

IN KENTUCKY.

Progress of the Work.—Numerous Baptisms.

Hood, Johnson County, Ky.,
June 4th, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

The News is a welcome visitor to both Elders and Saints in this field. Things in this part assumed quite an opposing attitude during the past winter, the Elders having been compelled to encounter much persecution, in the way of slander and threats of violence, and utter expulsion from this locality. But no injuries have as yet been perpetrated. As the genial warmth of sunshine causes the cold to disappear, and vegetation resuscitate, so also has the earnest zeal, judgment, caution and wisdom which the Elders have manifested in promulgating the truths as revealed from heaven in these last days, caused the waves of opposition which have been rolling high to abate.

Not long ago we

WERE CHALLENGED

by two preachers, one a Baptist and the other a Methodist, for a debate, on an assertion, which one of our Elders had previously made; which was: "That no man knows that his name is written in the Lamb's book of Life except he has complied with the Gospel as it was taught by Christ and His Apostles."

We accepted challenge, but, when it came to the test they did not wish to meet us on the public stand and settle the controversy by the Scriptures, but agreed with us on the proposition, in the presence of a large congregation, who had assembled to hear both sides of the question: "Truth is mighty and will prevail." This had a tendency to do a great deal of good in our favor, causing many to say they are certainly something in "Mormonism," which is superior to any other "ism," which fact is well known by all those who are Latter-day Saints.

SISTER ALVA M'GUIRE

died of consumption June 7th, leaving a husband and six children and many friends to mourn her loss. She was highly esteemed by all who knew her. She left a testimony which stands as a lasting monument to the cause of truth. Her funeral services were held on the morning of the 9th, there being present a vast congregation of people to whom we had the privilege of showing the plan of salvation.

Brother Laub and I have just returned from a three weeks' visit among the Saints in Buchanan County, Va. We found them feeling well in the Gospel, and held meeting while there, encouraging them in regard to the necessity of gathering.

Elder Laub and myself have had the privilege of

BRINGING THIRTY

into the fold of Christ by baptism during my thirteen months in the field; and among that number I had the glorious privilege of baptizing my mother and brother, who are now in San Luis Valley among the Saints. Others have recently made application for baptism, which proves that the work of the Lord is still progressing in this part of the vineyard.

Your brethren in the Gospel,
JOHN F. LAUB,
N. G. SOWARDS.

FROM A SOLDIER.

Conflict Between Troops and Civilians—Wonderful Storm, Etc.

DURANGO, Colorado,
June 5th, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

We are comfortably situated here in Fort Lewis. We have very nice quarters, and the place is reported to be healthy. But still I must confess that with all our splendid surroundings we all much regret our removal from the banks of the Great Salt Lake, where the scenery of the landscape is only equalled by the fertility of the plains around, and where the people, whom we learned to respect, treated us invariably with more courtesy than often falls to the lot of soldiers. I assure your many readers and especially the boys at Fort Douglas, that time will

NEVER EFFACE

our pleasant recollections of service there and we have no doubt our successors will so conduct themselves as to merit the consideration and good will of the kind and hospitable inhabitants of Utah, which was always extended to the boys of the Sixth.

Altogether we are a comparatively short distance from the borders of Utah, the distance as the crow flies being not more than 500 miles; still in order to get here by rail, we travel over a thousand miles and by three different railroad lines, the Utah Central, Union Pacific and D. & R. G. But besides escaping the long march, which must have been made by taking the short route, we were more than compensated for the 86 hours in the emigration sleepers by the grand scenery continually recurring from the moment we started.

At Morgan, where we arrived at 6 p.m. on our second day's ride, we stopped over an hour and had a most enjoyable and exciting time. The young men of the town were engaged in a game of foot ball, and immediately on our alighting from the train they

CHALLENGED US

to a friendly encounter. Sergeant Rain and Corporal Fox accepted the challenge, and proceeded to select a double team of the best men in the regiment. The play during the first half hour was tame, neither side having room to cheer; but about this time the citizens on the one side and the officers on the other, having gathered and commenced encouraging their respective teams, the game became quite exciting and each team found in the other foemen worthy of their steel. At the end of the hour, as the train was leaving, the officers proposed a draw, which was accepted by the citizens.

