

States, in August last, publicly ascribed the prevailing financial difficulties to the Sherman law of 1890 and, endorsed by various bankers' associations and kindred organizations, did secure the repeal of the law by Congress; and

Whereas, The present financial and industrial condition of the people, for freemen well-nigh unbearable, proves the error of our executive's judgment; and

Whereas, The administration by paying only gold upon its obligations has caused the treasury to be looted of this form of money and two issues of \$50,000,000 each of interest bearing bonds having failed to satiate the rapacious maw of the gold speculator, a third issue of about \$65,000,000 has been made; and

Whereas, Legislation for the issuance of an additional vast amount of interest bearing bonds is now threatened, which legislation, like the repeal of the Sherman law is asserted to be an infallible cure of all financial evils; therefore, be it

Resolved, First—That every obligation of the government is expressly payable in coin, that it is optional with the government and not with the creditor, whether said coin be gold or silver, excepting only gold certificates and silver certificates, and that the depletion of the stock of gold in the United States treasury is due solely to the unlawful and unjust action of the treasury department in paying only gold for treasury notes.

Resolved, Second—That the people are not demanding either the redemption of treasury notes in gold or their retirement by bond or other issues. This demand is made solely by speculators and by those who for selfish reasons desire the contraction of the currency.

Resolved, Third—That the substitution of gold or other interest-bearing bonds for a non-interest-bearing national currency, convertible into coin on demand is wholly indefensible and pernicious, is but one of the steps towards the goal of gold monometallism, must result in the contraction of the currency with all its attendant evils, is intended to perpetuate the National bank system by perpetuating our National debt, and surrenders to private citizens the sovereign power to issue money, regulate the volume thereof, and thereby control the commerce and industries of the country. It will be followed by a demand to retire silver coin and certificates by an additional bond issue and our National debt will become permanent. A National debt is a National curse and should be incurred only in the defense of our liberties and institutions.

Resolved, Fourth—That the administration if it sincerely desired to arrest the export of gold, could do so in a day by paying our silver coin to its creditors. Relief from our financial embarrassments and permanent prosperity can only be secured by the restoration of the silver dollar to the status it occupied in our monetary system prior to 1873, and by free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver. We respectfully petition the Congress of the United States to support no financial measure which does not confer this great boon upon the Nation.

#### NEWS NOTES.

There is an epidemic of whooping cough at Snowville, Box Elder county, and of diphtheria at Oakley, Idaho.

Mr. Frank Pitt was accidentally killed at Brigham City on Monday night. The horses attached to a sleigh in which she was riding ran away, and she jumped out, alighting on her head.

The Brigham City Bugler has started "Firemen's clothing fund," to replenish the wardrobe of firemen as it

may be ruined in their services in the fire department.

Four children of Chris. Hansen, of Brigham City, fell down stairs on Thursday last. A four-year-old girl had her elbow dislocated, and an eight-year-old boy had the flesh of his arm badly lacerated by the teeth of an upturned saw on which he had fallen.

At Elizabeth, Colo., on Sunday morning, the feed mill owned by Oliver Hand & Son was burned. Between 45,000 and 50,000 pounds of corn was turned or damaged so as to be only fit for hog feed. The Russell Gates Mercantile company loses 20,000 pounds and the Cort-Haines Mercantile company about 7,000 pounds. The damage to the machinery and loss of building is estimated at \$800.

A railroad brakeman named McLeonard was struck on the head by a beam while his train was passing through the snowheds west of the Cold Stream water tank, near Truckee, Cal., Thursday morning. He was unconscious when found, but recovered on arriving at Truckee. Later in the afternoon he acted as though partially demented, and it was deemed advisable to forward him to the railroad hospital.

Ralph R. Selby, a son of ex-Mayor Selby, of San Francisco, committed suicide Saturday afternoon by shooting himself through the brain. Although his death was a severe shock to his relatives, it was not unexpected, for his brother, Percival W. Selby, had a few hours before received a last letter of farewell. The message was so couched that the only construction which could be placed on it was that the despondent young man intended ending a life that had been to him lonely since the death of his wife, some six years ago.

