

WE CAME UPON A GRAVE.

Half way up the mountain we came upon a grave. The spot was romantic enough, but so lonely. At the head was a rude cross which was fast falling to decay. At the foot the ground had caved in, and the hollow thus made, was filled with water left there from a recent shower. Along the sides a clump of rosin weeds were growing rank and lusty, while a single flower, like a tear of pity, strove to show its head among them. To the right and above the spot, was a thick and tangled grove of mountain pines to which the morning breeze gave a voice low, soft and mournful, which mingled with the lighter music of a nearby brook in a manner indistinguishably sad.

A saucy magpy was perched upon a lower limb of a nearby cottonwood, and at our approach, scolded in the impish manner his kind alone can scold. Besides ourselves he was the only living thing in the neighborhood.

We paused and looked at the grave and then at each other. There was a history here which we fain would unravel. No name was carved upon the cross. There was nothing to tell who slept beneath the rudely made mound. We only knew that human hands had laid him away in the lonely lowly bed, and that they had gone away and left him to his rest.

We spoke to each other with subdued voices, as if we feared to break the slumbers of the sleeper below, and then taking a long look at the spot, went on our way.

Upon rounding a ridge which came down the mountain side like the rib of an enormous umbrella, we came upon the opening of a tunnel into whose mouth the weeds were growing and just beyond it a log cabin with its roof caved in and the rude stone chimney half tumbled over.

"A prospector!" said my companion, pointing down the path to the grave. "The story is told."

Just then a smothered boom as of a distant cannon came from beneath the ground, which told that others had discovered what the sleeper had vainly strove to find.

That evening at the mine office of the great Liberty mining company, we spoke of running upon the grave and the unused tunnel far up on the mountain side.

"Yes," said a grizzled old miner, "That is the grave of old Emerson. I helped to bury him. He had lived for years alone in the cabin you saw near the tunnel which he was driving to catch the ledge which crops just above."

It was five miles away from the nearest prospect, and I don't suppose he saw a human being for months at a time. One day Sam Tressel, and I happened to come that way from doing assessment work on the Sal Benson. Things looked awful quiet around the place, and though a rain had fallen in the night we could not see any tracks about the house.

There was no one in the cabin and we thought that the old man had gone down to the camp for supplies. I don't know why we went into the tunnel, but I suppose that we wanted to see how he had been getting along. Well, a few feet from the breast we found Emerson as dead as a door nail.

"Killed by a missed shot?" we queried.

"No, just died," he continued. "There were no marks on his body or anything to show that he had been hurt. A barrow half filled with rock was standing just where he lay. It looked that he had fallen in his tracks. Must have been heart failure."

"Did anyone ever do any more work in his tunnel?" we asked.

"Did they? well rather. Four or five years afterwards, Mr. Nichols, who is now the president of the Liberty, thought he would put in a few shots. He had only gone in a short way, when he broke into the ore. You know what that means. He is now a millionaire."

Who was Emerson, did anyone ever enquire after him?"

"He came from the east," was the reply, "down around York state somewhere, and when the Liberty panned out so big that it became known all over the country a man came out here who said he was his nephew, and tried to get a portion of the property. He didn't get any though, as old Emerson's title had lapsed. He said that the old man had left home years before to make his fortune in the west, and that the family had lost sight of him. There was some girl connected with his going away, but she had married years ago and had died too."

And thus the story was told. Filled with high hopes he had left the old home, determined to make his fortune and return for some loved one. The years had passed and she had grown weary of waiting, and while he had been delving in the mountain, another had wooed and won her. Still, dreaming of her, he kept on at his lonely work, until death had overtaken him in the darkness. Another had reaped the benefit of his years of toil. His was only the quiet sleep in that lonely and unfrequented grave on the mountain side where only the sighing of the wind through the pines sang requiem to his memory.

But after all his life in vain? A great mine had been discovered through his unrequited labors. The nation had been made richer, and some city had been made more beautiful because he had lived and toiled. His life and death is but one of the tragedies which mark the winning of the West.

