

Correspondence

Virginia the Unfortunate—Smoky Chimneys—A Suggestion for the Legislature—Fire and Fire-proofs—Saving the Party.

SALT LAKE CITY,
November 17, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

It never rains but it pours. Misfortunes never come singly. Virginia west is catching it these times. First typhoid fever, then burnt up, now blown down. What next? A correspondent of an eastern paper says the Nevada Virginians spend their time in mining, drinking, and gambling. There is certainly other business before them just now, especially than the two last named occupations.

These windy days and others when the wind is in the "wrong quarter," whatever quarter that may be, the women are apt to complain of "smoky chimneys;" that is, that the fire won't burn as it should, in the stoves and fireplaces. It must be that the wind drives over the tops of the chimneys like a board and practically closes the vent. There are many remedies for this, but the simplest that I can think of is to divide the top of the chimney into sections by means of tin or sheet iron, in this way. Put one sheet across the chimney one way, and another sheet across the other way, forming a cross, the sheets to be perpendicular, placed inside the chimney, and rising above the top of the chimney six or twelve inches, thus cutting the vent into quarter sections. The tin cross could be either placed at right angles to the walls of the chimney, or askew from corner to corner, according to the opinion of the owner of the chimney. One way is apparently as good as the other. Either way, let the wind blow from whatever quarter it might, there would be free passages for the smoke out above the top of the chimney, and complaints of bad draft would not be so common as they sometimes are now.

As offering suggestions to the local legislature, soon to assemble, is coming in fashion, allow me to offer one on the interesting subject of alimony. According to the decisions of two federal judges, as I understand it, a woman can obtain a decision for alimony from a man, during litigation for divorce, if she claims that she is his wife. If these decisions are to be of effect (and it is claimed that they are non-appealable) it seems to me that the men need a little legislative protection from imposition and injustice. For, supposing such awarded alimony to be paid, and the case eventually to go in favor of the man who pays the alimony, how is he to receive back the money he has been required to pay to the woman, who actually has had no legal right to it? She will have spent it, or her lawyers will for her, in all probability. There needs some legislation to secure the rights of the man, to insure that he is not virtually defrauded in the course of the litigation by the alimony award, to check the impudence and presumption of designing women, and to discourage needless and endless litigation of a very demoralizing character. If judges will continue to make such unrighteous and law-strained decisions as some of them have done lately, the simplest provision for securing justice to the men defendants in such cases perhaps would be a law requiring the giving of approved bonds, by the woman to whom alimony is awarded, to cover the amount of the alimony as it is paid, with reasonable interest thereon, if required by the man, should the case ultimately be decided in his favor. This is a matter of simple justice, and nobody can reasonably object to it.

Now we have had another great fire, a greater in some respects than that which we had two or three weeks ago, and this time the noblest business building in the city is the object of the conflagration. A building largely "fireproof" too. A really "fireproof" building can scarcely be, in the present state of the building art. All the "fireproofs" are only more or less approximately so. One thing it seems people will be likely soon to learn, if they have not already, and that is, that wood, especially shingles and ordinary lumber, are not "fireproof," by a very, very long way. Then a building may be tolerably "fireproof" outside, and a very long way from it inside. Very thick

timbers are partially "fireproof." Iron is entirely "fireproof," to a moderate heat, but not to an intense heat, as everybody knows. A slate roof, or a tile roof, or a tin or copper roof, is "fireproof" to a degree from the outside, but not from the inside, because it is supported by lumber. A corrugated galvanized iron roof, supported by iron ties and girders, is pretty thoroughly fireproof, because there is no timber very near it. An adobe arch or arches, resting upon thick solid timber beams, and covered outside with tin or copper, would make a pretty safe "fire-proof" as well as rain-proof roof. A dead wall of adobies proves itself to be an excellent fire-stopper. Is there anything better? Brick and stone and concrete are also very good. We shall build more in the "fireproof" fashion after a few more expensive conflagrations. But no kind of practicable "fire-proof" yet discovered will warrant the absence of care inside as well as outside, but inside particularly. When wood is made fireproof, then fire may be defied as to the building, if not to its contents. Or when there is some other "fireproof," such as paper boards and beams, to take the place of wood, then carefulness may be not so necessary. But at present it is very necessary.

The presidential election talk seems to be beginning in earnest, and it is really amusing to hear some of it. For instance, the assertions in the dispatches that it is necessary for the salvation of the dominant party that a certain man be elected president next year. No other man in the nation can save the party. If he does not save it by his election, it must go to pieces. What a sorry plight a party must be in when only one man can save it! What a desperate condition the dominant party in a nation of forty millions of people must be in, when one man, and that one man only, out of the entire forty millions, can save the party from impending dissolution! Is it not almost equivalent to saying that the party is not worth saving? If all the salt, all the saving power, of the party, rests in one man, what is all the rest of the party worth? It is not worth that one man's salt. It must be very near ruin if one man only can save it. But suppose the party is not saved, what of it? It is not a party of much account, if none of the members but one are able to save it. It might as well go as not. If it goes it will not take the country with it. It is not the first party that has gone to the dogs, yet the country remains, and it will remain after many more parties have sunk into oblivion. The country is not dependent upon party, thank Heaven, much less a party with only one man of saving character in it. If the party has lost its savor, what is it good for but to be cast out?

Anniversary of the Settlement of Iron County.

CEDAR CITY, Nov. 12, 1875.

