

as to be in fashion, would work through the crown, so much so that often during the day I had to take both hands and lift it off, and set it back on all the hair again. Many a straw hat have I seen worn all winter.

We often had dances. The first thing to do was to make peace with the fiddler, and then go and engage your girl. A peck of wheat per couple was the usual charge. If you had no wheat, you must satisfy the fiddler some other way. All went to the dance and there was no society papers to report what each lady wore. One thing I now remember they had on was a smiling countenance and they always wore an honest heart. We were as one family when we met, and it was a meeting of a happy family.

My clothing gave out, so I purchased a pair of buckskin and smoked them with sagebrush so much that they had the flavor of an Indian wickiup. I had the flavor of tight pants with spring bottoms and straps to keep them in place, as a few elderly readers will remember was the fashion those days. I ripped these the fashion those days. I ripped these spring bottoms, laid them on the buckskin, and cut around them, forgetting to leave anything for shrinkage, and sewed them up with a welt in the seams. Then I had a buckskin jumper to lap a little over at the waist, and but little; also a pair of shoes made out of valley-tan leather that had neither oil nor blacking enough in to make them pliable or black. They were "foecy," costing 1000 brick. A good woman knit me a pair of socks. Wool had to be corded, and spun by hand; hence the socks were short. With the hickory shirt, straw hat, new shoes, and buckskin suit I went to meeting. As I passed the boys I heard them say, "Look at Henry, how well he is dressed." I have had many a suit since, but none that I stood up in with the same pride I did with that.

But the old saying, "Pride goes before a fall" came true. Monday morning I went after the horse; it had rained; the grass was wet; my pants got wet; they got long; I rolled them up one tuck; went on; more wet, another tuck; until I had most of the pants rolled up. I took them off, unrolled them and hung them up to dry. Well they dried; and when I beheld them dried, my heart sank within me. I made a rush for Lish Hoops, who helped us green-horns out of difficulties. He told me to dampen them and draw them on and let them dry, which I did. When dry there was a space between the valley-tan shoe and the top of the sock, and a still larger space between the top of the sock and the bottom of the pants; also some discrepancy between the pants and jumper, so you could see the shirt. The spring bottom had dried into a horn, the knees bulged out, the seat, well, it looked like I wanted to sit down all the time; on the whole it looked as if I were squatting ready to jump. But they were all I had, so I had to wear them to California. When I got to San Bernardino, put my mules away, and registered, I "made a break" for a "cheap John" store and a barber shop. When I came back to the hotel and was waiting for my meal, the landlord came up to me and said: "Do you know where that little bow-legged spring-kneed, buckskin fellow is gone to?" I would not have told him for the world.

I would not describe this suit, only that I have a living witness to the facts,

Bishop Myron Tanner of Provo. He saw me with the suit on.

You talk about hard times with good crops, plenty of wheat, oats, barley, corn, potatoes, cabbage, all kind of fruit, in abundance, honey and sweet milk enough for all! What are you talking about! What if the money-getters have saved up all the money, and have it in strong vaults; that need not trouble the farmer! What ought to trouble the man of Utah is how to live within his means. You have all the elements here; you can sow and make it rain when you want to. You can produce anything here that is good for man, and you have had a continuous market for many years past. What each farmer can now ask himself is, "What have I done with all the prosperity of so many years past? Have I raised chickens and turkeys to supply the winter market, so the merchant need not send east this winter?" Will you have hogs enough for the market, so we will not have to send a million or more dollars to Chicago for the pork we must have? The thrifty farmer has some, but the shiftless farmer will tell you it wont pay to raise hogs because they can be raised cheaper in Illinois or Missouri. You have lucern, wheat, barley, and rye; why not raise hogs? You say it will not pay to raise poultry, but it will pay to have half a million dollars a year go east for the same product! Compare today with the days I have spoken of, and compare today with what Utah would have been if the people had taken the advice President Young, Heber C. Kimball, Geo. A. Smith and others gave them! Would it not be in order to resurrect some of those sermons and read them? Refresh your memories with those self-sustaining lectures of earlier days.

