

LOCAL IMPROVEMENTS.

President Jacob Gates and myself, by invitation, attended the last meeting and also a meeting of the Seventy-Second Quorum of Seventies at South Cottonwood on December 4th.

Our starting point on taking the journey was the corner of First South and First West Streets, and as I have been a close observer of the growth of this city for the past forty-three years, perhaps a few notes by the way may be of some little interest to the readers of the News.

Beginning at a period forty-three years ago when the block at our starting point was owned by eight persons, there being eight lots, containing one and one-quarter acres each, the court house corner was owned by President A. O. Smoot, now of Utah County; the next lot north on Second West was owned by Brother Samuel Turnbow, who died last month; the next lot still north by Bishop John Brown, now Bishop of Pleasant Grove, Utah County; the northwest corner by James Ferguson, the northeast corner by Edward Stevenson, the next south and on First West by Haydon W. Church, who died on a mission in Tennessee; the next south by John Benbow (now deceased), and the southeast corner by William Carter, now in St. George or Dixie. The Smoot lot is now occupied by the city prison and court house, the Turnbow lot by the yet unfinished Fourteenth District school house. The other lots have all changed hands many times and only been moderately improved; a fraction, however, of the Ferguson property is in possession of the widow, with the old-fashioned homestead.

The Stevenson corner on First South Street, fifteen rods, is leased for a term of twenty-five years. Four stores are in use, and the Aiken block, 50 and 100 feet, three stories high, is in course of erection.

The Catholic seminary authorities are placing a fine three story brick addition on the Benbow lot, while on the corner (on Second South) of the Carter block there has been erected a block of stores, two stories high. Turning east along Second South, and looking over to the corner opposite the Carter lot on Second South and First West, where once stood the residence of the late Bishop Abraham Hongland, a corner frame block of stores with private rooms above is seen. On the next corner east are the lots of Joseph Horne and Charles Crismon. On the Crismon lot stands the Chamber of Commerce block. Going on east to West Temple and Second South Streets, the Archie Hill lot on the north, there is being erected a California business block; while on the south side, the Darwin Richardson lot, there is now in course of erection Wells, Fargo's Bank and Salt Lake postoffice. Just south, on the next lot on West Temple Street, is to be a fine hotel, eight or ten stories in height. Its foundation is

nearly completed. On the corner of West Temple and Second South is the old lot of A. H. Lameroux.

Passing on east to the next corner, Second South and Main Street, we see the Mulliner tannery and shoe shop of olden times (now Walker Bros. corner). Next east, corner of Main and Second South, stood Margetts Bro.'s blacksmith shop. Now on the east part of the lot is a six story stone front.

Commercial block, facing Second Street and Commercial Street, has a beautifully cut and carved stone front. On the original lot of Bishop E. Hunter are some handsome blocks, on the east corner of State Road and Second Street. Here we turned down the State Road, passing the Asa Corkins lot (northeast corner Third Street and State Road), where stands a six-story stone front nearly the full size of the lot, fronting State Road and Third South. The cupola is on the corner, above a course of bay windows, and makes the surrounding buildings look rather small. As we passed along State Road our conversation went back to forty years ago, when nearly all the face of the country was ponds of water and sloughs of bull rushes and beaver cane. More to the west of State Road for several miles, running south and north, much of the southwest portion of our city now stands, and five and ten acre lots are at this time worth thousands of dollars per acre.

President Gates pointed out some favored spots where the old settlers used to go and dig thistle roots to boil, mash and mix with poor corn and wheat ground in coffee mills. This was made into bread. At this time we were 1000 miles from any point where food could be procured. We were surrounded by wild Indians; also crickets and the devouring grasshoppers, which ate up our small store.

We passed over the ground on which, in 1842, President Gates raised some of the first squash and small potatoes produced in Utah. The city now covers that farming land. We have had to endure many trials in order to transform a barren waste into one of the most lovely valleys of the whole world.

As we pass over the graded State road, which has cost ten or thousands of dollars, and more than that number of loads of gravel, we see the handiwork of the hardy pioneers for the past forty-three years.

We certainly enjoyed the ride along the new road, from two to three feet above the old muddy one. After going some nine miles we reached South Cottonwood, where a fast meeting was being held in charge of Bishop Rawlings. Other interesting meetings also took place, concluding with a meeting of Seventies at 2 p.m. At the latter President Gates ordained other Seventies and set the Seventy-second quorum in working order. We greatly enjoyed our entire ride of twenty-five miles, returning home via Big Cottonwood, where we remained overnight, learning that John W. Young's railroad was fast nearing Brinton or Big Cottonwood from

Mill Creek. The grading is nearly completed and ties and rails are following close up.

Now we are looking forward with anxious thought to the future forty-three years hence, leaving to be answered the question, "What comes next?"

EDWARD STEVENSON.

KAYSVILLE, Dec. 9, 1890.

AT THE GATE OF DEATH.

BY HOWARD O. TRIPP.

Dreaming one night I drifted
To the gate of death ajar,
And through the mists uplifted
I saw a silent star.

It shone in mystic glory
Above a mountain's height,
And with enchanting grandeur
It broke the gloom of night.

Now dim and far it glistened
From the distant upper skies,
While long I looked and listened
For the notes of Paradise;
For well I knew the music
From those delightful spheres
Would burst in snailight beauty
Upon my waiting ears.

A sudden hush, a rumble,
And then from off the sod
I sprang, a spirit humble
And weak before my God.
Then came a burst of music,
The star divinely gleamed;
I woke and found in anguish
That I had only dreamed.

But still when life is ended
I may then understand
Why I shall be befriended
Up in the better land.
Why I shall hear the music
And see the happy eyes
The star that glistens brightly
In yonder Paradise.

For dreaming, I have drifted
To the gate of death ajar,
And through the mists uplifted
Have seen a distant star.
And as the star hath vanished
Away from mortal view,
Upon some future morrow
My death may prove it true.

—Table Talk.

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.—During the high winds in Brooklyn this morning, a two-story brick house in course of erection was blown down. It fell on a brick structure occupied by an Italian shoemaker, and his thirteen-year-old daughter was killed.

Moscow, Dec. 13.—Madame Kartsoff, a member of the aristocracy, was found dead in her residence in this city today. All the evidence points to murder, and it is believed the crime was committed by nihilists, as nothing was stolen.

St. Louis, Dec. 14.—During the progress of a fire in a building at the corner of Eighth and Marion streets this morning three inmates jumped from a third story window. Heinrich Schultz died this afternoon from injuries received, but the other two, Lizzie and Kate Koch, were only slightly hurt.