

marriages have now for many years been legal in every part of the United States of America, and you have therefore had ample experience of their effect on social and domestic life, and can say from practical knowledge whether morality has suffered from the fact that in the State of—Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister is permitted by law.

The opponents of the legalization of Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister in the United Kingdom are fond of referring to America as illustrating in a marked degree the baneful evils which it is alleged must follow if these marriages are recognized as legal.

In order to give your Excellency an example of the statements that are made, I enclose a letter quoted in an article which has recently appeared in one of our leading periodicals, "The Church Quarterly Review," which is being extensively circulated. I am anxious to ascertain whether such assertions as those contained in this letter are generally supported by facts, or whether the writer has drawn his startling inference from an isolated case.

May I ask that your Excellency will kindly honour me with such information as you can conveniently give as to how the law which permits Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister has worked in the State of—My reason for making this request is, that I hope to introduce into the House of Lords again this year a Bill similar to the one which so nearly became law during the last Session of Parliament, and am naturally concerned to have all the knowledge of the practical working in America of a law similar to the one which I am anxious to persuade the Legislature to adopt in this country. I trust, therefore, your Excellency will forgive me for troubling you in the matter.

I have the honour to be,  
Your EXCELLENCY,  
Very faithfully and obediently yours,  
DALHOUSIE.  
To His EXCELLENCY, the Governor of the State of—

## Correspondence.

### ITEMS FROM ASHLEY.

MARCH 11th, 1883.

*Editor Deseret News:*

The Conference of the Ashley and Mountain Dell Wards of Wasatch Stake commenced March 3d, 1883, and held two days. House crowded at both meetings. Bishop Hatch was sustained as President of the Conference. Most of the Priesthood of the two Wards present. Opened with the usual exercise. Remarks by Bishop Hatch, his Counselors and other brethren that were called to the stand. Reports read from the various organizations of the Wards. Numerous other items of business transacted, to-wit: Ordination of several Sisters in the Presidency of Primary Associations, presentation of general and local Authorities of the Church who were unanimously sustained by the Conference, appointment of Ward clerk, &c.

The weather is very warm and pleasant, ground quite muddy. Farmers are commencing to turn over the soil and put in the grain.

Good prospects ahead for large crops. The present outlook for a good market rather limited. Twenty soldiers were left at Ft. Thornburg last fall, but the number is now reduced to seven or eight, cause, desertion. It is claimed that nearly thirty tons of corn, several sets of harness, various and numerous other articles of Government property have mysteriously disappeared from Fort within the last few months.

Our county court is defunct to all intents and purposes. Anarchy prevails. J. Barton, elected by the people, has accepted the Governor's appointment as county judge and demanded the papers and office of the present incumbent. P. Dood, electman, has qualified as prosecuting attorney under the appointment; and County Clerk Britt has qualified in justice of the peace under the Governor's appointment; and thus we are. Saddler, one of the appointees for selectman, has just been taken out, under \$500 bonds, to Salt Lake City, for having government property in his possession. If there could be another one or two carried out, I do not know how we should end it. We would try to stand up under it.

The last month has been very dry, not a family escaping fever and sore throat, and in many in-

stances a rash breaking out on the little ones. Four or five deaths have occurred; all children and infants. There has been a decided improvement in health the last week or ten days.

Quite a marital fever has prevailed here the last few months. A widow aged 47 married a young man of 25 after an acquaintance and courtship of nearly a week. An elopement a week ago added its excitement to the diversities of the season—an employee at the sutler's store at Fort Thornburg and a 14 year old daughter of Enoch Davis. A couple of other marriages I might record, but I think this will do for once.

CLAYMORE.

ALMO VALLEY,  
Cassia County, Idaho,  
March 6th, 1883.

*Editor Deseret News:*

I take the liberty of writing you a few lines about our little place of the above name. It was first settled as a farming country by Mr. M. B. Durfee and H. R. Cahoon in May, 1880. Since then, between 30 and 35 families have moved here from Utah and some from Iowa. We were told by stockmen we could not grow anything here, but we have proved to the contrary. Last year we raised about 5,600 bushels of wheat, oats, and barley, 1,500 bushels of potatoes of the best quality, besides vegetables, such as cabbage, radishes, squashes, beets, turnips, onions, beans, peas, carrots, cucumbers, melons, tomatoes, and some corn and other small things.

