

state of facts being shown, put the threatener under bonds to keep the peace and a better class of men will "rally round the flag, boys," to prevent personal violence than he has been in the habit of addressing for several months as "gentlemen of the jury." There is absolutely no danger, and no one should know this to be the case so well as Mr. Varian himself by this time; he is enough of a judge of human nature to understand that a community that submits quietly to such things as he and his associates have been heaping upon this one for the whole of this year and part of last, can and will take anything that comes along labeled as law, and can afford to, as they will, await redemption from another and altogether different source—a source where he will never stigmatize a whole community as criminals because when accused they make such peaceful defense by legal methods as prevail everywhere; and where his superior will not, because of a woman's marital relations, brand her with concubinage and her children with bastardy. Oh, no, Mr. Varian; there is no danger and really no trouble—until positions are changed and you and those of your kind are arraigned at a bar where men are judged in accordance with the honesty of purpose and usefulness of action characterizing their lives in the flesh, a court where ambitious and covetous lawyers are not admitted to practice where the occupant of the bench has no prearranged mission to fill, where there are no open venues and no loafers around the court doors waiting for jobs to convict their superiors of imaginary offenses, in order that a little whisky money from the pocket of the U. S. Marshal may be dropped in the hands stretched forth like those of Julius Iscariot to receive it.

Mr. Varian goes too far out of his way to gather ideas for the captivation of the rabble. He can keep nearer home and accomplish just as much in that direction and a great deal more of a better and wiser kind. To use such language at such a time and place, exhibits a plentiful lack of judgment and a superabundant quantity of demagoguery. To talk to a jury about danger surrounding the one who addresses them because of his so doing, is simply a bid for admiration of his self-erected pedestal, a desire to gain approval by means of buncombe and claptrap. Reform it, Sir Prosecutor, not indifferently but altogether; assume a virtue if you have it not, but do not assume a high quality which, if you have, there is no necessity for a display of. Remember that there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow, and the "Mormons" are not noted for killing or injuring even sparrows.

TWO ADDITIONS TO THE LIST OF THE HEROIC.

This afternoon two more manly men, who declined to assume an abject attitude before the feet of an arbitrary and cruel court, were sent to the penitentiary, having received the full penalty of the law for living with and sustaining their families. The imprisonment portion of the sentence was imposed in both cases because the victims declined to enter into a compact with the Court to renounce religion and family. They held their peace, and the presiding genius of the Third Judicial District construed this to mean a refusal to agree to obey the law.

Although they asserted they had "nothing to say," in the silence of Brothers George Romney and W. A. Rossiter, there was genuine eloquence. It showed with unmistakable plainness that they preferred to suffer loss and imprisonment rather than be recalcitrant to obligations of the most sacred character. With them to the prison in which they are now incarcerated they take the sympathy, best wishes and "God bless you" of a host of friends, including every genuine Latter-day Saint on earth.

THE REAL CAUSE.

The Idaho Democrat, while disclaiming any sympathy for or belief in the religion of the Latter-day Saints, is honest and fair enough to concede to it the same right to existence accorded to other creeds, and has the perception to discover and the boldness to declare that the outcry against them and the outrages inflicted upon them in Idaho have not resulted from objections to their religious or social practices, but rather to their union as a people in favor of that which is right and in opposition to that which is wrong. It says:

"If anything were needed to confirm the belief of the readers of the Democrat that it was the vote of Mormonism—and not its polygamy—that worried the so-called anti-Mormon yelpers, the tone of their organs would certainly do it. The whole aim of the tricksters is to elect a man of their choosing delegate to Congress and keep control of the legislature of the Territory, and in the vain effort to accomplish that desired object they have commenced the fight early. At first they proclaimed with loud voice that polygamy constituted their only objection to the Latter-day Saints. Do away with that and our antipathy ceases. Laws were passed

