

A True Tale of the Past and Present.

When on the Island of Iupuai, South Pacific Ocean, a boy was given me, when an infant one year old. His father, a brilliant young man, native of New York, was a missionary companion of my husband, Elder Addison Pratt. Having remained there for several years, he married a native woman from the Chain Island group; the issue was three sons, one of which we (my husband and myself) adopted. We brought him over the seas when he was two years old, in 1852. In 1858 I brought him to Utah. He was a smart, bright boy, and I took pride in teaching him. He remained with me till he was sixteen, his father being absent most of the time. He then left me without permission, and went with a freighter to Montana. Through various vicissitudes, he became an express rider. On one of his trips, in 1870, he was captured by the Black Foot Indians, robbed of the mail, stripped of all his clothes, and left seventy miles from any habitation. He managed to reach Ft. Hawley almost frozen and starved; after recuperating he was induced to engage in the same business, which he followed one year longer and was then captured by the Sioux Indians; he was kept two years confined to one lodge; but after that had more privileges granted him; he became so accustomed to their habits, and not being cruelly treated, felt disposed to remain with them until circumstances should make it practicable for him to make his escape. In the meantime applying himself with all diligence to study their character, their methods of warfare, and to know every inch of their country; thinking that in some future day his knowledge would be of service to himself and he of service to his country. It was not until 1875 that he found an opportunity to escape, having been five years the protegee of the famous "Sitting Bull." We named him "Ephraim Pratt," while away he took the name of his real father, Frank Grouard; he went to a military station, and was immediately appropriated by General Crook, as guide and scout in his command. His father, Mr. B.F. Grouard, seeing his name in the papers, wrote to him to ascertain who he was. The mystery was then solved, he was found to be my long lost boy; lost to me ten years. I had followed him with my prayers, and thankful was I that in his childhood I had taught him to believe in a God and pray to him. I addressed a letter to Fort Fetterman, and received in return one of the most pathetic, penitent and impressive letters I ever read; giving me an account of his adventures and sufferings, imploring, in a most humble manner, forgiveness for leaving me abruptly, and saying "how dearly he had paid for his waywardness and disobedience in leaving so good a mother, who was always kind and used every means to make him a good man." The family and neighbors were excited and moved to tears when the letter was read; his photograph was sent, as natural as life; a well dressed gentleman, no look of an Indian about him; it is to me almost like the resurrection of the dead. The reporters write everything in his praise, as a "first-class cabinet officer," "chief of the northern scouts, braver than any Sioux," etc. His ready brain and hands are "practically invaluable." One thing which interests us very much is that he has found a white girl among the Sioux, and from the description given we are greatly in hopes it is Bro. Thurston's child, stolen from Cache Valley in 1867, and grand-daughter of Elder Erasmus Snow. My son described her in his letter as a pale, delicate girl, apparently about sixteen years old; the Indians are kind to her, they keep her making beadwork; she knows not a word of English. He further says, "I have twice tried to capture her, but did not succeed. I think I shall yet accomplish it."

I have written to Brother Snow and received in return his heartfelt acknowledgment; promising his faith and prayers; and his advice to the young man was that he would advise him to attempt nothing so hazardous as her capture would be, only in the fear of God, and by so doing, and acting with great caution, he feels he would be sure of success. I copied the letter and sent it to my son. I feel to pray most earnestly that such an event may transpire, and the

dear one, whoever she may be, restored to her yearning parents if they still live, and most certainly the complication of these peculiar circumstances would constrain us to acknowledge a Divine Providence in the whole transaction, and to thank our heavenly Father for his all-preserving care. I expect my son to visit me soon.

L. B. PRATT.

Beaver, March 31, 1877.

—Woman's Exponent, April 15.

A Word for the Boys.

For the last four years I have employed from fifteen to twenty Chico boys, ranging in age from twelve to sixteen years, in gathering, cutting and drying fruit, and work of a similar kind, and I now propose to give in a few words the result of my experience in the matter. I tried Chinamen at the same kind of work for a short time, having to board them while the work went on, and found them unreliable, dishonest, and not disposed to work in the hot part of the day. I then discharged them and hired white boys to do the work, and was so well pleased with the change that I have ever since continued to hire our Chico boys. In a strictly selfish sense, I was a gainer by the exchange. It is true the payment per measure was the same in both cases, but I obtained more work in a day from the boys than from the Chinamen, and consequently the provisions used for a given amount of work was less with the boys. They were more pleasant to get along with; readily understood all instructions given; were cleanly in their habits, and could very properly sit at my table with my family, thus saving a considerable amount of work and trouble. But in the sense of public policy it was immense. These youths were thus taught by their own improved financial position not to despise labor; they were taught the value of money by the labor required of them to obtain it; they were encouraged in the path of duty which they were to travel alone later in life; they were kept out of mischief, and from the company of the evil-minded by inducements which made them volunteers in the army of well-doers; and, finally, by their withdrawal from the haunts of vice and intemperance, a most decided check was given to the growth of that bane of society—the genus hoodlum.

