

The terrible pestilence in the South is still extending its ravages, and the number of deaths is increasing daily. The Destroyer is on the path, and his victims are so many that even the report thereof is a vexation.

A gentleman named Sweet, so says the San Bernardino Argus, while on the desert, a short time ago, witnessed the fall of an aerolite. On examination it was found to contain gold, silver and copper, and weighed 250 pounds. Who would imagine that bonanzas are whirling about in space in close proximity to the earth's atmosphere?

Ex-Governor Haight, of California, died suddenly, last Monday, at San Francisco, of aneurism of the aorta. Henry H. Haight was a native of New York and was born May 20, 1825. He went to California in 1850 and practised law. He was elected Governor in 1867 and was re-nominated but defeated in 1871. He was much respected in California and his death is generally regretted.

A family of Syrians arrived at New York a couple of weeks ago, the first ever known to emigrate to this country. They hailed from Damascus. They fled from the Druses to Beyrout and came from thence to the United States. The name of the head of the family is Joseph Aoad Arbeni Damasquin, and with him are his wife, six sons, and one daughter, all of whom are well educated and have useful trades or professions.

Be careful about putting a pen or any inkstained article in your mouth. The Rheims Courant says that a scholar in the Oberlahnstein high school incautiously smeared his upper lip with ink. On this lip there was a small sore, and, after some time, it began to swell. The swelling rapidly spread to the neighboring parts of the face, and attacked the inner surface of the mouth. Delirium set in after two days, followed on the fourth by death.

The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec is considered one of the wonders of the world. It is likely to become nothing but a pile of ruins. The six remaining columns of the immense structure, each seventy-five feet high, have been sapped by the Turks in digging for the metal cores, and the frosts of next winter will probably finish the work of their downfall. The knowledge of the nineteenth century is great, but no one can tell how these splendid specimens of ancient architecture were erected.

The demand for fiction almost amounts to a disease. The supply naturally increases, and much of the literary rubbish that is placed on the market seems to be the work of lunatics designed for their fellows. The juvenile mind is intoxicated with the spirit of the times, and it is stated that a well-known dramatist, has a son eight years old who has conceived the idea of a play wherein the catastrophe is the foundering of a ship, pierced full of holes by a sword-fish, hired to perform this deed by a friend of the family who has not been invited to tea.

The body of a child about a year old, perfectly petrified into pure white stone, has been found in a metallic casket in the old Methodist cemetery at Baltimore. Workmen opening Boundary Avenue discovered it. The body now weighs nearly 30 pounds; every line and feature is perfectly retained. The relatives of the child established its identity, and have obtained possession. It was buried 21 years ago. Geologists must not dogmatize on deductions based upon petrifications. The "ages" necessary to effect the process are, in some instances, extremely short.

The whisky remedy for snake bite has become very popular, to the great chagrin of the ultra-temperance men, and a new cure has been diligently sought for. One has been discovered, but whether it will meet with as much favor as the alcoholic recipe is extremely doubtful. It is common cooking soda, and is said to be a sure remedy if applied in time. An incision should be made to the depth of the wound made by the fangs of the snake, and into this cut, the soda should be sprinkled. It will immediately bubble up and turn green, caused by the action of the soda in neutralizing the acid of the poison, and the cure is effected. Make a note of it.

The health officer of Alleghany, Pennsylvania—J. B. Williams, certifies to a new cure for cancer. In 1863 a cancer appeared on his left hand. He had it burned with caustic, but in 1864 it developed in his right arm. This also was burned, but it re-appeared in his right hand, which became so bad that it was thought amputation would be necessary. Learning last spring that wild tea had been proven efficacious, he drank freely of the tea and poulticed with the grounds, and in four weeks was cured. He says he knows of two other persons who have been entirely cured through the same remedy. This information should be widely published. Wild tea grows in this Territory and in most of the States.

