

THE BANKER'S CLIENT.

A WALL STREET IDYL.

"Busy? of course; a man like you, Making a fortune a day for yourself, You lucky dog, and for others, too, Well, I won't keep you an inch of time; Those figures—that's all you've got to do. And just this lift is all I want To see me for ever and ever through."

"Can't do it! What's all that? Not lend On such collaterals! Not at all! The very bonds you sold, old friend, What's up? The paper's good—my name—"

Not me! Impossible! You suspend? The railroads did it? Ah! I thought That folly'd come to such an end."

"You were getting rich too fast that way; Building too much, I always said; But then I know you're sharp. I say, Between ourselves, of course you'll do This drop-in-the-bucket of mine to-day? Hang panics! We understand these things; The Street won't care if you never pay."

"You won't? Failed honest? Ah! just so,— I'll draw my little balance, I think, And go somewhere—Not do that? No? And you call yourself a Christian, too? Not pay my check! Stopped! Ruined! Oh Don't joke! Why that would ruin me! Break me! Come, pay me what you owe."

"Some day, you hope? I want it now, Or I'll know the reason why! Come, come, Old fellow, it's all right, I know how These things are managed down here. Who'll care For a few old thousands in such a row? You won't? You scoundrel! I never knew."

An honest banker yet, I vow."

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

—New York Post.

Logan.

Logan is putting its best foot forward, and to a casual observer activity in business circles is apparent. The number of new business houses going up, and the changes and improvements made in the old ones show that its business men feel a confidence in its progress and permanency. The U. N. Railroad has given an impetus to all kinds of business, and though money is scarce there at present, it is evident that it is easier now than it was a month ago, and that the narrow gauge has and is causing money to flow into the place. Money is not the only circulating medium, however, for there is a lively traffic and exchange of products and commodities of all kinds which enable building and business generally to be carried forward much more vigorously than it could otherwise be.

Logan is situated in Cache Valley, a fertile tract of land thirty-five miles long and from ten to eighteen wide. The valley is copiously supplied with water, and actual experiment has proved it to be highly productive. The population of the valley is at present about thirty-five thousand, and is rapidly increasing. Being hedged in from the rest of the world by formidable ranges of mountains, it is but natural that one of the numerous towns should be made a mart for the whole valley, and it seems that nature and the people combined to make Logan the leading place. Though situated south and east of the geographical centre, it has the position, the start, and the recognition of the people, and no town in the valley can aspire to outstrip its growth. Being situated in front of the canyon where the Logan river leaps forth into the valley, it has water not only admirably qualified for domestic use, but sufficient in quantity to run a large number of mills and manufactories. The situation is picturesque, and commands a magnificent view of the valley, so much so that Logan will not be visited by business men alone, but by tourists, who will be glad to avail themselves not only of the fine fishing and hunting, but of the lovely scenery in which the canyon abounds. At present Logan contains about 3,500 inhabitants.

As usual with Utah towns, the streets are wide, bounded by streams of sparkling water, and fringed with large, outspreading trees, which give an inviting, home-like appearance to the place. Heretofore, owing to the exposed condition, peach trees have been killed in winter, but the horticulturalists are firm in the belief that even peaches will yet be grown successfully. It is a city, not of

houses simply, but a city of orchards, and all kinds of apples, plums of choicest quality, pears and other fruit flourish as if they were indigenous to the soil, and seem to be as rare in quality as copious in quantity. The fertile inclines which lie at such a dip that the sun bears directly on them from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m., are particularly adapted for grape culture, and in a few years we are confident, that some of the finest vineyards in the Territory will be in the suburbs of Logan. The inhabitants, with a tenacious perseverance that is truly commendable, battled for five years before they could raise a crop of cereals, but in the end were rewarded with a yield of wheat that, worked into flour, demands the highest price in both eastern and western markets. In fruit, however, they reaped their reward much sooner, for the fruit trees there bear from one to two years earlier than they do in the states. Vegetables are not to be overlooked, for the most kinds, even with less than ordinary cultivation, yield wonderful results. The "murphies" of Cache Valley, for instance, cannot be excelled any where.

