

SPRINGS.—"Springs of living water" are very well in their place, but when they burst forth not to make the wilderness glad, but to make housekeepers mad, they may justly be viewed in the light of nuisances and should straightway be abated. When streams break out and come welling up from the floor of a cellar, bubble and rush under the floor of a building or disgorge in disagreeably close proximity to a foundation, they are destructive institutions, and some means should be adopted to check their formation. It would prove much cheaper to provide some efficient means to that end than to have them destroy much valuable property. We believe that that part of the city south of South Temple and East Temple street could be almost if not quite freed from springs by the digging of a deep drain or ditch along a portion of the south side of the first named street. From observation we are of opinion that at that point the water causing the springs to break out below is quite near the surface, and therefore could be caught in a drain there. The course of the present water sect could be dug deep enough to form the drain and then covered over, leaving a sufficient depth for the ordinary water ditch. Our belief that the water causing the springs to appear below is near the surface of the ground on South Temple street was induced by seeing the city laborers a day or two since digging into the earth in places where formerly ditches existed across the street, but which had become completely filled up. When the ground was tapped in those places the water immediately burst out in tolerably large streams. This water, being formerly under the surface of the ground, could not fail to break out at some point lower, in a spring formation. As springs in some parts of the city are increasing yearly, and have damaged, and sometimes even threatened the absolute destruction of valuable property, we deem their prevention a matter demanding attention from the proper quarter, even if it should incur considerable outlay and expense.

THEIR STYLE.—Here is the style of some of the sensationalists, dating at this city—

"BRIGHAM'S INFAMOUS POLICE.

"A House of Ill Fame Desolated by the Salt Lake Police, and Sick Women Dragged from their Beds.

[Special Dispatch to the (San Francisco) Chronicle.]

"SALT LAKE, August 29.—This afternoon two bands of armed city police, under a warrant of a Justice of the Peace, raided on two houses of ill-fame, and with axes totally wrecked and destroyed all the furniture, carpets, and women's clothing, and desolated the premises. Eight or ten thousand dollars worth of property were utterly destroyed. The unfortunate women were ill with fever. They were rudely dragged from their beds. A great crowd witnessed the outrage. The people are deeply incensed, and bitter threats of retaliation on the Mormon leaders' houses are freely uttered. The police will be arrested tomorrow for robbing and breaking into houses. Brigham Young witnessed and countenanced the monstrous proceeding."

This is the way certain characters endeavor to make political and immoral capital against this community. It is no matter who is on the opposition, how depraved and base they may be, adulterers, whoremongers, outlaws, all are welcomed with open arms, if they will only join in the opposition, for the cry and policy are with an illimitable latitudinarianism—anything to browbeat and every way beat the elected authorities and the laws at Salt Lake. The outrageous lies in the above dispatch are too glaring to need refutation from us.

SANPETE.—"Item" wrote from Mount Pleasant, Aug. 26th, but the writer arrived in town some time before the letter. Here is an extract:

"For miles travel pass rich fields of grain, golden and ready to harvest. The laborers are few, but, thanks to machinery, the acres are being shorn of their burden.

By the cessation and, I trust, complete departure of the independent order of red men, the citizens of this county will be relieved from patrol duties, and be able to attend to the harvest. The soldiers, both foot and cavalry, have arrived, and are eager to render every assistance in their power to protect the people and their property. The amount of property lost, of taxes paid, for guards and herd bills, and the amount of flour and meat given to the red men, can hardly be estimated, yet if the Indians are permanently checked, the people will soon recover their losses.

The telegraph operator, of this place, who was so seriously hurt, by one Smyth, is fast recovering, thanks to good nursing and the skill of Dr. Anderson of this county.

"How eagerly the people watch the progress of the U. S. R. R., and with what pleasure they would hail its advent to Provo, but more especially to Payson, for the 'Sanpeters' have a perfect dread in inter time, of the rich alluvial around Provo, now named Salem, so much that they sometimes ask why a nearer mercantile mart cannot be established.

"I hear good reports of the labors of Elder Joseph A. Young, on the Sevier. Energy and some capital will do much to

bring that country prominently before those who desire a place to make good homes.

"The price of grain must necessarily be low, yet the people find a ready cash market for all their surplus, by purchasers from farther south.

"Good reports are made of the home missionary labors here. That most excellent part of our programme, Sunday schools, needs the fostering liberality of our citizens to give a keener edge to children, in their efforts to acquire biblical knowledge, so essential in maintaining their faith."

HERE are two good things from afar. A society has been formed in Cork, Ireland, headed by the Mayor of that city, for the purpose of procuring more comfortable homes for mechanics and laborers. All the participants in the scheme have subscribed a certain sum to purchase land and build houses to let to poor families at the same rent they now pay for inferior apartments. After allowing to the subscribers five per cent. on the amount of their subscriptions, the balance is to go into a permanent fund to be drawn at certain intervals for the purpose of increasing the number of buildings. Charitable persons can add to the fund by bequest if they feel disposed.

