

Correspondence.

Items From Huntsville.

HUNTSVILLE, Weber Co.,
U. T., March 7, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

Dear Sirs—Isolated as we are during the long winter months, the visits of the DESERET NEWS and other papers are more than welcome, as they inform us that we have many friends in the "Valley" and perhaps pursuing the even tenor of their way, besides leading us to hope to meet them again when winter's icy chains are broken.

We have passed through a sad ordeal during the past three months, losing by scarlet fever and diphtheria, about 20 children; the diseases are still with us and many are suffering at the present time. Snow is about eight inches on the level, with any amount in the hills and mountains by which we are surrounded, and our weather prophets predict a late spring. Be this as it may, the weather at present is very cold and disagreeable. Our mutual Improvement Society and day and Sunday schools are in good order and extremely well attended. The former numbers about 80 male and female members, the latter about 180 each.

By the way our improvement society has been left out in the cold by the visiting officers of the Central Committee; now if we are not on the line of railroad travel, a postal card from those brethren would reach us and we would give them a good sleigh ride to and from Huntsville to Ogden, visiting Eden by the way if necessary.

The names of the officers of said society are as follows: President, George Hall; Vice Presidents, Samuel S. Hammond and Albert A. Allen; Recording Secretary, Mark M. Hall; Corresponding Secretary, Charles Wright; Treasurer, O. D. Allen; Marshal, Eli Sprague. Our exercises have been lectures on the first principles of the gospel; histories of Babylon and Jerusalem; Life of St. Paul and other Bible celebrities; and essays on intemperance, idleness, reputation, Christianity, the history of Utah, etc. To please the younger members, we have dialogues, recitations, songs select readings, comic and sentimental, not forgetting instrumental music, thus combining the amusing with the instructive. Our meetings are extremely interesting so much so that our dancing is almost forgotten, as we have had but one public dance since New Year's day. Our Bishop and Counselors are alive in spiritual and temporal affairs, and are very attentive to all matters that tend to the improvement of the youth of Zion.

Enough at present.

COR. SEC.

Work for the Laborer.

Editors Deseret News:

A very important subject is awakening an interest in the minds of some of our thinking men, namely employment for the laborer. Will you please indulge me with room for a few of my reflections, if you deem them worth reading?

Everybody seems to think that our resources are ample in this Territory, and are full of flattering promises to the enterprising; and if somebody with money, some capitalist would only come here and invest, then our success and prosperity would be established sure, seemingly to forget the old adage that "labor is money." Now we have an abundance of labor and if wisely used it could be made to accomplish the greatest of undertakings in the future as in the past. We have been great in the organizing of labor; we should continue and improve too. As a people we came to this country without money and founded a nation. We have sent from one to five hundred teams to the Missouri river each season for years; brought to this country thousands of immigrants at a cost of hundreds of thousands of dollars; all done by labor and home production. Had money been required, we could not have accomplished the enterprise. But now we seem to have almost concluded that nothing can be done without money, when the fact is, labor properly applied can be made to accomplish almost everything. A writer on the same subject says, correctly, that "the progress of a country or a people, as of an individual, is in exact proportion to the amount of labor intelligently applied."

To what shall we apply our labor? to taking up the land and farming? Is not farming overdone at the present? We are producing more than we consume, and in disposing of the supplies we are not obtaining remunerative prices. Then our immigrants are not farmers, generally, but from the railroading, manufacturing districts of the east, hence we should be our own manufacturers, builders and owners of our railroads. Could not our farmers, mechanics and laborers organize their means and energies, and while part of the laborers with their teams were making the grade and furnishing the ties for a railroad from York to the iron mines in Iron County, another number of mechanics and laborers take hold with the owners of that iron works there, and go there, make brick and lime, get the lumber, etc., put up smelters, puddling works, foundry, machine shops and houses? All this could be done by intelligently applied labor. Then let our wealthier people furnish say fifty thousand dollars cash for the purchase of machinery, needed to set the company immediately to work manufacturing iron into rails, fish plates, wheels, etc., for R. R., thus opening up an industry the very foundation of all others. There is iron of every grade in the ore and it has been tested, tried and proven to be of the best quality for castings, hollow ware, stoves, etc., and the machinery would make it into bar iron, so that we could, in a short time, manufacture our own machinery, and thus create labor for thousands, and distribute millions of dollars throughout the community. For, on this route that is proposed for a railroad, there are some of the most extensive mines on the continent. The Bonanza at Frisco to which a branch line of 12 miles might be put, would furnish freight enough to make the road a paying institution. Then furnish the rails and run out to our coal beds, and place ourselves in a condition of comparative independence.

