

market is reached, when they range alongside, as a necessary guard against importunate dealers. While yet obscured by intervening walls, the proximity of the market-house is announced by new smells of extra vileness, swarms of fat green flies and the slap, slapping of many canvas slippers all toed in the same direction. And such a market! What tales it tells of native shiftlessness, poverty and greed. The house-mother who expects for a few dollars to purchase the ingredients of a modest dinner, may as well cuirass herself against disappointment. She may buy some measly potatoes, at the rate of a medio, (six cents) apiece; eggs, warranted storage, for two dollars a dozen; coarse bread, baked in Santiago, 30 cents the loaf; a string of meat, (animal unknown), which may serve for stew, though any well-bred Northern dog would disdain it, \$2.50. A handful of onions for disguising the flavor of the stew will cost 50 cents; aguacates, for salad, a dollar, and pine-apples for dessert, 75 cents apiece.

The first time I visited the market, a woman pursued me from stall to stall, chattering Spanish like a magpie. She only wanted to buy the clothes right off my back, beginning with my neck-tie and ending with my shoes! This female pawn-broking business seems to be a favorite method of "raising the wind in Santiago. Every day we are visited by mysterious women, some of them evidently belonging to the better class, who wish to buy, sell or exchange all manner of truck, from a broken-nosed tea-kettle to a jewelled sword. Yesterday a young Jamaica negress brought a rose-colored silk shawl, magnificently embroidered, price not stated. Another female brought an ancient mandolin, made of tortoise shell, what she said was "dirt cheap" at \$75. Maybe, but we are not investing in musical instruments just now. A third had an old wash tub, one hoop gone, which she offered for two dollars—and I bought it. A tub we needed badly; a new one costs in the shops of Santiago from \$3 upward; and the extra dollar may go into tomorrow's soup.

There will be joy today in the nurses' casa! Just now the great commissary wagon, drawn by six mules, rattled up to our door and delivered, besides the usual rations of beans, bacon and hard tack, some canned tomatoes and a big piece of fresh beef, brought in the cold storage of some blessed ship from "the states." Said the blonde young giant in army blue who delivered it, "After this, ma'am, s'long's this ere meat keeps, I'll bring you a chunk every day." Bless the dear boy!

Now I go to surprise my girls with a real Yankee pot-roast.

FANNIE BRIGHAM WARD.

A PERFECT STATE PRISON.

Salt Lake City, Utah,

September 15, 1898.

I have visited the State prison and have seen the flower garden by Mr. Dow, the warden, not omitting to show the melons in view, and a large strawberry bed. Then, in the office, looking at photographs in the Rogue's gallery, I inquired what was the great cause of their being there; and as I believed, the answer was "liquor," in most instances. We were shown the cells and modes of locking, which is quickly done and time-saving. All the cells are neat, clean and adorned with pictures and ornaments; each occupant has articles of his own to do so with. In the work rooms quite a number of knitting machines are run by the prisoners, turning out many dozen pairs of socks

in a day; then the shoe makers, tailors, cinch and bridle makers and other industries. The kitchen and bakery are very complete, and as I viewed an oven filled with nicely browned loaves I could draw the contrast of now and 1855, on the same spot of ground, with no industry but a little gardening, now so much self support and some articles to sell. I appreciate the improvement for prisoners, and so should the people as a community.

The water system is interesting, there being two miles of piping, running east to a nicely arranged reservoir. Also the waste flume with grape vines by it on wire trellises. There is a large and deep vegetable cellar near completion, and by appearances, more than enough grown to fill it this fall, and an interesting fact is all the labor was done by the prisoners.

I must not omit the turkeys, chickens ducks and hives of bees, all tending to make it look homelike, and the nicely kept lawns—truly a perfect prison. May its keepers be prospered in the advancement of all industries they undertake to add to the cause of the people. This surely will be the wish of all in the State who are interested in the welfare of the erring.

I was very courteously treated by Mr. and Mrs. Dow and guards, and then to close this pleasant and instructive day was presented with a beautiful bouquet.

MRS. JANE M. E. YOUNG.

IN MEMORIAM—WILFORD WOODRUFF

A few months ago William E. Gladstone, "the Christian statesman," went to sleep. Later, Prince Bismarck, "the Iron Chancellor," sank to rest. A few long days ago Wilford Woodruff, the Christian Man, closed his eyes upon this life.