Cases of lead poisoning have been reported in England from the practice of filling up holes in millstones with lead, and a Norwegian paper states that Dr. O. Johnson, of Sharpsborg, has met with an extensive epidemic of gastric disorder, often accompanied with diarrhea, for which he could find no cause in the local conditions, nor was there any evidence of contagion. The lead line on the gums was detected, and it was ascertained that the flour which the patients used had been procured from a mill, the owner of which had filled up the millstones with a mixture of white lead and glycerine. There were no cases of paralysis or brain disease, and the patients all recovered, with one exception. A similar occurrence is reported to have taken place in France from the use of lead to repair millstones. Utah millers, beware.

We have just received from the publishers, a copy of a new song book, for Sabbath schools, called, *The Golden Shore*, by J. F. Kinsey. It promises to become one of the most popular singing books in America. The power of music in awakening right feelings within the soul, has been recognized to a great extent in these days of progress and improvement. The *Golden Shore* contains a collection of songs for home use or the Sunday school. Every song in it has been selected with care, and the work is entirely new. The music is brilliant, attractive, and at the same time devotional. The words have also been selected with the greatest care, avoiding aimless sensation and senseless rhyme. Price 30 cents per copy or \$25.00 per hundred, in currency or postage stamps. Published by F. W. Helmick, music and book publisher, 136 West Front Street, Cincinnati, O.

#### DAVIS COUNTY STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Quarterly Conference of the Davis Stake was held at Thomas S. Smith's Grove, Farmington, on Saturday, August 31, and Sunday, Sept. 1st.

There were present of the Twelve: Elders Geo. Q. Cannon and F. D. Richards on Saturday, and on Sunday these brethren and Prest. John Taylor and Elder Joseph F. Smith. There were also present from the city on Sunday, Elders Junius F. Wells, M. H. Hardy and G. F. Gibbs.

The presidency of the Stake, Prest. Wm. R. Smith and counselors Layton and Call, were present, and each of the wards was duly represented.

The Farmington, Bountiful and Kaysville choirs sang together.

On Saturday morning Elder Geo. Q. Cannon preached.

In the afternoon the statistical report of the Stake was presented, the bishops reported their wards, and Elder F. D. Richards preached.

On Sunday morning Prest. John Taylor preached, and was followed with a few remarks by Elder Junius F. Wells.

Sunday afternoon the sacrament was administered, the general authorities of the Church, and of the Stake were presented and unanimously sustained, the only change being the addition of the Fourth Quorum of Elders, with Charles Robins, president, Alma Flinders and John Barton counsellors.

Elder Joseph F. Smith then preached, and was followed by Elder G. Q. Cannon in a few closing remarks.

A vote of thanks was proposed by President Wm. R. Smith, for the use of his beautiful Grove, and after

singing the anthem, "Put on thy beautiful garments O Zion," and benediction by Elder F. D. Richards, conference adjourned for three months.

The sermons on Sunday were reported by Elder G. F. Gibbs.

A. STAYNER, Clerk.

#### SEVIER STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Sevier Stake Quarterly Conference was held in Richfield on Saturday and Sunday, the 24th and 25th inst. Every Ward was represented by its bishop. There were present: Of the Twelve Apostles, Erastus Snow; the Presidency of the Stake, F. Spencer, A. K. Thurber and Wm. H. Seegmiller, the Presidency of the High Priests and Elder's Quorums generally, and a full attendance of Saints from all parts of the county.

On the forenoon of Saturday, President Snow gave a most interesting and instructive discourse, more especially on the building of the Manti Temple, descriptive of the great preparatory labor on a site justly to be admired for its native grandeur and close proximity to Manti City, but most of all, the use for which it is designed in the great plan of salvation.

In the afternoon, the bishops made verbal reports of their Wards, (11 in number,) as also the Presidents of Quorums and Superintendents of Sunday Schools.

There was a High Priest's meeting in the evening. The usual quorum business was attended to and instructions given by Elder Snow, as well as to the members of the Y. M. M. I. A., who were specially invited to attend.

On Sunday forenoon Conference again assembled at 10 a. m., when the general and local authorities were presented by the clerk, who were unanimously sustained, with but three dissenting votes as to sustaining some of the local authorities.

