

### A Reunion of Vegetarians.

Wednesday, Oct. 14th, says the London Times, the Vegetarian Society, of which Prof. F. W. Newman is president, held its annual soiree in the Nonconformist Memorial Hall, Manchester. A large number of members and friends took tea together. A similar meeting has been held regularly for some years past within a day or two of the usual demonstration of Liquor Trade Prohibitionists in that city. One of the gentlemen at Wednesday's soiree spoke of Manchester as the Jerusalem of Vegetarianism. Though the evidence of their creed-making progress in that locality is not convincing, there is no doubt that some of the earnest professors have managed to keep their association alive there for more than a generation. According to a statement of the Honorable Secretary, Rev. James Clarke, the society, though small, has rapidly grown of late. During last year the subscriptions amounted to £250 against £170 the year before, and the society had been able to publish a monthly organ and various pamphlets, to have a secretary constantly employed, to hold a number of public meetings, and to take other steps in the propagation of their principles. It had been determined, further, to carry out the business of the society on a much more extensive scale during the ensuing year than had ever been the case in the past. The chairman, Mr. W. Hoyle, of Tottington, said that he had been a vegetarian for thirty-six years. He was, when he began to hold the views he now held, a weaver in a cotton mill. Afterward he went to another employment which was arduous and hot; but he at all times got through his work well, and frequently better than those who did not abstain from meat. Since then he has been the architect of his own fortune. He had carefully studied the question and found abundant argument whether the matter was looked at from a Scriptural, historical, physiological, chemical, or humanitarian point of view, that the principles of vegetarianism were the true ones, and he was persuaded that when the public mind and intellect of the country became sufficiently enlightened in regard to this question the accession to the numbers of the vegetarians would be very great. Rev. C. H. Collins (Wirksworth) read a paper on the question whether "Vegetarianism had a right to claim any place at all among the social questions of the day;" after which Mr. Gibson Ward (Ross) addressed the meeting. He alluded incidentally to eaters of flesh meat as "blood lappers" and "patronizers of slaughter-houses." After a speech from Professor Newman, a gentleman, who gave the name of West, proposed to put some questions, and on being invited upon the platform he took occasion to protest against Mr. Ward's hard words. He informed his hearers that he had been an abstainer from intoxicating liquor and tobacco during thirty-three years; but he emphatically repudiated, as an Englishman, the statement that he was a "blood-licker." He ate beef and mutton; and if he had been one of the 5,000 who were fed by two fishes, he should never have refused the food which the Lord gave to his people. He might be wrong; but he must say that after what he had heard in favor of vegetarianism that night, he felt less inclined to become a vegetarian than when he entered the room. He believed that animals were given for the food of man. He believed that it was according to the Word of God that the fish in the sea lived on each other, and he required to be convinced that we were not entitled, as human beings, to live on the fish of the seas. Ultimately Mr. West's remarks were brought to an end by a reminder from the chairman that he had wandered beyond the limits conceded to him as an inquirer.

### From Luxury to Poverty.

THE WEARY LIFE AND SAD DEATH OF AN ARISTOCRATIC SOUTHERN GIRL.

Thirteen years ago Richmond Va., was the proudest of all the Southern cities that threw down the gage of defiance to the Union. Her beautiful homes and outlying plantations were the envy and ad-

miration alike of the American visitor and European tourist. Then came the war and its long story of fierce excitement, resentful suffering and utter desolation. When it had passed, Guy Lockwood, one of the proudest, though not one of the wealthiest, of the Virginia aristocracy, found himself utterly ruined. His handsome residence was used as barracks for Federal soldiers. With his wife and little daughter Estelle, then 12 years of age, he sought refuge and a home with friends in the central part of the State. These, too, had lost their houses, crops and slaves by the invasion of the Northern armies in the valley warfare. He was descended from a Cavalier family who had fought the army of the regicides until Charles had fallen on the scaffold and made further resistance objectless. With poverty came sickness and a final surrender of home. One day his wife died. She had faded quietly and uncomplainingly away under the insidious attacks of consumption. A week afterward Guy Lockwood called his little daughter to his bedside, and with his last accents confided her to the care of his nephew, in whose house he lay dying.

Seven years passed away, and the helpless orphan was a young woman. With a mind singularly docile, she had, with such advantages of schooling as in the gradually improving state of affairs in the conquered State had been brought within her reach, acquired an excellent education, and in literary exercises she had easily distanced all her schoolmates. Then her cousin, the only remaining friend upon whom she had claim, died. The young girl, who had been nursed in luxury, had been taught self-reliance by sad experience. She now returned to Richmond, hopeful and determined, to push her own fortune in the world. She could write, she was led to believe, for publication, or, if not, she could find copy, or at least sewing. In Richmond all was changed. The old neighbors and acquaintances of her parents had moved away, or were themselves in a condition to receive rather than to give aid. The old society had given place to something that was new and very different. Three years passed. She had found no encouragement to use her pen, and had recourse to her needle. She had but meagre success, and became disheartened.

