

send to city or bury here. No answer being received, it was deemed best to inter the remains, as the body was rapidly advancing in decomposition.

Justice L. R. Cropper summoned Messrs. Louis Phillips, Albert Petty and T. W. Cropper, who held an inquest and rendered their decision in accordance with the facts set forth by the evidence, and found that no one could be held blameable for the boy's accidental death.

The health of the people here is excellent, notwithstanding they are enduring, with praiseworthy fortitude, a severe attack of the flowing well fever.

Respectfully,
UNCLE SI.

OUR OGDEN LETTER.

OGDEN CITY, UTAH,
Sep. 10th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

The storms for the present appear to be over with us, and there is a fair prospect of

AN INDIAN SUMMER.

The nights are cool, the air is bracing, while days are still very warm as they usually are at this season of the year. But the change in the natural beauties that surround us are perceptible, and the trees of the forest, field and orchard are in the "sere and yellow leaf." The firemen's excursion, which had been postponed, came off to-day, and a company went to Lake Park to spend the day and part of the night. To-day Mr. R. H. Slater, proprietor of

THE HOT SPRINGS—

situated about nine miles north of this city—suddenly discovered his bath house to be on fire, and that the flames had made considerable headway. As speedily as possible all the things that could be moved were taken out and placed at a safe distance from the fire, but not without damaging to some extent the furniture. The safe belonging to the establishment was removed, and thus the cash and other valuables which it contained were saved from the devouring element. It was feared at one time that the entire establishment would go, but fortunately no other building was damaged, so far as I have learned. The amount of the loss sustained is not stated. Mr. Slater thinks the fire was caused by the explosion of a kerosene oil lamp.

It will be remembered that a few weeks since the proprietor of this health resort had an offer from parties who desired to purchase the establishment, but which he declined. It was said that the amount offered for the place was \$30,000. It is liberally patronized by health seekers who come from far and near.

About the middle of the afternoon to-day another

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

occurred at the Union Pacific railroad depot in this city, in which a young man lost his left arm. Mr. Ralph Piddock—whose father is serving a term of imprisonment in the penitentiary for violating the Edmunds law—is switchman in the U. P. yard. He was on the ladder attached to the car, and was switching in the yard. When nearing the scales he leaned forward, as is the custom preparatory to leaping to the ground while the train was in motion, and when about to make the spring switch caught or struck his disengaged arm, throwing him violently to earth. His left arm was thrown across the rail and

THE CAR WHEELS PASSED OVER IT.

crushed it in a fearful manner. He was stunned, but shortly after the fall he recovered consciousness. He was taken up and as soon as possible was removed to the U. P. R. hospital, on Eighth Street, in this city. As soon as the wounds were examined by Dr. Sherrin, the company's surgeon, he found it necessary to amputate the injured part, which he did at the middle of the forearm. The patient was made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The young man is about 30 years of age, and is the son-in-law of John Reeve, Esq., of the U. C. R. R. The family of Mr. W. H. Piddock had been distressingly unfortunate, and has sustained a number of

VERY SEVERE AFFLICTIONS.

About a year ago his son Joseph, a young man just past his majority, was found dead on the track of the Oregon Short Line, near Montpelier, Idaho. A gun was lying near the body. The back part of the head was blown off and pieces of the skull were found at quite a distance from where the body lay. The cause of his death has never been really, clearly and satisfactorily ascertained by the family. Since that time Mr. Piddock's eldest son Jedediah has died. He suffered for a long time from a wound in one of his legs which was caused, I believe, from a tap from a hoe. After years of pain and anguish

LEG WAS AMPUTATED,

but he did not long survive the operation. He succumbed to the scythe of death and was laid in the tomb at an early stage of his manhood. He left a child—a little boy—who is similarly afflicted, but from what cause I do not know definitely, unless it has descended to him from his father. To-day his son Ralph, as above narrated, for the remainder of his mortal career

has lost the use of the left arm, and the result of the accident cannot at this time be predicted. Of course all hope for the best, and all that can be done will be to effect his recovery.

