

Ireland. From the western slope I had crossed the crags of Carrantuohill mountain to the Killarney Lakes, at its eastern base, crossed the vagrant Owen-reach river, and, scrambling over hill and heather, finally reached the great highway from Bantry and Glengariff, called the "Prince of Wales' Route," from Cork to the lake region.

Just where this magnificent road first turns the mountain side, tourists by longcar, or legs, are given a first glimpse of the surpassing panorama, which at one sweep comprehends the great mountains on either side and the witching lakes between—the most entrancing of all views of Killarney. I was sitting here, rough, ragged and travel-stained, upon a ledge of rocks, resting in the sweet April day and dreamfully contemplating the scene before me, when I was pleasantly disturbed to afterwards first know by actual experience the substantial rewards of a vagrant's life in tourist lands.

The long-car filled with tourists and a small mountain of hampers piled above the "well" between the hanging side seats, lumbered up the southern ascent from Kenmare, and came to its customary halt to enable tourists to enjoy the unusual prospect. Among the passengers were a couple of Etonian graduates and an English milord and milady with their children and servants, all of whom were in an aggressive-defensive attitude of silent scorn towards an innocent pair from our own loved land.

The latter were a little bald, nut-heaped gentleman with a bent, poddy body, suggesting a polished peddle set in the end of a banana, and his good honest American wife, twice his height and four times his girth. The man was the embodiment of nervous activity and enthusiasm, the woman, of adipose and repose, and both, having duly paid their "booking," were placidly oblivious of the ethical injuries they had inflicted all the way from Cork upon their fellow travelers.

Everybody alighted but the calm American woman. In serene composure she watched her side of the long car settle nearly to the ground, but she kept her seat.

"Come down, Maw, do," urged the little man, bringing into instant use a pair of field-glasses, each tube of which was as large as the "Lone Fisherman's" stage telescope. "Maw, this wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

At the sound of these last three words milord whined, milady elevated her eye-brows, the Etonians readjusted their eye-glasses, and the servants looked dignified and grave.

"No; guess I'll let well enough alone," murmured the little man's large wife.

"Maw, this is wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" repeated the American, sweeping the scene with his glasses, filling the English delegation with another series of shudderings, and backing into me as he spoke.

"You'll step on that man there, Paw, if you don't use your eyes," cautioned the wife from the long-car.

"Bless me, yes;—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Peasantry right here in the mountings. See here, Pat," he continued addressing me; "you good-for-nothing dynamite Irishman don't deserve this wonderful kentry, darned if you do!"

"Thru for yez, yer honor," I replied humbly.

"See that, Maw?" with a cunning wink to his wife. Thinks I'm one o'them high rollers. Well, well, well! Pat, here's a—a—guess its a half crown, or something 'r other. There, now, brace up. Go to my country. Get a clean shirt. Be a—a—well, 'git there!"

"God bless yer honor!" I responded, thanking him heartily. "May the top o' yer head never folly yer hair!"

"Maw!—say, Maw? Did you hear that? Irish wit, by Golly! Well, well, well! Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful! Live long 'round here, Pat?"

"Idade did I. For ages."

"Wonderful!"

The English contingent winced, the worthy man gave me another shilling, and his good wife from the tilting long-car wished the little man "wouldn't make such a fuss over every poor creature in Ireland."

"Well, well, Pat, what's the name o' that mounting?"

"Carrantuohill's the name, sor."

"Some sort of—er—story—er—legion about it, I s'pose?"

"Divil doubt that, sor. But wan mountain stud there at first, sor. St. Patrick—may all the saints bless him!—was carin' for two hills. So one fine mornin' another stud beside it."

"Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!" exclaimed the American, writing the same down on a business card as big as his hand, while his traveling companions writhed again. "And that furdur one?"

"Torc, sir. Torc bekase that's a wild boar, an' ye'll find 'em there this blessed minute, with tusks on 'em the length o' yer arm, sor."

