

The Mormon Question.

If the law, as it stands, cannot reach Brigham Young * * * it would be a monstrous blunder to secure his punishment by any other means. It would be equally unwise for the Government to make indiscriminate war upon the Mormon Church. Such a war would be regarded by the Mormons as persecution, and persecution is not exactly the thing for this age and country. Unless we are prepared to adopt the method of Lee at Mountain Meadows, and exterminate all the Mormons old enough to talk, the less we do in the way of persecuting them or their leaders the sooner shall we be able to give them the benefit of our boasted civilization. There is only one thing that will surely prevent the dismemberment of the Mormon Church, and that is the waging of a war of persecution against it. Such persecutions would bind the people together; it would clothe some one of their leaders with power and authority, and it would induce the population of a quarter of a million to act as a unit in defense of its principles and its rights. The chances also are that it would recruit their ranks by exciting the sympathy of myriads of weak-minded sentimentalists throughout the world, and would supply that blood of the martyrs which is the seed of the church. Like all other sects the Mormons would thrive under persecution. It was never a greater force than when it went into the wilderness poor and famished but full of fiery zeal.

We cannot afford to make Brigham Young a martyr and arouse the fanatical zeal of his followers. Let us be patient. We are dealing with a "snarl" that will disentangle itself if handled carefully and patiently. If we deal with it roughly we may simply "snarl" it beyond all hope of straightening.—*St. Louis Journal*.

Evils of Destruction of Forests.

The news of forest fires would seem to indicate that half the country is ablaze. In the estimate of losses we note that account is taken mainly of improvements and of cut wood—of houses, barns, saw mills, lumber and corded fuel. These are, of course, the losses that most strike home to the individual, but in a national sense they are really the smallest item of this calamity. All these things can be replaced. But the forests, the hundreds and hundreds of miles of forests that are destroyed every spring can never be replaced—or, at least, only after the lapse of centuries. We see the result in the falling of our streams in summer, and in destructive freshets in the spring. The climate, too, is changing with the waste of woodland. Fruits that used to be plenty as grasshoppers in a meadow, are now scarce and of poor quality. High winds and late frosts work disaster. The evil promises to affect even our national standing. Our great rivers are failing from the denudation of the land about their sources. Fifty years more of such land clearing as the last fifty has seen about the headwaters of the Hudson, would make the upper reaches of that stream unnavigable at low tide. It is difficult to point out a remedy; and yet the situation loudly calls for one. Such sweeping fires are unknown in the great forests of Germany, for the simple reason that the underbrush, which acts as tinder to the spark, is all cleared out. Of course we are too young a nation for any such work as that; yet it is full time at least to begin a reform in our forest management.—*Cincinnati Times*, May 17.

THROWING CHILDREN TO THE WOLVES.—A curious and distressing case has been under the consideration of the police of Moscow. A few months ago a Russian peasant, with his wife, and four children, were traveling in a sleigh along the banks of the Pruth, when they were pursued by a pack of wolves. The peasant urged on his horses as much as he could, but soon perceived the horrible fact that the wolves were fast gaining upon them. At the moment when the sleigh was surrounded by the ravening beasts, the man seized one of the children, threw it in the midst of them, and while the wolves were struggling over their prey he hastened on his horses and gained ground. Four times the wolves came up with the fugitives, and four times the horri-

ble sacrifice was completed. At last the peasant and his wife arrived at the nearest village, leaving behind them the bones of their four children. In the bitterness of her despair the mother informed against her husband, but the Judges, considering that if the peasant had not resigned himself to the horrible sacrifice he would not only have lost his children, but also his wife, acquitted the prisoner.—*London Echo*.

Witty But Not Wise.

Report of U. S. Marshal Fred. Douglass's Offensive Speech at Baltimore.

