

she could distinctly hear it whizz through the air. Every man who unnecessarily discharges firearms within the City limits should be arrested and fined.

GLAD OF IT.—Those who have any hankering after the business of journalism would do well to read the following more forcible than elegant or decorous leave-taking, credited to one Mr. Frank F. Myers—
“Having sold out, my connection with the Forest Grove Independent ceases with this issue—and I am d—d glad of it.”

How? How?—The *Utah Mining Gazette* says that now is the time to buy real estate in this city, many of the people being sadly in want of cash, and therefore willing to sell at low figures. It is all very well to say now is the time to buy, but won't the *Gazette* supplement its good advice by adding a little more, and tell where the money is to come from, and how it is to be got hold of.

IRON ROLLING MILL.—We understand that the advisability of establishing an iron rolling mill at Provo has been considered, and that Mr. Wassell is in favor of it. The abundance of water power and other facilities render Provo admirably adapted for a thing of the kind. Independent of the rolling of the home-manufactured article, a good trade could be conducted in re-rolling iron for the Union Pacific, the Central Pacific and our home railroads, which has now to be done at Pittsburg.

THE REASON.—We are informed that the reason why further action has not yet been taken in the matter of the petition of the residents of the north bench, asking for relief on the water question, and which was presented to the Council some months since, is because, before definite action can be taken in the matter the Canal Company, to whom belongs the canal which runs along from the Cottonwoods to the City, have to be conferred with on the subject, and that circumstances, press of business, etc., have prevented the further advancement of the matter until now.

THAT FEVER CURE.—We have heard of parties who have tried the fever remedy recommended by Mrs. Coult and published in the NEWS some time ago—sheep's melts cut open and placed on the soles of the patient's feet. Those who have tried it say that it is a most effective remedy, breaking up typhoid fever in a short time. It appears that by this means the fever is drawn out, causing a most disagreeable odor to be emitted from the melts. The last case we heard of where the remedy was applied was that of a little girl of Mr. and Mrs. James White's, Eleventh Ward, who was afflicted with typhoid, and who is now recovered.

A DIFFICULTY.—A warrant has been issued for the apprehension of Alfred Case, a sewing machine runner, on a charge of maltreating and abusing his sister-in-law, Mrs. Heber Case. The circumstances of the affair, so far as we can learn, are that Heber Case had purchased a machine from his brother Alfred, and had paid a portion of the price according to agreement. Alfred Case called at his brother's house, and, under pretense of comparing the machine with one he had in his wagon, induced Mrs. H. Case to allow him to take it to the vehicle, upon which he placed it and attempted to drive off with it. Mrs. Case held on to the machine, however, when the valiant agent gave her a push causing her to fall upon the ground, and the machine with her. After this there was a regular scramble between the two, the machine being damaged in the affray. Some neighbors interfered, when the discomfited agent got into the wagon and drove away, leaving the “bone of contention,” the machine, upon the ground, in a damaged condition, the top having been broken off in the struggle.

CAUSES OF FIRE.—The attention of our reporter was called to-day to a defective flue at the residence of Mr. James Dwyer, 17th Ward. If there are many such flues as that, the origin of many fires is at once explained, and had it not been that Mr. Dwyer had been induced to have the whole thing taken down, it is very probable that his house, before long, would have been burned down. The part of the building referred to had only been recently erected and the builder, in order,

we presume, to save a few brick and probably a little time, instead of building solidly around the flue, left a couple of apertures, or false flues, on each side of it, so that instead of all of the smoke and probably sparks going up the flue and escaping from the chimney, a portion of them passed up these two side flues and accumulated between the room ceiling and the roofing, which latter was covered on the outside with tin, precluding the possibility of escape for either smoke or sparks. The ends of the rafters, sheeting and other timber constituted a portion of the sides of these false flues, so that it is almost a wonder that the roofing did not take fire. It was fortunate that the flue was defective with regard to draft as well as in other respects, else Mr. Dwyer might not have been led to have it taken down.

It is surprising that any builder should show so little judgment and so great a degree of carelessness as were displayed in this instance. A person who will build such flues is not fit to be trusted with the erection of buildings of any kind.

Correspondence.

OGDEN CITY, Nov. 2, 1873.

Editor Deseret News.

This morning I had a short ride on a hand car on the Utah Northern, narrow gauge, railroad, extending northward from this city. The rails for about one fourth of a mile are laid; and under the supervision of Hon. L. Farr, the balance of the work will be vigorously prosecuted as far as his division extends. A side track is also laid of sufficient length to answer present purposes. Mr. Farr informs me that he expects to have one of the narrow gauge engines at work on this end of the road tomorrow (Monday), hauling ties and rails, when he expects to “make things git.” There is an immense quantity of ties and rails on hand at the depot here, ready to be laid down.

