

the hands of our enemies and be delivered by them.

May God bless you, my brethren and sister, and enable us to be faithful and true in keeping His commandments is my prayer for Christ's sake. Amen.

DESTITUTION IN WALES.

A CHILDREN'S BANQUET.

This has been a great day in Merthyr: 2000 children have been fed in the Drill Hall, and 2000 little hearts, weary of the long monotony of dry bread for breakfast, dry bread for dinner, and dry bread for tea, have been cheered by a bountiful supply of warm and fragrant soup. For days past nothing has been talked of among the children but the soup that was to come on Friday. It had grown to be impossible for the rector to take his walks abroad without being waylaid by troops of children, who, standing immediately in his path and making it absolutely necessary that he should stop if he would remain free from the charge of infanticide, asked, with elaborate salutation, when the soup would be ready. They must have known the day and the hour; for infantile chatter has centered upon that topic for more than a week past; but they liked to be personally assured that there was to be soup on Friday, and this accounted for their lying in ambush in the path of the overworked rector. Yesterday cards of invitation were issued in the shape of plain oblong bills, posted on the walls, announcing that the children's dinner would be ready in the Drill Hall on Friday at twelve o'clock. No tickets were necessary, the sole conditions of admission being that the guest should be a child and be hungry. Yes, there was one other; that each child should bring its own spoon and basin. I hear that there was much rumaging through many households last night in search of something that would do to hold soup in. Some of the little ones with a prevision that bodes well for their future career, took their cups and spoons to bed with them, so that they should be quite ready for use at noon on the following day.

The drill shed, which was to-day employed as a banquet hall, stands at the back of High Street, one approach to it being from the quarter where the deepest poverty reigns. Long before 11 o'clock the guests began to gather, each firmly grasping an iron spoon in the right hand, and carrying a piece of crockeryware in the other. I use the general phrase crockeryware advisedly, and even that does not cover a variety of receptacles which the children carried, and which themselves bore eloquent testimony to the poverty of the household. A basin was of course the correct thing, but I do not suppose there was an undamaged basin in the whole two thousand. All the cups were cracked, and all the basins battered. There were jugs of all shapes, all sizes, and in all stages of decay. Some had no handles, others had no mouths, and many had large pieces out of the rims, as if, failing bread or turnip, some ravenous brother had bitten a piece out. Wounded jugs were present in great force. More than one guest had brought a square bread-tin, which, though difficult to drink out of, had the compensating advantage of holding a good deal. One youth sported a beer can, which evidently had formerly belonged to the public house; another had the lower portion of an oval tin box, which still retained marks of the padlock; but perhaps the most ingenious youth was he who, finding a total absence of crockeryware on the household shelves, had appropriated a small round wooden soap-box, out of which he presently absorbed with intense satisfaction repeated relays of soup. Nor were the garments of the guests less remarkable for variety of style and color. An effort had evidently been made in some quarters to do honor to the occasion by washing hands and faces, but this was not general. In respect of clothes, the family wardrobe had been laid under contribution with marvellous results, more particularly in the matter of boots and shoes. A shockheaded youth of eight, laboriously making his forward way in a pair of his father's or mother's boots, was a sight common enough. The girls had done the best they could with the materials at command, but on the whole the result was a fresh and striking

evidence of pitiable poverty. Most of the children were too obviously half clad; hundreds were shoeless or at best wore boots that were a mockery as far as protection against wet or cold was looked for; but nothing could hide, or even mar, the singular beauty of the girls or the sturdy make of the lads. I have often been struck, whilst going through the houses of the colliers or ironworkers, to find a pretty gentle little girl sit amid the squalor and the dirt, like a violet in a heap of wet bog. To-day there was full opportunity for noticing this national peculiarity, and its proportion was triumphantly maintained throughout the 2,000 children. There were some perfectly charming little girls among the squalid throng that, as noon rang out, burst into the banquet hall, with the iron spoon in one hand and the indescribable piece of crockery in the other.

