

Only a few more instances illustrative of the fact that those who follow that course eventually land in the ditch of failure or disgrace.

## LOCAL AND OTHER MATTERS.

FROM THURSDAY'S DAILY, NOV. 8.

**Apostle F. M. Lyman** took the train at 8.10 this morning for Goose Creek and settlements in Idaho—will probably be gone ten days or two weeks.

**Sunday Liquor Selling.**—The proprietors of six liquor saloons in this city were put under arrest last night and this morning, charged with violating the city ordinance in relation to selling liquor on Sundays. Each place was fined \$50 each.

**Good Riddance.**—A prostitute was arrested last evening for assault and battery on two other women of like character. She left a sum of money at the City Hall for her appearance this morning, but instead of coming up for trial took the morning train for the West, en route for California.

**Arrived at New York.**—A telegram to President John Taylor from Elder Jas. H. Hart, received from New York at 12.40 a.m., states that the S. S. Wisconsin, which sailed from Liverpool on the 27th of October, had arrived at the former port, and that the company, in charge of Elder John Pickett, of Tooele, would leave for the West today. All well.

**Three-Score-and-Ten.**—Father Wm. F. Cahoon, of the Twelfth Ward, yesterday attained his seventieth year, and the notable event was fittingly celebrated at his residence last evening by a large assemblage of his children, grand-children and other friends and relatives. The Salt Lake Fireman's Brass Band enlivened the occasion with stirring airs, and a happy time was enjoyed by all. Many more of them Brother William.

**Assault on a Chinaman.**—This morning a Chinaman living on Third South Street, complained at the Police Station of having been badly whipped by one Mike Katty, and exhibited marks and bruises upon his face in verification of his statement. The officers at once started out in pursuit of the offender, who had fled, and after an extended detour through the Eighth, Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Wards, which the object of their search had successively traversed to elude them, apprehended him while making tracks westward at the rate of six miles an hour. The pugilistic Michael will interview the police magistrate to-morrow.

**Deaf, Dumb and Blind.**—We have received from a gentleman in Lehi a copy of a circular letter which is being sent to the Bishops of the different wards in this city and throughout the Church. The letter contains the following request:

"Will you be so kind as to inform me immediately whether or not there are any Deaf, Dumb or Blind persons in your ward? If there are any, please forward name and age. The object of this inquiry is to present before the Legislature information upon which to base a request for the foundation of an establishment for the care of such individuals. I myself have three Deaf and Dumb, and I naturally feel interested in trying to have such unfortunate educated."

**Married.**—Bishop James Watson, of the Nineteenth Ward, informs us that last evening the ceremony was performed by him which united in the bonds of wedlock, Mr. Phillip Pugsley, Jr., and Miss Nellie May Druce, both residents of that ward. A pleasant reception was held at the residence of the parents of the bride, where many friends assembled to offer their congratulations. The Sixteenth Ward Brass Band serenaded the company during the evening, and with singing, instrumental music and other amusements indoors, it was a very nice and agreeable occasion. The bride, nee Nellie Druce, has been for many years a singer, and a talented one, in the Tabernacle Choir. Many of her musical associates, including Professor E. Beesley, were present at the wedding.

**Statuary.**—Some time ago an item appeared in this paper to the effect that ex Mayor Feramorz Little had given an order at Watson Brothers stone and marble works, for two statues representing Summer and Winter, to be placed in opposit

niches in the hallway of his residence on First South Street, east of the City Hall. The statues which are life-size female figures, made of Sanpete oolite stone, were finished and put in position last Thursday. They are really superb, and give the utmost satisfaction to the purchaser. The sculptor is Mr. Wm. Pierce, late of London, England, now employed at Watson Brothers. We understand that the marble has been ordered from the East for a statue to the memory of the late Mrs. Little, which when finished, will be placed over her tomb in the Cemetery. The marble will be from the Vermont quarries, and the statue will be executed by Mr. Pierce.

