

from her direct for the last 25 years. Bro. Betts, from the Mansfield branch, would like to hear from his sisters; Brother Hayes, from the Sheepshed branch, would like to hear from his sons. Hard times are now in their midst, and they feel it keenly. The president of the Whitwick branch, W. Freestone, has many warmhearted friends in this country, who have emigrated from the said branch. He is in very destitute circumstances through the lack of employment. All who may feel a desire to assist, please send your mites to William Ordridge, 19th Ward, Salt Lake City, who is an old neighbor of Bro. Freestone's, as early as your circumstances will allow you so to do; he is a good man and worthy of assistance. I believe there have been from 150 to 200 souls emigrated from this branch. Some of them have been here over 25 years, and I hope may be able to do a little. I do not wish it to be understood that this is the only case that needs help, there are many more who are worthy. After traveling around among the people for nearly two years, bearing my testimony to thousands in my native land and trying to devise plans for the liberation of the brethren and sisters who had a little means on hand. I believe with the help of the Lord I did a little good. I arrived home on the 13th of June, 1878, met with and received a very cordial welcome, and I must say that since my return home I have been greatly blessed in my basket and in my store, and I am thankful to the Giver of all good.

In conclusion permit me to bear my testimony to the truth of the gospel to all my old friends and fellow laborers living in the different cities of this Territory and to all who may see this, that our Father has commenced to establish His kingdom upon this earth in this day, and no power can prevent the accomplishment of His purposes.

God bless all Israel the world over. Your brother,
THOMAS BALL.

The Last New Veto—What Will the Majority Do?—Probable Continuation of Present Appropriations Until January 1st 1880—A Free Coinage Silver Bill to be Passed—Everybody Pleased with the Crisis—The Hausmanization of Washington—The President to Summer at Soldier's Home.

WASHINGTON, D. C.,
May 13th, 1879.

Editors Evening News:

To parody Byron's famous definition of man, Congress has become a pendulum between a caucus and a veto. One week ago all the world was positive that the President would sign the "anti-bayonet bill," as it is called, but while I write newsboys are yelling—here's your evening paper with the President's veto message. The great question is what will the democrats do about it. There is in the majority a strong sentiment in favor of adjournment without provision for the army, but it is certain that the number in favor of this policy is not as great as it was when the last session adjourned. Senator Thurman, who is the acknowledged leader of his party in Washington, is reported (I say reported) to have said that it would be a great mistake for Congress to adjourn without having passed the necessary supplies for the military and civil services. Just what will be done it is, of course, impossible to say, but some plan of action will be agreed upon before the end of the week, and that plan will probably be to continue the army appropriation bill of last year until the 1st of January, 1880. Although a veto of the legislative appropriation bill is anticipated, the Senate will proceed to pass it in the same form as it has been passed by the House. If the bill shall be met with the expected veto, Congress will pass the juror's test oath repeal and the supervisors' law, and, if they shall be vetoed, supplies will be voted, as in the case of the other bills, until the 1st of January next. It is confidently predicted that the majority will pass a free coinage silver bill and give the President something more to do in the veto line. Senator Beck has said: "Mr. Hayes' veto shall be made cheap by overstocking the market."

Outside of Congress both parties profess to be happy over the legislative crisis. The republicans insist

that they will gain by the veto of all legislation that has for its object the abrogation of legislation arising out of the war and the democrats insist that there will now be a clear and simple issue at the polls on the question of free elections.

It had been thought that Congress would adjourn before the 15th of June, but this last new veto complicates matters somewhat, and it may make a longer session necessary.

