

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD

The church and the world walked far apart,
On the changing shore of time;
The world was singing a giddy song,
And the church a hymn sublime.
"Come give me your hand," cried the merry world,
"And walk with me this way;"
But the good church hid her snowy hair,
And solemnly answered, Nay.
I will not give you my hand at all,
And I will not walk with you;
Your way is the way to endless death,
And your words are all untrue."

"Nay, walk with me but a little space,"
Said the world with a kindly air;
"The road I walk is a pleasant road,
And the sun shines always there;
Your path is thorny and rough and rude,
While mine is flow'ry and smooth;
Your lot is sad with reproach and toil,
But in circles of joy I move;
My path you can see is a broad, fair one,
And my gate is high and wide;
There's room enough for you and for me
To travel side by side."

Half shyly the church approached the world,
And gave him her hand of snow;
And the old world grasped it and walked along,
Saying in accents low,
"Your dress is too simple to suit my taste,
I have gold and pearls to wear;
Rich velvets and silks for your graceful form,
And diamonds to deck your hair."
The church looked down at her plain, white robes,
And then at the dazzling world,
And blushed as she saw his handsome lips,
With a smile contemptuous curled.
"I will change my dress for a costlier one,"
Said the church with a smile of grace;
Then her pure white garments drifted away,
And the world gave in their place
Beautiful satins and shining silks,
And reses and gems and pearls,
And over her forehead her bright hair fell,
Crisped in a thousand curls.

"Your home is too plain," said the proud old world,
"I'll build you one like mine;
With carpets of Brussels and curtains of lace,
And furniture ever so fine."
So he built her a costly and beautiful house,
Splendid it was to behold;
Her sons and her beautiful daughters met there,
Gleaming in purple and gold.
And fairs and shows in the halls were held,
And the world and his children were there,
And laughter and music and feasts were heard
In the place that was meant for prayer.
She had cushioned pews for the rich and the great,
To sit in their pomp and pride;
While the poor folks, clad in their shabby suits,
Sat meekly down outside.

The angel of mercy flew over the church,
And whispered "I know thy sin,"
Then the church looked back with a sigh,
And longed
To gather the children in;
But some were off at the midnight ball,
And some were off at the play;
And some were drinking in gay saloons,
As she quietly went her way.
Then the sly world gallantly said to her—
"Your children mean no harm,
Merely indulging in innocent sports."
So she leaned on his proffered arm
And smiled and chatted and gathered flowers.

As she walked along with the world;
While millions and millions of precious souls,
To the horrible gulf were hurried.

"Your preachers are all too old and plain,"
Said the gay world with a sneer,
"They frighten my children with dreadful tales
Which I do not like them to hear.
They talk of judgment, fire and pain,
And the horrors of starless nights;
They talk of a place that should not be
Mentioned to ears polite.
I will send you some of a better stamp,
Brilliant and gay and fast;
Who will show how people may live as they list,
And go to heaven at last.
The Father is merciful, great and good,
Loving and tender and kind;
Do you think he would take one child to heaven,
And leave the rest behind?"
So she filled her house with gay divines,
Gifted and great and learned;
And the plain old men that preached the cross,
Were out of her pulpits turned.

"You give too much to the poor," said the world,
"Far more than you ought to do;
Though the poor need shelter and food and clothes,
Why need it trouble you?
Go take your money and buy rich robes,
And horses and carriages fine;

And pearls and jewels and dainty food,
And the rarest and costliest wine.
My children they dote on all such things,
And if you their love would win,
You must do as they do, and walk in the ways
That they are walking in."

Then the church held tightly the strings of her purse,
And gracefully lowered her head
And simpered, "I've given too much away;
I will do, sir, as you have said."

So the poor were turned from her door in scorn,
And she heard not the orphan's cry,
And she drew her beautiful robes aside
As the widows wept weeping by;
And they of the church and they of the world
Walked closely, hand and heart;
And only the Master, who knoweth all,
Could tell the two apart.

Then the church sat down at her ease and said—
"I am rich and in goods increased;
I have need of nothing, and naught to do
But to laugh and dance and feast."
And the sly world heard her and laughed in his sleeve,
And mockingly said aside—
"The church has fallen, the beautiful church,
And her shame is her boast and pride."
Then the angel drew near the mercy seat,
And whispered in sighs her name;
And the saints their anthems of rapture hushed,
And covered their heads with shame;
And a voice came down through the hush of heaven,
From him who sat on the throne:
"I know thy work and what thou hast said,
And how thou hast not known
That thou art poor, and naked and blind,
With pride and ruin enthralled;
The expectant bride of a heavenly groom,
Now the harlot of the world.
Thou hast ceased to watch for that blessed hope,
And hast fallen from zeal and grace;
So now, alas, I must cast thee out,
And blot thy name from its place."

