

previously spoken of. In fact, the latter, so far from being objectionable, are very much sought for and in increasing demand. Gold in minute particles is almost as prevalent as the sand itself, but it is so very fine that it has up to the present time successfully resisted the attempts of muscular power guided by reason, backed by capital and reinforced by science, to detach it from its primeval resting-place in paying quantities. But it is there and is being taken out every day. Several machines are in operation and in places and at times good wages are reported; it is expected that this condition of things will increase and expand until gold dust will become a factor in the currency of the country. Certainly those who are at work at it are very much in earnest and intend to keep at it until fortune crowns their efforts with full-orbed success or it is clearly demonstrated that success abideth not in the situation. I have an invitation to visit and inspect some of these workings and will accept the same within a few days, the results whereof will be given you in detail. There is considerable interest regarding the matter and of course will be more if the workings should become more general and the proceeds become visible to the uncovered eye of the populace.

Those who look on the map for Rexburg, or Fremont county for that matter, will look in vain unless they find one of no more remote date of publication than last year. At the last session of the legislature—two years ago this coming winter—Bingham county was struck with legislative lightning and shivered into three parts, this being the northern one. Governor McConnell appointed all the county officials, and in accordance with a disposition which obtains generally with those who have patronage to bestow, made them all Republicans. To this the Democrats demurred as vociferously as is customary on such occasions, but the demurrer was overruled. Now they are in the field for the first election, and claim their ability to show that the reigning regime as reflexes of the people's will are an absurd negation; in other words, they expect to put none but Democrats on guard hereafter. There is nothing more uncertain than this, for the reason that no test has been made, and a review of the situation only makes the forces appear tolerably equal as between the two names, while the Populists have a thorough organization and are by no means numerically insignificant. The campaign is now well on and several meetings have already been held. The Democrats are making a thorough canvass which began here Thursday evening and will continue to the close of the campaign. Every town, village and hamlet in the county will be assailed by each of the parties, and not a night (Sunday excepted) without a meeting somewhere will be allowed to pass. There is also a struggle of considerable proportions going on over the location of the county seat, which was temporarily fixed by the legislature at St. Anthony, a town about 14 miles east of north from here and thereby anything but central. Market Lake is also in the field, but if the geographical and population equities are preserved Rexburg will win.

S. A. K.

AN EARLY GRADER.

Among the relics exhibited at the Pioneer gathering at Saltair, as mentioned in the SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS of August 24th, was the last tie laid on the Utah Central grade, which brings to my memory the laying down of the first tie at Ogden, which was done by myself and Roderick Davis. The grade was finished for some distance from the foot of Twenty-fifth South to the Weber river when the first two carload of ties arrived from the East. The ties came in double lengths and had to be sawed in two, requiring two men to handle them. The late Hon. Feramorz Little had the grading contract; the late John Perkins was boss. After finishing the grade to a point where the Ogden bridge over the Weber river was to commence, orders came for us to come to Salt Lake City. We started early in the morning, using "shanks's mare" as a conveyance. When we got as far as Farmington, I think it was, the boys began to get hungry, looking to me to help them out. I called at the Bishop's house and after explaining matters to the Bishop's lady she gave us a large loaf of bread which carried us through to the city, arriving between 8 and 9 in the evening, where we were comfortably entertained by Brother Little's family. Next morning Brother Little took us to the residence of Brother Jesse Fox on South Temple and we were supplied with a tent, cook stove and grading tools. Commencing at a point some distance north of the Warm Springs we worked south till we came to what is now the U. P. depot, where we first broke ground. Near the northeast corner of the block was a large mound, evidently an old Indian burying ground. In leveling this mound we found a considerable number of skulls, bones, stone mortars for grinding grain, clay pipes, etc. I loaded a wheelbarrow with these mortars and bones and took them to the Deseret museum, located at the time on South Temple street.

Respectfully yours,
ALEX. CROLL.

LIFE AND DEATH.

The great procession of humanity has moved along since the evacuation of the garden of Eden. A thousand phases of increase and decrease have marked that history. Yet in spite of all obstacles, obstructions and calamity, general maintenance and increase testify to the wonderful forces and fecundity of our race. Myriads have fallen victims to the Moloch of war; millions have passed away through unrelenting plagues, and famine has devastated whole regions, sweeping nations almost from the face of the earth. Earthquakes, accidents and minor calamities by their magnitude and frequency have become historic, and every setting sun has marked somewhere in its course a mighty host of slain. Yet this appalling series of startling inroads upon the numbers of the human family is as "the dust in the balance," to that astounding series, which from quiet and unknown chambers, is every hour yielding to the inexorable fiat of death. Every year vast numbers, from the pressure of life, make their exit through the gateway of suicide.

Every year millions die in immaturity—they know not manhood or womanhood, but are an abortive product of nature somehow, as if it were her indignant protest against ignorance, incompetency and surroundings. The statistician tells the world in tones which ought to roll like thunder, that a quarter of those who are born, die ere they reach two years of age, and the assertion has often been made without challenge, that in enlightened intelligent Christendom (?) one-half die on the inner side of five years. Learned men further assert that a large part of the diseases which further decimate the remainder—one-half at least—belongs to the preventible class, or are reachable to extermination, were precaution, experience and science to rule in these matters as they do in some others.

No sadder chapter comes into human life and its affectional relationships than when the little ones in their innocence, beauty and purity are called away. Who does not remember the first bitter experience in this line; the anxiety, the sorrow, the turning this way or that for hope, relief and restoration? Who has not felt that overpowering weight of gratitude when recovery was assured, or the insatiable grief of a wounded heart when the crisis went the other way? And yet there are burdens which seem in experience to dwarf even this, for here and there a young life goes out, stepping from the threshold of manhood or womanhood when life's opening door seemed full of promise, laden with beauty and perfume as are the flowers of spring;—the young man full of vigor, hope and good intent, the young woman fair and good, an epitome of angel life dwelling in a tenement of clay; but they are gone, and the aspirations of fatherhood and motherhood are quenched by the floodtide of unavailing tears. Life seems reft of its glory, the home of its sunshine, duty of its willing worker, and society of its acknowledged charm; these climaxes coming at times, not by insidious disease or a hungering fever and wasting—from a visible change and anticipating of the end, but oftentimes the grim unwelcome messenger comes with the rapidity of the lightning's flash, and from as sky as serene as the morning, without warning and against all human probability.

Who has not known of the father of a little family, of the mother of a little flock, suddenly called away? The bread winner on the one hand, or the untiring and devoted mother on the other! And yet this affects not the children alone but the utter loneliness and desolation which befalls the survivor appears without a redeeming feature. Paralysis of soul and energy, indifference as to the future or to surroundings, is the lot of many a broken heart; continuous or otherwise according to mentality, spirituality or that innate "hope which springs eternal in the human breast."

Separation from those who are matured; from those who have "borne the burden and the heat of the day," when weariness has supervened, and "the grasshopper has become a burden," is not so necessarily calamitous. The great issue is anticipated, discounted, inevitable. Survivors feel