

NAUVOO HOMES ABANDONED BY THE PIONEERS.

Tuesday next, July 24, witnesses the 59th anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers in the Salt Lake Valley. The story of the wonderful emigration from Nauvoo, Illinois, has often been written, but this is the first time a newspaper illustration has ever shown the homes the Pioneers were forced to abandon when the mob drove them forth.

In all, 2000 dwellings and hundreds of farms were either traded for horses, cattle, or wagons at ruinous sacrifices, sold for a song, or abandoned outright in order that the Mormon population of the city might comply with the demands of its persecutors, and be out of the city by the spring of 1846. It will surprise many readers to note the modern character of some of the buildings.



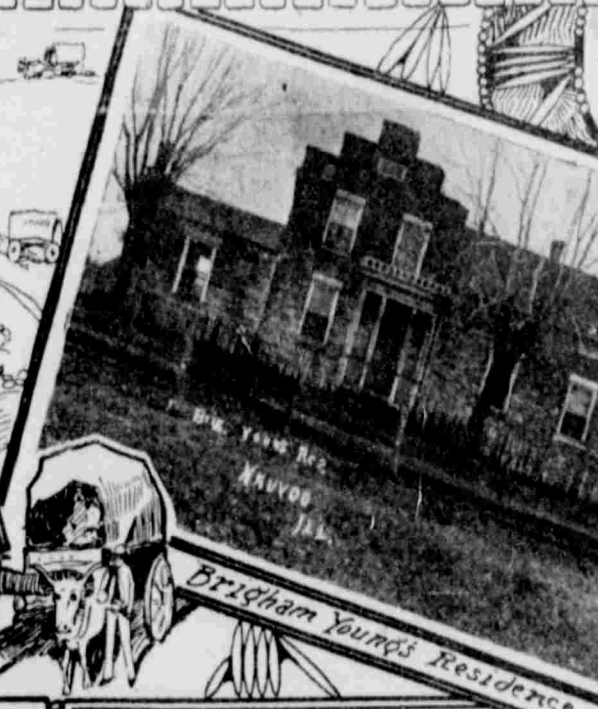
Historic Mansion House



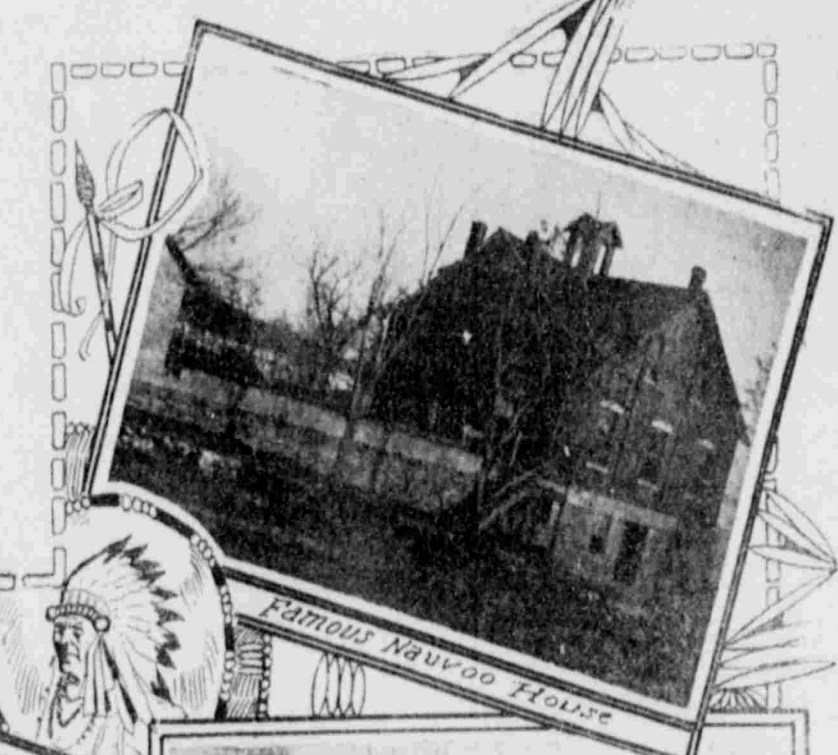
Heber C. Kimball's Residence



Joseph Smith's Home



Brigham Young's Residence



Famous Nauvoo House



Sidney Rigdon's Residence



Where Willard Richards Lived



Home of George Cannon

NO more pathetic and interesting account of the Mormon exodus from Nauvoo has been written than that of the late Thomas L. Kane. He was a friend of Brigham Young and the Mormons, and what he saw at Nauvoo just after the expulsion was told in a lecture delivered a few years later before the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. The following is an extract from that lecture:

A few years ago, ascending the upper Mississippi, in the autumn, when its waters were low, I was compelled to travel by land past the region of the rapids. My road lay through the half-breed tract, a fine section of Iowa which the unsettled state of its land titles had appropriated as a sanctuary for outlaws, horse thieves, and outlaws. I had left my steamer at Keokuk, at the foot of the lower fall, to hire a carriage, and to content for some fragments of dirty meal with the swarming flies, the only scavengers of the locality. From this place to where the deep waters of the river return, my eye wandered to see everywhere sordid vagabonds and idle settlers; and a country, marred, without being improved, by their careless hands.

I was descending the last hillside upon my journey, when a landscape in delightful contrast broke upon my view. Half-enclosed by the bend of the river, a beautiful city lay glittering in the fresh morning sun, its bright new dwellings set in the green gardens, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill which was crowned by a noble marble edifice whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, cheered by the cheerful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

It was a natural impulse to visit this inviting region. I secured a skiff, and peering across the river, landed at the chief wharf of the city. No one met me there. I looked and saw no one. I could hear no one move, though the quiet everywhere was such that I heard the flies buzz, and the water-ripples break against the shallow of the beach. I walked through the solitary streets, ranging up around a stately dome-shaped hill which was crowned by a noble marble edifice whose high tapering spire was radiant with white and gold. The city appeared to cover several miles; and beyond it, in the background, there rolled off a fair country, cheered by the cheerful lines of fruitful husbandry. The unmistakable marks of industry, enterprise and educated wealth everywhere, made the scene one of singular and most striking beauty.

Yet I went about unchecked. I went into empty workshops, ropewalks and smithies. The spinner's wheel was idle; the carpenter had gone from his work bench and shavings, his unfinished saw and casing. Fresh bark was in the tanner's vat, and the fresh-chopped lightwood stood piled against the baker's oven. The blacksmith's shop was void; but his coal heap, and ladling pool, and crooked waterhorn were all there as if he had just gone off for a holiday. No work people anywhere looked to know my errand. If I went into the gardens, climbing the wicket-hatch after me, to pull the mangolds, turnips and lettuce; and draw a drink with the water-wheel bucket, and its noise, or knocking out with my stick the tall, heavy-headed cabbages and turnips, eliciting ever and anon a shrill cry from some open window, or dog straining forward to bark at my alarm. I could have supposed the people hidden in their houses, but the doors were unfastened, and when I timidly entered them, I found dead ashes white upon the hearth, and had to tread a path as if walking down the aisle of a country church, to avoid raising irreverent echoes from the naked floors.

In the outskirts of the town was the city graveyard; but there was no record of plague there; nor did it in anywise differ from other Protestant American

cemeteries. Some of the mounds were not long sodded; some of the stones were newly set, their dates recent, and their black inscriptions glossy in the sun's hardly dried letter ink. Beyond the graveyards, out in the fields, I saw on a spot hard by where the fruited boughs of a young orchard had been roughly torn down, the still smouldering remains of a barbecue fire, that had been constructed of rails from the fencing round it. It was the latest sign of life there. Fields upon fields of heavy headed yellow grain lay rotting ungathered upon the ground. No one was at hand to take in their rich harvest. As far as the eye could reach, they stretched away—there sleeping, too, in the hazy air of autumn.

Only two portions of the city seemed to suggest the import of this mysterious solitude. On the southern suburb, the houses looking out upon the country showed, by their splintered wood-work, and walls battered to the foundation, that they had lately been the mark of a destructive cannonade. And in and around the splendid temple, which had been the chief object of my admiration, armed men were barracked, surrounded by their stacks of musketry and pieces of heavy ordnance. These challenged me to render an account of myself and why I had had the temerity to cross the water without a written permit from a leader of their band.

Though these men were generally more or less under the influence of ardent spirits, after I had explained myself as a passing stranger, they

seemed anxious to ruin my good opinion. They told the story of the dead city, that it had been a notable manufacturing and commercial mart, sheltering over 20,000 persons; that they had waged war with its inhabitants for several years, and been finally successful only a few days before my visit, in an action brought in front of the ruined altar, after which they had driven them forth at the point of the sword. The defence, they said, was obstinate, but gave way on the third day's bombardment. They boasted greatly of their prowess, especially in this battle, as they called it; but I discovered that they were not of one mind

as to certain of the exploits that had distinguished it; one of which, as I remember, was that they had slain a father and his son, a boy of 15, not long residents of the fated city, whom they admitted had borne a character without reproach.

