

considerable of our works. I supplied him with quite a number of our publications.

Having been changed from the Southern mission to the European mission for further duties and labors in the ministry I am now in this city in connection with 15 other Elders that arrived from Utah on Saturday evening. We will sail for Liverpool per Wisconsin this evening at 5 p.m.

I have enjoyed my labors in the Southern mission well, and thank God that I have had the high honor of being one of his standard bearers of truth to the nations of the earth. While in the south for which I feel to thank God.

Ever praying for the welfare of Zion I remain your brother in the cause of truth.

W. S. GEDDES.

TEMPLE BLOCK,
SANPETE COUNTY,
May 24, 1883.

Editor Deseret News:

An old prophet once said, "Look upon Zion and count her towers." It is a pleasurable duty to do this and to walk among the parapets of the crowning work of the Saints, the Temple at Manti. That paragon of a brass band from Nephi, which its power at brassment and square last Saturday, and from this city height they gazed and played most beautifully. The presidency and a host of others enjoyed the unique scene. The snow-like purity of the rock composing this latter-day Temple has got to be seen to be admired.

As I walked about the roadways down out of the mountain sides I noticed the many excellent quarries opened to public gaze. What huge deposits of the pure, soft rock, (hardening when exposed) kind Nature made for the ornamentation and use of man! How tardy seems Sanpete Valley Railway the D. & R. G. to come near these quarries and transport their contents in any desirable size for archstones, cap-sills, plinths, monuments, etc. How beautiful the ornamentation of the Hooper & Elledge block would have been if the trimmers, caps and sills had been of the Manti white rock. How advertising if, in front of the stores, let to the pavement in your metropolitan city, name of occupant was Manti. What a stroke of commerce lays here unexploited. And I thought it would give a moneyed impetus to the gigantic work on the mountain top to have some order.

The education of the youth of Manti is wonderfully enhanced in line of architecture, if not mediocrity Elizabethian, it is at least romantic, hence good to-day and forever.

The beauty of the Temple, its site, proposed surroundings a ready made its mark in the homes that lie at its base.

But how with its thousands of acres given to Temple building Manti has built so fine a meeting place is beyond conjecture, praise, compare, but the fact is there, clean, chaste house with lofty long tells of taste, skill and money. It is not in the vein to gush or to be immoderately but come Mr. Editor, some day, and see what Manti and works can do. Rumor has it that the Salina contractor has secured the contract for the D. & R. G. from Spanish Fork down the east side of our valley thus tapping most of our towns the aforesaid quarries in particular. So mote it be.

My guide through the Temple the quarries tells me that the ridiculous (if any there be) may be the samples at the yard of Mr. Elias Morris in your city, is agent for this rock. I have not yet heard of the marketing of the hosts of Gilegal for August election, but the rules for registration seem to be within purview of the Territorial law. In hope the end of bitter reasons would have been bolted by the humane construction of the Congressional bill, but we must be able to afford to do) be patient and wait.

and fame from no condition rise—our part, there all the honor lies.

I must be allowed a P. S. I have just brought in a huge mass of sameless rock containing no feet, this being prepared for transportation, say to Morris' Yard, under the saw, you have rocks of proper dimensions and no waste. Be compact in this

rock from the quarry owned by the Brothers Parry that when ready for bedding it puzzles the skillful mason to tell the bed of some of that rock, and yet so hard that over a school house door sill where thousands have trod in 20 years the marks of the stone-cutter's chisel are yet seen.

M.

IRON.

SENSIBLE VIEWS ON A GREAT INDUSTRY.

Has not the time arrived when the people of Utah should take hold with a will of the manufacture of iron. Nature has placed within her borders large bodies of the very best iron ore in close proximity to immense deposits of fuel, out of which iron has been successfully made. With railroads near, and there is likely to be a great demand for iron and steel of every description, with the necessity for creating home industries, that we may furnish labor for our young men and the people coming into our country, and also freight for these Railroads, should not the freight we export be of that class that we can create in greatest quantities, yielding the best profits from the raw material, and from what can we reasonably expect such grand results as from the raw material we have in our mountains of iron and coal.

