

MISCELLANEOUS.

TWO KINGS.

Two famous kings one day together met
On Time's highway, and stopped to have a
chat.

They bowed, shook hands, and wished each
other well.

Then each, in turn, a direful tale did tell.
Said War to Bacchus, "Friend, no doubt
you've heard

That ere the earth for man had been prepared
I'mong the sons of God in yonder world
My cannons boomed, my sable flags unfurled
And with my mighty weapons, sharp and bright
Drove from the field the rebel sons of light.
So thus, by senior right, the place is mine
The first to speak, the place to hearken thine."

Say on, says Bacchus, but be brief for I
Have far to go, and night is drawing nigh.

The King of War his knapsack laid aside
And straight'ning up, with airs of kingly pride
He thus began: "Five thousand years, or more
I've stalked the earth in quest of human gore;
How I've succeeded let time's annals tell
And bloody fields, where mangled millions
fell.

I've dragged the bridegroom from his virgin
bride;

I've slain the infant at its mother's side;
I've made the husband beg to spare his life
For sake of helpless little ones and wife;
I've struck him down with cold, relentless stroke
And stilled his tongue, while thus it pleading
spoke.

I've swelled the rivers with a crimson flood
And stained old Ocean's breast with human
blood:

Kings, queens, and emp'rors, from their thrones
I've hurled

And spread destruction o'er a weeping world.
In one short year I have been known to waste
More than by centuries could be replaced.

I've made fond sons, the pride of father,
mother,

Meet on the battle-field and slay each other.
In short, the half I've caused of misery
Will ne'er be known until the Judgment day.

My time is up, friend Bacchus, I am through,
So it's in order now to hear from you.

Loquacious Bacchus rose, with haggard face
And big bleary eyes, devoid of pity's trace
Down in the dirt his old slouch hat he threw,
And from his pouch a big old bottle drew.

Look here, said he, this looks a simple thing
But trouble more than War did ever bring
This potent stuff has brought into the world,
And myriads headlong to destruction hurled.

You talk of brother slaying brother—why
That's nothing to the horrid deeds that I
Have done, and now am doing night and day.
Why, I can make a son his mother slay
And father too, or drag his wife from bed
And, with a hatchet, cleave her tender head
And see her die in agony; then take
Her little ones, now startled and awake,
And beat their brains out with a club, and then
Go back to revel o'er his cups again.

I doubt not, King, that thou hast done thy
share

To scourge the earth with sorrow and despair
But ne'er did cannon's boom nor saber's blow
Make bumankind so wretched here be
As I have done. It has been left for me
To cap the climax of man's misery.

The madhouse midnight orgies I produce
The murderers' doom, in prison cells recluse.
Eve's daughters fair I stamp with sin and shame,
And heap pollution on their honored name!
Deeds inexpressible—too base for human
thought!

To e'ry age and race my pow'r has brought.
As to the hosts on sea and land you've slain,
I know such claims are neither false nor vain.
But let me here assure you, King of War,
My list of victims beggars yours by far.

Once in a while, of course, you strike a blow
And lay, perchance, a hundred thousand low.
But my sad havoc, steady as the tide,

Goes on forever, sweeping far and wide
With pestilential sweep, while thousands sad
Regret that they existence ever had.

But, sire, I see the sun is getting low,
And, as we both have many miles to go,
I'll bring my subject to a close, and say
Good-bye—perhaps we'll meet some other day.

JAMES CRYSTAL.

AMERICAN FORK, January 25th, 1897.

LETTER FROM STOCKHOLM.

STOCKHOLM, Jan. 6.—(Special.) It is now believed that the money gift to be presented to king Oscar at his 25 year's jubilee in September will embrace several million crowns. Money is coming in rapidly, all the large firms and concerns of the kingdom contributing with sums varying in amount from 10,000 to 100,000 crowns. Individuals also give freely, and several persons who want their names withheld have donated as much as 25,000 crowns each. As mentioned in a previous letter the money will be used for founding a hospital for consumptives.

