

## WOULD BE FINISHED.

They were now doubtless performing the services which they agreed to before coming here. This is the fifth Temple which he had attended the dedication of, and might live to attend many more.

The musical exercises today were the same as the past two days and the singing of "Hallelujah to the Lamb" as effective.

The closing prayer was offered by the pastor, Lorenzo Snow.

No summary could do justice to the discourses, which were inspired by the Holy Spirit and delivered with great power. Many persons shed tears of joy while listening.

The shower which had been threatening for days and which was much needed, commenced descending soon after the close of the services.

All the visitors unite in praise of the architects, the mechanics and the painter, Brother Morris, for the grandeur of the building, which far surpasses any other in the Territory.

Many visitors from a distance will stay to their homes this evening; others go tomorrow.

## Y. M. M. I. A. CONFERENCE.

A general conference of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association will be held in the Tabernacle, Salt Lake City, on Saturday and Sunday, June 2d and 3d. Meetings will commence each day at 10 a. m., 2 p. m. and 8 p. m.

The general and local authorities of the Church are requested to promote the interests of this conference, so far as they are able, that it may be largely attended and productive of the utmost good.

A general invitation to the people is extended to be present.

WILFORD WOODRUFF,  
JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
MOSES THATCHER,  
General Superintendency  
Y. M. M. I. A.

## CLEANING OUT THE TOWN.

COVERS OF PEACE IN A FRONTIER VILLAGE DECIDE TO FIGHT FOR IT.

Thirty or forty cowboys were assembled in a frontier town. The spring "round-up" had just been finished and the cattlemen, having amused themselves during the day in various sports and pastimes, were now about to make a night of it in true cowboy style. A large number of the more daring and greedy gamblers and outlaws, who always precede the westward march of civilization—or at least of law and order—were there, bent on filling their pockets, even at the risk of their hides. These men gathered in the saloons and gambling rooms with such of the cowboys as they could persuade to join them. The wheels were soon turning, the cards were being dealt, the rattling chips and the clinking of glasses were heard here and there through the open doors, and above the din of the discordant voices of dealers and players. The atmosphere of these places was wholesome with the smoke of cheap cigars and foul pipes, with the fumes of stale beer and vile whiskey. A few clear-eyed, bloated, repulsive-looking women mingled with the men in the idle games, or drank with the noisy crowds at the bar. In the streets small parties were lounging here and there, talking loudly and incoherently, and other parties were moving aimlessly from place to place, apparently in search of the strongest attraction or the easiest excitement. Occasionally a shout and a few oaths were heard above the general hum and clatter, denoting that the firewater was taking effect on some victim, and there were various indications that serious trouble was liable to begin at any moment.

The town was in the transitory stage which nearly every frontier railroad town must pass through at some time in its history—wrestling itself from the despotism of outlaws and passing into the hands of good citizens. A village organization had lately been effected under the Territorial law, officers had been elected and a vigilance committee organized. Notices had been served on many of the more desperate characters that it was time for them to move on, and several of them had already taken the hint and moved. But the majority of them remained, and it was plain that they were not going to the town should get too hot to hold them. Several of them had replied to these notifications to the effect that this was a free country—especially this Western part of it; that they had as good a right to live in that town as any one else; that they had been there long enough to make themselves at home; that they had come to stay, and proposed to make it exceedingly interesting for any law-abiding citizen that might attempt to drive them out.

Peaceably disposed citizens, as well as the other class, wore their six-shooters in plain sight, and their countenances, as well as their declared policy, bespoke a determination to have peace, like the Quaker in the late war, they had to fight for it. Unquestionably the greatest amount of nerve was on the side of the law and order league, but the toughs were in the majority, and many of them were desperate. They were fugitives

from justice, who knew not at what moment they might be apprehended, ironed, and taken East to answer for their crimes. Others had already "done" time in prison.