The Observatory at Ogden is situated about one-fourth of a mile west from the west bank of the Weber river; it is built of brick and masonry. It stands on an eminence and commands an extensive and pleasant view of the country for many miles around. Its telegraphic communication is established by a small branch line, which connects with the main lines at the railroad depot. I am informed that the instruments are already on hand for the working of the institution.

The snow, which fell upon and covered the mountains from summit to base during the recent storms, has almost entirely disappeared, and the “everlasting hills” are once more bare and bald, and their aspect is of a weird grandeur.

The Utah Central railroad bridge across the Weber has withstood the surging, foaming and battling of those wicked waters which rush with so much fury beneath and against it, in spring and summer, much better than many at first anticipated. It now appears firm and secure. But the foot bridge which runs parallel with it, is rather dilapidated, and on a dark night is rather dangerous in some places for pedestrians to cross it. No doubt those whose right and duty it is, will repair and build up its waste places, and make its passage safe, especially as there are so many ladies and small children traversing it.

There is no time in the year like the present, at which a person can see the ravages (and noise can realize it but those who live in its vicinity) that the Weber river has committed during the last high water. The destruction on both sides of its channel—if a channel it has—has been immense. For miles up and down the stream the banks are cut away and carried, in all probability, into Salt Lake; and, judging from what I have seen in my own case, scores of acres of rich and fertile lands have been washed down the stream during the summer of 1873. The high bluffs on the west side have, for several rods deep, been washed away. They were first undermined by the current, and then brought down with a thunder crash, the sound of which would sometimes be heard to echo distally through the night. Wagon roads have been washed out, and teamsters have to give the west bank of the Weber river a wide berth, and make new tracks. The bed of the river now presents a desolate appearance, be-

ing cut up into numerous islands and channels, the waters of which range from one foot to ten in depth, and the prospect is that a few years hence there will be scarcely a farm left on the Weber that will pay for cultivation. Still, the farmers are hopeful, and, notwithstanding all their disadvantages, have this year raised a vast quantity of every kind of grain, which now seems to find a ready market, but at sadly low figures.

Things at the depot here present a very lively appearance generally. Travel, for the time of the year, is pretty good, and the freight business appears to grow no less. A great quantity of merchandise passes over the U. P. and C. P. lines, both East and West, and both companies charge a high tariff for its transportation.

The weather here is beautiful, indeed all that could be desired—clear, warm and sunshiny during the day, when summer apparel is in order. The nights are cool and the air is bracing, but only sufficiently so to make an extra garment comfortable.

L. P.

SHONESBURG, Oct. 26, 1873.

Editor Deseret News.

A suspicious human being is roaming through this country, a man I should judge between fifty and sixty years of age; about five feet eight or nine inches high; would weigh one hundred and forty-five or fifty pounds; sandy complexion; brown hair; whiskers rather sandy and about half gray; nose rather peaked; right hand little finger off close to the hand, little finger of the left hand off to the first joint; minus end of big toe on the right foot; black broadcloth pants, badly tattered; cashmere coat, very heavy (brown), also badly torn; the fragments of gum-elastic shoes on his feet, bound up with rags; a wide rimmed hat, looks as though it might have been white when new; pretends he cannot understand the English language, but betrays his pretensions. While here he was shown the description of the Benders. He soon discovered that two different papers disagreed, one said John Bender, the old man; the other said John Bender, the young man. This he showed to the one that gave him the papers. He also pointed out the rewards that were offered, which proves he knew how to read. He was asked if that name in the paper was his. He said no. John was his name, but not Bender. He was asked to tell his name, when he spelled B-O-U-R-B (Bourb). He had just told me a few minutes before, that his name was Van Schoe. He said he was Low Dutch—he came from Germany fourteen years ago. When he first commenced talking, he talked no language, but merely gabbled. But after he had been around awhile he would talk something that sounded as though it might be Dutch. He told a Dutch lady in Rockville, that his name was John Cook, in English. He said but very little she could understand. He showed no real signs of insanity. He is no fool, but looks as if he might be a right clever fellow, or a right down rogue. His slim hands and fingers looked as though they could easily slip from the jewelry commonly used to fasten the delicate hands of a rogue together. He has two packages, which I am told by those that searched them contain some very good clothes. No weapons were found around his person or packages, but report says that two pistols were seen by his head where he slept in a stack-yard in Virgin City.

So much for the stranger. I think such men should be looked after with a prudent eye.

The health of our place is good, no chills and fevers like it has been for three or four years past.

Our field crops are pretty fair, and nearly all gathered in. Fruit is rather scarce—no peaches or apricots this season, few apples and plums, grapes very scarce and small. But we feel that the Lord is blessing us, and there is still room here for good Saints to find a home aside from the evil practices of the world.

S. K. GIFFORD.

SALT LAKE CITY,
Nov. 2d, 1873.

Editor Deseret News.