The other thing is a simple apparatus for watering streets, which has been successfully experimented with in London. In one case lead pipes, one and a half inches in diameter, were laid on each side of the street, close to the curbstones. These small pipes were supplied by hydrants from the mains, and at intervals of two feet were drilled with groups of three holes each, of from a sixteenth to a thirty-second of an inch in diameter, each of the three holes at a different angle. With water supplied with a head of 100 feet, it was found that a shower of a quarter of a mile long could be produced from these pipes and that they completely covered a street of nineteen yards wide. In another experiment a central pipe was used throwing water each way toward the curbstones. The pipes were protected by shields from traffic injury.

These watering pipes seem to be a very excellent idea. Few cities are better situated than this is for the introduction of some such simple arrangement for watering the streets, or such of them as it might be deemed advisable to incur the expense of watering.

But watering streets is not the only use to which these shower pipes could be advantageously put. They would serve admirably for some irrigating purposes, especially for the watering of grass plots or lawns, than which, well kept, nothing sets off a villa or cottage more delightfully. We give currency to this watering pipe idea, that our readers may derive such benefit therefrom by adoption as they may choose.

The Livingstone Letters.

The London *Spectator* of August 23 says—

"Four or five letters from Dr. Livingstone, two to the New York *Herald* and others to Dr. Waller, have been published this week, and others have been received by the Royal Geographical Society. They contain some interesting intelligence about the native races, particularly one about the people Manyema, a race who are more like the ancient Egyptians than the modern negroes; and full also of descriptions of the slave trade, which it is evident kills the civilization where it would otherwise have sprung up. They are, however, full also of complaints, principally directed against Dr. Kirk, who, we imagine, will completely clear himself, and are written with an uneasy, or to speak plainly, a vulgar jocularity as foreign to the great traveler's character as it is possible to conceive. Dr. Livingstone, writing about chiefs 'bulbous below the waist,' describing black girls as 'dears' and 'bussies,' who adorn themselves by 'filing their splendid teeth to points like cats' teeth,' but who are 'very sisterish,' and quoting Punch and parodying Lowell, and comparing the faces of Zanzibar slaves to 'London door-knockers, which some atrocious iron-founders thought were like those of lions,' is not the Dr. Livingstone whom we have all known. The letters all suggest that the great traveler, left to himself for three years, seeing no white face, believing himself abandoned, sick, hungry and heart-broken, has become ulcerated in mind, has even perhaps sustained some temporary injury to his intellectual

power. His discoveries evidently puzzled Sir H. Rawlinson, and he has forwarded his diary to his daughter, sealed, with orders that it shall not be opened until his return or death."

THE IMPENDING RUIN OF ENGLAND.

A writer in a recent English review has produced a powerful satire on the military helplessness of England, so minute in its details, and so vivid in manner, that it has almost created a political panic in the country, and bids fair to create the liveliest interest in the far seeing throughout the world. The author, speaking as an old man to his grand-children in 1925, tells them of the conquest of the British kingdom by a German armada in 1875, and of the final subjugation of the English people. The material elements of the story are so true in fact that the narrative seems utterly unlike fiction, and may well serve as a text for a renewal of the current topic of the decadence of England.

Much as Englishmen are wont to resent as an insult the charge that they are a nation of shopkeepers, it is now a very earnest fact that the material prosperity of the commercial classes in that country has caused the nation to forget its loss of influence and power beyond the seas, and its insular isolation and increasing impotence at home. London has grown big and rich through her commercial system, but her prosperity is the bustling activity of a huge workshop dependent upon friendly neighbors for raw supplies. Meanwhile pauperism has become a caste in the State, the youth and vigor of the country are seeking the world's end, the non-productive classes are increasing, the coal and iron mines show signs of exhaustion, and the immense debt does not decrease. England is a workshop where the looms would stop if foreign countries, becoming inimical, should refuse to send supplies.

And while her industrial dependence is so great, her military helplessness is not less surprising. Time was when the British empire was vaunted as a mighty power, upon whose possessions the sun never set, and whose drum-beat accompanied that luminary round the world, but a greater than the British lion now disputes the supremacy in Europe. The British forces, which in by-gone years have beaten the Russians, the Austrians, and even the Prussians, must now yield to the mighty army of *Pickelhaube*, starting up from the Brandenburg plains, which has led the imperial army of France captive. The claim to the title—"Mistress of the Seas,"—is now put in abeyance in obedience to the behests of the disciples of the bread-and-butter philosophy and their commanding catch-word, "Does it pay?" The importance of England twenty-five years hence, before this rising power, is graphically pictured in a sketch of our author, the outlines of which we reproduce. In the days of that great invasion the course of things was shaped in manner somewhat as follows:

"First, the rising in India drew away a part of our small army; then came the difficulty with America, which had been threatening for years and we sent off ten thousand men to defend Canada—a handful which did not go far to strengthen the real defenses of that country, but formed an irresistible temptation to the Americans to try and take them prisoners, especially as the contingent included three battalions of the Guard. Thus the regular army at home was even smaller than usual, and nearly half of it was in Ireland to check the talked-of Fenian invasion fitting out in the west. Worse still, though I do not know it would really have mattered as things turned out, the fleet was scattered abroad; some ships to guard the West Indies, others to check privateering in the China seas, and a large party to try and protect our colonies on the Northern Pacific shores of America, where, with incredible folly, we continued to retain possessions which we could not possibly defend. America was not the great power forty years ago that it is now; but for us to try and hold territory on her shores which could only be reached by sailing round the Horn, was as absurd as if she had attempted to take the Isle of Man before the independence of Ireland."

Dark as the picture is, it is a serious one for Englishmen. It is a truth which the thoughtful may not deny, that the prosperity of England is mainly artificial—that it is based upon foreign trade and financial credit, that when once the course of trade is diverted from those shores, it can scarcely be regained, and when the credit of England shall be shaken, it may not be restored. It may sometime be discov-

ered that it is not true that Providence has ordained "that the English shall always borrow at three per cent., and that trade shall come to London docks because they are located in a little foggy island, set in a 'boisterous sea.'"—*Ex.*

RUSKIN ON AMERICAN TOURISTS IN ITALY.

In the letter which Mr. Ruskin has addressed to the working classes of England, he sketches some people whom he met when going from Venice to Verona by an afternoon train. He writes:

"In the carriage with me were two American girls with their father and mother, people of the class which has lately made so much money suddenly, and does not know what to do with it; and these two girls, of about fifteen and eighteen, had evidently been indulged in everything (since they had had the means) which Western civilization could imagine. And here they were, specimens of the utmost which the money and invention of the nineteenth century could produce in maidenhood—children of the most progressive race—enjoying the full advantages of political liberty, of enlightened philosophical education, of cheap pilfered literature, and of luxury at any cost. Whatever money, machinery, or freedom of thought could do for these two children had been done. No superstition had deceived, no restraint degraded them—types, they could not but be of maidenly wisdom and felicity, as conceived by the forwardest intellects of our time. And they were travelling through a district which, if any in the world, should touch the hearts and delight the eyes of young girls. Between Venice and Verona! Portia's villa perhaps in sight upon the Brenta—Juliet's tomb to be visited in the evening—blue against the Southern sky, the hills of Petrarch's home. Exquisite midsummer sunshine, with low rays, glanced through the vine leaves; all the Alps were clear, from the Lake of Garda to Cadore, and to farthest Tyrol. What a princess's chamber this if those are princesses, and what dreams might they not dream therein. But the two American girls were neither princesses, nor seers, nor dreamers. By infinite self-indulgence they had reduced themselves simply to two pieces of white putty that could feel pain. The flies and the dust stuck to them as to clay, and they perceived, between Venice and Verona, nothing but the flies and the dust. They pulled down the blinds the moment they entered the carriage, and then sprawled, and writhed, and tossed among the cushions of it, in vain contest, during the whole fifty miles, with every miserable sensation of bodily affliction that could make time intolerable. They were dressed in thin white frocks, coming vaguely open at the backs as they stretched or wriggled; they had French novels, lemons, and lumps of sugar to beguile their state with; the novels hanging together by the ends of a string that had once stitched them, or adhering at the corners in densely bruised dog's ears, out of which the girls, wetting their fingers, occasionally extricated a gluey leaf. From time to time they cut a lemon open, ground a lump of sugar backwards and forwards over it till every fibre was in a treacly pulp; then sucked the pulp and gnawed the white skin into leathery strings, for the sake of its bitter. Only one sentence was exchanged in the fifty miles on the subject of things outside the carriage (the Alps being once visible from a station where they had drawn up the blinds)—"Don't those snow-caps make you cool?" "No; I wish they did." And so they went their way, with sealed eyes and tormented limbs, their numbered miles of pain."

A zealous prohibitionist, on being asked why he signed every pledge that was presented to him, gave as a reason that if he broke one, he would have the rest to fall back on.

More than a thousand tons of ore are annually consumed in Staffordshire, England, in the manufacture of cast iron nails, which are tempered in oxide of iron after they are taken from the moulds, and made malleable.

Many fashionable ladies who are partial to low-necked dresses, and who have not pretty necks and busts, wear false ones of wax or alabaster, which, when covered by heavy necklaces, can hardly be detected from the real article.

Mr. Pakenham, formerly British Minister at Washington, said that there was this difference between Clay and Webster: "That Clay kissed all the women he met in the street, while Webster never kissed them except in the house."