BY THE BY.

A Feuilleton of Merely Individual Opinion.

Do you see the Democratic orchard of Utah in your mind's eye? Note how the eager boys come trooping into the enclosure, and with what yearning eyes they cluster beneath the tree! Some enter boldly through the gate as those having an undoubted right to be there. Others climb tumultuously over the walls, and with a scramble drop into the cherished precinct. Still others assemble at the gates, and peep longingly in, yet set no foot beyond the portals, as if doubtful of their reception. But whether within or without, all eyes are fastened on the great plum tree, and all hands are stretched forth to catch the plums that seem just in the act of getting ready to fall.

Well, they have worked nobly—most of these boys—and they are right in their expectations of reward. There are perhaps a few who come piling over the wall, whom those entering by the gates eye askance, as if to say, "You were somewhat late in coming out, and it is a question whether you would have come out at all but for the tempting bloom of this orchard; but come on—and if you capture a plum, we will not begrudge it you." Perhaps also the finger of scorn is pointed at some of those fearful lingerers at the gate, whose Democracy had to be filtered through a Powers and Lannan sieve before it could be called pure—who, in fact, did not make up their minds that they were Democrats at all till the morning of November 9th. A silver hatchet was the former insignia of this noble band, but hatchets this year are worn in the pocket. But, generally speaking, all eyes are too busily engaged feasting on the plums to pay much attention to new arrivals, and all minds too absorbingly centered on the problem of how to make the somewhat limited number of plums on the tree, satisfy all the anxious watchers and waiters below.

To abandon metaphor—there is no spectacle in the whole political arena that will be more interesting for the next six months than that of the distribution of government patronage in Utah. No one disputes that every Republican rider must be unhorsed, if he does not dismount peacably—and very few of them will. A few old church Imperial Guards like Judge Zane may resign as soon as Cleveland assumes command of the grand corps, but generally they will have to be jerked from their saddles by the arm of force. It is the fortune of war, and they should not murmur. Four years ago they assisted in a similar ceremony in which the roles were reversed, and four years hence they will be just as ready to assist again in the same old roles as before.

To abandon metaphor again. The contest for the governorship is the first thing—though not by any means the main thing—that is attracting men's attention. The contestants have narrowed down to two—Hon. Caleb W. West, the former Democratic incumbent, and Col. Lett. Both are on equal ground as regards their excuse from Liberalism—and this by the way (think of it O, Tribune!) promises to be the test of true Democracy—the Shibboleth by which men read their title clear to the right to stand in the same rank with the Henderson, the Dyer, the Chambers, the Rawlins, the Williams, and the others who were the first to throw away their arms and refuse to fight longer under the impious banners of Liberalism against a foe that had already surrendered. At this distance from the ides of March it may be said that Governor West's chances for regaining his old seat are somewhat better than those of his competitor. He is a Kentuckian, and will have the valued support of Carlisle. He has besides an immense acquaintance in Washington, and, more than all, he was one of Cleveland's first Utah appointments before Mr. Lett's connection is largely in Nebraska and Colorado, which are hardly in the position to ask favors from a Democratic administration that Kentucky is. But Lett is a gamey individual and the vertebra labor never had a place in his conjugation.

The part that the local committees—territorial and county—headed respectively by C. C. Richards and J. R. Tarbet, the national committeeman, Col. Merritt (vice Ferry, wiped out), the two Congressmen, Mr. Caine the sitting and Mr. Rawlins the coming man—take in recommending the various applicants will, of course, have a great deal to do in settling the matter with President Cleveland. But so far as the local committees, at least, are concerned, little positive action can be looked for. The reason is that in conducting the great battle so triumphantly concluded the committees had equal assistance from many of those who are now pitted against each other in the race for office. Col. Lett gave up his private business and simply devoted himself to the campaign. Governor West was also an ardent worker. House the committee is obviously in no condition to take sides and all it can do for either is to endorse both and say no mistake will be made, whichever man was chosen. The committees have literally been submerged and overwhelmed with applications from the various applicants, but very wisely they have decided to endorse no one so far in advance, and to wait till all the names are before them before acting on any. Col. Merritt, Mr. Caine and Mr. Rawlins may have their preferences, but so far as can be learned, all are proceeding very cautiously. With one exception, positively two, none of the applicants can count on the endorsements of either of these three important individuals.

