

on Monday morning last the weather chart showed the heat in Washington to be 28 deg. hotter than in Salt Lake.

In the summer time, though, when the heat is not too oppressive, Washington is indeed a delightful city. Its parks in various parts of the town, and its shade trees in the streets, are kept in the most excellent condition. This is accounted for by the fact that the parks and street shade trees are looked after by the corporation, and I have sometimes thought, when I have noticed the excellent condition of the trees, not only in the parks, but in the streets, that it would be well if the shade trees in Salt Lake City were under a similar management. In this way the thing is reduced to a system. In the various parks, gardens are to be seen busy at work all day long, mowing the grass and weeding and nursing the flowers, until everything is made to look so beautiful that one almost fancies he is for the time being in a miniature paradise. Washington, I consider, is the Paris of America. There is no prettier city in all the Union, and being the capital town it is only reasonable to expect that the government will continue to make it still more beautiful in years to come.

But not only is Washington a lovely city by reason of its park, its immense government buildings, its excellent arrangement for streets and avenues, but it appears to me that on its streets and avenues at the present time can be seen as many fashionably-dressed, good-looking women as are to be seen in any town of the same size in the whole of the United States. Thousands upon thousands of the women here are what may be termed cosmopolitan. Employed in various departments, they come from every State in the Union, and it is a pretty sight to see these thousands of women, nearly every one of them dressed in white, flocking to work in the morning.

One of the principal resorts of fashion and beauty, is the concert of instrumental music given, during the summer months, by the marine band every Saturday afternoon (weather permitting) in the grounds immediately south of the White House. Large numbers of people flock to hear the magnificent music discoursed by this splendid band, and the ladies promenade on the beautiful green sward, in dresses representing every hue of the rainbow and every style in the fashion-book. These Saturday afternoon concerts are greatly appreciated by the public. And well they might be. A people incapable of appreciating the boon of roaming in such a park as that immediately south of the White House—forming part of the White House grounds—and listening to such excellent music as is played by the marine band, must be very unappreciative indeed. Under similar circumstances and with as good a band—there are some 50 or 60 performers—I can fancy how the Salt Lakeers would appreciate such instrumental Saturday afternoon concerts, say in some park full of shade trees, beautiful walks, fountains, grass, etc. Here, all the public departments close during the summer months at 3 o'clock p. m. Thus all who desire can attend these concerts, as they commence at 5 and terminate at 7 p. m.

But coming down to matters of congressional interest, my prediction, expressed some weeks ago, that before the navy bill passed the House there would be some flying, has been literally fulfilled. During the course of the debate some very telling speeches were made, not so much against the bill—for all agree we should have a respectable navy—as against Robeson and the corruption practiced by him when he was Secretary of War. One of the most severe speeches was that delivered by Mr. Whitthorne, of Tennessee, who was chairman of the committee that investigated the corrupt practice of Robeson some two or three years ago. From the disclosures then made—and which have stuck to Robeson ever since—the sage from New Jersey has entertained anything but feelings of regard for Mr. Whitthorne, and the latter's recent speech on the navy bill did not go to heal the breach. At last the debate was concluded; Robeson replied, in the course of which reply he indirectly attacked Mr. Whitthorne, accusing him of having defrauded his State of some school funds, and of participating in some other "jobs." Of course, Mr. Whitthorne indignantly, but with dignity, denied the accusations; and

before the scene was through, Robeson was branded "a liar," "a perjurer," etc., and while everybody will admit that such language was the reverse of parliamentary, yet most people believe that so far as Robeson is concerned the language will stick. As I have already said, it was not so much that the naval appropriation bill asked too much as the utter distrust in Robeson and his Speaker that provoked all this discussion. But the bill passed with scarcely an amendment, and it will shortly be in the hands of the Senate. Whether any amendments will be introduced there time only can tell. That we need a good navy is certain. When such a man as Admiral Porter unhesitatingly says that the English warships *Invincible* and *Indefatigable*—now in front of Alexandria—are themselves a match for the whole of the American navy, truly the American navy must be in a terribly neglected condition.