Our neighbors of Colorado have established large iron works at Pueblo, (they have to bring some of their ores over 100 miles) and are doing a successful business, employing some 500 men and a number of boys under 18 years of age, doing so well that they are increasing the number of their furnaces. Others are moving towards establishing large works at Gunnison City, Col., and preliminary steps were taken, according to the Denver Tribune of a few days ago, by the leading citizens of Denver City to build iron works there. Committees which had been appointed made most satisfactory reports, the manufacture of iron being allowed to be the greatest of all industries. It was shown how by the establishment of iron works Denver would increase in numbers and wealth. How the farmers in the State would be benefited and prospered by having a home market for their produce, and by the means of employment being thus created for the mechanic, laborer and artisan, how the business of merchants, bankers and railroad men would all be enhanced, and the city and State filled with industrious people, the true source of prosperity and wealth.

There are Eastern manufacturers of wealth writing to persons here every little while to ascertain if we have commenced the manufacture of iron yet, for they are anxious to introduce the manufacture of stoves as soon as we can begin the making of pig-iron. "A good business might be opened up in the manufacture of heavy castings, and there is nothing to hinder us from making pig-iron so cheap that we could supply Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Washington and California. Details of cost, etc., could be given, only it would make this article too lengthy.

To show that there is profit in the manufacture of pig-iron alone, the American Protectionist, a paper published in New York in the iron interest, says: "As an index to what furnaces do in the south, it is stated publicly that the Alice blast furnace of Birmingham, Alabama, working on a capital of \$250,000, yielded to its proprietors a net profit of \$144,000 last year. This \$250,000 includes the purchase of coal and iron-lands. Many of the wealthiest men of our day have made their fortunes from the manufacture of iron, but as we have not many wealthy men amongst us, let us take hold of this industry on the co-operative principle, and as we are nearly all operatives, we are all interested in the successful introduction of this greatest of all industries, for out of it would grow many others. We could certainly make iron much cheaper than it is imported, enabling our foundries and machine shops to manufacture castings, machinery and the iron-work for farming implements, wagons, carriages, etc., much cheaper than they could be imported. Indeed, we could export, thus furnishing freight for our railroads all over the Pacific Coast. It would appear that the Utah iron industry might be made a great source of profit to the Utah Central and Union Pacific Railroads, by carrying our iron east as far as the initial point of the Oregon Short Line,

and then running it into Oregon; also on the Utah and Northern into Idaho and Montana. We could certainly make iron so cheap that we could supply the Western market.

UTAH.

A Reformed Burglar.

"Is the criminal reporter in?"
"Yes, What do you want?"
"You have forgotten me, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I haven't. You are Bill Myles, who helped crack the safe in Day & Duke's grocery, on Woodward Avenue, in 1867, and you got five years for it. What do you want?"

"I want to talk with you. I've come a good deal over a thousand miles to see you and one other person. Do you remember the time when I was convicted over in the Recorder's Court in the old City Hall?"

"Yes."
"Do you remember what you wrote about me in the Free Press the next morning?"

"No."
"You wrote: 'Myles doesn't look like a criminal, but his identification was complete. It is his first offense, and he will regret it for five years at least.' I read that in the Free Press the next morning as I was being taken to Jackson, and those words, 'Myles doesn't look like a criminal,' made a deep impression upon me, probably for the reason that I had no heard a kind word for a long time before. I cut the words out and pasted them in my cell. I have come here to-day to thank you for writing them."

"Why?"

"Because they helped me to become an honest man."

"As an honest man, what are you doing to earn a livelihood?" inquired the reporter.

"When I came to Detroit in 1868 my mother had just died, and my father had been dead many years. It doesn't matter what part of the East I came from. After mother died I sold everything we owned and came West, locating here in Detroit. I got work in a store, and was getting along nicely, when I made the acquaintance of Charley Jones. In those days he was the gayest boy in the business. Inside of six months he had taught me all the ropes in town. I lost my situation in the store, ran through my money, and when he proposed to crack that safe I was ready for it. You know all about that. 'Regret it!' You never wrote anything truer than that in your life! My God! how I did suffer in that prison! Long before my time was out, and I only served three years and ten months, I made up my mind to 'square the box,' and I was never happier in my life than when I left that prison. That was in the spring of 1871. I went to Chicago, and from there to St. Louis. I got work in a wholesale grocery store, changed my name—I can't tell you what it is now, for I'll not give you a chance to give me away—and I worked hard. The boss took a fancy to me, and five years ago he sent me up into Nevada to look after a cattle ranch he and his brother own up there. That suited me, and I became a herder, and now I am superintendent of the ranch, and get \$300 a month. I came down to St. Louis on business a month ago, and thought I'd take a run up here and see Detroit once more. I'm going back to-night. Good bye, old fellow! You did me a good turn, and I'll never forget it."

MIXED SPICE.

"Next to religion there is nothing like a circus," said an Arkansas deacon, as he watched his favorite son crowd under a tent.