The quarterly report of statistics was also read, showing that there were in this Stake, 1 patriarch, 82 seventies, 116 high priests, 395 elders, 33 priests, 96 teachers, 91 deacons, 1,571 members, 2,372 total officers and members, 1,278 children under 8 years, 3,649 total of souls, 686 families, 4 marriages, 17 births—males 15, females 2; 30 children blessed, 27 members received, 36 removed, 83 baptisms, 15 deaths of males, 9 deaths of females, 2 excommunicated, 19 individuals drawing support, amount of support drawn, \$35.43, fast day donations, \$38.70.

The report of the Sunday School Superintendent exhibited 10 schools reported, having 162 teachers and 836 pupils.

The home missionaries were sustained as before, also Elder John Allan was blessed and set apart by President Snow under his hands and the Presidency of the Stake, and unanimously sustained as a missionary to a location on the Rio Grande, Colorado, to be accompanied by his sons and household, with the faith and prayers of the assembled Conference in their behalf.

Remarks were made throughout by the Stake authorities and all were happy and blessed by the wise sayings and appropriate remarks and teachings of our esteemed visitor Brother Snow, who blessed the people with uplifted hands and the same was reciprocated by voices from the congregation "God bless you Brother Snow."

The Richfield and Glenwood choirs, with organ accompaniment by Sister Clara F. Young, merit high encomiums in appreciation of their services on the occasion.

Elder Snow left for South at 3 p. m., and conference adjourned to meet again on the 23rd and 24th of November current at this place.

WM. MORRISON,  
Stake Clerk.

P. S. There was collected during the quarter, and at this conference, monthly cash donations for Manti Temple, to be forwarded with the names and amounts of the donors by the Stake clerk's earliest opportunity, \$172. W. M.

#### Correspondence.

New Method of Bread-Making.

CITY BAKERY, SPRINGVILLE,  
August 30, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

I send you sample of bread by bearer, made from common XX family flour, round at the new ce-

op mill of this place. The bread is manufactured by a new and original process, with one half the labor usually expended on commercial baker's bread, and with one third less time under pressure of fermentation, thereby preserving the starch, gluten and much of the sugar of the flour that otherwise is decomposed by over fermentation with commercial bakers generally. Although it may not be as clear in color as your city bread, made from XXX and XXXX flour, it is healthier for us country folks to eat. This sample is from a batch made last Thursday, which, by the time you receive it, will be three days old, and if kept in a close, tin box for three days more, would retain its moisture and freshness, and as the old saying goes, "the proof of the pudding's the eatin' of it," try it between your teeth and pass your verdict.

Most respectfully,

A. CROLL.

The test between the teeth has been applied, this third day from the time of baking, and the bread is hereby pronounced very good. It is also much more palatable than "baker's bread" is, generally, after twenty-four hours from baking time. We know nothing of the Croll system, but recommend our city bakers to communicate with the gentleman and learn the method.—Eds.]

The Plan of the Universal Exhibition of 1878.

NO. 75 AVE. WAGRAM, Paris,  
August 17, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

The plan of the Universal Exhibition of 1878 is, so far as the Champs de Mars is concerned, simply an immense parallelogram, intersected at right angles by numerous avenues, between blocks of glass cases full of the most ingenious and the most highly-finished specimens imaginable of everything that can contribute to the convenience, the comfort and the luxurious enjoyment of life. There is obviously no limit to the productive powers of humanity, if there be an adequate supply of the raw material, of capital, and of mechanical or of manual labor; but there does, so it appears to me, occur from time to time, a visible halt and surcease in European inventiveness. Such stoppage of the invention faculty is a defect characteristic of the enormous bazaar beyond the Bridge of Jena. The "roaring looms of time" make as stunning a clatter as ever; but it is the old, old tissue that is being woven. There is a maximum of gregariousness and a maximum of isolation among the exhibitors. You look in vain in these interminable corridors of shop windows for many rare specimens of individual ingenuity. Individual man, except in a very few instances, seems to have disappeared, and is replaced by great companies and great firms. In particularizing the merit of this or that display, one almost feels inclined to append to the description the warning word "advertisement." The exhibition is, in fact, a carnival of enterprising manufacturers solicitous of orders, and of pushing tradespeople who are eager to sell their wares. Almost all the samples of retail goods have price tickets attached to them, and when we find such articles as cheap boots and shoes, and coats and pantaloons, so marked, our enthusiasm about the educational value of the show is apt to grow cool. On the other hand, on the opposite side of the Seine, the educational character of the exhibition is insisted upon. The Palace of the Trocadero has become a social science congress combined with a society of arts, and here the din of scientific talk rivals the clatter of wheels on the other bank of the river.

