

craning their necks among the weeds and furze to find fragments of unburned color-lights. Here and there was one with pocket bulging out like a well-filled craw. A group of boys had collected near the Capitol grounds, and a Chinaman was driving bargains with them for their findings.

But aside from these small camp-followers, how desolate and dreary seemed the ground which the night before had been ablaze with a pyrotechnic glory, which for minutes together lit up the faces of 100,000 eager spectators. All this wonderful combination of powder and phantasy had "melted into air, into thin air," and we involuntarily repeat Shakespeare's famous lines:

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capped towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a wrack behind.

Today the streets resound to the unmusical rhythms of the saw and the hammer, and as we watch the worker on these dizzy heights, a long line of bunting suddenly comes to the ground. The red, white and blue, intertwined with the yellow, green and red, have done their duty well. Henceforth they must remain a gilded memory. Happy he who saw these mingled emblems for the last time under the spell of the electric light. The world must be a dark place, else such illumination were not possible. It will be ten-fold darker tonight, but our eyes will gradually accommodate themselves until things shall again seem normal.

The most melancholy spectacle of all is the dismantling of the gorgeous floats that dazzled the eyes of the spectators during the illuminated parade. Some of them had cost over \$600. And now to see these magnificent caves, grottoes, fountains, mountain dells, forests, and brakes,—the late haunts of fairy queens, mermaids, hob-goblins, dragons, and all the phantasmagoria of dream and mythology, to say nothing of the still more gorgeous receptacle of Utah and her maids—to see all this splendid creation rudely battered to pieces by the sledge and the ax, makes one wish that it, too, like the fireworks, could have suddenly vanished into thin air "leaving not a wrack behind."

After all, these things were but incidents of the Jubilee. Its real greatness was beyond the show of pomp, and time, and light, and sound—an ethereal yet tangible something which enveloped the heart and enlightened the mind; a something that will warm and strengthen and cheer our people long after the pageant has faded out of memory.

N. L. N.

JUBILEE CONCERT.

It was a magnificent audience that assembled at the Tabernacle Tuesday to listen to the great musical treat prepared for it. The building was packed to the doors and the benches of Manager John D. Spencer and his fellow commissioners must have been filled with joy as they glanced over these faces before them and saw the effects of untiring efforts. The decorations were beautiful and the beautiful picture of the choir, of 1,000 singers

—the ladies dressed in the Jubilee colors and the gentlemen in black—was one of indescribable beauty. As early as 7 o'clock crowds of people took up positions at the Tabernacle gates. Thirty minutes later the doors were thrown open and then began the rush for seats. Streams poured into the historic old building until 8:30, and it looked as though every seat had been taken, but still the people came and seats were found for them by a corps of well-trained and courteous ushers. Shortly after 8:30, a loud burst of applause was heard. It announced the arrival of Hon. William J. Bryan and party, for whom seats had been reserved in the last gallery. The maids of honor then marched in and took their seats on the stands. They were followed by "Utah," Miss Emma Lunt and attendants. The lady looked perfectly charming, and her presence and bearing would have done honor to any court in the land. The lady received a perfect ovation.

The concert began with the ballet music from Faust by the K. of P. band, under the leadership of Prof. Anton Pedersen. This organization is so well known that any comment on the rendition of these medleys would be almost superfluous; suffice it to say that its work last night was of the very best and the appreciation of the audience was shown in the hearty applause that followed each number. When the maids and fair "Utah" had taken up their respective positions, the choir and audience sang the Star Spangled Banner, accompanied by the grand organ and K. of P. band. This was followed by a duet—Sunset—Geneva, by Miss Jennings and Viola Pratt Gillette. Prof. Daynes's organ solo was one of the gems of the evening and afforded the many strangers present an opportunity of judging the capacity of the great instrument. Prof. Daynes played with the skill of an artist that knew his work and was rewarded with rounds and rounds of applause. The Paulmela quartet of Denver made a distinctive hit in Swanee River. The voices of these ladies blend beautifully and is without a doubt the best quartet ever heard here. The reception accorded them was most enthusiastic. For an encore they gave When Love is Kind, Utah's favorite tenor, R. C. Easton, was in excellent voice and sang, O Lonesome Mountains, a composition by Prof. Stephens. The song is a gem, well adapted to Mr. Easton's voice, and he sang it with a feeling and expression that was truly inspiring. The ladies chorus, under the direction of Madam Swenson, sang the Danube Waltzes with marked ability. The blending of the voices of this chorus is almost perfect and with attention to rehearsals ought to make a name for itself. A disadvantage the chorus labored under last night was in being too far away from the piano and in not being properly arranged. Viola Pratt-Gillette received the ovation of the evening. Her rendition of Verdi's Oh Don Futali was superb and the full powers of her magnificent voice were never heard to better advantage. Evan Stephens again covered himself all over with glory. His due to the Pioneers, will rank as one of his best efforts. The rendition by the chorus of 1,000

voices, accompanied by the band and organ, was most inspiring. The vast audience remained seated until the last note had died away, when it broke forth into tumultuous applause. Will Bjwring and Grouway Parry, seated among the basses, yelled Bryan and the audience took it up, forcing that gentleman to respond, which he did from the gallery. The honored guest spoke as follows:

"I don't know whether I can make myself heard or not, but this is the last opportunity I shall have to express my pleasure that I have been able to be present during a part of your Jubilee exercises. As I watched the unveiling of the monument to Brigham Young this morning, I wondered how long would live the story of that journey across the Plains. If men have kept for three thousand years the tale of the search for the golden fleece, how much longer will they remember the history of this successful search for wealth, for prosperity for greatness which you commemorate. And it seems to me that I can leave no better thought with you tonight than this: That while it is well to rear monuments to those who have gone before, to cherish their memory, it should also be your duty and your pleasure to smooth the pathway and make bright the days that remain for those of the Pioneers who are yet with you."

With the giving of a hearty cheer the vast concourse of people dispersed.

OBITUARY.

ELLA ELIZA HARRIS.

LEWISVILLE, Idaho, June 10, 1897.—Sister Ella Eliza Harris, daughter of Martin Harris, was born at Clarkston, Utah, December 30, 1875, and died at Lewisville, Idaho, June 4, 1897. Sister Ella was loved and respected by old and young. She was always kind and humble, and was a faithful Latter-day Saint. She is a grandchild of Martin Harris whose name stands to the world as a witness to the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. In reviewing the history of Sister Ella not an act of mistrust can be found to stain her character. Her soul now is resting in peace among the just.

The funeral services were held in the meeting house on Sunday. Many encouraging remarks were made, portraying the glorious future of noble souls who have fought the good fight and kept the faith. The mourners have many sympathizing friends, who also loved Sister Ella E. Harris.

THE DEAD.

Peaceful be their Rest.

BECK.—At Pleasant Grove, July 19, of dropsy, Maude White Beck; aged twenty years, eleven months and sixteen days. She leaves a husband and one child aged six weeks. Mrs. Beck was the daughter of J. H. and Annie Fenton White, and wife of George A. Beck. She was possessed of an amiable and lovely disposition, and she goes to her grave loved by a large circle of relatives and friends.

In Salt Lake City, July 20, 1897, Mrs. Ida A. M. Fulmer, of spinal disease.

ESSELMAN—July 20th, 1897, at the Holy Cross hospital, Salt Lake City, through cancer of the bowels, Henriette Esselman. She was operated upon twice for this disease.

AMILTON MUSSEY JR.—Amilton Mussey Jr. D. D. S., at Provo, at 10:45 p. m. on the 22nd inst., of general debility.