IRRIGATION GOES FORWARD

The news comes from Emery county that one of the greatest irrigating propositions that yet has been in-

agurated in the west is now under way. At the narrows in Upper Joe's valley a great dam is to be constructed which will create a reservoir of over twenty square miles in extent, and impound enough water to irrigate between 100,000 and 200,000 acres of land. This is not all. Another enterprise headed by Johnson and Ward, are surveying a reservoir on the San Rafael river which will irrigate in the neighborhood of 100,000 acres, and still another is projected on the same rivers which will contain an equal amount of water.

Thus it is that a long neglected portion of the state is coming to the front. But few people even in Utah are aware of the fact that Emery county is a region of such vast resources. Lying off from a railroad but few people visit it, and to the outside world it is in a measure unknown, yet in all Utah there is no spot which is more worthy of attention.

At this time, when the attention of the country is turned to the coal shortage, it may be well to say that within the boundaries of the county there is enough coal to supply the world for centuries. A government engineer told the writer a few years ago that in the neighborhood of what is known as Huntington canyon that if all the coal there was mined at a profit of one cent a ton, that the profit even at that small figure would amount to the enormous sum of \$10,000,000. The Huntington canyon measures are one half of the coal which the county contains.

Castle valley and the valley of the lower San Rafael, contain over 1,000,000 acres of land which is capable of being irrigated, and the San Rafael river system discharges into the Green river and from it to the Colorado, enough water to irrigate every acre of this land. For unnumbered years this water has been running to the Gulf of California while that land in the valleys has remained a parched desert.

Castle valley has been proven to be one of the finest sections in the west for the production of fruit. The soils are rich and deep, the climate is mild, while the altitude is just right to produce all the fruits of the temperate zone in their greatest perfection both of appearance and flavor. It is in reality the orchard spot of the state, and when once developed will produce enough to supply all Utah and then leave enough over to supply all the intermountain west.

It seems strange that this section of the country has been so long neglected, and stranger still when it is taken into consideration that the tables of the capital city of the state are supplied from fruit grown outside of Utah, at many seasons of the year.

From present appearances it will not be long before a railroad will penetrate Emery county, and that section of the country will take its place among the most populous and prosperous of the west.

TRUTHS.

That was a dirty, mean, contemptible way the Telegram brought the name of Mr. P. H. Lannan forward as a probable candidate for the mayoralty on the republican ticket. Mr. Lannan would make an excellent mayor, better than any we have had, for lo, these many years, but the Telegram knew very well he was not seeking that or any other office. The Telegram's object was to place Mr. Lannan in the light of a sycophant and Senator Smoot as dictating who should be mayor of Salt Lake. Both insinuations were so palpably false and unreasonable that the publication hurt the unholy cause the Telegram intended to champion.

The Real Estate exchange is mighty anxious to get hold of that \$10,000 but the fund grows slowly. Anybody who would trust that aggregation with \$10,000 would have more cash than sense. It's own donation of \$500 is only on paper. We don't believe the association has \$500. It was several months behind with its portion of the rent of the Chamber of Commerce building, but it made a few hundred dollars from its annual graft and fake prize excursion and paid up.

A good, true, honest soul passed away the other day when Douglas Ferguson died suddenly of heart disease. Nearly everybody knew Douglas and liked him. He was prominent in local politics and at various times held positions of trust and emolument. He was a son of Dr. Ellen J. Ferguson, who was also prominent in politics and was one of the very few women elected to the legislature in this state. She has been residing in New York for a number of years. Douglas' two sisters, Queenie and Clara also reside in New York.

Fisher Harris' friends were very much pained to learn that it was necessary for him to return to the hospital. It was hoped that he had fully recovered his health among the hills at Brighton. The fact is Mr. Harris has been working too strenuously, night and day and seven days a week at that, will tell on the most robust constitution. We hope Mr. Harris will take life a little easier, at least until he has fully recovered. The public needs him. He has done more earnest, effective work for the public than most men.

The Democrats of this city will meet in convention on the 17th, at the Grand theatre. Nearly 400 names will appear on the roster and it is reasonable to suppose a majority of these will respond when called. They are expected to nominate a ticket and once more affix their unwavering attestation to the grand and undying principles of the immortal Thomas Jefferson.

J. L. Thomas has gone to Minneapolis to attend the annual meeting of the Sovereign Grand lodge of Odd Fellows in that city.