

all finally tidily piled alongside the distinguished traveler. The latter's hand went into his pocket where there was apparently much coin, and surely, I thought, it will reappear with at least a shilling, possibly with a half crown. I could not help seeing it was only a ha'penny. But the bland and perfect grace with which it was bestowed, and the momentary, half-conscious look of attention and sympathy which accompanied it, were what filled me with amazement and admiration. The porter, still blowing from exertion, touched his cap with a glad sort of humility, and said "Thankee, sir!" in a tone of positive gratitude. In response to my own "threepenny bit" and an inquiry who the gentleman that "tipped" with half pennies might be, the porter answered heartily:

"Im? W'y ees the' Earl of—. An' a werry fine man ee is, sir."

"What an excellent courier he would make!" I could not help thinking and saying.

"Doan't know as to that, sir," replied the porter admiringly; "but ee's a werry fine man, sir; werry good un to ee's people."

One of the sweetest lassies in all Scotland, one of the best mothers and one of the sturdiest of fathers, are dear friends of mine at Dumfries, Scotland. The lassie is Jean Armour Burns Brown. Her mother is the daughter of the oldest and best-beloved of Robert Burns' sons, Robert Burns, Jr., who was himself a true poet and a man of profound intellectual attainment. This mother and daughter are the immortal bard's nearest living relatives. The home is modest and plain but rich in love, sentiment and the most priceless of human sympathies; and I have long since come to love this truly lovable Scottish home for the manhood, womanhood and purity that dwell within it.

They are not rich people these; not even folk of moderate means; but there is a true nobility in their ever fine and lofty independence which honors the memory of the bard whose fame bestowed no little honor upon them. Some one conceived the idea of constructing a duplicate of the "Burns Cottage" at Ayer, in which the poet was born, for exhibition at the World's Fair. This was all well enough. Then some fertile mind devoid of sensitiveness or sentiment further conceived. This little family must be coralled, lassoed and herded in the "Burns Cottage" to be catalogued, labeled and gazed at, like a Kaffir band, a two-headed calf, or the wild Australian children, by millions of World's Fair visitors. A United States Consul in Scotland has just broken the hilarious news of what was expected of them to these reputable descendants of Robert Burns in Dumfries; and the gentle but dignified reply he has received will undoubtedly be omitted from his forthcoming consulate memoirs to be entitled "Rifts in the Mists of Auld Reekie."

While on the subject of Burns and his descendants it is also an interesting fact that the Ellisland farm-home of Robert Burns has just been thrown open to the public. This house, on the banks of the songful Nith, about six miles north of Dumfries, is standing as sturdily today as when its strong walls were completed by Robert Burns' own hands. If there is to be a "Burns Cottage" at the

World's Fair, this is the one which should be copied, or at least those having the matter in charge should recognize the truth that its representation would infinitely more emphatically memorize "fair Coila's bard" than a prototype of the Ayer Cottage wherein he was born.

This Nith side cottage is hallowed by a myriad sacred memories of Burns. He built it while singing many a lusty song to his absent love and wife. When done it was to his honest eyes fairer than any palace in Britain. To it he brought his adored Jean, "preceded by a peasant-girl carrying the family Bible and a bowl of salt." The most of his children were born within its walls. It was the one Eden of labor, love and song that the poet and his wife ever knew.

There are hundreds of visible relics still at the Ellisland Cottage of the poet's own handiwork. He was the great, the immortal Burns, more for his life within this humble home than for all else of earthly accomplishment; for here were produced, among scores of minor poems, his most ecstatic achievement, "Tam o' Shanter," written in a day and denominated by Alexander Smith "since Bruce fought Bannockburn, the best single day's work done in Scotland," his magnificent battle-piece, "The Song of Death," his wonderful satire, "The Kirk's Alarm," his matchless embodiment of connubial affection, "John Anderson, my Jo," "O blaw ye westlin winds," his "Address to the Nith," "On Seeing a Wounded Hare," that grand "Address to the Shade of Thomson," "Ofa' the airts the winds can blaw," and that divinity of all his odes, "To My Mary in Heaven."

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

ITEMS FROM PIUTE.

KINGSTON, Piute county, Utah, Dec. 27, 1892.—The people around here are rejoicing at the prospect of getting their grist done nearer home in the very near future. Mr. Jas. Whitaker of Circleville is having a flouring mill erected near the old woolen factory. It is thirty feet by forty, with ten feet basement walled with rock and frame building above, twenty-four feet high. Messrs. Sargeant and Steel of Panguitch have raised the frame and done most of the work, but have stopped a while for want of materials, which will be on hand soon, however.

Here as elsewhere we had a good deal of political fuss, but now all is as quiet as a lake on a calm summer day. Trade is very dull, money a rare commodity yet we manage to live on somehow anyway. Our crops were fair to middling with most of the farmers. Some had poor crops, owing no doubt to poor management.

I raised ninety bushels of Danver carrots on ten rods of ground and 120 bushels of mangels and sugar beets on sixteen rods of ground, some of it slightly alkaline. Onions were bad this year here, hardly any coming to full size; last year I had some of two pounds and over.

We had a hard frost of nearly three weeks' duration, beginning with the 5th of December and ending with December 23rd. Now we have the weather so mild that it looks as if spring were going to start in right away, instead of waiting for the equinox of March.

The health of the people is very fair; we had no deaths this year and, except last spring some la grippe, no sickness worth mentioning, except in one or two cases. In a settlement of about fifteen families we have two stores, and there are rumors of some others going to start. Query—If every one keeps a store who will the buyers be?

Respectfully yours,

H. EDWARD DESAULES.

UNION MEETING HOUSE DEDICATED

On Sunday, January 1st, the new meeting house at Union, Salt Lake county, was dedicated for public worship. Bishop Ishmael Phillips presiding. There were present of the First Presidency, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, also Apostle Abraham H. Cannon; of the Presidency of the Stake, Angus M. Cannon and Joseph E. Taylor, besides a number of Bishops and other leading men from the surrounding wards. Those above named and Elder H. W. Nalsbitt were the speakers, who gave much encouragement and offered congratulations to the Saints of the ward for their efforts for completing so nice a house in which to meet and worship. They also gave valuable instructions in regard to the duties of Latter-day Saints.

The dedicatory prayer was offered at the beginning of the afternoon service by President George Q. Cannon.

The clerk of the ecclesiastical incorporation read a short statement of the time of beginning and cost of the house, and stating that the building was entirely free from debt of any kind.

The singing by the ward choir, as assisted by the Morris band, was very nicely rendered, the principal pieces being an anthem composed by the conductor, Joseph G. Fones, and a dedication hymn composed by H. W. Nalsbitt.

MANTI MORTUARY REPORT.

Following is the Manti mortuary report for the year ending December 31st, 1892.

Enlargement of the heart	1
Septicemia	1
Purpura fever	1
Jaundice	3
Asthma	1
Died at birth	1
Meningitis	1
Hemorrhage	1
Apoplexy	1
Bronchitis	1
Gravel	1
Paralytic stroke	1
Cholera infantum	1
Accidentally killed	2
Summer complaint	3
Inflammation of the lungs	1
Complication of diseases	1
Paralysis	3
Acute consumption	1
Teething	1
Pneumonia	4
Old age	5
Not reported	5

Total.....41
Under one year old, 8; females, 19; males, 22. From other places, 2.

GEORGE BATHWAITE, Sexton.

Caldwell (Idaho) Tribune—Another child of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Bernard has died Tuesday of diphtheria. The death of this two-year-old son makes the fourth child they have lost within the last month. One more child is sick with little chance of recovery.