

ple. The remarks were full of good advice, both to the old and young. The singing could not be beat. The display of fruit, vegetables, flowers, native wine, as well as the hearty work of the ladies, would compare favorably with any like exhibition in the Territory.

After dinner we indulged in horse racing, foot races, skipping the rope, base ball, etc., until again called to assemble in the bowerly for a dance, which finished the exercises of the day. All were well pleased with the day's proceedings, and when called on to be dismissed, although pretty well tired out, still seemed reluctant to go, and all regretted that a day so pleasantly spent seemed so short. May another year of prosperity give us an opportunity to again indulge in a like celebration. GNAT.

Sunday School Union.

SALT LAKE CITY,

September 7, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Having finished, for the present season, our labors in Salt Lake County, Utah County, and a portion of Juab County, in connection with the Sunday School Union, having commenced our visits on January 16th, 1878, we thought, for the information and benefit of those Sunday schools which we cannot visit, a brief synopsis of our doings may be interesting. In consequence of our Sunday schools increasing in interest and numbers, we have called for two and three schools to meet us in the largest building, which invariably has been crowded, and where the exercises were deeply interesting. The articles of our faith and questions on the restoration of the gospel have formed the most prominent feature and have been repeated in concert, from memory, and without card or book. The responses were well rendered by the great majority of the children. Music was interspersed with the lessons; also recitations and select readings, the scholars drawing largely from Sister Eliza Snow's Poems and Writings. All have been rendered satisfactorily, showing great credit, patience and perseverance on the part of Sunday schools, teachers and superintendents.

The bishops, in all cases, have been present and on hand to give us welcome, in some cases with bands of music, night serenades, etc. The jubilees, as they are named, will long be remembered by children and parents. In several places we have been accompanied by our Territorial Superintendent, Hon. Geo. Q. Cannon, when time and opportunity presented itself, and whose coming was always the prelude to a time of refreshing to all who were favored with his presence, and the wise councils which he gave to the children and their parents.

We are pleased in saying we find a higher sentiment prevailing than on our last tour. We have found all willing, where cards and books were lacking to order more. We also found an increase in organs for the use of the Sunday school choirs.

We have enjoyed ourselves much in the labor assigned us, and feel very thankful for the rich flow of the spirit that has accompanied us. Fine weather has always been our companion, permitting us to fill every appointment on time.

In conclusion, we are satisfied that our jubilees have been one means of bringing us to a union of the faith so much desired by.

Your co-laborers in the spread of truth,
GEORGE GODDARD,
Assist. Supt.
WILLIAM WILLES,
SAM'L L. EVANS,
Counselors.

P.S.—We start to-morrow for Weber County, then Tooele County.

Putting Out to Sea.

170 JAY STREET,

Brooklyn, N. Y.,

August 28th, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Dear Brethren.—The party from Utah, consisting of Elders John Nicholson, Oley Ellingson, W. D. Major and Samuel L. Adams, Misses May and Adams and Mrs. Carlson, set sail on the *Wyoming* at 4 o'clock p.m., yesterday. Their short stay in the city since the morning of the 25th had afforded them opportunity to rest from the long overland journey, and all were

in excellent health and fine spirits. I accompanied them to the vessel, bade them good bye and God speed on the dock, and then remained to see the steamship move majestically from her mooring place towards the open waters of the great Atlantic. The sight was to me very interesting, though characteristic. There were the hearty hand-shakings of parting friends, the painful separations, faces lit up with bright anticipations, others wearing expressions of sadness or of grief, while others still were bathed in tears.

When at length the gang plank was removed, the last cable connecting the vessel with terra firma cast off, and the engines started, causing the vessel to move slowly outward, her deck was thronged with passengers who were beckoning and waving handkerchiefs to individuals of the crowd upon the pier, and I thought, to myself that at such a moment, even the most skeptical atheist must wish, if not believe, that there is a God to whom to commend himself, if a passenger, or the dear one who might be thus taking a painful departure.