The fine orchards and shady streets at Logan, of which we spoke Saturday, are not its only attractions. Many of the dwelling houses are commodious and substantial, and of that modern style of architecture which lays antiquated buildings, however large they may be, in the shade. Indeed, we know of no city in the Territory, outside of Salt Lake, which has so many real respectable and elegant houses, as Logan. A number of dwellings are now in course of erection, but it is the business houses now being built which most attract the eye of the casual observer. Foremost of these is the new Co-operative building, which requires not an enthusiastic ebullition, but a plain description, for that told, our readers have an idea of a building which would be an honor to any inland city. It is substantially built of stone, with a front of eighty feet and a depth of eighty-one feet. On the lower story the centre room, 26½ x 61 feet, will be devoted to the retail dry goods department. Just back of this are two rooms, to be used as ladies' and gentlemen's fitting apartments. To the left is a room with a twenty-six foot front which extends back the whole length of the building, which is intended for the hardware department. The elevator, which connects the three stories is in the back part of this room. On the right side of the lower story are a number of smaller rooms, to be used as offices, packing rooms, etc. The whole of the second story is to be devoted to the wholesale dry goods department, and the third story to the storing of miscellaneous goods which are light and easily handled.

The roof, which has just been completed, is of tin, and is a masterpiece of workmanship.

The first ceiling is 15½ feet high, the second 14½, and the third 13½. The elevator will have a 3,000 pound capacity. A cellar 26½ x 71 feet has been placed under the hardware room, which will be cool and dry, and admirably adapted for the keeping of vegetables and light produce. The building is supplied with water pipe throughout, which, in case of fire, will demonstrate its utility. At a trifling cost water can be brought from the bench with a pressure that will throw it at least twenty feet higher than the building. Gas pipes are also laid, and at present Maxim gas will be used. All in all the building is an imposing one, and no one can examine the plan on which it is being divided up and finished without being pleased. If the Co-op., in its present quarters, a cramped up shanty, is making \$35,000 to \$50,000 sales per month, what will it do when it enters the new colossal structure? It is not the heavy Cache Valley trade alone which it depends on, for the Montanians are beginning to find out that they can get excellent bargains there. Indeed when it is changed to the new building and a fuller stock brought on, the Montana trade will inevitably form a heavy item.

Work is being pushed vigorously ahead on the building, and will be ready for occupancy in November. The Tabernacle, when completed, will form another attraction of Logan. It is to be erected in the public square, and the stone for the foundation is already on the ground. We will speak of it more at length

when it begins to assume proportions. A neat brick building is being erected by Charles Robertson and the Goodwin Bros. It is 30x60, and two stories high. The lower story is intended for a store, and the upper for a lecture room. When finished it will be quite an acquisition to the place. There is a number of less important buildings now in course of erection, of which we refrain from speaking at present. What the Loganites now most want is a livery stable. Last week two parties came down from Montana with a drove of horses and several rigs. We understand that they contemplate starting a stable, though we believe the matter has not as yet been fully decided.—*Corinne Reporter*, Sept. 26, 27, and 29th.

Bradlaugh's "Mission" and Autobiography.

Reporter—What will be your subjects?

Mr. Bradlaugh—I shall, of course, speak of the prospects of Republicanism in Europe in one or two lectures; but another will be devoted to the impeachment of the Brunswick family.

Reporter—You have given them some hard blows in your own country, but we have scant means of knowing here what the effect has been. How do the people look upon your course?

Mr. Bradlaugh—There is in Great Britain a very large party who favor my views, and it is daily increasing.

Reporter—In your impeachment of the reigning family, what charges will you make?

Mr. Bradlaugh (laughing)—They are too numerous to mention. In addition to the charges I shall bring against them, I intend to offer an opinion in regard to the right of the Brunswicks to occupy the throne of Great Britain. The view I take is an odd one, and when first announced in England it took everybody by surprise; but I am happy to say that those who are with me in my belief form a very large and influential class of her Majesty's subjects.

Reporter—What is your opinion?

Mr. Bradlaugh—I maintain that the monarchy is elective. If it is hereditary, the Brunswicks have no right to the throne. If not, then the election of a ruler should be by the two Houses of Parliament.

Reporter—Now for the charges.