—Ex.

WONDERFUL COINCIDENCE.

PAST MURDERS THAT RESEMBLE THE WHITECHAPEL CRIMES.

DENVER, Nov. 10.—On reading the accounts of the recent Whitechapel murders, I was forcibly impressed by the likeness they bore to a series of murders that took place in a certain locality in Melbourne, Australia, about fifteen years ago.

The same mysterious circumstances which surround the Whitechapel murders were connected with the murders in Melbourne.

The crime was always committed in one certain neighborhood. The remains of the victims were always mutilated in the same horrible manner as those of the women murdered in Whitechapel. The appearance of the remains was frightful, and in some cases the body was literally hacked to pieces. One peculiarity identified all these murders as the handiwork of the same fiend. In every case some portion of the body was missing.

The Melbourne police were helpless. The murderer never left any clue as to how he reached the spot where the crime was committed or how he made his escape. A murder would be committed in a room at the top of a tenement house, all the doors of which would be securely fastened; and in one case even the door leading into the room occupied by the victim was found to be locked, and the key remained in the lock upon the inside of the door. I remember the details of the last murder but one, which were about as follows:

Charles Maxwell was the employe of a large mercantile house, the name of the firm being Derby, Gardner & Co. Maxwell occupied a room on the third floor of a tenement house on X street. His room fronted on X street, and contained two large windows. About nine o'clock on the morning of October 18, 1872, the body of Maxwell, cut into pieces, was discovered in his room by the landlady. She and her servant, while doing the chamber work, were unable to enter Maxwell's room. Finding the door locked, they rapped loudly several times, calling to him at intervals, but their efforts to arouse him met with no response. All was silent within the room. The landlady becoming alarmed, sent for her husband, and the door of the room was burst open. Then a most horrible sight met their gaze. The body of Maxwell lay upon the floor, partly under the bed. One arm, which had been severed from the body, lay upon a chair in the center of the room. The flesh on the body was torn from the bones; and, more horrible still, the head was missing and the closest search failed to reveal its whereabouts. An examination of the door of the room showed that it had been bolted on the inside. One of the windows of the room was found to be open. The utter impossibility of a person gaining entrance to the room by way of the window was at once apparent. The room was a front room on the third floor of the building. The only entrances were the two windows, and the door which had been broken. This crime, like the preceding ones, remained a mystery, and the real mur-

derer was only discovered by an accident.

About a week after the murder, the people occupying a house in the same neighborhood, were alarmed one night by hearing a loud noise, a succession of snarls and cries, a piercing shriek and a heavy fall. Rushing out of their apartments, they procured a light and proceeded to investigate the matter. The foremost of the party stumbled over a hairy form lying on the pavement. A closer investigation revealed the body of an enormous ape. Close by was found a bloody arm, which had been severed from the body of a woman. Underneath the body of the ape they found a large knife.

The mystery was at last explained. The orang-outang, which had been loosely confined in a museum near by, had made his escape from the building and, creeping along on the roof of the adjoining houses, entered the first open window to which he came, by swinging himself over the edge of the roof and clinging to the cornice and other projections on the face of the building. On one of his midnight excursions, being unable to find an open window, he sprang upon a pedestrian and, after cutting him to pieces with the large knife which he carried, he secured a portion of the body and clambered up the side of a building until he reached the roof and then made his way to the roof of the museum building, where he feasted on the human flesh which he had taken from the body of his victim. The bones, representing the missing portions of the bodies of his numerous victims were found upon the roof of the museum building. On the night that he was killed he had swung himself into an open window at the top of a four-story building by means of the eaves-trough and, after adding one more victim to his list of horrible murders, attempted to regain the roof by means of the eaves-trough, which, not being securely fastened, gave way, and he was dashed upon the pavement below.

Thus ended the Melbourne mystery. May there be a speedy explanation of the Whitechapel murders.—J. I. Fenner, in Denver News.

How They Do in Denver.

Frequent reference is made to Denver as a model city, by individuals who wish to speak disparagingly of Salt Lake. The queen city of the plains is not as moral as it might be, nor such a nice place to pattern after, as is shown by its record in the daily journals. In fact Salt Lake is highly preferable to decent people. The following is taken from the Denver News of Nov. 22.

