

As a sample, this is how he describes "the peculiar way the houses here are furnished with water:

"This water, coming from the mountains, runs in little rivulets, gutter-like, on both sides of the streets. Every house has a little gutter connected with the main gutter or rivulet. If somebody wishes for water all he has to do is to shut a little sluice, put up just below his place, wherewith he shuts up the rivulet, so that the water flows through his little private gutter into a reservoir in his house. As soon as he has water enough he opens the sluice again and the water follows the same course as before."

No one who did not know better would presume, while listening to Mr. Bartlett, or reading the account of his alleged lecture, that there was a system of waterworks covering a large area of this city, by means of which water is conveyed to the houses of the people in pipes. Evidently he refused to look at anything in that connection except what he calls "gutters."

This Boston solon gave further evidence of his having eyes without ability to see and ears with which he could not hear. He essayed to give a description of the "Mormon Temple," but was not aware all the time that he was speaking of the Tabernacle. On this subject, however, he reached what he doubtless imagined to be a bold stroke of originality when he uttered the idea expressed in the following:

"For the election of a Presidential candidate, or any other great assembly, this Temple Mr. Bartlett considers the best place to be had."

But the richest of all his statements is in relation to the cause of the city bearing, on the occasion of Mr. Bartlett's visit, such a pacific aspect. Here it is:

"On his inquiring how it was that the city looked so quiet and that he did not hear any remarks against the U. S. Government, he was shown some little black spots, hardly visible, all around the city; which little black spots appeared, at closer inspection, to be nothing else than so many mouths of cannons pointed at the city. The inhabitants called them 'Uncle Sams' and they are perfectly well aware that in a moment they could destroy the whole place. Mr. B. cannot explain why, but he felt as if a dismal cloud was hanging all over the city."

This kind of talk could only proceed from a hopeless imbecile, full to the neck with prejudice. The poor man evidently brought his preconceived notions about the belligerent character of the "Mormons" with him, and his narrow soul would not allow the facts before him to dispossess his poverty-stricken

mind of erroneous premises. Hence the "little black spot" falsehood. Of course they were "hardly visible." Well, hardly! Surely Uncle Sam has plenty of ordnance on hand to form a cordon with field-pieces around a city having a circumference of probably fifteen miles. According to this extraordinary man's theory, if he had heard anything said against the government those "little black spots," the nature of which was only discerned on "closer inspection," would have belched forth death and destruction, and annihilated the city, population and all.

It is difficult to see the reason for Mr. B. being unable to tell why he felt as if a dismal cloud was hanging over the city." He was enabled to explain, on "closer inspection," what the little black spots were. Why could he not focus his "closer inspection" apparatus upon the "dismal cloud hanging over the city?" He would not have been under the necessity of traveling beyond his own brain to discover it.

Mr. B. is evidently a man whose appreciation of the beautiful is an unknown quantity, as evidenced by this statement:

"Among all the women Mr. B. saw in Salt Lake City, there was not a single decent looking one."

There is no spot on earth where there are more beautiful women in proportion to the population than in Salt Lake. But poor, warped Bartlett could not see anything good or lovely here. He was determined he wouldn't. Everything of that kind was obscured in his eyes by that "dismal cloud hanging over the city."

The mind of this member of the Lithographic Artists' Association of Boston has evidently a decided asinine tendency.

HINTS ABOUT HAY.

It is probable that the hay crop this year will be very scanty. Unless rain falls, even lucern will not yield its usual supply of food for animals. This suggests extra economy in its use, and extra care in gathering it so as to save all that is produced.

A great deal of good "feed" is allowed to go to waste on the outside and sometimes the inside of fences. Lucern and other hay is permitted to go uncut, which might be utilized with profit, and, though this may seem a small affair, yet in the aggregate it will make many tons of valuable provender.

There is another source of "feed" supply that is annually neglected. Hundreds of tons of "sweet clover," as it is commonly called, might be cut from the road sides, the lanes and the edges of meadows, which now goes to waste. An idea prevails that this is useless for hay. We learn from competent and reliable sources that this is an egregious error. If cut when in bloom and not allowed to go too long so as to become "woody," cattle will eat it with avidity, both when it is green and after stacking. Often cows will leave other "feed" and eat up clean this "sweet clover." Every pound of it should be cut and utilized. South of this city there is "no end of it" by the waysides. It will be a sin to let it go to waste.

All grasses designed as food for animals should be cut "in the season thereof." It should not be allowed to grow until its virtue is exhausted by the sun and dry air. If cut in the bloom and not permitted to bleach out upon the ground, it will be full of nutriment and support, and be worth very much more than if left to spoil either by overgrowth or neglect after cutting.

Farmers, lot owners, all who are concerned in these matters, take heed of these hints, for if they are practically followed they will be the means of saving much that is valuable and aid in preventing a hay famine next winter!

STRUGGLE WITH THE MAHDISTS.

THE British campaigns in the country watered by the Nile, have been expensive luxuries as relates to both money and blood. Since the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which took place seven years ago, it is estimated that the total amount of cost of these campaigns to the nation is £40,000,000, and notwithstanding this enormous sum the drain still goes on. It has been a losing game otherwise, too, for the enemy is in possession of a country which he knows every foot of, is seasoned to its hardships and so accustomed to the temperature, in which men from the north can scarcely live at all, that he luxuriates in it. These advantages, with numbers and fanaticism accompanying them, have proved too much for the British soldiers in almost every instance, and there are no present indications that the tide will turn.

The Mahdists are marching on toward the fertile delta of the Nile, which they propose to subjugate. They are emboldened by past suc-