Yesterday, the Senate, after making a great many changes passed what is known as the river and harbor bill. The bill gives an aggregate appropriation of about twenty and a quarter million of dollars, and while the money in a great many instances will be spent to advantage, yet it is openly asserted that the bill on its face provides for the expenditure of large sums of money on certain useless creeks and frog ponds,—in other words it sanctions jobbery, and the President of the United States, not having the power to strike out objectionable items in an appropriation bill without vetoing it, will, by his signature, acquiesce in the jobs. The sundry civil bill, which has occupied the attention of the House for over a week, was disposed of to day, which finishes the list of important appropriation bills for the year.

A week or ten days ago the chances for an adjournment about the 20th of July looked rosy, but now they have all receded. In spite of the excessive heat, Congress appears in no hurry to adjourn. It is now the 13th of July, and the Revenue, Naval, and sundry civil bills have yet to be discussed by the Senate. The bill that is likely to occupy the longest time in discussion there, is the Revenue bill. Since its passage by the House, a great many important amendments have been handed in by senators; in fact it is said that the republicans feel that the Revenue bill as it passed the House is very unsatisfactory; that it relieves the rich, but gives no relief whatever to the poor man; and inasmuch as the tariff question promises to be of some importance during the campaign, the republican party is anxious to show that it desires to alleviate the poor as well as the rich in the matter of taxation and so forth. This bill, therefore, will provoke a good deal of discussion in the Senate, indeed its consideration there will occupy not less than one week. After its disposal will follow the naval and sundry civil appropriation bills, which will about terminate the work of the session. In the interval there is some talk of the House taking up one or two election cases still undecided; but as the democrats will insist upon there being a quorum without them, some difficulty may arise in this respect. The sergeant-at arms says he can pull a quorum together in forty-eight hours, so that a few days hence will indicate the action of the House in the matter of the election cases. If they do come up, it will be another case of one or two democrats being made to walk the plank.

The row that has been going on amongst the doctors in reference to the report to be made upon the autopsy held over the body of Guiteau is simply disgraceful. The "Rev." Hicks and the doctors have been interviewed until the whole question has become sickening, and as a local paper remarked the other evening, it would be a good thing if the services of Guiteau's hangman were called into operation in their case, so that he might choke them off from saying another word on the subject. Guiteau's body has been boiled, the flesh stripped from the bones, his bones bleached, and the skeleton is now being knitted together prior to being put in a case for exhibition in the Army Medical Museum. When shall we hear the last of this notorious man?

If Guiteau intended to poison himself at the last moment he was certainly defrauded of the chance. Just before the execution, it will be remembered, a large bouquet was sent to him and subsequently removed by the jail officials on the

suspicion that the flowers contained poison. The bouquet was reported to have been sent by the assassin's sister, Mrs. Scoville. An evening paper says that Dr. Alexander McWilliams, the assistant physician of the jail, took charge of the flowers and handed a rose from the center of the bouquet and another flower to Dr. W. C. Tilden for analysis. Dr. Tilden to-day, at the laboratory of the Army Medical Museum, made an examination and found that there were plain traces of arsenic in the rose—a sufficient quantity to kill several men had they taken it. The results of the experiment will be carefully kept for future reference. J. I.

Correspondence.

OREGON SHORT LINE R. R.,
July 18, 1882.

Editor Deseret News:

The terminus of the Oregon Short Line Railroad is not at Wood River yet, as it was expected early last Spring to have been by this time. It has, however, found its way to American Falls, a point on Snake River, where it halts to let the weary grader go on to construct a road through an eighty mile desert of sand and lava rock.

Since the latter part of April, large numbers of men and teams have been shipped in, many of whom have got dissatisfied with the general outlook and left for other parts, while the stay of many a home-sick youth is of but momentary length, only waiting for some reasonable excuse to get away.