Washington was not a good city. It has a good many churches, but it is some distance from the spot to which their spires point. It had a bad beginning, and had never produced any great statesman or philanthropist. The descendants of the old families make no mark. It sided with treason against loyalty, and its selection was a great mistake, being sandwiched between two slave States, and the headquarters of the slave trade, where the boys were sold as swine. It was cruel without reason and indecent without shame. Freedom of speech and the press was unknown, and its idea was slavery. John Quincy Adams was threatened with death for advocating the right of petition. Drinking and gambling were prevalent under the dome of the Capitol. The duelist was in repute, and the place filled with poisonous weeds and serpents. Moral life was a shame. All was fair without, but foul within. Its boasted chivalry was to challenge a Northern man to fight and to help whip a negro with his hands tied. The people applauded Breckinridge in his treason, stood behind Andrew Jackson and impeachment, and in their midst was hatched the devilish plot that robbed Lincoln of his life. During the war Jeff. Davis would have been more welcome than Lincoln, Lee than Grant, and the Stars and Bars more than the Star Spangled Banner. [Applause.] Parson Brownlow made an apt remark on his way to Washington. He said that he felt he must be getting near the city, as he began to feel as if he wanted to steal something. [Laughter.] Washington society fanned into a fury the passions of men, and much of the old spirit was left. The portraits of Giddings, Gerrit Smith and such men had no place on the walls of the Corcoran Art Gallery, but the Calhouns and McDuffies were numerous. They knew how to make northern men with southern principles, and that class was reappearing now. It was again getting dark for the colored race, but the shadow would ultimately pass away. [Applause.] The old Maryland and Virginia families always had the best pickings and the offices and slaves. But Virginia's glory has departed. Instead of the mother of States she is the grandmother; and occasionally one of her sons appears, chewing James River tobacco—his dignity gone, masters without slaves, lords without lands. The Washingtonian is indolent in all his movements. Step into a store and you will wait five minutes before you are noticed. Every one of them has been or expects to be a great man. [Laughter.] They walk slowly, but not measured, their arms hanging listlessly by their sides. He excels all other Americans in sitting, and can remain in an easy chair longer without any fatigue than any other man. [Laughter.] He is fully equal in this respect to the Turk. He carries a cane. He walks with it, sits with it, stalks with it. Like the swords of the Knights of old, they are more for ornament than support. They wear hats pulled down over their eyes like thieves and robbers. They think it gives them a congressional look. There is a class called "poor white trash" who never held office. These were the slave overseers, catchers, whippers and watch-dogs. They make some sort of a living by hunting and fishing, and yet they are not happy. [Laughter.] They talk of the Lost Cause as if they had had millions in it. The city is filled with schemers of all kinds and both sexes, who strive to get something for nothing. To be honest is to be a fool. The place is filled with duplicity and servility. The change in the condition of the colored people was remarkable. Their schools were among the best, and when he visited there and found bright and intelligent children doing the most difficult mathematical problems, he

felt there was a future for their race.—*Baltimore Gazette*, May 10.

THE SEVENTEEN-YEAR LOCUSTS.

—Advices from different parts of the county state that the seventeen-year locusts are already appearing in large numbers. In 1860 they did not come until June, but they remained until Autumn. In the vicinity of Greenbush, and other places in the south part of the county, they are increasing in numbers daily, and the well-remembered din made by the wings or vocal organs of the insect in 1860 is heard on every side. The locust first makes its appearance in a large grub, coming out of the ground backward. Its wings soon unfold, when it at once attacks the nearest tree. The ravages of the seventeen-year locust are confined entirely to the trees. They make deep grooves the entire length of the smaller branches and twigs, which soon cause the foliage to die and turn yellow. The locust is over an inch long, and is a formidable-looking insect. It has no resemblance to the grasshopper locust, but looks more like a huge beetle. The back of its head bears marks that form a plain letter W. This is the third time the seventeen-year locusts have been known to make their appearance in this country; in 1843, 1860, and the present year. They were so thick in the first-mentioned year that they were destroyed and hauled away by the bushel by farmers and others, who thrashed the trees. From all appearances they will be very numerous this year.—*Troy Whig*.

INDIAN IMPROVEMENT.—Those who do not desire the extermination of the Indians but their gradual incorporation into our social and political systems have a right to feel greatly encouraged at the progress made among them within the last eight or nine years. The last report of the board of Indian commissioners, not yet printed, shows that in 1868 the houses occupied by Indians numbered but 7,476, while in 1876 they numbered 54,717. There were then on the reservations but 111 schools; there are now 344. There were then 4,718 pupils attending school; there are now no less than 27,215 native scholars. Out of about 266,000 Indians the board estimates that over 100,000 wear citizens' dress. The Indians raised then 126,117 bushels of wheat and 367,363 of corn; in 1876 they raised 463,054 bushels of wheat and 2,229,463 bushels of corn. They owned in 1868 but 2,683 sheep and 29,890 swine; in 1876 they owned 447,295 sheep and 214,076 hogs. All this is certainly very encouraging, and proves that under a proper policy which shall hold out some inducements to them to follow peaceful pursuits a large per cent. of the red men may be saved to civilization.—*Washington Star*, May 7.

