DEEP-WATER HARBOR.

July Bulletin of Secretary Doan, of the Inter-State Committee.

HOUSTON, TEXAS, July 11, 1895.

To the members of the Inter-State Deep Harbor Committee:

As predicted in my last bulletin, the dredge at work at the Texas City channel reached the turning point near the docks before the end of June. The dredge has been for two weeks working (with its accustomed record breaking success) back upon the channel, cutting it to a depth of 15 to 17 feet and sloping the sides.

A dispatch has been received from Captain Wolven, president of the Texas City Improvement company, that he has secured a contract with a trans-Atlantic steamship company to put on a regular line of steamers between Texas City and Liverpool which will be the first regular steamship line to ply between a Texas port and Liverpool.

As an evidence of the beneficial effect of the Texas City improvement, the steamship agents are quoting openly as a regular rate 5 cents per 100 pounds cheaper from Texas City than from Galveston to foreign ports. In order that you may know the full value of the saving, it is necessary to refer once more to the surplus tons of farm products of the great West that are exported. The total for all states west of the Mississippi river exclusive of Louisiana, averages 92,000,000 tons per annum, the saving, therefore, of 5 cents per hundred, issues $18,800,000 per annum, and the saving upon incoming traffic will be the same per hundred pounds and will likewise amount to some millions, which, added to the $100,000,000 or more dollars to be saved by reason of shorter rail haul to this Texas port versus the Atlantic ports makes these improvements of incalculable value to the West, and with this highway to full operation the wealth of the West, per capita will soon exceed that of any portion of the world.

The work on the jetties has progressed with the usual vigor and the usual amount of stone and granite has been placed therein, but owing to the fact that the quantity of material placed was not used to extension, but was used to complete unfinished portions, no perceptible increase of depth was observed by the survey made on the 30th day of June.

Since the present plan was commenced there has been placed in the jetties 678,904 tons of sand stone and 354,775 tons of granite, a total of 1,033,757 tons, or 53,088 car loads of 20 tons each.

The granite is in blocks weighing from 15 to 20 tons each and is used in facing the jetties while the sand stone is used to fill the space between the granite walls. The jetties are 50 feet wide at the bottom and slope to 30 feet in width at the water line, they are, when completed, 3 feet above maximum tide and a railroad runs on the top, the entire length of each.

Major Miller goes north in a few days to return with the new and improved dredge that has just been completed for the government and which will be put at work upon the bar.

The city council of Galveston has held a special session and taken the preliminary steps towards holding an inter-national exposition and celebration in 1896, in which the United States government is expected to take a leading part. While it is not believed 30 feet depth of water will be obtained by that time it is very certain that vessels drawing 24 feet will then be able to enter the harbor and participate in the grand celebration of the success of America's greatest hydraulic engineering feat. The celebration, it is believe, will assume the character of the late great naval demonstration at Kiel, Germany, and may also approach it in its proportions and grandeur. Respectfully submitted,

F. M. DANA.

E. Willden, Esq., of Beaver, is the mem ber of the committee for Utah.

CANTLEBAR.

When I walked into Mudbury one stormy December night, I had almost reached bottom. I was soaked to the skin. My limbs were heavy, stiff from exposure and tired from exertion.

What was I doing at Mudbury? Looking for an engagement, of course. Business had been awfully bad, and misfortune had followed me in whatever direction I turned. I was hard hit. I was tell you. When I pushed open the door of the Grapes, I was wrapped about with a wet blanket in a double sense.

I was in the bar parlor, lingering over a cup of tea—the small quantity of food, which was all my purse would allow me. I had not been able to linger over it, when the sound of a banjo-line at hand attracted my attention. Looking round to discover the player, I saw a young man, a young man in a dark suit of fashionable tweed and wearing a loose colored scarf adorned with a showy pin of fantastic design.

"Na, lads, head tha' mine!" shouted a full, deep voice from a song seat by the fire as the banjoist struck up a lively air, and by help of a great deal of shouting worked through a "comic patter" of the lower music hall stamp.

