

moralization is setting in. 'Tis true it is intended to make

CHICAGO THE POLITICAL CAPITAL

of the great northwest, and by a judicious manipulation of current issues to make a solid republican northwest for 1890. It is contemplated to embrace the Pacific coast region in the solidity. With Dakota a State, Utah a satrapy under legislative carpet-baggers, and the possibility of Idaho and Montana in the political market, the Republicans fancy that a solid west would be insured to them. But their fine anticipations will never be realized. Utah will never be what the carpet knights intend it to be, unless indeed the worst form of political insanity should possess the American Congress. In truth, curses loud and deep are now hurled at Utah by the impecunious adventurer and by the average western politician. It is plainly stated that were it not for the solidly organized form of society in Utah, the cattle kings would bid defiance to the Administration. Sagacious observers are not slow to admit that perhaps after all

'MORMONISM' IS NOT THE BUGABOO

that it is pictured to be. The carpet-baggers of the Territories and mock moralist-religionists of the west in their efforts to aid the cause of religion, government and morality, remind us of the hoodlums who robbed a Dutchman's grocery here a few months ago. Several persons of the hoodlum order visited the grocery in broken order and were to all intents and purposes strangers to each other. At a critical moment a raid was made on the till, and every person in the house shouted "catch the thief." "Kick the padding out of him," and such other phrases indicative of high honor and unblemished honesty. All this ebullition of integrity was a feint to cover the tracks of the thief who was in reality one of the gang. The Dutchman found it out too, but alas for him, too late. Now all this cry about Utah is raised simply to direct the attention of the American industrial classes, who, in this case represent the Dutchman, and before they know where they are their rights will be stolen, their property confiscated and the American Republic will become a satrapy, under some Gen. Logan Caesar, with his 300,000 veterans, grand army rascals, and then the Dutchman will see his error.

JUNUS.

CAMP MEETING IN THE SOUTH.

INTERESTING DESCRIPTION OF THIS RELIGIOUS TREE AND ITS FRUITS, BY N. L. ELDER.

JACKSON RIVER, Virginia, September 6th, 1885.

Editor Deseret News:

"O, what a blessing these camp-meetings are!" exclaimed an old devotee of the emotional religion. "Thousands of souls are saved every year that could not be saved any other way. I know of persons who have attended preaching twenty years, without getting religion, but they go there and listen to the beautiful preaching, the spirit comes on them and convicts them, and they get

THE CHANGE OF HEART.

We could not agree with the old gentleman about camp-meetings being such a blessing; neither that souls were saved by "getting religion" or a "change of heart," but as he was aged, infirm, and on the brink of the grave, and we were partakers of his hospitality, prudence forbade that we test his mode of "getting religion" by the Scriptures according to the infallible rule: "He that transgresseth and abideth not in the doctrines of Christ hath not God." We could only answer that we were unable to tell, not having witnessed such a meeting, but that any kind of a meeting was a blessing which truly brought men to repentance and acceptance of the true plan of salvation. Having had an opportunity since then of visiting such a meeting, we are prepared to speak from actual experience and observations of the merits of such religious gatherings, and with your permission Mr. editor, I will relate a few things that we saw. A tree is to be judged by its fruit, and as our Elders are constantly tasting the fruit of this particular religious tree, they are prepared to tell whether it is sweet or sour.

On our way to the

CAMP MEETING

we had occasion to seek lodgings at a certain gay, proud, Sodom and Gomorrah-looking village, where we were told, this particular tree flourished almost to the exclusion of all others. One gentleman, to whom we told our circumstances and mode of travel, could not keep us because he was going to start early next morning for the camp-meeting. He evidently "had religion" or was going to seek it. Going down another street, we saw an old gentleman dressed in faultless broadcloth, with specs and a long, white beard, dun-colored about the mouth. "We are 'Mormon' Elders," began Brother E.

"Ha! Mormons! Ha!" His mouth opened and an evil, exultant light came to his eyes. We had evidently roused Satan in him, for he began prancing around as if someone had stepped upon his corns.