In inaugurating a war on the gambling dens of the city Alderman McGillivray has learned that the city police are their active allies and supporters. The story of his experience yesterday will bring the blush of shame to every citizen of Denver, revealing, as it does, the fact that the police propose, in defiance of the state law and the ordinances of the city, to encourage the violation of both, and not only to protect the violators, but to resist and punish those who intend or attempt to put a stop to the practice. Briefly told, Alderman McGillivray, yesterday notified several gambling halls to close their doors; called the attention of a police officer to the fact that gambling was going on, and ordered him to arrest the parties so engaged, and as a result was arrested at the point of a policeman's revolver and taken to the city jail, where, after an unnecessary delay, bail was finally accepted. The bare statement of the fact carries its own comment with it. It is a disgrace to the city, a disgrace to the police, a disgrace to Mayor Lee and his administration. Can it be possible that Chief Brady and his minions, in whose pockets are jingling the dollars of the gamblers, will be allowed to arrest and punish an alderman of the city who is pursuing his sworn duty as an officer of the city?

Alderman McGillivray was simply performing his duty as an officer of the city and in doing so he was resisted by the police in the person of Patrolman Connor, a brother of Second Lieutenant Connor, Chief Brady's right bower and chief confederate in the hold-up game, which during Mayor Lee's administration, has been practiced upon the gamblers of the city.

Naturally the gamblers object to being raided by Alderman McGillivray. They have paid Chief Brady for the privilege of running, and they expect him to perform his side of the contract. To the disgrace of the city he said, he is doing so, even to the extent of dragging a city alderman to the city jail at the point of a revolver. In what other city, under what other administration in this city except Mayor Lee's, can it be said that a high municipal officer, in the strict performance of his duty, is resisted and dragged off to jail by an armed policeman? The act will stand in the annals of the city as one of the most shameful and disgraceful ever committed.

Northern News.

The Union Pacific has ordered 2,500 new freight cars and fifty additional locomotives.

Frank McTigue, who shot and killed Charles Leneman, a clerk in the Silver Peak postoffice, Esmeralda County, Nevada, is in jail at Hawthorne, but it has not yet been ascertained in Virginia City whether he was captured or voluntarily surrendered to the authorities.

Mr. R. L. Fishburn, of Smithfield, was before the commissioner on the going charge. Laura Noble Fishburn was examined as a witness, also Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins, of this city, but no evidence was elicited upon which to hold the defendant, and he was discharged.

John Baird, of Mendon, is one of the inmates of the county jail. He was arrested last week for stealing a sack of oats from the Mendon Co-op granary and pleaded guilty to the charge. He was sentenced to pay a fine of \$50, and to spend a term of two months as a ward of the county.

The examination of Hiram Petersen on the charge of fornication took place in the commissioner's court on Thursday. O. W. Powers was present as his attorney. Miss Mary Ann Jensen, the young lady who was wronged, and Jens A. Jensen of Hyrum and Mrs. Franklin Merrill, of this city, were the witnesses. The evidence showed that Mr. Petersen and Miss Jensen had kept company for a long time, and the latter testified that she was seduced by Mr. Petersen nearly a year ago. Her child is two weeks old. She was under the impression that he would marry her, but after he had wronged her he went and married another person. Mr. Petersen was bound over in the sum of \$300 to await the action of the grand jury.—Logan Journal, Nov. 24.

AMESBURY, Mass., Nov. 27.—Last night Jewell Dargenton shot his wife twice and then shot and killed himself. The woman may recover. Cause, jealousy.

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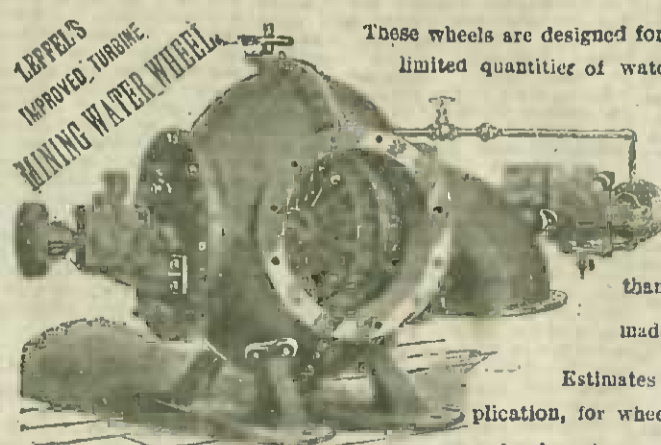
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