If this manner of creating employment was taken hold of with a will it could be accomplished. Let not the laborers wait for help from any source but co-operate and help themselves, and prove that labor intelligently applied can perform wonders. I could give you figures and prove beyond the power of refutation that this thing could be made to pay and increase from year to year, and be made one of the great sources of prosperity to the whole community; if not at present, directly, indirectly in the future to all.

ONE WHO KNOWS.

SEVIER STAKE CONFERENCE.

RICHFIELD, Sevier Co.,
U. T., March 8th, 1878.

Conference commenced at 11 a. m. on Saturday the 2d instant.

Present on the stand: Elders Orson Hyde and John W. Young, and of the Presidency of the Stake, Franklin Spencer and A. K. Thuerber.

The Bishops of Richfield, Monroe, Glenwood, Salina, Redmond, Vermillion, Inverary, Elsinore, Joseph and Grass Valley made favorable reports of the prevailing good feeling in building temples, meeting and school houses, cultivating the soil and improving home interests.

Discourses were delivered by Elders Hyde and Young alternately to crowded assemblies of the Saints from all the settlements; and with the Sunday School children, the sisters of the Relief Society and the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Societies the meeting house was filled to overflowing and many were left out, for admission was impossible; among the rest were some of our dusky Red Men.

On Sunday afternoon President F. Spencer presented the general authorities of the Church as sustained at the last general conference in Salt Lake City, and the present local authorities of the Stake, who were unanimously sustained.

Isaac W. Pierce, Hans O. Magley, Wm. M. Palmer, Oleff A. Audeline and Wm. C. B. Orrocks were appointed and set apart as missionaries to labor throughout the Stake.

Swend Rosengren Monson was ordained a high priest and set apart to the high council, in place of John Anderson removed to Arizona.

Statistics of interest to the general public as abstracted from the reports are as follows:

Total number of officers and members,	2394
Total number of children under 8 years,	1214
Total number of souls,	3608
Families 532, marriages 13, births—males 21, females 23.	

The last occasion seems always the best, as was the case in the present instance. It was refreshing and cheering to the honest in heart.

Conference adjourned on Sunday the 3rd inst., sine die.

WM. MORRISON,
CHRISTOPHER I. KEMPE,
Clerks of Conference.

Greek Meets Greek.

One day last week a lightning-rod man and a life insurance agent made their advent in this community, and that without a knowledge of each other's presence. They both began to canvass Merrill avenue with an ardor and enthusiasm peculiar to the profession only. It is unnecessary to say that under such an accumulation of horrors most of the residents yielded in apathetic despair. One individual yet remained to be interviewed, and as fortune ordained it the two agents arrived simultaneously one morning at his gate. They fell into the mutual error of imagining the other to be the person with whom they were seeking to obtain an interview. The lightning-rod man opened fire first with:—

"Good morning, sir."
"Good morning; good morning," replied the insurance agent cheerfully.

"I am glad to meet you," continued the other. "I wish to avail myself of the opportunity of addressing you upon a subject of vital importance."