**The District Telegraph.**—Allusion to Tuesday night's City Council minutes, printed in this paper on Wednesday evening, has ere this apprised the public of the granting to Mr. F. D. Giles and a company which he represents, the privilege of establishing in this city the District Telegraph system, the operations of which we undertook to briefly describe in an article published several weeks ago. A representative of the News stepped into the Western Union Telegraph office this afternoon for the purpose of interviewing Mr. Giles as to the nature and operations of the system which he and his fellow-capitalists propose to introduce. He was not in himself, but from one of the employees it was ascertained that the description formerly given in the News was a pretty good forecast of the proposed enterprise and its workings. The central office will be at the Western Union Telegraph office. Communication will be kept up with the Police station, the Fire department, and other places, and errand boys will be provided for whose services thirty cents an hour will be charged to customers. Besides Mr. Giles, Mr. Annett, of this city, and Mr. Patterson, of Ogden, the latter two connected with the telephone exchange, are the persons interested in the new venture.

**Dangerous Target Practice.**—The Utah Journal is authority for the anecdote that a party of sportively inclined gentlemen went up Logan Canyon for an "out," taking with them a quantity of beer as an aid to their enjoyment. Target practice was a sport in which the party indulged, not, however, till the quality of the beer had been carefully tested. The arm used was a small breech-loading rifle. A target bearing a bull's eye was erected and the marksmen by turns fired at it. Bull's eye and target were missed every time. Closer and closer to the target drew the shoot-ists until it was but ten feet distant, and still no man of them had even hit the target, to say nothing of making a bull's eye. Target shooting was abandoned in disgust and the secret of the bad marksmanship of the crowd was not discovered until they returned to Logan, when the owner of the rifle found that the barrel of it was full of bullets. The first fired had lodged near the muzzle and the others had lodged behind it as the cartridges were in turn exploded.

"Fool's luck" again. If it had not been for the beer, the gun would have exploded and killed somebody. "Fortune makes folly her peculiar care."

FROM FRIDAY'S DAILY, NOV. 9.

**Information Wanted.**—The whereabouts of W. Calvin Garrison, who emigrated from Alabama in 1867, is wanted by Thomas J. Campbell, of Boonesborough, Washington County, Arkansas. Please send information to that address. Utah papers please copy.

**To Snake River.**—This afternoon Brother John W. Taylor, son of President Taylor, left for Snake River Valley, Idaho, where he and his brother Hyrum are the owners of a stock ranch. He took with him about 550 head of sheep to blend with a flock of about 1,000 already there, and which he hopes in due time to increase by purchase to 2,000. He has been located in the Snake River country since last spring, and speaks in favorable terms of the present condition and future prospects of that region. The valley is much larger than this one, as shown from the fact that Brother Taylor's ranch is one hundred miles this side of Rexburg, the principal settlement in the valley. He expects to make the journey from here in about

fourteen days, driving the sheep, which he accompanies by team, only 12 miles per day. Brother John W. was once connected with the DESERET NEWS office, and his old friends and some-time associates here, wish him success and prosperity wherever his lot may be cast.

**Israel Barlow, Senr.**—From a synopsis of the life and labors of this aged veteran, a notice of whose death was printed some time ago, it is learned that he was born Sept. 13, 1806, in the town of Granville, Hampden County, Mass., and was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints March 16, 1834, by Elder Brigham Young at Kirtland, Ohio. He was one of the members of Zion's Camp, and one who traveled with Bishop Partridge to find a location and resting-place for the Saints when they were driven from Far West. He was ordained President of the Sixth Quorum of Seventies, which office he held till death. He came to this valley in 1848, in President Brigham Young's company; went on a mission to England in the spring of 1853, returning in the fall of 1855. He was ordained a Patriarch Dec. 8, 1882, under the hands of President Wilford Woodruff. He was the father of sixteen children, fourteen of whom are alive, and the grandfather of forty-eight, forty-three of them still living.

**From the Sandwich Islands.**—Elder Henry A. Woolley, a son of the late Bishop E. D. Woolley, who left here on a mission to the Sandwich Islands, December 11th, 1880, reached home on last Wednesday morning, after an absence of nearly three years. During his sojourn on the Islands he labored most of the time on the Church plantation at Laie, but also spent four months and a half in preaching and officiating in the traveling ministry. While on the plantation he assisted in putting up the new sugar mill, his trade being that of a carpenter, and likewise the new meeting house at Laie, at the dedication of which a few weeks ago, an extended description of which appeared in this paper, His Majesty, King Kalakaua honored the occasion with his presence. Brother Woolley also acted as asst. supt. of the Sunday School. The readers of the NEWS have many times heard, no doubt, that through leprosy and various other forms of disease, the native race of the Islands was fast dying out. Brother Woolley states that while such has been the case in the past, it is at present estimated that the deaths and births among them are about equal, and that the native population is now holding its own. Our informant enjoyed his mission very much and returns in excellent health and spirits.