All hands having partaken of refreshments, which were served at the co-operative store, the principal building in the town, the soldiers pursued their journey amid the rousing cheers of their late antagonists. The soldiers are confident that only for the dust, which befriended the enemy by changing the color of the "blues," thereby causing many of them to kick on the wrong side, they would have won the fight; but on the whole they are well satisfied with the hour's sport; and they wish me through the News to offer their hearty thanks to the Morgan boys for affording so much amusement to all concerned.

Nothing in particular occurred after leaving Morgan till we entered Wyoming, and what

A TERRIBLE CONTRAST

this is to the well watered, shady pastures and beautiful, fertile valleys of Utah. For hundreds of miles in Wyoming there is not a blade of grass, nor even a pool of water to be seen.

One peculiar occurrence I think well worth mentioning in this connection: About a hundred miles from Cheyenne we approached what we thought was one of the many snow sheds which are built all along the line. We let down the windows, as was customary, to prevent the smoke from the engine coming into the cars. But this time we were disappointed. There was not a trace of the snowshed to be seen. But it might not have been carried more than a few feet, for all was darkness; we could not see our hand when thrust out of one of the broken windows. The most

TERRIFIC HAIL STORM

I ever heard of, raged for about two hours. The train was almost brought to a standstill, and several of the windows were broken. The storm came from the northeast, and was confined to about five miles in area. We plunged into it exactly as we would have done into the snowshed if it had not been carried off, and where we emerged, leaving about 4 feet deep of very large, hard snow balls behind us, the ground was perfectly dry, not having been touched by the wonderful storm. We formed a very unfavorable opinion of Wyoming, and were agreeably surprised when we reached Cheyenne, to find one of the finest and most progressive cities in the far west. But passing through the city an explanation of Cheyenne's prosperity is had in the fertility of the soil, the number of mines and beautiful purling streams all around. In fact, the whole country from Cheyenne to Denver is one vast field of natural wealth. We changed cars at Denver, taking the D. & R. G. to Pueblo, and thence to Durango, passing world renowned scenery, which is the great attraction of that route. I have not time to say more now, but will send a description of this locality in my next letter.

Yours truly,

"AUTHENTIC."

English Verbs and Prepositions.

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you mix them up so with prepositions."

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Murkeson just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping. Am I right there?"

"Break up housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh, yes, I remember—break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh, yes. And, indeed since the small-pox has broken up in our city—"

"Broken out."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her home alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do you say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No, that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes, broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow; a breaker, I think."

"A breaker, and a very fine young fellow. Good day!"

So much for the verb "to break."

A cold wave, on its way east, froze a Chicago girl's feet and a St. Louis girl's ears, and then the wave lay down and died of exhaustion.

GIRLS IN THE HOME.

Marion Harland on the Education of our Daughters.

GIRLS WHO ARE DISAGREEABLE AT HOME—MOTHERS WHO CROWD THEIR GIRLS INTO SOCIETY AND MATURE PLEASURES AT UNDUE AGES—YOUNG WOMEN WHO ARE QUEENS BEFORE THEY HAVE BEEN PRINCESSES—YOUNG WOMEN WHO MATURE TOO QUICKLY—THE GRATITUDE OF GIRLS FOR PARENTS—SOME WISE WORDS FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS TO READ AND HEED.

Editor Deseret News:

"DOUBTLESS," to travesty the worthy ecclesiastic's pronouncement anent the strawberry, "God could have made a sweeter creature than a pure, lovely, sensible girl, but He never did!" But it is only in the New World that, for the usually brief period of her sojourn and maiden meditation in the parental home, she is apotheosized.

