

Petroleum has lately been tried on the Lake Shore Railroad, according to a New York paper, and very satisfactory results have accrued, as the oil emits great heat without smoke or ashes. The introduction of this substance for fuel would make quite a revolution in the coal trade.

Among the many calamities which seem to have overtaken Great Britain, not among the sheep has been numbered lately. The disease is caused, no doubt, by the excessive rains and the cold season keeping the ground so wet and chilly as to render pasturage for sheep unwholesome.

The Norristown Herald sagely says: "Miss Miller, of Ferris, Tex., chloroformed her father's dogs and eloped with a young man whom her father had forbidden the premises. The probabilities are that about a year hence she will conclude that her life would have been less miserable if she had chloroformed the young man and eloped with her father's dogs."

The spiritualist humbugs are receiving frequent exposure. At a seance in Spirit Valley, Vermont, a few days ago, a young man present attempted to get his hands loose from the circle while a "spirit" was stroking his face, but they were held too tightly by others. He therefore suddenly threw up his foot, a shriek followed, and when the lights were turned up, the medium was found bleeding violently at the nose.

Farmers used to be saluted in the old world with the momentous question, "Do you bruise your oats?" The same query is propounded on this side of the Atlantic. Oats should be bruised for an old horse, but not for a young one, because the former, through age and defective teeth, cannot chew them properly; the young horse can do so, and they are thus properly mixed with saliva and turned into wholesome nutriment.

The terrible story which appears in another part of this paper, of one of those family feuds peculiar to the Southern States, exhibits the spirit of violence and murder which actuates a portion of the Southern people, and shows the extent to which human passion will go when the soul is filled with a craving for revenge. Possessed by this unhallowed desire, men are transformed into fiends, and their path is swift to the abode of the damned.

A Detroit chemist has been examining the water of that city and finds in it "various specimens of diatoms, such as the Nitzschia curvula, Cymatopleura solea, Cymatopleura elliptica, Stauroneis punctata, Pleurosigma spencerii and Rhizosolenia eriensis. Now we understand the cause of the capers cut by the Free Press of that city. No wonder that its comical scribe should feel so funny when he imbibes those what-d'ye-call-ums in his wa—whi—usual beverage.

Gladstone, once the great statesman, is now figuring as a political stump orator. At Edinburgh, recently, he started the staid old "free bourgeois" by denouncing Lord Beaconsfield's policy as "the most reckless and disgraceful in the history of England," and personally attacked the Premier as "a veteran trickster and political posturer." One would think that the polished scholar and eminent literaturer had been participating in a presidential campaign in "the freest and most enlightened nation on top of the earth."

Has any one officially informed the Governor of the vacancy which has occurred in the Legislative Assembly? The law says the Governor shall call a special election within ten days after receiving notice of the death, resignation, or other disability of any Territorial officer. "What is everybody's business is nobody's business." But seeing that the law does not specify who is to give the notice, does not this duty in this instance naturally devolve upon the People's Central Committee of Salt Lake County? We think so.

A suit for divorce at Washington, D. C., planted by Mrs. Angie L. Kaighn, against Maurice M. Kaighn, of Salt Lake City, for desertion, has just been dismissed, the judge holding that the defendant appeared to be acting in collusion with the complainant, and that mere absence is not legal desertion. The defendant has been providing for his wife and family

while residing away from them, and "incompatibility," which seems to be the only trouble between the parties, is not good ground for divorce.

At a meeting held recently in Manchester, England, a proposition was considered for the construction of a tidal navigation for sea-going steamers from Liverpool to Manchester. The length of the channel would be 36 miles, its minimum width 200 feet and its minimum depth at low water 10 feet. A basin of 81 acres would have to be constructed at Manchester with wharves and accommodations for shipping. The estimated cost is \$17,000,000. The benefits to Manchester would be enormous, and the revenue from the enterprise would likely make a good dividend on the investment.

Kearney's battle cry "The Chinese must go," will soon be obsolete if the present movement of the Mongolians continues. The port statistics of San Francisco show that the arrivals of Chinese during the year ending November 1, were 6,128, and the departures 8,746—of whom 6,229 went to China, and 2,517 to Honolulu—the excess of departures over arrivals being 2,618. No less than 901 "celestials" left San Francisco for Hong Kong on the steamer that sailed two weeks ago. The present Chinese population on the coast is placed at 62,000. A few years ago it was placed at 100,000. The Chinese are going.

Dr. T. C. Osborn, writing to the Medical Brief, relates his discovery of a sovereign remedy for toothache. He was about to send a person who was suffering severely in the night to a dentist, when he thought he would try the compound tincture of benzoin, some of which was at hand. He cleaned out the tooth, soaked a piece of cotton lint in the benzoin, and plugged the aching molar. The pain left at once and did not return. Repeated subsequent experiments of the same kind had the same results. He told his discovery to a druggist, who has since had a large sale for the remedy under the name of "toothache drops."