knocking out the objectionable feature, but the howl went on. Then came a law disfranchising every Mormon in the Territory. Still the howl. Then followed the decision of a democratic chief justice declaring the disfranchising law constitutional. Not only was polygamy now a relic of the past in reality but the Mormons were deprived of the right to vote, and possessed of no more citizenship than a Mongol. Surely the persecutions of these people should have ceased at that point. But they did not. The fight against them goes on fiercer than ever. Where the tricksters howled before they now fairly froth and yell. The editor of one of their organs, who has been a resident of the Territory scarcely long enough to acquire a vote, positively declares that if the Mormons are not wiped out he will leave the Territory. With polygamy gone and the Mormon people a nonentity, why continue the howl? The Mormons are no longer a factor in politics, why the renewed zeal in their persecution? The Democrat will answer: It is done in the endeavor to work up prejudice sufficient to beat the democratic ticket, including the support it will get from those same Mormons they seek to disfranchise; the wily schemers being well aware that the non-polygamous Mormons will exercise their right of franchise in the future as they have done in the past. Why should they not?"

RESIGNATIONS.

It is definitely stated that United States District Attorney Dickson has resigned his office; his ostensible reason for this step is the distasteful character of the position and his intention to enter upon a more lucrative and private practice. It is not unlikely that the reason was embodied in the remark facetiously made by a friend—"I think Mr. Dickson's resignation has been tendered to him, and he has accepted it." As with Dickson, so with Varian, his assistant and chief henchman. If one has resigned, the resignation of the other would naturally be in order. Besides, in a case like this, where there are two of a kind and both bad, now can a choice be made and the rule of the survival of the fittest be applied?

As representatives of the United States Government in this Territory, there is but little of a commendatory nature to be said in favor of either Dickson or Varian; they have made their offices engines of oppression; have raided, connived, distorted and misrepresented; with the aid of the bench, they have made the bar contemptible; for the sake of notoriety and pelf, they have instituted and carried out the vilest schemes of persecution, sparing neither age, sex nor condition; have overridden, trodden down and thrown aside legal precedents and principles which were fortified by the approval and support of a dozen generations; have made of local criminal practice a quixotic and chimerical game of chance, with all chances in their own favor; have excused crime when the criminal was of their liking; have overthrown the liberties and destroyed the prosperity of some of our best citizens, and sought the encouragement and applause of the most vile; all this and more, much more, have they done, and it is time that their doings were brought to a close if not to a reckoning.

Let them depart in peace and mend their ways if they can. It may be too late, but they can try.

ANOTHER SPECIMEN.

DEER LODGE, Montana, has a full-fledged weekly newspaper, which flies the name of *New Northwest* at its masthead. It is a neat-looking, well arranged sheet, and to that extent at least is a journalistic whited sepulchre—all without being fair to behold, all within decaying bones, mildew and ghastliness. It seeks to keep pace with the publications of the day by having its vile thrusts at the "Mormons," and knows no better than to fall back upon the expelives and falsehoods which gave way to newer and more elastic verbal contrivances among more enterprising sheets years ago. It does not fill the bill because it doesn't know how. To serve the devil acceptably to the infernal chieftain, one must have judgment enough to discriminate between right and wrong; a disposition to cleave faithfully to the latter, and inventive genius of a high order; but our Montana contemporary is a dullard, a worshiper at the shrine of Mammon who stumbles into his pew to saow that he is there, and staggers out before the services are half over. Here is a specimen brick:

"Hiram B. Clawson, in his defense for polygamy, made the strongest plea possible from a Mormon standpoint. Still, all said, and the best said, it was the plea of a few religious cranks against the laws of the land and the sentiment of the best civilization of the world. Polygamous relations must cease to exist."

"Defense for polygamy" is good, whether considered in the light of truth or syntax; it was not a defense "for" polygamy any more

than it was a defense "for" any other religious principle which the gentleman entertained previous to and on the occasion mentioned. He was asked if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced, and having something to say, said it; but the time for a defense, even of himself, had passed, and the few moments at his disposal were not a sufficient space into which could be crowded the "strongest possible defense for polygamy."

