

ance of authorities in favor of municipal power is so great that I doubt not the city will be sustained if a ruling is ever reached.

DANIEL TYLER.

THE GEORGIA CONFERENCE.

FELTON, July 25th, 1881.

Editor Deseret News:

Pursuant to appointment, a conference of the Saints of this State convened at the above-named place on the morning of the 22nd instant, and continued till the evening of the 24th.

There were present on this occasion Elder John Morgan, president of the Southern States Mission; Elder Walter Scott, president of the Georgia Conference; Elders M. F. Cowley, J. W. Taylor, J. B. Keeler, J. E. Metcalf, Jno. Carter, J. E. Goff, W. J. Packer, Samuel Bills, G. C. Parkinson, of the Georgia Conference; G. T. Bean and John Houston of the Alabama Conference, besides the local Elders, Saints, and many visitors.

Our meetings were presided over by President Morgan.

After singing and prayer, on the first morning, Elder Morgan stated the object of our coming together and invoked the blessing of God to attend our meetings throughout.

Elder J. E. Metcalf gave a favorable report of his labors in the counties of White, Habersham and vicinity.

Elder M. F. Cowley spoke on the establishment of the kingdom of God in this day and age, making ample quotations from scripture in proof of the same; and also referred to the officers necessary in the kingdom. He gave a report of his and Brother Taylor's labors in Southwest, Ga., to the effect that considerable good seed had been sown, from which desirable results may shortly follow.

Elder G. C. Parkinson referred to the persecution that follow the Saints, affirming it to be an evidence of the divinity of the work of God.

Elder Samuel Bills, among other things, testified that the gifts and blessings of the gospel follow those who have obeyed its mandates, to day, as they did anciently.

Elder G. T. Bean illustrated a few of the first principles of the gospel; proving also that the world is very infidel as regards the faith and teachings of the Savior. He gave a very flattering report of the progress of the work in Alabama.

Walter Scott, President of the Conference, gave a general report of the labors of the Elders over whom he presided, stating that considerable missionary work had been accomplished, with a very encouraging showing. Impressed all with the necessity of being diligent in the performance of duty.

Elder J. B. Keeler referred to his labors in Northeast Georgia, reporting a number of baptisms within the year; that the gospel is spreading there; that a Sunday school had been organized, which was making its effects manifest.

Prayer and singing closed this day's services.

On the 23d, after the usual opening exercise, Elder J. W. Taylor spoke lengthily upon the kingdom of God, and of the manner of being initiated into it. Referred to the apostasy of the primitive church, also testified to the restoration of the everlasting gospel.

Elder W. J. Packer noted the fact that God sent his prophet to warn the people previous to the flood of Noah, and that He has said that as it was in the days of Noah so it would be at his coming.

Elder John Carter said that the principles taught by the Elders of Israel were not new, but are the same as instituted by Jesus, and are essential to the salvation of the human family.

President Morgan said men generally are very particular in regard to their temporal welfare; how much more so should they be of their spiritual. Showed that an Elder in Israel will be held accountable at the day of judgment for what he teaches. Dwelt at some length on the horrible condition of the generality of mankind in this age; on the apostasy; on the restoration of the gospel; on the "consummation of all things," etc.

Benediction and singing closed the second day.

After the day's service a meeting of the Priesthood was held, there being present fifteen Elders. A very enjoyable time was had; a number of reports were heard; ques-

tions asked relative to missionary duties, and President Morgan gave some excellent and opportune words of counsel.

On Sunday, the 24th, the arbor was full to overflowing with people. And after the opening exercises, Elder J. E. Goff bore a powerful testimony to the latter-day work. Elder John Houston followed him and also bore a faithful testimony.

Elder M. F. Cowley spoke of the immutability of the gospel.

President Morgan showed that through the rejection of truth, nations had brought destruction upon themselves. All things may fall but truth will stand forever. All truths now discovered have always been in existence, and the many discoveries or inventions of the age have been revealed by God to bring to pass His righteous purposes. He explained the difference of Christianity so-called, and the religion of Jesus Christ.