I very much regret to have to say that the lady, Miss Rutter, who, a few weeks since was burned through the explosion of a can of coal oil, is now in a very distressed condition. Her sufferings are fearful and the members of her body that were scorched are in a sad state. A great deal of proud flesh has appeared which renders her agony so acute as to be

ALMOST UNENDURABLE.

She receives every attention that can be given by the family of Mr. A. Greenwell, and many others who do all they can both day and night to relieve her anguish. Her poor stricken mother is nearly worn out with watching and hoping, but the critical situation in which her child is placed has almost discouraged her. I understand that to-morrow further medical assistance will be called in to aid the present attendant—Dr. H. J. Powers. How her afflictions will terminate is questionable.

WEBER.

A CONFEDERATE REUNION.

A FINELY WRITTEN DESCRIPTION OF A SOUTHERN "CAMP-FIRE."

FRANKLIN, W. Va.,
September 4th, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

In imitation of the G. A. R. reunions, and for the purpose of reviewing old associations after a lapse of a score of years, the veterans of the Confederate army are now also mustering on the peaceful green to drill, shake hands, and resurrect campaign reminiscences. Such a reunion having been appointed for the above date, the writer determined not to miss this opportunity of seeing the battered remnants of many a hard-fought battle.

The ground chosen for the reunion was a beautiful little oval-shaped vale, carpeted with green grass, and surrounded by hanging gardens of variegated hues, from the dark green of the elm and cypress to the brightest green of forest shrubbery. People in carriages, on horseback and on foot began arriving at 9 o'clock, and ere an hour had passed,

MORE THAN THREE THOUSAND

were upon the ground. Let us take a brief look at this vast throng as they wander apparently aimlessly over the green. The inventor of crazy-patch-work must have drawn inspiration from such a scene as this. The first thing that strikes us is the great number of white dresses and red ribbons. This bright contrast makes all other costumes appear dark, but by a closer inspection all the shades from light-gray to black are observable. Now they gather in knots, and, approaching, we hear the unmelodious battle cries from various sources: "Ice cream and lemonade!" "This way, ladies and gentlemen! Here's the place to get your money back!" "Melons, melons!" "Here's the place to treat your sweet-hearts!"—and the bashful young men that you read about, ignorant of the saving clause of science, the tyrotoxican, is unwittingly drawn into this voracious whirlpool of dimes, nickels and coppers. In another part we observe

A CURIOUS CONTRIVANCE,

which in the distance appears to be a circular tent in rapid rotary motion, and which upon nearer approach, we ascertain to be a whirl-gig with capacity, for a dozen couples. How gratefully pleased that young fellow appears at the pressure of his fair one as the centrifugal force crowds her nearer and nearer to him! At various peep-holes of the envolving cope, we see the evidences of two being company and three a crowd, and it makes us think, and something seems to be generating in the region of that beating thing, which, should we give it air, we fear would be pronounced a sigh.

But where are the old weather-beaten stumps? This parade smacks more of Mayday gaiety, than of a soldiers' reunion. Ah, yes; yonder is a conspicuous little group

STANDING PARTLY ON CRUTCHES

and wooden pins. See how energetically they are shaking hands and laughing. And yonder, notice, that man with a stiff leg is making a bee line for them. That's where we'll get an item or two.

"How do do Cap'n. Hain't seed ye fur twenty-one years—since that night the 25th broke up below Lynchburg about the time Lee surrendered."

"Glad to see you old boy. How's your leg? Let's see you was wounded at McDowell wasn't you?"

"Yes; an' it's troubled me ever since, but still, I'm not as much of a cripple as you. Your leg was shot off at New-Market wasn't it."

"Yes; but I manage to get around in this world, and have a good time for all that. How's your family?"

"First-rate. Most of 'em is along to-day. I heard 'ut Gin'ral Imboden and Senator Wilson would be here to-day. Have they come?"

