

President Angus M. Cannon, in answer to Bro. Dunbar, thought there would be no harm done if any of the bishops were to continue their fast meetings in the evening to give brethren an opportunity to attend where it was impossible for them to meet with the Saints in the day time, but wanted it distinctly understood that the evening meeting must not be substituted for the regularly established morning meeting. He touched on several subjects of local importance and urged the Bishops to continued diligence in their watchcare of the flock of Christ.

Adjourned until the first Saturday in June at 11 a. m.

THE SILVER QUESTION.

There was a rather meagre attendance at the silver meeting held in the Federal court room last night.

Hon. L. G. Jeffers, as an advocate for free silver, spoke in substance as follows:

"Utah, with one exception, would receive a greater benefit from free coinage legislation than any other locality. California gulch, Colorado, produced last year \$14,000,000 in silver, and he estimated that it would be the gainer by \$4,000,000 by free coinage. Utah would profit by such legislation at least \$2,000,000.

Great as had been the work of our committee, there are States yet scarcely touched. Illinois has not been reached, and Joe G. Cannon was defeated because he favored free coinage. If \$100,000 were spent in educating the country up on this matter it would give Utah alone \$2,000,000 in return. Silver mining has scarcely been developed in your Territory. No man who has given any attention to the study of political economy but knows that free coinage of all the gold and silver produced would not put into circulation enough money, and we would still be compelled to resort to paper money. One change I would suggest, and that is that instead of the standard of 16 to 1 we should adopt the Latin standard. The United States by joining hands with the Latin nations could maintain silver in spite of all that England can do.

On last December when President Harrison was preparing his message to Congress a committee of three called on him—myself being one of the committee—and we presented the fact to him that the legislation of the country for the last twenty-five years had been in the interest of Wall street and gold. Mr. Harrison said there was nothing within his power to do but that he was willing to do to bring silver to a parity with gold. I told him that if he wanted to bring silver to a parity with gold he could do it by giving his assent to a free coinage law. Mr. Harrison flushed up and replied: "I do not agree with you," and he added: "But I haven't the time to argue the question with you." From 1875, when it was first known that silver was demonetized in the United States, England has bought our silver at 97 and 98 cents, and has coined it into rupees at \$1.37½ and kept thrusting it upon India. Do you want the men of brawn and brains to produce silver for the benefit of England or for their own benefit? Free silver would make every valley in these mountains blossom. Do not the people of Salt Lake see that it is to their interest to keep on agitating the question? If we are going to educate the people of this country up to free coinage before the next presidential election it must be done this year. I do not believe that either party will declare in favor of free coinage, as Wall street has too great a hold on na-

tional conventions. All, in the Senate, we can count on is 17 to 20. If we keep this agitation up we will get enough votes to carry it over the President's veto—but I don't think he would dare to veto it.

When I left Washington we had demands for more literature than we had on hand, and we hadn't a dollar to start the presses going. We want you silver men to send your bricks to help the work along."

Mr. Treweek introduced the following resolution, which carried unanimously:

"Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered Mr. Jeffers for his very able address on the silver question and that we heartily endorse his sentiments on this important question and pledge ourselves to assist the national silver committee."

A CHAPTER OF QUEER ACCIDENTS.

A nearsighted bookkeeper carelessly left his eyeglasses at home the other morning, and had a half day's experience that he will not forget or care to repeat as long as he lives. He was in a great hurry to catch the car, and rushed out of the house shouting farewell to his wife as he passed through the door. There was a large sized puddle in front of his residence, and the first step that he took off the curbstone was directly into it. That utterly ruined the polish on one shoe, and imagining that he saw a firm place ahead of him he made a leap for that and went into the mud with the other foot.

He narrowly escaped being run over by a team hitched to a brewery wagon, and almost missed the rail of the car as it passed by him. Ashes scrambled to the platform he trod heavily upon the pet bunion of a stout old gentleman, who uttered a howl of anguish, and turning to apologize knocked a dinner basket out of the hand of an office boy going to his work. When the conductor came to collect his fare he offered him a three cent piece and then a nickel penny. By this time those who were near looked pityingly upon him. He searched through his pockets for his glasses, and to his great annoyance discovered that they were missing. There was no help for it, and he decided to keep on to the office and send a boy back for them.

When the car arrived at the corner of Bank and Superior streets he hastened to alight and almost embraced a stern female, who gave him a look that would have petrified him could he have seen it. He raised his hat and begged her pardon for the collision, and as he did so the conductor bent forward to assist the lady onto the car and knocked the hat out of the nearsighted man's hand to the ground. The latter peered blindly forward in the direction in which he thought the hat might lie, but could not discover it. The conductor jumped off the car, and picking up the hat restored it to its owner.

The bookkeeper reached his office without any further accident. He sent the office boy to his residence for his glasses and sat down at his desk to work as best he could until the messenger returned. In five minutes he had written with red ink upon the wrong book, and as he reached for the eraser he knocked over another ink bottle, and the contents thoroughly saturated

a pile of statements that he had spent the entire previous day in making out.

While attempting to stop the flow of ink he daubed it upon his coat and cuffs, and finally sat down in the corner, lit a cigar, and painted the air blue until the glasses came with the messenger. His hurry to catch the street car cost him about twenty-five dollars, to say nothing of the wear and tear of nervous energy.—*Cleveland Leader*.

GOOD OUT OF EVIL.

This morning on boarding the R. G. W. east-bound train, a pleasant acquaintance with a company of tourists was renewed.

On Friday last the party visited Garfield Beach and many inquiries were then made regarding Utah and its people, and a cordial invitation was extended to the visitors to attend Tabernacle services on Sunday. On meeting the tourists this morning the conversation was renewed, and many complimentary remarks were made with reference to the large attendance at meeting, the beautiful singing, the fervent prayer, and Elder Nicholson's earnest and spirited discourse. The writer at this point produced this morning's *Tribune* and directed attention to the malicious and false report published therein of the services referred to. Needless to say it had the desired effect. Sympathy with a people so assailed and maligned was freely expressed, and indignation that the public press should be thus prostituted. Several hours were then spent in explaining the doctrines believed in by the Latter-day Saints, the organization of the Church and various points of history not generally understood, such as the character of Joseph Smith, Brigham Young and others; the martyrdom, early settlement of Utah, etc.

The writer thanks the disreputable *Tribune* scribe for the opportunity of throwing some light on the subject, and trusts that the "bread cast upon the waters will be seen after many days." More anon. PHOENIX.

PRICE, Emery county, Utah,

April 27, 1891.

Walter K. Fletcher, an agent of the Cook & Son tourist firm is in Ludlow street jail, New York. The charge is the taking of £420 Sterling from the Rev. Austin Bohn of New Zealand. The money was paid to Fletcher as the agent of Cook & Son, but he (Fletcher) contends that the only person who can claim the money is Bohn. Eade the New York agent of Cook & Son claims the contrary, and he says that Fletcher gambled the money.

It appears that Mrs. Navarro, formerly Mary Anderson, has not been sick in England. It was reported that she had become a mother; that she was broken down with nervous prostration; that she and her husband both believed marriage a failure. Now her stepfather comes forward and denounces the persons who circulated those vile slanders. He says Mary is happy and in good health. Mr. Griffin has not lost his old trick of advertising. He can manage to keep himself and his Mary before the public, though even located among the phlegmatic Britons.