"It was the plea of a few religious cranks." The *Northwest* first makes it the plea of Mr. Clawson *sole*, and in the next sentence either converts him into a plural or commits a very absurd solecism. But it was not a plea "against" the laws of the land; it was not a plea of any kind whatever, but merely a justification of conduct and a protest against judicial tyranny from a man who had been accused of an offense, hounded to conviction, and was about to receive a brutal sentence. Only that and nothing more. A plea for polygamy or any other religious principle at such a time and place would have been (figuratively speaking, of course) casting pearls before swine, and Mr. Clawson well knew this, besides being restrained by other prudential reasons.

The next time the *New Northwest* takes up the cudgel against "Mormonism," it would be well for it to arrange the work beforehand, classifying its fulminations in something like the following order: Details (reasonably accurate); discussion (applicable to the text); invective (new if possible); satire (a sharp-edge tool, handle carefully); comment (original and pointed); language (after Lindley Murray). By strict attention to this plan our contemporary may be able to produce something better than thrice warmed-over hash for its readers, a literary dish which only nauseates the stomach it was intended to strengthen. Give us something new if you can; but if you can't, then give us something within hailing distance of the facts. Both together would be decidedly refreshing, but the immense strain which such a combination would place upon the faculties and resources of the *Northwest* might be more than it could endure and survive. Try it moderately for a while, and let us see how you get along with the new departure.

VERY APPROPRIATE.

THE *Pioche Record* advocates making polygamy a capital offense, as a swift and sure solution of "the problem." A suggestion of this kind, while not unlooked for, comes with especial appropriateness from Pioche—a town whose morals and law-abiding qualities are and ever have been above suspicion and beyond reproach. It is the place where, some years ago, a thieving tax was placed upon wagons and teams loaded with commodities, and rigidly enforced against all "Mormon" outfits, while others were mildly dealt with or let go entirely; to such an extent was this outrage carried on that it created animadversion from other than friendly sources, and at last fell into comparative disuse through its own enormity. It is the place where, for some time, "a man for breakfast" was the rule, and another for dinner far from the exception, murder being so common that one more or less created but little comment and no excitement, a hasty "trial" and a verdict of "not guilty" invariably following. It is a town where, when there was a population of less than 2,000, there were a dozen brothels, as many gambling saloons, all running and doing a brisk business day and night, Sundays included. It is a town where, at election times, votes were bought and sold as barefacedly as though it were a legitimate traffic; and it is quite probable that this practice still prevails, while the others have only dwindled proportionately with the shrinkage in business and population. Oh, yes, by all means let the antipodes of such a condition of things as is herein pictured be made odious; let the honorable marriage of women, the proper care of households, the easing up of public burdens upon the masses, the constant effort to establish and maintain morality and decency, the fear of God and the courage to do His bidding—let all these be declared infamous, polygamists be punished with death and all the others securely imprisoned for life! And how fitting to the times that good, chaste and upright Pioche should be the Faneuil Hall of so grand a scheme of reformation and advancement!

DOCTORS' THEORIES.

Of the making of theories, like the making of books, there seems to be no end. One is led to remark this in glancing over the bewildering network of opinions regarding that dread disease, diphtheria, woven by local physicians and put upon the market through the medium of the press. Without wishing to cast reflection upon the skill and intelligence of those gentlemen, most of them medical men of high repute, does it not appear to the casual observer as though they had a problem in this diphtheritic scourge which baffles and confuses them?

True, they all talk confidentially enough, each one as though his hypothesis were the correct one, but the trouble is, that their hypotheses disagree, and no matter how stoutly they argue from their respective standpoints, the conclusion is irresistible, that some of them must be in the wrong. It is impossible, where one side of a question is right, for another side which differs from it to be right also. The only question is, which of all these theories is the true one, or are they like the man-made religions of the day, all false?

"Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" has passed into a proverbial query. One prominent physician says diphtheria is contagious. Another equally prominent says it is not contagious, but is infectious. Another declares it is both contagious and infectious, and perhaps still another will claim it is neither. One will say the cesspools are the source of the disease, and another will point in refutation to the fact that it does not exist near cesspools, as a rule, but rather in parts where there are none. By some it is said to proceed from dirt and squalor, and by others that it does not, as the rich, whose premises are kept aired and clean, suffer from it quite as much as the poor and those of uncleanly habits and surroundings, if not more. Another supposes it is the dust and hot air of the city that creates and fosters it; and some one else claims that this is sheer nonsense, as it is just as apt to break out in winter, or in the mountains, where dust is unknown and the air is as cold and pure as the breath of Greenland.

In the midst of this war of theories and strife of ideas, the common people who know nothing about the disease, except from sad experience, are left in a state of suspense and uncertainty as to what to do or how to do it, crucified as it were between the two questions, as to which of the local physicians is right in relation to the nature, characteristics and treatment of this terrible disease, or whether they all are wrong and it is a subtle, insidious, and death-dealing mystery.

A COSTLY COURT.

On Thursday morning, Deputy Marshal Greenman levied upon the brick kiln of Mr. Edward Brain, in the Twenty-first Ward, pursuant to an execution issued out of the Third District Court, to satisfy a fine of \$300 and costs assessed in the case of unlawful cohabitation for which Mr. Brain was convicted. The amount was subsequently paid and the execution recalled, the total sum disgorged for the coffers of the government (presumably) by reason of the transaction being \$460, this showing an allowance of \$160 for costs. As neither the fee statute of the United States nor the Territory justify nor can be made properly to foot up any such cost bill in a case which involved so little expense throughout, it would be interesting to know how and where the money was applied, and upon what justification the separate items rest. The exact amount which it costs a man to be true to his covenants and his family is a matter of some little importance just now; and while it is under any circumstances considerable, the Court should in justice to itself, if not to the defendant, see that the bill is not placed beyond what the law provides because the victim is "in his power."

LOOK AT HOME.

The *Mountain Sentinel*, a paper published in Idaho, shows up the hypocrisy of the anti-"Mormon" howlers as follows:

"The Mormon question is worrying the people in remote sections about as bad as the slavery question. Those who know nothing about the matter are the most warlike, and they would be glad to see blood running in the streets of Salt Lake City rather than the pure crystal water. And the Portland papers now and then take up the howl. But they do so to fill up their papers, probably, as the Mormons have no friends out of Utah. There is not a newspaper man or woman in Portland but who can put his or her hand on a dozen prominent citizens who have one nice family at home and another in some lodging house. This sort of Mormonism seems to be recognized as right and lawful, (if it is not found out) and nothing is said about it. In the light of early training it does not seem right for a man to have more than one wife, but there may be serious questions arising from the Utah matter especially if hot headed people spur it up, and preach violent measures. People have an inherent right to pass opinions upon matters that do not directly concern them, but they go too far when they adopt the shot-gun-better-than-the-Bible-plan."

ANOTHER PIONEER GONE.

Ara W. Sabin died in Preston, Oneida Co., Idaho, Oct. 6th, 1885, of pneumonia and inflammation of the stomach. He was born in New York, Steuben County, Town of Bath, August 4th, 1882; was baptized by William Hyde, February 17th, 1844. Removed to Nauvoo in October, 1844, and was

ordained a member of the 12th Quorum of Seventies on the 7th of the following month. Received his endowments in the temple of God in Nauvoo, January 7th, 1846, and came to Utah in 1850. During the same fall, was called to go south to Parowan, Iron County, but was released by President Young the following June to come home. The next public call made of him was to serve in the Walker war, and in 1857-8 he also served in defending the homes of the Saints from the invading army. In 1860 he was called to the States, and helped in the emigration. In 1861 he was called to go south to the Muddy Mission, where he remained three years, when he was released.

In 1870 he was sent upon a mission to the States and Canada, and again in 1878 to the Southern States, where he remained some sixteen months. In the fall of 1880 he removed to Preston, Idaho, where he has since resided, and where he died, as he had lived, in full faith and with the hope of a glorious resurrection.—[Com.]

Preston, Oct. 13th.

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