Mr. Lane is a very religious man and a prominent member of the First Baptist church, of Oakland, Cal. He lives in exact justice, and when his mind is fixed on a proposition it is hard to change. When he went into the jury room in the Sexton case he commenced to pray in order that he might be guided in the right way to reach a correct verdict. Mr. Lane says he got the word that Sexton was not guilty of the crime of forgery for which he was on trial, and voted that way. However, he found that he was the only man who was for acquittal. Eleven men labored with him for five hours to try and convince him that he was wrong, but they did not succeed. Mr. Lane firmly believed that his prayer had been answered, and his conscience will not allow him to change his vote. The facts were laid before the district attorney, but he could do nothing in the premises. However, he insists that the jurors must be guided by the evidence and not by prayer in determining a case.

Michael Granville, fireman on the fast Burlington which arrived in Denver Sunday morning at 7:30, was seriously and probably fatally injured by jumping from the train while running at a speed of about sixty miles an hour. He struck on his head and it is not thought that he can recover. The accident by which Granville received his injuries were of a tragic nature. It seemed to him that a collision was unavoidable, and rather than be crushed to death he made a dash from the cab, and his bleeding body was found along

the track when the train was backed for fully a mile. He was taken unconscious to Crete, the nearest station, and the company's surgeon was at once summoned. The accident happened on Saturday night about 7 o'clock. As the passenger was about pulling into Crete the headlight of a freight train was observed only a short distance away. The perilous situation persuaded Granville that death was imminent, and he sprang from his place before the engineer could stop him. The engineer remained at his post and applied the brakes. The freight reached a side track, and what seemed would result in a collision was averted. The passengers on the train were not aware of the tragic occurrence on the locomotive, and no injury resulted to any one save the fireman who made the foolish leap.

#### WHERE THE FAIRIES LIVE.

Long, long ago, I don't know when—  
For man kept not the records then—  
The giants picked the mountains high  
To pluck the stars from out the sky,  
And then bring down, with strength of arm,  
The priceless boon of beauty's charm;  
For in the world which they called home  
That longed-for charm was yet unknown.

But when they found they could not get  
The shining stars in heaven set,  
They knelt upon their lofty tower  
And asked of God the gift of flowers.  
When all the giants' prayer prevailed  
Where giants' strength had only failed;  
And fairies came at God's command  
And scattered flowers throughout the land.  
The mountains are but altars where  
The giants knelt and offered prayer.

So after that the giants planned  
And built in that—the canyons grand,  
And gave them to the fairies all  
That they might have a pleasure hall.  
These halls are free to all who roam  
To find the fairies in their home;  
But strange to tell, the fairies hide  
Just round the bend, from which they glide,  
Unseen to some new hiding place,  
Of which you cannot find a trace.  
They never show themselves at all,  
But just display their pleasure hall.  
The hall itself is grand to see,  
And just as pretty as can be,  
And yet I'd like it all much more  
If they received me at the door.

I often wander up the stream  
Along the narrow road between  
The winning walls that reach so high  
They seem but built to hold the sky.  
These walls of rock with curves uncertain  
Look like the folds of a damask curtain,  
Hung from the sky, with sunlight lit,  
And helen hues embolden it.  
The fallen stones from mountain's crest  
Are but the seats where fairies rest,  
And if they lean out from their stools  
They see themselves in mirror pools;  
While all the stones the waters meet  
Are couched in moss for fairy feet;  
And flowers, nodding in delight,  
Greet them with a smile in colors bright.  
Their relatives in beauty rare,  
The flitting flowers of the air.

One day, when I was all alone,  
I came upon a great flat stone  
Close up to where the water falls  
And veils with mist the canyon walls;  
(We call it spray—a better name,  
I think, would be the fairies' rain.)  
The stone was smooth, and white and black  
With rays of light reflected back,  
As if it were a marble floor,  
With room for ladies by the score.  
And thus it was by random call  
I chanced to find the dancing hall.  
Above the hall a rainbow arch'd  
And under this the fairies marched.  
But from the floor where they had tripped  
The pearls and flashing diamonds dripped,  
For in their haste to get away  
They lost their jewels all that day.  
I could not save the gems at all,  
For they were broken by the fall,  
But there I found upon the floor  
A violet blue some fairy wore  
Pinned at her throat, but which she dropped  
When I appeared and dancing stopped.

I've kept it years, that violet blue,  
And now it tells its tale to you.  
FRANK QUALTROUGH.