

an injunction unless it is shown by the evidence that the injury sought to be avoided is irreparable, therefore the injunction asked for in this case will not be granted. If in the future there are developments which justify the granting of an injunction, the matter can be again brought up, but the present motion will be denied.

The decision by Judge Zane will give general satisfaction. The prosecution of the suit caused considerable feeling among residents on the streets to be affected, and some of them went so far as to declare that if the injunction was granted they would order their telephones out. "The telephone to our residences," said they, "is a luxury, but rapid transit over the car lines is a necessity." That Judge Zane's position in regard to the injunction is sound on principle no one who has followed the case questions, and doubtless the telephone company see that it will be a benefit to them. Had it gone the other way, the people residing on the streets named would have felt very unkindly toward the telephone company because the failure to put on the electric service on the railroad would have been a serious inconvenience to them. As it is, however, if both parties endeavor to get along together it is quite likely that they will be able to do so without much effort, and at the same time retain the good will and patronage of the public.

#### LETTER FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS.

Upon arriving at Council Bluffs City at nine o'clock p.m., July 6, 1889, I felt like one in a strange land. At the depot I learned that no train left for Maryville that evening, and that I should have to wait until four p.m. on the following day. There was nothing uncommon in the circumstance, except that I was wholly dependent upon the answers which strangers might make to my enquiries as to the disposal of myself for the night. I certainly was upon ground once quite familiar to me in the years that had flown by upon the ceaseless wings of time. A little from the Missouri River, on the eastern side, was the depot where all the trains—east, west, north and south—had their terminus, or where passengers changed cars for their various destinations.

I once knew that ground when but a dim wagon road ran across the bottom land which intervened between the turbid waters of the Missouri, when not more than a dozen dwellings were seen in all that stretch of four miles, from the mouth of the hollow where the village of Kaneshville nestled in its primitive condition. Now there is a fine and costly depot, houses thickly scattered all along the way, and an electric motor which conveys the people to and fro every fifteen minutes. Jumping upon one of these I soon reached the Ogden House, which, in more early times, was erected by Wm. Garner

and another gentleman whose name has gone from my memory. The building is a good and commodious one. It was burned down and rebuilt, and is now in the hands of different owners. I took a room there for the night.

Notwithstanding that the fast express had hurled me along from Salt Lake City—starting at 6 a.m. on the previous day—causing weariness to entice me to repose, yet when I turned the key in the door of the room which secluded me for the night, and I laid quietly down to sleep, a thousand memories were awakened that for hours kept back the refreshing influences of slumber. I could not help it—the strength of old memories was so great.

On the very ground whereon I slept I once sold goods for John Needham, and right there his sister-in-law, Miss Hannah Booth, took her departure to the bright world beyond. A few doors north I had worked as a compositor on the *Frontier Guardian*, published and edited by Apostle Orson Hyde. Within a stone's throw of the place I had clerked for J. B. Stootsman and Tootle & Jackson, during those flush times when large companies were en route for California in quest of gold, and who left with us their money as fast as a dozen clerks could fill their orders. That was the period of ready sales at big prices. I had also stood behind the counters of Riddle & Foreman, when the Hon. A. W. Babbitt—Utah's Delegate to Congress—started the democrat paper, *The Bugle*. I was his foreman, and also did a large portion of his editing for eighteen months. After he had sold the paper to Mr. Joseph E. Johnson I continued with him as foreman, but his ever-prolific pen was able to furnish any quantity of manuscript for his columns without my feeble aid. Finally Mr. Johnson sold the office to Judge Babbitt, a gentleman highly and widely esteemed. For a time I was a member of the City Council. But these all belong to the past, and are remembered only by a few of the present citizens of Council Bluffs. They are merely mentioned here among incidental recollections awakened upon my arrival—upon looking around upon the changes that have been wrought by enterprise and the aid of capital.

I awoke in the morning a stranger in a spot once so familiar to me. Lifting my eyes northward I caught sight of the "city of the dead" upon the hill, and resolved to pay a visit there while the dew was yet upon the grass. I followed up the slight ravine where the funeral corteges once wended their way. All is now made smooth, and adorned by the hand of toil and the outlay of wealth. One of the streets of the city extends the whole distance to the brow of the gradual ascent, with wide cement side walks. The street itself is constructed of pieces of round cedar, sawn true, about eight inches in length and the same in diameter. These blocks stand close together end upon end on the smooth street bed, and ap-

parently filled around with cement, which furnishes a surface perfectly solid, smooth and lasting, if rather expensive. Along this street, on either side, the earth has been rounded and variously shaped to suit the tastes of those who have erected there splendid residences with lawns, water fountains and flower beds.

At the head of the street a fence encloses the cemetery. Within this enclosure are many white marble monuments and tombstones. Chiseled thereon are the names of a few whom I had known and honored. Among the departed were the bodies of those laid there in the early times, when exile, with its attendant ills, placed many in untimely graves. In my heart I thanked the citizens of Council Bluffs for having generously respected that portion of the ground and permitted no infringement upon the ashes of those who rested beneath the sod. Many of them had fallen by the way while upon their weary march to find rest from that intolerance which should never prevail upon a continent sanctified by the blood of the revolution and the Puritan fathers who fled to escape oppression.

I was much disappointed on being unable to discover the resting-places of many of my old acquaintances whom I knew to have been buried there. It may perhaps seem almost incredible, but I will mention the graves of the few I could identify among those who were interred during several of the first years of the settlement of Council Bluffs. Feeling that it will be a satisfaction to many in Utah to be made acquainted with the condition of the graves of their friends, I took the opportunity of transcribing from the broken wooden head-boards and marble slabs all that is now readable. Most of these boards lie flat upon the ground, making it uncertain whether they rest exactly upon the graves to which they were originally placed. There are but eight in all, as follows:

Wm. Sherratt, from Liverpool, England, died March 7, 1850, aged 28 years.

T. S. Brown; born in Liverpool, England; killed on the Missouri River, May, 1852, aged 14 years. Son of T. C. Brown, of Utah.

Our mother, Julia Johnson, died May 20, 1853, aged 70 years.

To the memory of [defaced], aged [defaced] years, 6 mos. [defaced].

Here lonely and sad in this wilderness land.

Thy parents, resigning, deplore thee;  
Sweet, sweet be thy rest till the Savior's command

In beauty and youth shall restore thee.  
The whole of this last inscription is chiseled in marble.

John P. Green, infant son of Evan M. and Susan Green, died March 3rd, 1852, aged 8 months and 16 days.

In memory of John R. Webster, died Aug. 17, 1850. Aged 25 years.  
In memory of Hannah Martin, wife of John Martin, died June 20, 1850, aged 33 years.

A red flat sandstone marks the grave of Elder Luman Heath. His