IN SOUTH AMERICA,

Where Indians Outnumber White People Three to One.

ABOUT THE BOLIVIAN LAWS.

And the Manner in Which They are Promulgated—How a President Changed His Cabinet.

BOLIVIA, July 20, 1890.—[Special correspondence of THE HERALD].—This interior division of South America was originally part of the old Spanish province of Peru, and arrived at the dignity of a separate republic through the efforts of the Venezuelan liberator of the continent, Simon Bolivar, and hence its name, Bolivia. Since Chili has taken off a corner of it, the republic now contains 52,280 square leagues, making it about twice as large as France and three times as large as Spain. As nearly as can be approximated, in a country where the census is never taken and many of the natives remain to this day unconnted, its population is about two millions, hardly one-fourth of which number are whites.

There are several varieties of native and mixed races, from the *cholos* (half-breeds) and civilized Quichuas and Aymaras of La Paz and other cities to the still unconquered aborigines that prowl about the upper waters of the Amazon. Little is known of these savage tribes beyond the fact that they wear absolutely no clothing and lead as nomadic lives as the Arabs of the desert. So far, they have resisted all attempts to coax or corral them into the habits of civilization, and until a recent period they were extremely hostile to any white people who passed their territory, either in boats by the river or through the tangled forests. The story goes that their active hostility was checked by an accident that happened in this wise. A few years ago when the Bolivian government was making a survey of the Madeira river, a camp was established on the bank of that stream near its celebrated falls. Soon after its location one of the men came down with small-pox, and of course he was immediately isolated from the rest of the party, a hut having been built for him half a mile farther into the forest. Though carefully attended by the camp physician, recovery was impossible, and one day while the good doctor was bending over his dying patient, the hut door was suddenly darkened by half a dozen naked denizens of the woods bent on deadly mischief. The physician managed to escape, but the sufferer was assisted in his exit from this world by the thrust of a wooden spear, and the Indians carried of in triumph his garments, bed, and everything portable about the hut. They carried off even more than they were aware of in the shape of the white man's most dreaded disease, and soon nearly the whole tribe died of black small-pox. The survivers regarded the occurrence as a direct punishment from the Great Spirit, and have since let the pale faces religiously alone.

These savages, and others that inhabit the almost unknown Amazonian frontiers of Peru and Bolivia, kill their game with tiny poisoned arrows blown through reed guns ten or twelve feet long. The arrows are made of a species of iron-wood, or tipped with a bit of flint poisoned at the point. Strange to say, though the merest scratch of one of these arrows causes death in less time than it takes to tell it, the flesh of the animals killed thereby can be eaten with impunity, as the poison acts only through the blood, producing paralysis and instantaneous death, but is comparatively harmless when taken into the stomach. South American Indians kill more birds, tapirs, jaguars, and even larger animals with the blow-gun than the most expert hunters of other lands can bring down with the best rifles; and when these poisoned sticks become weapons of warfare, they are more to be dreaded than grape and canister. The deadly weapons are perfectly noiseless, and can be distinguished among the dense foliage when in the hands of a savage perched like a monkey in the branches of a tree.

The secret of the poison has never been revealed, it being kept within the knowledge of a few "medicine men" of each tribe, and handed down from the father to the son. Sir Robert Thornburg, who has made poisons a life study, says that it is probably distilled from the sap of the *strychnos toxifera*, a shrub resembling that which supplies the "Quaker button" of commerce, from which strychnine is made. Others assert that it is taken from the poison glands of venemous serpants. More terrible still to contemplate is the possibility that it is derived from the putrefaction of human corpses. A recent writer states that the dead bodies after a battle, and often those of prisoners taken in war, are devoted to this diabolical purpose; being stuck full of arrow points and left in the sun for weeks or months, until the flesh is all decayed and the arrows thoroughly saturated in putrefaction. After being subjected to that process, even those who prepare the arrows must handle them with the greatest caution, as the slightest puncture or graze of the skin means quick and horrible death by a poison for which there is no antidote. Instances are known where arrows of this sort which have lain for many years in museums, have killed those who carelessly handled them.