Professor Adler remarked in the course of his last lecture in New York that what a woman is no one knows, not even herself.

History says, "Caesar had his Brutus." But somehow or other we always had the impression that Brutus rather had Caesar.—*Ex*.

A New York policeman has more dignity than a king, and he usually takes in a whole paper of tobacco for one chew.—*Herald*.

A witty French lady, who was an "adopted" member of a famous military corps, when a cigar was lighted in her presence, with the remark, "I suppose they smoke in your regiment?" said, "Yes, but not in my company."

John De Cook, of Manaska County, Ia., had \$390 which he didn't need for immediate use, so he hid it in the straw under his sitting room carpet. The other day his wife in cleaning house took the carpet up and burned the straw, and the money too.

The man who threw an egg at the English Vice-Chancellor, and of whom that functionary made an example by committing him for contempt, proves to have been an American, and is supposed to be as un-sound as his egg.

A shoemaker has invented an article he calls the foot-pad, and which is said to greatly relieve the strain upon the foot. The old style foot-pad relieves you of everything, and isn't for sale by a shoemaker either.

These are kind people who print this notice: "The attendance at the wedding of Mr. Smart and Miss Jones, yesterday, being so large, for the benefit of the many friends who were unable to gain admission, the ceremony will be repeated."

"How many of you are there?" asked a voice from an upper window of a serenading party. "Four," was the reply. "Divide that among you," said a voice as a bucket of slops fell, "like the gentle dew of heaven," on those beneath.

All journalists are not poor. Turner, of the *Telegram*, has a dog. It is fond of chicken, and killed five hens worth a dollar apiece the day before yesterday. Turner did not want the hens, but the owner came out with a cub and persuaded him to buy them.—*Norwich Bulletin*.

SEWING MACHINES.

We have lately copied several articles from other papers relative to Sewing Machines. We confess that we had not investigated the business very closely, and may have misled the public as to the cost of machines. We have looked into the matter, and feel satisfied we have done an injustice to a great industry. If any mechanic will look at any of the first-class machines (the Elias Howe for instance), he will see at a glance that the labor alone, upon such a machine, must necessarily be worth at least twenty to twenty-five dollars, as one man cannot possibly make a machine and finish it complete in less than seven to eight days. Then comes in the cost of material, wear and tear of machinery, insurance, taxes, freight to all parts of the country, office rents, clerk hire, advertising, instruction in the use, and many other items which go to swell the cost. As we now understand it, the Companies have determined to reduce the prices of machines only for cash trade. They claim that they never made any money on the lease or monthly instalment plan, and hence are determined to quit it. A first-class sewing machine cannot be manufactured and sold on time as heretofore at less than the prices at which they have been sold. But the leading Companies are determined to sell hereafter for cash, and have accordingly reduced prices.

Under the old system hundreds of thousands of dollars were lost, and thousands more were spent in trying to collect. Under the cash system the public will not have to pay for the bad debts. The old system was rather a necessity; the sewing machine was a new thing in many parts of the country, and people had to be taught how to use it. The delivery of machines at the very doors of the people and the giving instructions added largely to the price.

We understand the Companies are now willing to deal liberally with all who are indebted to them, if they will only pay up. The difference in price is not, nor will not be, as great as many newspaper articles have led people to suppose.

The fact is, manufacturing and selling Sewing Machines is very much like raising wheat. If a farmer raises thirty to forty bushels of wheat to the acre it pays the cost of production and a handsome profit. On the other hand if he only gets ten bushels to the acre it will hardly pay the cost of seed grain, labor etc. Just so with Machine Companies the more machines they can manufacture and sell the greater the profit. The three or four leading Companies are bound to keep the trade, because they not only have the factories for producing Machines, but they have built up a reputation which it would take years for a new Company to establish. They have agencies all over the land to supply all needful parts, etc., and new Companies cannot make the business pay, because they cannot sell enough to cover the cost of labor and material in those which they do produce and sell. Where are the hundred, or more, Companies who have tried it? "Gone where the wood-bine twineth."

