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THE DESERET WEEKLY.

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DEATH OF FATHER BALDWIN.

After a Long Career He Leaves an Unsullied Record.

[Correspondence of the Deseret News.] I have been much surprised that nothing has appeared in the News concerning the death of the aged and much respected veteran, Nathan B. Baldwin. My personal acquaintance with him was but limited, but through a correspondence with him I learned the following facts of interest, which I will communicate:

President Nathan B. Baldwin was the son of Aaron M. Baldwin and Julia Bishop, and was born January 27, 1812, at Augusta, Greenville Co., Upper Canada. He was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, April 27, 1834, by John Gould. He went shortly afterward to Kirtland, and in 1834, as a member of Zion's Camp, he travelled from Kirtland to Missouri. Brother Baldwin always took much pleasure in relating to his intimate relations with the Prophet Joseph.

On February 28, 1835, he was ordained a member of the First quorum of Seventies, under the hands of President Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon and Oliver Cowdery, President Rigdon being mouthpiece.

In 1845, at Nauvoo, Brother Baldwin, at the organization of the Twenty-first Quorum of Seventies, was ordained a president of that quorum, being the fourth in succession.

A few years later being, on his way to Utah, at Kanesville, Iowa, he found the quorum records in the hands of the widow of President William Smith. He brought the records to President Joseph Young in Salt Lake City and was informed that he was senior president, all of his seniors having apostatized during the troubles of the Church.

Under the advice of Presidents Brigham Young and Joseph Young, he located directly in Fillmore, where he ever afterwards resided.

Upon the reorganization of the Twenty-first Quorum of Seventies, Nov. 26, 1883, and its location in Millard County, President Baldwin was nominated as senior president, holding that position until the time of his death, which ensued from general debility, Nov. 1, 1891, at Fillmore.

Brother Baldwin was a faithful, humble man, having the love and respect of all who knew him, and died in full faith of the Gospel.

Only a few days after his death his aged wife, the partner of his youth, followed him to the other side.

I am sorry that, making some twenty-five miles distant from Fillmore, I am unable to give more particulars. Yours truly,

THOMAS MCMURRY.

HUTTON, Millard Co., Utah, Dec. 1, 1891.

The Voodoo Doctors.

[Harper's.]

If an ignorant negro is stricken with a disease which he does not understand, he at once imagines that he has been jinxed, and his first impulse is to consult one of these charlatans. No one who has ever been much among the southern negroes can doubt the power of mind over matter. Only continue exactly those rites that he is required, and, unless a counter-spell can be wrought, his doom is certain: a slow wasting away until the patient dies from what modern medicine would have called a disease, but which is called by the voodooists—their—witchcraft. There are limits to the power of the charm. The waters of a spring, the fruit of a tree, may be consecrated for one person alone, and a voodoo burns under a disease any passerby the intended victim while every one who passes to and fro over it is perfectly safe. I remember, when a child, being requested to pick up a queer conglomeration of feathers from beside the door-sill of a cabin and put it into the fire. "Touch hair you time, honey, but 'twill kill me of I touch it." And the speaker spoke in good faith, believing fully what she said.

An old man over eighty, on the same plantation, took up the idea that the women at the house were trying to bewitch him. He would draw the supplies, were issued to his sheep, and every day we in half a mile up back to a stream of running water. When he grew too feeble for the journey he would trust the commissary to no one but his young master, who, humouring the old fellow's whim, performed it faithfully. Yet as every other subject the old man's mind was clear to the last, and he died in possession of all his faculties except that of reason.

Only the other day a friend of the writer heard her chaperone remonstrating with the nurse for putting her picture taken. "I wouldn't do it for anything. Mout throw a tie-tyer I might tak that," she said. "Put a photography-on-me, and my mojo could get one of 'em, and bring back look on you! all they need is a piece of you for the spell." Yet the girl in question claimed to have been through the grammar-school, and was a bright and shining light in a literary society which met weekly for purposes of "edifiyin'."

