up the money to complete it. France has no faith whatever in the Nicaragua canal scheme as a national undertaking on the part of the United States. She believes it is all a matter of political buncombe, and if our present commission should really do anything and Congress should follow with legislation, there will be a change at once at Panama.

One of the most sensible talkers as to canal matters among the men I have met here is Mr. R. G. Ward, the civil engineer and roadmaster of the Panama railroad. He said to me last night: "The canal presents no problems, financial or mechanical, that cannot be overcome. The trouble is that the machinery they have here is old and defective according to modern methods. It will do the work, but in the most expensive ways. There have been many new inventions since the canal was begun and tens of millions of dollars were spent for these machines. The Chicago engineers said it was only a question of good machines and good work, and if I had to finish the canal myself I should first find a big hole and bury all the machinery they are now using in it and start anew. I believe it would be cheaper in the end. We now have dredges that will scoop up rocks such as those quarried for building houses like dirt, and with the right tools work can be done at a low cost."

"How much will it cost to finish the canal?"

"It is all guesswork, but I believe that $150,000,000 would make a sea-level canal here, and I think a sea-level canal would be far better than any lock system. If the French would give up the Panama canal I should like to see Americans buy it and run it. It is certainly the shortest and, I believe, the cheapest place on the isthmus for a canal, and here you can tell just about what it would cost. The French have paid the expenses of the experiments; they have done a great deal of work, and sooner or later I believe there will be a canal here."

Mr. Ward's remark about the antiquated machinery of the canal is founded on some very bitter facts. Machinery which cost millions upon millions is now lying along the line of the canal, rotting and rusting. There are expensive dredges which cost fortunes now utterly worthless. Enough car wheels to equip a trunk line of railroad are scattered from one end of the isthmus to the other, and the rotten trucks, if their pieces could be put together, would make a train half way across the isthmus. The variety of wasted machinery and rotting property is indescribable. I crumbled up wooden car beds with my fingers, and walked a mile or so on discarded and rusted machinery near the Atlantic mouth of the canal. I saw sheds filled with costly but now comparatively useless engines, and as I looked at the evidences of waste and extravagance all about me I could not help thinking of the thrifty peasants, or the Woolen Stockings of France, as De Lesseps used to call them, from where the most of this vast sum came. The French officials poured out money here for years. They bought everything by wholesale. When the old company stopped work they had on hand, among other things, 150 floating derricks, 180 towboats and launches, 6,000 iron dumping wagons, 190 miles of railroad track for the canal work, and over 10,000 cars. This, you must remember, was scattered along a distance not much greater than that between New York and Baltimore. They had built beautiful cottages on every hill and sightly place from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There were 5,000 buildings along the line of the canal, and some of these are occupied by negroes today. They had constructed quarters for 30,000 workmen. They had 120 steam pumps, 200 reservoirs and more than 100 miles of water pipe. Most of this stuff is useless now, and a vast amount has been thrown aside, as the freights are so high that it would not pay to cary it away. The officials made money out of nearly every contract, and the more they bought the more they made. So when a car or train ran off the track or fell down an embankment, they let it lie and used some of the surplus remaining. You can see such overturned cars at almost any point on the old works.

Those were the days when money was the cheapest of all things here. Loads of it wre carried across the isthmus on the cars, and men made fortunes in a month. Eiffel, the man who built the big tower, had one contract which netted him five millions. New York parties, including Henry B. Slavin and the American Construct- and Dredging company, had contracts amounting to $20,000,000. The Americans did honest work, too, and made fortunes. Common engineers took contracts and got rich. I heard today of one man who was down on his uppers when his employer, a New York contractor, discharged him as worthless. When the contractor returned to Colon he found this fellow going about with a black velvet holding an umbrella over him and apparently very prosperous. Being asked how he had gotten along, the man replied: "I am a rich man now. You see, I took a contract to fill a hole along the line of the canal, and was to get $50,000 for the job. Another man had a contract to cut down a hill for $150,000 and I charged him $50,000 to put his hill in hole. It gave me $100,000 without spending a cent." Another man measured up a part of the Chagres river in a section of his excavation contract and by a collusion with the French accountants made a fortune. Houses which you could put up at home for $5,000 were charged for here at $25,000 and $50,000. I drove out this afternoon to the Pacific mouth of the canal past a big frame cottage not as good as many a $6,000 house in the suburbs of Boston, which I was told cost its owner $100,000, and as we passed by it a resident banker of Panama, who has long done business here and whose guest I was for the time, said: "The same man who built that house constructed this three miles of road on which we are riding, and what do you think it cost?"