Hard times have come, and come because of your own extravagance. You have sent east for everything you wanted till your money is all gone, and then you say hard times! Utah is better off than her neighbors, and will be the first to recover. But we must have a reformation. A financial reformation is different from a religious reformation. With the latter all you have to do is to repent and get rebaptized, then you can go ahead again. In a financial reformation you have to make peace with those you owe. Some have hearts and will give you longer time, others will take all you have, and you will still be in debt. The Shylocks will now get fat, for they will have many pounds of flesh.

It is perhaps well that settling day has come. Everybody will know just what he is worth when it is over. The merchant will know how to purchase goods better, and I hope better goods, and not bring to Utah all the old shelved goods of the east. The farmer will not run in debt for his crop before the seed is in the ground. The mechanic or laborer will take home more of his wages. How would it seem, boys, to have in your pocket some of that money you have wasted in the past? Reform is the word, be kind to each other, and pay your debts as soon as you can.

H. J. FAUST.

Mr. O. Aaslund announces in the Stockholm papers that he will begin the publication of an illustrated weekly to be called "The American Post." As the name indicates, the paper will be devoted chiefly to American affairs.

WAKEMAN'S WANDERINGS.

SCARBOROUGH, England, August 12, 1893.—Scarborough, over here on the North Sea, is the greatest seaside resort on the eastern coast of England. For vast crowds it is like Southport on the west and Brighton on the south coast. It has been a watering-place for nearly two hundred and fifty years. Before that good fortune it was little else than a dreary fishing port, with a great, grim castle dominating hamlet and harbor; and a wise woman, who used her eyesight and other senses, was primarily responsible for Scarborough's transformation from obscurity to opulence and renown.

"Mrs. Farrow, a sensible and intelligent lady, who lived at Scarborough, about the year 1650, sometimes walked along the shore, and observing the stones over which the waters (from a cliff-side spring) passed to have received a russet color, and finding it to have an acid taste different from the common springs, and to receive a purple tincture from galls, thought it might probably have a medicinal property. Having, therefore, made an experiment herself, and persuaded others to do the same, it was found to be efficacious in some complaints, and became the usual physic of the inhabitants. It was afterwards in great reputation with the citizens of York and the gentry of the country, and at length was so generally recommended that persons of quality came from a great distance to drink it; preferring it before all others they had formerly frequented, even the Italian, French and German spaws."

Thus runs the ancient, ungrammatic but truthful chronicle. Dame Farrow has only a few lines in Scarborough local history and no monument. These are the only really mean things you will find about the winsome old town. The "spaw" the good dame discovered is a spa which has a curious history of its own. Nearly fifty years after its discovery the spa was provided with cisterns or wells for collecting the waters. To protect these from the encroachment of the sea, a stout staith of stone bound by timbers was erected around the wells. Forty years later a great mass of the cliff above, containing nearly an acre of pasture land, sunk perpendicularly for several yards. As this huge mass of cliff went down, the sand about the strait, some distance from the subsiding cliff, shot up into the air to a height of from thirty to fifty feet, an entire mass nearly 100 feet broad and 300 feet long. The wells ascended with the strait and sand, but the spa itself was lost completely, and was only recovered after long and diligent search, and great expense upon the part of the inhabitants. Local folk-lore holds to the belief that this was just judgment for Scarborough's ingratitude in forgetting its debt of obligation to Dame Farrow.

But after knowing Scarborough, I believe had there been no Dame Farrow, and no "spaw," no earthquake and no rediscovery; no grand Spa Saloon in the Italian-Renaissance style, accommodating several thousand people, opened by the Lord Mayor of London; no spacious promenades or grand Cliff Bridge across the shadowy ravine; no grand aquarium, said to be the finest in the world; no splendid orchestra of 200 to 300 performers; no broad sea-wall