WE HAVE ON SALE THE IMPROVED CHICAGO

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Threshing Machine

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These machines recommend themselves in all places where they are used, and need none from us. Price List sent on application. Address

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Our place of business is seven miles South of Salt Lake City, and our Railroad Depot Little Cottonwood.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the Estate of Robert B. Pate, deceased, will exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, to the undersigned Administrators, at their residence at Union Fort, Salt Lake County U. T., within ten months after the first publication of this notice.

MARY PATE,
JACOB G. PATE,
Administrators.

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Readers and Heads of Families

CUT out this notice and send it to the Graefenberg Company, 56 Rea St., N. Y., together with TWO FIVE-CENTS, and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a copy of their valuable family medical book, entitled

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MANUAL OF HEALTH.

It contains 360 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and is written in language plainly understood by every one.

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Liniments.

One kind for the Human Family.
The other for Horses and Animals.

These Liniments are simply the wonder of the world. Their effects are little less than marvellous.

The White Liniment is for the human family. It will drive Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia from the system; cure Lumbago, Chills, Lock-jaw, Palsy, Ich, and most Cutaneous Eruptions; it extracts frost from frozen hands and feet, and the poison of bites and stings of venomous reptiles; it subdues swellings and alleviates pain of every kind. When sprains or bruises occur, it is the most potent remedy ever discovered to heal the injured parts. The Centaur Liniment is used with great efficacy for Sore Throat, Toothache, Caked Breasts, Ear-ache, and Weak Back. The following is but a sample of numerous testimonials:

"IOWA HOME, Jeff. Co., Ind., May 28, 1873.

"I think it my duty to inform you that I have suffered much with swollen feet and chafes. A few bottles of Centaur Liniment has done the work for me. I have not been free from these swellings in eight years. Now I am perfectly well. The Liniment ought to be applied warm. BENJAMIN BROWN."

"The proof is in the trial. It is reliable, it is hardy, it is cheap, and every family should have the White Centaur Liniment."

The Yellow Centaur Liniment is adapted to the tough muscles, cords and flesh of horses and animals. It has performed more wonderful cures in three years of Spavin, Strain, Wind-galls, Scratches, Sweeney, and general Lameness, than all other remedies in existence. Read what the great Expressmen say of it:

"NEW YORK, January, 1874.

"Every owner of horses should give the CENTAUR LINIMENT a trial. We consider it the best article ever used in our stables."

"H. M. RSH, Supt. Adams Ex. Stables, N. Y."

"E. PUTTZ, Supt. U. S. Ex. Stables, N. Y."

"ALBERT S. OLIN, Supt. Nat. Ex. Stables, N. Y."

The best patrons of this Liniment are Farriers and Veterinary Surgeons, who are continually using some Liniment. It heals Galls, Wounds and Poll-evils, removes Swellings, and is worth millions of dollars annually to Farmers, Livery-men, Stock-growers, Sheep-raisers, and those having horses or cattle.

What a Farrier cannot do for \$20 the Centaur Liniment will do at a trifling cost.

These Liniments are sold by all dealers throughout the country. They are warranted by the proprietors, and a bottle will be given to any Farrier or Physician who desires to test them.

Laboratory of J. B. Rose & Co.,
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Honey.

Pitcher's Castoria is a complete substitute for Castor Oil, and is as pleasant to take as Honey. It is particularly adapted to Teething and Irritable children. It destroys worms, assimilates the food, regulates the Stomach, and cures Wind Colic. Few remedies are as efficacious for Feverishness, Croup, Worms and Whooping Cough. Castoria is a scientific and purely vegetable preparation, more effective than Castor Oil, and neither gags nor gripes.

COLUMBIA, Conn., May 3, 1876.

Messrs. J. B. Rose & Co., N. Y.:
Gents: I have a family of eight children and have used as much CASTORIA as any family in the United States. I think I have never found anything equal to it. My children have been saved from a fever several times by the use of Castoria. I recommend its use for children, for many diseases they are subject to, in preference to any medicine I know of. I feel it my duty to give this certificate on account of the benefits I have derived by the use of CASTORIA.

Very truly yours,
NORMAN P. LITTLE.