As fortune failed her in her native city, she began to picture to herself a brighter future in the great metropolis. Accordingly, two years ago, she entered the seething maelstrom of New York. Her story here is short and simple. She bought a sewing machine, and paid for it in installments. Her little home, in a reputable tenement on the East Side, consisted of a single room. For a year she labored with all her might, and then she found that continuous work began to tire her to an unusual degree. She fought it off as best she could, but the hereditary disease of which her mother died had fallen upon her in her prime. The few green shrubs that found a scanty asylum from the dust of summer and the snows of winter upon her single window sill, were as well cared for and looked as bright before, but her own frail body, that now needed every care that love could suggest, was more and more neglected. At last the time came when she could no longer work the ten or twelve hours a day—the earnings of which, even in her illness, were necessary to barely support her. Her disease and the weakness, born of slow starvation, forced her to her bed. Here she was reported, not to the coroner, as she might have been, but to the kindly Mrs. M. W. Ferrer, of the Workingwomen's Protective Union. The treacherous malady seemed to yield to hope and proper nourishment. She recovered sufficiently to resume her work. Then, about six months ago, she broke down entirely. Her landlady maintained the poor girl for months, and thought she would do so until the end. In this she was mistaken. About a week ago, Estelle, in one of those freaks of apparent convalescence into which consumption delights to mock its victims, got up from her bed one day, went to Mrs. Ferrer, and told her the whole story. The Union resolved to pay the poor woman for the care which she had taken of a poor working girl in her illness. Last Sunday night, Estelle was cheerful, and during the evening indulged in anticipations of what she would be

able to do for herself in a few weeks. The next morning the landlady entered her room, and thought she was asleep. Her right hand was thrown back as a support for the weary head in a position of careless and complete rest, and the other, pale and fragile, lay across the motionless breast. Her lustrous yellow hair, thrown off from the fair white face, lay in disordered masses upon the pillow. An expression which might have been born of a pleasant dream gave an assurance that her last moments had been tranquil and trustful. Estelle Lockwood was dead. The heart-broken girl, whose earthly hopes had one by one been ruthlessly crushed, who had felt the torture of hunger, and had gradually faded in the relentless poverty imposed by heartless employers, had at last come into her kingdom.

A few days before her death an importunate minister of a faith differing from that of her childhood had been forbidden, at her request, to enter her chamber. "I do not want him here," she said. "I have been a good girl, and am ready to die. He only disturbs me."

Such is the story of the poor working girl, whose funeral in the Church of the Stranger, on Tuesday, was attended by so many working women and by so many ladies of wealth and culture, to whom her wretched condition had latterly become known. Distinctions of rank and condition were disregarded before a common subject of sympathy and commiseration. Her remains now are in Evergreen Cemetery, on Long Island, in the Workingwomen's Protective Union's lot; but more than one flower that trembled on the coffin lid during the jolting and jarring of that last journey was deposited by hands which had never been browned or hardened by toil or exposure.—New York Graphic.

On arriving at Calais on her way to make the grand tour, an English lady was surprised and somewhat indignant at being termed, for the first time in her life, a "foreigner." "You mistake, madam," said she to the libeler, with some pique, "it is you who are the foreigners. We are English."

A lawyer in Illinois recently committed suicide because old age was creeping over him and the younger men were taking away his practice.

ALL parties interested in education will do well to give a careful perusal to the advertisement, in another part of this paper, of the "Utah Educational Bureau," of which Professor John R. Park, Principal of the Deseret University, is Actuary, and Mr. James Dwyer, the well known bookseller of this city, is business manager. The design of the Educational Bureau is to fill, at the very lowest rates, all orders for church, office and school furniture and material, including desks, slates, maps, globes, charts, books of every description for Sunday and day schools, also cards, catechisms, and in fact everything that can be asked for to use in the school room. Book buyers will find it to their interest to give their orders through the Bureau, as they will furnish one or any number of books, or periodicals, on any subject, whether published in this country or in Europe, as promptly as the mails can bring them, and at rates that will utterly defy competition. Foreign books obtained duty free. The Bureau will also furnish plans and designs for school or other public buildings; they will furnish properly qualified school teachers when wanted, and will put that class of professionals in the way of obtaining situations. The Bureau has the Territorial Agency for the celebrated Triumph School Desk, manufactured by Andrews of Chicago. For further particulars see advertisement and remember address of Actuary, Professor J. R. Park, Principal Deseret University, and Business Manager, James Dwyer, Bookseller, Salt Lake City.

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