"When the girls come home from school for good," is the date at which efflorescence begins in the homestead when walls and windows and floors and furniture put on their beautiful garments, and the doors are thrown hospitably wide for friends and admirers. Papillia enters her kingdom with the feeling that it is a special creation for her, and her only, and those who gave her life are chiefest among her courtiers. Life is never so fresh and fair to any other of the Father's children as to her at her debut. She seems to herself to begin then to live.

Provided—her wings have not been unfurled before they were grown. The proviso is grave and broad, and merits more than a passing remark. As prematurely ripened fruit, as blossoms dwarfed in the forcing, as all kinds of manufacture turned out in haste from crude materials—so is the girl (not Ours this time, thank Heaven!) who at fifteen assumes the place and prerogatives of twenty.

How well we know her through much seeing! Knowing, pert, self-satisfied, slow to hear and quick to utter her whole mind, she sets our teeth on edge after the manner of early summer apples, tough with thin, uncurled juices. She is generally the eldest or the only girl in the home. Mothers are unfortunately prone to hasten the maturity of such in the desire to have a young lady in the house. Back of this superficial and childish desire to set the pretty toy in place lies the natural and touching longing to relieve her own life, impatience to falsify the pessimistic sigh:

"There is in Life but one short Spring, And it can ne'er return."

The mother would see herself take root again and blossom anew in autumn. This reproduction of our individual girlhood, with its fancies, hopes, loves, and raptures, is one of the sweetest of the peculiar joys of motherhood. It is not a figure of poetic speech that we are "courtied in our girls." A cool head is required for the patient waiting until time brings a consummation to us of the beautiful dream, and a strong hand must hold back the eager, ignorant child who would leap the boundary set by nature and reason.

Miss Pert keeps grown people's books, has her say—and a liberal share of it—in grown people's talk, snubs her mother unsparingly, schools her father, hectors the younger children, and orders the servants; is delighted when she is mistaken for nineteen, especially affects the society of men, and in nothing else is so successful as in making herself the most disagreeable specimen of animated nature that ever invited classification from a modern Goldsmith or Cuvier.

She has her beaux at a preternaturally early age, and is omnivorous of admiration. By the time Our Girl—who has been sent to bed at nine o'clock and otherwise treated as a growing student until she is eighteen—is ready to take her place as a young woman in the society selected by her mother and entered under her mother's chaperonage, Miss Pert is blase, discontented, and already beginning to "go off." Critics, who remember her as "on the course four years ago," are sceptical as to her reputed age; eligibles begin to look away from her to "rosebuds," and gossips hint that she is "a long time on hand." She lost the best things of childhood; she can never taste the morning freshness of girlhood. Her hasty foot has brushed the dew from clover and daisies; she never filled her lap with violets, and her roses are all full-blown.

It is cruel, cruel! and so impolitic when viewed from an utilitarian standpoint that the silliest mother might see the unwisdom of ruining her child's "prospects" in life by crowding her, unfinished, into the show-window.

Said the mother of grown girls to me, twenty odd years ago:

"Take all the comfort you can get in your daughters while they are babies. When they are grown to womanhood they will be nothing but care and anxiety."

I did not credit the statement then, I utterly repudiate it now. But it is easy to see why she and others should hold the opinion. Our Girl is made queen when she should be only a princess and a subject. Her dominion is violence done to natural laws. Her mother may be inferior to her in intellect and education. The disparity may be so far on the wrong side that

the daughter blushes to present her parent to her choice friends. The case is by no means uncommon. We rise fast in America, each generation recording a higher water mark than the preceding, and old-fashioned people soon get out of their depth. The busy house-mother has not time to keep up with the age (or so she thinks) when the children are small, and when is sure comes she is old and cannot (or will not) depart from her way.