Joined with a sudden impulse, I heard the last of the performance, and sowing in the room sang a favorite song of mine, "Love and Toil," selecting it as a token to the appreciative set I had listened to. I am a girl singer, I will modestly admit, and the song made a choice call. I was pleased to hear the applause, and felt the consciousness of brought home (modesty and humility) have the room.

The song ended, I sat down. A few moments later I was surprised and pleasantly startled to see a man beside me.

The company thought he an encore, I imagined, "I said, "you owe me nothing." I have an appointment to keep. It will not detain me long, and on my return I shall be happy to collect you."

Mr. Vincent's engaged and says he can't possibly see you. So he asked the manager to take the gleaning of the papers which I accepted toward him.

"Hell only stands out of my pocket 'ed do till we I was opposite superiority."

"Who Charlie Vincent says 'No' he does it every 9 up like for yer. Yer don't want to work for another, lass."

Oh, managers always take their heads and town at the great unknown," I replied, with a fine assumption of confidence. Immediately seeing he is meeting rules, "You'll take these papers in to Mr. Vincent, like a good fellow?" I gained my point but almost.

"Eh no! Bless yer, lass, I'd do nothin, and he wun't look at owtlin," was the reply.

"He's like the Brahman's pig, yer can neither drive him, nor lead him, nor carry him stand still. But there," added my friend, noticing the left of dejection which my features unmistakably assumed, "yer aren't going! Sit yell looked for Christmas, and Mr. Vincent's that busy with Journals on extras, he's been a single here six Monday.

My last hope had failed me. The blow stunned me. What should I do? Do? Why, go back to the Grapes, of course. Wasn't there an audience there impatiently awaiting a encore?

The worst had come, and reckless of fate I made defiance to it. I meant to sing and—big!

In this mood I re-entered the Grapes.

"Song! Song!" shouted several voices as I made my way into the room.

Bowing my acknowledgments and accepting the rueful assistance of the banjo, I started off without prelude or apology with "Cantlebar," a rousing, rattling "comic," which I had written and sung good some weeks previously, but had never tried upon a public audience.

Attendant upon myself affected to the end lines of the ditty, I sang with a verve and vigor which swept the audience clean off their feet.

The song was received with enthusiasm and provoked the most frantic demonstrations of delight. When I came to a stop, cries of "more" resounded from all sides. I had to go through the whole business again ad nauseam, the "ad" taking up the chorus with lo-a-a-a-a will and singing hastily.

People crowded in from the bar, and accosted me as I left the drawing room distinctly the face of the manager of the Grapes.

When at last I was permitted to sit down, Mr. Vincent came forward, and keeping me on the shoulder intimated a desire to speak to me outside. Mrs. Bottles regretted us to consider her parlor at our service.

"Look here," said the manager, coming to the point at once, "my name's Vincent—Colonel of the Prince's. I don't know who you are or what you are, but I think you'll do for a turn, and if you'll sing that song in my house every night while the Twelve on I'll give you £3 a week."

"Make it two fiv," said I to the flush of victory. "The footlights are old acquaintances of mine."

Charlie Vincent, Esq., honored me with a prolonged stare.

"Done," said he. "Call tomorrow, 12 o'clock."

"Done it is," I replied promptly.

And "Cantlebar," encored "five times," filled the Mudbury theatre for 12 weeks—Good Company.

A Three Years' Rotation.

At a meeting of Wisconsin farmers a speaker described a three years rotation he practiced on a farm in Kalamazoo county, Mich. This is corn, planted on a clover sod, the crop cut in the fall, the land sown to wheat and to clover in the spring. This is cut one year, the land manured and plowed for corn the second year. Usually the manure is drawn to the fields as made and spread thinly. When the snow is deep or other reasons make it inadvisable to draw the manure at once, it is kept in a pile, the horse and cow stables being mixed together. It is preferred to apply the manure thinly over a considerable acreage rather than more thickly at longer intervals.

