

out, burn them up and mortgage our home.' Wouldn't you think the old man crazy, dear folks, as no doubt this old lady would, for offering such advice? And still that is just what our law makers have done for us. They have cut down our money supply and what we want now is more money—and we will have it."

"The circulation today," he said, "is less than \$9 per capita, according to a Republican senator from California, who was at the head of the finance committee for some time, but now deceased. This is exclusive of the reserve fund and the amounts hoarded up by Wall street, private concerns and banks. In comparing what the two old parties have done for silver he gave an amusing story. "A nigger was told by his pastor that there were only two roads for him after death,—"hell and damnation." "I'll take to the woods," quoth the nigger.

Some people say, "If we have free coinage of silver, all Europe will dump her silver into our country." "Let her dump," said Gen. Weaver, "and till we get enough of it." He called attention to the fact that England produces neither gold nor silver. He believed that the United States could make money to suit itself. Foreign powers want our goods and will be only too glad to take our money. Law makes money valuable, not the coin or bullion of which it is made. In his argument on the financial situation, he epitomized the whole subject by this sentence, "A panic is the readjustment of business to the shrunken condition of the money situation." The eloquent speaker concluded by saying "We want honest money. Our laborers need work. We want markets for our goods. We must and shall have free and unlimited coinage of silver. Then prices will readjust themselves, and prosperity will again gladden our souls."

The vast concourse of people vied one with another to get near the man who had so beautifully and truthfully portrayed their situation, and shake hands with him. Mr. McGregor was spokesman for the Utah boys, and said to the distinguished man, "We are students from the West, and highly appreciate your great efforts for the good of our country." The general thanked him kindly and we passed on after shaking hands with him.

In the asking of questions which General Weaver allowed after his speech—many "gold bug" points were given and so eloquently and easily answered that the "bugs" almost fainted.

This morning through the kindness of Mr. H. H. Brooks of Oregon—a friend of the Utah boys and also of silver—we, i. e. Messrs. McGregor, Harris and your correspondent, were shown through the "dissecting room" of the medical school of the University of Michigan. Mr. Brooks is assistant demonstrator of anatomy, and made our visit real interesting, although your correspondent had to use a handkerchief strongly perfumed to keep from the awful strength of the "dissecting room smell." We were also shown around in other departments, and feel highly paid by such a visit to so great an institution.

Mr. and Mrs. Hinckley, of Fillmore, accompanied by their aunt, Mrs. Davis, of Salt Lake City, and her two children, have returned from the Fair. They say "it is grand."

Joseph Jensen, J. E. Hickman and our landlord, E. S. Hinckley, are all doing very fine work in their German course. Success to them.

Mr. and Mrs. Harris are yet in the White city.

If the editor of the DESERET NEWS knew how his homelike, elegant paper gladdens our hearts here, he would certainly forget two-thirds of the troubles peculiar to his class of professional men. All Utah here is well, but poor in this world's goods. J. J. M.

A TRIBUTE TO SHOWELL.

In your issue of the 22nd inst. "X" continues his attack on my friend the scavenger. I shall speak of him as such for the reason that the *alias* "sanitary inspector" was created for him as a compliment to his repugnance in being designated scavenger and I have often cogitated when in one of my semi-occasional reflective moods whether if *alias* was an entity would it manifest any disgust?

With the privilege of space in your valuable publication I desire to defend the scavenger from the attacks of "X" and although nothing he can say can detract from the established reputation of the candidate for councilmanic honors.

I experience extreme pleasure in placing him properly in the minds of those of his constituents who have not been honored with his distinguished familiarity. I know that it is only his besetting modesty that has restrained him from replying to "X" in that terse, succinct and exorbitant language with which his oratorical repertoire is plethoric. How often have we sat in a first ward caucus or precinct convention entranced, enraptured, hypnotized by the soul-suffusing music of his eloquence when intusing to concept, as our fellowtownsman Guillermo Bess would remark, when declining a nomination for ward committeeman.

His utterances have the cadency and rhythmic modulation of a bivalvular mollusk. His gestures reminding one of those of the Simian attendant of the strolling street musician. His periods having that finished proportion and compactness suggestive of a string of Lannan's sausage. His diction as symmetrical as a bag of hammers. My friend the scavenger has been long known, and although I cannot say that to know him is to love him, I will remark that his efforts to lighten the burdens of his fellowmen, especially those that are accessible to manifestations of disinterested friendship have been numerous.

And in the approaching canvass he can index these instances without incurring suspicion of egotism. Many a person undecided as to the proper manner to regain a salubrious atmosphere in and around his habitation has sought his aid and from his ready assistance has been enabled to enjoy an ionolous salubrioness, although experiencing a void in his financial atmosphere.

I desire to impress upon the minds of the generous constituents of the

scavenger for whom I shall solicit their suffrages, his well directed and continued efforts to maintain an ozone equilibrium in the air of the city. Of the stir he has made in our rear premises where his lights have reflected on the night blooming cereus and the oriental crysanthemum luxuriating in the vault and cess-pool, their aroma impressing our senses with the certainty of his disinterested exertions to maintain a proper sanitary condition stimulated by the contemplation of excessive pecuniary results.

"X" may fling his hay seed at my distinguished candidate and he may envelop him in a hundred and sixty acres of lucern, it will not smother his commendable ambition to become the civic representative of his constituents of the First precinct. "X" and his *e vilis compeers* may conspire to defeat the councilmanic protoplasm's aspirations but no considerations of possible defeat will influence him; he is effectually salamandered. He is the solved enigma of a successful failure, oblivious of the enormity of his hilarious capacity.

The frozen chunks of hope may lie all broken at his feet,
And dark despair o'ercloud the brow of every one he meets.

For all will fail to chain his soul to scoundrels of sad regret,
And he'll be there on time when contracts are let.

Pshaw! my muse is disgusted at the theme, or my manner of treating it.

"X" may consider my verduancy as emerald hoed because I advocate the claims of my eminent fellow citizen with such vim. I am fully persuaded of his altitudinous capacity to be a syndic of this berg. And therefore shall not permit any inhospitable suffrages from the First precinct to enter into the composition of his political mortuary easements.

The scavenger explains the existence of his present pull as owing to his assuming responsibilities resulting from an act of Providence which occurred in South America some years ago. This explanation is to remove the stain in "X's" mind. I will also say that I have recommended to the scavenger as a guide, the perusal of some works on political economy and social ethics. Such a Von Burstenbinder in Deodorizers, the Evolution of Garbage, The Mysterious Scavenger, and the Infalible Clew. A knowledge of these authorities will enable him to work the scavenger racket to its full capacity, and to detect any leakage or pittering that may occur in the department.

And that "X" might not confine himself to rations of nature's sweet restorer, resolving doubts as to the policy of the banner gentlemen of the First precinct, I will remark that I have questioned him categorically as to the policy he will pursue as councilman, and although he declines to particularize it I am assured that it will be billary, tenacious and absorbent even to the exhausting of the energies of these principles.

I suggest to "X" that we defer further discussion of the claims of my protegee to public preferment to political rostrum during the canvass. Not that the blooming daisy manifests an inclination to wilt, but the agitation of the subject during the present calvic condition of the air creates an odor suggestive of the occupation of the subject.