

NAUVOO HOMES ABANDONED BY THE PIONEERS.

Tuesday next, July 24, witnesses the 59th anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. The story of the wonderful emigration from Nauvoo, Illinois, has often been written, but this is the first time a newspaper illustration has ever shown the homes the Pioneers were forced to abandon when the mob drove them forth.

In all, 2000 dwellings and hundreds of farms were either traded for horses, cattle, or wagons at ruinous sacrifices, sold for a song, or abandoned outright in order that the Mormon population of the city might comply with the demands of its persecutors, and be out of the city by the spring of 1846. It will surprise many readers to note the modern character of some of the buildings.



Historic Mansion House



Heber C. Kimball's Residence



Joseph Smith's Home



Brigham Young's Residence



Sidney Rigdon's Residence

No more pathetic and interesting account of the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo has been written than that of the late Thomas L. Kane. He was a friend of Brigham Young and the Mormons, and what he saw at Nauvoo just after the expulsion was told in a lecture delivered a few years later before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The following is an extract from that lecture:

A few years ago, ascending the upper Mississippi, in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa, which the unsettled state of its lands had appropriated as a sanctuary for robbers, horse thieves, and outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the lower fall, to hire a carriage, and to contend for some fragments of a dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the badly. From this place to where the deep waters of the river return, my eye wandered to see everywhere sordid vagabonds and idle scoundrels, and a country, without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half-enclosed by the bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun; its bright new dwellings, set in cool, green gardens, ranging up around a stately domed hill which was crowned by a noble marble edifice whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles, and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, chequered by the careful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

It was a natural impulse to visit this living region. I procured a skiff, and rowing across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move, though the wharf everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets. The town lay as in a dream, under some deadening spell of loneliness, from which I almost feared to wake it; for though it had not slept long, there was no grass growing up in the paved ways, rains had not entirely washed away the prints of dusty footsteps.

Yet I went on unchecked. I went into empty workshops, rownshops and machine shops. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his work bench and shavings his unfinished saws and casing. Fresh bark was in the lumber vat, and the fresh-chopped hardwood stood piled against the barkers' men. The blacksmith's shop was void, but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked waterhorn were all there as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, climbing the wheelbarrow after me, to pull the marigolds, nasturtiums and lily-tulips, and draw a drink with the watermelon bucket, and its noisy chain, or knocking off with my stick the tall, heavy-headed cabbages and sunflowers, hanging over the racks for cucumbers and love apples, or even called out to see from any open window, or dog house, or barn, or back shed, I could have supposed the people hidden in their houses, but the doors were unfastened; and when at last I timidly entered them, I found that white white upon the hearths, and had to tread a tip-toe, as it were, down the aisle of a country church, the wailing voices of the choir from the second floor.

In the outskirts of the town was the old graveyard; but there was no record of plague there; nor did it in anywise differ from other Protestant American

cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the sun's hardly dried letter ink. Beyond the graveyards, out in the fields, I saw on a spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering remains of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—the sleeping, too, in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered woodwork, and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barred, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they



Where Willard Richards Lived

seemed anxious to gain my good opinion. They told the story of the dead city; that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 25,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action brought in front of the ruined suburb, after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, was obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called it; but I discovered that they were not of one mind

as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it, one of which, as I remember, was that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of 15, not long residents of the faded city, whom they admitted had borne a character without reproach.

They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhallowed worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which having been the peculiar objects of a former superstition, they had, as a matter of

duz, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed, and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these, they led me to see a large and deep chiseled marble vase or basin, supported by twelve oaken, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their duty counterbalanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as proxies for

whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents went into the water for their spouses, and young persons for their lovers. That thus the great vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was, therefore, the object of all others in the building to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the victims had so diligently desecrated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the steeple to see where it had been lighting struck on the Sabbath before, and to look out east and south, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. There, in the face of the pure day, close by the scar of divine wrath left by the thunder-bolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a brass drum and a steamboat signal-bell, of which I afterwards learned with pain.

It was after midnight when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset, and the water rushed roughly into my little boat. I heeded higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer.

There, among the dock and rushes, sheltered only by the darkness, within roof between them and sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human

creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground. Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and peanuts, and which, flaming and guttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the convulsed features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a half sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and glaring eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries; though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find here in occasional ally forcing him to swallow awkwardly sips of the tepid river water, from a burned and battered, bitter-smelling tin coffee pot. Those who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed, a toothless old, bald-headed, whose manner had the repulsive dullness of a man familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the hiccough and sobbing of two little girls who were sitting upon a piece of driftwood outside.

