

## PANGUITCH STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Panguitch Quarterly Conference was held on the 17th and 18th inst.

Apostles Erastus Snow, F. M. Lyman, and J. H. Smith were present.

Apostle Snow occupied the forenoon on Saturday on the atonement, and our duties.

The afternoon was taken up with reports from the Presidency of the Stake, Bishops of Wards and presidents of Associations and Quorums.

Apostle Lyman spoke on the restlessness of some of the people, and advised them to stay at home, and not wish to change location unless called by the proper authorities so to do.

Sunday, 10 a.m.

After the opening exercises, Apostle J. H. Smith, although quite lame from a cold, gave an excellent discourse on the position we occupy before the world; our present duties and the future that awaits us.

He was followed by Bishop McIntyre, of Paragonah, and Elder E. W. Snow, of St. George.

2 o'clock p.m.

Apostle Snow stated that Pres. Henri had resigned his office, and it had been accepted, owing to the feeble condition of Bro. Henri, and it was decided to ordain him a Patriarch, which met the hearty approval of the Conference.

Jesse W. Crosby, Jr., was chosen President of the Panguitch Stake, with M. Steele and David Cameron as his Counsellors.

R. G. Clark was sustained Supt. of the Sunday Schools, and Recorder and Clerk of the Stake; G. W. Sevy, High Councilor; and James Houston, President of Y. M. M. Association; all of whom, with the general and local authorities, were unanimously sustained.

Apostle Lyman made the closing remarks.

Adjourned for three months.

M. M. STEELE,  
Clerk of Stake.

## Correspondence.

ST. GEORGE,  
June 20th, 1882.

## Editor Deseret News:

Sunshine everywhere. The thermometer prances around in the nineties, and all nature begins to droop. We had a lovely rain two days ago, but the sun soon asserts its supremacy and once more pours down hot, scorching rays.

The farmers in the field known as the Virgin field are quite discouraged on account of lack of water. In fact many people are getting restless and anxious to get away to some other country, unless some thing turns up. And I don't know as they possess the kindly patience of the faithful Micawber. However, the Saints are feeling well, very well—practically, it rather downcast temporarily. The Fourth will be observed by the Sunday Schools uniting in a jubilee, picnic, speeches, songs, racing, etc.

The Stake Primary Fair, to be held June 30th, is looked forward to with much interest. An entertainment to be held in the evening of July 1st by the Primary, promises to be quite a success. I will tell you more about it when it is over.

S. L. Adams still tries to make a success of running the Grand Gulch mine, but few entertain any hopes for him, as he is cramped for capital, which every such enterprise must be plentifully supplied with to succeed.

Health of the people generally much improved.

HOMESPUN.

## A Woman's Victory.

When they reached the depot, Mr. Mann and his wife gazed with unspeakable disappointment at the receding train which was just pulling away from the bridge switch, at the rate of a thousand miles a minute. The first impulse was to run after it, but as the train was out of sight and whistling for Sagetown before they could act on the impulse, they remained in the carriage and disconsolately turned the horses' heads homeward.

"It all comes of having to wait on a woman to get ready," Mr. Mann broke in very grimly.

"I was very before you was," replied his wife.

"Great heaven!" cried Mr. Mann, in irrepressible impatience, jerking the horses' jaws out of place, "just listen to that; and I sat out in the buggy waiting for you to come along until the whole neighborhood heard me!"

"Yes," acquiesced Mrs. Mann, with provoking placidity which no one but a woman can assume; "and every time I started down stairs you sent me back for something you had forgotten."

Mr. Mann groaned. "This is too much to bear, when everybody knows that if I was going to Europe I would just rush into the house, put on a clean shirt, grab up my gripsack, and fly, while you would wait at least six months for preparations, and dawdle around the whole day of starting until every train left town."

Well, the upshot of the matter was that the Manns put off their visit to Aurora until the next week, and it was agreed that each one should get ready and go down to the train and go, and the one who failed to get ready should be left. The day of the match came around in due time. The train was to go at 10.30, and Mr. Mann, after attending to his business, went home at 9.45.

"Now then," he shouted, "only three-quarters of an hour until train time. Fly around; a fair field and no favors, you know."

And away they flew. Mr. Mann bulged into his room, and rushed into that one, and dived into one closet after another with inconceivable rapidity, chuckling under his breath all the time, to think how cheap Mrs. Mann would feel when he started off alone. He stepped on his way upstairs to pull off his heavy boots to save time. For the same reason he pulled off his coat as he ran through the dining room and hung it on the corner of the silver-closet. Then he jerked off his vest as he rushed through the hall and tossed it on a hook on the hat rack, and by the time he reached his room he was ready to plunge into his clean clothes. He pulled out a bureau drawer and began to paw at the things like a Scotch terrier after a rat.