We have good land, good water, plenty of the finest quality of wild hay. Of timber, we have pine—white, yellow and red—also balsam pine, quaking aspen, cottonwood, cedar, birch, alder and mahogany. For firewood we have pinyon or pitch pine in almost endless abundance.

We have a school, but owing to neglect it is not a very big one. We have a lyceum or debating school for old and young, and numberless surprise parties; also some Sabbath meetings. We have a post office (mail every Thursday) kept by Mr. M. B. Durfee; also we have a store kept by Mr. Frank Gwin, which is doing a good business.

There is land here for a good many more settlers, and about 12 miles south west of here in what is called Junction Valley, there is room for 20 or 30 families, (so come along ye homelless,) with all the necessaries, such as timber, water, hay, etc., partly in Idaho and partly in Utah.

We have, what experts call, good mines, containing gold, silver, iron and lead, but owing to lack of capital they are not very well developed yet. But I believe a poor man's best mine is in a potato patch.

It has been like all other places very cold here this winter, but is warm and pleasant now we have started plowing.

H. R. CAHOON.

### A Yankee's Burglar Trap.

An amusing case was tried last week in the Supreme Court in Norwich, Conn. George Avery is a typical country grocer, and his store in the quiet village of Groton has almost as various a stock of goods as was crowded into the ark. He is tall and lean and prosaic and methodical in disposition. He never smiles. No one ever accused him of humor or shrewdness. At intervals of several years his store had been entered by thieves at night and small sums of money have been stolen from his till. Two or three months ago he lost quite a sum of money and some valuable goods in this way. Mr. Avery said nothing, but he took a spade and went down into his cellar and began to dig a hole directly beneath his money drawer. At odd times for several days thereafter, when trade was dull and the male goossips had fallen asleep on the cracker barrels up stairs, Mr. Avery toiled at his excavations. When he had finished his work with the shovel he had a pit four feet square and eight feet deep. From the top of the hole to the floor of the grocery was a distance of about ten feet. Mr. Avery next purchased some of the smoothest-matched yellow-pine boards in the market, and with them made a seamless shaft, reaching from the floor of the grocery to the bottom of the pit. He next cut a square hole in the floor under the till, and rigged in a trap, similar to those used on gallows frames, directly opening into this eighteen foot shaft. He invented a reflex action spring that, after the descent

of the trap, would carry the door back into position, where it would be held by a snap catch. Mr. Avery was now ready for his next burglar. He arranged his trap during the day so that neither he nor his clerk would fall into the bowels of the earth, but invariably left it baited when he shut up store for the night. He waited several weeks with no result.

On the night of January 2d Henry Johnson and a partner, wandering rascals from New York, decided to enter Mr. Avery's place for pillage. The getting in was a simple process. They quietly knocked in a pane of glass, and Johnson entered. He trod safely across the store and passed behind the counter. He approached the till. He placed his hand on the draw-knob and took a step forward. Instantly the trap shot downward with a rattle and bang, and Mr. Johnson went down straight as a plumb into the chasm. His descent was so sudden and rapid that he hadn't time to utter a cry to his companion. The latter heard the noise of the trap as it struck against the side of the shaft, and at once made off. The trap, as soon as it had disposed of its victim, rose swiftly and noiselessly into its place, and the automatic hasp fastened it.

Mr. Johnson, speaking to a reporter concerning his downfall, said: "I thought I was going to the bottom of the earth. I was surprised. I struck all in a heap. It was total darkness. I picked myself up after a while, and found that I was lame but no bones were broken. I then began to think of some means of getting out. I thought I was in the cellar, and felt around. My hand struck against the side of the pit. I felt there was a smooth surface all around me. As high up as I could jump it was as solid as steel. I kicked against the side, but it was no use. I cursed the demonition hole. Then I thought I might dig under the boards, and went to work with a will, but after digging with my hands, and piling up a mound of earth behind me, as nearly as high as my head, the piled up earth began to run back into the hole. I gave up the task as hopeless, and waited for development. I was now anxious to be caught. Any way to get out of that blasted pit, which was blacker than midnight."

