

ELDER ADOLF HAAG'S LETTER.

The many friends of Elder Adolf Haag, who recently died in Palestine, will be interested in the following extracts from a private letter dated Haifa, September 16th, only two weeks before his death. The letter is written in German:

"Dear Brother—I am almost too weak to write a letter, but since I have not written to you for over a month, I will endeavor to send you a few words. Two weeks ago, soon after my arrival, I became quite ill. I have a strong fever. Only last night I thought I was about to be consumed. My temperature is often 108 deg. Fahrenheit. My heart is also affected, and for some time I have been so sick that it seemed to be a contest between life and death. Oh, how tired I am! The climate does not seem to be suited to me. Brother Mueser has already written to President Young and it is probable that I shall again return to Switzerland. The heat is almost unbearable.

"I would like to relate something about my journey from Constantinople to this place, but I dare not tax my strength too much. I will however say something in order that you can form an idea of the great interest connected with our journey. We first stopped in Smyrna, the most celebrated and greatest silk factory of the world. From there we went to Greece, where we saw the beautiful Athens. That is something magnificent—ruins and temples of Jupiter, Diana and Minerva, the amphitheatre, etc. These ruins are in the hills, while the modern city in her beauty is situated lower. What a history is unfolded before you when you stand among these ruins!

From there we went to Alexandria in Egypt. There also it is beautiful. Our journey was continued to Cairo, and the three pyramids. In the desert we used camels. What we saw in the pyramids is indescribable. It is indeed more like an enigma.

From this place we went to Ismailia and further on a little canal boat on the Suez canal to Port Said, where we again embarked for Jaffa. Here I took the stage to Haifa and our next object is to reach Jerusalem.

"I must now close, I am so tired. During the last two weeks I have become so thin that you can have no idea of how I look. I can only hope for something better to come. Your

ADOLF."

THE CYCLONE IN MAURITIUS.

On the 28th of April, 1892, Mauritius, the old Ile de France, still vied with the Island of Ceylon for pride of place as the most beautiful and most fertile colony of the British Crown in the Eastern Hemisphere. Its cane crops had weathered the summer gales, which on February 12th, and again a fortnight after, had assumed very sinister aspects, and planters, who for years past had valiantly fought against low prices and beetroot competition, were silently revelling in the prospect that the hurricane season being over, the year 1892 was likely to mark a new era of prosperity. The garden of Pamplousses, which Mauritians were wont to consider, and with justice, the third botanical garden in the world, was resplendent with tropical vegeta-

tion; while that of Reduit, which had been nursed with love and pride by every successive governor for upwards of a hundred years, was looking its best in its luxuriant display of palms and flowers and gorgeously colored foliage.

At 8 p. m. on the 29th, all this was no more; the island had lost its beauty, the cane its promise, the planter his hopes, and the gardens their charms. A short twenty-four hours had sufficed to perpetrate this end, and fortunate had it been could the mischief have stopped there, for the soil's fertility cannot be affected by a storm, and the soil of Mauritius is preeminently fertile and recuperative; but 1100 people had been killed, 2000 had been wounded; one-third of the capital had been levelled to the ground; thirty out of fifty churches and chapels had been demolished or rendered useless; sugar-mills had been wrecked, crushing mercilessly men, women, and children who had sought refuge under their solid walls; every Indian hut had been blown away, whole villages swept from the place where they stood, and some 50,000 homeless people were left to seek for shelter and food, which a few hours before they were quietly enjoying, through their own exertion and labor.

Nothing could withstand in places the terrible force of the wind on that fatal day of the 29th of April. It will be for scientific men to explain how trees firmly planted more than a century back, and of eight and twelve feet diameter, were felled to the ground, how the iron-like teakwood branches were snapped and cut and broken as mere brushwood; how girders of iron eighteen inches thick were indented and twisted so as to become useless, as in the case of the great pulley-ladders of a sea-dredger; how, in fine, a column of stones, each weighing more than a ton and fast riveted with iron girders and with cement, was thrown down like a pack of cards; and it will be for meteorologists to explain how an island of thirty-three miles by thirty-one in extent, through which the center of a cyclone is passing, can escape at all from a wind so violent as the above denotes.

In the table of observations, the velocity of the wind is set down at 121 miles at its maximum, which corresponds to a pressure of sixty-seven pounds to the square foot. It does seem as if this pressure, moved at double the rate of an express train, must render house habitation useless as a place of refuge in a storm; yet in my inspection of the island I have seen a house destroyed, the walls surrounding its yards crushed to atoms, and a pigeon-house on four miserable posts saved! Why? Everything was unexpected, singular, and unprecedented, in this calamitous stroke dealt by nature with a viciousness that savored of a woman's vengeance.

Gales in Mauritius have been known in May and even in June, notably in 1785, when the storm lasted twenty hours; but no hurricane; and though there have been three hurricanes in April since 1773, none were later than the 10th of that month, so that even as to date the hurricane of 1892 was exceptional, and will probably, on these accounts, modify many accepted principles of the students of the laws of

storms, unless, indeed, the new interest in the spots on the sun's disc can explain, by their number and their degree of magnitude, the exceptional variations in the air currents which revolve about the earth in its whirlwind course around the sun.

WESTERN NEWS ITEMS.

Operations on the Josephine mine at Bingham, have been discontinued for the winter.

The trainmen's strike on the D. & R. G. railroad, in Colorado, is still going on, with no prospect of a settlement at present.

An attempt will be made at Price, Emery county, this evening (Monday), to organize a permanent literary and debating society.

Hunters report game of all kinds scarcer this year than ever before in the history of this portion of Wyoming, says the *Sheridan Enterprise*.

A mandolin, guitar, flute and violin club is about to be organized in Logan. The proposed membership is about twenty-five.

Samples of ore from the Palantic's property, near Leamington were received in Salt Lake yesterday. The ore is free gold. The shaft is down eighteen feet only.

The *Live Stock Journal*, published at Cheyenne, Wyoming, was seized yesterday on execution of a judgment for \$1700 obtained by the St. Louis type foundry.

The new uniform for the Agricultural College cadets is very handsome, and a great improvement on the Chinese laundryman's livery they wore last year.—*Logan Journal*.

W. Mont Ferry left Park City on Saturday last for Golden, Col., to attend the Colorado State School of Mines during the winter term. He expects to return sometime in May.

J. Edgar Alden, a member of an aristocratic Boston family, fell dead from heart disease in a Los Angeles saloon a few days ago. He had been drinking heavily for some time.

At Boise, Idaho, yesterday the judges of the state supreme court had a private meeting and consulted together in reference to the test oath case argued last week at Lawlston. Their decision is expected almost immediately.

A carload of copper bullion from the Dixie smelter, at St. George, owned and operated by Woolley, Lund and Judd, went east on Saturday over the Union Pacific, having been sold at a good price. The smelter and mines are now running at full blast.

James VanBuskirk came in today (Saturday, Oct. 15th) from Bull Mountain, where they have been getting out wood. He says the snow was very deep out there and that it took four teams to move a wagon and the horses were nearly out of sight in the snow.—*Laramie Boomerang*.

Yesterday news was received in Salt Lake to the effect that Arthur Stayner and other gentlemen of the city had purchased, for the sum of \$110,000, the