

dumped on huge lumber floors to undergo for the next two or three months the pulverizing effect of the elements. It is then scraped up and put through the huge washing machines whose ceaseless clatter goes on night and day. The clean up exposes a vast amount of crystals; garnets with the diamonds all are taken to the sorting room and spread out on tables where they are sorted roughly and finally passed on to an expert who sorts the finest water from the off colors and flaws, then each stone is weighed, registered and done up in parcels ready for the brokers and to be shipped to England or Brussels to be cut and polished. I was allowed to hold a handful as a great treat if I promised to roll my sleeves up, and I noticed that they had a peculiar soapy feel to them.

The work in the mines goes on day and night. As regards to the natives, it is work with a vengeance. They work in gangs with a white overseer, who gets a percentage on all trucks delivered on the dump each shift. The poor nigger leads the life of a dog, and if dirt does not fly fast enough, there is always a man around with a two foot piece of fuse in his hand to assist things generally and the patient boy digs all the harder and never dreams of turning on his task master and knocking the stuffing out of him. It is strange but nevertheless true that the average black respects a bully. Kindness to him seems to be a sign of weakness on the part of his Baas. The atmosphere surrounding a good and healthy black under the best auspices does not resemble Cashmere bouquet; get twenty sweating hard-working boys in a confined space, combined with their infallible rule of singing, grunting and making diabolical noises the livelong day whilst working, and a white boss's life is not a happy one. He can hardly be blamed for losing his temper in that pandemonium.

What strikes one very forcibly at the fields is the apparently careless way diamonds are handled and shipped. Every week a man strolls down to the post office with a parcel worth all the way from \$25,000 up, gets it registered, it is dropped in the mail bag and starts on its 7000 mile journey to Europe with a bilious looking mail clerk in charge. Yet in the history of the country there has never been a train held up. What a chance for Jesse James.

Society in Kimberley is of course very mixed and one must not judge a man by his cut of his coat, for many a tattered one covers the back of a Greek scholar, whilst vice and roguery parade in broadcloth. One of the richest ladies there used to tend bar in days gone by, and it is whispered that the good-natured vulgar wife of ——— took in washing at some remote period of her history. Kimberley is essentially a sport-loving town—prize fights, polo games, steeplechases, foot ball and cricket are indulged in incessantly and when these pall on the appetite, there is always the stock exchange to play for all it is worth. Money is plentiful, consequently living is high, the only thing that is cheap being drink, the curse of South Africa, Boer brandy being retailed at a shilling a pint (twenty-five cents). Kimberley is no place for the poor man. It is overdone; but anyone with some gold in his belt, no conscience, plenty of gall and craftiness is sure to get along.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.

## STREET SPRINKLING.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah,

July 21, 1894.

When a decision is given that a tax is legal and right because the city needs the money, one is apt to think that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." But when a decision is rendered in accordance with justice and right, as well as law, then every right-loving citizen rejoices, no matter what the immediate consequences. The recent decision of the Supreme court that the street sprinkling tax was illegal is satisfactory to every just man.

In the first place, to sprinkle the street in front of a man's lot and charge him with the entire cost, and much more than the actual cost, was a gross outrage. If he had the sole use of the street in front of his premises, then he ought to pay the entire cost of sprinkling, and no more. But the general public uses the street 99 times to his once. Consequently the general public, and not the private abutter, in simple justice, ought to pay all, or very nearly all, the entire cost of sprinkling the street. This is common sense, as plain as a pike staff, and no kind of sophistry nor Jesuitical argumentation can make it otherwise.

Now what is to be done as to sprinkling the streets? The matter is simple enough. They ought to be sprinkled, more or less—some more, others less. I would rather, for my use and pleasure, have them sprinkled too little than too much. Residents travel from here to western Europe and complain bitterly of the amount of rain there. Yet our city authorities go to work and sprinkle our streets seven days and twenty times or more a week, and make the country here underfoot ten times wetter than it is in Europe. What consummate folly!

If the Legislature authorizes cities to charge the abutters with the cost of street sprinkling, such a law would be most unjust and outrageous. It would be actual robbery. The city should not let out the sprinkling by contract, as sprinkling is a thing that does not need to be done with daily regularity. There are days and weeks when sprinkling does harm rather than good. If the city did its own sprinkling it could be done when necessary, and not every day, as now, simply and chiefly because it is paid out of the taxes, and is a pretty good job, and the city has so much tax money on hand that it hardly knows what to squander it on. Sunday sprinkling anywhere is not a necessity at any time. In all but the immediate business part of the city, sprinkling once to three times a week would be all sufficient, generally speaking; probably sometimes a little more and sometimes a little less than that. Nearly all over the city, sprinkling two or three days a week would be amply sufficient—as much as ought to be done. Thus the actual expense of sprinkling could be reduced beneficially to two or three cents per front foot. A little dust now and then is immensely better than everlasting mud. For myself, I am no admirer of mucky streets, especially when I have to walk or drive upon them. One day a man was driving his buggy into his lot, going through the open ditch. I ventured to suggest

that a bridge over the ditch would be a good thing. He replied, "It is no worse than the streets. I washed my buggy before I went up town, and now it is as dirty as ever and needs washing again." All because of the excessive street sprinkling.

Our streets are mostly dirt streets. To pave them would ruin the citizens. When a shower comes, owing to the abundant sprinkling also, the streets are so mucky as to be unfit to travel upon, when the country roads which are not sprinkled are in good order for travel. Streets are never good for travel until and unless they are dry. Indeed they are not at their best until some time after they have become dry and there has been time for them to become smooth. The streets of this city, where sprinkled, are never at their best, because they are ever left to get dry enough. When they are partly dry they are ridgy, rutty, and bumpy. They have no time to be smoothed down. I have come up the Fifth East street drive when man or beast could hardly stand upon it, through excessive sprinkling. When a road is watered all over, the vehicles plow it into ruts and ridges; the ridges soon become dry, and the road quickly becomes dusty again—more dusty than before it was sprinkled. Then it must be sprinkled again, before the bed of the road is dry. Hence the road beneath is always soggy, and rain makes it an avenue of muck. If it does rain, no matter, the sprinkling must go on. Next day after a heavy rain the infernal sprinkling wagons are out again. Why? O, it is paid out of the taxes, and there is no bottom to the heap of tax money to be spent. All such work is tomfoolery, pure and simple. It is virtually criminal, and is a scandalous waste of public money. One time there was sprinkling every day but Sunday. Then we had dry streets to travel on one day a week, and it truly seemed like heaven upon earth on that day. But that good time has gone, let us hope not forever, for a dry road to travel on is a delight to the heart of the traveler, if the road is not too dusty.

If a road must be sprinkled every day, it would be better to sprinkle one side of it one day and the other side the next day and so on. Then vehicles would not be obliged to run in mud all the time, and the sprinkled part would have time to dry before it was used much, and, as it would not get dry so soon as if traveled upon when wet, it would not need to be sprinkled so often.

As to pay, the city must pay for it. But I have no doubt that the majority of the citizens would voluntarily donate one to three dollars a year to have the streets sprinkled as much as was necessary, really necessary. For my part I would rather pay something to have them sprinkled too little than too much.

TAXPAYER.

## SAN JUAN STAKE CONFERENCE.

The quarterly conference of the San Juan Stake of Zion was held at Mancos, Colorado, on Sunday, July 15, 1894. There were present of the Apostles, Brigham Young, F. M. Lyman and John H. Smith, Presiding Bishop Wm. B. Preston, the presidency of the Stake, several members of the High