Scarcely one-fourth of Bolivia's area is under cultivation, a large portion of it being occupied by sky-piercing mountains. The great Andean system that extends from Panama to Patagonia, here divides into two distinct ranges, that running nearest the sea having but few peaks of extraordinary height, while the eastern range, known as the Cordillera Real, (Royal mountains, a name well deserved) divides again into five separate parallel chains extending north and south. All the principal peaks as well as the various ranges, bear local names of a jaw-breaking character, with most of which I need not trouble you.

The third range, counting from the sea, is called the Portugalate, and in it are some famous silver mines and a considerable town, all of the same name. Potosi, with its exhaustless treasures of gold and silver, is also among these mountains, and Choralque, a peak nearly twenty thousand feet high. Near Potosi the great Cordillera Real scatters off into four minor ranges, the first three of them spreading out near the centre of the republic and surrounding the fertile valley of Cochabamba. Farther northward these four parallel rows of mountains reunite with the main range, from what is known as the Nudade Cochabamba. Thence they all run on together in five unbroken lines, away up to Cuzco in central Peru, a distance of more than seven hundred miles; and all the way north from Cochabamba the mountains are constantly covered with ice and snow.

In this republic the Andes present their most bleak and forbidding aspect, as well as their grandest views. Between La Paz and Sorata there are more than a hundred peaks, among the highest of which are Illimani, over 20,000 feet, and Illiyapa, which attains an altitude of 27,030 feet.

Though Sucre, or Chuquisaca is the real capital of Bolivia, as incorporated in the constitution by the first Republican Congress, the constitution also says that congress may be called either at La Paz or Druro, according to the exigencies of the session. Sucre is situated exactly in the center of Bolivia, 127 leagues from La Paz. The legislative power is composed of two houses, senate and chamber of deputies. They convene but once a year, the ordinary length of a session being sixty days. There is supposed to be one deputy for every 40,000 people, as nearly as the number of inhabitants is known. Each department of Bolivia sends the senators, a "department" being about the same as a State in the United States. Every department is divided into three provinces, and each province has a capital city. In each of these capitals resides a municipal governor, assisted by a local prefect, whose office corresponds somewhat to that of the mayor. Both prefects and governors are supposed to be elected directly by the people; but it often happens that the president elects men who are bound to serve him, even though he has to send down strangers from the federal capital.

The executive power is most emphatically in the hands of the president. The constitution says that he shall be elected by the people, but that myth is even more a delusion here than in most republics. That venerable document, which professes to be modeled after the constitution of the United States of North America, also says that to be eligible, a presidential candidate must be born in the country, but does not specify whether of Indian, Cholo, Spanish or mongrel parentage, and if there are two or three candidates in the field, whose claims cannot be decided by vox populi, congress shall settle the matter by its vote. The truth is however, that should such an emergency arise, the adherents of each party would get up a revolution against the others; and the candidate who could command the most money, and consequently the most men, would seat himself, whatever congress might have say about it.

Since all things political are controlled by the leading few, there is rarely but one candidate in the field; his election is a foregone conclusion; and except by means of revolution, the people have no means of voice in the matter. A president is elected for four years, and cannot legally serve two consecutive terms; but in this part of the world, where might is right, a president may succeed himself for an indefinite period, as long as he can maintain control of the army. On the other hand, it sometimes occurs that two or three revolutionary leaders make themselves presidents during the term allotted to one man; and it is not impossible that the president encumbent, who has yet more than half his term to serve, may soon be ousted by the rebel leader, General Cumacho, who is now at arms against him. That was a wise president in the past who, having learned that his cabinet were conspiring with certain revolutionists for his overthrow, gave a grand state dinner, to which they were all invited, together with several leading malcontents. In the midst of the banquet in stalked a squad of soldiers, and at a given signal each shot his man so that on the morrow a new cabinet had to be appointed.

No matter what congress may legislate, nothing becomes a law without the president's signature. According to the revised constitution, capital punishment has been abolished except for two crimes—assassination or rebellion against the government. Though the barbarism of hanging up men by the neck until they are dead is not perpetrated here, they are shot as traitors on the slightest pretext, if inclined to differ with the powers that be. That blessed fable, the constitution, also says that there can be no confiscation of property for any offense; that letters are inviolate, guarantees civil liberty and equal rights to all and invites the people of all nations to come to Bolivia and be happy.