"By all means, by all means," responded the insurance agent, delighted in being anticipated, as he imagined, upon the subject nearest his heart. "It will afford me inexpressible pleasure to—"

"Thank you, thank you," eagerly interrupted the dealer of lightning rods, delighted in his turn at getting such a customer, and continuing: "I have no doubt that you thoroughly comprehend how essential it is to the security of—"

"Just what I was about to observe," again chirped in the insurance agent. "The danger—"

"Yes, yes," said the other; "the danger is more than enhanced by neglect, and the only effectual—"

"Just so," interrupted the life insurance agent. "I felt sure that you would comprehend at once how absolutely necessary it was to establish safeguards calculated—"

"Of course, of course," said the lightning rod man, running over in his mind whether he had enough rods on hand to supply such an eager customer. Then again continuing: "You are doubtless aware of the fact that a false economy often lead—"

"I perceive," said the insurance agent, "that your mind is above the ordinary level, and is one that can easily recognize the penny wise pound foolish system—"

"Thank you. Your opinion is but the reflex of my own," answered the other. And thus they continued, the one interrupting the other, and both endeavoring to impress his listener until it became a question of endurance merely. The lightning rod man, though of a stouter build, was the first to succumb, and at length he sank with an expiring gasp, casting a look of reproach upon the insurance agent. The life insurance agent lasted a few moments longer, but he too, at length sank by the side of the lightning rod man, whispering in his ear. Then they both perished, literally talked to death. This sad affair has cast a gloom over the community.—Danbury News.

A Crocodile and a Balloonist.

Mr. Simmons Lynn made an ascent in a balloon at Calcutta on the 27th of January. He descended safely some miles from the city, after an exciting adventure with a crocodile. Owing to the density of the gas supplied for the balloon, Mr. Lynn did not deem it advisable to take up with him Mr. L'Estrange (Blondin), who was much disappointed in consequence. The balloon first moved in the direction of Baliganj, but afterwards shifted toward Dhappa and the Salt Lakes.

Having passed over the eastern boundary of Calcutta, Mr. Lynn found that at 4 40 o'clock it was beginning to move rapidly toward Tiger Point, in the Sunderbunds. He descended from his then altitude of 13,000 feet into the current which was blowing for a few moments from the southeast. In this current he could not remain, and at 5 o'clock a descent into the jungle seemed inevitable. He at this time observed that there was a breath of wind over the surface of the jungle for 3,000 feet in height. Either he must come down at once or be enveloped in darkness, and have no chance of getting out of the jungle. Even with light the chance of being extricated seemed small. While slowly descending, and at an altitude of 10,000 feet, in an otherwise perfectly clear atmosphere, a vast plain of intense white toward the north was open to view. He could not form any conception as to the cause of this phenomenon, except that the rays from the setting sun had come in contact with a cold blast from the snowy range in the Himalayas. He continued his descent, and very soon the phenomenon was lost, but although every moment's delay increased the risk in landing he could not resist the temptation of reascending to try and fathom this mystery, but did not succeed. At 5:15 he was within 1,000 feet of terra firma, a rather inappropriate name for the locality. A huge crocodile was moving toward him with an impressive steadiness, and when he came down into the mud and rushes, which for miles around were over ten feet in height, he could see the monsters head level with the bulrushes.

Fortunately there was enough ballast left to throw overboard just as the monster was within fifty yards of the balloon, and this enabled Mr. Lynn to rise above the thick jungle to the length of the grappling rope, about forty feet. The story that a crocodile cannot turn rapidly was in this case disproved, as this one ran around the grappling rope.

Having called lustily for help, Mr. Lynn found some natives making their way toward him, wading through the thick mud and rushes. As the rushing sound was heard on all sides, the crocodile made off. About half a dozen natives were induced, after much persuasion, to hold the rope, and ultimately the balloon was wafted over the jungle and across creeks, for nearly three miles, until a small dry space was reached.

She "Sot" Down on Him.

After making inquiries of every person they met, no matter if pedestrians were only ten feet apart, old Mr. and Mrs. Jones reached the Detroit and Milwaukee depot yesterday in good order, and were shown into the waiting room. They did not enter, however, until the old man had read the sign over the door and remarked:

"Waiting room, eh? Wonder what she's waiting for? Well, we can wait as long as the room can—eh, Nancy?"

"I told you," she replied, as she deposited her heavy satchel on one of the wooden sofas—"I told you to see all you could and say as little as possible."