Dreadful, indeed, was the suffering of these forsaken beings, bowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each day and night dragged on. They were, almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble craving of their sick, they had not bread to quiet the frantic hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters, wanting even covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

These were Mormons in Lee county, Iowa, in the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1846. The city—Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country around. And those who had stopped their plows, who had silenced their hammers, their axes, their shuttles, and their looms, who were those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread—these were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers in their temple, whose drunken riot insulted the ears of the dyking.

I think it was as I turned from the wretched night watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of our Lord, I distinctly heard the loud, catch-tailed exclamation, and the falsely intoned scree of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their hoarsest organs strove to attain a sort of ecstatic climax, a cruel spirit of insulting frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the temple steeple, and there, with the wicked childishness of insubordination they whooped, and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and sang, in characteristic union, their thousandfold standstill yell.

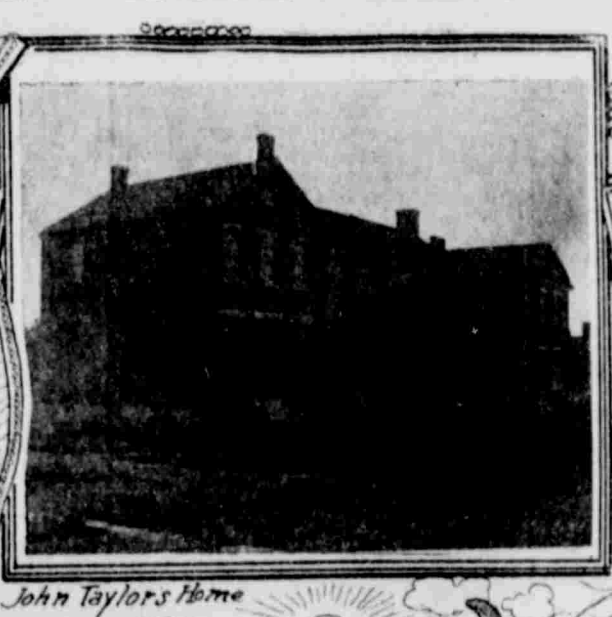
There were, all told, not more than 400 persons who were thus lying upon the river bank. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered this year before at over 20,000. Where were they? They had been seen, carrying in nocturnal train their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of another home. Hardly anything else was known of them, and people asked with curiosity, what had been their fate—what their fortune.

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Willard Wood's Home



John Taylor's Home



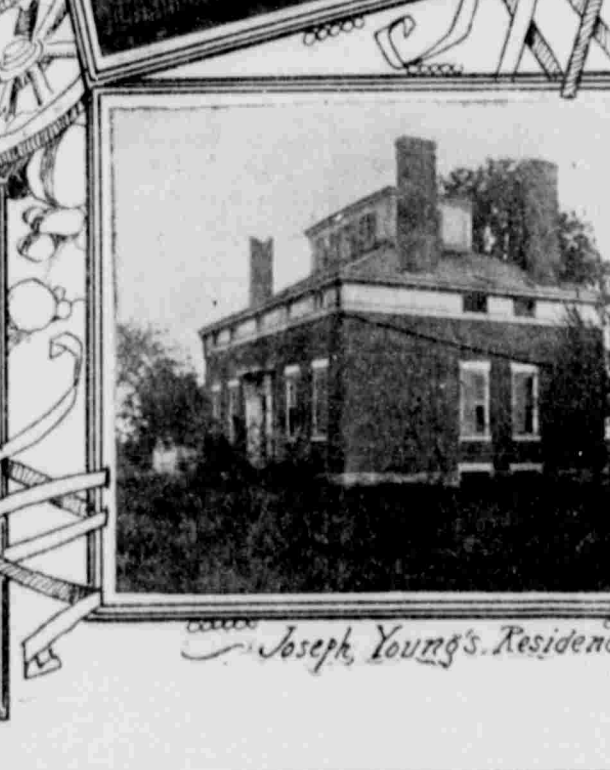
Lorenzo Snow's Home



Parley P. Pratt's Home



Orson Pratt's Home



Joseph Young's Residence

"Danish Edison" Transforms Speech Into Magnetic Waves.

WIRELESS telegraphy has prepared us for almost any kind of inventive wizardry. But the "Danish Edison," Valdemar Poulsen, has come forward to prove that there are things quite as mysterious as aerograms. For a demonstration of this fact, one has only to talk into the receiver of the Poulsen "telegraph," have his words invisibly registered upon the wire or disc that takes the place of the wax records of a phonograph, and then hear his remarks repeated with a distinctness that is startling.

