

fixed, their die is cast, their doom is sealed." While in the custody of the mobocratic soldiery he was closely associated with Apostle P. P. Pratt, and often spoke of looking over the latter's shoulder while he was writing the hymn found on page 315 of the Hymn Book: "Torn from our friends and captive led."

In Nauvoo he was prominent as an officer of the Nauvoo Legion, and as one of the city police. He enjoyed the confidence and personal friendship of the Prophet Joseph, and the distinction of being one of his body guard during the dark days of mobocratic peril. He shared in all the privations suffered by the Saints in their expulsion from Nauvoo; crossed the plains in 1851 and ten years later formed one of the number of hardy pioneers who settled Southern Utah, where he has since that time resided. Since the completion of the Temple at St. George he has spent much of his time in laboring therein.

Brother Stout was widely known as a man of untiring industry, a faithful friend, a kind husband and father, and ever zealous and determined in the defense of right. He survived his two wives by whom he became the progenitor of 17 children and 62 grandchildren, nearly all of whom are yet living.

Hebrews and the Alta Club.

The Alta Club is a big organization among the "Liberals". It is not as great in numbers as its power has been autocratic. Its dictum has been accepted as law by the "Liberal" party, and its mania has been anti-"Mormonism." But the uninterrupted success it has achieved among its worshipers in arraying them against the "Mormons" seems to have swelled its head until it reaches out for new antagonists. Two of the original members of the organization are Hebrews. Messrs. A. Hanauer and F. Simon. It would seem that this would be a protection to their race. But the autocratic club as a whole does not like the Jews, so now that it has grown strong in its own strength, it has arrayed the Hebrews as a second-place target on which to practice. Two well known gentlemen, Messrs. E. Kahn and J. Moritz, applied for admission to the club. They were voted upon and were blackballed. Nothing could be brought against their personal character or their business standing, for in either line they were more than the peers of some of the club. But they were Jewish! That was the sum of the objection, and that was enough. The majority had voted that hereafter the law of the great Alta Club should be that "No Jew shall enter here." But the sons of Judah have heretofore voted the "Liberal" ticket, and their ballots are needed in the February election. Their ire has been aroused, and they threaten that their votes shall not go to the party whose head and front points at them the finger of scorn, and proclaims a Jew an unclean thing; they say they will not whine for mercy at the hands of the driver

who has sought to apply the lash of disgrace to their backs.

And now the ill-"Liberal" party is rushing about to pacify the Jews, and "explain" the action of the club on some hypothesis that will be satisfactory. Of course the club don't want to back down, or if it does it will be because of dire necessity. But the insulted class propose that the autocrat shall draw in his horns and revoke the edict. Thus the matter stands at present. But when the gap is bridged over, will it remove the contempt and dislike that has been expressed for the Jewish race?

THE UNEASY CZAR.

The Emperor of Russia is in a state of panic which can neither be imagined nor described. It was given out that he would be the guest of the German Emperor at the Marble Palace, Potsdam, and when all kinds of expensive preparations had been made there, he decided that he would be safer in Berlin, and a large sum was expended in arranging for his reception at the Schloss. Finally only one day before the Emperor arrived Count Schouvaloff received a telegram from Copenhagen to intimate that his Majesty would alight at the Russian Embassy, and the message was quickly followed by the arrival of the imperial workmen, seven in number, who now go in advance of the Emperor whenever and wherever he travels. There are two carpenters, two masons, two locksmiths and a foreman. They most carefully examine the chimneys, locks, flooring, walls and furniture of the house which the Emperor is to occupy, and his own apartments are subjected to a most rigorous search. The chimneys are objects of special attention, and every flue which leads to a room which the Emperor is likely to enter is thoroughly barred both top and bottom, and, as if these precautions were not sufficient, police agents from St. Petersburg patrol the roof both night and day.

Both in appearance and in manner the Emperor has become a Muscovite of the old Cossack type. He is a colossal figure, being a giant both in height and in girth, quite bald, with a flat nose, an immense sweeping mustache and a stupendous beard which flows over his chest. I learn that he has been both infuriated and terrified by the accident to the Shah's special train, the official report on which disaster was laid before him when he reached St. Petersburg. The embarkment along which the train was running simply collapsed, the accident being an exact repetition of the one which befell the imperial train at Borki last year, and the Emperor is now convinced that all the Russian railways are rotten, so that in the event of war there would be a complete failure in the transport arrangements; and if the railways are all wrong his Majesty justifiably concludes that probably he would find his army and navy in a similar condition when the time of trial arrives.

The Emperor is, as I have often

before remarked, in constant dread of assassination, and this state of ever-present fear, added to the hereditary melancholy of the Romanoff family, has so utterly shattered his nerves that for days together he is practically not responsible for his actions. He smokes incessantly; and not only endeavors to sustain his spirits by copious libations of champagne and brandy, but of late he has taken to drugging himself with chloral.

By the way, the Shah is so thoroughly convinced that the accident to his train was a cunning plot devised for his destruction that since his return to Teheran he has refused to receive Prince Dolgorouki, the Russian Minister.—*London Truth.*

HUMOROUS SIDE OF BISMARCK.

Bismarck as a humorist! Old Blut und Eisen as a funny man! This is the subject of the latest German work concerning the grizzled and furrowed diplomat of the Wilhelm strasse.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the book relates to Bismarck's experiences in Frankfort, as Prussian delegate to the German diet in the years immediately succeeding 1850. In those days Bismarck did much laughing and joking with a purpose. Probably no jokes and laughter in the world's history have been so plainly significant of great coming events. They foreshadowed Duppel and Kouligratz and Sedan, the partition of France and the unification of Germany.

The appointment of Bismarck as Prussian delegate in Frankfort caused the German press to raise a big hue and cry against him as an inexperienced, headstrong young man, a mere "diplomatic suckling." When Bismarck arrived in Frankfort, moreover, he got a cold shoulder from his retiring chief, General Von Rochow, who kept him quite uninformed concerning the run of affairs there and "thus deprived his 'diplomatic suckling,' as I have been called," wrote Bismarck, "of his proper nourishment." As soon as Von Rochow got out of the way, however, Bismarck left himself out.

The Austrian delegate considered himself the only big man in the whole concern, and showed his conceit by knocking about in a slovenly costume, presiding over the diet in a mannerless fashion, and allowing himself all sorts of petty privileges which delegates from the little German States didn't dare to ask for. Now, Prussia wished to be a big power in the diet, too, and Austria was doing her best to keep her down among the little powers. Bismarck's mission was to get as much influence in the diet for Prussia as Count Thun, the Austrian delegate, was maintaining for Austria. As the diet rarely took hold of questions of great importance, the "diplomatic suckling" had to gain most of his advantages over the wily old Austrian Count in a ridiculously petty warfare. In his official despatches to Berlin, Bismarck described his antagonist thus:

"Count Thun has somewhat of a