* * *

There are two contests before which the gubernatorial race and all other sinks entered for this great quadrennial spring meeting pale into insignificance—namely, that for the United States attorneyship and that for the position of United States marshal. I venture no confidence in saying that Judge Judd and A. T. Schroeder are locked in a deathlike embrace, struggling for the first, and that Judge Norrell, Wendell Benson and Nat. M. Brigham are conducting a lively three cornered fight for the second. It is said that Judge Hewitt, the distinguished lawyer, who has just formed a new partnership with Judge Rutherford, would not be averse to accepting the attorneyship, but it is to be hoped that he hardly comes as yet within the meaning of the phrase relating to residence. J. W. McNutt of Ogden is said to cast a longing eye at the marshalship plum, but it is hardly likely that that appointment will go to Ogden so long as the penitentiary and so large a part of its constituency remain in Salt Lake. So the battle is narrowed down to Benson, Norrell and Brigham, with, it must be said, the chances at present very much in favor of the latter threatened issue. As everyone knows, Brigham was one of the mainstays of Cable, the man who carried Illinois, and who can have anything he wants from Cleveland. The United States marshalship is one of the things he wants, and he has drawn a sight draft for it on Cleveland in favor of Brigham. Bonner says the draft has been accepted, and that Brigham and his friends expect the commission by the first mail from Washington after the inauguration. So far as the Salt Lake public's preference go, Brigham, though popular in a set, stands last. He has shared no part of the heat and burden of the day in Utah, and is among the recent comers. With the politicians and workers, the marshalship is thought to belong to Norrell, who was one of the war horses of the campaign, and who, even in the hottest days of Liberalism, still glanced askance and kept alive the sacred embers of the Democratic fire. If Frank Dyer had survived Norrell would be sure of the place. With business men and a good many others Wendell Benson is the favorite. The man who put his thousands into an edifice like the Knutsford has a strong claim on his fellow citizens, and there is a very widespread feeling that his claim should not be disregarded. Then, too, Benson is entitled to the gratitude of everyone for his fearless record in the outlawry days of '85 and '86, which to favor a Mormon was almost as much as a Gentile's social position was worth. Benson was one of those—whose number could be counted on the fingers—who resolutely set their faces against the policy of outrages and begotting attempted inaugurated by the Liberals, he almost caused the Walker House to rock on its foundation by delying in its lobby a committee sent to remonstrate with him for employing Mormon laborers on the Knutsford extension. But as I have said, Brigham is in the lead and there is every chance of his reaching the goal. Some of Wendell Benson's friends, however, are not at all backward in saying that a protest will go to Cleveland if Brigham's appointment looks imminent. But protests do not count for much at Washington, as Governor Thomas and Judge Bartch can testify.

The attorneyship contest is a very pretty fight as it stands. They say that when Judge Judd learned that any one had the unparalleled audacity to enter the lists against him, he simply sat down and glared at his informant through his eloquent spectacles with mingled amusement and contempt. He has hardly yet brought his soul to a realizing sense of Schroeder's sublime gall. That young man, whose three P's made him locally famous in a single night, is said to have the endorsement of every bank on the street with the possible exception of the American National. Judge Judd has said he expects the office to come to him without an effort on his part. He goes on the principle that everything comes to him who waits. Schroeder operates on the belief that Providence helps those who help themselves, and he proposes to help himself to the attorneyship if he can. In "hustling" qualities Schroeder leads. But Judge Judd secured an appointment from Cleveland once before and he may be able to do it again. Nous verrons.