Boys most surely will develop into something, expected or unexpected, in accordance with the care or carelessness of those who have them in charge. If it be a matter of pride for parents to see their boys, at an early age of dangerous development, lurking around saloons, smoking cigarettes and visiting places which they would be ashamed to name in the presence of their mothers, the attempts to find employment, to develop what is good in them, and to train them to a manly dependence upon their own industry will be a work of supererogation—but to all who are willing to lend a helping hand in training the youth of our country in habits of decency and virtue, my experience may be of value.—*Samuel Crose in Chico (Cal.) Record.*

The Government Officials in Utah.

The United States Marshal and the District Attorney of Utah are in great trouble at present. They are charged with the serious offence of obtaining a confession from the unfortunate Mormon wretch Lee under a false promise of protection and pardon, and with suppressing statements in that confession not favorable to the head of the Mormon Church. They, however, declare in refutation of the charge that it is "a job 'put up' by the Mormons and a shyster in their interest." They characterize the chief complainant, Gilman, as a liar and unworthy of belief. They insist that they suppressed no part of the confession, nor did they sell or speculate in it. It is also claimed that the whole thing is done to procure their removal in favor of certain hungry politicians who desire their places. Well, we do not want to be too hard on these officials; but it is worthy of remark that before Gilman was heard of the conduct of District Attorney Howard and Marshal Nelson was such as to lead us to suspect that something improper was going on. At the time of the execution of Lee we pointed out the suspicious conduct of these gentlemen and called the attention of the Department of Justice to it, asking, Did it approve

of its subordinate officers speculating in blood money?

It may be that certain lawyers, ambitious for the official shoes of Howard and Nelson, have taken advantage of the suspicions aroused by our comments to aid their own little schemes. But it will require something more than a mere naked denial unsworn to by these officers to convince the public hereabouts that there is nothing in the very circumstantial charges of Gilman but lies and perversions. Gilman swears to his statement. Howard and Nelson content themselves with a card to the newspapers. Gilman may be a very bad man, but let us not take as conclusive evidence of his ill-repute the unsupported statements of those whom he accuses of grave offences. Should it turn out that injustice has been done to the District Attorney and the United States Marshal of Utah the *Herald* will cheerfully publish their defence. But in the meantime it will not accept their own defence as final; neither will it be satisfied with what may prove a farcical official investigation. The *Herald* is making its own inquiries and will give the result when reached.—*New York Herald, April 13.*

An Adulterer Shot.

OIL CITY, Pa., April 12.—Great excitement was created here this afternoon by the shooting of David Mikesell by J. M. Carson. The acts of the shooting affair, as near as can be collected, are that David Mikesell, for a long time a book-keeper for the dry goods house of Milford, Evans & Co., in this city, had made arrangements with the wife of J. M. Carson, a highly respected business man here, to meet him at a room in the Petroleum House. It appears that Mr. Carson had received a clue to the affair, and after his wife had been gone for some time went to the Petroleum House, and there found his wife with her paramour. Carson, after a few words, deliberately drew a derringer pistol and fatally shot Mikesell, the ball penetrating through the skull immediately over the right eye, lodging in the back part of the head. The deceased was an unmarried man, about thirty-five years of age. It is said he had for a long time been intimate with Carson's wife, and they had occasionally stopped at different hotels together and registered as man and wife. The sympathy of the people here seems to be altogether with Carson.—*Ex.*

THE ALMIGHTY HOPPER.—For three years past the grasshopper has been all-powerful in a portion of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Missouri, and now hangs, like the Modoc and Sioux, upon the borders, threatening to destroy. If you ask a man about real estate, he inquires about the grasshopper; ask him the price of cotton, and he wants to know if the hopper is hopping his way down to Texas. No agricultural implement dealer proposes to make new engagements until you assure him to a dead certainty that the grasshopper has gone to his long home and the mills are again grinding uninterruptedly. The question is, is the hopper dead, or is he only sleeping, awaiting the warming of spring breezes to fledge him and darken the air again as with a plague.

When we had the Indians to lay the blame of bad times upon, all was well. When it was politics there was a sufficient reason, but now there is nothing else, we snuff the air and cry: "The terrible hopper!" We have a State Entomologist, we have sent the potato beetle East, and yet we have no power by which to lay this dreadful hobgoblin of the six legged jumping orthopterous insect, this gryllus agilis. Take any other form than this, and we could harrow up his abodes and scatter his progeny to the four winds. As it is, we can not buy or sell, reap or sow, until we are assured that this almighty jumping, orthopterous insect is dead. He is the lion in the path. In vain are the smokes employed, the net spread in his sight, he eats through the meshes, fattens upon the poison, and the smoke preserves him.—*St. Louis Journal, April 6.*

Longfellow looks upon Sunday as "the golden clasp that binds together the volume of the week," but to one who never indulges in romantic flights of imagination it is simply an ecstatic season when you can lie in bed late in the morning and have something extra for dinner.—*L.*

A pet ram completely scalped a boy at Barnesville, Ga., the other day.