These were typical men. The first was like the last in much. He was essentially a mystic. His mind had a trend towards thoughts of God, of the invisible, of the world to come. Hence he was a deeply religious man. But his was also an ambitious mind. He was not content to be a follower. His desire was to lead his nation, and through it the world, to higher moral levels. His love of power and place was mellowed by the good he hoped to accomplish. The world is better because he lived.

The second of the three men named was one of the most forceful mortals who ever dwelt upon the earth. His mental powers were vast, quick and terrible as the lightning. His will was what made him the Iron Chancellor. But his ambition, though boundless, was never greater than a determination to make his own nation, his own country, his own people all powerful. To him mankind was a mass fit only to be controlled by a will that recognized nothing higher or better than the mightiest political consolidation. In his presence hope for human progress trembled. Before him freedom cowered. He rose on the wings of a gigantic selfishness as high as mortal could ascend and he rose alone. The heart of the world, that great throbbing humanity ever more buoyed by hope of better, did not follow him, and beat quicker when he fell. He was a very great man, as the unthinking world uses that adjective. But because he had never made humanity lift its eyes in hope, in trust, in faith, he will be remembered only as the great German who threw states into the forge of genius and welded a mighty Empire that must some day be broken above the swelling heart of humanity.

The third person whom I have named, and whom I designate as "the Christian man," possessed not all the powers of mind that made the great-

ness of the other two. He probably never was conscious of a desire to become a "great" man. There is no evidence that he ever hoped to become a statesman, a politician, or a leader of men in any way or under any will of his own. He was born a mystic, a dreamer of the lives, the powers, the conditions of the invisible world. Had he never heard of Mormonism he might have lived and died in Connecticut, in the church of his fathers, but he would have made many a "blue-stocking" scowl at his heresies. He never could have passed his life believing that the Infinite Father took delight in sending "infants a span long" to burn in hell forever. His nature was too gentle for such a theology, and he would have reasoned himself out of it. Deep in his mind was a conviction of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His desire was to learn the true relation of these to each other. He found it to his complete satisfaction in Mormonism, and so greatly did the knowledge impress him that upon his life, henceforth, there was one undeviating, never-ending desire, and that was to do his duty in carrying to humanity the discovery that had brought such joy to himself.

The characteristic that pre-eminently marks the long life of our dead friend is this sense of duty. There was in all the pomp and glitter of the world nothing that could swerve him from that to him sacred duty. Was he deceived, self-deceived? To my mind, it would have made no difference in the result if he had been. To his mind there came a conviction so clear and strong that it gilded all his after life with the glory of an understood duty ever done, and with no cloud of regret hanging over it. He stands yet in death, and will long stand, as one of the most charming examples of devotion to duty, as he understood it, that the world has seen.

It was this sense of sacred duty that made him kind, gentle, tender as mother's love, to all. It was that which made his heart ache when people he loved for God's sake and for their souls' sake, as he understood it all, piled hatred upon the cause he represented and the duty he was doing. It was this that has made him something of a living martyr to measureless contumely heaped upon him by people who were too narrow to understand that he, whether right or wrong in his conception, was doing a duty that was just as meritorious, when honestly and generously considered, as if the whole world knew that he was right. It is conscience that makes a belief or a course of action right to the actor. I knew this man intimately in times that brought to him the severest trial of his life. It was when he realized that a tenet of his faith, and of the people whose head he was, must either be surrendered to the demands of the nation or the political rights of his people must be sacrificed. He believed God required of him devotion to that tenet. He knew that devotion meant present ruin. So he strove and wrestled, as it were, with the Lord, as he sincerely believed, for deliverance. He obtained what, to him, was divine permission to surrender that part of his faith to the will of the nation. From that day until his death I believe he kept the new compact with God just as faithfully as he had kept the former. To him there was no question that his prayers for help were heard and answered. What the world believes in regard to it detracts nothing from his action. He must be judged from the standpoint of his own conception of right and duty.

It will be long before the question of Mormonism ceases to be a factor in religious controversy. But the world must admit that Mormonism has shown, in this man's life, that it has produced a man who, for nearly seven-