"That's what I'm doing," he growled, as he drew his coat-tails right and left and backed up to the red-hot coal stove. He had just become interested in reading, "Broad gauge, double track—three hours' time saved to New York," when the back of his blue coat began fading rapidly to brindled brown, and several parties called out to him in a warning way. He leaped away, pulling his pants away from his legs, and the old lady pulled him down beside her and hoarsely whispered:

"If you were a boy I'd spank you good and sound! The back of your coat is falling right out, and everybody's laughing!"

"It's no such thing—I hain't laughing!" he snapped as he wriggled around. "How did I know there was any fire in the stove. How could I see my back?"

In a few minutes the troubled water settled down. The old lady was hunting her snuff-box, and the old man was sticking his teeth into an apple, when he complacently remarked:

"I'm going to git this coat off and look at the mortal injuries."

"You keep still!" she warned. "You'd make a nice spectacle here in your shirt sleeves, wouldn't you?"

"Haint this a free country?"
"You kept right still!"
That settled that. It was all of ten minutes before he suddenly announced:

"When the old man Barnes was here last summer he got the best blony sassage he ever stuck his mouth into, and I am going out to find the place and buy one."

"You won't do any such thing; you are going to stay right here, and keep your head shut!"

"I am, am I?"

"Yes, you are?"

And that settled that. He leaned back, sighing like the last big turn of a fly-wheel, and the old lady was almost dozing when he made a move that startled her. He was trying to scratch the sole of his left foot with the toe of his right boot.

"Them blasted chilblains!" he whispered, as she faced round.

"You stop!" she commanded.

"I tell you they itch so I can't stand it!"

"All the folks are looking?" she exclaimed, "and you'll soon be the laughing stock of everybody in the room! Let your feet go till night, and then you can rub 'em with sandpaper again!"

"I'm going to pull my boots off now—this very minute—and dig them ere chilblains right to the heart!" he said in a determined tone.

"No, you won't!"

"Yes I will!"

"I see what I've got to do!" she said as she rose up. "You follow me!"

"Why?"

"Come right along without a word!"

He followed her out into the depot and to the lower end. Her clinched hand was seen to "tick" his long nose as she indulged in emphatic gestures, and when he followed her back he looked pale. As he was going into the door of the waiting room a merry traveler remarked:

"The old lady rather runs this house, doesn't she?"

"She does!" whispered the old man as he halted for an instant. "She's my third wife, and she's got heaps of town lots, piles of pine land and wagon-loads of mill dams and saw mills. I hain't got anything—nothing but religion, and that don't back me worth a cent when the old lady puts her foot down. Yes, I'm set down on—good-bye."

Five minutes after that he was leaning against the wall, dozing off to sleep, and a big tear resting on either cheek.

Useful Hints.

For frost-bitten feet, chilblains, etc., nothing is better than common coal oil. Pour it on the socks and in the boots or shoes when put on in the morning.

Waterproof leather excludes not only moisture, but cold also, while it keeps in the heat. Castor oil is excellent, applied to new boots or shoes. Add a little lampblack to it, as this preserves the color and fills the pores of the leather. Rub on perfectly clean boots at night, applying thickly and letting it soak in till morning.

Balsam fir, or Canada balsam, is an excellent remedy for tickling, irritating coughs and colds. Drop a little on sugar and hold it in the mouth.

This balsam is also most excellent for sores of any kind or burns, as an exterior dressing. Spread on cloth, and after washing the sore clean with castile soap and water, cover it completely with the balsam.

The sun is the great life-giver and fuel-creator. Animals cannot possibly thrive in the dark. Have plenty of windows in your barns and stables, protecting the glass with slats, so it will not be broken. Throw your dwelling-houses open everywhere every day the sun shines, and let in both light and pure air. Don't keep any rooms shut up, and consequently dark and damp.

"Charles," said she to her Sunday-school class, "mention some act of violence that was inflicted near the sea about this time."

"Don't remember any," except Jonah was whale-laid on the shore." *New York Graphic.*

A man at Harrisburg, Pa., invited his friends, recently, to his "grand annual bawl!" He has been married 11 years and has 11 children.