

Written for this Paper.

NOVEMBER.

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year!

This was said or sung of the old or "mother country," and had it not been apt and applicable it would never have been as freely quoted as it is. This month was called by another, "the month of fogs and suicides;" and no doubt this appellation was begotten of experience, and accepted because it was pregnant with truth; for disguise it as we may, men are subject to surroundings and to climatic changes, and even the death roll answers to cloud and sunshine as readily almost as vegetation. Have we not all felt jubilant in early spring? Is not self-control near lost by some in the exuberance of their feelings at that season, while many are depressed by the outlook of a somber, cloudy day?

National character has developed or does develop on climatic lines, and it is not difficult to believe that the unostentatious Englishman, the mercurial Frenchman, and the phlegmatic German owe something to their own special atmosphere and sun, and out of these is evolved their institutions, governmental and social. In fact there is a mutual interdependence, a acting and reacting upon each other—both, it may be said, being seed and fruit. What man can be speculative in real estate when the ground is sodden and the air chilly; when brownness and leaflessness prevail? Many a lot, many a piece of land, has been sold round this city in the sun, when hardly a bidder could have been reached in a drizzling rain or beneath a threatening sky. The real estate man bugs the radiator then and his customer has to thaw and relax in an artificially suggestive climate, aided perchance by a toddy at his elbow. How often have we enjoyed the military band, the clanging sabers' sound, and the pomp and circumstance of regimental displays, when flowers were blooming and nature seemed attuned to color and glitter! But when dragged in a storm, even music partly lost its charm! Napoleon once said that a good thunder storm was more effective in suppressing a revolution than a park of artillery. Men crouch and shelter when the elements are inclement, unless nerved for the salvation of others, when heroism sways into self-forgetfulness one so inspired.

This sensitive feeling is original with some. They easily look on the dark side. They cannot cope with opposition. They are the subjects of hypochondria. They are all right when the sun shines, when the skies are blue. But "a cloud no bigger than a man's hand" alarms them and the class most subject to infection spread this feeling, until strong men become weak as others, then universal fear and distrust ensue; the atmosphere, moral, religious, financial, becomes filled with malaria, or panic as it is eventually called.

If ever this abnormal growth of suspicion and distrust needed a striking illustration, it can be found in late trade experience, when men became afraid of their own shadows, when only cash, not men, had credit, and general demoralization forced into rigidity the plastic interests of man-

kind. In these dark November days, there was no heart for enterprise. No one wanted to push or lead out. The business twilight was not that of the morning—the expectancy of day. It was assumed to be that of the evening, merging into deeper darkness as the time flew by. Dealers hardly had courage to ask a debtor for that which he owed; had not courage to buy even the essentials of a continuous trade. Everything was enveloped (or it was thought so) in mist and fogs. And this was as fatal to business men and houses, as is a London fog to those of responsive temperament and gloomy disposition.

Yet the one who was brisk and stirring, who looked beyond the murky surroundings or above them, as would an observer from the dome of St. Paul's, felt or knew that this condition could not be more than temporary, that prolific humanity could not, if it would, suppress its myriad wants or forget the infinite resources of supply. Hence there comes a general reaction in finance and industry. Money is easier. Spindles revolve again. The whistle of the engine and the roar of the furnace make glad the worker's heart. Utah, distant from the heart-throbbings of a nation's life, feels her industrial pulse quickened in sympathy. More hopeful feelings are manifest, although stringency yet lingers in the air and labor is not as plentiful as fallen leaves. Indeed, there is an element of character in the hearts of most of Utah's population, including its traders, to which men generally are somewhat strangers; that is, an abiding faith in Divine sovereignty, which looks through all momentary conditions, deeming them as part of the discipline of life, and bearing the impress of wise intention, if examined through the lens of faith.

May we say that this population have been less despondent than others? That the elasticity of hope has only yielded in part to the strain of circumstance? And that where this feeling has been absent or lost, it was simply where those interested have only looked to man, and to men's thoughts and theories as in almost universal business depression? Of course a business man's faith will not collect his debts, nor pay his indebtedness. It will not cancel an obligation or relieve him from responsibility. But how many can testify to the spirit of forbearance and lenity which has been shown to them? How many know that in unexpected ways they have been rescued from embarrassment, that a friendly hand has been extended, an old account been paid, a credit continued, or in some way "a ram has been caught in the thicket," when undesirable sacrifice seemed imminent and almost inevitable!

Can a man, say you, carry this spirit into the whirl and turmoil of trade and traffic? Is it possible for a business man "to endure as seeing Him who is invisible," and to ask for and receive divine guidance in the management of his temporal interests? Without being invidious it can assuredly be asserted, that in all the length and breadth of Utah, every Mormon merchant, trader, dealer, who in the expectancy of his religion has worked "in the fear of God," and dealt honestly and honorably in the spirit of brotherhood

with his patrons, has weathered the storm, or, going down apparently, has done so with the sympathy, confidence and moral support of his co-religionists, as a rule. Even where struggle long continued has been required, faith in the ultimate collection of his debts because of the understood integrity of his brethren—faith that he would pay his own, if effort and economy on his part and patience on the part of his supporters were given, equally assured in darkest moments that financial equilibrium would come again. Out of this unity of faith comes the fact that failure and bankruptcy in business have in Utah, during this unusual stringency, being quite uncommon. Business men have resolutely set themselves to meet the situation, curtailing here, reducing expenditure there, practicing economy and learning the lesson of self-sacrifice, because honor, duty, profession, faith, religion, required them to be manly and honorable, where the purely man of the world, in business for gain and money, might—shall it be said, would—have protected himself, feathered his own nest, and allowed his creditors "to whistle down the wind."

To business men of this special culture, there is peace amid the hurly-burly of financial storm, light in the darkest moment, and "the silver lining is seen behind every cloud;" they are calm and serene whatever the excitement, and their trustful thought in the Omnipotent hand knows no wavering, for the assurance is theirs, that out of all evil "He can bring forth good." The darkest days of a business November find injected therein "The great day of Thanksgiving," even by men high in the nation and great in the Territory, who, after all, have but a glimmer of that sunshine which, above the fog and beyond the clouds, has been ever realized by the Latter-day Saints—whether in the historic past or in the trying transitory present—as the smile of Deity and the everlasting assurance of His favor in things temporal or eternal.

So, with swelling hearts, we all peer into the future, enjoying our "best days" and looking forward to the reunions of our Holidays, which, however marked by contrast with some of those long past, are yet welcome, and will be filled with cheer of heart, as when groaning tables and unnumbered gifts were our inheritance or our pride!

BITTER ROOT MOUNTAINS.

J. L. McBride, of Missoula, Mont., who has had many experiences at all seasons of the year in the wild Bitter Root mountains, where General Carlin's son and party are now lost, makes a statement to a San Francisco Chronicle reporter regarding that region. Mr. McBride has just arrived from Lost Horse river in the Bitter Roots, where he was on a deer-hunting expedition. He says the snow near there is over five feet deep in many places, and it was snowing and storming violently every day. He has little hope of young Carlin and party being discovered, and he thinks they may have a very hard time, and not improbably lose their lives.

"There are a great many different