others of our party had been admiring the great display of luscious fruits and

California wines, together with a vast pyramid of pure olive oil pressed from the olives grown in Pomona valley, and other valleys of the California Pacific slope. On every hand were absorbing sights of great attraction. Leaving those earthly scenes below, we ascended heavenwards up into the gallery, where we, as will do those who finally ascend into a higher and better world, looked down upon lower objects. Indeed it was a grand scene almost bewildering in its attraction. There were to be seen in one glance a massive wheel turning around exhibiting the various kinds of oranges, lemons, limes, etc. Close by this attraction was a column of whisky. A little further along was exhibited pure olive oil.

After sitting a short time on comfortable seats and viewing the many sights below, turning our attention to our surroundings above in the gallery, we found so many things of beauty to see that we could scarcely know which was the prettiest. But in the northernmost portion of the gallery was in plain view the Illinois model farm. This was to be seen from below and also above where we were, and at the head of the stairs where the moving throng passed down, making the picture all the more conspicuous. There, said one of our party who raises an abundance of beeves, grain and hay, just look at that great farm house, barn, fields and flocks, gardens, lawns, walks and everything pertaining to the happy farmer's life, and men, teams, machinery, all seemingly busy in the various fields waving with ripe grain, hay in the swath, winnow and in cooks; men handling the grain near by, and on the hills at a distance crowds were to be seen viewing the picture. As we with difficulty, on account of the pressure of the throng, found finally a space where we could see and hear, a gentleman in charge of this department of the Illinois exhibition—a Mr. D. O. Loy, of Chicago, Ill.—was explaining the history of the getting up of this model farm. When I informed him that I expected at a future period to publish a brief history of the general attractions, he took pains to explain more fully the details. A committee was appointed, arrangements made and contributions solicited from every county of the state of Illinois, which resulted in forwarding to said committee 10,000 parcels of 125 kinds of materials. A superior artist was procured to plan the artistic work; designs and plans were drawn up and many lady artists with nimble fingers were ready to engage in the grand enterprise. Forty persons worked with a will on the various fields, lawns, gardens, houses, barns, hedges and the one thousand and one things pertaining to this great modern farm. Four hundred and eighty days' labor was performed on the 32 x 24 feet picture. The work began March 1st, 1893. The house was sided up with corn shucks, but so nicely devised that it looked neat and admirable. The roof represents corn leaves and husks. The barn is sided up with cat-tails or flags, and roofed with sugar cane leaves taken from the lower joints of the stocks near the ground.

The cows, horses, etc., are made from millet hemp and flax, the tails being made of corn silks and their hoofs and eyes from buckeyes, or horse-chesnuts. Fences are made from corn stalks, joint