So far as the untutored observer can see, there is nothing about the mechanism

of the telegraph to account for its performances. In a phonograph it is easy to follow the convolutions of the steel pin scratching its way about over the wax cylinder, or tracing a devious path to the grooves of a permanent hard-rubber record. There is nothing so obvious about the Poulsen machine.

In this the voice is recorded in the form of electro-magnetic impressions upon a thin steel disc or wire, one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. There is not a scratch, indentation, or mark of any kind to indicate that the wire or disc has recorded anything. But start the reproducing mechanism going, pick up the ear piece, and the apparently blank record gives forth whatever has been talked into it. There is no catching sound, the words coming in the machine as clearly as from a

human throat. The faintest whisper, or even heavy breathing is recorded and reproduced in the same way. The record is automatically erased by a stronger magnet as a new record is put on, or the record can be permanently retained for future reference.

YANKEES HELPED MAKE MACHINE.

When its invention was first announced, the telegraph attracted much attention from electrical experts and the physicists. Mr. William Preece said that it marked an era in the investigation of the molecular character of magnetic and electric operations. Lord Kelvin, Tesla, Marconi, Prof. Elihu Thomson and others bore testimony to the extraordinary perfection of the "recording and speaking telegraph." Technical papers described its wonders, and then for a period but little was heard of it. But all the time the inventor, aided by American experts, has been transforming his experimental model into a thoroughly practical piece of office equipment, for which the demand has already outrun the supply. An American company has

been formed to control the invention, which promises to make as many fortunes as were made by the Mergenthaler typesetting machine.

The principle of operation is the same in the wire and disc machines, the main difference being that with a wire or two of fine steel strands, compactly wound on a spool, the capacity is greatly increased. A single spool of wire allows for half an hour's continuous dictation.

For correspondence purposes, the beauty of the telegraph is that the type-copies operate can transcribe at any distance from the recording instrument, that is, any distance covered by the scope of the telephone. There is no carrying about of records or cylinders. All the typist need do is to take up his end of the connecting wire, press a button, and proceed to put into type the words that come through the receiver from the machine, which may just as well be a hundred miles as ten feet away. Or the machine and operator may be in an isolated room, and the dictation carried on over a wire from another office. One push button starts

the machine, another stops it, and a third one reverses it.

Wall street brokers were the first to see the possibilities of the telegraph as a piece of office machinery. By connecting it with the telephone, a word for word record of everything that comes or goes over the wire is made. If there is a dispute over an order or the customer's voice about what his instructions were. The advertising department of a daily newspaper, where a great many orders are received by phone, and where misunderstandings are frequent, uses a telegraph to make a magnetic transcript of everything that passes over the wire. In this way the one weakness of the telephone as a means of communication—that it keeps no record—has been eliminated.

There is already a scheme on foot to equip a large hotel so that guests in their rooms by using the telephone can be placed in instant communication with telegraphers located in the typewriting room of the hotel, dictate letters, and have them delivered ready for signature within a few minutes. The same plan has been suggested for the New York office building, providing

means for quick dictation to machines located in the central typewriting establishment. The steel discs used are so light that they can be mailed for two cents, if one wishes to send a letter or a speech and have it delivered in his own voice at some distant point.

At least one office in the New York financial district is so equipped that every word spoken in one of the rooms may be taken down by a telegrapher, noiselessly, but industriously, eavesdropping in the vicinity of the unsavory coffee. There is no means of knowing that there is a wireless present who will give testimony at the push of a button. It is well within the bounds of probability that the proceedings of board meetings will come to be recorded in this way. In the meantime, it is well enough to avoid making compromising statements in a vicinity where a telegrapher may be eavesdropping.

You Didn't Know This.

"Why," said a businessman, "are sailor trousers so baggy at the bottoms?" "They are baggy at the bottoms," the

mariner replied, "so that they will roll up above the knee conveniently and easily. Sailors are great deck washers, and in deck washing it is necessary to have the legs bare to the knees. Trousers of ordinary cut, rolled above the knees, would cramp the washers, the upper leg and trousers the circulation; but sailor trousers may be taken by their wide bottoms and pulled in a jiffy up to the hip. They fit the upper leg like a hip boot."

Sailor trousers, in a word, have so odd a shape because they are cut from the knee down to the leg from the knee up.

MAY LIVE 100 YEARS.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haynesville, Mo., now 90 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspepsia of 25 years standing, and made me feel as well and strong as a young girl." Electric Bitters cure Stomach and Liver diseases, Bilious disorders, General Debility and bodily weakness. Sold on a guarantee at Z. C. M. I. drug store, 112-114 Main street, Price only 50c.