

A SAD INCIDENT.

THE news item detailing the carrying off by a mountain lion of a little child in Colorado reads so much like olden times that we can scarcely realize the wondrous advancement that has been made. The frontier has been pushed back and its traces one by one worked out until it has become the commonly accepted idea that practically there is no frontier and therefore no wild beasts or savage men to contend with. The fact that this is not yet the case should be borne in mind by those who live in thinly settled mountainous regions, and thus such a harrowing realization of it as that spoken of be avoided—a realization rendered all the more acute and distressing from the utter failure to either overtake the monster or gain any traces of his victim.

A FAMOUS TRAVELER'S WIDOW.

LADY BURTON, widow of the famous traveler, Sir Richard Burton, who wrote a book about Utah, is now living at Mortlake, a suburb of London, England. Her husband is buried in the little Roman Catholic cemetery of that village. She engaged a house near the cemetery, and has the inscription "Our Cottage" written on the gate. She is writing a life of her husband, and finds consolation and comfort in visiting his grave daily. When asked about the burning of her husband's oriental manuscripts, she stated he gave her absolute authority to treat them as she desired. During the closing years of his life, his health was not in its usual condition. He was not able to judge what was good for the public. Besides, he always wrote disregardful of public opinion, and this habit became intensified during his illness.

Lady Burton sits while writing at a table, near which is placed the chair formerly occupied by her husband.

She has also a case of photographs of Sir Richard taken at different times of his life. There are busts and statues of him all over the room. His watch and chain hang by her side. She says it was not the wish of her husband to be buried in Westminster or any such public place, because it horrified him to think that a tourist guide should point to his tomb for a penny. Her heart, her soul, her happiness are all in the little grave at Mortlake.

NORWAY'S ALTERNATIVE.

THE political tangle in Norway which for some time has threatened to result in a rupture between the Scandinavian kingdoms has recently had a new light shed upon it by a correspondent from Stockholm, who asserts that the Emperor of Russia may eventually claim possession of Norway. He thinks that although the Danish King in 1813 renounced all claims to Norway for the benefit of the Bernadotte dynasty, this renunciation would be invalid should the people of Norway sever their connection with this dynasty. The Emperor of Russia carries among his numerous titles also this, Successeur de Norvège, by virtue of his connection with the Danish royal

family, and this would indicate that, should the union between Sweden and Norway be broken, the question of Russia's right to the latter country would at least be open to discussion. A Danish writer ridicules the idea, but the precedents in Europe give very little room for hilarity, particularly in Denmark. Germany's proceedings in the Schleswig-Holstein matter prove that questions of succession based on assumed rights by inheritance sometimes are serious enough for small monarchies who are unable to emphasize their protests by gunpowder.

A CREDIT TO SPAIN.

HENRY DUPUY DE LOME, the new minister to the United States from Spain, was born in 1851 in Valencia. After having studied law at Barcelona, he entered the diplomatic career in 1869. As a diplomatist he has had much experience, having been attached to the legation in Japan, performed a mission to Belgium, and been charge d'affaires at Buenos Ayres. In 1881 he became secretary of the legation at Paris and later the same year at Washington. Since then he has served at Berlin, Rome and Montevideo, his services in all these places being greatly appreciated. He comes to us, accordingly, clothed with much experience acquired during twenty years in the diplomatic service.

Signor De Lome is also well known as a writer. He has contributed valuable articles on various subjects to Spanish papers and the subject of the tariff is one to which he has given special attention. Those who know him consider that he will soon become one of the most popular ministers at our nation's capital.

A DUTY AND A PLEASURE.

At the Stake Priesthood meeting on Saturday last, several of the speakers touched upon a matter that is in every sense timely and worthy of consideration by the Latter-day Saints living in Salt Lake City and the immediate vicinity. We allude to the suggestions with reference to providing accommodations for our friends from the country who will be in attendance at the General Conference.

Citizens of Salt Lake have certainly not departed so far from their aforetime instincts and inclinations as to need more than a hint on the subject of hospitality. The same generous impulses that prompted every family in the good old days to fill its table with guests, to air the spare bed-chambers and spread couches upon every floor, and to provide shed and stall and corral room for the animals and vehicles of the country coming from far and near, are assuredly still existing, though perhaps a trifle rusty through disuse. Railroads and rapid transit have worked many changes, it is true, and made unnecessary many of the arrangements of former times. We refuse to believe, however, that the putting on of metropolitan apparel has expelled from the hearts of our citizens the cordiality of welcome that made our semi-

annual conferences such seasons of wholesome pleasure and mutual enjoyment.

Of all the household arts and graces, real hospitality is the most admirable. The hearty gratitude of a guest well-entertained is of more value than money. Display or ostentation is not necessary—it adds nothing to the flavor of the viand nor to the restfulness of the slumber; and he is indeed a thankless, ungracious guest who is not better pleased with homely fare and unaffected treatment, than with all the pomp and strained magnificence that wealth can supply. The whole-souled welcome, the "make-yourself-at-home" feeling, the indefinable sympathy and friendliness between host and visitor—these are what constitute genuine hospitality. In its best sense; and its exercise, when these are present, truly blesses and benefits both him who gives and him who receives it.

We trust that no reader of the NEWS will neglect through thoughtlessness to provide himself with the pleasure that is in store for those who follow the advice given at the Stake Priesthood meeting and keep open house for friends during Conference.

SPEED THE PARTING.

No piece of news of recent date will convey more genuine pleasure to the majority of the citizens of the northern part of Utah than the announcement that Reverend J. Wesley Hill of the Methodist church in Ogden has "accepted a call" from the First M. E. church in Helena, and will proceed thither without delay. To say that the impudent young upstart has dishonored his creed and following would be perhaps too strong a statement, since the conduct of one personage, no matter how reprehensible, ought not to prejudice any cause whose objects are good and whose methods are reputable. But to say that he has dishonored his calling, grossly insulted the general community, and specially pained and humiliated the self-respecting members of his own church is so easily within the limits of truth that no honest man will rise to dispute it. He has been shown to be a shameless sermon-thief, an arrant hypocrite, an utterer of base fabrications, and a venomous bearer of false witness. Of his other qualities it may be said that he is a striver after the sensational in the pulpit, a mendicant of supreme effrontery for the church coffers, and a bustling promoter of questionable land speculations from which he doubtless hoped the church would derive some profit. If there be merits, happy are we to be able to accord them to him.

Given a field where the sight of a "Mormon" or the sound of "Mormonism" could not strike his pious senses, the young man might make a fairly acceptable exhorter, for he talks like a mill-clapper without pause or ceasing. It may be that only in Utah and when thinking about Utah the rabies attack him. We shall hope so for the sake of the good people of the First M. E. church of Helena, Montana, to whom we now gratefully commend him. Few tears over his departure will be shed in Ogden, where for so these several years he has been a stumbling-