

CITY JOTTINGS.

GEN. MAXWELL'S health is improving slowly, and we hope to see him fully restored in a few days.

THERE is great activity among the gardeners in all portions of Zion, and the seed stores are doing a thriving business.

THE burden of Brigham's harangue at the coming Conference, will be—"Brothers and sisters, you must trade at 'my store,' or everlasting damnation will be your portion."

A RICH strike is reported in the celebrated Mono mine. We hope the report is well founded, and the Mono will once more resume its position among our first-class mines.

OUR California exchanges are all wretching with the Chinese question. The Celestials threaten to overthrow the Golden State and convert it into a cheap wash house for two bites.

ODDEN is making an effort to get up a grand Centennial Fourth of July celebration, and will extend invitations to all the people of the Territory to participate. Mr. Street, of that city, has been visiting Salt Lake to secure the co-operation of our citizens in the great enterprise.

A DANISH bishop from San Pete county, preached to his countrymen in the Seventies Hall, on Sunday evening, telling them what he knew of the beauties of polygamy, and claiming to know whereof he spoke. The dirty old priest spoke understandingly, for he is the husband of no less than eleven wives.

OUR foreign relations, so the Philadelphia papers inform us, are going to beat us at the Centennial show. They are rushing in their wares by the ship load, while American products are creeping in in small lots at snail's pace. Utah is not the only slow fraction of Uncle Sam's great dominions.

A BINGHAM correspondent thinks the Nez Percés and Montreal parties should compromise their troubles, rather than give the lion's share of their valuable properties to the lawyers. It is none of our fight, and we have no advice to give. We would rather, however, see the mines rolling out their rich ores than to see them in litigation.

"MY STORE" is making some of the Mormon merchants squirm. In plain Deseret alphabet, it means crushing out, and the faithful must trouble in the air about Conference time. Brethren, you paid your tithing, contributed liberally to the Emigration Fund—in fact, put the cap stone on the crushing machine—and when we sounded the alarm in your elevated cars, all the thanks we received were, "'Tis a d—d TRIBUNE lie." Brethren, we can stand it, but you can't! Mark well the prediction.