Stealing is getting to be of frequent occurrence and it is not a strange thing to hear of the guilty hanging around in trees or other things erected for the purpose.

It is very warm here now, and windy. Many times clouds of dust rise to such an extent as to prevent working on the grade.

There are many things that annoy the railroad men and now among the objectionable, small-pox is found. It has not scattered to any extent among the camps yet, and with proper care in a month or two it will not be known of on the line.

The best part of the working season is now wearing away and with it the prospects for lots of cash gradually disappear. Last month I saw contractors walk up and draw their paltry sums which was less than enough to cover expenses.

Some are leaving the line while others reluctantly continue on and although not very religiously inclined, if looks had any language, many a worried mind could utter with propriety a portion of the Lord's prayer, "forgive us our debts." Yours, etc.

JEFF. A. HUFF.

A California Romance.

Our old friend, General Pope, so long and favorably known here, got back from a visit to his friends in Massachusetts the other day, and in conversation with him we gleaned a little life history that is worth repeating, and we give it briefly, as follows: Away back something over 30 years ago Mr. Pope was married to a young lady in Charleston, Mass. When the California fever broke out he left his bride and started for the new El Dorado, with bright anticipations of soon becoming rich and returning to her. A regular correspondence was kept up for a while, and every mail brought him a loving letter from home. Like all Californians, he had his ups and downs, and the anticipated riches failed to come as he expected, but he persevered and labored with an industry that was worthy of a reward. A couple of years passed, and then his troubles came. A villain who had lived in his town in Massachusetts went back from California and reported to his wife that he had proved unfaithful and was married again. She wrote to him to the effect that if he did not come home immediately she would obtain a divorce, and as he did not do so, that was the result, and the situation has remained unchanged through all the years that have passed since that time.

Last fall, however, Mr. Pope concluded to visit his relatives in the old home, and started back about the 1st of December. Arriving at his brother's home he was suddenly prostrated with fever, and for some time his life hung by a thread. His wife still resided in the same town, where she had supported herself in the business of a professional nurse.

She was called in to nurse the sick stranger, and found in him the man to whom she had plighted her faith so long ago. Through the next six weeks she cared for him with a woman's devotion, and when the disease was conquered and strength slowly returned, the story of the past was rehearsed in all its particulars, and the truth showed that the only crime had been in being too proud and hasty, and that the lie told by the cowardly villain, and too readily believed, had made a blank page in two lives covering a period of more than 25 years. But a sensible view of the case was taken, and our old friend concluded to "let bygones be bygones." A license was procured, a minister was called in, and with a select little company of the friends of both parties for witnesses, they again pledged themselves each to the other until death. Mr. Pope started in a few days for his home here, and in the coming summer his wife will come to him or he will return to Massachusetts. —Quincy National.

Encouraging a Railroad.

A farmer living on the line of the Jackson and Fort Wayne Road, visited the headquarters of the company to urge the necessity of a new passenger station at a certain cross-road on the line.

"I'm afraid the patronage would not pay the expenses," replied the official.

"I tell you a heap of people would get on and off at them corners," urged the farmer.

"Well, how many of your neighborhood have passed over our road this year?"

"How many? Well, there's old man Skinner, for one. He has been to Jackson twice that I know of. Then, there's Aunt Deborah Smith, who goes down to Fort Wayne every spring and fall. Then we've got several young men who allers go up to Lansing when there's a circus."

"Any more?" asked the official as the farmer scratched his head and wriggled around.

"No-o, I don't know as I kin think of any more just now, but if you'll go ahead and put up a station there, you kin count on a dozen of us sitting around there all the time to make things look like business."

—Banker and Broker.

W. J. Hutchison, a New York broker, who does not drink, smoke, chew or swear, but who teaches in a Sunday school and recently gave a church over \$5,000, has been expelled from the stock exchange merely for robbing a life-long friend and trusting customer of \$1,500,000.

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