

structure. It has become blatant with him and is resorted to simply as the drunkard resorts to the wine cup, through the force of habit, a habit which affords him a sort of dogged comfort but is nauseous to those with whom he comes in contact. As our political parties are mostly made up of Christians representing various denominations, Ingersoll has read himself out of favor with all of them and at last receives recognition from none. This is not, as stated, because he is an infidel, for it is conceded that he has the privilege of his peculiar views and no one has a right to molest him therefor; it is because human nature gets tired after a time of being slurred and contemned and made light of because of its inclination to any belief it may entertain or any reasonable practice in which it may engage, especially when there is no call for such proceeding. Not long since Colonel Ingersoll delivered a lecture on "Shakespeare" at Helena, Montana, for a charitable object, thereby showing that he himself is charitable in one way if not in another; his audience was of course composed of all kind of people and presumably all or nearly all were admirers of Shakespeare. The theme was surely grand and fruitful enough for a lecture by itself; but the lecturer could not or did not forego the opportunity to ridicule theology, making little of those who stood in awe of an "invisible monster in the clouds," and so on. Did not such behavior tend toward casting a dark shadow upon what might have been a bright place in his career? Was not what might have been a feeling of admiration because of a charitable deed well performed nearly if not quite overcome by the sensation of disgust which those who entertained religious views must have experienced? Let him be a Pagan, by all means, since that is his preference; but why is it the Pagan cannot enjoy himself so well as when making others miserable? This is one of the "rights of man" which the eloquent Illinoisan and all of his kind would do well to pay more attention to than they have done so far.

Colonel Ingersoll's latest lecture is on the subject of "Voltaire," in which he pictures that erratic philosopher as a most valiant foe to superstition. The fact is, if there is any reliance to be placed upon history, that Voltaire was like most atheists of his day and since; the degree and persistency of his opposition to sacred things depended entirely upon the condition of his liver; when it was sound and there was nothing immediate to remind him of the nearness of eternity, his heterodoxy amounted to blasphemy—but presto! when he thought, as he did at least once before the time came, that death was near, he sent in hot haste for a priest, made confession and was duly shrived. Recovering, he became worse than ever, "kicked out of the traces" completely and finally died as he had lived. It requires the ingenuity of an Ingersoll to find even the germs of real greatness in such a creature as Voltaire—a man who feared death and what follows it as much as the veriest wretch that was ever dragged to the scaffold, and who affected and cultivated irreverence for (we suspect) much the same cause that his more modern imitators do—they can attract more attention that way than

any other; this gratifies their vanity and they permit the feeling to grow and become stronger—until they think they are going to die; then the utter hollowness of all they have said and done is realized, and, as we firmly believe, would if it could be recalled before their "leap into the dark" is taken.

### ONLY A BEGINNING.

The passer-by who today notices, and mentally wonders at, the removal of the historic old wall on the DESERET NEWS office corner, is respectfully informed that the proprietors of this paper contemplate the erection there of a new, clean, airy business office, to be built of brick, glass and iron. The structure spoken of will be unpretentious and is designed only for temporary use; at no distant day we hope to welcome patrons and acquaintances to an entirely new, spacious and commodious establishment, modern and complete in its appointments—a little further eastward on South Temple street. Meanwhile the immediate requirements of business compel the preparation of additional room to that now occupied, and will render necessary some further changes in the old quarters. Whatever shall be done in this direction will be temporary, for the reason stated; but we trust it will be none the less an improvement.

### RETURN OF A REMINISCENCE.

There are a good many men who have been voters for ten years and more that were not alive when Blondin performed the world-startling feat of walking across Niagara Falls on a rope; these will not, perhaps, be so much surprised as will most of the people who remember that perilous performance—now thirty-three years and more ago—to learn that he is going to give some more exhibitions of the same kind. He must be near the traditional limit of life, but is reported as being quite healthy, active and as capable of making the more nervous hold their breath and wish it was all over, as ever. The business seems to have a fascination for him which he cannot or does not care to resist any longer, and it may be that he prefers to end his career "in the harness;" surely, if he keeps it up much longer, he will some day reach the conclusion arrived at by the great defeated Sullivan, that he tried it once too often. Blondin, it should be known, is not his real name; he was so called for professional purposes, the foundation of it being his light hair and eyes.

### DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

It is one of the curious facts that here in Utah, where we have rail communication and cheap with every point of the compass and where we are within two days' travel of the mighty Pacific, there are grown-up, middle-aged and even old men who have never been confronted by a body of water which they could not see across! To most of these the vastness of the

ocean contains no more of actual impressiveness than the vastness of space, being in either case practically incomprehensible; how could it be otherwise when their knowledge of the vasty deep and the lands beyond it—and this may in many cases amount to more than in that of some who have "been there"—is learned from maps, charts, books, newspapers and conversation? They may and generally do know as a matter of abstract knowledge all about these things and so may they in like manner know all about the World's Fair buildings at Chicago; but it takes that realization that comes through the organs of sight and touch to fully realize their greatness and grandeur.

Those to whom the ocean is *ultima thule* would doubtless be as sternly impressed with the appearance of a monster iceberg as with the monotonous "highway of nations" across which these sometimes go. At certain seasons of the year, as is well known, the Atlantic route to Europe is crossed by great processions of icebergs. These were especially numerous in 1890, and one that was passed on July 10, in 49 degrees north, 24 degrees west, is supposed to have made the nearest approach to British shores of any iceberg since the glacial period. Fewer icebergs than usual were seen in May and June of this year. They were, however, reported to Washington by 250 vessels; and one of them—seen from a German vessel, in 46 degrees north, 37 degrees west—was 600 feet high and four miles long! In the Antarctic waters, this seems to have been a maximum year of floating ice. There the icebergs are always more numerous and formidable than in the north, yet it is not often that navigators have the experience of an Aberdeen captain who, about the middle of May, in 45 degrees south, 25 west, narrowly escaped running into an iceberg 1000 feet high, and on the next day sailed along an immense ice island 800 to 1000 feet high for a distance of forty miles.

Other reports as extraordinary as the foregoing have been made; to recite them would not, perhaps, be the means of sending a chill through the reader who never looked upon an iceberg in any more menacing attitude than can be taken upon white paper by means of printer's ink, but if he could once see one we guarantee the sensation would be different, especially if it was "head on" in a heavy fog and the ship from which the floating menace was seen was making twenty knots an hour or thereabout. A concussion between the two—in view of the fact that only about one-third of the iceberg projects above the water—would have about the same effect upon the ship that Robert Stevenson explained to a committee of Parliament his locomotive would have upon a cow that came upon the track—"It would be bad for the cow."

At least fifty cars of condensed milk and evaporated cream are consumed annually in Denver and Colorado, of the value of \$1600 a car. This represents \$80,000 per year sent from Colorado to the states of New York, Illinois and Wisconsin, for what could be produced in this state to the great benefit and increase of dairy farming.—*Field and Farm.*