"No; the general couldn't come, but he sent a letter to his old command, which will be read to-day. I do not know why Senator Wilson will not be here."

"Old Gen'ral Imboden! How I'd like to shake his dear old hand. I shall never forget the day at McDowell. An' that dare-devil, Col. Smith; where is he now?"

"California, I understand. You know he went to Texas when we disbanded. He was the bravest and most reckless in our command. If he'd been general, I fear there'd been more wooden legs and armless sleeves than there are to-day. Oh, by the way, Dr. Miller, our old surgeon, is here from the valley to-day."

"Good enough. Where is he? I must have a shake of his honest old hand. Oh, here he comes. How do do, doctor?"

And so the salutation goes on, as each old soldier catches a glimpse of some old comrade.

IT IS A GENUINE TREAT

to the student of human nature to see old age tottering along suddenly stop as old age is met; then to see the outward veil of time rolled back at least a dozen years for a few minutes, by a sudden flash of recognition, lighting up the eye and reversing the wrinkles, and a merry, youthful laugh bursting forth—a laugh long ago stored away in the bottom of the heart, meant to celebrate victory, but frozen there by defeat, and now suddenly thawed out to re-echo in hills and vales bathed in peace and contentment, as with a flood of sunshine.

But these reflections are suddenly disturbed by a stirring reveille by the brass band, and the sports are suddenly abandoned, the little knot broken up, and all wend their way to the southern part of the clearing. Arriving at the platform we hear

COL. JOHNSON,

a bald-headed, white-bearded, raspy-voiced, little old man, yelling at the top of a sorry voice—trained we fear amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon: "Comrades and fellow-citizens, I bid you all welcome to this soldiers' reunion. We have met to-day to recount the valorous deeds of the southern army nearly a quarter of a century ago. We hope you will all have a good time, and that no one will do a mean or contemptible thing to mar the pleasure of this day. We shall now proceed to organize the old command. All the soldiers present that once belonged to the 25th Virginia Infantry, fall in to the right, all belonging to the 31st fall in at the centre and all belonging to the 62nd yonder to the left. The 18th Virginia Cavalry (a burst of laughter) will form on yonder."

There is not much military display in this muster. The old chaps seem to have imbibed considerable snail-motion and procrastination by following the plow. Many had to be led out of the crowd by the officers, and all persisted in stopping every few feet to shake hands and gossip.

AT LAST THREE COMPANIES,

numbering altogether about 150 men, are formed in double file. The spectacle appeals to the heart and the imagination, but not to the admiration. Whatever military equality may have existed twenty odd years ago, as regards dress, stature and appearance in general, the fact is humorously apparent that time, hard work, prosperity, adversity, religion, want of religion, and many other factors have made sad havoc in this sameness. Dressed in civilian suits, some appear in honest, though frequently shabby and ill-cut homespun, while others in cloth and cut (only) resemble dukes of the species Gotham. Then there are heads bald, heads short-cut, heads frowzy, and heads cropped Dunker-fashion; beards minns, beards long, half-cropped and stubbles, tobacco-streaked and waxed; statures short, tall and indifferent, stout and spare, stalwart and tottering, stoop-shouldered and soldierly. The only thing in which they did not differ was warm, overflowing hearts and a general desire to sneak out of the ranks to shake hands and talk.

"WHERE'S THE FLAG?"

Give us the old flag," clamored one of the veterans in whom the martial spirit seems not to have grown old. "If we can't have the old flag, let's have the stars and stripes. There's nothing mean about us."

"Hold your peace, Cyrus," says an old comrade, patronizingly.

"Brother soldiers, ladies and gentlemen," yells the little bald-headed colonel, "I have the honor to place at the head of the remnant of the old brigade Dr. Miller, the venerable surgeon of the 25th Regiment—a man who for four long years was never found from his post of duty for a single day." (Applause and three cheers for Dr. Miller.)

"Many is the pill he has given me when I was about to kick the bucket," yells one old gray coat.