**Provo Points.**—Provo is alive and has a being. Also has any amount of disease-breeding corals, outhouses, stagnant pools, milky roads, careless City Fathers, holey bridges, cases of typhoid and other ow fevers, etc., etc.

A little son of David Meldrum, about five years old, was thrown from a horse on Wednesday then kicked, which shattered the skull, and left the lad insensible and bleeding. He was not found for two hours, and now lies at the point of death.

**Examination day to-morrow** (Friday) at the Academy, and consequent excitement at that institution. Much brushing of boots, waxing invisible mustaches, doing up of bangs, flutter of youthful hearts, and many practices of venerable and sounding anthems. The Principal is almost sick with a cold, but is nevertheless doing the work of three common men.

Here is an almost daily local picture: Telephone calls up Court House; "Important message for Mr. W. at Denver & Rio Grande Office." Man at Court House telephone calls up his folks at home. Man's wife runs over to neighbor's house, and tells W's father-in-law about message. Father-in-law leaves his work, walks down to W's and repeats the news. W. hurries way down to the D. & R. G. office, a mile away, gets telegram, finds it very important, but two days old and consequently too late. Scene closes on W. tearing his hair in impotent w— mirth, and pleasantly (ahem!) blessing the D. & R. G. Co., and praying fervently to meet the operators beyond the river, and there repay them ten-fold.

HOMESpun.

A scientific chemical compound that gives health and strength is Brown's Iron Bitters.

## THE TEMPLE.

THE LAST STONE OF THE SEASON'S SETTING LAID.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE STRUCTURE.

The last stone of the season's setting upon the Salt Lake Temple walls was put in place yesterday. There have been, in all, six courses set during the present season, which includes the turning of 42 arches.

The walls are now ready to receive the roof timbers, and stand 85 feet 4 inches high, and are 6 feet thick at the top. The battlements are to be carried up some 12 feet higher, and will be 2 feet 2 inches thick, except at the buttresses, where they will be 3 feet 6 inches thick.

The roof will not be commenced for some time, as the walls are sufficiently strong to sustain themselves for an indefinite period, and any change in the hoisting apparatus would involve considerable outlay; consequently the towers will be carried up a considerable distance without any change of machinery.

There have been no delays of any consequence, and considering the height of the walls and the great amount of stone raised during the season, (about 2,500 tons) together with the absence of accidents, it all speaks well for the method adopted, which is the result of Brother Angell's ingenuity, and for the good management and conduct of all concerned.

FROM SATURDAY'S DAILY NOV. 10.

**Excommunicated.**—William L. Ball and F. B. Moyers, on October 30th, 1883, were excommunicated for apostasy, from the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, by the High Council of the San Luis Stake of Zion, Colorado.

**Hand Crushed.**—George Sidwell, a lad of eight years, son of the late George Sidwell, of Mantli, Sanpete County, met with a painful accident at that place on Tuesday last. His right hand was caught in a cider mill and so badly crushed that it is thought two or more of his fingers will have to be amputated. He is the eldest son of his widowed mother, and one of eight children the elder portion of whom are girls.

**Southern Trip.**—This morning's train for Denver carried among its passengers Hon. C. W. Penrose, editor-in-chief of the DESERET NEWS, and C. R. Savage, Esq., the popular photographer of this city, who are off on a tour through the Southern country and California, intending to be absent for about three weeks.

Mr. Savage has in view the replenishing of his stock of negatives, notably the cactus views, which were destroyed in the burning of his Art Gallery last June. His traveling companion goes on a trip for health, sight-seeing and general recreation. Their immediate objective point is Denver, and after a stay there of a few days they will make a detour of the south and west, and return via the Central Pacific from California. We heartily wish both the realization of their fondest desires.

## SALT LAKE TO ST. DAVID.

PEN SKETCH BY A LATE LOCAL RESIDENT.

