

hours after the Salt Lake mail arrived men stood in an unbroken line in front of the post office in expectation of receiving letters or newspapers. This scene has become one of daily repetition.

A building boom is on with all the term implies. The great difficulty after buying a \$1,000 or \$2,500 twenty-five feet lot is to secure lumber or other material with which to build. But this obstacle will be largely overcome with increased railroad facilities. At present the little Salt Lake and Mercur railway is doing an immense traffic over its roadbed of dizzy heights and serpentine windings. If rumors are correct, however, it will have a formidable rival in the field ere the close of '98, for it is said the Rio Grande, becoming aroused to the importance of the camp, will be a pluder for its patronage.

While all the conditions incident to mining camp life, as narrated above—and many more were witnessed yesterday, there were no unusual or noisy disturbances. The one thing that seems to be the cause of ill-feeling more than all others is the prospect jumping and blackmailing business that is being indulged in to a dangerous degree. Several orderly and reputable citizens said that the business had reached a pitch when it was necessary to resort to heroic measures and it is not improbable that something desperate may occur.

COLONEL ARGUS.

### FROM OLD KENTUCKY.

BOWLING GREEN, Kentucky,  
Dec. 26, 1895.

Perhaps a few lines from one of the old states of the Union would be of some interest to the many readers of your paper. It is now going on to nine months since I left dear old Utah for my labors here, and when I look back the time seems to have flown swiftly. My work has been in four counties—Marshall, Barren, Simpson and Warren—of Kentucky, and in the last named Elder N. T. Curtis and I are still working. Warren is one of the richer counties of Kentucky, and there are many rich farmers in it who own from five to twelve hundred acres of good land for raising corn and tobacco, of which there has been a superabundance raised this year, so that corn has been selling as low as one dollar a barrel. The pretty little town of Bowling Green with its ten thousand inhabitants; its fine school situated upon the hill; the reservoir on another hill; the winding river Barren, with its white painted steamboats, partly encircling the town;—this picturesque place is the county seat of Warren.

My companion and I have been treated well in many parts of Warren county. We have made friends out of many of the well-to-do farmers—in fact we could spend over a month visiting friends and yet not stop over night at the house of the same friend twice. Elder Kimball, president of the Southern States mission, has arranged the labors here so that our work is done in a systematic and thorough manner. Two Elders are sent to labor in a county, and we visit from farmhouse to farmhouse in the country, leaving a tract and conversing with the people and spending night at the houses of

different individuals, and in working city every house is visited and a tract left, and we try and hold meetings every where in the county in the different churches and schoolhouses, so that before leaving a county it is thoroughly canvassed. Many families are warm-hearted and hospitable—the Kentuckian calls them "clever" people," and we have stopped over night with many of these "clever people" in our labors. Just a short time back we stopped over night at the house of a rich farmer who owned over twelve hundred acres of fine river land, and through his influence we were able to hold three good meetings, and by so doing made lots of friends. It seemed as if the people couldn't do too much for us. Three families invited us to go and spend the day and night with them, and, when not holding meeting, we sat around big log fires telling the people about our mountain home and some of the experiences of our parents in crossing the Plains. The people asked all kinds of questions, and how we irrigate the land, as the Kentucky farmer depends upon nature to supply him with sufficient water to grow a crop. It seems strange to him that our farmers in Utah can make a fair living off twenty acres of land while here one man scarcely ever thinks of tending less than seventy or eighty acres of land.

Often we stop over night at the houses of the old soldiers of '61-'65, and as we sit around a huge log fire they tell us some of their thrilling experience. One old soldier after relating some of his experiences raised his hair, which was brushed rather low over his forehead, bowed us an indistinct salute about the size of a bullet, and said: "I was hit by a slightly spent ball and had it pulled out and here it is," and he showed us the bullet which he was using as a charm on his watch chain. Rather a grim charm, I thought. Another old soldier said that in the regiment he was in, he had a companion whom he thought a good deal of, and they fought side by side in many a battle and shared the same blankets at night. This companion had a younger brother who had joined the Confederate army. One day they were in an engagement with the Southern army and the regiment the old soldier and companion belonged to was ordered to the front. The regiment poured three volleys of shot into the ranks of the enemy, when suddenly the old soldier's companion fell on his knees and let his gun drop, while deep convulsive sobs shook his frame. As the old soldier stooped to reload his gun he asked him if he was wounded. He answered:

"No. But look! look! There is my brother."

And as the smoke cleared a little he looked and there saw the younger brother firing into their regiment. It was brother against brother!

Christmas of '95 has come and gone. Here in the southern cities no Christmas and New Year holidays, guns and pistols, fire crackers, Roman candles and skyrockets are discharged by the younger people, the same as in Salt Lake City on the Fourth of July, and no obstacles are placed in the way by the municipal authorities. The young people are full of mischief and

plan all kinds of jokes. At the house we are staying, on Christmas night, about midnight, after all had gone to bed and were asleep, "the boy" of the family, a mischievous chap about sixteen years old, let drop from the top of a flight of stairs into a room where three young men, his cousins, were sleeping, about twenty milk pans at once. You can imagine the sensation.

In southern cities the turkey dinner is enjoyed by almost everybody on Christmas and New Year; and at night negroes with their fiddles and banjos go around serenading; and if a crowd gathers round them one of their number will commence to hit the floor with the heel and toe to the time of the music and the clapping of hands of the watchers, for all must join in, for the people of the South are a warm-hearted people.

In the country the people burn mostly wood, and on Christmas and New Year an extra large log, which will burn for two or three days, is placed in the spacious fireplace and by its cheerful blaze all kinds of games are played. One person stands near the fire making popcorn for the merry crowd while the nuts are brought out, of which all kinds grow wild here in the woods—the chestnut, hazel nut and various kinds of hickory nuts and walnuts. So the merry days of the old year pass off quickly and joyously, to the cheerful and warm-hearted people of the South; and with the general good feeling the Elders are treated better; so fathers and mothers in Zion may rejoice as their sons are trying to do their duty, and in the performance of it are being blessed with many kind friends among those who are not of our religious belief.

I hope the New Year may be a bright and prosperous one for all in the new State of Utah.

JOHN C. CUTLER JR.

### SKELETONS STRIKE THE HOUR.

Here is a description of a most remarkable clock belonging to a Hindoo prince. Near the dial of an ordinary-looking clock is a large gong hung on poles, while underneath, scattered on the ground, is a pile of artificial human skulls, ribs, legs and arms, the whole number of bones in the pile being equal to the number of bones in twelve human skeletons. When the hands of the clock indicate the hour of one, the number of bones needed to form a complete human skeleton come together with a snap. By some mechanical contrivance the skeleton springs up, seizes a mallet, and, walking up to the gong, strikes one blow. This finished it returns to the pile and again falls to pieces. When 2 o'clock, two skeletons get up and strike, while at noon and midnight the center heap springs up in the shape of twelve skeletons and strikes, each one after another, a blow on the gong and then fall to pieces as before.—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The recent terrible British Columbia flood diverted the Thompson river, about four miles from Savona, B. C., and left a very shallow bend in the river. The bed of this river is rich in gold and a syndicate is being formed to work three miles of this bed. Enormous returns are expected.