There can be no such thing as equal rights in a country where three-fourths of the population are kept in subjection by the remainder. After the struggle of 1835 human slavery was abolished in all the South American Republics; but that men and women are bought and sold to-day may be inferred from an advertisement in a late Bulgarian paper, to the effect that a cinchona plantation was to be disposed of at public auction, and among other goods and chattels enumerated for sale to the highest bidder were 180 *peons*, or Indian laborers.

The civilized Indians of this country, especially those located on the vast estates, are slaves to all intents and purposes, as much as were negroes in the United States antil-bellum days. For constant and arduous labor they receive the merest pittance, barely enough to keep soul and body together, and if one of them has the temerity to rebel, the whip is brought into requisition until he is thoroughly subdued. Most of them were born to their present condition, their parents and grandparents having gotten into debt with the owner of the estate and given himself, that is, the labor of his hands, as security for payment. Once in debt there is no getting out of it with the scanty wages an Indian receives. So he takes the woman who would be his wife, if he ever had money enough to pay the marriage fee, and goes to live in a cane or adobe hut near the scene of his labors. Their children grow up around them in due time taking their places in the fields, the mines or as house servants, and all are known as Senor so-and-so's peons. Thus it goes on from generation to generation, neither debtor nor creditor, master nor man, showing any desire to change his relations towards one another.

There are some wise laws, as well as foolish ones in that constitution, and among the former is one that prohibits interference with any useful industry; another which gives to every inventor the exclusive right to use his own invention, unless he wishes to sell it, for a period of fifteen years. Everybody who introduces new machinery (for example, like the smelting work and diamond drill of the young Bostonian who owns the "Empresa Titicaca,") gets the exclusive privilege of working them from three to ten years, according to the amount of capital invested.

Whenever the Bolivian congress passes a new law, or the president issues an edict, it is published in the official newspaper, although the vast majority of the population never sees it, and could not read it if they did. When there is occasion for special haste in the matter, a regiment of soldiers is sent out, preceded by a band, who stop at every street corner, where the commanding officer proclaims the law in a loud voice.

This is no field for missionaries, though in all Bolivia there is not a Protestant church. The Jesuits, who have been banished from nearly all civilized lands, are welcomed here. They are now building a splendid monastery at La Paz and one of their number is a cabinet minister.

After South America gained her independence from Spain and the republics were being manped out, Bolivia was given a little strip of land between Chili and Peru in order that she, being inland, might have a pathway to the sea. It lay between the 23d and 25th parallels, and was recognized as belonging to Bolivia on all the maps of Chili, as well as those of other countries. It was a barren and waterless desert, supposed to be worthless in every respect, until some years ago rich deposits of silver and nitrate of soda were discovered therein. When this became known Chili suddenly ascertained that under some ancient grant this strip of land belonged to her, and she kindly offered to divide it with Bolivia, but in such a way that all the silver and nitrate were left on Chili's side. Of course Bolivia resisted and having a treaty of offence and defence with Peru, she called upon the latter nation to assist in the defence of her rights. This was the real cause of the late disastrous war, which took away all Bolivia's sea coast and utterly ruined Peru. Chili's ostensible excuse for her part in it was that Bolivia charged too much export duty on nitrate, 10 cents per hundred weight; but now that Chili has secured the territory, $1.25 per hundred weight is charged for export duty at the same place. No treaty of peace has yet been made between Chili and Bolivia. It is believed by some that the former will restore the stolen territory if the treaty is made; but it is more probable that the aggressive little southern republic, which has no "back country" to boast of, but extends a long and narrow strip between the mountains and the sea—will march up here some day and gobble all the rest of Bolivia.

As to Bolivia's credit, it is not to be wondered at that her currency is below par and the country so poor, when we remember that President Arce owes to the national bank $1,000,000; his predecessor owes it another million; and a number of the present cabinet owe half a million more.

FANNIE B. WARD.

NOTICE TO TEACHERS.