"Yes, sir," continued Elder E., "and not having a place to stay to-night, we thought about calling upon you. This made him squirm more than ever.

"No, sir; I'd keep a hungry man, but not a Mormon Elder. I—I—look here gentlemen, I don't want to insult you, but—Mormonism's a disgrace, and—and any one that—that—" "Oh, pa, don't talk that way, they haven't hurt you," said a lady near by, who seemed to have a modicum of sense and justice.

"I can't help it; they came on me so suddenly, and—and took me by un-awares."

Such receptions, with fewer insults, we met at other places, until we were obliged to leave the city and follow Christ's injunction, Mat. 10: "Shake the dust off your feet" as a testimony against it at the last day.

Were such a spirit of intolerance inherent in mankind, we might be led to believe in the Methodist doctrine of

TOTAL DEPRIVITY,

but fortunately it is only the fruit of a certain kind of religious tree.

Within a mile of the camp ground, we found tents of families, who, having stricter ideas of morality, and knowing the true inwardness of a certain class of society there, considered this a safe distance to avoid their contaminating influence. Here we enquired if any one at the camp ground kept accommodations for visitors.

"Oh, yes; yes sir. You can get to sleep where there's twenty in a bed."

This was certainly not a very consolatory reflection, but we were determined to know something of these much-talked-of revivals, even at the cost of sleeping out. We arrived at dusk. Evening services were going on, while circling around two or three shops, and standing in knots where the torch light grew indistinct, could be seen that thriftless variety of the genus homo, the hoodlum, in all ages and grades.

"I see you have the devil lurking around here, at least in the outskirts," we observed to the proprietor of the restaurant, who sat on the opposite side of the table waiting upon us.

"Oh, yes, he never fails to follow such a movement as this," he added. "He came here the other night in the shape of a man with a thirty-gallon barrel of whisky; he must have known exactly where to dispose of it for he was gone the next morning before the officers had time to catch him. They're on his track now. Since then we've had three fights and quite a number of men drunk."

Supper over, we hastened to

THE MEETING.

One of the numerous reverends was grandly preaching. We did not arrive in time to hear the text, nor could we for the life of us catch the thread of the discourse—there was none, but still he preached grandly. Here was elocution, oratory, gesticulation—everything but sense; but then that is unpopular, and would spoil any revival sermon. The speaker dealt largely in thunder and lightning. The awful cyclone was made to tell its tale of fury and woe. Then followed a harrowing tale of mothers in heaven and sons in hell, with a verbal picture of the horrors of the latter, hung side by side with one of the glory and brightness of the former. He had now reached the zenith of his eloquence, and upon the principle, "Strike the iron while it is hot," he implored sinners to come forward to the mercy seat. He then requested the audience to arise and sing some rousing hymn, which was forthwith done, during which two or three culprits elbowed their way to the anxious seat, one of whom began to mourn in rather extraordinary tones.

THE MEDLEY

which now ensued was truly interesting. There was the audience pouring forth its volumes of melodious sounds; above this could be heard the vociferous shouting of the preacher, "Come to Jesus!" "Come to the arms of the dear Savior!" "It's your last chance!" etc. Every second or two would bring a heartrending boo-hoo from the mourning one, while some of the pious brethren with good lungs would belch forth now and then a sepulchral groan and interject in the same monotone, "O, good Lord! good Lord."

Prayer followed, when the same scene was repeated, with the effect of adding another victim. The sinners were prayed for and the singing repeated until 11 o'clock. Neither of the penitents had "got religion," so the meeting was dismissed and the mourners were taken to their respective tents to "cry themselves to sleep."

Fortunately for us we secured a bed in a private tent and retired at once, feeling as Elders must always do abroad, that by ourselves we were less alone than if surrounded by thousands of such worshippers.

The next morning we took a

SURVEY OF THE GROUNDS.