Mr. Bradlaugh—I need not mention them categorically, but suppose I speak first of the burden of taxation which we have been forced to bear. Taxes have increased out of all proportion during the reign of the Brunswicks. Before their time we were paying £47,000,000. We now groan under the imposition of nearly £76,000,000. Then the manner of the distribution of taxation is worse than ever before. Formerly the land of the kingdom paid two-fifths of the taxes. Now it pays less than one-seventy-fifth part, while land-owners receive enormously increased fees. Our rulers have allowed 7,000,000 acres of common land to be taken from the poor and added to the estates of the rich under what is known as the System of Private Inclosure Act. We secured the repeal of this infamous Act in 1845, but the land has not been reclaimed.

Then I charge that the Brunswicks are not English, but German, and German in the worst sense—German without German intelligence and German courage. Before their time the pensions were paid out of the monarch's civil list—to-day not a halfpenny is disbursed therefrom for that purpose. Even so late as George the II.'s reign all diplomatic expenses, and the salaries of all officers of the State, and all State expenses, except those of the army and navy, were paid out of the civil list. Now the expense is saddled upon the treasury.

Reporter—You will, of course, refer to the eccentricities of the Prince of Wales?

Mr. Bradlaugh—Oh, yes; but I shall say nothing of private conduct, except where it affects public conduct. The personal vices of this family have been productive of more harm than you on this side of the water would deem possible—or rather, I should say, you cannot appreciate as we can the mischief that has been done through the immorality, licentiousness, recklessness and stupidity of the Brunswicks. As monarchs they have invariably been incapable. Whenever they have meddled in affairs they have brought us into trouble,

and subjected us to national humiliation. The Hanoverian policy has always been a curse to us. See what followed the attempt of George I. to make one of his stupid sons Bishop of Osnaburg; and then what resulted from the foolish and wicked course of George III. toward the American colonies. Until the accession of this family to the throne we had only a nominal debt; now it is so vast that we can never hope to liquidate it.

Reporter—You have led a busy life for one so young, Mr. Bradlaugh?

Mr. Bradlaugh—Yes. I have been before the public since I was fourteen years old.

Reporter—How came it that you started so early?

Mr. Bradlaugh—My education was finished before I was eleven. Three years later, while clerk to a coal firm in Britannia Fields, the excitement of the Chartist movement was at its height in England. Meetings were held all day Sundays, and every week night, in the open fields. They were occupied in discussions of theological, social, and political subjects, everybody being allowed to take part. The authorities, alarmed at the magnitude of the movement, which was sweeping like a wave over Europe, were preparing to prosecute and punish the leaders. I was at this time a member of the Church of England and a Sunday School teacher, but a boy's curiosity frequently took me to the Sunday night meetings in Bonner's Fields. One day the Bishop of London was announced to hold a confirmation in Bethnal Green, and the clergyman of my district, desiring to attract the notice of his grace, urged me to prepare for confirmation, so as to astonish the bishop with the quickness and accuracy of my answers. While studying the thirty-nine articles and the four gospels I was convinced that there was a radical difference between them, so I wrote to the minister, asking for aid and explanation. Instead of replying, he went to my parents and denounced my letter as atheistical, and suspended me for three months from my office as teacher. This freed me from Sunday duties, and I became a regular visitor to Bonner's Fields, at first only to listen, but soon as a participant in the public discussions. I began by speaking on the orthodox Christian side, but after a while I found that my views were getting much tinged with free thought. In the winter of 1840 I became a teetotaler, which fact the minister of my parish looked upon as "confirmation strong as Holy Writ" that I was surely an infidel, and he caused my discharge from the coal office. I then launched out as a lecturer on temperance and on theological questions, and was warmly greeted by hundreds of people.

Reporter—You were not an atheist at that early age?

Mr. Bradlaugh—No, I was a deist; but my opinions were rapidly tending toward atheism. In 1850 Dr. Campbell assailed me in a leading article in the *British Banner*, but I survived the attack, and studied Hebrew and the modern languages at night, while in the day time I tried to make a fortune as a coal merchant. I became very poor, and as a last resort enlisted in the Seventh Dragoon Guards. In 1853, after having served with the regiment in Ireland, making numerous temperance speeches in and out of barracks, my aunt died, leaving me a little money, with which I purchased my discharge. I was now twenty years old, and the world was before me. On returning to civil life I again began to write and speak, and became, for a youngster, so famous as to be considered worth the trouble of crushing, but *sto qui*, here I am.