Being a stranger in the place I had cultivated the good will and friendship of the cowboys and cattlemen, knowing them to be honest, well meaning, and in all respects the kind of men it would be well to stand in with in case of trouble. Their sympathies were with the officers of the law and against the toughs, but they had, as already stated, come to town to have some fun, and must have it before returning to their dreary, isolated shacks on the great "flat." Several of them had already taken seats at the gambling tables and had besought me to join them, but fortunately I had been able to decline their invitations without offending them. I, however, made the rounds of the saloons and gambling rooms with another party of my new friends, and was compelled, in order to maintain my standing with them, to imbibe much of the liquid poisons dealt out there than I would have wished. As often as possible I compromised on plain seltzer or soda, and when compelled to drink the alleged whiskey took homeopathic doses of it and allopathic doses of water. In this way I was able to keep my head clear when several of my companions were nearly blind.

It was drawing near midnight. The din of voices had grown louder and more boisterous, until now it was a very bedlam broke loose. Several fights had taken place, and the Marshal, aided by his three deputies, had made several daring arrests. More than once an open riot had seemed imminent, but had been averted by the coolness and nerve of the officers.

We entered one of the largest saloons where thirty or forty men were playing various games at the tables and a dozen or fifteen more were hanging about the bar drinking, smoking, or talking. Hot words were spoken at one of the tables, and before we had time to really locate the dispute one of the worst and most desperate of the gamblers drew a revolver and fired at his adversary. The man, a popular young cowboy, rose to his feet, staggered backward, uttered a groan, and fell dead. No sooner was his fate realized by the spectators than half a dozen revolvers, trained on the thing, cracked almost at once, and he fell to the floor with several bullets in his body. This was the signal for bloody work. As if at command the blacklegs huddled together at one side of the room with their backs against the wall, and several of them shouted a challenge to the other party to fire.

At this moment the officers and several members of the vigilance committee entered, and the thugs were ordered to throw up their hands. The order of the Marshal was responded to by a bullet that broke his left arm below the elbow. Then a vigilante dropped the man who had malmed the officer. A gambler shouted, "Put out the lights!" and an effort was made to carry this plan into effect. One lamp was knocked down and broken. One of the toughs sprung toward another lamp that stood near me. I struck him a terrible blow on the head with my six-shooter that doubled him up under a table, and the "subsequent proceedings interested him no more." A bullet from one of his friends was my reward, and I felt a burning sensation in my right arm, near the shoulder, but I staid in the fight until it was over.

The Marshal and a posse then poured a volley of lead into the ranks of the outlaws that sent several of them groaning and howling to the floor. This was followed by a general revolver matinee, in which every man who retained the use of either hand took a lively part. One after another the lights were extinguished until only one flickered dimly through the dense, suffocating smoke. It stood on a shelf near the door. The cowboys and vigilantes defended this, but a bullet finally exploded it. The oil ignited and flamed up to the ceiling. A cry of fire was raised, and then a general rush was made for the door. The law and order party were out first and received the other gang as they came with bullets and clubbed revolvers. Finally the building was emptied, but none too soon, for it was now enveloped in flames. The fire ceased about the same time, simply because the ammunition was exhausted, and the toughs, seeming to admit defeat, fled into the darkness—at least each of them as were able to walk. They had fought desperately and with an utter disregard for danger that in a just cause would have won them undying honor.

The attention of the victors was now turned to saving the wounded from the burning building, and all these were safely carried out, but the bodies of several dead were burned up. It was never known exactly how many of the hoodlums were killed, for the bodies were bunched and were so nearly consumed that it was impossible to count them. It was learned, however, that three cowboys and two vigilantes were killed and a large number of each class wounded. Several of those arrested were hurried away to the corral which served for a jail and there guarded by men armed with Winchester rifles. The injuries of the wounded were attended to as best they could be under the circumstances. I was one of the unfortunates for the time. A stranger to the officers and vigilantes, I was peremptorily adjudged one of the gamblers and an opportunity to prove my identity, my innocence, or my sympathy with the cause of the good people. I suffered bitterly from the cold, as, in fact, did all of those

in the corral, for no shelter or blankets were provided for any of us. My wound proved but a slight one, however, and being able to walk about I put in the few remaining hours of the night much more comfortably than did many of the others.