The knowledge which some of these conjurers possess of the properties of every herb and tree of field and wood is positively uncanny. They have a remedy or ointment for every ill that flesh is heir to and some of them would make the fortune of any dealer in patent medicines. They seldom resort to something fearful and follow the most expert practitioner.

Abner Dean Sees an Ex.

Foreigner—Why is it that so many American cities are complaining of bad water? Is not the water supply under the direction of city officials?

American—Usually.

Foreigner—And are not those officials elected by the people?

American—Yes.

Foreigner—Then it appears to me you have not been careful in select officials who are good judges of water.—New York Weekly.

A BLACKING MONOPOLY.

THE PADRONE SYSTEM HAS INVADED NEW YORK'S FERRIES.

Men Who Control the Bootblacking Privilege on Board the Ferryboats and to Keep Business Boomingly—A Business That Has Grown.

The unfolding law of business is that whenever there is an opportunity for the profitable investment of capital the money is forthcoming to keep pace therewith, nothing else is thought upon the great and contagious idea. And so it has come about that capitalists have not disdained to take hold of the bootblacking business. While waiting for a boat outside of the Twenty-second street ferry to New City a few months ago I saw from a remarkably bright and efficient looking boy, whose mode of dressing and shining indicated a good deal of experience.

"Why don't you go inside and pick up business on the boats where you are needed? Don't you see little girls going around with shine boxes?"

"I wish I could," said the boy. "But they won't let me do it."

"Why, I don't see how you can keep blacking boots, and they seem to make lots of money."

"Yes. They don't use a day that they do not pick up at least a dollar, and from that all the way up to three or four, or sometimes five. But they don't keep the money themselves."

"Who is not?"

"They have to give it up to the Italian padrones. There are three Italians who have bought the right from the railroad company, and they are the only men who are permitted to black boots on the ferryboats. They have hired a lot of Italian boys, to whom they pay three dollars or four dollars a week, and the boys are compelled to give up all their earnings to the padrones who hire them. If the boys do not turn in an amount that is believed to be all their earnings the padrones put in spurs and wrench them, and see that they do pay up.

BOOTBLACK PRIVILEGE.

"Well, why don't you go in and buy the right to black boots on the boats?"

"Ho! Why, do you know what these padrones pay for the right to black boots on all the boats? They pay over $1,000 a year, and along the boats I think it is a poor boy, don't much chance to get that job. I used to work for them, but I find I can make more money by standing outside and catching some of the customers before they get on the boat. There I get to clean profit, and I don't have to pay over to my padrone."

On all the steamboats and steamships and railroads, at the hotels, in front of saloons in fact, everywhere where men go there are to be found regulated bootblacks who use the best places, or there is an arrangement by which the owner of the boat or hotel or barber shop hires some one to do the bootblacking and takes the earnings, or, in fact, there are then arises several bootblack princes, such as the enterprising Italian who has the monopoly of the bootblacking at the Pavilion exchange, or the happy colored gentleman who does up the business in the Equitable building.

Many of the bootblack princes have wives and families and live homes, and their dress well and live well. At the big hotels the income from the privilege of blacking boots is considerable part of the revenue of the house. It has long ceased to be a proposition of the extent. A chair in a good place will yield five dollars a day for bootblacking, and on extra occasions a good deal more. The bills of the week in June by men, it really requires considerable time and more to black a pair of boots well, and the man who has once noticed the difference between the way an average bootblack does a job and the way he does it will not be easy to please the man who has the work will not care to do the boy's work again.

ART IN BLACKING BOOTS.

There are a good many points about blacking boots that give scope to the ingenuity of the professional bootblack occupation. The bootblack who can establish a reputation for quick and good work has to fortune made. He will go out of their way to meet him, and will work their turn so for a favorite barber.