Spring has come upon us almost within a week. The many parks that dot the renewed Capital City are clothed in green. The fountains that have been still during the winter, have commenced to play, and of evenings the settlers in the public gardens are occupied by sentimental people of all ages, colors, and previous conditions. Washington has too much park space and too much width of street and avenue for its small population. Boss Shepherd has out-Hausmanized Baron Hausman, who is famous in architectural and engineering history for his modernization of Paris. The streets and boulevards and parks of our little capital are out of all proportion and the expense entailed in keeping them clean and in good order is very great. Moreover, in summer, the only season in which they are attractive, Washington is practically deserted. No one who can afford to leave the city but flies from the malarial monster that lurks in the swamps of the Potomac. The President will soon leave the White House for the more healthful heights of Soldiers' Home. He will occupy the cottage in which President Lincoln lived during the war. The Secretary of War will also leave the city for a cottage in the same beautiful park. Members and senators who own residences in the city will abandon them to the charge of servants, or rent them to careful tenants until they shall be ready to occupy them for the next session. Four years ago living in Washington was very expensive. Now, in no city in the Union can be found such cheap board and lodging. Most of the first class hotels have reduced their prices to an e bellum rates, and accommodations can be had in excellent boarding houses for from \$25 to \$30 per month. Next to parks and streets we have an excess of eating houses and restaurants; at many of these an excellent meal can be obtained for 25 cents.

After adjournment I hope to vary my correspondence by writing you from the mining districts of the Pacific slope, from eastern watering places, and, perhaps, from Europe.
C. A. S.

I DON'T MEAN HIM.

It had been noised abroad that Mr. Axley would preach on the morning of the following Sabbath. The famous divine was a great favorite; with none more so than Judge White. At the appointed hour, the judge, in company with a large congregation, was in attendance.

The services were begun by another preacher, at the close of whose address Mr. Axley rose, and stood silently surveying the congregation. All were hushed in expectation. Every eye was riveted on him. He then began:

"My friends, it is very painful, but a necessary duty, for a minister of the gospel to reprove vice, misconduct, and sin, wherever found; and be assured I will not shrink from the duty on this occasion."

"And now," continued the speaker, pointing with his long finger, "that sandy-haired man, sitting yonder by the door, who got up and went out while the brother was preaching, and staid out so long; who got his boots full of mud, and came in and stamped the mud off at the door, making such a noise that nobody could hear the preacher;—that man thinks I mean him."

"No wonder that he thinks so. It is a disgrace to the State that he should have grown up here and have no better manners. Now, my friend, I advise you to go home and learn how to behave yourself before you again come to the house of prayer. But I do not mean him."

"And now," pointing again to his mark, "that little girl about the middle of the floor—I should judge her to be about sixteen years old—with flowers inside of her bonnet, she that was giggling and laughing and chatting all the time the

brother was speaking—she thinks I mean her."

"And she ought to think so. I am sorry for any parents that have brought up a girl to her age without teaching her to behave modestly and properly; they are to be pitied. Little girl, you have disgraced your parents as well as yourself. But I do not mean her."

"And now, that man on the bench in the corner, who is looking up as bright as if he had never been asleep in his life, and never expected to be, but who was nodding and yawning and snoring all through the sermon—that man thinks I mean him."

"And, indeed, he may well think so. My friend, the house of God is not intended for a place of sleeping. When you want to take a nap, go home, take off your clothes and go to bed, there is the place to sleep, not in church. But I do not mean him."

And thus he went on, fixing his dark eye on each offender, till he had pointed out nearly every man, woman, and child who had in any respect deviated from strict propriety, ending each reproof with "I do not mean him," or "I do not mean her."

Judge White, sitting on the front bench, just in face of the preacher, was all the time enjoying the fun wonderfully. He laughed, he rubbed his hands, he chewed his tobacco with the greatest vigor. As each new offender was brought up he chewed more and more violently till the floor before him became a puddle.

"Now," said the preacher, drawing himself up with a severe look, "I suppose you want to know who I do mean. I mean," said he, pointing his finger true as the needle to the pole, "I mean that filthy tobacco-chewer, sitting on the end of the front seat. Look at those puddles on the floor! A toad would be poisoned in them, and think of the sisters' dresses being dragged through such pollution!"

Judge White's laughter was checked as suddenly as if a thunderbolt had fallen. Every eye in the congregation was instantly fastened on him. He has avowed that he never afterwards dared to chew tobacco in church.