"Goodness gracious! But that is wonderful. Maw, did you hear that? And that mounting over there, Pat?"

"Mangarton, sor."

"Jess so, Kinder Dutch, haint it? S'pose some Dutchman settled there, and garden'd it long ago. eh? Wonderful how these things stick to places!"

He had me there, and I should have broken down entirely if milord, with a loud guffaw in which the undergraduates joined, had not ascended the car, and with illy-suppressed snorts and indignation, ordered the driver to proceed. This took my little friend from me on the run, but after his able-bodied wife had dragged him from the ground to his seat on the long-car and held him in it by one arm, he turned and gesticulating enthusiastically with the other and the field-glasses, yelled from the rapidly-disappearing vehicle: "Come to my hotel, Pat! Don't know the name. Best one anyhow. Want to know more about this wonderful kentry. Make it all right. Darned if I don't!"

EDGAR L. WAKEMAN.

PROVO LETTER.

Provo, Jan. 16.—The quarterly conference of Utah Stake of Zion was adjourned on Sunday afternoon.

Saturday forenoon was mainly devoted to the hearing of reports of Elder David John and ward bishops. The reports were of a very encouraging nature. The greater portion of the afternoon was occupied by Elder F. M. Lyman. He dwelt at some length on the great responsibility of the office of a bishop, and further spoke of the completion of the Salt Lake Temple, which was a great work for the Saints to perform, but not nearly so great as one which remained

for them yet to perform—the preparation of their hearts that they might be worthy to enter the Temple.

On Sunday morning the General and Stake authorities of the Church were sustained. Elder Edward Partridge of Provo, formerly a member of the Stake High Council, was sustained as second counselor in the Stake Presidency vice H. H. Cluff, resigned. Elder Abel John Evans of Lehi was called to fill the vacancy thus created in the High Council, and was sustained in that position.

Elder Abraham H. Cannon thought that God was so ordering things as to bring about a greater degree of love and confidence among the people; the united order would be the final result. The failures of the past in this regard should be but warnings for the future. The many advantages to be derived from the united order were referred to.

Elder Seymour B. Young was the principal speaker of the afternoon. The sacrament and the necessity of partaking of it with pure hearts was first dwelt upon; the non-attendance of the youth of Zion at meetings was referred to, and the growing habit among the Saints of card playing was strongly condemned.

Elder A. O. Smoot made a few closing remarks. He once more urged upon the Saints the necessity of a united action on their part to complete the Tabernacle without mortgaging it; also to place the Brigham Young academy on a firm footing. The editors of local newspapers were strongly condemned for their uncalled for attacks upon their brethren, more especially in a political sense.

THE INSANE ASYLUM.

W. R. Pike, medical superintendent of the Territorial Insane Asylum, has submitted the eighth annual report. The following is culled:

On November 30th, 1891, there were in the institution 153 patients—81 males and 72 females; admitted during the year, 43—males 27; females 16; discharged during the year, 21—males 10, females 11; died during the year, 12—males 7, females 5; remaining in the asylum November 30th, 1892, 163—males 91, females 72. The average cost of care and treatment per capita per diem was a fraction over 62½ cents, a slight increase over the previous year, due to unavoidable changes. The actual cash expenditures for current expenses of the year have been \$31,556.20, including, however, an item of \$558.55 incurred for several matters of construction. The general health of the patients for the past year has been fair—no epidemic and no particular or special form of sickness, excepting such as are incidental to people suffering from such various forms of mental diseases. It may be expected for the future that with the bettered conditions, surroundings and facilities for care and treatment, the percentage of recoveries will steadily increase, and the death rate as steadily decline. For the year past, an average of 23 per cent. of the male patients have been employed in some form of work—on the wards, farm, grounds, etc., and 38 per cent. of the females at sewing, knitting, ward, kitchen work, etc. The farm and dairy have been fairly productive, although some portions of the farm and garden crops