J. J. Barbour, a local Elder, showed the similarity of the prophecies relative to Christ's first and second coming.

Pres. Morgan presented the Authorities of the Church as presented at the last April Conference in Salt Lake City, together with the traveling Elders of the Georgia Conference, as mentioned, and the local authorities, all of whom were sustained by the vote and prayers of the Saints, in their respective positions and calling.

The statistical report for the year ending at date, was read, and is as follows:

Branches Organized,	2
Traveling Utah Elders,	70
Local Elders, Priests and Teachers,	17
Baptisms,	57
Children blessed,	14
Emigrated,	2
Deaths,	1
Total officers and members,	131

Pres. Morgan gave the Saints some timely counsel, urging them to attend their prayers; to have their children blessed; to live in peace with one another; to be united. It is a principle of the gospel to gather, but it is not required at present for the Saints to sacrifice their property. Advised calmness and deliberation in all their movements, for the gospel is to save temporally as well as spiritually.

This being the 24th of July, the advent of the Saints into the valleys of the mountains, the speaker gave a brief but interesting sketch of the Church history, quoting from the Psalmist and the Prophets of the beauties of the latter-day Zion.

Pres. Walter Scott made a few closing remarks, exhorting all to diligence.

Upon the whole we had a splendid time, the weather being favorable, the Spirit of God being poured out abundantly, all feeling built up and renewed.

The benediction was pronounced by Elder J. W. Taylor, and the Conference adjourned sine die.

Respectfully,  
J. B. KEELER, Clerk.

An Escape from Siberia.

THE MORE REMARKABLE BECAUSE THE FIRST IN A HUNDRED YEARS.

The Geneva correspondent of the London Daily News sends a narrative of the escape from Siberia of M. Mokrievitch, a Russian socialist, whose arrival in Switzerland was recently announced. M. Mokrievitch, who is about 33 years of age, is the son of a country gentleman, and highly educated. In January, 1879, he was at Kief, conducting a secret printing office, which was seized by the police, and Mokrievitch, being captured, was sentenced by a court-martial to 14 years' penal servitude in Siberia. In July following, he and some other state convicts set out on their long journey for Oust Kara, where they had to undergo their sentences. They traveled part of the way via Nijni Novgorod, by railway, steamboat and on horseback. The remainder of the journey, 1,450 miles, had to be done on foot and in chains. The narrative continues: Between Krashoharsk and Irkoutsk, M. Mokrievitch and two of his companions, Izbitzkey and Orloff, changed names and dresses with three ordinary convicts who were under sentence of perpetual exile. This M. Mokrievitch assures me, is a very common expedient, and can be effected at a cost of a few roubles. His destination was now that of the peasant whose name he had taken, a settlement in the province of Irkoutsk. Izbitzkey and Orloff got away before reaching Ir-

koutsk, probably by the connivance of he guard. Orloff was soon recaptured. Izbitzkey has never been heard of since, and is supposed to have perished of hunger, or been devoured by wolves in the trackless forests of eastern Siberia. On November 13, 1879, a few days after leaving Irkoutsk for Balaganask—his final destination—M. Mokrievitch also gave his escort the slip. As soon as his flight was discovered a number of Bouryats, half savage Mongol horsemen, as keen as sleuth hounds and as cunning as Red Indians, were sent after him, but he succeeded in evading their pursuit and reaching Irkoutsk. To avoid recapture, which had he gone west would have been almost certain, he made off towards the Chinese frontier, and after a walk of 700 miles in the depth of a Siberian winter he doubled back in the direction of European Russia, which he reached after a journey of 4,000 miles, performed mostly on foot. He underwent terrible hardships; and met with many adventures. Without the frequent aid and generous hospitality of the country people, who are noted for their kindness to fugitive convicts, he could not possibly have made good his escape, and, lest he should expose those who helped him to the vengeance of the Russian government, he does not desire to make publicly known the exact direction which he took. M. Mokrievitch's journey across Russia, though not unattended with difficulty and risk, was child's play compared with his walk through Siberia. Furnished by his friends with false papers, he succeeded in getting safely out of the country, and a few days ago reached Switzerland. Except Wiotrowsky in the last century, M. Debagoria Mokrievitch is the only state prisoner condemned to hard labor that ever escaped from Siberia.

