

whole population of silver mine owners in Utah so demented that they should not be at large without a guardian. So hard have the times not yet been that in order to raise a little ready money, the bullion owners have had to make any such sacrifice as this.

Now, if the *Republican* will take its pencil and work a simple problem in long division, it will find that 7,107,503 ounces of silver aggregating a total value of \$5,233,965, means a value per ounce, not of 80.64 but of 73.64. And if without further argument the esteemed *Republican* will accept our figures on this point, we will accept its figures on another one named—the lowest market price. All this will bring us both, by a similar line of logic, to radically different conclusions. If the estimated value of the product per ounce is 73.64 cents ("including all the cost of mining and smelting"), and the market price of bullion gets as low as "about 68 cents," it shows that instead of "there being a profit in silver mining in Utah," there is an actual loss of nearly 5 cents per ounce, or, on the total output, something like \$350,000.

We do not wish to be understood as arguing either that it costs 73.64 cents per ounce, or more, or less, than that figure, to get the bullion. Neither do we reckon much on the 68-cent figure as the lowest or average market price: it has been lower, it is now higher and probably will remain so. Neither do we believe that silver mining in Utah has been, is, or is going to be, unprofitable. Our contention at this time merely is that according to the *Republican's* corrected calculation it would be disastrously so.

#### A RUSSIAN VISITOR.

Our country, it appears, is honored with the presence of Baron de Wagstaffe, a Russian dignitary, who has been sent by his government on a secret mission. It is stated, however, that the gentleman comes with the intention of looking for new ideas that may be useful for defensive and offensive purposes in the long expected European upheaval, when at last that event shall take place. That the distinguished Russian will make the places where arms and ammunition are manufactured the special objects of his visit is natural, and it is even thought probable that he will order a handsome supply from American manufacturers.

It is only a guess, that the visit of Baron Wagstaffe has some connection with the recent purchases by Russia of the Brazil line of steamers, as reported in the dispatches. It was stated that the transfer of these steamers was made merely for commercial purposes. But it is now thought possible that the czar's intention is to arm these ships. In the event of a war with a nation whose keels are plowing every sea, these ships would be particularly serviceable on the Pacific. But even as an innocent merchant fleet, they would serve as a pretext for Russia to maintain in the Pacific a squadron for their protection, with a naval station on the Siberian coast. By means of the Siberian railroad and this fleet, it will be seen that the influence of the European giant would be considerably extended.

The czar's representative is doing the right thing in coming to this country for new ideas. If there is anything newly discovered about the art of destroying life and property, our manufacturers of projectiles and armament are sure to know it. And if the peculiar conditions of Russia need peculiar constructions of the means of defense, our inventors are sure to find the exact thing needed on land or sea. In this respect no country can successfully compete with the United States.

But Mr. Wagstaffe may in this country learn something of far greater importance if he will but do so. He can learn that a great and mighty people can exist without maintaining a million soldiers as a standing army to suck the very life out of the nation; that intelligence, liberty and regard for the laws are surer bulwarks of a state than the decrees of despotism, sacred only in the darkness of ignorance. These lessons would be of inestimable value to the great empire of the czar. It is his misfortune that he does not send his ablest representatives, and a great many of them, to look into, study, adopt and transfer to Russian soil, some of the sturdy supports of true and safe government which the New World has developed with such surprising accuracy and such assurance of perpetuity.

#### DON'T WARM A VIPER.

There is in this city a paper published in the Swedish language under the name of *Korrespondenten*. It was started a few years ago, professing to be an exponent of the cause of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints among the Swedish people. Under these professions and by various other means, which we are not required to enumerate, it is understood to have gained a welcome among some of the Swedish Salutes, who subscribed to it, thinking they were supporting a friendly and a laudable enterprise. Soon, however, the dual spirit of the paper manifested itself. It commenced to attack worthy persons and institutions indiscriminately. The religious services and public speakers were particular objects of the venom of its writers. The bitterness of the language employed was equal only to the stupidity manifested on occasions, as, for instance, when one speaker was ridiculed for having quoted a celebrated Swedish poet and made a suitable application of the quotation.

But all this would not have been worth while the notice here given, as most of the readers of the NEWS are not even aware of the existence of the publication, had it not been for the fact that a recent number of the paper contains a rhyme which is so indecent that not to denounce it, the publication and the author, would be to neglect a duty we owe to the Swedish-speaking Salutes. By the publication of this contribution, in which the author prays the Lord to condemn certain honored men to eternal torment, the paper has forfeited all right to the sympathy and support of those whose patronage it craves from the beginning sought; and Church members should be made aware of the fact, lest they unawares be further led into supporting some-

thing their own self-respect would prompt them to shun.

It is perhaps only right to state that Mr. Rydman has severed his connection with the paper; and, in order to fasten the odium where it belongs, that the miserable rhyme above referred to appears over the signature "Nels," whose identity, we think, is not difficult to determine.

A KANSAS paper sagely says: "In these practical days no man thinks of proposing to a woman on his knees." We should think not, indeed; before that stage of familiarity, he had surely already not only proposed to, but married her.

IT MUST be remembered that in the proposed prize fight in Florida there figure two Mitchells—the bully, and the state governor. In all predictions as to who is going to win, be sure to designate by initials.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany is evidently in no particular financial straits. He is negotiating for the purchase of the noted Cape diamond, now in the vaults of the Bank of England, for an even five million dollars.

A NEW YORK woman is suing her husband for divorce for the real reason that he stutters so terribly, but probably on the ostensible ground of cruelty.

THE ANTIQUE and curio cabinet of Massachusetts is adorned with ten living ex-governors of the state.

Written for this Paper.

#### THE GOLDEN RAY SUBLIME.

A golden ray of sunshine sweet,  
Looked gently down on me;  
It sparkled in the Orient  
And sped across the sea.  
It fringed the mountain tops with gold  
And glittered in the rain,  
While beams of life-reviving light  
Bespangled all the plain.

A golden ray of beauty rare  
At dawn of day did rise,  
It crimson-decked the horizon,  
And dappled blue the skies.  
Yon brilliant bow in graceful curve,  
The ray sublime has sent,  
The King of day a triumphal arch,  
In seven colors blent.

"Let there be light, and there was light."  
The edict was divine;  
It was the God Omnipotent,  
Who caused the sun to shine.  
When this decree was thundered forth,  
It was the morn of time,  
The universe looked up and thanked  
The golden ray sublime!

The silvered moon and twinkling stars,  
By their reflection bright,  
Acknowledge whence their radiance comes,  
In waves of glimmering light.  
Ten million voices from the depths  
In concert seem to say  
From all the worlds in yonder skies,  
God bless the golden ray!

A climax of beneficence!  
The greatest, not the least;  
The planets sing thy praises while  
They roll from west to east.  
All nature warms to light and life,  
In thy bright glittering band,  
And lo, a magic carpet green  
Spreads all throughout the land.

Oh, golden ray of beauty rare!  
Oh, line of light sublime!  
A thou and bells may chime thy praise,  
A million poets rhyme,  
And write immortal verses  
Till the end of mortal time:  
Yet cannot span the goodness of  
The golden ray sublime!

MACK LINTON.

Moroni, December 25, 1898.