French farmers are said to be using pure fertilizers this year—with a gain exactly in nitrate of soda, kainit and potash alone.

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PIONEER MONUMENT.

Bluff Dale Ward in Salt Lake County

IS THE LIST NOW PUBLISHED.

The Pioneers of Utah Have Earned an Imperishable Place in the Annals of History.

CARD FROM THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

Salt Lake City, Jan. 25, 1895.

Notice is hereby given that contributions to the monument to be erected in Salt Lake City in memory of Brigham Young and the pioneers will be received, and until further notice, be acknowledged through the columns of the DESERET NEWS. It is expected that agencies for the collection of funds for this worthy purpose will be established in each ward in all the Stakes, and that said funds, with the list of names of the contributors, will be forwarded as frequently as convenient to Heber M. Wells, secretary of the Brigham Young Memorial Association, Salt Lake City, who will see that same are properly acknowledged in the manner stated. We earnestly hope that the people will respond generously and promptly to this call so that if possible the monument may be completed, dedicated and unveiled to the public by the 6th day of next October.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,
GEORGE Q. CANNON,
JOSEPH F. SMITH,
First Presidency of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Brigham Young Memorial association acknowledges receipt of the following contributions to assist in the building of the Pioneer monument:

From Bluff Dale ward, Salt Lake Stake:

Sidney Lewis H Moseley	$ 10
Mary E Moseley	10
Joseph S Moseley	10
Cheryl Moseley	25
Parley L Moseley	25
Hyrum S Moseley	25
Andrew J Moseley	25
Joseph F Smith	25
Sophia Smith	25
Wm M Stone	25
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Lewis Crane	25
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Isaac J Jones	25
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Wm W Dunford	25
Guilford Fairbs	25
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Mary J Jensen	25
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Christopher Jensen	25
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Jesse Jones	25
Anna L Jones	25
Jesse Peterson	25
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Alfred Peterson	25
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Angus Parry	25
Andrew Hatchmack	25
William A Parry	25
William A Turner	25
Robert H A Turner	25
Lucy Turner	25
Wm A Turner Jr	25

And the following named nine subscribe at of fifteen cents each:

Thomas S Peck, Clara J Hills, Wm R Hills, Eliza ie Hills, Myra A Hills, Unknown A Unknown, George J Merrill, Margaret C Merrill and Mary C Peacock 1 35

And the following named fifty-eight subscriptions of ten cents each:

Photo Hallock, Rix Hallock, Willard Hallock, Francis C Hallock, Hosmer Hallock, Jedediah Hallock, Angus M Cannon, Wm W Cannon, Wm G Cannon, John E Cannon, Joseph W Cannon, Brigham Cannon, Hyrum W Cannon, Henry Cannon, Jr., Clara, Mary, Annie M Cannon, Ella Fairbs, Lucy A Fairbs, Isaac Fairbs, Eliza Fairbs, Martha L Fairbs, Jessie A Fairbs, Jesse Fairbs, Jedediah Fairbs, Hyrum Fairbs, Hope Fairbs, Lorenzo Fairbs, Hall Fairbs, Guilford Fairbs, Hyrum Fairbs, Sophia Fairbs, Fairbs Fairbs, Fairbs Hope, James Hope, Lorenzo Hope, Fairbs Hope, Fairbs J Hall, Clara B Hall, Fred Hall, Ada Hall, Hall Hall, Lydia A Hall, Joseph Jensen, Grace Jensen, Melissa Jensen, Wilhelmina Jensen, Jacob Jensen, Jr., Clara Jensen, Samuel Jensen, Anna C Jensen, Sophia Jensen, Mary Jensen, Jr., Jesse Jensen, Martha Jensen, Hyrum Jensen, Jesse Jensen, Jr., Clara Jensen, Hyrum Jensen, Jr., Clara Jensen, Hyrum Jensen, Jr., Clara Jensen, Hyrum