The U. S. Supreme Court's decision in the case of Engelbrecht vs. Clinton, covers sufficient ground to put the jury question permanently

at rest. Such a decision would naturally have such an effect in any State or Territory in the Union or upon the earth, Utah excepted, but here we have a missionary judge, fore-ordained, and anything coming against the interests of his mission must yield to it, law or no law; even in Utah there is no trouble about the juries who act in the rest of the districts. A little over two years ago Chief Justice McKean, a few inferior lawyers whom New York, Boston, Chicago and cities much below in rank and importance would not call lawyers at all, and a ring of unscrupulous adventurers having no interest in common with the people, and plunder for their object, carried things their own way here under a misled administration in Washington. To incur the displeasure of the dictatorial judge or his special friends, was about as much as one's head or personal liberty was worth. Juries were believed to be packed and witnesses bribed. In any absolute monarchy we might have some show of justice, but here it had fled or become a mockery. Arrests were made without number, heavy bonds were required and the executioner's axe was ready for immense execution. Had this rule continued, Mr. Editor, the whole Territory to-day would have been a common penitentiary and the population its inmates, industry and thrift would have been known no more on this broad domain, the voracious adventurers would have swallowed our hard earned substance. The Supreme Court of the United States arrested the mad career of the ring, and since then his Honor refuses to act at all, except in a few cases where all the say is left to him, until Congress shall by special legislation have legalized illegality and restored him to dictatorship, and in the language of an illustrious Roman, “robbed us of our suffrage, and suffered us to be cast into dungeons.” The summoning of juries for the present term of court, who had to travel and make new and disadvantageous arrangements to keep home going while attending to the numerous cases on the calendar, for the pleasure of going and coming, &c., to Salt Lake City to be discharged, was a nice little farce, but no benefit to the men or the treasury, but the abortive petition to Congress now going was designed to be strengthened thereby. An idiot might have known that the judge wanted no jury to try criminal cases. But to give the farce formality and effect to the uninformed, and get signers to said petition, it is essential that a challenge to the jury should be interposed, and a showing of legal objections come before the judge, &c. And now comes William Carey, U. S. attorney—like Cesar, “he came, he saw and conquered,” and smiled with laurels on his brow. He says nothing, in fact he was quite right when he said the case needed no particular argument. Whatever may be fore-ordained is sure to come, Mr. Carey.

A JURYMEN.

THE MISSIONARIES.—The following is extracted from a letter from Elder Charles Sansom, dated at New York, Oct. 30th—

“We left Ogden on Monday, Oct. 20th, and traveled rather slowly but safely to Omaha. We enjoyed ourselves fine, in singing, chatting and taking notes as we went along. The weather was delightful the first day. The second day at noon, as we neared Sherman, it commenced to snow and blow very hard, and it was very cold. It continued that way all night and part of next day. We were met, some distance from Omaha, by agents of the different railroads, offering their terms and, at Omaha, the agents nearly quarrelled with each other about who should do the best by us. We came to Chicago by the Rock Island, Chicago and Pacific railroad, and from Chicago to New York by the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne railroad. From Omaha we traveled much faster than up to that point. Our route lay through a beautiful country, and we were all delighted with the scenery. We arrived at Chicago on Thursday evening, Oct. 23, and put up at the Atlantic Hotel. Some of the brethren visited the Exposition and pronounced it very fine. We stayed in Chicago all night and left for New York at 9 a.m. On this part of our route we traveled through a timbered country, and the scenery in the Alle-

ghany mountains and on this side was truly magnificent. Our route lay for many miles alongside of the Juniata and Susquehanna rivers. I enjoyed the trip very much, but got very tired of sitting so much. It was quite a change from my late active mode of life.

“We arrived at New York about 7 p.m. on Saturday eve. On Sunday the brethren attended two meetings of the Saints in Williamsburg. On Monday Brother Morris secured us passages on the S. S. *Oceanic*, to sail on Wednesday.”

FATAL ACCIDENT.—Priddy Meeks wrote from Harrisburgh, Washington Co., Oct. 27, as follows—

“A horrible accident occurred in my family about twelve o'clock last Thursday, one week ago. My little boy, almost nineteen months old, was playing before the stove, which was in use boiling preserves, and for some purpose the kettle was taken out of the stove and placed on the stove hearth in front of the stove. The little boy stepped up in a little chair he had hold of and tumbled towards the stove, and as he fell caught the edge of the kettle and pulled the contents of the kettle upon him and scalded him so badly that he died the tenth day afterwards, about four o'clock, after suffering the most excruciating misery that possibly could be endured, and was interred yesterday, the 26th.”

This should serve as another warning to parents and all others who have the oversight of children. It is impossible for human agency to prevent all accidents. With the greatest practicable caution some will happen, occasionally one of a torturing nature. But great carefulness should be habitually observed in the handling and disposition of dangerous articles where children are present, and then the grief consequent upon any painful accident will be seriously mitigated.

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