SHORT AND SHARP.

A preacher who arrived at the Kirk wet through asked an old Scotch woman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as soon as ye can. Ye'll be dry enough there."

"Yes, Job suffered some," said an Illinois deacon, "but he never knew what it was to have his team run away and kill his wife right in the busy season, when hired girls want three dollars a week."

A Philadelphia scientist was given an honorary degree by a certain college and was at first much pleased, but since looking over the list of others who had received the same degree from the same college, he is inclined to sue the institution for libel.

At the summer resorts the families of men who have gone into bankruptcy two or three times do not associate with the families of some of the men who have always paid their bills, it not being a good form for cottage owners to recognize poor but honest boarders.

A little pair of gloves that yet Retain their smell of clover, And just a tinge of magnonette— I turn them vaguely over, And marvel how the girl I kissed The night she promised to be true, Could jam a number seven fist Into a paltry number two.

It was a Boston girl who asked: "Why is it that two souls, mated in the impenetrable mystery of their nativity, float by each other on the ocean currents of existence without being instinctively drawn together, blended and beautified in the assimilated alembic of eternal love?" That is an easy one. It is because butter is 45 cents a pound and a good seal-skin sacque costs as high as \$500. The necessities of life must experience a fall in price before two souls will readily blend in the assimilated alembic, and so forth.—Noristown Herald.

A report on the state of religion in Nevada would be almost as brief as the famous chapter on snakes in Ireland. The following anecdote, might, however, be inserted: "At the recent opening of the Nevada Legislature an Eastern minister was invited to perform the religious service. He accepted the call, and closed the ceremony with the Lord's Prayer. When he had finished State Senator Doonan turned to Senator Hammond and remarked audibly: 'He stole that prayer, and I'll bet on it. I heard it almost word for word in Eureka at a funeral over ten years ago.'"

Things Learned By Experience.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much. A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor. In icing cakes dip the knife frequently in cold water. In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices; if the meat is wanted for itself alone plunge it in boiling water at once. You can get a bottle or barrel of oil off any carpet or woolen stuff by applying dry buck-wheat plentifully and faithfully; never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind. Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these in if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing on both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste. Beef havin' a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing very gently for two hours, pepper and salt, taking out about a pint of liquid when done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up make a gravy of the pint of liquid saved. A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them. Tumbler that have had milk in them should never be put in hot water. The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply it to the part affected. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.

The Humor of Small-Pox.

Generally speaking, there is nothing excruciatingly funny about the small-pox, but the doctors who are called to prescribe for patients occasionally run on something that tickles them. Not many years ago a doctor here was called to see a man at one of the hotels, who lived in Iowa. The man was sick as a horse, and the doctor had his suspicions about what ailed him, but couldn't tell exactly, so he gave him something to quiet him, and told the friend who was with him that he would call in the morning. The friend said he thought as much of the sick man as he could of a brother. The next morning the doctor called and the sick man was alone. He examined him and found that he had the small-pox. While he was dealing out some medicine the friend came in. Said he; "Doc, that medicine ain't worth a continental. This man is very sick." The doctor said he had come to that conclusion himself. "Why," said the friend, "I rubbed him all night. I think he would have died if I had not rubbed his head. When a man is my friend he can draw on me for all that is out, and don't you forget it." The doctor said he was glad to hear it. He said there was nothing more touching to him than pure friendship between men, and he was glad the sick man had a friend that would stick to him. "You bet your life," says the friend. And then he almost intimated that the doctor did not understand his business, and said something had got to be done, if there were any doctors in Milwaukee who could handle the case. The doctor was a little hot, and when a friend asked, "Do you know what ails him?" the doctor said he thought he did. Then he pulled down the bed clothes and pointed to a little swelling near the little toe, and asked the friend if he could see it. "I see it! Of course I can. It's only a little pimple." The doctor said there was only one disease that showed that kind of pimples. "What is that?" asked the friend, impatiently. "Small-pox!" said the doctor in the most aggravating way. "Suffering Moses, let me out of that door!" shouted the friend, and the doctor said you could have played marbles on his coat tail. The doctor fixed up the patient, and when he went out in the hall the friend was leaning against a trunk, white as a sheet and weak as a cat. "Doc," says he, in a quivering voice, "that man in there is nothing to me. I wouldn't go in that room for a thousand dollars. Is there no way to fumigate me? Say, Doc, I want to be vaccinated. Put a pint of virus in me. Shoot it in with a gun. Hanged if I ever go near a sick man again." The doctor says, "such is life."—Peck's Sun.