The scenes of sentiment or pathos which attended and immediately preceded the sailing of the vessel, were interspersed with comical and ludicrous incidents. As a portion of our party walked out on the pier to go aboard, a lusty Irish woman, clasping in her arms a couple of huge pillows, ran after them imploring them to buy her pillows, and in a rich brogue loudly dilated on their excellent quality and remarkable cheapness. Another lady of the party was beset by an Irish woman who was selling tin plates, and who followed her up the pier, trying to sell her a tin plate. Then there were the news boys, the boot blacks and "water rats," i. e., wharf thieves, all plying or trying to ply their respective vocations, while keeping a sharp lookout for "cops," i. e., policemen who, in turn, were kept busy in protecting passengers from being run over by drays and express wagons, and their baggage from being stolen. It was a busy scene and a splendid place to study human nature.

The party were assigned to the very best berths in the vessel, and Mr. Gibson, the agent of the Williams and Guion line, showed them every courtesy. The weather was very fine, and all the indications were that the party would have a pleasant voyage.

Your brother in the gospel,
B. F. CUMMINGS, Jr.

SHADY GROVE,

Hickman Co., Tenn.

August 29, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Dear Sirs:—Finding but little opening in the St. Louis district for public preaching, I took steamer on May 18th, 200 miles down the Mississippi, to Cairo, at which point I changed steamers and sailed up the beautiful Ohio, 50 miles, to Paducah, Kentucky, in the vicinity of which I held seven meetings, which were well attended, and made a few friends; two families promising to send for books, and still continue their investigations. At one place the pastor and most of his flock came out to hear me. From the experience I had in the above State, I believe several good efficient Elders could find a good opportunity there to sound the gospel trumpet.

As I was alone and as Elder E. Stevenson, in Tennessee, was in the same situation, I thought proper to join him. Taking steamer for 200 miles up the Cumberland river, I arrived in Nashville, the state capital of Tennessee, which contains 35,000 people. Laying over for a day, I called upon the Mayor, who received me kindly. He had many questions to ask respecting our people and doctrines, and even expressed a desire to hear us preach. He opened the federal court room to me, and according to announcement, on the evening of the 12th of June, I addressed a very respectable and attentive audience on the subject of the gospel. Passing on some 65 miles southwest, by rail and wagon, I joined Elder E. Stevenson at this place on June 18. He and I labored together in the counties of Hickman, Murry and Louisville for some 35 days, holding in the meantime 27 meetings, with an average attendance of 58 strangers.

Many acknowledge that our doctrines are scriptural and true, but they are slow to embrace them. Some, however, are believing, and we anticipate a harvest of souls in

due time. It takes, now in the age of infidelity and unbelief, a vast amount of preaching, both in public and private, and much by the spirit and power of God, to convince people of the truth. We have, in this district, two branches of the Church, numbering 33 members, all in good standing, six of whom have been added during the last six months, by baptism. Present prospects are that one or two families will emigrate to Zion this fall. During the last 36 days Elder Stevenson and myself have performed a journey of over 400 miles, (going and returning) on horseback, without "purse or scrip," to Haywood Valley, Ga., where we had the pleasure of meeting Pres. J. Morgan and several of our brethren from home, in a three day's conference. We had a good conference, and many Saints and strangers rejoice in the truth. While absent we held 24 meetings and preached the gospel to over 1,500 strangers, the most of whom had never had the privilege of hearing it before. We found several families who believed our testimonies, and who are investigating still further. Distributed by the way side 150 circulars on the first principles of the gospel.

Generally speaking we find the people of the south to be warm-hearted and hospitable.

In many places we find much opposition from the clergy. They are like the dog in the manger, they will not receive the word of truth, nor allow their followers to even hear if they can prevent it. During our absence we found and made many friends and few enemies.

From what I can judge of the people of the south, I am satisfied that there are many honest hearted people who will yet receive the truth when presented to them. There are tens of thousands of people in the southern States who have never as yet heard the sound of the gospel. On one occasion in North Georgia, our animals were stolen from the stable by wicked and reckless men, who shaved their manes and tails, and otherwise disguised them, and turned them into the woods. Some few winked at the deed, but the majority of the people looked upon it as an act of persecution.

Elder Stevenson having been released from his mission, will soon start for home.

Your brother in the gospel,
P. P. PRATT.

Tim's Kit.

It surprised the shiners and newsboys around the postoffice the other day to see "Limpy Tim" come among them in a quiet way, and to hear him say:

"Boys, I want to sell my kit. Here's two brushes, a hull box of blacking, a good stout box, and the outfit goes for two shillin's."

"Goin' away, Tim?" queried one.

"Not 'zactly, boys, but I want a quarter the awfulest kind just now."

"Goin' on a 'scurion?" asked another.