It is a radiant relief to turn to the office of secretary of the Territory. For this large ripe plum—on whose luciousness Governor Thomas and Col. Mills both waxed fat—there is only one competitor, C. C. Richards. There were several, before it was learned that Mr. Richards was an applicant, but most of them graciously retired as soon as his name was mentioned in connection with the place. Well, it is a tie betto, but it is none the good for Charley, who led the local Democratic hosts on to victory in the late tremendous battle as few other men could have done, and who, when knees were quaking all around him never for a moment lost faith in the star of Democracy. If Mr. Richards goes in, and the man who notes it is yet to be encountered, he will be the first Mormon to hold Federal office since—well, since a time so far back that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. In passing, it may be mentioned that Joe Walden and Alfales Young are said to have had eyes on the secretary's office. It may be doubted, however, whether they are doing any serious work for it.

And what of the Chief Justiceship? The honor of filling Judge Zane's galoshes is an exalted one, but if it were accompanied by a larger annual stipend, perhaps there would be more eagerness in reaching out for it. But one of the stamp of Judge Rutherford, Frank Richards and Farley Williams can double the salary of the chief justice by an ordinary year's practice, and it is understood that neither one of the three will look at the position. It is different now from the days when the clerk of the court could be appointed in the family. That office—almost equal to the secretaryship in perquisites—is shielded by a stern statute from any relative of the judge—a statute that sent John Zane out and sent H. G. McMillan in. Mr. Jesse R. Barton of libel suit memory is said to be clamoring for the chief justiceship. But Mr. Barton holds—or held—unorthodox views on the question of statehood, and was unwise enough to write them to the *Herald* or the *Tribune* some time ago. Any man who is not sound on the statehood question lies about as much hope of office under Cleveland as the *Tribune* has of securing the government printing for the next four years.

By the way, not for that none rule plank, what an act of poetic justice it would be for Cleveland to send Eliot F. Stanford back to the first place on the Utah bench. It has gone into history how that distinguished jurist was removed because he was not in accord with President Harrison's policy regarding Utah. The particular acts of which he was guilty no one ever seemed to know, but he may unthinkingly be said to have been the pioneer in the great work of purification in Utah, and many there are who, despite the none rule plank, would delight to see him vindicated by receiving the appointment.

For the other positions on the bench the applicants are too many to specify. Mr. Smith, better known as "Kentucky" from his long residence in Idaho, has a first mortgage on the Ogden seat, and lawyer McNally, one of the sidemen in the recent fight, has preempted the probate judgeship of this county.

It is generally understood that the attorney power keeper H. W. Young, correspondent of the school bonds, and a relative of President Brigham Young, can have either one of the associate judgeships he wants, also that it was a common understanding in the Bar association among Republicans and Democratic wires, that Mr. Young was to be urged for the place now filled by Judge Zane. But lawyers propose and politicians dispose, and the scheme fell through, though if all reports say true, it will hardly be one to more than a postponement in Mr. Young's case.

John H. Bennet and C. R. Barratt are in a neck and neck race for the postmastership. Both are such exceedingly excellent fellows that one is deprived of the chance of saying "May the best man win." Barratt was the appointee under Cleveland, and a clean record he made. There are half a dozen applicants for the Ogden and Provo postoffices, and every village in Utah will have a new man to put up for its local office. Here will be afforded a rare opportunity for the Democratic administration to undo an injustice which has been carrying on for years past relative to the old practice of issuing Mormons to the appointment of postmasters. Hitherto the policy has been to bestow these offices on Liberals, if a Liberal could be found anywhere within the radius of the district, and the convenience and wishes of the community have been made entirely secondary considerations.

