

should have taken, and never asked credit, and never traded beyond our means. It is within my knowledge and the knowledge of thousands of this people that this institution has saved our community from out to three millions annually in prices. Our merchants have hearts that are too elastic, entirely too elastic; they are so elastic that they do not ask what they can afford to sell an article for, but they ask what they can get the people to pay; and as much as the people will pay, so much will the merchants take—a hundred, or a thousand per cent, if they can get it, and then thank God for their success. They put me in mind of some men I have seen who, when they had a chance to buy a widow's cow for ten cents on the dollar of her real value in cash, would make the purchase, and then thank the Lord that he had so blessed them. Such men belong to the class of Christians referred to on one occasion by Charles Gunn; and, if you will excuse me, I will tell you what he said about them. He said that "hell was full of such Christians."

Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution has saved an immense amount of means to this community, and we wish to continue the business, hence I propose that we put up a building, and then, instead of paying somebody in New York, St. Louis, Sacramento or San Francisco, three, four, five, six or eight thousand dollars to insure it, that we insure it ourselves and save that money. I will tell you why; if another man can make money by taking my means and insuring my property, I certainly can save as much as he can make, consequently I keep my money and do not insure my property. I have about as many buildings as anyone in this Territory, and I never yet paid a dollar to insure one of them, or any of my property, or myself. My faith is to build a house so that it will not take fire; but when I ride round here and see stovepipes running through the roofs of houses and through wooden partitions, as many of them do, I do not wonder that we want fire companies. If I had the dictation of the building of a city there never would be any use for a fire company, and never any need to have an insurance company, but we would save all this clerk hire and the expense of keeping large offices. What a saving that would be to the people! Build your houses and your cities so that they will not take fire unless you purposely set them on fire. When we see an insurance sign over a door, and then read a list informing us that hundreds or thousands have insured, say in this city, then we may look for fires. Some will get their buildings insured as high as possible, and then they will accidentally take fire on purpose. Some of you recollect a circumstance which transpired here some years ago. Certain merchants got broken up with their pockets full of money, and they had a large amount of pork on hand, but they could not sell it. Finally they got it insured and stowed it away in a cellar belonging to Brother Branch, who lived near to the Seventies' Hall. The pork got on fire in the cellar and was burned up, and all the insurance in the world could not put out the fire. But the house would not burn, and how they could burn the pork without burning the house was a mystery to me. Whether they got the insurance money I do not know. These are facts right before us, and ought to teach us a lesson.

If we call for the brethren and sisters who hold stock in this institution, we shall expect them to meet together and decide with regard to building a house in which to do our trading.

I think we had better hold our Conference during the continuance of this wintry weather, and wait until it moderates before we adjourn to go home.

Millions of little grasshoppers are hopping about in Kansas.

A nephew of Sir Walter Scott saws wood in Montreal for a living.

A sixteen-pound cauliflower is the latest astonisher in San Bernardino.

The Los Angeles Star says: "This is the year for the seven-year locusts."

It is a singular fact that music teachers are extinct in Boston. There are, however, plenty of "Directors of Trans-continental Conservatories of Music," etc.—*Boston Globe.*

A Bear Story.—The other day a Cache Valley Bishop related an adventure which he had with a bear, which occurred in October, 1871, and which has never been in any way made public. He was engaged in hauling lumber, and himself and a couple of teamsters had camped in Ogden Valley. In the morning a span of mules were missing and the teamsters went out to hunt them up, but returned in an hour and a half without being able to find them. The Bishop then set out himself to search for them. There happened to be a high ridge near, with a couple of ravines running parallel with and on each side of it. Thinking that the animals might be in one of those ravines, and that he might command a view of both he walked along the ridge. After going about half a mile he heard a rustling noise among some brush, and the idea suggested itself to him that if he walked down into the ravine and the mules should not be there it would cause him a great deal of trouble for nothing, so, seeing a couple of saplings, about twelve feet high, growing close together, he climbed up these to increase the range of his view, and lucky it was for him that he did that very thing, for no sooner had he got mounted upon those young trees than he heard a crackling sound as if the brush was being marched through as though it was so much grass, and out into the clear space came a huge bear, that, judging from its size, probably weighed 700 or 800 pounds. It looked wild and fierce about the eyes, and frothy about the mouth, as if angry on account of losing its companion or some other cause. The huge creature trotted along and passed almost directly under the anxious person who watched it with an interest more easily imagined than described. It passed the tree and the Bishop's heart beat hopefully, but after going a few yards it stopped suddenly, wheeled around, gave an angry glance at the Bishop and made directly for the trees, on reaching which it reared upon its hind quarters opened its tremendous mouth and stretched upwards its monstrous paws, which came within a little over a foot of the nearest portion of the Bishop's body. This was a most critical juncture, a most perilous situation, but the gentleman did not lose his presence of mind, and the thought flashed across him that the Lord never intended that he should be torn to pieces by a bear. Mustering all the strength and power that he could accumulate, he put it into his voice, at the very highest pitch and force of which he shouted down at the brute, at the moment the latter stretched his paws upward, "Get out!" Instantly on hearing this yell or shout, the bear gathered himself and scampered away at full speed. The Bishop got down and perhaps he did not make very good time, but his impression is that he never ran any faster before or since, and it is needless to say that he did not scamper in the same direction the bear did, and perhaps his teeth did not chatter after he got out of danger, and began to realize what a narrow escape he had had. Since that time he has never had any desire to interview Bruin, and he could not be hired to go on a bear hunt.

All the New York papers say matters are in excellent train for a good year's business.

Part of a Duluth congregation thinks that the preacher has a right to chew tobacco while preaching, and the other part argues that he ought to swallow the juice if he does chew.

A German physician has discovered that tobacco smoking by boys interferes with the molecular changes coincident with development of tissues, and makes the blood corpuscles oval and irregular at the edge.

The Norristown Herald is hypercritical. It grumbles because John Henry Brown spells his name "Junius Henri Browne." He ought to be thankful that the idiot don't spell it JuniousHenreigh Braughne.—*Washington Chronicle.*

The dethronement of Isabelle, the flower girl of the Paris Jockey Club, is a sensation in the gay city. This "girl" is forty years old, stout, very dark, somewhat rich, and mean enough not to support her mother. There are four or five other flower girls in Paris. They all get rich and wear diamonds in their ears.

GRAEFENBERG MARSHALL'S UTERINE

CATHOLICON.—This world-renowned medicine has performed some of the most startling cures on record of cases of Female complaints of long standing. It has the endorsement of leading members of the faculty, and should be in every household to relieve and permanently cure the diseases to which the female sex are peculiarly liable.

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We have again secured the exclusive agency for the sale of these excellent machines and extras for repairs, for Utah Territory.

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The master wheel of the Horse Power of these machines is cast of a new pattern, much heavier than the old one, and is well banded with wrought iron.

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