

all over the world like strange voices in the night—Repent.

The human tribes are graded; there are statural and facial distinctions in the moral, as in the physical kingdom. All natures do not respond to the same chords. There is a perfectness in creation; in detail and in entirety, in correspondence and in restitution. There are lessons for every capacity, satisfaction for every craving. All things—both good and bad—will come to those who desire, work and wait for them. All are gliding to the ocean of eternal judgment, and will there find their level. Some natures are golden, some copper; many are silver—about fifty to one—in quality. The purging ordeal must be suited to the nature of the metal. The blast which purifies gold will consume inferior ores.

Let the temperance lecturer and the Salvation Army save whom they may from the alleys and the slums; the nature of the work demands appropriate tools. Let the itinerant revivalist offer his cheap salvation goods to those who want them; and let a higher class of honest reformers talk and work for prohibition, but let the church, the true church be protected from the contaminations of politics and Mammon.

JOHN H. KELSON.

UTAH'S COAL MINE INSPECTOR.

The Iron county *Record*, which reached the News office with Tuesday morning's mail, in a double-column article under the somewhat startling caption "He Has Flown," says:

Thursday afternoon J. B. Rawlings, of Salt Lake, drove into town with a fine team of horses and a two seated carriage. Monday evening he took his departure. There is nothing strange in this, yet in the interval between his arrival and departure Mr. Rawlings occupied an enviable position and our people were furnished with several subjects for interesting gossip. Mr. Rawlings is, or was, (we know nothing positive about this latter proposition) government inspector of coal mines for the Territory of Utah, and the supposed object of his visit here was to inspect the coal mines in this vicinity.

Mr. Rawlings, of course, was short on cash, long on checks. On the strength of his high office he prevailed on J. H. McDonald to cash a twenty-five dollar check for him. This is not an uncommon thing to do, in fact, it is frequently done in Cedar—but with result different from the experience gained by Mr. McDonald in this instance. Word being received from the north concerning Mr. Rawlings, Mr. McDonald became fearful that he had been hooked for a sucker. He telegraphed to the bank on which the check was drawn to know if it was good, and in answer received the surprising information that it was there were any funds in the bank to meet it when presented.

In the meanwhile, on Saturday, Mr. Rawlings went up in the Cliff mine, accompanied by Joseph Hunter. He went into the tunnel about twenty feet and then came back to the city. Mr. Rawlings, as would have been becoming of a government official, did not put up at our leading hotel the Corry House although he did leave his team there. On the outskirts of town there was camped a traveling outfit bound

for California. Mr. Rawlings found board and bed there and gave into their keeping \$18 out of the \$25 he had secured from McDonald.

With this traveling party there was a pretty little girl, well matured for her age, who had possibly seen twelve or fourteen summers. To this little girl Mr. Rawlings seemed greatly attached. She was always with him, and they walked through the street hand in hand, and to those who made in quires. Mr. Rawlings stated that he was her father, and he must have been a most affectionate one, for several times he fondly kissed her in public places.

Saturday afternoon the bank was again appealed to, for Mr. McDonald was clamorous for his money. The telegram was sent "collect." The bank refused to receive it, and there was a large fullgrown cloud of despondency in the McDonald-Rawlings camp. Monday morning the plot began to thicken. The California outfit departed early by the way of Iron Springs. Rawlings got his team and started in the same direction, but missed his way and took the road into the north field. Discovering his mistake he returned and then started north on the Parowan road. Just beyond the point he was overtaken by a horseman who advised him that he was wanted in Cedar and that he would have trouble by returning. He returned, the interested parties then repaired to the Corry house, where Mr. Rawlings was informed that the team would be held until all accounts had been settled.

Mr. Rawlings then evinced a strong desire to repeat his visit to the coal mines. He had heard that the coal fields extended back towards the Colorado river for a distance of fifty miles and he wanted to trace them through. For this purpose he wanted a horse, for so he would, and go alone. No go. He was then prevailed upon to write a note to the California travelers for a refunding of the \$18 given them. Armed with this and accompanied by Will Perry, McDonald took a horse and overtook the party beyond Iron Springs. Tomorrow was given them and they returned.

Still the mining inspector was in "hock," for he owed McDonald \$7, besides money advanced for telegraphing. And so matters stood until Monday afternoon about 2 o'clock, when a telegram came from the bank stating that it would honor a check for \$25 if presented with the telegraph message attached. This dispelled the cloud. McDonald returned the \$18, less the \$7 still due and the money advanced for telegraphing, to Rawlings, who at once paid his livery and hotel bill, and departed without saying good by to his admiring Cedar friends. Whether he went north or followed in the wake of his traveling friends, is not known at this writing; but we are satisfied that we shall all be pleased to read his exhaustive and correct report to the government on the coal mines of Cedar City.

NEWS NOTES.

The felicity of the marriage of George H. Tyson, general agent of the German-American Insurance com-

pany, to Miss Winifred Haslett, last Thursday evening in Alameda, Cal., was marred by the temporary insanity of Sidney Haslett, a brother of the bride. The affliction came upon him owing to the excitement and merry-making at the conclusion of the marriage ceremony. Oliver Haslett confined the unfortunate young man in a room until the departure of the guests and he was taken to a private insane asylum at Stockton yesterday. This stroke was but a repetition of symptoms which have appeared before, the last time about four years ago.

From a letter to Mrs. White we are permitted to take the following points relative to the report that Fred White had a short time ago attempted suicide, says the *Beaver Union*. Thomas L. Shultz, writing from Prescott, Arizona, states that "of course appearances look very much in that light for the first few hours of his illness, and were sufficient to mislead a reporter, in connection with floating rumors, that he had poisoned himself. The physician was non-plussed for an hour or so, but by close attention soon informed the brother and friends of Mr. White that it was not poison, and that the sufferer would be all right in twenty-four hours, which was the case. The real cause of sickness was mental aberration, which brought on convulsions which were very obstinate and hard to subdue."

Solomon Davis, an old man who lives in Mendocino county, Cal., was in Santa Rosa last week on his way home from Colusa county, where he had been to see his mother, who is over 100 years old. Davis is over 65 years old, and for over thirty years had believed his mother dead. A few weeks ago, while in Mendocino county, he heard somebody talking about the hospital in Colusa county. He heard the name of Davis mentioned, and something was said about a very old woman. He inquired about her and then wrote to the authorities in Colusa county in regard to her. He was surprised to learn that she was his own mother, and that she had been in the hospital for a number of years. He at once started for Colusa county, and there was a joyful meeting between the old lady and her son. She is 102 years old, and had believed for many years that her son was dead.

Last Monday evening the quiet little town of Frisco was considerably disturbed by the coming down of a stream of water with terrific force through the big wash, says the *Beaver Union*. It was a tremendous volume of water that came tumbling down there and several railroad bridges were torn out by the force of the stream as it went careering on its mad course down to Milford. Joseph A. Smith, of Beaver, was camped near the Milford bridge when the water came down. He succeeded in getting himself and horse out of the way. This is said to have been the wildest storm had in that section in many years. The roar of the water could be heard for miles, and many people were considerably frightened before the true cause of the noise was learned. So far, no other damage than the washout of the bridges has been learned. The water was no doubt the result of a cloudburst in the hills at the head of the big wash.