

tain Dell (or Hardy's Station, as it is sometimes called) is an inspiring sight. Let the traveller climb to the top of the hill at the point where the road turns off to Mountain Dell. A sort of valley stretches out before him—a charming valley, surrounded by a formidable mountain belt, which shelters it with its rocky heights and nourishes it with its snows. It is luxuriant with nature's richest luxuriance—and hay fields and wheat fields change color from a light green to darker and darker green, then almost to yellow, as they wave and wave in the quiet breezes. The imagination transports itself, and in a sort of day-dream we see the land when the earth was young—before man furrowed it with his plow—radiant with that beauty which typified an ancient garden of the gods of myth, and as the whistle of an engine echoes and re-echoes among the hills and a train is seen pushing its way up the canyon, then is lost again as it rounds a bend of a mountain—a feeling of awe courses over one and he imagines that he is a god in the upper regions of Olympus.

The railway through there is called the Utah Central, and was built by John W. Young a few years ago, but like many infant enterprises it fell into the hands of creditors, and recently it was purchased by the Denver and Rio Grande Western company. Though the grade is steep the train rushes at a marvellous rate of speed up through the canyon. It is an inspiring sight and one thinks of the words of Hawthorne: "The shriek of an engine as it rushes into the car-house is the utterance of the steam-fiend who man has subdued by his magic spells and compels to serve as a beast of burden. He has skimmed rivers in his headlong rush, dashed through forests, plunged into the hearts of mountains, and glanced from the city to the desert place, and again to a far-off city with a meteoric progress seen and out of sight, while his reverberating roar still fills the ear."

In the calm and cool of the evening as the sun is making a path across the sky, and is silently dropping behind the hills, a murmur rises from the village and we have Gray's country scene so beautifully portrayed in his immortal poem:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea.
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me."

"Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

Mountain Dell is not without its house of worship, which is found in every hamlet to make the village complete. Under the brow of a hill stands a little log cabin meeting house. Its door faces the road, and during the week all about it is quiet. But on a Sunday morning, humble farmer boys and fair noble country girls make their way quietly along the road, and enter its humble, though sacred portals. For an hour or two the hum of voices can be heard, and busy is the student reciting his Sunday school lesson as he sits quietly on the hard old-fashioned benches. Then comes the afternoon meeting, and the good and humble Bishop steps from his door and quietly goes to his meeting. For another hour he or some other good brother speaks kindly to the people, some bit of Scripture being taken for a text. Humble

words they are, but full of sweet thought. The old Bible gives words of inspiration to the people; the peace-makers are mentioned, the charitable and merciful side of human nature dwelt on, and the preacher, closing the book gently, quietly and encouragingly breathes "a God bless you." Then comes a hymn, so dear to the old folks, for the voices of the village choir sing as they have never sung before; and it seems to the humble people as if angels had been sent into their midst. The song ended, the benediction is given, and one by one the people pass out, and on the steps and about the door stand the good church goers, anxious to shake the hand of a friend or to speak a kind word to some dear brother. The boys and girls go tripping down the road, happy that a day has come when the heavy toll of the week can be dropped and a few hours spent in joyful recreation and innocent fun. The old meeting house door is locked, and for another seven days quietude will reign. A sort of sweet, peaceful air surrounds it all the time, and it seems as if the dangerous elements of nature could never lay a merciless hand upon it. It is especially blessed. The little meeting house is an inspiration wherever it may be; be it ever so humble, it tells the man of the world both far and wide, it is a house where God dwells in spirit and sends His holy angels to bless and sanctify its walls. May no human being ever desecrate the holy air of religious sanctuaries. The humble Bishop must not be forgotten, for he greets all with his kindly smile. Near the stream where grows the willow and mountain ash can be seen his peaceful home:

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose."

A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich at forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed or wished to change his place;
Unpracticed he to fawn or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
For other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wicked than to rise."

And so is the modest Bishop. God bless the Bishops!

We had almost forgotten the good old country dance. Many a Friday night has seen a merry crowd tripping the "light fantastic toe." The school house is decorated with wreaths of foliage, and is lighted by a limited number of lamps. High up on three or four benches sits the village fiddler, who plays and plays with the vim and interest of a genius. Off go the young men and maidens, and for many hours, they will polka and waltz, then for rest, have the good old plain quadrille. The parents indulge, too, and spend the tedious intervals between the dances in conversing. And so the time passes, and I dare say that many a dancer has seen the gray dawn of the morning before "turning in."

But the student of nature particularly loves the rocks, the geological formation, and the flowers. There was a time when Lake Bonneville washed the sides of the mountains almost to the top of the summit, and the imaginative eye can now see the water with its waves lashing the shore and the white caps playing on its bosom. The

shore lines in many places can still be discerned.

Of different kinds of flowers there are many. The sunflower and dandelion cover the hills in a pretty yellow garb every year, and along the creek the wild rose grows here and there, and its odor is carried off by the breezes. There is, too, the fox-tail, the mustard, the sweet clover, and the shepherd's purse, and above all that common, but oh! what delightful plant, "golden rod." As one sees it growing along the country road he cannot but say with Harriet Beecher Stowe:

"The golden rod and the aster hung their plumage over the rough, rocky road."

In the early morning the song of the robin wakes one from his dreams; the harsh, shrill cry of a magpie resounds through the hills, and far, far off, a mourning dove sings his melancholy tune as if sad, and very weary of the world.

Mountain Dell has everything to make it picturesque, and there is many a scene that would do for the artist's sketch book. The sky is very blue, the tops of mountain peaks are lost as they pierce the heavens. Cool breezes fan one's brow, the colors of nature stand out in relief, yet blend harmoniously and grandly to make the perfect landscape, and with a cry the traveler shouts: "Oh, beautiful and wondrous earth, we are too inferior in thought to know thy grandeur."

LEVI EDGAR YOUNG.

A CHINESE DEMON.

Oakland, Cal., July 19.—The works of the Western Fuse & Explosive company were blown up by a murderous Chinese at 5:20 this morning. Five deputy sheriffs, who were trying to arrest the murderer, were killed. The dead are Deputy Sheriffs Charles White, son of Sheriff White, George Woodsum, D. C. Cameron, Constable Gus Koch, J. J. Lerri, Mrs. Hill and Goon Ng Chung. The Chinese had fortified himself in the magazine and blew it up when the attempt to arrest him was made.

The celestial who was employed in the works and who caused the awful explosion, had killed a fellow countryman yesterday afternoon in a quarrel over Chinese lottery tickets.

He then defied the officers of the law who went to arrest him. The murderer fled into the magazine, which contained five tons of giant powder, barricaded the door and threatened to blow up the magazine if any one came to arrest him. Deputy Sheriff Charles White, son of Sheriff White, in charge of a posse consisting of Constable Gus Koch, Deputy Sheriff George Woodsum, Deputy Sheriff D. C. Cameron, Deputy Constable J. J. Lerri and Deputy Constable Harry Cramer were on the scene of the shooting shortly after the murder and kept guard over the Chinese within his stronghold. All the officers were armed with rifles. After repeated demands to surrender had been made to all of which the same reply came, "If you come in here I will blow up the magazine."

The officers retired for the night within the private office of the company about twenty yards away.

This morning at 5 o'clock Deputy Sheriff Charles White after a consultation with the others, determined to break down the barricade not believing the Chinese would keep his daring promise.

This is the statement of one of the survivors: Accordingly the entire posse headed for the door. It was 5:18 o'clock exactly when the assault was made. True to his word the Chinese fired the giant powder and in an instant a terrific explosion occurred,