

appears only in the form of calamity, sorrow, trial and loss.

Many men have deplored during this year their non-success in life. Others have mourned a blighted home. Sickness and death invading the precincts of the family circle, have captured its bloom and beauty, and crushed uncounted hopes. Friend has betrayed friend; cool and jealous souls have hinted confidence away. Sympathy has been smothered in its expression, and love has bartered itself for dross. Everything has seemed inconsistent, unreliable, shadowy and fleeting as the morning's mist. The days have fled, the year wanes and the lesson of an overruling hand has not impressed itself upon the tablets of all experiences or scarcely claimed an earnest thought. And yet God rules. He directs, controls and hesitates not in the pursuit of Good for every human soul. Some "learn to trust where they cannot trace." Others see "through a glass darkly," but are satisfied in time. A few of rare experience possess unshrinking faith; and not a few are doubtful as to whether the infirmities, weaknesses, sins of man awake any attention from "the Majesty on High."

Large numbers of the human family exult in their own strength, magnify their own wisdom, extol their own ability, and claim to carve out their own destiny. They never tell of miscalculation, of baffled hopes, of disappointment, failure here and wrong there; but their beginning and end are known alike to Him, and "He will bring them by a way which they have not known to a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker He is." It goes without saying, that since last year's resolves, thoughts have been indulged in which were unworthy; words have been uttered which much would be given to recall; acts have been performed which linger in remembrance, hiding beneath a cheap and flimsy veil the self-laudation of limited experience.

It may be asked, What is this to me, or what to the future? Much every way, if only to say, "Let the dead past bury its dead," and with the dying year, in a contrite spirit let go this blurred and tainted record. Then with chastened thought and conscious weakness seeking to "the strong for strength," and trusting in infinite mercy and wisdom for the condonation of past folly, begin anew the coming segment of human measure, as if the destinies of a world hung on personal integrity and its unflinching effort. So, financial pressure, unusual economy, loss of friends, sacrifice of property, worry and anxiety, self-reproach and failure, shall have yielded precious fruit, and sickness, change or death will have but opened all eyes to the transitory nature of time and things, presenting through faith the permanent and eternal beyond this vale of tears. Even the gigantic calamities of fire and flood, of famine and pestilence, of so-called "accidents and fearful loss of life," are from this view but the shadows of a mighty change, but "signs of the times," which he "who runs may read;" the closing of an era, the opening of another seal, the beginning of a new chapter in man's history and the Divine economy, which shall be more startling than any of its predecessors, more indicative of the

culmination of that "controversy" which the Prophet spoke of in the ages long ago.

Utah and her people—the Latter-day Saints—are moving on the lines of destiny to an outcome which shall surprise both friends and foes, for human wisdom hath not devised it, nor can it bring the same to pass. The Saints are but the instrument, an Omnipotent hand alone can sweep its wondrous strings.

STORY OF A LETTER.

Modern mail service is regarded in this country as being well nigh proof against all kinds of miscarriages. Yet, notwithstanding the almost marvelous methods applied to insure prompt and efficient delivery there are instances of the going astray of valuable letters and packages for which no satisfactory explanation can be given. Such a case has just come to light in this city.

The particulars as obtained by a News representative Dec. 28 are as follows: About the 20th of October, of the present year George Q. Cannon & Sons company sent out a great many business circulars to its agents in this and surrounding states and territories. Among them was one addressed to George Williams of Beaver, Utah, a gentleman with whom the firm had done some business. This circular like all of the others was enclosed in an ordinary unsealed envelope with a one cent stamp on it.

Mr. Williams, having closed up his dealings with the company declined to take it from the office although it was several times tendered to him by the Beaver postmaster. He knew who the writers were by the envelope, it bearing the usual company advertising.

Quite recently Mr. A. M. Buchanan, one of the firm's traveling agents passed through Beaver and the postmaster being well acquainted with him handed him the letter. Mr. Buchanan mechanically opened it and was surprised on discovering that it contained in addition to the circular a smaller envelope sealed, stamped and cancelled. It bore the stamp of the Salt Lake postoffice of October 22, and was addressed to William A. Davies, president of the Fraternal Life Association, No. 206 Sansome street, Rooms 4 & 5, San Francisco, California.

Well, Mr. Buchanan was very much puzzled over the matter and hardly knew what to do. Finally he arrived at the conclusion that some clever fake advertisers were at work and determined to open the envelope, which he did. In it was a check signed by W. S. McCormick & Co., bankers and made payable to Lipman, Nadel & Sons of this city. This was properly endorsed by the last named firm and was made to apply on a life insurance of M. Nadel, payable at the First National Bank of San Francisco. The letters were brought to this city and Mr. Buchanan went to the place where Mr. Nadel used to do business on East Temple street as a clothier. There he ascertained that the firm had removed, but was not able to learn where they were now holding forth. Today he secured that information from the reporter and at once waited on Mr. Nadel, who informed him that the mysterious miscarriage of the letter had been the occasion of a great deal of annoyance and worry as

its failure to reach its destination led to the conclusion it was probably the desire to drop the policy something that may yet be done in case the matter is not satisfactorily explained to the insurance people. The prospects of such a proceeding would seem to be considerably weakened by the statement here made.

It appears, according to Mr. Nadel's statement that he has been paying \$21.50 each alternate month on a policy of \$5000 for a period of twelve years. This being the case, he is naturally not very anxious to lose the handsome sum that he has paid on the same. Now the query in his mind is: Can Postmaster Nash or any of his clerks explain how this strange miscarriage occurred?

WAYNE COUNTY, AGAIN.

CAINESVILLE, Wayne Co., Utah, Dec. 16, 1893.—As a number of questions have been asked regarding this country, I thought it best to answer in your columns.

There is a good supply of water, which can be taken out very handily, there being water ditches made to convey water to most of the land; one canal is now in progress. The soil is mostly blue clay land, bearing black greasewood and mineral weeds. There is considerable mineral in this kind of soil, but good crops can be raised on it after the first year. As you get near the river the soil is a sandy loam, very rich, covered with willows, rabbit brush, wild canes, etc. There is not much feed for stock, as the range is overdone at present. Lumber is worth twenty dollars per thousand—common lumber. We are 100 miles from the railroad at the nearest point—that is Salina, on the D. & R. G. W. There is no meadow land. The water is very fair except in time of freshets which are worst in July and August.

This country is surrounded by mesas, with a ledge of rock about one hundred feet high all round the top. They are about 500 to 1000 feet high above the valley. The surrounding scenery is not tempting and this is no place for a tenderfoot and scenery seekers. But good working men and energetic people who can bring good recommendations can find homes here. There is not much land to be taken up here, if any, but those who have land will divide with such as I have mentioned for a small figure. We want some one to come here with a good store. In fact, some one to help build up the country. We are new settlers in this part; there is not much sale for produce at present, but one can raise all he wants to eat, if he will till the earth, as we have a splendid climate, can work clearing land, building, fencing, ploughing, etc., most all winter. Snow never lies in the valley over three or four days at a time. Horses and cattle are cheap we have to go fifty miles to the grist mill, and there we can get roller flour; but we have a splendid mill site and are going to raise more grain, if we can get a mill. There is no danger of frost in grain. There have been two crops of oats raised in one season.

We have had considerable sickness this winter, having been visited by that dread disease diphtheria.

Respectfully,

W. E. HANKS.