It was a great sight to see the children dash in through the narrow doorway and spread themselves out all over the room. Outside was hunger and wretchedness; inside was soup and a hearty welcome. Their faces literally beamed with delight as they at last found themselves really walking into the room where soup was stored. They were of all ages, from two to twelve. Some carried little ones in their arms, others bore them on their backs, few came singly, and in the twinkling of an eye there were flying across the room volleys of chain shot in the shape of collections of brothers and sisters holding each other by the hand and making for the nearest bench. Four benches set in lines stretched down the room, and as the guests filed in they knelt down on either side of the bench, which thus became the dining table. When all the places were filled up, the rector, standing on a form, called for silence. When it was obtained, which was not immediately, for so highly strung were the nerves of the children with the excitement of the moment that they could not be quiet all in a minute, the rector said:—"I dare say a great many of you remember that two years ago God put it into the hearts of good people to feed the children of Merthyr. Do you remember?" A shrill shouting, "Yes, sir," was the response. "Well," the rector continued, "the same God has again put it into the hearts of good people to give you some dinner to-day. Now, don't you think it will be well to begin by praising God?" This was not soup, but it plainly leading up to soup, and accordingly another cry of "Yes, sir," greeted the rector. Then, again, standing on a bench under the platform, with the steam of the hot soup curling up around him, the rector raised the strain, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," beating time with a large blue jug he held in his hand. Whether it was the engrossing influence of the soup, or whether it was simple ignorance of the words and tune, I don't know, but, however that might be, the singing was not what might be called congregational. Once more the rector mounted on a form and addressed them. "Remember," he said, "if any child comes here tomorrow without washing its hands and face, it will be put up on the platform where everybody will see it, and it will not have any dinner till the rest have finished. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir." "Is there plenty of water in Merthyr?" "Yes, sir." "Then use it," shouted the rector, with which cententious injunction he descended from his impromptu pulpit. Now surely there were no more preliminaries; there was the bread in great slices lying layer upon layer in clothes baskets; there was the soup, smoking hot, in huge zinc reservoirs; and there was the gentleman who had raised the hymn dipping the wash hand jug into the reservoir, and pouring the soup into smaller jugs to be carried round. A thousand glistening eyes beheld this sign, and then moved by a sudden impulse, 500 voices raised a ringing cheer. After this there was a sudden and prolonged silence. Ladies and gentlemen carrying the clothes baskets, passed down each form, handing out huge slices of bread; others went around with jugs full of soup, with which they filled the miscellaneous receptacles, and the serious business of the day commenced. It was truly appalling to see those children eat. I have watched an ant walk across a garden path with a crumb of bread as large as itself, but it took 24 hours to finish its lunch. Here

24 seconds made a serious difference in the aspect of a slice of bread that seemed almost as large as the human mite that attacked it. The soup suffered in equal degree, and the full force of those present were occupied in bringing up the reserves. Various professions and divers denominations were represented amongst the waiters and serving men at the banquet. The dignity of the law was worthily upheld by the superintendent of police, a terror to evildoers, but now a diligent purveyor of more soup; medicine was represented by the gentlemen who holds the honorable position of high constable of the borough; a gallant young lieutenant of the Inniskillings upbore the reputation of the British army, charging again and again along the ranks with a large jug of soup under his sword arm; the Church was represented by a gentleman who, forseeing much hard work, had provided himself with an ample apron, such as housemaids wear. A Unitarian minister cut the bread; a Methodist divine carried it round; a Wesleyan clergyman ladled out the soup; whilst in a position of general superintendence was the good genius of the feast, the rector of Merthyr. About 500 dined in the first batch, and meanwhile there was outside a pent-up string of children ineffectually dammed by a single policeman, waiting their turn. They found it in due course, and then followed the same scene thrice repeated, till the 2,000 were sent away happy and full.—*London News.*

Correspondence.

Bear and Wolf Bonus.