Advice to "Quire" Singers.

The first thing to make a good quire singer is to giggle a little. Put up your hair in curl papers every Friday mite so as to have it in good shape Sunday morning. If your daddy is rich you can buy some store hair, if he is very rich buy some more and build it up high upon your head; then get a high-priced bunnet that runs up very high, at the high part of it, and get the milliner to plant some high grown arafishels onto the highest part of it. This will help you sing high, as soprano is the highest part.

When the tune is giv out, don't pay attention to it, and then giggle. Giggle a good deal.

Whisper to the girl next to you that Em Jones, which sits on the 2d seat from the front on the left hand side, has her bunnet with the same color exact she had last year, and then put up your book to your face and giggle.

Object to every tune unless there is a solo into it for the soprano. Cuff and ham a good deal before you begin to sing.

When you sing a solo, shake the arafishels off your bunnet, and when you come to a high tone brace yourself back a little, twist your head to one side, and open your head the widest on that side, set the eye on the same side just a tripple, and then put in for dear life.

When the preacher gets under hed way with his preachin, write a note onto the blank leaf into the fourth part of your note book. That's what the blank leaf was made for. Get somebody to pass the note to somebody else, and you watch them while they read it, and then giggle.

If anybody talks or laffs in the congregation and the preacher takes notice of it, that's a good chance for you to giggle, and you ought to giggle a great deal. The preacher darsent say anything to you bekaus you are in the quire. If you had a bow before you went into the quire, give him a mitten—you ought to have somebody better now.

Don't forget to giggle.—Josh Billings.

An extensive fire is raging in Keystone Mine, Penn. Very serious results are feared.

SHORT AND SHARP.

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him his name was in yesterday's paper.—*New York Star.*

Methusalem would have lived longer, but the man on the street car who always says "there's room for one more," wore him out and died prematurely.—*Chicago Times.*

It is a good suggestion that a negro minstrel blacks his face in order to hide his blushes when he makes his usual stale joke.—*New York Herald.*

Montreal has a bear that can take the cork out of a whisky-bottle and drink the contents of the bottle with great relish. He ought to reform and become a temperance lecturer at \$150 a week.

Now, what is the meaning of the word chasm? Pupil—It is an opening. Teacher—Favor me with an example. Pupil—The milliners have a chasm at the beginning of the season.

"Now, Willie," said his anxious mother, "how did you get that big daub of molasses on your best jacket?" "Oh, sirup-titiously, ma," and his peculiar wink saved him a boxed ear.

"Is there any danger of the bon-constrictor biting me?" asked a lady visitor at the Zoological Garden. "Not the least, marm," cried the showman. "He never bites; he swallows his wittles whole."

American girls chewed up 70 tons of gum last year. One half of it can be found to-day sticking under mantel shelves. The other half was carried away by young men who go courting, and lost.

Edith: "Now, grandpa, don't the Bible say our hairs are all numbered?" Bald-headed grandpa: "Yes, child, yes." Edith: "Well, grandpa, it didn't trouble them much to count yours, did it?"—*American Punch.*

Time—Midnight. She—"Hark! what is that?" He—"H'sh! it is the—hic—cat!" She—"No, it isn't the cat. It is Mr. Pinaphor coming home drunk, as usual." He—"Yes, I know this is—hic—so." Tableau.

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation when the professor said: "Mr. —, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?" "Yes, sir, I do," was the reply, "if he was half scared to death."

A baby is just one of the sweetest, cutest things in the world, and we wouldn't think of doing without them for an instant; but then, really, a baby is ever so much better off at home in its little bed, than it is at a concert, and we can find 300 people who think as we do.—*Steuenville Herald.*

What could be more intensely American than the act of the Yankee who, on visiting an Italian convent and being shown a lamp which had not been permitted to go out for more than five centuries, quickly stepped up to it and blew it out, with the remark, "Well, I rather guess it's out now?"

A little New London girl, the other night, said her prayers as usual, but, happening to remember that there was another girl of the same name in town, added her own street and number so that no mistake should be made.

