

Salem are concerned, and so only has the water been distributed, that no difficulty is known to be from said distribution.

The question of stocking the Sa- pond with fish, (a desideratum great value) is, I am informed by Shop C. D. Evans, a matter next impossible on account of a vast number of chub now occupying the pond. The U. S. Fish Commissioner is that "chub or minnow are de- dely objectionable to the introduc- of carp." By standing at the d you may see the boys catch dreds in a short time. The ques- of draining the pond, which can dily be done, has been under ad- ement, but the difficulty of des- ying by dynamite, the fish which d naturally be found in every d hole would be no small affair. d this pond be once stocked with p it is estimated to supply 3,000 ons with that delicious article d carp. The pond is unfailing, ng supplied with natural springs; d depth is about 20 feet.

A steamboat put upon it would w largely, no doubt, from every w of the county. It is presumed t the railway will pass through e part of the county soon, when a e rapid development may be d for.

Truly,
PERSPECTIVE.

ST. JOHN, A. T.,
May 19, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:

News in this section of country is scarce at present, as all are busy. A great many of the Mexi- cans have left town to attend to their sheep as this is their time for shearing, etc.

Mr. Sol. Barth will ship about 10,000 pounds of wool from here east at week, being only a part of the wool from his large flocks of sheep. I thought to have a factory in St. John to work up this wool instead of having it shipped out of the coun- ty. Some of your Utah capitalists could find this place a good one to invest money in, in factories, flour mills, etc. All we lack here is the means to develop the resources of our country.

Of late we have had very windy, changeable weather, warm and af- ter cold winds which has caused a number of people to catch very colds. In fact more people have been sick within the last month than at any time since our settlement here, though no one here as yet proved fatal, except the case of a young child.

More small grain than usual has been planted this season, which at present bids fair to make an ex- cellent crop, and there are several thousands of acres of land that lie in this vicinity that will yet be tamed. All we lack here is the right kind of help to make this a very desirable place. Some men have come here and left, some returned to Utah and told that an "awful hard place St. John" is to live in. A few of these men, though, old enough in years to still be too young to leave their fathers or the "Sugar Tit" they think they left in Utah. As a rule, people feel first rate in this place. A few more have left us this spring, and a few have settled with keeping our number about even. Some of the Indian Missionaries have gone to their fields of labor as pointed by Apostles Young and Grant. They seem spirited in their work.

AMRAM.

THE FIRST PIANO IN THE MINING CAMP.

It was Christmas Eve in a Cali- fornia mining town in 1858, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-house with boughs of mountain cedar, and a tub whose crimson berries did not imitate a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with greenery, and all that was want- ing to completely fill the cup of Gos- kin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano- under," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in." Getting a piece of paper he scrawl- ed the words:—"100 Dollars Reward for a compliant Pianer Player." This stuck on the music rack, and, though the inscription glared at the quarters of the room until mid- night, it failed to draw any musician to the shell.

So the merry-making went on; the party grew apace. Men danced to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn out guitar, as the crowd within tried to drown the howling of the storm without

Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white haired man crouching near the fireplace. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expres- sion. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them al- most transparent.

He looked about him once in a while, as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that gradually the sound of revelry was hushed, and it seemed that this wail of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg- nog, advanced, and remarked, cheer- ily—

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smack- ed his lips, and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night this."

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his streaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and, walking over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon roast beef, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to permeate the stranger, he seemed to expand and brighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he un- derwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and tawed off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young."

Goskin almost fainted at the ad- mission.

"Stranger, do tackle it and give us a tune. Nary a man in the camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seeing a candle box, he drew it up and seat- ed himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"The old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take a \$50 bet on the tray, paused and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking with the glasses at their lips. Conversa- tion appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie pressed his fingers over the keys. He touched out a single note, yet the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisations, and as he wove his chords together the music laid its spell upon every ear and heart. He felt his way over the keys like a man treading uncertain paths; but he gained confidence as he pro- gressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instru- ment was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a pro- ceession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradiseaic melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left?" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the tune every time on the upper end of the board," re- sponded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The player wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hands kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blos- soms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the turf of the old New England States; they saw

the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together; they saw the heather of the Scottish hills, the white cliffs of Britain, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vague- ly.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in the church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax taper, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mis- tletoe, and surprised choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more revelry left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin, and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying him down on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard!" said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here the matter of a day or so."

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick; I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him here before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. "He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As Goskin dashed out in the storm, the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Gos- kin heard the word "Hurry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Dris- coll was as pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn the blankets over his face. The two stooped a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blankets and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash-drawer. "Ten thou- sand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, following a horse's track through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card monte man, who used to deny point- blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind when the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked towards the ceiling for inspiration, on the night of December 24th, 1858. — *Musical Credit and Trade Review.*

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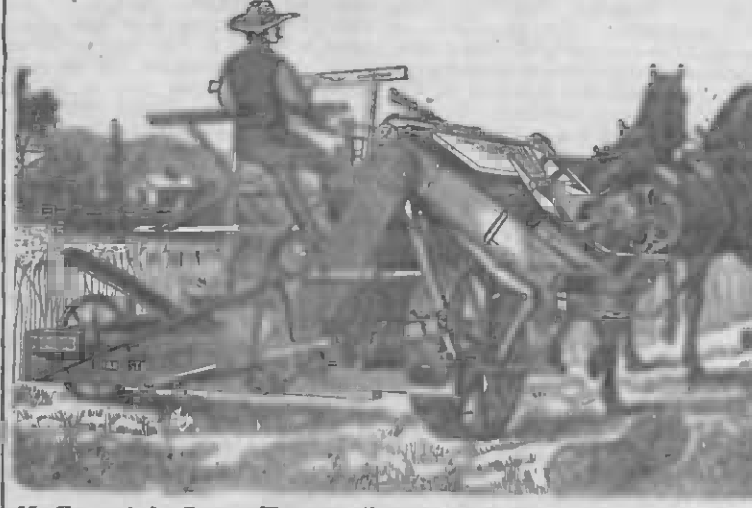
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