

edly fair to both sides. The jury retired and shortly after 11 returned into court. Not one other person than those who were present could have got in, even the bar and clerk's office being crowded. The clerk received the verdict and before he started to read it a pin dropping could have been heard in any part of the room. The words "not guilty" were scarcely out of his mouth when the audience broke loose in defiance of restraint; Emerson was surrounded and all but smothered with congratulations, while his staunch friend, Joe Huntington, who stood by him throughout, threw his arms around the extricated man's neck and kissed him. A more dramatic spectacle is rarely witnessed in a court room.

Thus ended the sensation of the term at this season. One of the humorous features occurred on the second morning while the reading of the previous day's minutes was going on. Judge Judd leaned over to the defendant's leading attorney and said in a whisper—"If you'll drop this defense and enter a plea of guilty I will only give you half the punishment;" to which proposition the reply was given—"I won't be outdone in generosity, I'll throw off the other half." This is not strictly new but it never fit any better than on this occasion.

The docket is an unusually heavy one and will not be cleared off this term. Most of the cases will go over till May.

The spice of life has been the prevailing characteristic of the criminal docket. These are tried and classified as follows: Murder, (habeas corpus) arson, embezzlement, grand larceny (5), petit larceny, burglary (2), unlawful cohabitation (2), unlawful branding and adultery. LEX.

Written for this Paper.

ANOTHER "POTATO PATRIOT."

HEBER CITY, Wasatch county, Dec. 18, 1893.—As a potato patriot, I, in common with my friend A. Bird, of Kanosh, am very much surprised and disappointed with the Agricultural Bureau's report of Utah's "spuds." I can't think the crop is as bad as reported, or else in some parts of the Territory there is nearly a failure. Heber City is 5440 feet in altitude, and as liable to suffer by frost as any part of the Territory. But notwithstanding the very short season, we had an immense crop of the mealies in Wasatch county. Hundreds, yes, I may say thousands, of bushels have been hauled to Park City on wagons, some parties pulling their loads up those steep grades to the mines—for how much? Why! 25c. per bushel.

Yes, and glad of the chance to sell at that price; cash, you know, to pay taxes! Silver dollars are few and far between this fall. But "murphies" are plentiful; hence this exchange.

Having had the occasion to collect the acreage and product of potatoes for Wasatch county, and to be on the safe side of the fence, I reported a full average crop and somewhat better than last season. I give below figures of the crop of the whole county: Acreage, 200; product, 27,025 bushels—an average of 135 bushels to the acre, about four bushels to every man, woman and child. Charleston precinct, with a

population of about 350 souls, raised some 7,000 bushels, twenty bushels per head.

Our friend, A. Bird, of Kanosh, mentions size of the "spuds." I think we can report favorably also. My neighbor Fred Giles brought to my house at digging time six specimens and they turned the scale at eighteen pounds and we had bushels of 'em—well, nearly as big in proportion. This variety is called the People's or Poor Man's potato—seed from Wm. Henry Maul, Philadelphia. They are a beautiful white potato, oblong in shape. Mealies is the right name for them, sure. The Freeman are all the talk in the states now. I have got a few bushels for a start next season; a white potato also.

A few words on our grain crop, which is good this year also, only in Midway precinct the wheat is shrunk by frost. Their fields lie close to the foothills of the Wasatch range, where snow falls very deep, and this spring it was very cold and stormy and they were late getting their crop in, and the frost came before cutting time. The total yield of the whole county was as follows:

1893—Oats, 75,336; wheat, 50,816; barley, 1,000 bushels.

1892—Oats, 72,677; wheat 50,558; barley, 796 bushels.

This year's crop is the largest ever grown in the county, notwithstanding the poor yield of Midway precinct, where very little of the wheat will make bread fit to eat; out of 10,000 bushels about 2,000 will do to grind up into flour.

We have a population of some 7,000 souls in the county, which will take about 35,000 bushels for the bread alone. Therefore it will take the strictest economy to make it last out until another harvest, though we have plenty of the mealy "spuds" to fall back on to help out the deficiency in the wheat crop. A great many of the "spuds" have been hauled to Park City I am aware, but I am satisfied there are plenty left.

As regards our taxes we have as few as any other county in the Territory delinquent; only some twenty persons I think had to be advertised as delinquents.

A few more lines on general topics and then I'll close. We have had a pleasant and mild fall, considerable wet weather though. I was comparing notes the other day; just one week ago we had a beautiful day, fifty degrees in the shade, and just one year ago at that date the thermometer indicated ten below zero on the morning following. That cold snap continued about two weeks—the coldest snap of all winter. Quite a contrast in dates. On the 13th inst it commenced raining, lasting two days, ending with six inches of snow on the 15th, and it has been bleak and cold since. Sunday morning the thermometer registered two below zero; pleasant weather in day time.

La grippe and influenza have visited every family most; but I think this sharp snap will clear the atmosphere, so that the health of the people will improve from this on.

Death has taken from our midst lately three old and estimable ladies, and today, the 18th, there has been carried to the city of the dead a bright and promising young lady, taken off

in the prime of life—the wife of Charles Obilwiler.

Business is brightening up a little, and people are feeling more cheerful. Park City trade is looming up also. More anon. JOHN CROOK.

LIGHT SHED ON "GREATNESS."

When the light of truth shines forth in this our day, as in olden time, exposing the false gods and idols of the age, together with the craftiness of men the cry is heard from our modern Ephesians on all sides—like unto their ancient fathers—"Great is our Diana," "Oh, how great is our achievements."

"Let not thine own lips, but another's, praise thee," says the wise man in his proverbs. Hence not as one of them, but in their behalf, I have a word of "praise" to offer.

Looking over my tax receipts, city taxes only, on my one city lot in the suburbs, containing nothing but the rude dwelling sheltering my family, I find that from 1868 to 1889, inclusive, the figures foot up three hundred and eighty-two dollars and ninety cents (\$382.90); and that for the four succeeding years, the sum is four hundred and eleven dollars thirty-six cents \$411.36). Now without raising the question as to whether I have been imposed upon or favored by the assessor, but judging others by the figures herein set forth, I find that the taxes of the last four years more than cover the twenty-two years preceding.

Bear in mind that this is the regular annual tax, and that prior to 1890, nearly all improvements were made from it. Add now to that of the last four years, the special tax on all abutting property, covering more or less all visible improvements—except the Diana of the Eighth Ward square—such as extension of water mains, sewers, sidewalks, pavements, etc., and these boasted "achievements" begin to heave in sight.

Next pile on top the bonded indebtedness under which we groan, and still they loom up higher. Now on top of all, as the crowning capstone, put a bankrupt city, and you have this monument of "greatness" in full view!

Another word and I am done for the present: Eight hundred and eighty-eight thousand is, I believe, the amount collected or to be collected from this city and county the present year. Think of this vast sum, collected annually, and then sown to the winds on a floating element, scarce one dollar of it returning, or to be had for labor by those who were the producers of it! Then ask the question: Is it any wonder that there is no money to be had by the people, wherewith to meet the present year's taxation?

Let the coming Legislature make a note of it. Yours in defense of

TRUTH.

SALT LAKE CITY, Dec. 18, 1893.

Telluride, Colorado, miners, twenty or thirty in number, who went to the Johannesburg gold mines in South Africa last season, write very glowing reports to their friends in Telluride. White labor is scarce and commands good prices and the gold output is large. The statement does not harmonize at all with the reports of others who have been out there and returned.