

in the mud and cold, in front of his window, while he investigated the antecedents of an applicant. He was questioning the man when a gentleman walked up to the spot to observe the proceedings, continued the examination nearly half an hour while the gentleman remained, and the statement was made to the latter that the registrar had been engaged with the same man for an hour. Meanwhile the crowd stamped and uttered exclamations of impatience, while the conviction spread that it was a put up job between the applicant and the officer to block registration for an indefinite period.

The crowds that stand in front of the windows indicate how incomplete, and how unsatisfactory in its results, was the house to house canvass made by the registrars. It also indicates that the registration lists are in such a condition that no man can feel entirely confident that his name appears thereon unless he has it checked. This is especially true of People's Party men, all of whom should be sure to ascertain that their names are on the lists.

CHRISTMAS AT THE "PEN."

The cheer of Christmas found its way within the high and gloomy walls of the penitentiary yesterday, thanks to the active kindness and energetic thoughtfulness of a few gentlemen, among whom were Charles H. Wilcken and Prof. C. J. Thomas.

The Union Glee Club gave an entertainment in the dining hall of the prison in the afternoon, at which was rendered the following

PROGRAMME:

Opening piece, organ,....Prof. J. J. Daynes.
March,.....Union Glee Club.
Song, "Two Roses",.....Union Glee Club.
Song, "Let Me Dream Again", Miss M. Romney.
Song, "Where Would I Be?", Union Glee Club.
Song, "The Old Wooden Rocker", Mr. Wm. Foster.
Organ Solo,.....Prof. J. J. Daynes.
Song, "How Can I Leave Thee?", Union Glee Club.
Song, "Calvary",.....Miss M. Romney.
Song, "Some Folks Do",.....Jos. Morgan.
Song, "Then You'll Remember Me", B. Spry.
Waltz,.....Union Glee Club.
Finale, "Auld Lang Syne",.....D. McAllister.

The whole was under the direction of Prof. C. J. Thomas.

About 200 persons witnessed and thoroughly enjoyed the entertainment.

The inmates of the prison had breakfast and dinner as per the following menu which was printed on cards and distributed:

* Christmas comes but once a year,
When it comes it brings good cheer."

BILL OF FARE—CHRISTMAS.

BREAKFAST.

Ham and Eggs. Baked Sweet Potatoes.
Cake. Plain Fritters. Boston Corn Bread. Muffins. Coffee.

DINNER.

Stuffed Roast Turkey. Cranberry Sauce.
Washed Potatoes. Stewed Apples.
Boiled Ham.
Baked Sweet Potatoes. Potatoe Salad.
Jellie Cake. Fritters. Pie. Pudding.
Chocolate. Coffee.

Utah Penitentiary, December 26th, 1889.

The materials necessary to furnish this bill of fare was conveyed to the penitentiary by Brother Wilcken's team, and had been collected from kind-hearted

donors by him and others who interested themselves in the movement.

The humorous and pathetic are often coupled. When the song "Where Would I Be?" was announced, a smile broke out on the faces of the prisoners, which developed into a laugh, in which, however, there was an unmistakable element of pathos.

SUICIDE AT PROVO.

On Tuesday, Dec. 24, a most lamentable occurrence took place at Provo. About 5 p.m. Wm. Turner, aged about 19 years, and a son of ex-Sheriff J. W. Turner, committed suicide by shooting himself in the breast. The young man had been down town, and had been at a saloon. Shortly before his return home, he met his uncle and bade him goodbye. Being asked what he meant he said he would never hear after Christmas. Then he went home. He passed his mother's room and went upstairs, where, a moment later, a shot was heard. His brother followed, and found him lying in the agonies of death. He lived but eight minutes.

An inquest was held, the verdict being that his death was caused by a pistol shot, inflicted by his own hand, while he was under the influence of liquor.

The blow falls with terrible weight upon the bereaved family, who have the sympathy of the community. Mr. Turner was not in town at the time of the shooting, but arrived shortly after, and was completely overcome by the sad intelligence. Mrs. Turner has been confined to her room for some time with a serious illness, and the shock has had a very severe effect upon her. The deceased was of a jovial disposition and no one had suspected that he would commit such a rash act.

THE STREETS.

The streets of this city are in a deplorable condition; traffic is impeded, by mud. In consequence much faults found with the city government. Political capital is being made of the mud; but a fair examination of the subject will show that such capital has only the strength and consistency of the material of which it is manufactured.

Give any city located on prairie soil the precipitation of rain, hail, snow and sleet we have had since the middle of October and its streets would be mud y too, unless they were all paved and cleaned at frequent intervals. The paving of the streets of this city in a manner to obviate mud on them, during such weather as we have been having for weeks past, would cost more than all the buildings in town, and nothing short of a pavement would resist the combined moisture and traffic we have lately had upon the streets. The mud simply can't be helped. The utmost that can be done is to somewhat obviate its inconveniences in the central part of the city.

Main Street is being macadamized at a heavy expense, but it is

only an experiment in this soil, and it is a forgone conclusion that the mud will have to be scraped up and carted off the macadamized portion of the street at intervals, even should the experiment be successful to the extent that can be reasonably expected.

Citizens should possess their souls in patience, get along with the mud the best way they can, and not hold human beings responsible for the results of nature's actions and laws, with which man is unable to cope. The more mud we have now the less dust we will have in some localities next summer; because mud in our streets means snow in the mountains; and the latter usually means plenty of water, good crops, and wealth for everybody.

FROM PUEBLO TO SALT LAKE CITY

I am constantly surprised at the number and endless length of the railroads here. Only within the past year or so, however, have the mountains been so entirely seamed and cut and crossed by lines of cars; and the plains as well. I came to Pueblo from Kansas City—a long, continuous cornfield of more than five hundred miles on the Missouri Pacific—a road so new that but few people coming this way are aware of the new world that it opens up as yet. And just now the new road to Santa Fe, direct from Pueblo, is pointed out as we pass on with faces lifted to the Rocky Mountains and the awful gorges of Colorado.

I am setting out for Salt Lake City, direct, by the Denver & Rio Grande road; because I am told that such engineering and enterprise as has been exhibited in its building is not matched outside of Mexico.

We are leaving Leadville and other famous mining centers to the right or to the left, all accessible by rail now. We are going to pierce right straight through the granite walls of the Rocky Mountains.

Another thing that occasionally amazes me is the weary distance. "How far is it by this short cut to Salt Lake?" I ask, as we wedge our way on up a fertile valley between its gray-white walls.

"Oh, only about 600 miles," says some one at my side. "So here we go, good reader, on a ride of the biggest half of 1000 miles through the canyons of granite and over the gold and silver and copper and the iron ribs of the Rocky Mountains!"

We are winding up the narrow and fertile valley of the Arkansas River, the one great stream that waters the Indian Territory. It is all thickly settled; and the most of it is plowed and planted.

And such orchards as we see on every side as we wedge on and up and into the fearful gorges through this narrowest and richest of little valleys! The apple trees are literally red with their loads of fruit; and so rounded and shapely are the trees, too. They look all along here as if they had only today escaped out of picture books! But after all, with all their abundance and their beauty, they are not so cheap here as they