Coming down to the land office. The positions of registrar and receiver are comfortable berths, and many there be who seek to nestle therein. Mr. Parks, Cleveland's old appointee, would fain return his former seat, and Frank Harris, the real estate man, Attorney Cassell, H. L. Cassidy, a Mr. Blakely, W. E. H. Barnett and scores others are seeking one place or the other. But I can give them all a pointer. Mr. Byron Gross, former editor of the *Herald*, was a teller for Democracy in Utah before many of the other aspirants knew Utah was on the map of our common country, has been mentioned for one of the land office desks, and my advice to the other contestants is to refrain from selecting their tombstones until after Gross gets through. It is known that Gross and Richards form the only two exceptions to the rule Mr. Rawlins, Mr. Caine, Col. Merritt and possibly the committees have laid down not to endorse any applicants till the names of all are before them; there will be no minority report in the case of either of these gentlemen.

G. W. Snow, a son of one of the first United States judges ever appointed for Utah, is an applicant for the post of surveyor general. If there are any others they are more modest than Mr. Snow, and their light still glimmers under a bushel.

Amidst all this tumult and crowding for place and preferment one name remains which is little heard on men's lips, and which might almost be thought to have been forgotten in the excitement of the hour. But it is not so. The children who went on the warpath to meet the Tuscarora Sachem, who encountered him at Cuinage, and not only took his scalp and all his hair, jaw with it, but literally turned him over and marked him with a resounding thwack that echoed back to Utah's vales—he is too well remembered and too deeply loved by the Democratic hosts to be for a moment lost sight of. If the name of Henry P. Henderson is seldom spoken during these days of plunder, plating and counterplotting, rest assured that it is only because it is being reserved for a brighter destiny a little further along. When the glowing star of statehood is set in Utah's firmament it will shine on the names of two of the brightest of her sons, and proclaim as her choice for senators Henry P. Henderson and John T. Caine.

As I go to press the alarming news reaches me that the Tuscarora tribe has left its reservation and put forth a candidate for the marshalship in the person of Martin Lannan. Also that that stanch son of the old sod, William Burke, has decided to try his fortunes against Brigham, Norrell and Benson. Good luck to you, William. There is not a stauncher Democrat nor a truer man in Dixie than yourself, and none who bore himself more gallantly in the trying days when Democracy first threw down the gauntlet to Liberalism. As for Mr. Lannan, he has about as much chance for gaining the marshalship as his brother has of becoming a journalist.

AMATEUR DEMOCRAT.

P. S.—The territorial committee met yesterday, and on the only thing it could well do—decided to endorse nobody at all as a committee, but leave the members free to sign endorsements where they listed. All the names of applicants, however, were read in order that the members might know who were in the race. If they need any further enlightenment, possibly the NEWS this evening will furnish it to them.

A. D.

LOGAN LETTER.

Encounter With a Mountain Lion.—Choir Sociable.—Sleighing.

The Fifth ward choir held a sociable on Wednesday evening. First they partook of picnic, and dancing followed. The whole concluded with a farce.

In a trial in Commissioner Goodwin's court, John Stoddard is sued by a miller who has been working for him. The plaintiff started to work, under a written agreement, for one year, for $1000. He was discharged before the expiration of the time, and has brought action to recover the balance of the $1000.

A puma, or mountain lion was killed in the left hand fork of Logan canyon on Wednesday evening, by John McCulloch. He and his brother William were camping near the spot where the animal was killed. It had made its den in a cave, and they had observed tracks leading to the cave. On Wednesday evening William approached the mouth of the cave with an ax on his shoulder, followed by John, who carried a Winchester rifle. William on looking into the cave, observed that the tracks were fresh, and turning away, started to walk off to one side, in order to let his brother, who was armed with the gun, take the lead into the cave. He had no sooner turned away than the lion came bounding from the mouth of the cave, and after crossing for a moment spat at directly at him. His brother John was now close by, and as the lion crouched shot at its head, but missed. Quick as thought though, he worked the lever of his gun and had another chance ready, and before the infuriated animal could reach William, who had only been able to travel a short distance on account of the depth of the snow, he managed to inflict a mortal wound. Overcoming it the lion bounded up wood, and died anser giving terrific roars.

It can has now the first really good sleighing rolling enjoyed this season.