Object lessons and practical illustrations of true principles are praiseworthy methods of instructing youth. But a schoolmaster near London recently carried this plan a little too far and in rather too striking a manner. One of his pupils, by the name of Tompkins, threw stones at a frog, and in order to show him the evil of cruelty to animals, the teacher said, "You be the frog and I'll be Tompkins," and pelted the pupil pretty heavily on the back. Tompkins' parents prosecuted the teacher, but he was dismissed with a reprimand. The Solons decided that he should have "thrashed the boy with a cane." How much wiser were the magistrates than the teacher!

The Scientific American gives an account of an experiment made some time ago at Saratoga, with the electric light. An open parabolic reflector was used, but no lenses. "The light was turned toward a spot in Ballston Spa, New York, seven and a half miles distant, where, by previous arrangement, a group of several hundred persons were assembled to witness the experiment. So powerful was the light, so accurate the focusing and alignment, that the designated place in Ballston was instantly illuminated, so that ordinary print could be read, the time seen on watches, etc. The night was clear, still, and dark."

Professor Proctor in his lecture on "The Religion of Astronomy," thus candidly confesses the inability of science to penetrate the secrets which can only be unfolded by revelation. "The study of the planets and their vast volume affords a lesson against the folly of attempting to make out the purpose for which these orbs were made. Man cannot learn what the purpose of creation is and there is danger in attempting it. Science gives a faint idea of infinity of time and space, but touching the Almighty, it cannot find him out." This is true and faithful. The things of God can only be understood by the Spirit of God. Without that light, science as well as ignorance must forever remain in the dark concerning divine plans and purposes.

This is the "Christian" method of disposing of surplus babies. The Washington Star gives particulars of the finding of a white female in-

fant on some stone steps in the nation's Capital with the following note penned to its clothing: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven. This is the saying of our dear Lord. To His care we confide our darling, and wish to have her baptized by you. Give her the name of Agnes L. B. By this we may know her in future." Such events are not at all uncommon in Christian cities. They attract but little attention. But the birth of children by plural marriage, in which they are cared for, educated and blest with the benefits of home, causes the pious to tremble with sanctified indignation.

Elder John Morgan writes under date of Nov. 10th, from Rome, Georgia, to the Bulletin, re-iterating a statement which has been copied into the papers of the south, that Apostle Erastus Snow had used profane language in the pulpit here, inciting the people to rebellion against the Government. He testifies that Bro. Snow "is a gentleman of refinement and traveled education and does not stoop to profane language in private conversation let alone in the pulpit," and after showing the condition of vassalage of this Territory says: "The 'Mormon' people are loyal to the Constitution of the United States, but not excessively loyal to the acts of a great many men who profess to administer the laws of the country." Other Elders in the field would do well to follow this example and defend the truth through the press as well as on the platform.

Here is a sample of the ignorance of many editors on Utah affairs. The Butte Miner says: "The late proceedings of the Salt Lake Grand Jury have sent terror to the hearts of Utah polygamists. Whenever a grand juror appears in sight, the brethren lose faith in the Lord and stampede." This is funnier than anything in the comic journals. The idea of a grand juror here being an object of terror! Several of the members of the Grand Jury just dissolved are objects of respect, because, though opposed to "Mormon" doctrine, they would not be bulldozed into "Mormon" persecution, either by finding indictments without evidence or signing absurd documents without foundation in fact. But the others are objects of derision. Reproductions in real life of the stage representation of the fuddled and bombastic Grand Jurymen quoting the "statutes of William and Mary." They are butts for jokes, instead of objects of terror. The Butte Miner must be talking ironically.

Several eastern papers are commenting favorably on the endeavors of the Agricultural Department to promote the cultivation of sorghum for the manufacture of sugar. But we notice that the New York Journal of Commerce attempts to ridicule the movement, and winds up a long article deprecating the official publication of statistics on this subject with these words: "Nothing can prevent Illinois from raising sugar at three cents a pound if she is capable of doing it. Wherefore we pray to hear no more about it till the thing is done." We would like to ask the Journal how any new enterprise can be inaugurated unless something is said about it? Until the practicability of the industry is shown by argument, nothing is likely to be done towards its establishment. As the Cincinnati Times declares, Utah has proven that good sugar can be made from sorghum, and all the country should "hear about it" that other sections may be induced to do likewise. Hearing generally comes before doing.

#### A Kentucky Feud.

THE WAR BETWEEN THE UNDERWOODS AND HOLBROOKS IN CARTER COUNTY—THE END OF AN EXTRAORDINARY SIEGE.

A correspondent at Mt. Sterling, Ky., gives a detailed history of the Underwood-Holbrook feud in Carter County. The quarrel began just after the war, in September, 1865. Jesse Underwood, a son of old George Underwood, got into a bar-room quarrel with a man who called for a "Jeff Davis drink," and in the fight that ensued George Trumbo was shot and killed by Jesse. Many efforts were made by the authorities to capture Jesse, and

in one of the raids on the Underwood "fort," Squire Holbrook shot and seriously wounded the young man, thus starting the feud between the two families. At length Jesse, to avoid so much fighting, went to Iowa, and then there was peace for a time. Hostilities were renewed, however, when old Geo. Underwood became bail for some men charged with horse stealing. The war was soon in full progress again, and many were killed on both sides. Lewis Underwood was shot through the stomach, and lingered two years with a wound through which the process of digestion could be seen. Jesse came back from Iowa to see his brother before he died, and the affair culminated in a siege of the cabin in which the whole Underwood family had gathered. The siege lasted 19 days, and finally, when a surrender was agreed to, nothing was done by the authorities, and through the agency of Jesse peace prevailed again. Besides being specially a good shot, Jesse had fallen in love with a neighbor's daughter, and it would have been considered a breach of etiquette to shoot him during his courtship. From this point the correspondent goes on as follows:

Old George promised Jesse that he would sell out and move to Iowa, and Jesse again started for the West, taking a young wife with him. Traveling overland to a point on the Ohio, where he intended to take a steamboat, he was followed by the Sheriff of Lewis County—the old rewards for the killing of Trumbo, twelve years before, were thought to be still outstanding. They ambushed in the path of the bridal couple late one night, and as they passed opened fire on them, badly wounding Jesse at the first shot. But he fought desperately, killed one of the posse outright, and wounded two others before he fell, bleeding from half a dozen shots. He was taken to Bath County jail, a new indictment for the murder of Trumbo was framed, and he was in jail awaiting trial, when, in the spring of 1878, he escaped and made his way back to Carter. His wife was dead, meanwhile, but his brother Lewis was still lingering from the wound of a year before.

Jesse only left the fort thereafter to attend church meetings, but with the precaution of two revolvers and his shotgun. The hatchet was buried for nearly a year. It was on the 20th of May last that it was dug up, and the complete wiping out of the adult Underwoods was the result. On that day Elverton Underwood was shot while surrounded by his children. Two bullets passed through his body. They were fired from ambush. Jesse claimed that he traced the assassins to Squire Holbrook's and that the tracks of one of them were those of the old Squire himself. But his brother Lewis was dying, and Jesse did nothing until September; death released the boy from two years of great suffering. Then the bloody work was renewed.

The boy died, September 1st. Squire Holbrook and his son Millard were shot at as they were catching a horse in the pasture adjoining their house. A rifle ball passed through the old Squire's brain and he fell dead. The son escaped. September 8, William Underwood was shot through the heart while at work. September 12, David Wilson, of the Holbrooks, was shot at from ambush, and his left arm shattered. September 15, as old George Underwood was stepping out of the door of the fort, sixteen shots were fired from behind the trees opposite. He was badly wounded in the arm and shoulder, and the women dragged him in and sent for Jesse.

Jesse was out in the forest and at once hastened home. Just as he was entering the door one of three shots from the bush covered hillside struck him in the shoulder, and passing through his left lung, came out on the other side of his body. He fell across the doorsill, but the ready hands of the women dragged him in before another shot could finish him. Then began a drama unparalleled even in the history of these mountain outrages. The Holbrook faction rose from their ambush, and rushed yelling to the door. Inside there were huddled a dozen women and children, and on two corn husk pallets the father and son were lying mortally wounded. There was little to eat or drink in the house. Around it the Holbrook's established a cordon of sentries, and for 17 days the door was never opened,

except that a shot warned the women to close it speedily. On Sunday, four days after Jesse was shot, the walls of the women inside gave notice that the man was dead; but, as they had before refused to allow any doctor to go to the relief of the wounded men, so now the besieging party gave notice that any man or woman, either in the house or outside, who attempted to bury the dead man, would need to arrange for his or her own funeral.

In this stress old George Underwood did manage to get a message to the County Judge at Grayson, 19 miles distant, asking him for protection. That official ordered the sheriff to take a posse, bury the dead, and bring to Grayson the women, children and one wounded survivor; but so great was the terrorism that the sheriff could induce not a single man in the county to accompany him. Then the governor was telegraphed for a company of militia, but without success.

On Sunday, October 12, the four women, a daughter, two nieces and the sister-in-law of the old man were keeping watch beside the pallet. At a knock at the door the women peered out through a loophole and saw a group of some 20 men with blackened faces in the yard. They demanded admittance, averring that Caleb White and John Martin had been seen to enter the house. They promised safety to the old man and the women if they were allowed to enter. The old man consented, and they searched the house without finding the men, but they seized old George's arsenal. It consisted of six guns, five pistols, three bowie knives and a sword. They laughed as they uncovered Jesse's corpse, and then asked the old man to show his wounds.

Old George stooped over to take off the bandage. "Let's bring the meeting to a close," said the leader, as he raised his gun and emptied a load of buckshot into the old man's body. Another at the same moment shot him through the head, and he fell forward on his face dead. Through the wound in his body a man's fist might be thrust. Then the band went away.

The father of the Underwoods had, in some time past, befriended Frank McFarren, of Olive Hill. The morning after the murder Agnes McFarren went about among the neighbors, begging for assistance to bury the dead at Fort Underwood, but no one would venture. Then the girl and her father started for the house alone. They expected nothing short of death, but happily found that the besieging party, having finished their work had disappeared. The scene inside the cabin cannot be described, but with the help of the Underwood women the two bodies were given decent burial, the cries of the mourners echoing through the stillness of the forest.

#### What Cannot Be Seen

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