

promises to be one of the greatest cities of the country. The town is only about six years old, but it has a population of about 50,000 and is assessed at \$43,000,000. Its banks have a capital of \$8,000,000 and its car shops pay out in wages \$40,000 every month. It has fifty miles of electric car lines and it is building more. It is the terminus of the Northern Pacific railroad and it has now a line of steamships to China and Japan. It is one of the great lumber centers as well as one of the great shipping ports of the northwest, and it sent out last year more than 6,000,000 bushels of wheat to foreign markets. It has a monthly pay roll of nearly \$300,000.

TACOMA MILLIONAIRES.

It has a large number of elevators and factories. Tacoma is one of the prettiest cities of the northwest. It has more millionaires to the block than any other town in the country and its rich men have come to stay. They have built big houses and it is a city of homes. The people of the east cannot imagine how quickly one of the western cities builds up. There are residences here that would do credit to New York or Chicago, and I drove yesterday through miles of fine houses.

The biggest property owner in Tacoma is, as I have said, C. B. Wright of Philadelphia, who was president of the Northern Pacific railroad when the city was started and who is called the "Father of Tacoma." He owns about \$11,000,000 worth of property in buildings and lands there and he is said to be worth more than \$50,000,000. He is building a hotel here which will cost over a million dollars and he believes that Tacoma will be the Chicago of the west.

I met Judge Calkins at the club here last night. He was, you know, prominent for years as a Congressman from Indiana, and he came near being elected for the Senate instead of Squire. He came out here about four years ago with \$10,000 and he has made enough to be practically independent. He is interested to some extent in the mines of the northwest and may bob up as a rich man at no distant date.

By the way, one of the rich men out here is Sam Wilkinson, who is, I think, a son of the Wilkinson who was famous as a publisher in New York some years ago. It was Wilkinson who had the publication of Beecher's works. When the Tilton scandal occurred it was announced to the old man one night after he had gone to bed. As soon as he heard it he rose up in his red night shirt and exclaimed, "That knocks Beecher's Life of Christ higher than a kite."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Notwithstanding the fact that Rock Springs has thirty-eight places in which liquors are sold, says the *Rock Springs Independent*, the Sanger Institution is forced to close its doors for the want of patients. Very few habitual drunkards exist, and few mining camps are as orderly as Rock Springs.

The remains of Harry Tagert, who was caught in a snowslide with Chas. L. Britton in February in the Nevada gulch, near Oppir, Colorado, have been discovered. The body was found 400 feet below the tunnel where he was taken from. Britton escaped with a few bruises and Tagert was killed.

WAS HE DROWNED?

Four weeks ago two young men left their homes in the Tenth ward in this city to become wanderers over the face of the country with no particular desire or care as to how or where they should travel. They were full of life, daring and ambition and were thoroughly imbued with the spirit of adventure. They were Will Taylor, a son of William Taylor, foreman of Pickard's saddle and harness shop and "Nome" Kirkman, son of John Kirkman an old and well known Salt Laker.

On reaching San Francisco it seems they secured employment of some kind on one of the steamers which plied the waters of the Pacific ocean and the Columbia river, and it is believed were working their way northward.

Last night a young lady in the Tenth ward, who is said to have been a sweetheart of young Taylor, was greatly shocked and grieved on receiving a letter from an utter stranger announcing the sad news of her lover's death. The unwelcome communication was penned at Portland, Oregon, on the 19th inst. It contained information to the effect that on the night of the 17th the captain of the steamer on which himself and the two young experience seeking Salt Lakers were engaged, ordered Taylor on deck as "nightwatch." The night was stormy and cold and Taylor being unaccustomed to that kind of work requested that an old hand be put on in his stead or at least that he be given a companion. The captain, it is said, grew furious and resorted to a fusillade of expletives for which old "tars" are noted. Having relieved himself somewhat he went off deck. Some hours later the steamer is said to have struck a sand bar in the Columbia river about one hundred miles below Portland, just off Astoria, and toppled over on its side.

Young Taylor is said to have fallen into the river and was drowned. The stream is very wide at this point and the writer who signs himself "Shobal" says it was a mile and a half to shore, and that it was impossible for Taylor to have reached it alive. He says the ship "lays on her side and Will is surely dead." He admonished Miss ——— to go and tell the young man's mother and explain how he came to write to Miss ——— by saying he found a letter from her in Will's bunk.

When young Taylor left he gave his parents no intimation of his intention to go away, and when he failed to come home as usual in the evening his parents were very much worried. He had been seen last in the company of young Kirkman, and the father of the latter was called on. He said that he understood that his son had gone out to a sheep camp as a herder.

Mr. Taylor was not satisfied that his son had chosen that avocation, and prosecuted his inquiries further. He learned that the day after the disappearance, Henry Wagner has seen both of the young men at Ogden, where he spoke to them, and they stated their destination to be San Francisco. A few days later a letter came from young Taylor to a friend in this city. It was dated at Sacramento. Later it was learned that his address

was 412 Bush street, San Francisco.

The cause of his departure was a mystery. He had a good home, and bore a good reputation. There was nothing known that would induce him to take such a step. He had several times suggested to the young lady referred to that he would like to go to sea for a few months, and at one time remarked that he thought he would do so without letting his parents know anything about it. So far as appears at present, this is the policy which he followed. He paid his club dues a few months in advance, and informed the young lady that he would be gone six or seven months. Then he left.

A little over a week ago a letter came to his sweetheart, saying that he had engaged with a vessel to go on a six weeks' voyage, that he would leave May 14, and the vessel would call at Portland. Since then no word has been received from him direct.

The father of the young man was called upon by a News reporter today, but he declined to say anything beyond the fact that the affair had a very "suspicious" and "crooked" look to him and that pending an answer to a telegram he had sent to the writer of Miss ——— letter he preferred to remain silent.

The news caused a great deal of excitement throughout the Tenth ward and further particulars are anxiously awaited.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE

At the regular practice meeting of the Salt Lake Tabernacle choir, on Friday evening, May 19 h, it was resolved, by its committee, that in the death of John Saunders Lewis the organization had lost a faithful, capable and an efficient worker and one who from long years of a-association had endeared himself to every member by his affable disposition, even temperament and genial manner.

While the call was so sudden as to be almost startling in its denouement, we are proud to say we know of no one in the society better prepared for such an emergency than he, and while we mourn with his family we bow to the behests of "one who doeth all things well."

Like so many of his countrymen the soul of Brother Lewis delighted in harmony. Inherent in his nature it had been his theme from boyhood; and next to the Gospel, had been his chief aim and ambition in life. His own compositions grace the pages of the Deseret Sunday school song book, the L. D. S. Psalmody, the Deseret Chorister and other publications at home as well as musical magazines abroad, and it is but justice to the deceased to bear record that tuneful and appropriate music, of his own writing, formed the crowning feature at the funeral services.

Elder Lewis died suddenly, of heart ailure, while sitting in an easy chair listening to a favorite stanza which he had just requested his daughter to play for him. How eminently proper that such a spirit should be wafted hence to organ accompaniment!

Now, therefore be it resolved that in the death of Brother Lewis, his wife and children have sustained the loss of an affectionate husband and