Soon after sunrise the citizens assembled at the rodeo jail. I was recognized by some of the cowboys and my release was at once secured. Three of the worst of the prisoners, men who were known to have been guilty of former crimes, were summarily strung up on the cottonwood trees. The others, with several of the worst saloon keepers, were escorted out of town at the muzzle of rifles and informed that the atmosphere of that place would never more be healthy for them or any of their like.

That was a bloody night's work but it brought peace and order to a crime-ridden, blood-stained town, which has since been as quiet and orderly as any Eastern village of its size. And this tragedy was no more terrible, this action on the part of the law-and-order people no more harsh, than that which has been resorted to in many another frontier town when decent men have decided that the outlaws must go.—Chicago Tribune.

## Effets of the Climate.

Tradition tells of a young English recruit who was sent out to garrison duty in Ceylon soon after his enlistment, and beheld with great amazement (having never seen a colored man before) the first native who boarded the transport when she cast anchor in Colombo harbor. "Who's that black chap, Bill?" asked he of a comrade. "What, don't you know him again?" answered the other, who was a bit of a wag; "why, that's our old chum, Harry Thompson, that you used to know in the old country. He's been here five years, you know, and the sun's toasted him black." "The sun's toasted him black!" echoed the greenhorn, staring in open-mouthed horror at the supposed transformation. "Do you mean to say that I'll be like that when I've been here five years?" "Of course you will, Dick," replied his tormentor, with heartless cheerfulness, "and so'll I too, and so'll all of us. Look at that chap," (pointing to a passing Chinese boatman), "he's only yellow, you see, because he hasn't got more than half toasted yet; but in another year or two he'll be as black as your boots."—New York Times.

## Prudence May Be Overdone.

I have always thought prudence was rather of an over rated virtue. The soul that is always poking about for a safe path is like a blind man feeling his way with a cane. The man who is always looking for a soft place to fall on before he leaps, is like a bird that never tries its wings for fear of a tumble. He misses the exhilaration of the upper air, the rushing wind and the unobstructed sunshine. The narrow little idea pessimist who is afraid to commit himself to fresh and untried opportunities, is like the greenhorn in the Nineteenth century who is too timid to ride in a steam car, but is content to plod forever in the highway dust. It's not worth while to be on the alert for mishaps. The Lord has given us eyes and brains, and a modicum of common sense; let us use these faculties to keep ourselves and growing and advancing, without constantly stopping to think of miscalculations. Time enough when the wreck befalls us to man the lifeboats. He who attempts to sail forever on a raft will make slow progress. I would rather take my chances for an occasional smashup in a fast express than ride up to London in a wheelbarrow.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

## Facts Concerning Inherited Diseases.

In the realm of disease, the facts of inheritance are most numerous, and are daily accumulating. Here they are no longer, alas, curious and amusing, but terrible, fearful, overwhelming. No fact of nature is more pregnant with awful meaning than the fact of the inheritance of disease. It meets the physician on his daily rounds, paralyzing his art, and filling him with sadness. The legend of the ancient Greeks pictured the malignant Furies pursuing families from generation to generation, and rendering them desolate. The Furies still ply their work of terror and death; but we have stripped them of the garb which superstition threw around them, and they now appear to our eyes in the more intelligible but not less awful form of hereditary disease. Modern Science, which has cast illumination into so many dark corners of nature, has shed a new and still more lurid light on the words of the Hebrew Scripture: "The sins of the fathers shall be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

Instances of hereditary disease abound on every hand. Fully 50 per cent. of cases of gout are inherited. The proportion is not much less in that destroyer of families, our natural scourge, consumption. Cancer and scrofula run strongly in families. Insanity to a marked degree but, fortunately, like many other hereditary diseases, tends to wear itself out, the stock becoming extinct. Nearly all defects of sight are occasionally inherited. Sir Henry Holland says truly that "no organ or texture of the body is exempt from the chance of being the subject

of hereditary disease." Probably most chronic diseases which permanently modify the structure and functions of the body are more or less liable to be inherited.

