

was made, and pretty soon men were seen stringing out from camp with bundles in their hands, some on foot and others in wagons, trotting across the bottom and sand hills in search of the tank, which was said to be about four miles off. After a run of that distance we reached the tank, and were informed that the iron horse had taken his drink and started for Omaha about three quarters of an hour before our arrival, and that it would be 24 hours before another would be along. Here was another hard job for us; to pitch camp and use up another day. We finally accomplished it, and got to traveling by steam, when impatience seemed to give way and contentment began to appear. After we had run about 150 miles we came to an empty freight train smashed up on the track; six cars had run off and tore up the track; three of the cars were turned over, and we left the others and were placed on the track again and the track repaired; no one was hurt. This detained us about three hours, another little trial of patience, and the feeling suggested the inquiry, why could not some inventor mature a plan to carry passengers by telegraph?

At Omaha we found several returning missionaries, among whom were Bishop William Smith, Abraham Hatch, Leonard Rice, Elmer Taylor and others.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company are rapidly laying the track up Pole Creek; from 2½ to 3 miles a day was about the rate. We saw thousands of men at work in parties for a great distance along the line; parties of soldiers were scattered along for protection, among whom were a number of Pawnees in the Federal uniform.

Give my best respects to the Presidency and all associated with you.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
JOHN BROWN.

A STRANGER IN THE SCHOOL.

On a warm day, a large school of boys and girls were conning over their lesson. The teacher tried hard to keep order, to make all take to their studies, to help those who needed aid, and to make all happy. He opened the doors and windows to give them fresh air, but all would not do. Some felt discouraged with their lessons, some felt cross, and everything seemed to drag and linger. By and by the heavy tread of a foot on the door-steps was heard, and without knocking, in walked a hard-faced man, somewhat old in years but with a firm step. The children at first felt afraid of him, but they soon found that beneath his hard looks, there was a bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a kind heart. But instead of sitting down and staring at the school, he sat down by the side of a little girl who was trying in vain to get her spelling lesson. There were tears of discouragement in her eyes.

Well, what's the matter with our little one?

O, sir! I can't get my lesson! It's so long, and the words are so hard, I can never learn them!

Let us see. How many of those words are there in one column?

Fifteen, sir.

And how many columns in your lesson?

Three, sir.

Very well. That makes forty-five words to be learned. How many of these are easy, so that you can spell them at once. Count them.

Twenty-five, sir.

Then you have twenty left, which you call hard. Now take the first one, look at it sharp, see every letter in it, count the letters, see just how the word looks. Now shut your eyes, and see if you can still see just how the word looks. Spell it over softly to yourself. There now, you spelt it right. Now do so with the next word, and the next, till you have them all.

O, sir! that is very easy. I can get my lesson now!

Then the visitor went to a boy who was puzzling over a sum in arithmetic. He was discouraged and almost cross.

Let us see. What is the matter here?

This sum sir! I can't do it. Every sum grows harder and harder! It seems as if the man who made the book tried to see how hard sums he could put down.

I see. Now what's the rule by which this sum is to be done? Repeat it. Very well, only you have not said it quite right. Turn to it and see. There now, you have left out one important link. You now understand the rule.

Try the sum now, putting in the part you left out.

Oh sir! It's easy now. I see, and I can now do them all.

Yes; but you must not be thinking about your ball and kite and play. You must give all your mind to the thing you are studying, and then it will be easy.

The stranger next sat down by a boy who was trying to commit the declension of a noun in the Latin Grammar. Over and over he had repeated it, but alas! he could not make the memory hold it. He was ready to throw down the book.

Hold there, my boy! Don't look so discouraged. Take your pen and carefully write down that declension. See how every word is written, and what letter ends every case. There now is every word right? Yes? Well, shut your grammar, turn over your paper and on the other side write it all over again from memory. So ho! How many mistakes have you made?

Two, sir.

Very well. Put away that bit of paper, get another and try it again and again till you can write it without a single mistake; you can say it then, for writing will fix it in the memory.

Thus he went from seat to seat and helped all. The scholars forgot the heat. They all had their lessons, the teacher smiled and praised them, and all were very happy. Just as he was leaving, the teacher thanked the stranger and hoped he would soon call again.

O! said he, just send for me at any time, and I will come and give any one a lift.

Pray sir, by what name shall we ask for you?

Mr. HARDSTUDY, sir, at your service!
JOHN TODD.

MORALS OF SYRACUSE.—The New York Herald of June 10th says: The city of Syracuse is sadly in need of social and moral reconstruction. All the baths of its Sicilian namesake, in its palmiest days, and all the waters of the fountain of Arethusia, would be insufficient to cleanse its reputation. Salt will not save it. It is the Chicago of New York, and has become as notorious as that city of family difficulties for the laxity of its morals. In the tragic event of last week in Albany all the actors are Syracuseans. The lady in the case is a Syracuse lady. The victim and the assassin, or avenger, or whatever the popular sentiment may call him, were both Syracuse men. Similar affairs, although not with so tragic a result, are by no means uncommon in Syracuse, and prudent travelers are learning to avoid the Central City as they would a plague spot. But there is some excuse for this. Syracuse is unfortunate in having been for a number of years the theatre of nearly all the conventions—religious, political and miscellaneous—which have been held in the State of New York. Democratic Conventions, Radical Conventions, Whig Conventions, Republican Conventions, Total Abstinence, Temperance, Spiritual, Free Soil, Free Love, Jerry Rescue, Woman's Rights, Bran Bread, and Fourier Conventions, with scores of others, have assembled there year after year, and have left their trace in the social life of the place. Under such influences, how can a people hope to escape contamination, and how can a city, even though made entirely of salt, expect to preserve a good odor?

