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Saturday, . . . April 26, 1890.

## DEATH OF RANDALL.

FIVE years of a doubtful tenure of life, which, during the last two, was precarious, has brought what has been so long feared and threatened, the death of Samuel Jackson Randall. He passed away at an early hour Sunday, April 13th, at his home in Washington. His health failed about five years ago, but for three years was not so feeble as to prevent him from attending to his duties a portion of the time. For two years, however, he has not been able to give much attention to public affairs, though he retained his seat in Congress till his death.

For a long term of years Samuel J. Randall presented to the world the remarkable example of an acknowledged leader of a great political party who was at war with that party in respect to one of its most vital doctrines. That he should so long have wielded so strong a control over the Democratic party while at the same time antagonizing it in the national legislature, in respect to certain objects which, as a party, it manifested a determined policy to secure, is a marvel difficult to account for, but proving one thing to a demonstration: Randall was a wonderfully able leader of men. He could not otherwise have retained his leadership of those against whom he constantly placed himself in opposition.

Randall was a thorough Democrat, but he was also a determined and persistent advocate of protection. He held around him in Congress a small following of protectionist Democrats, but he and they were but a handful compared to the mass of Democratic members. On fiscal questions he fought his party, but on all others he led it.

Randall was born in Philadelphia, October 10, 1828, and was consequently in his sixty-second year. His father was a Democratic lawyer and politician. He was elected four times to the city council of his native city, and was next sent to the State Senate. Next he was elected

to the lower house of Congress, in which he took his seat near the close of 1863, and ever since that time he has represented in that body the only Democratic district in Philadelphia. He has served on the most important committees of the House, and in 1875 became chairman of that on appropriations. This position enabled him to execute some of his plans for a curtailment of public expenditures, and he gained much credit for his efforts in the direction of economy. In 1876 he became Speaker and was twice re-elected to that position, serving until March 3, 1881.

It is popularly believed that had it not been for his views on the tariff, he would have received the democratic nomination for President in 1876. There is no doubt that he was one of the ablest and purest of the present generation of American statesmen.

## THE REAL ESTATE MARKET.

It is impossible to longer disguise the fact that a decline in real estate values has set in which is producing intense anxiety on the part of a numerous class of dealers, whose confidence in the future has led them to exceed their means of meeting the emergencies of the present. There is no money to be borrowed, and as "a prominent real estate man" puts it, the whole city is for sale. Of course, this is an exaggeration—what statements from like sources are not? But it is a fact that the rapidity with which prices took leap after leap upward, during the winter, led to the purchase of options on a great number of pieces of property, which are now listed.

But prices reached the highest pinnacle to which they could possibly be elevated, at least for some time to come, about six weeks ago. Then there supervened a short period during which the market was stationary. Then the terms of options taken when the activity was so great began to draw near their close, producing a tendency to shade the figures at which properties were held, in order, if possible, to save at least a part of the money paid for the options. Of course, under these circumstances, the temperature of options has risen rapidly in the hands of holders unable to make them good, and there is a consequent eagerness to get rid of them. More than one speculator has been scorched already, and there exists on the part of others a strong desire to see a horde

of capitalists come in from the east—or west, it doesn't matter which—intent upon investing. But something retards the movements of the wealthy excursionists. It is hinted that a rumor has reached their ears of the hotel rates charged in this city, and may be they are pausing to consider whether it would not be cheaper to buy a hotel and bring it with them than to face the clerk after a few week's sojourn at one now here.

Whether the present state of the realty market is only a lull, a slight and temporary depression, or whether it means that a long declivity is presented, down which prices must slide, is a problem which is racking the brains of more than one desk room renter in this city.

## PLENTY OF WATER AND DUST.

THERE is dust everywhere in this beautiful city. The chilly winds are blowing it about, making it compulsory upon pedestrians to carry in their ears and noses a proportion of migratory real estate. In former seasons—notably the two last previous to this—when water was so scarce that there was hardly enough running to make mud of the dust blown into the bottoms of the creeks, Watson Bros.' sprinkling carts were out, wetting down the streets, to make the atmosphere more tolerable for the people. Yet the "Liberal" organ kept up its howl about the dusty thoroughfares, designating the City Council as an aggregation of mossbacks, because sprinkling was not more liberally resorted to.

Behold the change! This season water is flowing from the mountains down the channels of the creeks in copious volumes, running to waste to the tune of billions of gallons daily, but not a sprinkler is to be seen, and not a protest is heard from the anti-"Mormon" howler. This silence is because a "Liberal" council is running the city business. What was "mossbackism" in People's officials is the highest evidence of progression in those of the other side.

As if in anticipation of the foregoing, a lonely looking sprinkler was observed wending its way around some of the central streets.

Under Henry III of France a peculiar custom was rife. Young gentlemen, when they bought silk stockings, used to entreat the beauties they adored to consecrate those articles of attire by wearing them for a day before they were put on by their owners.—*Ex.*