A country girl wrote to her lover: "Now, George, don't you fail to be at singing school to-night." George wrote back that "in the bright lexicon of youth—Webster's Unabridged—there is no such word as 'fail'."

Half the fools in the United States think they can beat the doctors at curing the sick; two-thirds of them are sure they can beat the ministers preaching the gospel; and all of them know they can beat the editors running the papers.

"Do you know what bulldozing is?" asked a man of an old farmer. "I thought I did," said the Granger, "but the bull wasn't oozing. He was only making believe, and being in the middle of a forty-acre lot, I naturally had to make pretty quick time to reach the fence ahead of him."

A Roman who appeared to have 2,378½ pounds of care on his mind, called in at one of our drug stores last week and called for a strengthening plaster to put on his back. "Rheumatism?" queried the clerk. "Wall, no," replied the Roman, "Not exactly; but my wife, she's been hintin' about whipping the parlor carpet, and taking down the sittin' room stove, and I know just what's coming asoon as ever the snow goes off."—*Rome Sentinel.*

After commenting on the apparent desire of stage prompters to "show off their elocutionary powers to the audience," the *Virginia Chronicle* offers gratis the following suggestion: "Let each actor have a flexible rubber pipe extending from the wings along the stage and running up his pants leg to his ear. Through the pipe the prompter might whisper the lines so as not to be heard by any one except the person to whom the pipe was attached, and then there would be no excuse for an actor backing up against a tree or the sides of the wings and motioning to a prompter to come up and yell the part to him."

S., who was traveling in Kansas, received the following telegram: "Return immediately. You are a father." On the eve of his return, his lady friends, determined to play a joke on him, procured from the neighborhood three other babies, placed all four in a row on a bed in an adjoining apartment, and covered them up. S. arrived, embraced his wife in great delight, and was then led forth to see his first-born. When the cover was raised an indescribable look of surprise overspread his countenance as he exclaimed, "Great G—! Did any of them get away?"—*Amsterdam Recorder.*

DIED.

In the Twentieth Ward of this city, on Sunday, April 22nd, 1877, of black measles, ELEANOR CLARA, daughter of Elijah and Zina C. Cox, aged 1 year, 7 months and 9 days.

In the Seventh Ward of this city, April 22nd, FRANK F., son of F. B. and Ester Jane Jackson, aged 10 months and 22 days.

In this city, April 23, MARY NAYLOR, aged 61 years.

Deceased was born in Cheshire, England; embraced the gospel in 1846; the same year was married to Thomas Naylor; emigrated to Utah in 1852.

At Mona, Juab County, Utah, March 28, 1877, NANCY ALTHEA, daughter of John and Nancy Harrison, aged 3 years, 2 months and 6 days.

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Bountiful, Davis County, Utah, April 23, 1877, JAMES OWEN THOMAS DAVIS, aged 70 years.

Deceased was a native of Glamorgan-shire, South Wales. He was honored and respected by all who were acquainted with him.—*COM.*

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Regent's Park, London, England, of old age, on the 11th of last March, JAMES GALE, aged seventy-five years and eight months. He was born at Warminster, Wiltshire, England, July 12, 1801. Deceased was the father of James Gale, our enterprising fellow-townsmen, and furniture dealer.

—*Ogden Junction.*

At Morgan City, Sunday Morning, April 8, 1877, of dropsy, ELIZABETH SHARP, wife of James Durrant, aged 32 years, 5 months and 23 days.

Millennial Star, please copy.

Also at the same place, April 20, 1877, of diphtheria, ALONZO THOMAS, youngest son of James Durrant, aged 7 years, 5 months and 4 days.

Millennial Star, please copy.

At Almy, Wyoming Territory, on the morning of April 19, 1877, of lung fever, WILLIAM BARBER, aged 72 years and 10 months.

Father Barber obeyed the gospel in 1844, at Birmingham, England; emigrated to Utah in 1871; has ever been faithful in bearing testimony of the latter-day work, and died in the faith, with full assurances of a glorious resurrection. He leaves a wife and children to mourn his loss. The funeral was at Randolph, Rich County, on the 21st. Addresses were delivered by Bishop Steward and Elders Edwin Spencer and Samuel Pike. Quite a number of sympathizing friends followed the remains to the grave.—*COM.*

Millennial Star, please copy.

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A sure cure for the Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy), called Dr. Williams' Indian Ointment. A single box has cured the worst old chronic cases of 25 and 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams' oint-

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JOSEPH M. RYDER.

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