On hot days bootblacks' chairs are very inviting on the street corners in the shade, and have a long stage and takes a long time for a shine. The minutiæ in the bootblacks' harvest, because there is so much traveling and so much dust. Some adepts be pure exact out from the Indians who have chairs for bootblacking in front of their cabins. Where are contracts to use the Italians' services in cleaning up the place or for running errands. Sometimes the proprietors come out and occupy the chairs as bootblacking places, to the great chagrin of the Italian boy in waiting.

Some time ago it was printed out that a good many women would get their shoes cleaned and stained as soon as it they would have the same facilities. Nobody seems to have acted on this suggestion yet, but it seems likely that there would be money in it. When one was finished that there is money in it others will follow. As it is, many women are ashamed of their shoes, and hang to get up on the chairs and have a street Cinderella's entrance and does so, but she generally finds herself an object of unmeasurable curiosity.

Improvements may be seen in the establishment of the bootblacking business. Fancy chairs, better blacking, a man at each foot, no end of elaborate hands for brushing, little goods of attention to boots, the varnishing of raised shoes, the ribbon of silk tied on the top of the boot, all this are in harmony with the spirit of the age that they have their own open in the necessity for keeping pace with the progress that is going on in other departments of human activity. When the thousand and one little spots such improvements now exist it has dawned on partners in the profession of society the modern bootblack will take an honorable place, but as will so be the out of the new most polished shoes.—New York Sun.

Super Dwight, who will preside at the peace conference at Rome this month, is an eloquent orator. He says that it is the triple alliance which has maintained the peace of Europe. "A peace which rests on all, which is mutually, equally, bound to protect peace which fills to will obtain and obligations to keep any peace eventually broken, and to shock every moment. "Why, you liar!"

Fighting a Correct Dress.

It will be the most fashionable occupation of the time in society hence, will forming, according to the picture drawn by G. S. Phillips in the New England Magazine. Both men and will look out for the dress of the other, and be ready to criticise, the men perhaps will have to be learned in the ways of the fashion, and the women will have to be learned in the ways of the men. It will be the fad. Carlisle will try for it. The men have found up to in the community—the best-trained, truthful, fashion and most influential citizens of which the one to aim will be the fashion. Improvements will have nearly all the necessary to do, however this is an unmixed society.

A few of the more improvements are to be made as follows: Five months' discussion will make a quiet. The men will be free of the exertion, government and responsibility, and the men will have all less disturbed out of them, the and persons in two or more generations of a family. Some of the men will have to be trained, and give good reasons for not wearing a silk hat. All the rest of the society will be equally interested. It may will be needed no longer except for racing and for time from, which will be a little delicate. Wagons will have pneumatic tires, like wheels and will be run by electricity. They will be noiseless when they fly along the roads.

Nobody has any fears large than fifty years may marry, and many of men are to be taken in the place of women. Wheat produces always fifty cents to the very acre, 200. The soils and farm products have been so carefully analyzed that the agricultural experts are nearly what kind of fertilizer to feed the ground to produce a given vegetable growth, whatever it is. Farmers are yellow grain, and there is an agricultural experiment station in every county. Machinery does all the work. Pneumatic tubes underground connect houses and here, so that conversation can be carried on between them. However, the smart pots which do through to engineers rapidly in parts of urban population by means of the cultivation of some insects that Conley chose. "Fine lines other than to his "cat," as it were, and eat them up. Each farmer has his insects, knowing you, to which he continually carefully the. Insects are four from which are injurious to the fruit and grain. The population exceeds 100,000,000 in the year 2000, and people eat in immense quantity of dairy foods, thereby these most healthful lines that lay 500 eggs in a year are the more in demand, and selling, like all the other hard work, is done by the company.

Farmers raise all the eggs we need, which of it from the sugar beet, at a cost of one cent a pound. Electricity plays a part of immeasurable importance in the social life of the year 2000. It runs grass, mows, sews, and plows. Electric shovels and brooms work everywhere. Whatever on the farm is hard or dirty to do, that this excellent servant of mankind stays in and accomplishes with neatness and celerity. Every farmhouse is lighted by electricity, and the power