It is given out semi-officially that several people will be elevated to the nobility by King Oscar in connection with the celebration of his jubilee this year.

The largest funeral probably ever held here took place a few days ago when the late Dr. Alfred Nobel, multi-millionaire and inventor of dynamite, were laid to rest, they having been first cremated. There were hundreds of carriages in the funeral procession and the hearse was followed closely by five open carriages which contained as many flowers as they could hold. Wreaths had been sent from all countries of Europe, the largest number having been received from Russia and France.

The wealth of the Nobel brothers is undoubtedly one of the giant fortunes of the world, being estimated as high as 1,000 million crowns. The late Alfred leaves of these about 200 millions or, in American money over \$50,000,000.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson is being greatly taken to task by the Swedish and Norwegian press on account of some correspondence which he has furnished the Russian newspapers. In these letters Bjornson has been manufacturing statements out of whole cloth, claiming that Sweden is a secret member of the triple alliance and that the increase of her navy and army must be regarded as a threat against Russia. Some Swedish newspapers go as far as stating their belief that Bjornson is insane. Great though he has been as a poet, all parties agree that he is a dead failure as a politician.

The fort Oscar-Fredriksborg that defends the entrance to Stockholm from the Baltic will be strongly fortified. The cost is estimated at 1,000,000 crowns, half of which amount will be used for the purchase of some big guns.

Nansen's first lecture before the Geographical society of London was a tremendous success. The lecture was delivered in the large Albert hall. At least 4,000 people were unable to gain admission. The costs for the reception of Nansen and his expedition at Christiania have now been calculated. They amount to 70,000 crowns.

Norway's exhibit at the Stockholm

exposition will be one of the features of the big fair. The number of Norwegian exhibitors who have registered up to date, is 610. Besides these over 100 Norwegian painters will exhibit in the art palace. The United States will be represented by at least twenty of its foremost artists.

The postoffice which, as early as 1636, was made a government department in Sweden, annually transmits more than 140,000,000 letters and parcels. The postoffices numbered Jan. 1 of the present year 2,200.

Sweden has more than 6,000 miles of telegraph lines, those of the railways not being included. The length of the wires is about 16,000 miles. The telegraph has not reached a very high state of development in Sweden—the number of telegrams not being fully 2,000,000 a year for close upon 5,000,000 inhabitants. But so much the more progress has the telephone made. Business telephones, double wired and of the most excellent kind can this year be had at the very cheap rate of twelve dollars a year, and for a telephone in your residence the annual fee is only \$9 75. The total length of the connections is at present about 60,000 miles, and the number of apparatus over 50,000. The statistics given out Jan. 1 shows that in Stockholm there is one telephone to every nineteenth inhabitant. No city in the world can show a companion picture to this.

The state owns over half the number of telephones used in Sweden, but connections with the state telephone and those of the private telephone companies and vice versa can be made all over the kingdom. For such connections you are charged 2½ cents for each communication.

Among the private enterprises the Stockholm General Telephone company occupies the very foremost position. Its central station is the largest and best arranged in the world. The company had over 16,000 subscribers on Jan. 1 of this year.

FROM LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 8th, 1897.

Our last Conference was held in Blair, Neb. On the evening of the 23rd of November, 1896 I left Blair for Omaha, where I had the pleasure of visiting for a week with the Saints there, and associating part of the time with Presidents Spencer and Kelsch, the former now in Utah, (having) been released, and the latter laboring as president of the Northern States Mission. Elders A. G. Young of Richfield, Utah, and Joshua A. Fawson of Grantsville, Utah, labored there during the past summer and did a good work. While we were visiting there the brethren led three honest souls into the water for baptism, making ten that had been "born again" here during the three or four months. Others are earnestly investigating and no doubt will soon enter the fold. The light of the Gospel is expanding and honest souls are treading the narrow way. The Saints there show their faith by their works as they add their mite in good causes.

We found our brethren and sisters across the river in Council Bluffs the same good people, and had the pleasure of eating Thanksgiving dinner with Bro. Huntington and family. As we listened to Bros. Kelsch and Spencer