At an early hour on January 3d, Mr. Avery came down to his store, opened it, and at once saw that

burglars had paid it a visit, and that the trap had been sprung. Mr. Avery went about his morning duties with his usual composure, sweeping out the store and setting things to rights. He did not go to the shaft to see whether the burglar had escaped. He had perfect confidence in the trap. After an hour or two, and after returning to his home and eating breakfast, he called the neighbors into the store, and told them about his trap. He added that he had good reasons for believing that there was a burglar in it. All went to the mouth of the shaft, and Mr. Avery raised the lid. The party peered down, and dimly descried Mr. Johnson, begrimed with soil, sitting complacently on the dirt pile at the bottom. He looked up at the gathering and called out:

"When are ye goin' ter let me outter this cussed trap?"

Mr. Avery replied that there was no hurry. A constable was called in, ropes were prepared, and after a quarter of an hour Mr. Johnson was drawn up and landed on the grocery floor. He made no effort to escape. He was taken to New London and

lodged in the county jail. He pleaded guilty to a charge of burglary in the Superior Court, and on Tuesday last was sentenced to two years in the State prison. His companion, whose name is unknown, has not been captured. Mr. Johnson is still lame from the effects of the fall.—N. Y. Sun.

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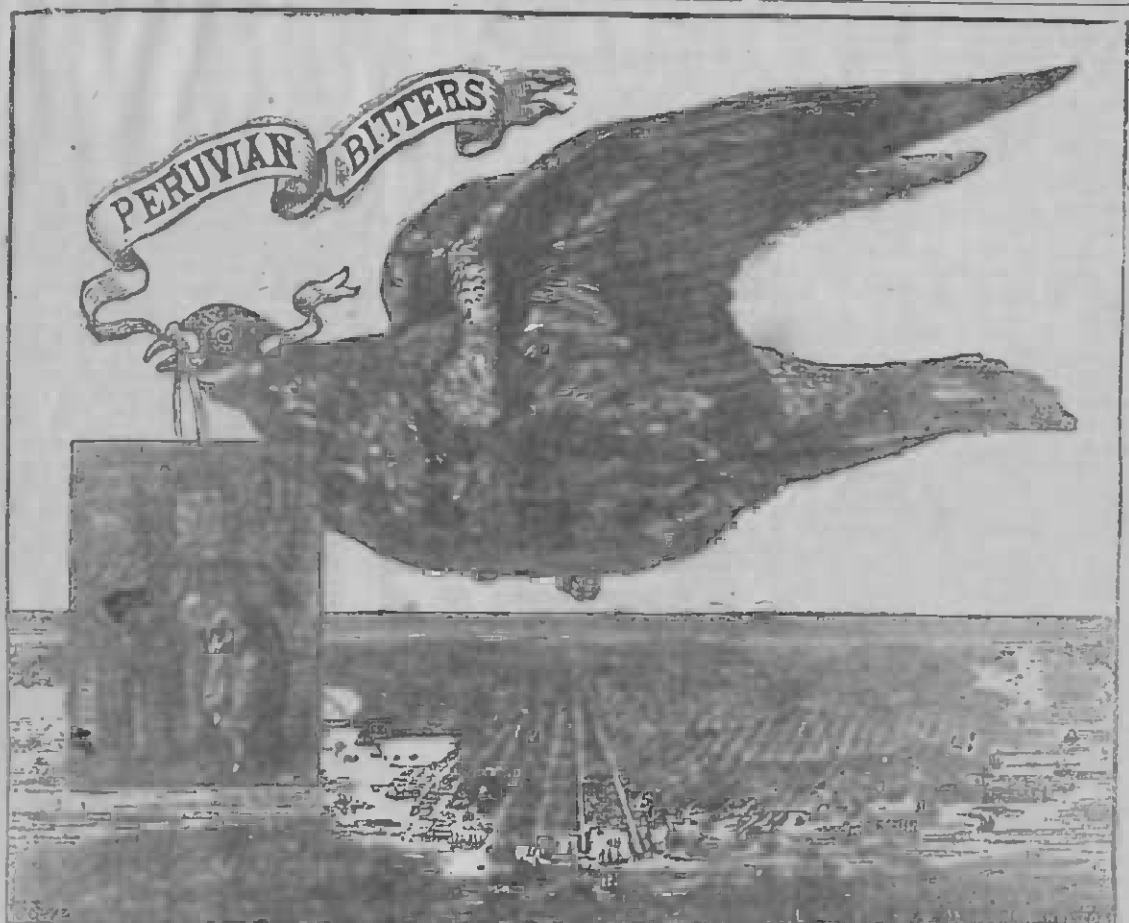
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