An esteemed and pictorial contemporary announces as a remarkable event, "A Wedding on a Train." Did our esteemed and pictorial contemporary hardly ever hear of a wedding without a train in these latter days—at least in the world of fashion.—*N. Y. Mail.*

"Gentlemen of the jury," said an Irish barrister, "it will be for you to say whether this defendant shall be allowed to come into court with unblushing footsteps, with the cloak of hypocrisy in his mouth, and draw three bullocks out of my client's pocket with impunity." The gentlemen of the jury said he shouldn't.

An Irishman went to the theatre for the first time. Just as the curtain descended on the first act a boiler in the basement exploded, and he was blown through the

roof. After coming to his senses, he asked: "An' what piece do yez play nixt!"

Patent-medicine dealers are using so many tricks now to have their advertisements read that a man never begins an item—not even a sermon—without first looking at the bottom to see if the words "For sale by all druggists" are there.—*Oil City Derrick.*

"Hello! Bill, look at them apples. Let's climb the fence an' git some." "Stop; don't do it. There's the biggest kind of a bulldog over there." "Is there? Well, it would be wrong, anyhow. The good book says we musn't covet our neighbor's apples, or anything that's his'n."—*Newark Call.*

Greatness and usefulness in this world, little man, do not depend on size. The smallest thing about a man's trousers is the suspender button. But let it snap off while he is presenting his respects to his hostess at an evening party. An ulster that would fit Goliath wouldn't cover his confusion.—*Burlington Hawkeys.*

At a religious conference in London it was stated that the wages paid to women engaged in producing tenpenny Bibles were not enough to keep soul and body together, and that of the three recent strikes in the book-binding trade all had risen out of Bible work.—*New York Herald.*

Bachelor Jones: "The State would be better off if every Chinaman was kicked out of it to-morrow." His married friend: "Where would you get your washing done then?" Bachelor Jones: "Marry some nice girl and have it done at home." Chorus by six eligible young ladies who happened to overhear Jones and his friend talking: "The Chinese must go!"

A bright little fellow of four, the son of a former pastor of a flourishing church, who attends the infant class in Sunday school, received last Sunday morning a card on which were the words, "Pray without ceasing." After his mother had explained the text, he said, "I guess I won't show this to the minister; he prays long enough now."

Speaking of the veto, the Indianapolis *Sentinel* says that if the members of Congress do not "rise to the height of the occasion, they will see written upon the wall, in characters of living light, *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin.*" This is quite likely, and two-thirds of them will take it for an advertisement of a new patent medicine.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Wash a baby up clean and dress him up real pretty and he will resist all advances with a most superlative crossness; but let him eat molasses gingerbread and fool around the coal-hod for a half hour and he will nestle his dear little dirty face close up to your clean shirt bosom and be just the lovingest, cunningest little rascal in all the world.—*New Haven Register.*

The other evening, at a little dinner party in New York, one of the guests, the younger brother of an English nobleman, expressed, with commendable freedom his opinion of America and its people. "I do not altogether like the country," said the young gentleman; "for one reason, because you have no gentry here." "What do you mean by gentry?" asked another of the company. "Well, you know," replied the Englishman, "well—oh, gentry are those who never do any work themselves and whose fathers before them never did any." "Ah," exclaimed his interlocutor, "then we have plenty of gentry in America, but we don't call them gentry; we call them tramps."

NOTICE.

ALL persons having claims against the estate of Henry Walker, deceased, are hereby notified to present the same, for adjustment to the undersigned administrators of said estate with the necessary vouchers, before the 10th day of March, 1880, or forever debarred; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment forthwith to the undersigned.
JOHN H. WALKER,
JOSEPH S. RAWLINS,
Administrators.

Union, Salt Lake Co. May 10, 1879. slwt

PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE

REMOVED from Salt Lake, to Ephraim City, Sanpete Co., on and after Jan. 15th, 1879, will take pleasure in supplying the people with articles in their line at reasonable rates.
CROCKWELL & SON.