An examination, as prescribed by law, of teachers for the public schools of Salt Lake city will be held at the Twelfth district schoolhouse, beginning Thursday, Aug. 14, 1890, at 9 o'clock a. m. All applicants for positions in the public schools are requested to file their applications with the clerk of the board previous to their examination. Applicants, also, who are entitled by law to third-grade certificates without examination are expected to appear for examination in order to facilitate the board's selection of teachers.

J. F. MILLSPAUGH,
Chairman of Board of Examiners.

B. K. BLOCH & CO.,

Wholesale Liquor Dealers and Cigar Merchants.

S. F. BALL & CO.,

The well-known caterers, have everything that makes up a first-class refreshment house—cakes, pastries, candies, drinks, fruits, ice cream, etc. Wedding cakes and ornaments a specialty. Hot lunch from 12 m. till 4 p.m.

THE TOURISTS' CIRCLE

Seventy Miles of Grandeur and Novelty.

OVER THE MOUNTAIN TOPS.

From Salt Lake to Salt Lake by Way of the Park, Brighton, Lake Mary, Alta and Granite.

"From dumb winter to spring
In one wonderful hour;
From Nevada's white wing
To creation in flower.
December at morning,
Tossing wild in his might—
A June without warning
And blown roses at night."

I thought of these lines as I lay on a snow-bank twenty feet thick the other day and plucked bunches of the yellowest buttercups from the soil alongside the snow.

That sounds very like a paradox I know; but no more paradoxical than that this bank of snow lay and still lies only thirty miles from Salt Lake (and a good deal less than that as the crow flies), and that our party crossed over it on a boiling day in the last of July, when you in the city were gasping for air, gulping iced tea, or sitting at your lunches under those new-fangled electric fans.

Yet it is all gospel truth, and you or any of your sweltering friends can pass through it and bathe in all the glory of it, as we did, simply by purchasing a ticket over that realm of the marvelous which Tom Mackintosh and Mr. Bennett have united in calling "The Tourists Circle."

That is not at all a satisfactory name for it, to my way of thinking. After one has been over it, his mind involuntarily gropes out towards "The Garden of the Gods," "The Home of the Winds," "The Eagle's Eerie Abode" or some other kindred title.

Besides, it is no more especially the tourist's route than the banker's, the merchant's, the bookkeeper's, or the real estate man's; indeed, the future of the circle—and it is sure to be a great one—will be made by those very classes in this very city, when they come to know that within three hours from their office doors lies—in hottest July or August—a miniature Switzerland, with its mountain lakes, its sighing pines, its eternal snows, and its air of blended May and October.

DESCRIBING THE CIRCLE.

"The Tourists' Circle" is described by taking the new Utah Central railroad and running up Parley's cañyon thirty miles to Park City; thence over the tops of the mountains by tram and wagon eight miles to Brighton; thence over more mountains three miles by horse to Alta; thence down Little Cottonwood by tram twelve miles to Granite; thence by Rio Grande Western rail eighteen miles to Salt Lake—in all a tour of about seventy miles, and in all crowding into seventy miles more grandeur, novelty and variety than one could conjure up out of any other 400 miles of travel he could lay out for himself. The richest suburban land of all Utah—the district where the boom struck first and lingered longest—is that through which the first steps of the Utah Central are taken. Past Liberty Park, through Lincoln Park, Grand View, along the canal banks, through Sugarhouse in the midst of fields of grain, orchards and verdure, one finds a constant source of delight in gazing upon the prospect and inhaling the early morning breath from the fields, as he is whirled through it. The mouth of Parley's cañon is entered at eight or ten miles from the city, and the historic spot is passed where the pioneers stood forty-three years ago, and drank in their first view of their fair promised land. Then the climb is all up and upward. Occasional stops are made to let those off who have come out to spend the day at such places as Mountain Dell, the Mountain Resort, Hardy's, the Scenic Resort, Kimball's Park hotel and Snyderville, all of which are on the line of the road, and all of which are heavily patronized by those, who, like our party, were fleeing from the heat of the city. The engine finishes its climbing feat, and a mighty one it is—at "the summit," and looking back it is enough to make one dizzy to see the snakelike windings the train has pursued, the precipices that have yawned under it and the huge bridges it has spanned. But once on the summit, and it is all a rattle and a buzz till the train pulls up in Park City; the grade is as stiff a decline as that on the other side was an incline, and the engineer's main duty now is to keep the cars back of him from crowding him to perdition.