It has evidently not occurred to the originators of the Babel that a man's ventive faculties are not equal to his receptive ones, and that a man possessing a brain which only holds, so to speak, a pint, endures dire suffering through the mistaken kindness of those who endeavor to pour a Niagara of information into it. Be it as it may, the principal impression conveyed by what I have hitherto seen is, that there is too much of everything in the Champs de Mars and the Trocadero, that the illustration of every department of cosmopolitan industry has been distended to

extravagant and wearisome proportions, and that the shopkeeping element is everywhere, save in the fine art gallery, aggressively prominent. I may be mistaken, but I fancy that I have seen, on some thousands of faces, not only French but foreign, among the visitors at the Exhibition, a listless, fagged and bewildered expression, and I know very well that I am not mistaken in the diagnosis of my own sensations, after a three hours' wandering to and fro in this wilderness of glass cases, when I say, if a little lunch were not speedily administered to repair the exhausted human tissues, there would be danger of somebody going melancholy mad. Yes, we are all very fond of picture galleries, and vestibules full of beautiful marble statues. The late M. Fortung was a truly great painter. So was Henri Regnault. So are the still living Gerome and Messonnier. Gustave Dore's Bacchanalian Vase deserves to be re-examined and re-admired over and over again. The ceramics, the bronzes, the crystal chandeliers, the tapestry, the clocks and watches are all monstrous fine. But three hours contemplation of such objects, to say nothing of flying glances which we have cast while hurrying through the cases full of boots and shoes, riding habits, combs and brushes, and ladies' and gentlemen's underclothing, are apt to induce a state of mind far exceeding dejection, and trenching indeed, on downright exasperation.

To put the case plainly: Is any man prepared, on a hot day in August, to walk through five miles of densely crowded streets, looking in at every store window as he goes? If he is not equal to such a pilgrimage on foot, he should engage a "fantueil roulout," as the little three-wheeled, man-propelled carriages are called, as soon as ever he has passed the Porte Rapp, and finds himself within the precincts of the Paris Exhibition.

C. A. S.

RANDOLPH, Rich County,  
September 2, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

I write you a few lines in regard to this part of the country. The weather has been unusually hot for this place. The people of Bear River really think if they have such warm and beautiful summers in the future, they can raise almost everything in the line of grain, also potatoes. Surely the Lord is blessing the up lands as well as the low lands, in this mountain region, where there has been frost every month in the year in this part of the country; but the best of it is, we have plenty of good water to moisten the parched ground.

The people of this settlement feel to thank God for his many blessings in giving them a bountiful harvest. There never was as good a harvest in this valley before, as there is at this time. It has been hard work to get men to half harvest it, but we are getting pretty well through now. Hay is somewhat scarce this year, from the lack of snow in the mountains not filling up the creeks to overflow the land. Bear River has not overflowed its banks this summer, which makes hay not so plentiful this year. But for all that I think the people will have plenty to feed on this winter.

The health of the brethren and sisters is good. We rejoice in the principles of the gospel of Christ, and thank God for his blessings that we live in a land where we can serve God without being made afraid by our enemies.

Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

JOSEPH H. PUGHRE,

The worst thing about a mosquito is its long soliloquy as to where and when it had better settle down and bite.—New Haven Register.

Reynolds Herald: "Bob, where d'ye get that melon?" asked one urchin of another. "Don't think it got over the fence on its own 'sponsibility, do ye?" was the reply.

"My son, would you like to steal one of those melons?"  
"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply.  
"You would, eh? I am sorry to hear that. If you should steal one of those melons, my boy, do you know what the result might be?"  
The lad scratched his head, surveyed the pile again, and answered: "I spect the plaguey thing would be green all the way through!"