Mr. Charles S. Whitney, who left this city on the 25th ult., for St. David, Cochise County, Arizona, in company with Presidents Christopher Layton and David P. Kimball, writes to his father's folks under date of November 4th, having then just arrived at his destination. From a well written description of the journey, for one so young, we have been permitted to make the following extracts:

The night of the day we left Salt Lake we stayed at Farmington, and were off next morning at 7 o'clock, stopping at Ogden only long enough to purchase C. P. tickets and check our baggage to Benson. The car in which we rode was packed full of people from every nation, and we were much annoyed by several Chinamen who insisted on smoking. The "Romany Rye" company were on the same train, going to San Francisco, where they opened an engagement on the following Monday night.

The journey all the first day was very tiresome, there being nothing

to see except sage brush and sand. About 2 p.m. we came to the little town of Tecoma, and a few minutes later I made my first exit from Utah and crossed over into Nevada. After supper at Elko, we made our beds on the seats, and Brother Layton and I slept, there not being room enough for three. Uncle David preferring I should take the first half of the night while he sat up. At 1 a.m. he called me up, and he then took my place and slept the rest of the night. At daylight we were in sight of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, and at ten minutes past 8 a.m. entered California and the mountains.

The ascent was so steep now that the train took on another engine. We went through many snow sheds and tunnels, one of them (shed and tunnel together) taking one hour to pass through it, and at half past 11 a.m. we were on top of the summit, 7,019 feet above the sea level. The weather was very cold and the snow nearly a foot deep. Here and there in the mountains we would come to a house half buried in the snow, which reminded one of the convents read of in the mountains of Europe, for lost travelers.

After stopping awhile on the summit, we went spinning down the other side, dashing past monster trees, through tunnels and around curves, till it seemed as if we would be hurled from the track. Shortly after sundown we reached Benecia, where cars, passengers, baggage and all were run on to the huge boat Salona and floated over the straits of Carquinez to Port Costa, where the train was again run on land. At 9.30 p.m. we arrived at Oakland.

Oakland and San Francisco are like one large city, cut in half by San Francisco bay. I never saw a more beautiful sight than San Francisco the morning we saw it from the upper deck of the steamer. It is built on hills and dales. The most prominent building we observed was the residence of General Crocker, which stands on the tip top of one of the highest hills. It looked like an ancient castle.

I rode up California Street, five miles, for five cents, and was almost bewildered at the sights, residences with lovely lawns, conservatories, etc., with all the plants peculiar to California. The grounds of the Golden Gate Park are laid off in the most beautiful styles and shapes, and in the large conservatory and aquarium are plants and fishes of every description. We also visited the famous Woodward's Gardens, two whole squares connected by a tunnel running under the road. San Francisco is a second Eden, with a few more serpents than were found in the first one.

Most of the street cars in the city are run by cables. They go up a hill, as fast as a horse can run, at a slant of forty-one degrees.

In Oakland we visited the Catholic Church. The first thing I saw was an Irishman on his knees in the aisle, his hands clasped, eyes rolled up, talking to himself and suffering righteously. Next door to the Church is the Grand Opera House, and just opposite a saloon, all in full blast on Sunday night. Returning to our hotel we missed the steamer, and after crossing on another, were carried two miles beyond our hotel by the cars. We had to walk back, and got in at 1 o'clock on Monday morning, having been out sight-seeing since 5 a.m. the day before.

We stayed at Los Angeles two days. Most of the people here are Mexicans and Indians. We rode down to San Pedro, a port on the Pacific, and on the way saw large vineyards extending for miles and miles, with orange and lemon trees loaded with fruit, while bushels lay rotting on the ground. At Colton we heard that the bridge spanning the Santa Anna River had fallen through, with eighteen cars of freight. I went down to the wreck and staid two hours, and when I got back to the station, found the passengers for Arizona had all been transferred and the train gone.

Uncle David, thinking I was among them, had gone also, and I was left alone. I had his ticket. I staid all night at the hotel and next afternoon started on my way. As I was sleeping on the cars that night Uncle David came in; he had been put off at a wayside station on account of having no ticket. At 2 o'clock next day we reached Benson, where cousin Tom Kimball met us with a team and we rode over to St. David, a distance of five miles.

The very best iron preparation, and the one having the largest sale, is Brown's Iron Bitters.