A committee is forming under the lead of the Duke of Westminster, to erect a statue to Dean Stanley in Westminster Abbey.

"Joe."

"Hadn't you heard de news? Why, sah, he's done gone dead! Yes, sah—been dead an' buried for a hull week. Dat's de reason he didn't come aroun' any more wid his apples an' pop corn."

"What, your little Joe dead?" "Dat's de truf, sah. Come home one day all stuffed up wid a cold, an' in twenty-four hours we laid him in his shroud. It was awful sudden an' I can't realize dat he's gone. Las' night we foun' ourselves waitin' supper fur him, an' in de middle of de night we wake up an' find ourselves callin' his name. It comes powerful hard on us, it does, an' we can't speak of it widout our hearts swellin' up big 'nuff to bust. He was de only chile, you know, an' we had built up some powerful hopes on him."

"Joe was a good boy." "Deed he was." He nebber gin us one hour's trouble, an' dar wasn't a bad har on his head."

There came a pause, and the old man seemed nervous and uneasy. He started to go, hesitated, and finally said:

"You don't know nuffin' 'bout Heaben for suah, do you?"

"No."

"Well, has you got any ideas?" "Yes, a few."

"You see, all de wim'n has come in to console my ole woman, an' one of 'em says dat de big grown-up folks go to one part of heaben an' de chil'en to annoder part. If dat's true, den we can't jine little Joe when we git up dar; maybe we can't eben see him. Dat's what makes his mudder take on so. We's got purty old now, an' we'll soon get de summons to go, but if de hope an' spectashun of meetin' dat boy up in heaben am taken away from us, we might as well hang ourselves in de woodshed."

"You need no have no fears. Heavun is not fenced off to separate the young from the old."

"All piled in togeder."

"Yes, and plenty of room for all."

"Will we know our Joe when we git in dar?"

"Yes."

"An' he'll know us?"

"Yes."

"Dat's de way I hold, but de ole woman she's kinder afraid dat I doan' know fur suah. Say, boss?"

"Yes."

"Please do de ole man a favor, take your pen an' write down dat heaben am not fenced off, and dat we shall fin' our little Joe clus by de pearly gates waitin' an' watchin' to welcome us as we march in' wid de pureshun. It will make de ole woman feel a heap easier an' help her to b'ar up under dis 'fliction."

The "certificate" was written and handed to him, and he carefully put it away and said, as he was ready to go:

"I'm a fousan times obleeged, an' de swellin' in my heart has gone down ober half. It wrung us powerful hard to see dat boy on his dyin' bed, but when we war told dat we shouldn't be able to git to him up in Heaben we was clean dun fur. Day to you, boss. Ize gwine right off home an' chirk up de ole woman wid de blessed news.—Detroit Free Press.

A communication from the Cooper Institute, New York, contained this query for Brother Gardiner to answer:

"In case a bank made a mistake and gave a customer \$1,000 in place of \$100, what would be the duty of that customer?"

"Dar kin be but one answer to all sich questions," replied the President. "In dis spesul case I should count the money over fo' times, to be sure I had too much. Den I'd go home an' wait fur de bank officers to come an' see me. If dey didn't come arter a week or so, I'd drap aroun' to de bank and kinder men-shun de matter an' git de load off my conscience. Honesty am de true policy. You may gain a few dollars by tradin' of a blind mule in de night, but in less'n fo' weeks yer dog will die, or de cook-stove will gin out, or suthin' or odder will occur to swaller up all de profit dishonestly made."

We can't say we feel flattered when we receive a communication of two column's length, about a matter that could be fully dealt with in six lines, to have the writer conclude with "a word to the wise is sufficient." What does he take us for? and why this gratuitous fling at the sagacity of our readers?