We left Salt Lake at 7:30 a. m. and 10 o'clock finds us landed in the famous home of the Ontario, where silver and Craig Chambers are king. The schedule comprehends our jumping into carriages here and being borne over the hills to Brighton's: but the size of our party, numbering sixteen, and the fact that it included two of the big candidates at the February election, several newspaper men, one or two actresses, an actor, a theatrical manager, a mixologist, and several charming young society belles has caused Tom Mackintosh and Jo Young who receive us at the Park, to arrange with Mr. Withey of the Crescent to run a special train of tram cars up to the mines with our party a passengers and the wagons are sent on to wait for us ahead.

THE CLIMB UP THE TRAM,

as the showman says, is alone worth ten times the price of admission. Starting from the foot of Park City's Main street, the puffing, snorting train of box cars with improvised seats, goes up the mountain side, winding, winding, and all the time gradually ascending, till after an hour's hard panting the engine pauses beside a water tank and allows you to gaze upon such a far away world of hills and dales spread out at your feet, that your mind involuntarily turns to what Satan must have shown the Son of Man from the top of that far off mountain when he bade him fall down and worship. Such a sight is witnessed by the aeronaut, not often by any one else. Still upward and upward we went, our path taken through vast fields of the most gorgeous wild flowers of colors, scents and varieties that sent up ecstatic cries of admiration and wonder from the fair occupants of the box cars. Wild roses, daises, columbines, buttercups, wild peas, and an expanse of blue bells, red bells, and unknown white, purple and yellow flowers in profusion almost bewildering. The Crescent mine is reached at last, just as the whistle in the engine house blows for noon, and the yellow, earth-begrimed miners come pouring up from the shaft to go to the dining room. But we have no Crescent stock—our sympathies are mostly Apex—and we do not linger there, but taking a farewell of Mr. Withey, with a shout of thanks for his courtesy, we clamber into the wagons, there held in waiting by a prince of drivers and mountaineers, Lawrence Kimball, and once more commence our drive towards Brighton. We have come five miles by the tram and still have three to go before dinner. Those three we go over, as only those who have fasted long and who see dinner in sight can go; the ride is a divine one over the mountain roads, and the immense altitude in which we are traveling, some nine thousand feet, renders the air at noon day cool and delightful.

BRIGHTON'S HOTEL

is descended upon at last, out of a great grove of pines and quakingasps. This beautiful resort—a slice of Alpine scenery transplanted in America—has been written about so much and viewed by so many that I shall hurry past it, only saying if you want more of it, it is there and to be had for the asking. It is in a great cup in the tops of the mountains, and the row of board cottages that make up "the hotel," stands at the edge of a grassy plat, large enough for two baseball grounds; the plat terminates in the beautiful sheet of water known as Silver lake, and the other shore of the lake is a huge mountain covered with pines, and the reflections they cast in the dark bosom of the water are so great, so beautiful, so calm and reposeful that one could seemingly sit forever and gaze upon them. The whole valley is circled with pines and quakingasps, and standing in its centre, one could fancy himself in a huge amphitheatre of nature, with the receding rows of trees forming the myriads of seats that ran up to the top. The air here is ever dreamy, pure and calm; the nights so cool that the hotel guests cluster around the parlor stove every evening, and if it is too crowded there they repair to the kitchen. Think of it, ye toilers in town! The time July, and the scene but thirty miles from your doors! Fifty people sat down at the tables the day our hungry band arrived. There was trout—the lake abounds with them, though it takes a crack fisherman like my friend Burton, Wells or Spencer to inveigle them to the surface—cream that falls with a thud and a slosh into your coffee, milk and butter galore, hot biscuit and potatoes. What more would the gods require, if served in amplitude! and mine host Brighton and his worthy dame—ideal and hospitable "Scots who hae" never yet had it laid to their door that the larder gave out before the next express arrived from town.