Reporter—Were you then the leader of any considerable faction?

Mr. Bradlaugh—Not exactly a leader, although I was much consulted by men of my way of thinking, and was sometimes placed in a position where I thought it best to move first. Soon after my discharge from the army a number of poor workingmen, who had erected a building on freehold ground without any lease or conveyance from the freeholder, who asserted his legal right to the building, came to me for advice. Finding that under the statute of frauds they had no redress, I recommended that they should offer a penalty rent of £20. This was refused by the freeholder. I then constituted myself a law court, and with the assistance of one hundred stout men removed every

brick of the building, and divided the material among the owners. There was no riot, no disturbance. The mean freeholder gazed ruefully upon the bare surface of his building lot, while the workmen congratulated themselves upon the safe return of their lately endangered property.

Reporter—What was the occasion of your first conflict with the authorities?

Mr. Bradlaugh—It was in 1855 in reference to the right of the people to hold meetings in Hyde Park. I gave evidence before the Royal Commission ordered by the House of Commons, and was very proud that day when at the conclusion of my testimony against the authorities the President of the Commission, the Right Honorable Stewart Wortley, publicly thanked me, and the people who thronged the Court of Exchequer cheered me for the manner in which I denied the right of Sir Richard Mayne, then Chief Commissioner of Police, to forbid the meetings in the Park.

Reporter—Were you not, while you were lecturing, frequently interfered with by the authorities?

Mr. Bradlaugh—Sometimes. Generally in the provinces. Sel-dom in London. In March, 1859, I was to lecture on "Louis Napoleon," but the Government, on a hint from Count Walewski, interfered, the hall was garrisoned by police, and the lecture prevented.

Reporter—Some of your lecturing experience must have been very amusing.

Mr. Bradlaugh—You are right. [Laughter.] Once I debated with a Reverend Dr. Mensor, who called himself a rabbi. He was about renouncing the faith of his fathers in order to gain admission to the Church of England, and had been put forward to show what an illiterate youngster I was. We both scrawled. We drew characters on a black board for four nights in succession to the delight and mystification of the audience, who gave me credit for great erudition because I chalked rather more rapidly and neatly than my antagonist. In 1860 I lectured under some difficulty at Wigan, the resident clergy having actually incited the populace to physical violence. A part of the building in which I attempted to lecture was destroyed by the mob, and I should have had a very serious time in lecturing or getting away with my life, but for the stout aid of a brave woman and her husband, who backed me up until the crowd quieted. I visited Wigan many times afterward, and so improved the manners of the people that I am now a welcome speaker there. I could not improve the manners of the clergy, as the papers recently proved, but that was their misfortune, not my fault. Early in the next year I went to Guernsey, in consequence of an attempt made by the law courts of the island to punish, for blasphemy, a gentleman who had distributed some of my pamphlets and had been condemned to imprisonment in default of bail. They did not dare to prosecute me, although challenged in writing, but the authorities allowed drink and leave of absence to be given to soldiers in the garrison on condition that they would prevent the lecture. They broke into the hall, and with cries of "Kill the infidel!" sought to silence me; but I quelled the cowardly mob and delivered my lecture. Just after this the Young Men's Christian Association had me arrested at Plymouth when I had hardly commenced my lecture, having only uttered the words: "Friends: I am about to speak to you about the Bible." They locked me up all night, bail having been refused; but in the morning their legal adviser discovered that a blunder had been committed, and a charge of exciting a breach of the peace and assaulting the constable in the discharge of his duty, was manufactured. The invented charge, though well sworn to, broke down after two days' hearing, under the severe cross-examination to which I subjected the witnesses. Two lawyers appeared to prosecute me, and seven judges sat on the bench, predetermined to convict me. Finding that the testimony of my witnesses was to be thrown out because those who did not believe in hell were then incompetent as witnesses under the English law, several Nonconformists, disgusted with the bigotry and pious perjury of my prosecutors, came forward and testified in my behalf. The result was a triumph, and a certificate which I wrung from the Bench. After the trial I announced in court that I should