"Not to-day, but I must have a quarter," he answered.

One of the lads passed over the change and took the kit, and Tim walked straight to the counting-room of a daily paper, put down his money and said:

"I guess I kin write it if you'll give me a pencil."

With slow-moving fingers he wrote the death notice. It went into the paper almost as he wrote it, but you might not have seen it. He wrote:

Died—Litul Ted—of scarlet fever—aged three years. Funeral to-morrow, gon up to Hevin; left won brother.

"Was it your brother?" asked the cashier.

Tim tried to brace up, but he couldn't. The big tears came up, his chin quivered, and he pointed to the notice on the counter and gasped:

"I—I had to sell my kit to do it—but he had his arms aroun' my neck when he d—died!"

He hurried away home, but the news went to the boys, and they gathered in a group and talked. Tim had not been home an hour when a bare-footed boy left the kit on the doorstep, and in the box was a bouquet of flowers which had been purchased in the market by pennies contributed by the crowd of ragged, but big-hearted urchins. Did God ever make a heart which would not respond if the right

chord was touched.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Tremendous Excitement.

An elderly lady, plainly dressed, created a tremendous excitement on Broad Street, yesterday afternoon. She was coming up the street, and when between the bridge and Pine street she stopped suddenly, extended her arms and spread her fingers to their utmost tension, while her eyeballs started from their sockets, and her whole expression was one of intense terror or agony. Then she uttered a subdued scream, and rushed frantically for the door of a well-known store. The store-keeper sprang to his feet and met her near the door in time to save her from falling to the floor, when, with terror depicted in her face and a superhuman energy of voice, she appealed to him to save her. By this time forty men and nineteen little boys had rushed to the rescue and blocked the door of the store. Still the woman was kicking and screaming, while the now thoroughly terrified store-keeper was making desperate efforts to maintain his perpendicular position while struggling under the heavy load of the huge and half-reclining form which pressed so heavily against him. At length a little curly, snary branch of dried grape-vine, from which the raisins had been picked, dropped from under her clothing. The woman saw it. She instantly stopped kicking and screaming, and straightened herself up to her full height, gave one look of unutterable astonishment and disgust at the harmless little bramble, shot out of the store and darted up the street, drawing her veil closely about her face. The roar which followed her was equal to that of a field battery; and turning her head over her shoulder she fired back with, "I thought it was a rat."—*Nevada City (Cal.) Transcript.*

ANECDOTE OF PROFESSOR HENRY.—"I met him," writes a Boston friend, "but once at Montreal. I noticed that this fine-looking man, when he arrived at the hotel in Montreal, was placed at the head of our table, but did not know who he was. He came home by the same route and at the same time with us, and was very kind and courteous to my traveling companions as well as myself. What I remember more distinctly than anything else was a 'happening' at Rouse's Point while we were waiting for the steamer. The professor was talkative and communicative in his quiet way, and was full of incidents of travel and adventure. Soon the steamer appeared in sight, and while she was approaching us the professor sat upon the wharf looking dreamily at her. Presently he aroused himself, and said: 'I see a peculiar sparkle of the waves near the side of the steamer, where the sun shines upon her' (it was almost sunset). 'I wonder what the cause of it is? I have seen phosphorescent light before, but never exactly like this. And see! there it is also upon the other, the darker side of the steamer. Well, certainly that is very curious.' We looked, and indeed it seemed remarkable. First upon the bright side of the steamer, and then upon the dark side, would appear these curious flashes of light, and disappear almost instantly. They seemed to come at regular intervals, and it was beautiful as well as strange. Our reveries were rudely disturbed, however, by one of the customs inspectors approaching."

"Looking at them flashes?" "Yes," said the professor. "I wonder what they are?" "Oh, them's hot ashes they are throwing out of the ash pits." "The professor was nonplused for a moment. Then saying, quietly, 'Well, well, live and learn—live and learn,' he lapsed into silence."

—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine* for August.

Two little girls were comparing progress in catechism study. "I have got to original sin," said one. "How far have you got?" "Oh, I'm beyond redemption," said the other.

Pat was standing on the base ball ground an interested looker on. He was doubled up suddenly, being hit by what somebody told him was a foul ball. When he rose to his feet and assured himself that he was still alive, he remarked, "A fowl, do ye call it? Faith, an' be the way it hit me I thought it was a mule!"

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