

authority to interpret and decide has upheld them.

Polygamy could no more be resuscitated in Utah than could slavery in the South. The Mormons have accepted the decree of the great arbiters to which all must bow, the law and popular sentiment, and, having placed themselves in their civil capacity in harmony with their fellows, the commonwealth which they founded and in which all the good people of Utah, without regard to creed or party, are proud of membership, will go forward with mighty strides.

The antagonistic elements, which clashed so furiously during the long contest and which had a more or less injurious effect upon the State, are fast disappearing, the former opponents coming together and working harmoniously in the building of the great State upon which all our hearts are set.

ON PROSPECTING.

Many of your readers know but little as to the manner in which gold, silver and other metals are discovered—by whom, with what anxiety, privations and hardships, and the different classes of men that follow prospecting—how they live, year after year, with hope deferred. Most of the old prospectors are bachelors, men who have been "disappointed in love." Many went to California and had their ups and downs, making and losing money and never having enough to satisfy them or retire on. Some took to gambling to help them along in their eagerness to gain wealth. Loss was the consequence. Drink followed to drown sorrow. The mines in Nevada held out inducements for the prospector; hence he would go there and purchase some bacon, flour, yeast powders, sugar and coffee, a frying pan, coffee pot, and sometimes a camp kettle, these constituting the outfit. With pick and shovel and a few blankets he would take to the hills, and sleep where night overtook him, little thinking or caring about the rattlesnakes, tarantulas, scorpion and centipede, which were often found in close proximity to the bed. Indeed, many a man has found the "rattler" in his blankets in the morning. Nothing daunted, he took his meal and packed his horse, or burrow, or if he had neither, packed himself, and went along whistling or humming a low tune, with his eyes upon the ground, looking for rock that looks likely to contain gold, silver, or lead—often stopping to examine the country, to see what the formation is and where is the most probable place for mineral to be found. For days, months and years this labor is pursued with the same care, diligence and hope. Years pass on, letters ceasing to reach his friends so often, "the girl" gets tired of waiting and marries some one else. Some kind friend writes him; the letter finds him after a long time. He swears never to trust another woman. He finds a mine, goes to the nearest city, sells, sometimes goes to California, into the States and may take a trip to the old world, and have "a good time" while the money lasts. When this is all gone he returns, to find that mines have been discovered in

many other States and Territories and with his former good luck he can get a stake from any of the old miners to go prospecting. Having found it once he can find it again, they will say. But alas! the country has changed; there are now many prospectors where there were few before. He is getting older, and frequently feels discouraged. He settles down in a cabin and goes to work on a prospect. Here he toils alone, eats alone, and gets so sour with the world that he wants to be in solitude. I know of one who was disappointed in love who has lived in the same cabin for fifteen years. This cabin is fourteen feet long by twelve wide. He has lately added some improvements thereto; he put in a window where hitherto he had only a chinkling out. He is perfection in neatness; with him it is "a place for everything and everything in its proper place. The last time I was there he had eleven boxes nailed up to put things in, besides four shelves to stand things in. Bottles of all kinds, cans of all sizes, adorn the shelves, and woe to the man who moves on! He will let anyone wipe the dishes but never wash any. You must see that you put the cloth in the place where you found it, or incur his displeasure.

It is a sight to be in the evening at a cabin of the miners and prospectors when they come in from work, to see with what eagerness every piece of rock that has a sign of mineral in it is scanned, turned over and discussed. The magnifying glass is brought out, and the questions asked, "How much is there in the vein in sight—how deep?" One would think, by the looks and action, that they never had seen one before. When these men get into a cabin they are "good livers," and in most cases cleanly. Sunday is washing and mending day. They are well read and posted on almost all topics of the day. All take a lively interest in politics. The majority of them follow "Bob" Ingersoll and read the "Truth Seeker." They are kind-hearted, full of charity, and generous to a fault, hopeful and brave. Gloom is only for a time; fear they never have; they discover the mines that benefit their fellow man, but seldom get much benefit out of them for themselves. They get much blame through the middle man, who is the swindler if there is wrong-doing. These middle-men are in almost every mining camp. They take a bond from the prospector for a nominal sum. If there is anything crooked or any roguery going on, the middleman does it, and often the miner gets the censure. The prospector's daily life is this. He usually rises early, eats his breakfast, takes a can of water, a pick, and sometimes a little lunch. He starts out on the hill or mountain, looking for something he never lost, but something he must find. He looks as closely as anyone would for a lost diamond, for flint rock containing mineral. This once found, he begins to scour around for the ledge. Many times this rock is a long way from where the ledge is located. This is his daily, weekly, monthly and yearly life.

The city dude prospector must not be overlooked, for he cuts quite a figure out here. He comes with a new wagon,

carriage, hackboard, and in some instances a livery team, with "boots" on the horses, a case of eggs in the buggy, and plenty of provision—canned goods principally. He has plenty of new tools, a new tent, portable cooking stove, powder and fuse, bedding enough for a camp meeting, feather pillows, and in one case (he being an only son) his mother gave him a feather bed. He, of course, parts his hair down the middle, and has a tooth brush with him. A new pair of miner's boots adorns his feet; he wears a very "brimmy" hat and a woollen shirt. I saw one young man with a sky-blue necktie over a dirty woollen shirt.

The old form of clothing looks funny, but can be worn, out here. The amateur prospector brings a few bottles of acids, a blow pipe, a box of cigars, chewing tobacco and a large store of cigarettes. When the cigarettes and the eggs are gone he receives word that he is "wanted in the city!"

This camp is working now on eight mines, all looking well; and if there was a railroad there would be many more working. The cry would be "Give us more cars," as it is—"Give us a railroad." H. J. FAUST.

SPRING CREEK, June 5, 1892.

THE DEMOCRATIC WIGWAM.

The great structure in which the Democratic National Convention is to be held is one of those feats of rapid building for which the Lake City is noted. Perhaps in no other place would so great a task have been undertaken on a pledge to have it completed and properly appointed within so short a time. The nature of the case was such that hurried work had to be done, and this and other circumstances combined to make Chicago the point for holding the convention, although previous to the meeting of the national committees of the two parties it had made no bid to them nor they to it, for the reason that it already had the World's Fair and that was considered honor and prominence enough for at least one decade.

The manner in which the consummation named was brought about is told in an interesting manner by a recent number of the Chicago Times. While admitting that the reason for the choice of that city by some of the committee may have been the fact that it has such great railway and hotel facilities, and that long experience had fully qualified it for the satisfactory entertainment of any number of guests, it is still claimed that the primal reason was because greatness is thrust upon some cities just as it is upon some men, and Chicago is a conspicuous instance of the former. It is also stated as a fact that the National Convention felt that a candidate placed in nomination there would start off in the race with a peculiar prestige, a certain indefinable and favoring influence which no other city could impart.

"St. Louis 'hoodooed' us in 1888," said one, and he expressed the views of many. In 1884 Grover Cleveland had been nominated at Chicago, and it was against the wishes of nearly one-half of the committee that St. Louis was selected in 1888. "We don't want to take any more risks. We're going in