I dare say the Royal Family of England could tell some odd tales of their intolerance with the Queen-Mother's obsolete whims, but there is no talk of a regency or of abdication. The mother of every home is a born sovereign, and only death should wrest the sceptre from her hand. Failure to comprehend and submit to this simple clause of home rule explains the anomalous condition of many households. Primogeniture is a dead letter, or ought to be during the parents' lifetime.

Obedience to this principle is for the good of the daughter no less than for the mother's comfort and happiness. The child matures evenly and gradually in her appointed corner of the home garden. The practice of docility does not impair strength. The first duty of one born in the purple and destined to rule in time is to learn how to obey. Gentle deference to parental authority imparts a charm to Our Girl's deportment which is too often wanting from that of most of our fair countrywomen. So pretty and engaging is this touch of velvety softness to character and behavior that one might suppose shrewd Miss Pert would cultivate a semblance of it as a means of captivation.

"My dear mother," I heard an accomplished young lady say to her excellent and by no means unrefined parent, "I wish you would not talk of what you do not understand. There is not a word of truth in what you have been saying!"

I was not surprised, some weeks thereafter, to hear the dear old lady say quietly, as if stating an indubitable truth: "It would be well if mothers were killed off by law, and got out of the way as soon as their children are grown and settled in life. There is nothing left for them to do in the world after that. I think"—with a gleam of bitter humor—"that the insects have the best time of it who die directly after depositing their eggs where they will be taken care of without the parents' help."

Our Girl cannot afford, for her own sake, to go without the elevating influences of the interim passed under the mother's wing when book-lessons are over and the prince is still but an ideal. Now or never is the season when she can repay in kind the wealth of loving kindness she has received from father and mother since she drew her first breath; return it in such grateful lavishness that they will account it recompense beyond desert, full measure pressed together, shaken and running over, given into bosoms a-thrill with renewal of life. The helping hand she lays to the daily burdens that begin to oppress the mother's shoulders is being trained for skillful work in her own home; even the forbearance she is called upon to exercise when physical infirmity makes the gentle mother peevish and the strong father unreasonable prepares her to control temper and tongue in the day when responsibilities as yet unknown shall harass her.

The home is to her the Lord's own school for the right discipline of character. The gradations prescribed by nature are safe and easy. Childhood should have its perfect work before it is developed into girlhood, not be displaced by it. Womanhood and matronhood succeed in the Father's gracious time, with breathing spaces between that make life full and fair.

MARION HARLAND.

TURNING WHITE.

There is a colored man in Paducah who has undergone a complete transformation within five years from a dark copper color to a complexion fully as white as the average Caucasian. The flat nose, the thick lips, and the matted hair unmistakably mark him an African, and the redness of skin denotes disease, but a casual glance would indicate that he was a white man.

His name is Erasmus Corbett, and he is a carpenter. He is 60 years old and has a wife and two children.

A reporter met Uncle Rasmus a day or two ago and questioned him concerning the strange freak.

"I was born in North Carolina," said Uncle Rasmus, in answer to a question "on Jan. 10, 1823 and I was the slave of Mr. Lewis Corbett, a cousin of the Hon. Thomas Corbett, the present register of the land office."

"After the war I came to Kentucky and worked for a long time in Princeton, Caldwell county. I was engaged for a long time in the woolen mills of Miles & Longshaw."

"About five years ago I noticed white spots coming on my hands. These spots widened and spread all over my body and limbs with great rapidity. It has left me almost white, as you see. This place on my arm (he rolled up his sleeve and displayed a spot about the size of one's hand) will show my original color."

"Was the change attended by sickness or queer feelings?" the reporter asked.

"At first it made me very sick. There was an itching, burning sensation all the time, attended by severe pains in the stomach and head. This lasted for

two years. During the past three years the change has been more gradual, and my health has been about as good as most men of my age."

"I was never very black as you will see from the spot on my arm, and was as light as mulatto. I was of dark copper color."

"How do you account for it?" he was asked.

