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BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and titles a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body and a mind at ease
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for another's woe,
With sympathies large enough to enfold
All men as brothers is better than gold.

Better than gold is a conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in a humble sphere,
Doubly blessed with content and health,
Untired by lusts and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought
Adorn and enoble a poor man's cot,
For mind and morals in nature's plan
Are then genuine tests of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when the labors close.
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep.
And the halm that drops on his slumbers deep.
Bring sleeping draughts on the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows its aching head.
The toiler simple opiate deems
A shorter route to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in the realm of hooks can find
A treasure surpassing Austrian ore,
And living with the great and good of yore.
The sage's lore and the poet's lay.
The glories of empires passed away;
The world's great dream will thus unfold
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home
Where all the fireside characters come.
The shrine of love, the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, or sister, or wife.
However humble the home may be,
Or tried with sorrow by heaven's decree,
The blessings that never were bought or sold
And center there are better than gold

F. RYAN.

IN DEFENSE OF UTAH.

The *Troy Times* not long ago quoted from the *Washington Critic* an item reading:

Secretary Rusk, Uncle Sam's able agricultural editor, received a barrel of Utah potatoes the other day as samples from a yield of 947 bushels to the acre. He pronounces them of excellent quality. It is evident that Utah is not as small potatoes in agriculture as she is in religion.

Upon the Pacific coast Utah potatoes have for many years enjoyed a high reputation. They are never hollow and are always white and mealy. I

never ate better in the East or in the prairie states, and many carloads are exported to San Francisco every fall. The prevalent idea that Utah is devoted chiefly to growing young Mormons is not borne out by facts. Gradually for twenty years Mormon families have been decreasing in numbers, and as long ago as 1871 a plurality of wives was becoming unpopular in that territory.

A FERTILE PROVINCE.

When Utah was thought fit to be organized into a territory the meagre item of \$3,000 was deemed by the United States government the sum-total of its value. The country was considered an alkali waste, sterile and valueless, but even then it contained a population of 40,000 people who had proved that irrigation alone was necessary to turn the desert into a garden. In 1883 Utah raised 1,600,000 bushels of wheat, 722,000 bushels of oats, 305,000 bushels of barley, 193,000 bushels of corn, 215,000 tons of hay and 800,000 bushels of potatoes. Her tillable soil in that year reached 215,000 acres, valued at from \$25 to \$100 per acre, all of it watered by artificial irrigation. Utah now sustains a population of over 250,000 persons, besides exporting much produce.

FURTHER FIGURES.

The dairy products of Utah for 1883 were 630,000 gallons of milk, 1,300,000 pounds of butter and 125,000 pounds of cheese. In 1883 the pioneer woolen mill of the Pacific coast was established in Salt Lake valley, and in 1883 Utah numbered ten woolen mills, seventy-five flour mills, 100 saw mills, eighteen furniture factories, twenty boot and shoe factories, a flourishing silk factory and seven machine shops and founderies, from the latter of which was produced in that year \$400,000 worth of castings from native ore, which is found in great variety and purity. It is estimated that there are in the territory 50,000,000 tons of iron ore above or near the surface, with ledges apparently inexhaustible, extending deeper.

COAL AND PRECIOUS METALS.

In 1854 the legislature of Utah offered \$1,000 to any resident who should open a vein of coal not less than eighteen inches thick where it could be profitably worked and within forty miles of Salt Lake City. Since then, up to 1880, there were surveyed in the territory 126,000 acres of coal lands,

and in 1883 it was estimated that there were 20,000 square miles of coal lands in Utah. In 1890 the output of coal was 200,000 tons. Of the precious metals there is an almost inexhaustible supply in Utah, as there is along the whole extent of the Rocky mountain range. The latest date at which statistics are at hand is 1883—nearly ten years ago. Between 1870 and 1883 there were produced from Utah mines \$2,150,000 in gold, \$45,790,272 in silver, \$23,220,000 in lead and \$300,000 in copper. The yield has been largely increased since the latter date.

OTHER RESOURCES.

In 1890 Utah produced 40,000 tons of salt, which is but a bagatelle in comparison with her supply in sight. Utah has soap factories and candy factories which supply Idaho, Montana, Nevada, Wyoming and Arizona, rock-salt by billion tons, marble works, using only native marble, showing every color from pure white to jet black, sulphur and asphalt mines, cement factories and beet-sugar factories and many other home-industries which are in prosperous and growing condition. All this means constant and persistent industry as well as the keenest business enterprise. And the dependence of all is upon agriculture where every foot of ground upon which a crop is grown must be watered by irrigating canals and ditches.

ONCE A GREAT DESERT.

Forty-four years ago the valley of Great Salt Lake was a sage-brush district thirty miles long by twenty broad, where no spear of grain had ever grown and no white man dwelt. "It was no garden of the hemispheres upon which the pioneers gazed on that memorable July morning," says a local historian in speaking of the advent of the Mormons therein. "Aside from the scenic splendor, which was indeed glorious, magnificent, there was little to invite and much to repel in the prospect presented to the view. A broad and barren plain, hemmed in by mountains, blistering in the burning rays of the midsummer sun. No waving fields, no verdant meadow to rest and refresh the weary eye; but on all sides a seemingly interminable waste of sage-brush, bespangled with sunflowers—the paradise of the lizard, the cricket and the rattlesnake. Less than half way across the baked and burning valley, dividing it in twain—as if the vast bowl, in the intense heat of the master potter's fires,