"Eleanor," he shrieked, "where are my shirts?"

"In your bureau drawer," calmly replied Mrs. Mann, who was standing placidly before a glass, calmly and deliberately coaxing a refractory crimp into place.

"Well, by thunder, they ain't!" shouted Mr. Mann, a little annoyed. "I've emptied every last thing in it that I ever saw before."

Mrs. Mann stepped back a few paces, held her head on one side, and, after satisfying herself that the crimp would do, and stay where she put it, replied:

"These things scattered around on the floor are all mine. Probably you haven't been looking in your own drawer."

"I don't see," testily said the husband, "why you couldn't have put my things out for me, when you had nothing else to do all the mornin'."

"Because," she said, settling herself into an additional article of raiment, with awful deliberation, "nobody put mine out for me. A fair field and no favors my dear."

Mr. Mann plunged into his shirt like a mad bull at a red flag.

"Foul!" he shouted, in malicious triumph, "No button on the neck." "Because," said she, sweetly, after a deliberate stare at the fidgeting, impatient man, during which she buttoned her dress and put eleven pins where they would do the most good, "because you have the shirt on wrong side out."

When Mr. Mann slid out of that shirt he began to sweat. He dropped the shirt three times before he got it on, and while it was over his head he heard the clock strike ten. When his head came through he saw his wife coaxing the ends and bows of her necktie.

"Where's my shirt studs?" he cried.

His wife went out into another room and presently came back with her gloves and hat, and saw him emptying all the boxes he could find in and about the bureau. Then said:

"In the shirt you took off."

The lady put on her gloves while he hunted up and down for his cuff-buttons.

"Eleanor," he snarled at last, "I believe you must know where those cuff-buttons are."

"I haven't seen them," said the lady, setting her hat. "Didn't you lay them on the window sill in the sitting room last night?"

Her husband remembered, and

he went down stairs on the run. He stepped on one of his boots and was immediately landed in the hall at the foot of the stairs with neatness and dispatch, attended in the transmission with more bumps than he could count with a Webster's adder, and landed with a bang like the Hell Gate explosion.

"Are you nearly ready, Algeron?" asked the wife of his family, sweetly, leaning over the banister. The unhappy man groaned.

"Can't you throw down that other boot?" he asked.

His wife pityingly kicked it at him.

"My valise?" he inquired, as he tugged away at the boot.

"Up in the dressing room," she answered.

"P. cked?"

"I don't know—unless you packed it yourself; probably not," she replied, with her hand on the door knob. "I had barely time to pack my own."

She was passing out of the gate when the door opened and he shouted:

"Where in the name of goodness did you put my vest? It has all my money in it."

"You threw it on the hat-rack," she called back. "Good-bye, dear."

"Eleanor! Eleanor! Eleanor Mann! Did you wear off my coat?" she paused and turned, after signaling the street car man to stay, and cried:

"You threw it on the silver-closet."

And the street car engulfed her graceful figure, and she was seen no more. But the neighbors say that they heard Mr. Mann rushing up and down the house, rushing out at the front door every now and then and shaking up the deserted street after the unconscious Mrs. Mann to know where his hat was, and where she put the valise key, and if she had any clean socks and undershirts, and that there wasn't a linen collar in the house. And when he went away at last, he left the kitchen door, side door, all the downstairs window and the front gate wide open. And the loungers around the depot recently were somewhat amused just as the train was pulled out of sight down in the yards, to see a flushed, prespiring man, with his hat on sideways, his vest buttoned two buttons too high, his cuffs unbuttoned and necktie flying, and grip-sack flapping open and shut like a demented shutter on a March night, and a door-key in his hand, dashing across the platform, and halt in the middle of the track, glaring in dejected, impatient, wrathful mortification at the departing train, and shaking his fist at a pretty woman, who was throwing kisses at him from the rear platform of the last car.

## A Trying Situation.

"Say, mister, are we on this side of the bridge or the other?" asked a placid old lady of a gentleman on a Court street car.

"We are on this side," responded the gentleman, gravely.

"Laws me! Then we ain't anywhere near Greenwood Cemetery yet!"

"Yes, madam, we are within a few squares of it."

"Sakes a massy! I thought Greenwood was on the other side of the bridge!"

"No, madame, it is on this side."

"Well, that pesky conductor told me it was on the other side when we started."

"It was, madame, on the other side then, but we have crossed the bridge."

"Then we are on the other side!"

"No, madame, we are on this side of the bridge. We've passed it."