"Many is the pill of his I've shoved into my old boot, when I ought to have died," yells another, and a good-natured smile crawls over the doctor's face amid the laughter of the crowd.

Who is this cranky, bow-legged fellow pulling at Captain Cunningham's coat sleeve? He walks as though

Minnie Ball

had permanently lodged in each knee-joint. Whew! did you smell his breath? More likely a little whisky has trickled down there.

"Look here, Cap'n," he grumbles, "I'm no deserter, and I'm not going to march under a deserter. That man (pointing to the captain of the 62nd), is a deserter, and he has no right to command. I'm the only officer of the 62nd that's here to-day." (A lie, by the way.)

"Oh, leave it to the company and mind your business."

By this time the command is given: "Right face. March," and the drunk-

en-crank, cries to the men; "Forward, boys, I'm no deserter," and walks alongside like a lame goose.

BUT WHAT A MARCH IT IS!

Every head goes up and down like so many individual chin-dashers.

"Hey! give us something to march to—hay-foot, straw-foot, if nothing better," yells one old soldier, who perceives the awkwardness. At length the band is persuaded to march at the head, and things work more smoothly.

"Front face," comes the command. A double line is formed.

"Now," says Col. Johnson, taking his place in the rear, "The band will play us a lively tune, and we will march to battle." So saying, he gives the word of command and off the old skirmishers start.

"Is that where you always used to get?" yells some one in the crowd.

The intimation seems to hit pretty squarely, for although it is well known that colonels take such a position in the fight, tremendous laughter greets the question.

THE PATCHED-UP BRIGADE,

having executed a few such commonplace maneuvers, is brought to a halt before the speakers' stand. The Colonel, after generously inviting all to partake of the hospitality of the good people of Pendleton, and warning all against going away hungry, gives the order to disband.

"Draw your rations," yells some old musketeer in imitation of the old-time commissary. They accordingly draw and withdraw, but as the writer feels but a very little hungry and very much strange, he retires into the depths of the woods to pen this bumble sketch, inadvertently stumbling, as he does so, upon various old red-nosed bums presiding over suspicious-looking barrels.

At 2 o'clock p.m., the band strikes up a lively air, and the vast concourse of people flock to the speaker's stand, all save the smitten element who dream sweetly on, and the horse jockeys and cider-bibbers, who draw their inspiration out of a bung-hole.

One of the speakers steps forward and proposes that an organization be effected. This is evidently what is wanting, for

NOT A TITLE

of the old brigade is represented in the meagre sprinkling of old veterans present. Pending a consideration of this motion, General Imboden's letter is read. It was undoubtedly the hopes of beholding the men of history that brought so many people together. Circumstances prevented the old commander from being present, but his letter was very fatherly and affectionate. It is said that no commander in the whole Confederate army was so careful of the lives of his men—a fact which his old comrades are slow to forget.

The general proposed that a committee be appointed to get up a reunion of every surviving member of the old command, to meet at some designated spot and camp out for a week, after the style of the old campaign; and offered to donate a hundred dollars to help defray the expenses of correspondence and advertising. He closed his letter by invoking God's blessing on his old comrades present.

AN ORGANIZATION

was next effected consisting of a president, six vice-presidents, a secretary, a corresponding secretary, and a treasurer. The committee proposed by General Imboden was also appointed. Speeches followed. A synopsis of

some of them might be interesting to a few of your readers who are watching the amalgamation of Southern and Northern sentiment. Suffice it to say that though the South was whipped she was not conquered. Speakers that tried to apologize for the mistake made were ignored or sneered at, while they who stepped but boldly and denounced the cravenness which sought to impress upon the growing generation that the Southern struggle was an unhallowed cause, were wildly cheered. This does not mean that the Southern people still cling to the institution of slavery, for they abhor it, neither that secession is not dead and buried; but that they take pride in having fought and bled for what they then conceived to be right.

N. L. N.

ECONOMICS OF MORMONISM.