From Brighton's two choices confront you: You may either push on by horseback over the picturesque three-mile trail to Alta, catch the tram down to Granite and come home on the Rio Grande at nightfall, thus completing the circle within twelve hours; or you may rest all night at Brighton's, breakfast there next morning then strike away from the circle on a tangent to the south, to Lake Mary, and reach Alta in time for the afternoon tram, having traveled two miles farther, and it is true over a rather rugged road, but having seen what is a thousand fold recompense—the calm and magnificent grandeur of Mary's lake. Our party divided in its choice; some pushed on to make the circle within the day; the remainder, nine in all, staid over at Brighton's, underwent the luxury of sleeping under blankets and quilts in midsummer, and mounted on nine ponies next morning, scaled the heights in the direction of

LAKE MARY.

With this party I cast my lot, and never was a choice more fully rewarded. Who first gave the name of "Mary" to the dark blue body of water that lies so still in the tops of those peaks, I am unaware; it may have come from the thought of the beautiful Scottish queen; it recalls the dark robed pictures of that calm and tranquil beauty, and I would not be surprised if the christener had Mary Stuart in his mind when he bestowed his title. You must see Mary's lake with its rock-ribbed shore, its stony islet, its surrounding peaks, its fringe of pines, and its great dark unruffled bosom of infinite calm, to feel what we felt as we gazed upon it. Something of its tranquility seems to reach out and impart itself to the mind of him who look upon it, and over one as he gazes steals the memory of the beautiful words of Longfellow:

And the night shall be filled with music
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arab,
And as silently steal away.

Our painters, the best of them, Lambourne, Ottinger and Culmer, I think, have transferred some of the beauty of Mary's lake to canvass; but Michael Angelo himself could not give an adequate idea of what that beauty really is, and no one could really sense it, who has not stood upon its banks and surveyed it for himself.

After leaving Lake Mary it is all a prodigious climb through a region so rugged that one might almost imagine he was the first of his kind to travel it. Lake Martha and Lake Catherine, two smaller bodies of water than Lake Mary, lie in the steppes above it, and both have a loveliness of their own—but not like unto that of Mary. Climbing on past Catherine and you come to the summit of the divide, within a few feet of the highest peaks that we may behold to the southeast of the city, and a point from which commences the three notable cañons, American Fork, Big Cottonwood and Little Cottonwood. From where we pause to rest our ponies we can gaze far away to the blue mountains above Ogden—see the range beyond Kamas, and that on the west of Salt Lake valley. It is here that a tremendous snow bank almost bars the way, and the noonday sun that beats upon it only causes a small trickling stream to leave it and fall into the lake below. The thawing process only goes on a few hours each day, and before the size of the big pile is appreciably reduced the snows of another winter are upon it again. As fast as the snow melts, out of the black soil springs a myriad of the richest and most delicate buttercups, whose yellow color forms the strangest sort of marginal fringe to the bank of snow.

Another hour of riding, this time down steep declivities, brings us to Alta, the home of the Emma and the Flagstaff mines and the region of the terrible snowslide, a little spot where more lives have been lost in the mountain avalanches than in the whole of Utah's mountain ranges besides. But the town is dead and silent enough to-day, only a few men resting about the main store of the place, Tucker & Wallace's, the population all being at work in the tunnels and shafts of the mines that dot every hillside within reach of the eye. Down the tram to Granite with Mr. King, who has the line under lease, is one of the most exhilarating experiences of the trip; the car is let loose, a safety brake attached, and you are whirled down the grade with a velocity that makes you long to burst forth into a good old Porter Rockwell yell. Granite gained, and we find the train gone, but the time we obtain allows us to visit the fairy grottos where Summy Turn and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Rossiter and Mrs. Thatcher's lovely nooks are situated, and "there in cool grot" to lave the outer and refresh the inner man. Mr. King sends his tram car with us from Granite to Bingham Junction, the descent being so rapid that no motive power is needed, and down we come whizzing for ten miles through fields and past farm houses whose occupants come out and stare in open mouthed wonder at the latest wonderful achievement in electricity. At Bingham Junction we are in civilization once more. We fling ourselves into the luxurious reclining chairs of Mr. Bennett's new broad guage coaches and are whirled into the city we had left thirty-six hours before, exhausted from sheer enjoyment.