They also conducted me inside the massive sculptured walls of the curious temple, in which they said the banished inhabitants were accustomed to celebrate the mystic rites of an unhalloved worship. They particularly pointed out to me certain features of the building, which having been the peculiar objects of a former superstitious regard, they had, as a matter of

duy, sedulously defiled and defaced. The reputed sites of certain shrines they had thus particularly noticed; and various sheltered chambers, in one of which was a deep well, constructed, they believed, with a dreadful design. Besides these, they led me to a large and deep-chambered marble vase or basin, supported by twelve ornate, also of marble, and of the size of life, of which they told some romantic stories. They said the deluded persons, most of whom were emigrants from a great distance, believed their deity countenanced their reception here of a baptism of regeneration, as avowed for

whomsoever they held in warm affection in the countries from which they had come. That here parents went into the water for their spouses and young persons for their lovers. That thus the great vase came to be for them associated with all dear and distant memories, and was therefore, the object of all others in the building to which they attached the greatest degree of idolatrous affection. On this account the vessel had so delicately decorated it, as to render the apartment in which it was contained too noisome to abide in.

They permitted me also to ascend into the temple to see where it had been lightning struck on the Sabbath before, and to look out east and south, on wasted farms like those I had seen near the city, extending till they were lost in the distance. There, in the face of the pure day, close by the seat of diabolic wrath left by the thunder-bolt, were fragments of food, cruises of liquor, and broken drinking vessels, with a brass drum and a steamboat signal-bell, of which I afterwards learned with pain.

It was after midnight when I was ready to cross the river on my return. The wind had freshened since the sunset, and the water beating roughly into my little boat, I hedged higher up the stream than the point I had left in the morning and landed where a faint glimmering light invited me to steer. There, among the dock and rushes, shrouded only by the darkness, with out roof between them and sky, I came upon a crowd of several hundred human

creatures, whom my movements roused from uneasy slumber upon the ground.

Passing these on my way to the light, I found it came from a paper funnel shade, such as is used by street vendors of apples and oranges, and which, flaring and guttering away in the bleak air off the water, shone flickeringly on the emaciated features of a man in the last stage of a bilious remittent fever. They had done their best for him. Over his head was something like a tent, made of a sheet or two, and he rested on a partially ripped open old straw mattress, with a hair sofa cushion under his head for a pillow. His gaping jaw and staring eye told how short a time he would monopolize these luxuries, though a seemingly bewildered and excited person, who might have been his wife, seemed to find hope in occasionally forcing him to swallow awkwardly sips of the tepid river water, from a burned and battered, bitter-smelling tin coffee pot. These who knew better had furnished the apothecary he needed; a toothless old bald-head, whose manner had the repulsive dulness of a man familiar with death scenes. He, so long as I remained, mumbled in his patient's ear a monotonous and melancholy prayer, between the pauses of which I heard the blithering and sobbing of two little girls who were sitting upon a piece of driftwood outside.

Dreadful, indeed, was the suffering of these forsaken beings, bowed and cramped by cold and sunburn, alternating as each day and night dragged on. They watched almost all of them, the crippled victims of disease. They were there because they had no homes, nor hospital, nor poor house, nor friends to offer them any. They could not satisfy the feeble craving of their sick; they had not bread to quiet the wailing hunger-cries of their children. Mothers and babes, daughters and grandparents, all of them alike, were bivouacked in tatters waiting ever covering to comfort those whom the sick shiver of fever was searching to the marrow.

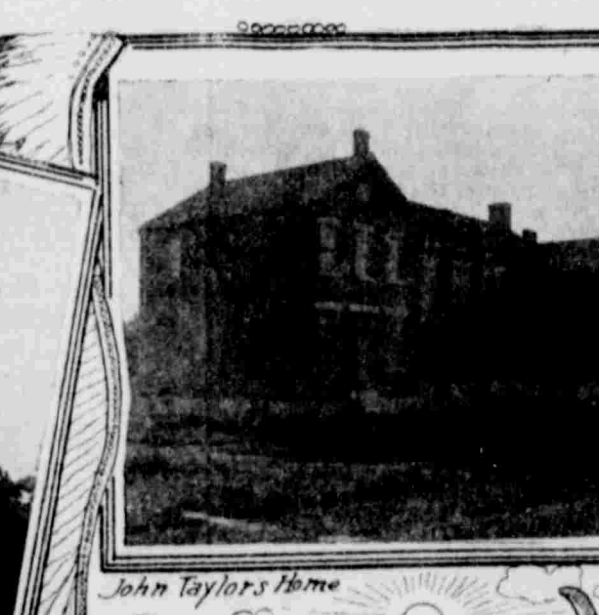
These were Mormons in Lee county, Iowa. In the fourth week of the month of September, in the year of our Lord 1846. The city—it was Nauvoo, Illinois. The Mormons were the owners of that city, and the smiling country around. And those who had stopped their plows, who had sheathed their hammers, their axes, their shovels, and their workshop wheels; those who had put out their fires, who had eaten their food, spoiled their orchards, and trampled under foot their thousands of acres of unharvested bread—these were the keepers of their dwellings, the carousers of their temple, whose drunken riot insulted the ears of the dying.