Editor Deseret News:

Bishop Henry Lunt, with his usual hospitality and kindness, for which he is proverbial throughout Southern Utah, invited to his house the few remaining pioneers of Cedar and also all that were pioneers to Iron County living in this place, to a picnic last evening, as it was the 24th anniversary of the settling of this place, and we had the substantial of life, but above all an interchange of good feelings, reminiscences of suffering and amusements, which generally happen in settling a new country among this people, with remembrances of the energy, kindness, fatherly love and masterly power of the late Bro. Geo. A. Smith, in opening up Southern Utah, also the prophecy of Elder P. P. Pratt in the winter of 1850 and 1851, as to the future prosperity of Southern Utah, which has been fulfilled to the very letter and more too. Peace to their remains until the glorious day of the resurrection. All seemed to rejoice in being spared to enjoy the blessings of God, through his kindness and goodness to them. Many were the expressions of thanksgiving for the goodness of God in preserving his people through all the many plots and schemes that his enemies have laid for his Saints, and also for our bishop's good wishes and feelings. All felt "God bless our Bishop" for his good feelings and anxiety to build up the kingdom of God, which all know is his desire.

All is peace and prosperity and a bright future before us.

With due respect,
ONE OF THE PIONEERS
of Cedar.

Bad Times in Massachusetts.

Never within my recollection has the host of unemployed—men, women and children—been so large as it is now. The streets are thronged with lounging, hopeless-looking figures, and the stores and other places of business are invaded by petitioners for work. Timid housekeepers live in continual fear of the swarming tramps, and look forward with new dread to the days of mid-winter, when suffering will be more general. Some of these tramps are formidable enough to be dreaded. One of them circulated through the Nineteenth Ward—a rather sparsely settled region—one day last week. Calling at the house of a clergyman, he asked for the lady of the house. Being shown into her presence, he advanced to the lady, and passing his hand familiarly across her bosom, inquired: "Is your husband at home?" "No," said the lady, "but my father's in the next room." After a brief stay the tramp departed, promising to call again. At another clergyman's house he found the lady alone, and conducting himself with perfect ease and freedom, told her that he wished her to sign a recommendation of himself. She told him he must see her husband, who would be home to dine at two o'clock, and must call again at three. "No," said the fellow, "I'll come and dine with you." The lady said "No," and at last he left, to return in the afternoon. The clergyman asked him if he was married. He said yes—he had a wife and children. Being asked where they were, he replied that he had not seen them for years. He begged for innumerable articles—clothing, boots and shoes, and even dresses. His manner was very terrifying, and few women would dare to face him.

One of the saddest features of these hard times is the swelling of the ranks of night-walkers, whose numbers, heaven knows, were large enough before. Cold as it is now, these poor creatures saunter along the streets in swarms, plying their vocations with perseverance worthy of a better cause. Jennie Collins, the presiding genius of Boffin's Bower, gave a lecture on Sunday night, in which she treated the labor question, so far as girls are concerned in it, with great plainness of speech. She was specially severe on the general failure to discriminate between honest working-girls and prostitutes, and denounced in good round terms the class which she termed "paupers"—women who, claiming to be industrious and deserving, work upon the sympathies of the charitable. Sad as is the widespread destitution, it is marked by some laughable incidents. A gentleman walking down town on Sunday morning from the South End was accosted by a young and well dressed man who desired work. He told of his good disposition and his disappointments, and said he had eaten nothing for twenty hours. The gentleman gave him half a dollar and told him to call at his office the next day. The young man took the money and turned away, followed by his benefactor, who wanted to see where he went. The mendicant entered a barber shop, and was found there by the gentleman, with a boy "shining his boots." "I thought you were hungry," he said. "So I am," replied the young man. "Well," returned the good Samaritan, "I don't propose to pay for blacking your boots; so shell out that half dollar!" The young man "shelled."

It is impossible to avoid the conclusion that we are not so polite a people as our fathers were. The standard of courtesy in personal intercourse is not so high as it used to be, and the license claimed by the press and public men is unprecedentedly great. Never in a political campaign have I seen so much blackguardism and abuse in the columns of Massachusetts papers. All the journals seem to have cast off the restraints of propriety, and to vie with one another in the profanity and virulence of personalities. A stranger reading all the papers would inevitably infer that our greatest blackguards were singled out as candidates for office. There is hardly an exception to the general rule of oburgation; even the staid *Advertiser* joins

with the rest in throwing mud. The achievements of the press are rivaled, however, by those of the reverend clergy, who have aired their rhetoric freely since the campaign began in tirades against the leading candidates for office. Rev. Dr. Miner takes the lead in this abuse, seizing every opportunity to denounce Mr. Rice, the Republican candidate for governor, and to insinuate that he is not a temperate man. The political pool was dirty and troubled enough before; but the introduction of the clerical element has greatly enhanced its turbidness. The study of theology, if one may judge by certain of its representatives, tends strongly to the development of oburgatory powers.—*Boston Cor. Sacramento Record-Union.*

THE ALIMONY CASE.—Polygamy may be crushed by the process which the United States court of the Territory of Utah has adopted, but the cure is worse than the disease. Law is beaten down to punish lawlessness, in refusing the payment of alimony decreed * * Brigham Young may be technically wrong, but his offense is not half so heinous as that of the court which made the order. One is not profoundly moved by the spectacle of Brigham behind bars, but he must be deeply disgusted with the court which will wrest the plain purpose of the law to put him there.

This is not the way that polygamy is to be exterminated. It is a method at once lawless and cowardly. It moves our contempt, weakens our faith in the administration of justice. If polygamy is wrong in Illinois it is wrong in Utah. If it is to be crushed, * * the means must be manly, straightforward, and legal.—*Chicago Times.*

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CATHARINE ELLSWORTH,
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