Touring the tourists' circle is the event of a lifetime: to have accomplished it one feels that he has at last been face to face with nature, and to have accomplished it as we did was giving a liberal education to the soul.

GAX.

THE WEST-BOUND TRAIN.

BY MARION MUIR RICHARDSON.

A sweep of smoke, a thunder roll,
A scream that shook the eagle's nest,
A giant under man's control—
It dashed across the desert west.

The wild dogs and the watching tribes
Like deities dim beyond it flash;
The wreath of kings, the skill of scribes
It bore to lands they never know.

The golden grain beside it sprang,
The mountains opened up their stores,
And like the sound of music rang
The children's feet on happy floors.

Oh, brethren of the moving flame,
The world's undaunted chivalry,
You bear, no matter whence you came,
The message of the brave and free.

When over lone Siberian plains
The headlight pours its flashing ray,
Despairing captives from their chains
May rise to greet a brighter day.

Speed on, speed on, till earth has found
That justice cheaper is than war,
Till labor's strength, with wisdom crowned,
Shall be more potent than a czar.

RICHARDSON, Utah.

Examine our new stock of Summer Neckwear just arrived.

BAER-TERRY MER. CO.,
143 Main St.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned up to August 5, 1890, for the furnishing of the workmanship and materials for the foundations and basement work of the six-story and basement brick and stone office building, to be erected on the northwest corner of West Temple and Second South streets, Salt Lake city, Utah, according to the plans and specifications prepared by Mendelssohn, Fisher & Lawrie, architects. Said plans and specifications can be seen at the office of the owners, Messrs. Kelsey and Gillespie, 26 West Second South. Right is reserved to reject any or all bids.

KELSEY & GILLESPIE.

AS HE SEES THEM.

A Liberal Workingman on the Two Tickets Now Up.

A FEW SLIGHT COMPARISONS.

The Workingmen Have a Good Ticket and One That They Should be Proud to Vote.

Our workingmen, as well as honest Liberals, should know something of the ticket put forth by the Alta club and Free Masonic tribes, especially when those immaculate crews try to belittle the workingmen's honest ticket.

It is evident that the manipulators of the Liberal party are narrow, indiscriminating and poor judges of men.

I see that "Professor" C. E. Allen is put up for county clerk. Who is this fellow, and on what meat is he fed that he should be held up before the public and offered every lucrative position? What is he professor of? He was simply a common teacher in a one-horse academy. He left that and went a cattle herding. That was too much for him, and he managed to have something to do with mines and bunked at Bingham. By a certain political arrangement of voting districts it was made possible that his ilk could be returned to the legislature. He lived at Bingham, but was voted in chiefly by part of this city. His pet was free schools. He is no man of any party, is of small calibre of brain, but pugnacious as a bulldog. Yet he often tells his audience that he is not "carnaptious" or fond of wrangling. Well, this uneven-shouldered strapper has heaped upon so many offices that he has trouble to stand up under them.

"Some men are born great, some acquire greatness, while others have greatness thrust upon them."

He was clerk of the Liberal committee, succeeding Hyams. He was clerk of the Liberal county committee. He was chief registrar for Salt Lake county, and thus, like his predecessor associates Clute and Hyams and others, is worked into a candidate. He was president of a ward Liberal club in this city, and now is president of the Young Men's Christian association. I forget how many more offices he held. Ain't he a big fellow? A man of very ordinary capacity, nevertheless. His great gifts are cheek and ambition—just the things for a pedagogue and tricky politician. Lord, what fools we mortals be! Can't we make him something more? He is ambitious for a more prominent position. How do I know? Why, look at the bid he gave when he accepted the nomination for clerk of the county. According to the *Tribune's* report—and that delectable paper never lies!—he said "he should be excused fors tanding there with pride in his heart, etc., etc., but further remarked. "But back of this county fight there is a greater one, which we must win, and that is the election of a delegate to represent us in Congress. Let Weber and Salt Lake join with Summit (counties) and no power can shut us (me) out of the Congress of the United States." What do you think of that for a covert, sly bid for delegate. Don't you see it? Of course any man with half an eye can read between the lines that he wants to be that candidate for delegate. It was altogether out of place to speak on that subject when accepting the clerk's nomination; but "the wish was father to the thought." Workingmen, vote him out, and perhaps his ambition will cool. Are there no persons in the city that can fill offices that "Professor" Allen must have so many thrust upon him?