I think it was as I turned from the wretched night watch of which I have spoken, that I first listened to the sounds of revel of a party of the guard within the city. Above the distant hum of the voices of many occasions, I now distinctly the loud oath-tainted exclamations, and the falsely intimated seras of vulgar song; but lest this requiem should go unheeded, every now and then, when their hoarsest organs strove to utter a sort of ceaseless refrain, a cruel spirit of insatiable frolic carried some of them up into the high belfry of the temple steeple, and there, with the wicked childishness of infants, they whooped and shrieked, and beat the drum that I had seen, and rank in charitable union, their long-suffering rejoiced bell.

There were, all told, not more than 440 persons who were thus lying upon the river bank. But the Mormons in Nauvoo and its dependencies had been numbered the year before at over 26,000. Where were they? They had been seen, carrying in unnumbered train their sick and wounded, halt and blind, to disappear behind the western horizon, pursuing the phantom of phosphy homes. Hardly anything else was known of them, and people asked with curiosity, what had been their fate—what their fortune.



Wilford Woodruff's Residence



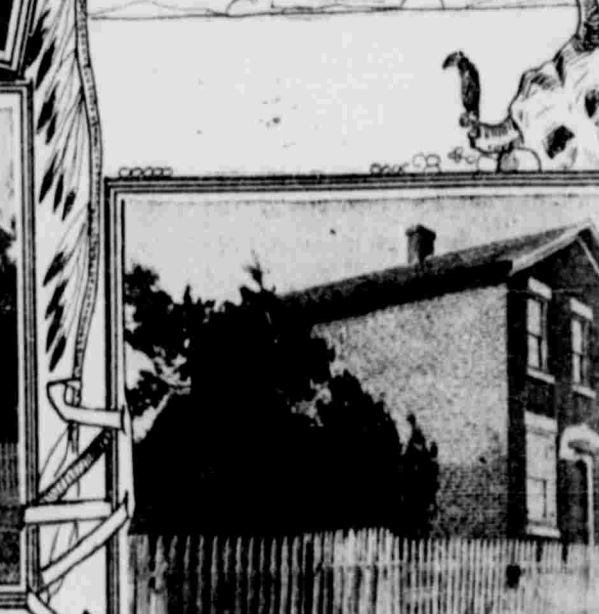
John Taylors Home



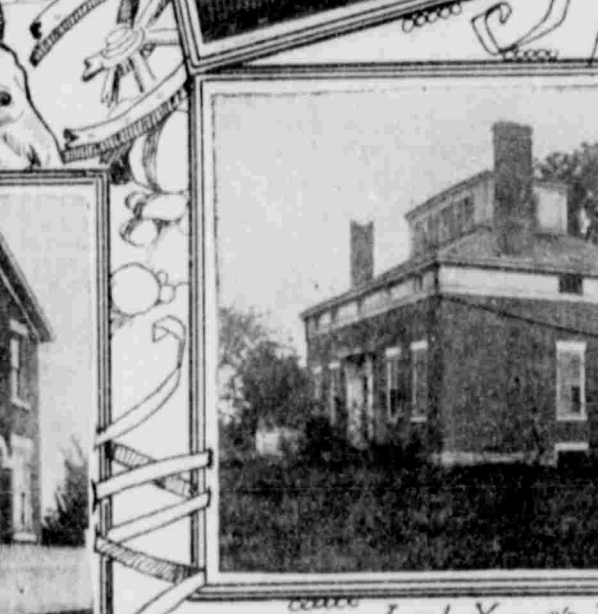
Lorenzo Snow's Home



Parley P. Pratt's Home



Orson Pratt's Home



Joseph Young's Residence

Danish Edison Transforms Speech Into Magnetic Waves.