A man breathes about eighteen times a minute and uses 3,000 cubic feet, or about three hundred and seventy-five hogheads of air per minute. Think of this when you are tempted to eat onions.—Detroit Free Press.

Little Selim Myers swallowed a dime belonging to his mother one day last week. He had ten cents of his own, and when he realized that the coin belonged to his mother he jubly exclaimed, "I'm glad it wasn't mine!"—The Floridian.

"There is a very disagreeable smell in this room," remarked a bore, as he entered an Austin sanctum.

"Yes, since you mention it, that's so; although I didn't smell anything disagreeable until you came in," was the calm response.—Texas Siftings.

An uptown woman narrowly escaped a terrible death the other day. Her husband kept a bottle of forty-cent whisky in the house, and she concluded to take a swallow of the stuff. Fortunately she got hold of the wrong bottle and swallowed a quantity of rat poison.—Norristown Herald.

A scientific journal asserts that a little cheap benzine will exterminate ants. Yes, yes, no doubt of it. There have been a large number of uncles and other relatives exterminated by too frequent and injudicious use of one kind of cheap "benzine."—Peck's Sun.

This little incident is given by the writer to show that some travelers have not sense enough to diagnose a family party when they see one. A traveler saw a woman take a man by the collar, yank him up the steps into a railroad car, jam him down into the hot seat next the stove, pile up a valise and two brown baskets with loose covers and long handles at his feet, shove a baby into his lap and say: "Now, sit there until I help Mary Jane on the car, and don't you move until I come back." When the woman reached the car door the traveler said to her: "Is that man your husband?" "Naw-w w!" roared the woman; "he's my daughter's husband, and she hasn't spirit enough to say her soul is her own!"

WHOLESALE PRODUCE LIST.

List of Buying Prices of Produce in the Salt Lake Market, corrected Semi-Weekly for the DESERET EVENING NEWS, by Z. C. M. I. and others:—

Wheat.....	90 to 95 cents	per bushel
Oats.....	42 00	per 100 lbs.
Barley, New.....	1 50	" "
Shelled Corn.....	1 50	" "
Flour, XXX.....	2 75	" "
" XXX.....	2 50	" "
" XX.....	2 20	" "
Brans.....	1 10	" "
Shorts.....	1 10	" "
Butter.....	28	per pound
Eggs.....	15	per doz.
Beef on foot.....	4 1/2	" "
Mutton, dressed.....	90	per lb.
Pork.....	10 cts.	" "
Wool.....	14 to 16	per lb.
Hides, Dry Flint.....	10	" "
" Salted.....	8	" "
" Green, Salted.....	4	" "

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In sick Headache.

Dr. Fred Horner, Jr., Salem, Va., says: "I know of nothing comparable to it to relieve the indigestion and o-called sick headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism."

A vigorous growth of hair is promoted and the youthful color restored by applying Parker's Hair Balsam.

A big handed sawyer named Show, put his finger to near the buzz-saw, he saw his mistake, but each pain and ache, St. Jacobs Oil cured in his paw.

A rheumatic old man named Meeker, was sick a whole year in Topeka, he there would have died, but St. Jacobs Oil tried, it sent him back cured to Oswego.

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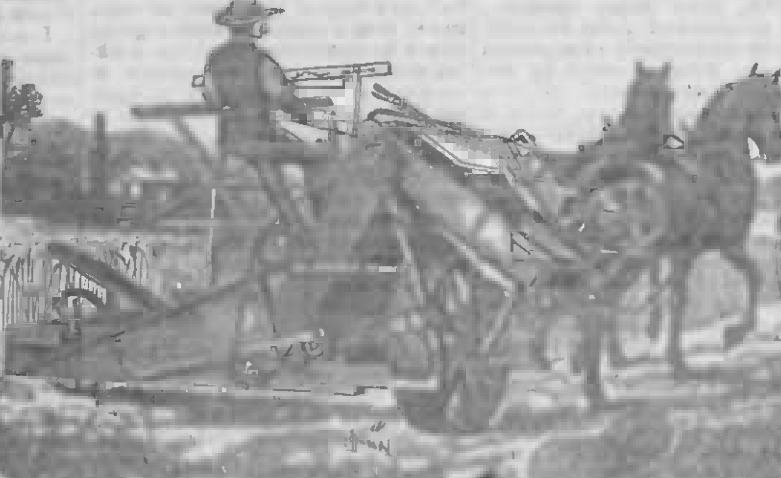
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