They were located at the junction of three of the main pikes or thoroughfares. The meeting ground, a temporary structure, consisting of an awning of boards and shingles, supported on posts, was nearly surrounded by log or lumber cabins and canvas tents. Farther away were the restaurant and the lemonade shops and the cigar stands. The grounds were lighted in the evening by small fires of pitch pine, built upon platforms supported by stakes driven into the ground.

There was an air of quietness reigning everywhere, which was truly refreshing compared with the Babel of the night before. The spirits of the hoodlums so turbulent until midnight had died away in soberness, and they might be seen around the water-

stands or perched upon fences, stupidly gazing at—nothing.

Passing the ministers' quarters, we observed one of the preachers leaning against the pulpit, peacefully puffing his cigar and evidently wrapped in deep contemplation.

The morning services were devoted to giving in "Christian experience." Being of a more peaceful nature, and not designed to work up a converting excitement, they were opened by a short, sensible discourse, something to engage reason and reflection. Then followed a number of

EXPERIENCES.

It would be unjust not to accord sincerity to a great number of these people. Many were moved to tears. The chief and almost only means of working up this feeling was by reference to departed friends and relatives. This touched a common chord of sympathy and grief. The thoughts of meeting their loved ones in heaven brought religion vividly again before their eyes, and they felt themselves nearer the Savior to-day than since they were converted. An old white-haired trembling sire felt that before another camp-meeting he would be in the presence of his Savior; this he protested so strongly as to lead one to believe he was trying to still his own conscience. In front of us sat an old lady whom we observed to be very much agitated. All at once she jumped high into the air, clasped her hands vigorously, and screamed unintelligible words in needle-pointed tones. Synchronous squeals pierced our ears on every side from similarly affected females.

"This is a new departure," whispered Elder E. "Yes; and it bids fair to become a very interesting one." At this juncture one of the ministers, a man of stentorian voice, arose and began giving in his experience, which had the effect of restoring order. Where this proceeding would have ended had it not thus been summarily "sat down" upon, it is difficult to conjecture. We have been told of instances where no less than fifty persons were thus affected, all running wildly around screaming, shouting, hugging one another, pounding the mourners' bench, climbing trees to reach the Savior, whom they plainly saw ahead of them, etc., until they were utterly exhausted.

After recess we had the pleasure, or rather endured the pain, of listening to a "doctrinal" sermon, which charity forbids our commenting upon.

The afternoon and evening services were to be devoted to

"GETTING RELIGION."

We therefore took seats conveniently near the mourners' bench, that we might the better observe the nature of the converting influences.

The same rousing fantastic kind of a sermon was repeated on this occasion. Everything calculated to excite rational thought was carefully avoided. Blood, thunder, lightning, hellfire, glory, brightness, eternal line, the golden city—these are the bits of colored glass used in these

KALEIDOSCOPIC SERMONS.

They are infinitely varied to please the imaginations, excite the passions and work upon the fears of weak-minded listeners. Should these fiery revivals allow an interval of ten minutes after preaching closed for reflection, it is doubtful if they would get a single penitent. But trembling with excitement and fear the poor culprits come forward, fling themselves on the anxious seat, and bury their faces in their hands. They now see nothing but the terrible picture lately formed in their imaginations. All around them they hear only the singing, shouting and groaning before referred to. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that their pent up feelings find vent in lusty crying.

All that desired to get the "change of heart" having come forward, the revivalists now turned their attention to

COMFORTING THE MOURNERS.

"Just look at those ministers standing in front of that mourners' bench. They are actually laughing in their sleeves at the poor simpletons kneeling before them," remarked Elder E. "Oh, no, no; that is the 'happy laugh,' don't you understand?"