The other day Mrs. W. H. Carpenter was moving her household goods into her husband's new flat on Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago. She wanted to drive a nail in the pantry, and looking for a hammer, saw a piece of gas-pipe about a foot long lying on a shelf, which she thought would be just the thing. She was on the point of hitting the nail with the end of it when her husband gave a loud shout of dismay and caught her arm. The pipe was a dynamite bomb, and in another second Mrs. Carpenter, her husband and household goods would in all probability have been destroyed by an explosion. The pipe was an inch and a quarter thick, with plugged ends, in one of which was a fulminating cap, and a single blow would have set it off. Carpenter found the bomb some time ago in a flat of his which was formerly occupied by a young man who gave his name as Tubman. Tubman mysteriously disappeared last November and has not been seen since. When Carpenter found the bomb he started to take it to the police, but laid it down for a moment, and when he came back it was gone. He had not seen it again until he saw it in the hand of his wife. It was at once turned over to police inspector Bonfield.

Professor Wilcox, of Chicago, in a late issue of the *Congregationalist*, gives an extraordinary account of the secret history of the purchase of Alaska. This is, in effect, that during the civil war, at the time when our country was threatened with intervention from England and France, the administration hired vessels from a Russian fleet which remained upon our coast for a time for its protection. When the danger had passed, the administration hesitated to apply to Congress for the necessary appropriation to pay the Russian Government, and finally the purchase of Alaska was hit upon, and by a secret understanding the amount due for the use of the fleet was added to the purchase money of the Territory. The authority for this story is said to be statements made by General Sherman in personal conversation with certain unnamed gentlemen in the West. If the story were not told, however, by such a man as Professor Wilcox, it would be received with incredulity. It is certainly a curious, not to say extraordinary, narrative, and the publication of it seems to call for either indorsement or disclaimer from General Sherman.

## Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phoebe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 60c. and \$1, at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. (4)

## WORTH KNOWING.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe cold, attended with a distressing cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottle free at A. C. Smith & Co's Drug Store. (4)

The "Exposition Universelle de l'Art Culinaire" awarded the highest honors to Angostura Bitters as the most efficacious stimulant to excite the appetite and to keep the digestive organs in good order. Ask for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, and beware of imitations.

## DOCTORS' BILLS.

Nearly all diseases originate from infection of the liver, and this is especially the case with chills and fever, intermittent fevers and malarial diseases. To save doctors' bills and ward off disease take Simmons' Liver Regulator, a medicine that increases in popularity every year, and has become the most popular and best endorsed medicine in the market for the cure of liver or bowel diseases.—Telegraph, Dubuque, Iowa.

In 1850 "Brown's Bronchial Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

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has no equal. Stands alone as the Great Blood Purifier and cure for Rheumatism. All Wholesale Drug-gists sell Brown's Family Medicines. Z. C. M. I. Drug Store, General Agents.

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has revolutionized the world during the last half century. Not least among the wonders of inventive progress is a method and system of work that can be performed all over the country, without separating the workers from their homes. Pay liberal; any one can do the work; either sex, young or old; no special ability required. Capital not needed; you are started free. Cut this out and return to us and we will send you free, something of great value and importance to you, that will start you in business, which will bring you in more money right away, than anything else in the world. Grand profits free. Address: TOWN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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MARRIAGE LICENSES, SUCH AS THE late Territorial law requires Probate Clerks to issue in case of every marriage performed, to be obtained in any quantity at the DESERT NEWS OFFICE.

## I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long story. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed it is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you. DR. R. G. MOOT, 123 Pearl St., N. Y.

## ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One black HORSE, 7 years old, branded FOX on right thigh.  
One gray MARE, 12 years old, has a bell on, also hobbled on front feet, branded VS on right thigh.  
One small sorrel yearling HORSE Colt, four white feet, white strip in face, brand resembling CS on right thigh, has a halter on.

If damage and costs on said animals be not paid within ten days from date of this notice, they will be sold to the highest bidder at the Draper estray pound, at 2 o'clock p. m., May 31st, 1888.

H. A. SMITH,  
Poundkeeper.  
Draper, May 21st, 1888.

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