

arising from work are not the only advantages it offers. We are too apt to think of these alone, to contrast our ocean-liners with the frail coracles not yet extinct, and our complicated network of roads and canals and magnificent bridges with the once trackless forests and impassable rivers, now traversed in every direction. Health is not the least of our benefits, and nothing contributes more to this than a regular occupation. Not the work that overstrains, nor the slavery of the "sweater," nor the feverish heat that flurries; but calm, solid, steady, well-digested labor, fairly remunerated and wisely relieved by rational diversion. This is the golden recipe for the Mens sana in corpore sano. The poet Cotton said of such:

Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we Nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assigned.

Work whets the appetite for pleasure as well as for food. Work gives a zest to enjoyment. Work bestowed, invests every possession with increased interest. We value the more that which we produce with our own hands. The fairest flowers are fairer for having been grown by our own skill. Thus in a thousand ways, work in its turn becomes a pleasure, and the industrious experience joys that the idle can never know. Happiness then, as well as duty, urges us to work. Necessity and self-love may stimulate us to it, but God in Nature sets us a never-failing example of disinterested and unflagging industry. None should be without his share in the great brotherhood of labor. The do-nothings of either sex, however, may serve, like the drunken helots for the Spartan youth, 'to point a moral, and adorn a tale.' But to treat them as superior citizens and to dub them "ladies" and "gentlemen" on account of their uselessness, is an outrage to the industrious and a disparagement of man's highest function—work.

THE TRUNK MYSTERY.

A kink has occurred in the attempted further unravelling the thread that runs through the Salt Lake and Chicago trunk mystery. Will it ever be fully unwound? That is a query that is now agitating the gray matter of many persons both in and out of official circles.

While it seems to have been proved beyond any question of mistake or doubt that the saltpeter cured, lime corroded remains discovered in Chicago were shipped from Salt Lake the fact has not yet been absolutely established that they were once inhabited by the spirit of the restless, roving and erratic Frenchman, who answered to the name of Prosper Chazal. That the latter was murdered seems satisfactorily certain; that the zinc box corpse is that of a man who met with foul play is equally certain. But are they one and the same man? Nearly every Salt Lake detective and police officer familiar with Chazal's disappearance, as well as the few remaining members of the once famous or rather infamous French colony answer emphatically that they feel sure of it.

There is, however, some room for

speculation on this point. Aside from the controversy that has arisen as to whether Chazal had a closely cropped head of hair and a smooth shaven face; and the corpse a fairly elaborate post mortem haircut; as to whether his teeth were filled with gold or amalgam or whether a trues encircled his bony anatomy, there is one other important discrepancy.

The dispatches say that the Chicago corpse was that of a man of five feet six inches.

At the bank in this city where Chazal kept his money the vault keeper is unwavering in his statement that the Frenchman, was a powerful athletic fellow whose stature was not a whit less than six feet one inch. To a News man he said, "I had every opportunity to judge his height. He came into the bank very often, sometimes paying several visits to the vault in a day."

The vault keeper thinks that if Chazal was ever murdered it was with his diamonds in his possession. This is also apparently the theory of Detective Sheets who said today that he remembers very well the expressman who is said to have driven the box to the depot. His name is Cunningham, and is said to be in a Southern California town. Sheets says he can pick him out of a million men.

It now transpires that there is only one "Morgan" connected with the affair and not two as given in the dispatches. That is if the information which comes officially to Chief Pratt is correct. A letter to him from the captain of police at Austin, Illinois, says practically that G. M. and C. M. Morgan are one and the same; that the former was consignee and consignor. But there is not the slightest clue to the identity of this decidedly mysterious individual.

CHICAGO, March 29.—After an examination today of the body found in the mysterious box sold to Austin parties by a warehouse concern here, Henry Dvere and Pas Marcel, two Frenchmen, identified it as that of their friend, Joanes Prosper Chazal, who disappeared from Salt Lake City in February, 1893. The coroner, however, is not satisfied that the identification is complete, and until more convincing evidence arrives, and no one else claims the body, he will not give it up. The Frenchmen said the body resembled their friend Chazal, the formation of the dead man's head resembling his, the muscles being well developed as his were. The feet, unusually large, were also like Chazal's. They also asserted Chazal wore a trues, and one was found on the dead man. The stature and hair, they assert, tallied with that of Chazal.

The coroner said the two men first said Chazal's teeth were filled with steel or some other metal, but the dead man had no filling in his teeth. Chazal's friends say he lived with a French woman named Rolande, now in Paris, in a small two-story house in Franklin avenue, Salt Lake City. He was a patron, they say, of the "V" saloon, a few doors distant from where he lived. This saloon, they assert, was the gathering place of a gang and Kevere and Marcel believe it was there Chazal met his death. He left \$2,000 in a Salt Lake City bank.

Advices from Salt Lake City are that the young Englishman, a resident of a ranch, whom the police of this city believed was the murdered man, is alive.

Chief of Police Pratt today received the following letter which while it covers much which has already been published, is of marked interest on account of giving the first official information of the discovery:

Dear Sir,—On March 26th, 1896, Phillip Griess and Carl Hays both of Austin, Illinois, bought an assortment of unclaimed freight at Wakem & McLaughlin's storage warehouse on Water street, Chicago, Illinois. The goods were hauled to Austin and among them was a large, fine box 30x30x44 inches marked, "G. M. Morgan, 196 Jefferson street, Chicago, Illinois," which was opened and found to contain a new flat top trunk heavily bound and packed around the sides with sawdust. Inside the trunk was a zinc box hermetically sealed and inside of this box was the corpse of a man badly decomposed hacked around with chloride of lime and saltpeter; the legs were bent up close to the body and tied with a cord; the body was so badly decomposed that it would be impossible to identify it. I started in the morning to see what I could find out about the matter. I went to the C. & N. W. R. office and found out the following facts:

The box was shipped from Salt Lake City, February 8, 1893—way bill 38, consignor G. M. Morgan, consignee the same; arrived in Chicago February 16, 1893, and delivered to Importer's warehouse July 25, '93, billed as household goods. This may give you a clue to some mystery that may have happened in your city about that time; it may be that the railroad authorities may remember the box or you may be able to find the expressman that hauled it to the depot or you may get a clue to the maker of the trunk. There will be an inquest held on the remains tomorrow. It is now at the morgue. I will notify you as to the verdict of the coroner's jury. If I can be of any assistance to you in this case I will be happy to serve you.

Respectfully yours,
L. E. HANSBERRY,
Captain of Police.

Speculation on one point of the mystery connected with the Chazal disappearance and the discovery of the gnastly remains in the zinc box at Chicago was set completely at rest Tuesday. All along there has been a vague belief in certain quarters that the body might be that of Oliver Pike, who suddenly departed from public gaze in the state of Washington in 1893. The following dispatches, however, seem to put an absolute quietus on that theory and will have a tendency to strengthen the views of Detective Rhodes and some others that the corpse is that of Chazal:

CHICAGO, March 31.—The mysterious corpse found in the packing case apparently cannot be the body of Oliver Pike. Pike wrote a letter July 2, 1893, five months after the box was shipped from Salt Lake City. He was seen July 3, 1893, when he disappeared in the state of Washington, over 1,000 miles from Utah. A dispatch from Seattle seems to give the Pike story absolute denial.

SEATTLE, Wash., March 31.—Oliver Pike, whose remains are said to be in the box sold at an express auction in Chicago, came to Washington about six years ago. He worked as an attendant at the Stollacoom insane asylum for a time. He was discharged