PROVO CITY,
February 18th, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

In your issue of Saturday last you commented interestingly upon the idea of making an appropriation for rifle clubs. Any defence of public interest is praiseworthy. There is but one way, at present, that justifies appropriation for gunpowder purposes. The stock destroyed yearly, in the mountains by bears and wolves is so great that I am at a loss to see that nothing is done for the extermination of the foe of the general interest of Utah. If the number of heads could be ascertained, that are killed by these animals every year, I have no doubt but the Government would hold out a bonus for killing them; other governments are doing and have done that for years. The Assembly would surely act upon it if brought before their notice. Respectfully,
JNO. ABSALOM.

[Our correspondent is informed that a bill to meet the point he raises was introduced into the Legislature by Mr. Petersen, of Sanpete, but the bill was lost, being tabled indefinitely.—EDS.]

No Dust in Her Eyes.

"I have called," said the agent, sitting down with an owlish hind of look, upon the chair she had wiped off for him with her apron, "to bring to your attention a work that is at the present time eliciting more attention from the thinking minds of both hemispheres than anything the printing press has sent forth in the last quarter of a century."

"Bless my life!" said the woman, "I wouldn't a' believed it! What have you got, any how?"

"My dear madam," continued the agent, as he proceeded to unwrap a package done up in oil-silk, while the children gathered around him with eyes full of curiosity, and the woman left her wash-tub and stood before him with her arms akimbo; "I have a few fragments of a feast for the intellect that you have probably felt the need of many times."

"Indeed I have, sir. It's mighty hard in these times for a woman with a trifling, shiftless husband to keep the pot boiling for six children, and many's the time we all go hungry."

"Really, madam, I fear you do not exactly understand me."

"Oh, yes sir—you're talking about something to eat."

"No—no. It's mental food I refer to. Something to strengthen and invigorate the expanding intellect."

that here" said the woman, poking down the clothes to keep the suds from boiling out over the stove. "But if you'd a' brought along a side o' bacon, or a peck o' beans, they would a' been mighty acceptable, and even a small sack o' flour wouldn't a' been sneezed at."

"Yes, yes, my good woman," continued the agent, unabashed, "certainly; those things are well enough in their way; but do you never feel the need of something to stimulate the mind? something to lift it far above the groveling pursuits of every-day life and make it soar high beyond the cares of—"

"Is it some sort of a flying machine you've got?"

"No—no. I'm selling an encyclopaedia in monthly parts."

Mercy on us! And what good is the machine until you yet it all put together?"

"It is not a machine, my good woman, it is a book. A book, mum, that will tell you all about everything under the sun."

"Tell me every thing?" and the woman scratched her head, and boxed a youngster who was climbing up on the man's lap.

"Exactly—that's what it will do, and never miss. It's a whole library in itself."

"Well, then, I want to know where my old man was all the blessed livelong night till three o'clock this morning, and where he got the money to buy the whiskey he got drunk on. Show me that, and if there's any pictures let me see 'em" said the woman, beginning to feel an interest in the work.

"You misunderstand me altogether," responded the agent, with an uncomfortable air; "I mean to say, it will give you information."

"Well, that's just what I'm after," cut in the woman. Give it to me. Where was the old soaker?"

"It's not that kind of information—no books could give you that—but anything in the scientific or—"

"Get out with you—go to grass with your scientific nonsense—that ain't what I'm working my finger ends off for. What I want is potatoes, coal, pork, flour, or something else to keep body and soul together. So you might as well mosey on and try your luck somewhere else, stranger; you've struck the wrong house."

"But, my dear madam, hear me out. This is a compendium—"

"Go 'way with you. I don't care if it's a non-comprehensibilecious—it won't pay house-rent nor save soap."

"It's the quintessence of all human knowledge."

"That won't keep the children in shoes and clothes, nor make a man swear off and stick to it."

"An epitome of—"

"Clear out with you. It can't butter a slice of bread, nor doctor up a sick child. So you can just pack it up and vamoose. I've got a two-week's wash on hand for Mrs. Hazlerig that's got to be done before a bite to eat comes into this house, and I ain't got no time to stand here listening to your high-sounding gab. There ain't no dust in my eyes, and you'd better climb if you know when it's healthy."

He took the hint and departed.—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table.*

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