

general and stake authorities were sustained.

Respectfully,
SAMUEL D. MOORE,
Stake Clerk.
St. Johns, Arizona, March 25, 1889.

Maricopa Stake Conference.

The Maricopa Stake of Zion held its conference in Mesa, Arizona, on the 24th and 25th of March. A full attendance of Stake and ward officers was present. They gave reports of an encouraging nature, showing our Stake to be increasing in good works.

After and before the usual routine business, several Elders spoke upon subjects of spiritual and temporal importance. Elder D. T. Hibbert, just returned from a mission to the Southern States, delivered a discourse full of interest. Many could not gain admittance to the meeting house, and the Saints felt to exclaim, "Give us room!"

GEO. PASSEY, Clerk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Did Nero Burn Rome?

There is no assignable motive, says a writer in the *Architect*, which can point suspicion at Nero, and he happened to be absent from Rome when the fire broke out. The silly credulity which for centuries has accepted this story, with its mythical embellishment of Nero in mad exultation at the success of his wantonness fiddling above the burning ruins, is a striking example of what will pass as history. Suetonius gravely relates that someone having quoted a Greek verse, the meaning of which is, "After my death I care not if the world perish in flames," Nero exclaimed, "Nay, let it perish while I live." "And," adds the historian, "he acted accordingly; for, pretending to take offense at the ugliness of the old buildings, and the narrowness of the streets, he set the city on fire, and this was done so openly that several consulars found tow and torches in the houses of his attendants, but were afraid to meddle with them. He knocked down the walls of the granaries, which were of stone, in order that the flames might spread. The fire he beheld from a tower on the top of the villa of Mæcenas, and being hugely diverted with the splendors of the flames, he sang the "Destruction of Troy" in the dress worn by him on the stage." Yet the people patiently submitted to be ruined, and thus openly mocked, not even wreaking their vengeance on the attendants! Suetonius, in a previous chapter, has recorded of Nero that he ordered piazzas to be erected before all the houses, great and small, in order that in case of fire there might be a commanding position for extinguishing the flames; and these piazzas were constructed at his expense, so little did he disregard the interests of his subjects. Tacitus, a graver writer, tells the story with less manifest fiction. He says that the fire was by some attributed to accident, and by others to the wickedness of Nero, adding, "Nero at

that time was at Antium, and only returned to Rome on the day when the flames approached his own palace, which he had built to join the palace of Augustus with the garden of Mæcenas. This palace and all the buildings around were burned. To console the people, wandering and houseless, he opened the Campus Martius, and the monuments of Agrippa, as well as his own gardens. Here sheds were hastily constructed to shelter the poorest. Furniture was fetched from Ostia, and the price of corn considerably reduced." Thus the public acts of Nero are not only those of one innocent of the imputed crime, but are those of an emperor really concerned for the misfortunes of his people. It is quite possible that such acts may have been mere hypocritical attempts to disarm suspicion; and if the crime were proven, or even probable, such an interpretation might pass. But what evidence, what probability is there, to justify such an accusation? The vague rumors of an exasperated people. How these arise, and how supremely they dispense with evidence, need not be told. Have we not in our own time known the famine in Ireland boldly assigned to the wrath of heaven, because the words *Idei Defensor* accidentally were omitted in a new issue of silver coin? and this accusation proceeding, not from ignorant and turbulent mobs, but from the ignorant and bigoted "religious world," as it justifiably calls itself. Jurymen accustomed to delivering verdicts in cases brought by fire insurance offices must know the kind of evidence which they demand before they believe that a fraudulent tradesman has set fire to his own premises. I ask them if they can see anything of this kind in the accusation against Nero? Without demanding the completeness of circumstantial evidence which would coerce their verdict against a living man, I simply ask whether there is any evidence against Nero? All that historians have produced has been given in the foregoing narrative. Its value may now be estimated.

A Cancer Which Eats Beefsteak.

Mrs. William Galloway, who lives in Trempealeau County, some years ago was attacked with a cancer. It increased in size and the physicians said nothing could be done to help her. But someone made the discovery that it was a "beefsteak" cancer and prescribed beefsteak as a remedy. Over a year ago it was thought she would not live from one day till the next. The beefsteak was applied and it was found that every twenty-four hours the cancer would eat seven pounds of beefsteak. When taken from the cancer there is nothing left of the beef but the tissue and tough parts of it, and every particle of moisture will be drawn out, the remainder being as porous as a sponge. Mrs. Galloway is no worse than she was a year ago, the cancer living on the beef instead of on her.—*Black River Falls (Wis.) dispatch to the St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Don't Toss the Baby.

The throwing a baby into the air and catching him again is always a risky practice, certain though the tosser may be of his quickness of eye and sureness of hand. A sudden unexpected movement of the child in his midair flight, may result in a cruel fall.

A gay young father snatched up his boy one morning and tossed him to the ceiling. Twice the little fellow went flying through the air and came down safely into the waiting arms. The third time, the excited child gave a spring of delight as his father's hands released him, plunged forward, and pitching over the father's shoulder, fell head downward to the floor. When the poor baby came out of the stupor in which he had lain for hours it was found that, although no bones had been broken, the brain had sustained an injury that would in all probability render the child an imbecile.

Another baby snatched from the floor and tossed into the air received a fatal wound in the top of the head from the pointed ornament of a chandelier. Still another child slipped between the father's hands as he caught her in her downward flight; and although his frenzied grasp on the child's arm saved her from falling to the ground, it wrenched muscles and sinews so cruelly that the girl's arm was shrunken and practically useless to her all her life. These are extreme cases, but the fact of their occurring at all should be enough to warn one from the habit of relinquishing one's hold on a child while tossing it.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Working a Hog.

When I entered the village, situated among the hills of New York, at 10 o'clock in the morning all was peaceful and serene, and the pocket of every man who walked the streets had chink in it. When I left at 4 p. m., an excited mob had possession of the main street, and every other man was dead broke.

About noon a man arrived from the north in a buggy. He said he was a drover, and looking for hogs. He bought half a dozen before he ate dinner, and it was astonishing how closely he guessed at their live weight. He was within two pounds on four of them, and half a pound on the others. These had been an attraction for a crowd of idlers, and the general verdict was that the drover was as sharp as a barber's razor. Soon after dinner a farmer-looking boy drove a hog into town, and staked him out in front of the tavern. As he wanted to sell and the drover wanted to buy, they soon came together.

"Might take him on a pinch, but he's only a nubbins," said the drover, as he sized the porker up.

"Nubbins! Why, that pig goes over 200 pounds!" exclaimed the owner.

"Can't stuff me, boy. I've been in the business twenty years."

"No one wants to stuff. That 'ere hog goes to 210."

"He does, eh? Wish your father