

day nearer the goal of our hopes of peace and rest. Next came modern Utah, headed by Bishop D. R. Stevens, in his three-seated buggy filled with his children and their mother. The carriage was tastefully decked with bunting, and hoisted above all was the glorious old flag that seemed to wave a welcome to the four now rising stars, so soon to settle on its field of blue. Following were modern vehicles—the seats of honor given to the smiling gray-beards and the mothers of our youth and beauty. Then came a number of stylish road carts, drawn by high-steppers that Robert Bonner would take a second look at. I am one who thinks every good Saint ought to own a good horse.

This procession, under the direction of Captain Harmon, was swung into the shape of the old horse shoe corral, and many of the youth saw, for the first time, the canvas fort, such as was the nightly protection of their parents in the pilgrimage to Zion.

Holden has a beautiful meeting house, and as we entered it the floral decorations added a charm to the air of peace pervading the sacred edifice. At the back of the stand was a magnificent oil painting, about ten feet square, the work of a Salt Lake artist, representing the "Pioneers Crossing the Plate."

On one side were seated the newly arrived and realistic band of emigrants, one of whom presently moved the house, as she grasped her bundle and umbrella and gave us, "Over the Hills to the Poor House." Mr. Edward Stevens, as orator, gave a stirring historical oration. In fact the whole of the exercises evinced a home talent that all felt proud of. The choir, under the direction of Brother Samuel Bennett, came in for a full share of honor. By the way, there are quite a number of Bennetts fortunately located here, and all are singers. We had recent news from a brother in Manchester, England, who was struck with a sandbag, in the hands of a ruffian, and but for the restraining influence of the Gospel (he was there to preach) that ruffian would have been transformed into a singer also, but we "turn the other cheek" and victory comes.

The amusements of the after part of the day consisted of the running of races by the children according to age, and some quite valuable prizes were given, the last one being a set of glassware, competitors from 50 years to a hundred.

One striking feature of all this genuine pleasure was the total absence of any ardent exciter; and only once did I see a smoker, and this was a kind-looking son of Cambria, who really got down to business. As I took stock of the age of his pipe, and the strength of its aroma, I thought I could see through another of my friend the Bishop's economic moves, in getting this man to do the smoking for the town.

Holden is likened unto a hive of bees, which has frequently swarmed, and furnished busy builders for other localities, many of whom came back yesterday to visit the

parent hive, and peace and plenty abounded. Although water is very scarce, there appears to be a mutual evenness of disposition among these people that is quite refreshing in these dry times. Quite a novel sight could be seen here a few days since. A machine cutting wheat, and the Bishop, with some others, was following up binding grain that stood up to a man's waist. These men own many hundred head of cattle, and are amongst the most solid and richest men in the country. What an example to some scattered around, who are too poor to stand up, and who so fear sun-stroke that they won't work until after apple-picking. One of these solid men actually cradled his own grain.

The times are ominous, but only the wicked need to fear. The spirit of the pioneers still lives, the power of the Lord is with the Saints, the drone and hypocrite will be revealed, the meek and virtuous will be lifted up. The day hastens when a spiritual activity will plunge the sword of truth into the thick darkness that environs the world, and manifest the God of Israel, as the strength of His people.

GEORGE A. BIRD.

For Canned Beef.

"Canned Beef" is used to a considerable extent by many people in this city, and the following will prove interesting reading to them. It is from the *San Francisco Chronicle* of July 28:

Market inspector Wray and his assistant, Broderick, have been looking with suspicion for some time past at slaughter-houses just over the line in San Mateo county. On Wednesday last the officers learned that sick cows were being killed at the slaughter-house of Jake Gingg, on the San Mateo road. Both officers arrived in that vicinity on Thursday morning. Wray was too well known to make his appearance at the slaughter-house, so he sent assistant inspector Broderick, a new appointee, and a man unknown to the butchers. Upon entering the place he found the men boning the bodies of nine cows. The meat was in a terrible condition.

"What are you going to do with this stuff?" asked the inspector.

"Going to cut it up and feed it to the hogs," was the reply of the man in charge.

"Raw or boiled?" asked the inspector.

"Boiled, of course," said the fellow, with a grin.

Inspector Wray was not fully satisfied with this explanation as reported to him by his assistant. He could not condemn the meat on the premises, as the slaughter-house was located in San Mateo County. He decided, however, to watch the approaches to the city, in case the proprietor of the place attempted to bring the meat into San Francisco. The officers on Friday kept a lookout on the Mission Street road, but in the meantime the meat had been hurriedly brought to the city by the way of Silver Street. Wray and his assistant visited the slaughter-house about 4 o'clock and

found that the meat of the nine cowshad disappeared. They thereupon hastened to the city and proceeded at once to the Bay State Market on Sixth Street, between Howard and Folsom. They well knew that the butcher, Jake Gingg, was either a partner or employee of this market. The officers demanded to know where the meat had been taken. Under threats of arrest the Bay State Market people confessed that the meat was at the works of the Cutting Packing Company on Harrison Street, between Seventh and Eighth. Arriving at the packing-house soon after 6 o'clock on Friday evening, the officers found twenty or thirty men and women at work cutting up the suspected meat and getting the boilers ready to cook the stuff. The inspectors at once seized and condemned 1960 pounds of the beef.

"In ten minutes more," said the inspector, "we would have been too late and the meat would have been in the boilers."

The condemned meat was to have been boiled and put up in cans for local consumption. In a few weeks it would have been served at lunch tables and placed on sale in the shops as "warranted first-class canned beef."

The Cause of Death.

A short time since a young lady died at Gunnison, Sanpete County, and an unscrupulous paper in this city alleged that she had been poisoned, and accused well known citizens of that section of the country of being connected with the atrocious deed. The accusation was refuted, and shown to be false and malicious. Today we received the following, and accede to the request of the sender to publish it:

GUNNISON, July 26th, 1889. [Correspondence of the *DESERET NEWS*.]—The following is a copy of the result of the post-mortem examination by Drs. Benedict and Hosford, which is self-explanatory, and which I ask you to be kind enough to publish in your valuable paper.

AXEL EINARSEN.

GUNNISON, July 21st, 1889.

Report of post-mortem examination held this day on the body of Johanne Andersen (who was alleged to have died from strong corrosive poisoning). Said examination was conducted and held by J. M. Benedict, M. D., and W. J. Hosford, M. R. C. S., England, assisted by E. T. Hosford, M. D.

We, the undersigned, after careful and deliberate examination of the body of Johanne Andersen, find that she died from peritonitis, caused by perforating ulcers of stomach.

J. M. BENEDICT, M. D.,
W. J. HOSFORD, M. R. C. S.,
England,

E. T. HOSFORD, M. R. C. S.,
Post mortem clerk.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 2nd day of July, A. D. 1889.

[SEAL.] JOHN P. C. CHRISTENSEN,
Notary public.

Vote the People's ticket.