"I am an uneducated man," Uncle Rasmus replied, "and I cannot explain the cause of the change. The poles in the dyes used in the woolen mill poisoned my skin and first started it. Why it spread I cannot tell."

Corbett is rather an intelligent man though he cannot read and write. His skin is gradually assuming a healthy color, and in a short while he will in fact be a white man.

NEWS NOTES.

Items Gathered from Various Sources.

Prescott, Ariz., June 16.—A wild dog suffering from hunger or rabies attacked two children of George Denny yesterday in his yard, near here, bit and wounding them seriously. The children were 8 and 10 years of age, respectively. On attempting to kill the vicious animal, it attacked Denny, and was only killed after a terrible fight. The children are under medical treatment and the physician thinks no serious effect will follow.

Kingman, (A. T.), June 16.—A serious shooting scrape occurred at Oote Ranch, in Apache County, a few days ago. The ranch at which the shooting took place is about eleven miles east of Springville, A. T., on the New Mexico line. The above round-up was at the above ranch, and at breakfast one Jenkins had some words with McGee the Cook. After eating, Jenkins passed around the house, near which the mess was being standing, to saddle his horse. McGee had sent for the captain of the round-up, Bob Thomas, and told him he could not get along with Jenkins calling him a vile name, and had terminated to quit. Thomas was tempting to excuse Jenkins to McGee when Jenkins made his appearance and asked, "What was that you called me?" at the same time drawing covering McGee with a pistol. McGee said, "Hold on," and he drew his pistol from the mess board and began firing at Jenkins, the first taking effect in Jenkins' arm, passing through, entering his vitæ. A subsequent shot struck Thomas shattering his leg and rendering amputation necessary. (In examination Jenkins' wounds were found to be serious and he died after two days of suffering. McGee was tried before a justice of the peace and acquitted. He is now nursing the man who was shot in the leg.

Virginia, Nevada, June 16.—Will Drysdale was fatally and John Hays severely injured in the Consolidated Virginia shaft this morning. Drysdale, Hanna and Andrew Fitzgerald had just loaded, at the 1400-foot level shaft station, the upper deck of a double-deck cage with timbers, and were on the lower deck. On the lower deck they placed a few loose 12x14 timbers, the men named above boarded the deck to ascend to the 1300-foot level neglecting to lash the timbers, as the custom. The cage was running to the 1300-foot level, Drysdale held the loose timbers in place. The cage began moving, and Drysdale, while conversing, momentarily forgot himself and let go of the timbers, which were standing on end. The timbers outward and caught in the wall plate, throwing the cage out of the guides. Hanna was pitched head down from the cage deck, but his caught between the rim of the cage deck and the wall plate, which saved him from being dashed to death falling to the bottom of the shaft feet below. He hung suspended by the heels over the yawning chasm, the bell-cord in his grasp, which gave the signal to stop when pitched head-long from the cage deck. A hanging half an hour in that position, momentarily expecting to be dashed to death, he was released most uninjured. Drysdale was falling fearfully crushed on the deck. He is seriously injured internally and cannot survive.

Smithson—I saw you at the theatre last evening, I believe, Miss Bacon. Did the performance come up to expectations?

Miss Bacon (who is a member of the Cheyenne Culture Club)—I can but say that I was wholly satisfied. Smithson. Why, that hero fatigued every time he pulled his gun. The slowest cowpuncher on our range would pump him full of lead before he could get his hand away from his gun. —[Lowell Idea.

AWFULLY ENGLISH.—Stranger, young Mr. Darwin—Will you tell me the time, sir?

Young Mr. Darwin (consulting watch, a Waterbury)—Aw, just 12. Stranger—Twelve? Why that's too fast.

Young Darwin—Aw, London y' know, sir.

Country readers are puzzling themselves over the following egg problem: If a hen and a half lay an egg half in a day and a half, how many eggs will six hens lay in seven days?