"I can't guess," said I.

"It cost just $600,000. Oh, those were flush times. Everybody made money then. Interest rate was 10 per cent per month and the profits were enormous. We had Sarah Bernhardt and other actresses from Paris to play for us, and one time I remember Sarah got 50,000 francs for ten performances. Panama was then almost as wicked as Paris."

Yes, they were flush times. Flush times among the rich contractors in Paris as well as with the associate contractors here. Shiploads of costly machinery were found useless, but more of the same kind were sent on. Paris shared in the profits. Nearly $5,000,000 were paid to subsidize the French newspapers. The majority in the Chamber of Deputies was bought with $6,000,000, and a member of the cabinet got $90,000 for services rendered. This all came out when the bubble burst and "the woolen stockings," the French peasantry and the middle classes, awoke to find their savings gone and their canal stock worth nothing. They were the same people who had come to the front and paid at the demands of Germany $1,000,000,000 in settlement of the Franco-Prussian war, and now when they had again grown well-to-do many found that they were penniless. It is from these same hard-fisted, economical, patriotic citizens that France will have to get the great part of the money to finish the canal. They have been badly bitten once, when their own trusted De Lesseps, the hero of Suez, was at the head of affairs. Will they risk the same thing again when another hundred millions or so are required? They may, but I should say they will not. The canal may be built. It probably will be built, but that France alone will build it does not now seem among the possibilities.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

DEATH OF BISHOP ELIAS MORRIS.

Bishop Elias Morris is dead as the result of the lamentable accident which befell him on Monday night last. The end came painlessly and peacefully at 10:30 o'clock Thursday in the presence of the members of his family who had kept faithful vigil at his bedside for nearly sixty hours, hoping against hope for his recovery and restoration to health.

His condition became more alarming as time wore on. Once it was thought that he could not live until midnight. In fact that was the impression for hours. But the wonderful vitality with which he was possessed continued to manifest itself beyond the expectation of the sorrowing family and friends who constantly surrounded him and administered to his wants. He frequently rallied throughout the night, and was quite lucid at intervals, but gradually grew weaker as dissolution approached, and finally sank into that sleep which had been slowly creeping over him for so many hours. His family had, in a measure, become resigned to the inevitable, yet their grief was painful to behold and told in eloquent terms the love that reigned in their hearts for husband and father.

The deceased was 73 years of age and in the field of industrial activity one of the most energetic and best known of Utah's citizens. What he accomplished in a material way is exemplified in substantial structures and enterprises that will stand as monuments to his memory. He was the oldest of five brothers who came to Utah. They were Elias, William V., Richard V., John and Hugh. Of these, all are dead with the exception of Hugh, who resides at Malad, Idaho. Richard V. was the father of City Treasurer Morris and Bishop of the Nineteenth ward when he died, sixteen years ago.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A brief sketch of the bishop's busy life will be read with great interest by his many friends. He had, it appears, intended to write, in fact had commenced, an autobiography, but his life was a very active one and he never finished it. What he did write on that subject, however, is herewith reproduced. He said:

"My parents were born at Llanfair Talhairne, Denbigshire, North Wales. They had born to them seven sons and five daughters. My father was a mason by trade and a contractor in his native country. I learned the trade with my father. Emigrated to Utah in the year 1852. I identified myself with the Latter-day Saints in the year 1849. In the year 1851, President John Taylor paid a visit to my home in North Wales. He had organized a company of capitalists to purchase machinery for the manufacture of sugar from beets, which he intended to establish in Salt Lake City. He engaged me to go to Utah in the interest if this sugar company. I left Liverpool in charge of the machinery in March, 1852, via New Orleans and up the rivers to Fort Leavenworth, whihc was the starting point to cross the Plains; arrived in Salt