A neatly-printed pamphlet of ninety-one pages, entitled, "Social Problems of To-day; or the Mormon Question in its Economic Aspects," published by D. D. Lum & Co., Port Jervis, N. Y., finds its way to our table. In this publication, "A Gentle," author of "Utah and its People," expresses views of Mormonism, from the standpoint evidently of a chief who has been among the Saints, and expresses them with a vigor, boldness and originality rarely come upon among the multitude of writers upon this more or less fascinating theme. Our Gentle it plainly appears has no fears of our Saint Edmunds of the United States Senate before his pen; neither does he betray any love for or confidence in the Congressional patent remedies prescribed for the Twin Relic of our modern civilization. For the power behind the throne, for the purpose beneath these movements for the overthrow of Zion, he appears to have even less respect. That there are after all some redeeming features in the "peculiar institution" our author of "Utah and its People" in this vigorous

pamphlet appears to pretty thoroughly establish.

It gives a relish to the philosophic feast set out by this Justinian commentator to realize that the spread assumes to be "a study of co-operation and arbitration in Mormonism from the standpoint of a wage-worker." Deductions drawn from arguments furnished by saints or sinners under the head of Labor and its Just Awards are sure to be interesting as they are timely, if not always convincing, and our Gentle writer certainly makes a very good point for the Saints when, on page 28 of his pamphlet, he says: "The principle of arbitration is cardinal in the faith and practice of the Mormon; it was established and practiced long years before the same method was employed by England and America to settle the disputes over the depredations by the confederate cruisers which swept the United States merchant marine from the seas. As long ago as 1831 the principle was established in the institution of the Mormon Church."

The sketch which our pamphleteer draws of Brigham Young is very unlike the photographs which are most circulated in the east. "Thirty-five years ago," he says, "the co-operative social gospel of the Mormons attracted the attention and won the admiration of such socialistic apostles of England as Robert Owen, George Jacob Holyoake and Bronterre O'Brien, the latter of whom said that the Mormons had 'created a soul under the ribs of death.'" "Such untold action and cordial co-operation," he submits, "show that there must have been a master mind among them, who not only possessed their confidence, but was entitled to it by the wisdom of his counsel. That such a man was, Brigham Young is now I think the impartial verdict of history. From the very first Brigham Young set his face as a flint against the selfish spirit of avarice governing trade under which Mormon and Gentile alike groaned."

In Brigham Young's suggestions for great things he never forgot the small; industrial independence was the constant star that illuminated his horizon. To build mills, establish factories, to reclaim the desert, gather the poor, to provide labor, to show a novice how to carve, out a living from rugged nature, were as strongly marked characteristics of his life as his role as a religious teacher.

Reviewing the history of the more recent surgical operations by doctors of law of the Edmunds school to cut out the "foul cancer" of polygamy, our Gentle writer brings an indictment against Government which, if it be as true as it is startling, should make even the paving stones in Washington cry out in indignant alarm and demand a judicial halt and right-about face. "Almost every charge brought by the colouies against the crown in our Declaration of Independence can be paralleled in Utah against the Federal Government," says this merciless critic. "Judges as unjust as Jeffries befoul its bench, and a vigor as vindictive as was displayed towards the Huguenots of France by the courts of Louis 14th, or by the courts of Henry 8th and Elizabeth towards Catholics, prevails in Utah." In addition to the subjects here mentioned this trenchant writer upon the economic aspects of Mormonism, treats in a vivid and comprehensive manner, "Morality and Education," "Plural Marriage," "the Moral Crusaders," and "What is the Labor Movement," and taken all in all forms what our "White Hat Philosopher" of precious memory would call "mighty interesting reading."—*National View* (Washington.)

—At Butte, on Wednesday, a team attached to a delivery wagon ran into a herd of cows. Upon examination it was found that the backs of two of the latter had been broken.

—Frank Hayes writes from Salt Lake City that he would be pleased to come back to this city if he could get a class of sufficient numbers to train in athletic sports during the coming winter.—*Evansville Chief*.

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