THE OTHER SIDE.

Fergus Ferguson was born here; and is a youngman of character, education and ability superior to the many named professor. He will serve the public well; and he deserves our vote. While he went hand and glove with the corrupt Liberal committee, until he could stand their fraud no longer, he was a good, straight man. But because he espoused the honest workingmen's cause the scrubs of the *Tribune* assail him in a cowardly, vicious manner. Like boys that at last fall out, the meanest and most vicious calls out rogue, and tells the secrets that you fellow told him. I venture to say, that the tell-tale gossip that the *Tribune* vomits is not half true. What could be meaner than a man to tell the secrets of his companion because he simply fell out, and add thereto? But the slander and scandal of Ferguson's detractor are a grand recommendation; and every honest workingman and Liberal will vote for him and put him in office.

But what shall I say of Henry Page for recorder? He is also a multiple-office-holder, a chronic office-holder that couldn't make a living at his home. He was a registrar and used that office to secure his nomination; though Powers "helped the lame dog over the style" in his sly way. The *Tribune* parades this Page as a *runner*; although he didn't "fit mid Siegel," nor "roide wid Sheridan," by jabers, he will run this time to Salt river. How many offices are written on this Page, and yet he wants more, like Oliver Twist. A man of less capacity for the position the party could not have selected. His own party, especially the honest, thinking men, are disgusted with the mean, tricky trick of the trickster, Powers, to have Page nominated. I am glad he played the trick, for he is played out with hundreds of them. I have heard many of the party denounce him; but give Powers and his kind rope enough and they'll hang themselves.

The workingmen will turn over that page and work a new leaf, by voting for John H. Rumel, jr. I refrain from comparing the two candidates—it would be like comparing a copper penny, Page, with a silver 50-cent piece. Rumel is acknowledged by all to be a superior, honest, capable man, raised in Utah and knows everybody worth knowing and his sisters, cousins and aunts.

But, Usha, arrah, who is Walter Murphy? Whin did he cum over? Has he been here long enough to vote? Oh, sure, and he's the fella that shpoke at the school champaine on matters he knows nothin' about. Sure, and he forgits the hedge schools of the ould sod. Will our workingmen who have fought the battles here put in a joshing like that, who is hardly here long enough to know the names of the streets? I'll bet a murphy, and give me the first bite, that he will be dropped like a hot murphy.

But what of the sheriff—Henry Barnes? Oh, goodness! Does the party take us for clams? I know the Liberal party would like to swallow us all, but there are too many of us.

Is there any comparison between Barnes and Burt—the latter a sterling man well tried, and doesn't live on his stomach?

Workingmen! you have made a good ticket: one we are all proud of and that will win the day, August 4, 1890. Bring up your voters. The foe is trembling, for their doom is sealed.

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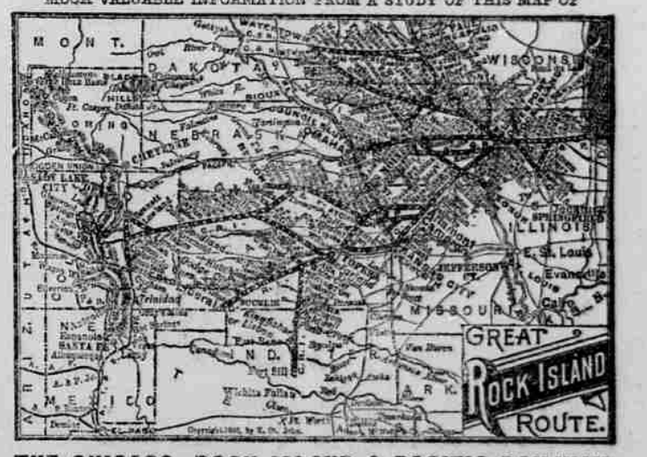

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