WIRELESS telegraphy has prepared us for almost any kind of inventive wizardry. But the "Danish Edison," Valdemar Poulsen, has come forward to prove that there are things quite as mysterious as aerograms. For a demonstration of this fact, one has only to talk into the receiver of the Poulsen "telegraph," have his words invisibly registered upon the wire or disc that takes the place of the wax records of a phonograph, and then hear his remarks repeated with a distinctness that is startling.

So far as the untutored observer can see, there is nothing about the mechanism

of the telegraphophone is account for its performance. In a phonograph it is easy to follow the convolutions of the steel pin scratching its way about over the wax cylinder, or tracing a devious path in the groove of a permanent hard-rubber record. There is nothing so obvious about the Poulsen machine.

In this the voice is recorded in the form of electro-magnetic impressions upon a thin steel disc or wire, one-hundredth of an inch in diameter. There is not a scratch, indentation, or mark of any kind to indicate that the wire or disc has recorded anything. But start the reproducing mechanism going, pick up the ear piece, and the apparent blank record gives forth whatever has been talked into it. There is no striking sound, the words coming in the machine as clearly as from a human throat. The faintest whisper, or even heavy breathing is recorded and reproduced in the same way. The record is automatically erased by a stronger magnet as a new record is put on, or the record can be permanently retained for future use.

YANKERS HELPED MAKE MACHINE.

When its invention was first announced, the telegraphophone attracted much attention from electricians, engineers and the physicists. Mr. William Preece said that it marked an era in the investigation of the molecular character of all magnetic and electric operations. Lord Kelvin, Tesla, Marconi, Prof. Sillars Thompson and others here testified to the extraordinary perfection of the recording and speaking telegraphophone. Technical papers described its wonders, and soon for a period but little was heard of it. But all the time the inventor, aided by American experts, has been transforming his experimental model into a thoroughly practical piece of office equipment, for which the demand has already outrun the supply. An American company has

been formed to control the invention, which promises to make as many for

the machine, another step it, and a third one reverses it. Wall street brokers were the first to see the possibilities of the telegraphophone as a piece of office machinery. By connecting it with the telephone, a voice for each record, and everything that comes or goes over the wire is made. If there is a dispute over an order or the customer's voice shows what his instructions were. The advertising department of a daily newspaper, where a great many orders are received by phone, and where misunderstandings are frequent, use a telegraphophone to make a magnetic transcript of everything that passes over the wire. In this way the one weakness of the telephone as a means of communication—that it keeps no record—has been eliminated. There is already a scheme on foot to equip a large hotel so that guests in their rooms by using the telephone can be placed in instant communication with telegraphophone located in the typewriting room of the hotel, dictate letters, and have them delivered ready for signature within a few minutes. The same plan has been suggested for New York office buildings, providing

means for quick dictation to machines

located in the central typewriting establishment. The steel disc used are so light that they can be rotated for two cents, if one wishes to send a letter on a slip of paper and have it delivered in his own voice at some distant point. At least one office in the New York financial district is so equipped that every word spoken in one of the rooms may be taken down by a telegraphophone, but, unfortunately, save dropping in the vicinity of the wire. There is no means of knowing that there is a witness present who will give testimony at the push of a button, it is well within the bounds of probability that the proceedings of board meetings will come to be recorded in this way. In the meantime it is well enough to avoid making compromising statements in a vicinity where a telegraphophone may be concealed.

You Didn't Know This.

Why, said a landlady, "are sailors so bawdy at the bottom?" "They are bawdy at the bottom," the mariner replied, "so that they will roll up above the knee conveniently and go deck washing it is necessary to have the legs bare to the knees. Translators of ordinary art, rolled above the knees, would cramp the flesh of the upper leg and impede the circulation, but sailor trousers may be taken by their wide bottoms, and pulled in a girth up to the hip. They fit the upper leg like a hip boot.

Sailor trousers, in a word, have so odd a shape because they are cut from the knee down to fit the leg from the knee up.

MAY LIVE 100 YEARS.

The chances for living a full century are excellent in the case of Mrs. Jennie Duncan, of Haysville, Mo., now 99 years old. She writes: "Electric Bitters cured me of Chronic Dyspepsia of 25 years standing, and made me feel as well as look like a young girl." Electric Bitters cure Stomach and Liver diseases, Blood disorders, General Debility and bodily weakness. Sold on a guarantee at Z. C. M. I. drug stores, 112-114 Main street. Price only 50c.