There were five penitents, four of whom were young ladies, the fifth a curious being of the male gender with a mouth like a new moon, half circling around a ponderous nose which showed the effects either of too much sunshine or whisky. Of the young ladies, we will notice the manoeuvres of one as a type of all. This fair creature was laboring under the intensest excitement. Kneeling before the anxious seat she would at times embrace it, then pound it severely with her hands. At intervals she would partly rise and sit rocking too and fro. Her face which we caught a glimpse of by this means, was distorted and had a wild look upon it, while a perfect torrent of moans escaped through her wide open mouth. Before her sat a minister smiling, who now and then clapped his hands vigorously and told her to shout, clap her hands—anything to praise the Lord, and relieve her mind. She seemed not to recognize any one around her, for she embraced all who came near enough. Presently she arose, and looking wildly around, observed our old friend who thought himself so near heaven's gate. He had been accorded an easy chair, a little distance behind the mourners. No sooner did she see him than, taking a bee-line, she threw her arms around his neck, and had it not been for friends holding his chair, both must surely have gone sprawling on the ground. As

it was, he seemed to enjoy it, for his bony arms soon found their way around her supple waist, and he returned her loving pressure with a decided relish. He undoubtedly had not experienced such a hug since the days when he used to "bring Sallie home from quilting."

Elder E. reminds me not to forget the tall man with the evil eye. This gent seemed to occupy the position of a post—a pillar of the church—around which these affectionate young ladies might discharge some of their overflowing love.

So closely had we followed these interesting movements, that we were a little surprised at an exclamation of one of the ministers: "God be praised! we have made

ONE CONVERT."

Looking in the direction, we saw our little friend of the Napoleonic nasal protuberance burrowing his way into the audience and shaking hands with everyone who would shake. We thought of Judge as he passed us. "O I am so happy," said he, a knowing grin making pointed the corners of his curious mouth.

The other penitents, less fortunate, were held over till the evening services. It was nearly midnight when this meeting closed. The poor creatures had not yet got the "change of heart," so the presiding minister said they might be taken to their tents, and the mourning go on there under the supervision of friends.

On leaving we again stumbled on our curious convert. The same idiotic smile was radiating from the mouth of his mouth. "You seem pretty happy to-night, Johnny," said someone near by. "Yez-zir-I-got-so-much-religion"—his words came out like knots on a string. "Is he right, or is it whiskey?" was our mental conjecture, as we observed his appearance and actions more closely.

As sacramental service was announced for the following morning we concluded to remain another half day. Space however, will not permit of a description.

Thus far we had remained in blissful incognito; but the Rev. Mr. Ballingree having arrived and swelled the number of preachers to eighteen, he did us the honor of introducing us to his colleagues—by pointing us out as "Mormon" Elders. After that we were the objects of considerable curiosity; and from what has transpired since then in Mr. B's circuit, it is evident that the event served to bring before this "orthodox" council, the question:

"WHAT SHALL BE DONE WITH THE MORMONS?"

How it was decided will shortly appear. It seems that the Rev. preacher, sometime before going to the camp-meeting, had announced far and near that he would preach a doctrinal sermon in Eden Church, near by where reside some members of our faith. Doctrinal sermons forming so meagre a part in the Methodist salvation machinery, people for miles around gathered to "see the elephant." It was all "cut and dried." No sooner was the gloriously devout prayer closed, than he began on the "Mormons," and he did not end until he had repeated every vile slander which his memory retained, and every lie which his own corrupt heart could invent. A gentleman present declares that the chief and only object he had in view was to stir up

AN INSURRECTION—

to raise a mob against our Elders. "Drive them out!" he clamored, "Drive them out: don't reason with them; fathers, brothers, as you value the virtue of your wives and sisters, drive them out."

It is easy to understand why he insists that our Elders are not to be reasoned with. In this neighborhood are several of his members who have frequently attended our meetings; and having thus become conversant with Scripture, they take delight in "stumping" him when he calls for dinner, etc. This long ago enraged him at those who introduced such "damnable heresies," as he calls them; but he saw no way to clear himself of the obnoxious teachers until he attended the late camp-meeting with the results as given.

These are some of the fruits of this ecclesiastical tree. And this is religion! *Boh!* N. L. N.

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