LOGAN, February 3.

OGDEN HAPPENINGS.

A Light Court Day.—Chamber of Commerce Hall.—Merchants' Licenses.

(Ogden Standard.)

Judge Miner had a very short session of the district court yesterday, and but little business was transacted. Today is law and motion day. A suit against C. Petersen was granted a divorce from her husband, Bazzir Petersen, on the grounds of extreme cruelty, desertion and failure to provide. The defendant did not make his appearance when the case was called.

The board of education last night transacted considerable business. In connection with the government of the public schools. But little was done, however, of public interest, a greater part of the time being consumed in the auditing of claims.

Great preparations are being made to insure the success of the grand annual ball at the Chamber of Commerce on the 10th, and from all reports this will be a treat to the devotees of Terpsichore long to be remembered. The committee have for several days past been engaged in perfecting all necessary arrangements.

The repeal of the merchants' license ordinance will not take effect until March 1st. By that time all licenses which have now been issued will have expired, and when renewals are made the merchants will be entitled to rebates for their unexpired terms.

Last night there were 260,000 brick on the proposed site for the Southern Pacific shops. The Anderson people find that they will not have enough brick on hand to supply the full number called for in the contract and the kilns will be fired up on March 1st for the purpose of burning the requisite number.

Rev. James W. Campbell of Los Angeles, to whom was offered the presidence of the Utah University of the Methodist church, has written to Mr. Lear, declining, but nevertheless asking for further information. His letter clearly shows that he is of the opinion that the university is now open for students. His present salary is $4,500 per annum and he would want an increase.

The Utah Sugar Company.

The city office of the Utah Sugar company has been removed to Heber J. Grant & Co's insurance agency, No. 60 Main street.

HORACE G. WHITNEY,
Secretary and Treasurer.

Attention is called to stockholders at the Salt Lake Equitable stores, on Monday night next, Feb. 6, 8 p. m. Business: Election of officers, changing Article 2, Sec. 4 By-Laws.

W. L. LAWRENCE, President.

COPPER REFINERY.

Wanted, offers of sites for location of Copper Refinery. The plant to cost $600,000.00 and employ 400 men. Offers to be made of 100 to 160 acres with ample water supply within a radius of 7 miles of the center of Salt Lake City. Immediate bids solicited. All offers to be made on or before noon of February 5th, 1893. Address to

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1 Pkg. Faultless Starch, 8 1-3c. A Thimble or a pair of Scissors worth 10c. in every package. Come to our Store and see a package opened to verify the statement. PEOPLE'S EQUITABLE CO-OP. 7 & 9 Main Street.

Auction! Auction! Auction!

I will sell at public auction at 215 S. Main St., a full line of Clothing, Gents Furnishing Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Notions. Sale commences Monday, Feb. 6th at 10 a. m.

J. BOYLE, Auctioneer.

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MONEY AT CURRENT RATES. NO DELay. W. F. Moran, 12 & 14 Dooly Block.

MONEY TO LOAN IN ANY AMOUNTS on Farms, improved or unimproved city property, with or without. J. M. Kennedy, 4 Dooly Block, 64 S. Main.

MONEY, MONEY, MONEY, TO LOAN AT 7, 8 and 9 per cent. O. Sheets & Co., Room 16, O'Brien Building.

ON IMPROVED PROPERTY, IN ANY quantity. Corey & Corey, 43 Richards St.

IF YOU WISH TO BORROW MONEY on real estate, call on SALT LAKE VALLEY LOAN & TRUST COMPANY, 15 and 17 East South Street.

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ONE BROWN HOUSE, SCAR ON LEFT hip, shoeing bolted. Answers to name of Jim Lee. Liberal reward. Will pay for return of same. Daily News Office.

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700 ACRES OF FARMING LAND near Brigham City. Under Irrigation. Will sell on long time with 7 per cent interest, or exchange for Salt Lake real estate. Inquire of owner, A. E. STOW, Brigham City, Utah. 5d.

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