"And is Greenwood on the other side?" she asked, starting up in some alarm.

"No, it is on this side."

"Don't try to fool me with your nonsense," exclaimed the old lady indignantly. "Don't try to make me think that Greenwood is on this side of the bridge when I know better; and don't try to make me believe I'm on this side of the bridge when I know I am on the other! Don't ye do it! You want to be careful how you amuse yourself with me, or I'll fit you out with a new set of ribs!" and the old lady shook her umbrella in warning. "The idea," she continued, turning to the other passengers, "of trying to muddle an old woman that might be his mother! I'll bridge ye, both sides, in a minute. Conductor, just as soon as I get on this side of the bridge, you let me out, or this will be your tombstone trip to Greenwood!"

And the dame straightened back and glared defiance, while her well-meaning informant concluded that it wasn't too warm for him to walk to his destination.—*Brooklyn Eagle*

## NOTICE.

Sec. 2207 of the Compiled Laws of Utah, is as follows:

"Every person who shall wilfully and maliciously cut, break or throw down any Telegraph Pole, or any tree, or other material used in any line of Telegraph; or shall wilfully and maliciously break, displace or injure any Insulator in use in any Telegraph Line; or shall wilfully and maliciously cut, break, or remove from its Insulator any wire used as a Telegraph Line; or shall, by the attachment of a ground wire or by any other contrivance, wilfully destroy the Insulator of such Telegraph Line, or intercept the transmission of the electric current through the same; or shall in any other manner wilfully injure, molest or destroy any property or materials appertaining to any Telegraph Line; or obstruct or postpone the transmission of any message over the same, or procure or advise any such injury, interference, or obstruction, the person so offending shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor."

The Sheriff, and his Agents, in whatever County the Company's lines are constructed, are empowered to prosecute to the full extent of the Law, any person, or persons, found violating the above Section, or any part thereof, so far as the property of the Deseret Telegraph Company is concerned.

W. B. DOUGALL,

deputy Sheriff, SUPERINTENDENT.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY is a purely vegetable decoction, removes all kinds of pain caused by unnatural heat, fever or inflammation, by applying it over the affected parts.

ISAAC HARDY  
Inventor and Proprietor,  
Utah Hotel, South Temple Street,  
dsw Salt Lake City.

## BENEFACTORS.

When a board of eminent physicians and chemists announced the discovery that by combining some well known valuable remedies, the most wonderful medicine was produced, which would cure such a wide range of diseases that most all other remedies could be dispensed with, many were sceptical; but proof of its merits by actual trial has dispelled all doubt, and to-day the discoverers of that great medicine, Hop Bitters, are honored and blessed by all as benefactors.

SPECS ARE OBNOXIOUS, particularly on the face of beauty. No complexion, however fair it may be naturally, looks well when disfigured by tan, freckles, pimples, blotches or other blemishes of a like nature. That salutary beautifier and emollient GLEN'S SULPHUR SOAP removes all such complexional defects, and eradicates all local diseases of the skin with gratifying promptitude. It not only whitens the cuticle but imparts to it to all a delightful smoothness.

Sold by Druggists. Price 25c. per cake. 1 Box (3 cakes) 75., sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of price. C. N. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, New York.

HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE. Black or Brown, 50c. deod & w

## FINANCIAL REPORT

Of San Juan County, U. T., for the year ending May 31st, 1881-2.

|                               |          |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Taxes as per Assessment Roll  | \$382 33 |
| Sal. in Treasury May 31, 1881 | 89 45    |
| Total                         | \$471 78 |
| County Court per diem         | \$39 00  |
| County Clerk                  | 55 00    |
| County Assessor and Collector | 19 57    |
| Cost of General Election      | 21 00    |
| Stationery                    | 22 75    |
| Coroner                       | 5 00     |
| Criminal                      | 11 00    |
| Road                          | 59 50    |
| Delinquent Tax                | 18 56    |

Total..... \$270 38  
Balance in Treasury..... \$151 45

I Charles E. Walton, Clerk of San Juan County, in the Territory of Utah, hereby certify that the above is a true and correct copy of the financial affairs of this County. Attest my hand and the seal of San Juan County, at Salt Lake City, this 13th day of June A. D. 1882.  
[L.S.] CHARLES E. WALTON,  
County Clerk.

## Z. C. EVERYBODY

WHO HAS SEEN OUR

## SPLENDID LINE

—OF—

## DRESS GOODS, PRINTS,

## HOSIERY

—AND—

## FANCY NOTIONS,

PRONOUNCES IT

## THE BEST IN THE CITY,

As Regards Price, Style and Quality!

WM. JENNINGS, SUPT.

M.

I.