RAILWAY SPEED.—the comparison of a large number of examples has enabled the Railway Commission to make the following statement: In England the express trains run generally, including stoppages, about 40 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the quickest trains (omitting suburban) gives 38½ miles per hour; the ordinary trains run generally from 18 to 30 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the lowest trains gives 19½ miles per hour. In France the express train run, including stoppages, 25 to 35 miles per hour; the average of the quickest examples is 31 miles, the ordinary trains run from 16 to 25 miles per hour; the average of all the examples of the lowest trains is 18 miles per hour. In Belgium the quickest trains run from 29 to 35 miles per hour; the slowest 18 to 23. In Prussia the quickest 29 miles; the slowest 17 to 21 miles. In Austria the quickest 20 to 29 miles; the slowest 14 to 21. In Bavaria and along the Rhine the quickest 24 to 32 miles; the slowest 13 to 24 miles. In Italy the quickest 24 to 30 miles; the slowest 15 to 24 miles.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN IN NORWAY.

A letter on Norway, written by W. W. Thomas, late U. S. Consul at Gothenburg, Sweden, describes that far northern country and one of its peculiar phenomena:

Imagine a huge table-land, rising 3,000 to 6,000 feet sheer above the sea—one vast rock, in fact, bleak and barren, covered with snow, swept with rain, frozen in winter, sodden in summer—the home of a few reindeer and Laps, and you have Norway proper—nineteenths of the Norway that is shown on the map.

But the rock is not whole, it is cracked apart here and there, and the fissures show like slender veins over the country. The sides of these ravines are steep as the cleft left by an axe, and their depths are always filled by a foaming brook or river tumbling along from the drenched table-land above to the sea. I have looked up from the bottom of one of these valleys, and seen the perpendicular rock rise 5,000 feet on either side, and heaven show like a strip of blue ribbon. Wherever in these dales lies a bit of earth 'twixt rock and river, there the Norwegian peasant has built his cot; and it is on such bits of earth that inhabited Norway is situated, and here live its 1,200,000 people. The land just round his door gives the Norwegian potatoes, rye, barley and oats; his cattle climb the steep above for every stray blade; for the rest he depends upon sea and river. Were it not for the excellent fisheries along this northern shore, Norway would be uninhabitable.

One night in July, 1865, Hon. J. H. Campbell, late Minister at Stockholm, the two Messrs. Buckley of Birmingham, and myself, landed on the shore of a northern fiord in latitude 60° north. We ascended a cliff which rose bold about one thousand feet above the sea. It was late but still sunlight. The Arctic ocean stretched away in silent vastness at our feet. The sound of its waves scarcely reached our airy look-out. Away in the north the huge old sun swung low along the horizon, like the slow beat of the pendulum in the tall clock in our grandfather's parlor corner. We all stood silent, looking at our watches. When both hands came together at 12, midnight, the full round orb hung triumphantly above the wave, a bridge of gold running due north spanned the waters between us and him. There he shone in silent majesty which knew no setting. We involuntarily took off our hats, no word was said. Combine, if you can, the most brilliant sunset and sunrise you ever saw, and its beauties will pale before the most gorgeous coloring which now lit up the ocean, heaven and mountain. In half an hour the sun had swung up perceptibly on its beat, the colors changed to those of morning, a fresh breeze rippled over the fiord, one songster after another piped up in the grove behind us—we had slid into another day.

AUSTRIAN TYPOGRAPHY.—The Imperial printing-press at Vienna is one of the most extensive in the world, and its variety of type and typographic processes have obtained for its great celebrity. In regard to its operations, it is stated that an engine of twenty-horse power moves not less than forty-eight printing and twenty-four copperplate presses and ten glazing machines. There are also thirty-six large and twelve small iron hand-presses, twelve numbering and embossing machines, and thirty lithographic presses. A fresh supply of type is constantly supplied by twelve casting machines and nine ovens, and three thousand cwt. of type is kept on the premises. According to a moderate computation, each cwt. contains about forty thousand types, and the three thousand cwt., consequently, make a total of one hundred and twenty millions of types, of various sizes and characters. Five hundred thousand sheets, or one thousand reams of paper, are daily required for the consumption of the establishment. There are offices or departments for letter-press printing, for copperplate, lithographic, and chromolithographic printing, punch-cutting, type-founding, wood-cutting, book-binding, photography, etc. There are punches of upwards of one hundred different alphabets, from the hieroglyphic, hieratic, and Demotic, down to the Mionsa, Laos, Shyan, Mandshah, and Formosan. The establishment is capable of executing printing in upwards of six hundred different languages.



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JAMES HAGUE.

G. S. L. City, Mar. 30, 1867.

w14-1f

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s44&w22-2m

NOTICE TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

FROM this date, a TOLL of FIFTY CENTS will be charged for each Wagon to all persons traveling in LITTLE COTTONWOOD KANYON.

WOOLLEY & DAVIS.

June 4, 1867.

s46&w23-1m