

is well fenced. President John Taylor and the present presiding authority of the Church have seen fit to mark the burying ground at Pisgah with special signs of love and respect for their brethren who were left there by the hand of death, because Mr. White has made it possible for them to do so. He was a boy when his father bought a large tract of land embracing Pisgah, soon after the Saints left there. He became owner of the land after the death of his father, and about the time the country became settled permanently.

The boy grew up to manhood almost upon the very place where sorrowing hearts bathed the soil with burning tears for loved ones, buried there under the most distressing circumstances, and for that spot of earth the innocent boy conceived a respect and feeling of sacred regard that has not been blotted out with the bustling scenes of a business life; but has matured and brought forth fruits in manhood, to the joy of souls that never forget.

He never allowed the earth to be disturbed about

TROSE LITTLE SILENT MOUNDS

so closely clustered together until it has grown up to hazel brush, hickory and oak trees, scattered about.

The despised "Mormons" have been compelled to dot the prairies of Ohio, Missouri, Illinois and Iowa with graveyards; besides hundreds of lonely graves by the wayside; and never, until now, have I heard of any man, of the many thousands who have come after us to our desolate homes and not possession of the "last resting place" of our loved dead, who has asked if we would like to mark those "cities of the dead" for our children to drop a tear upon.

Mr. White tells me that he remembers seeing, in his boyhood, one, and the only complete gravestone, with the name of "William Huntington" chiseled upon it. That was the grave of my father, and that stone disappeared very many years ago, to make way for the incoming inhabitants. It came from the bed of Grand River, near by.

The little mound of earth, by which stood that stone, is now lost among the many others that are only tiny grassy knolls.

It may be a consolation to some person who reads this, to know of the following statement written to me by Mr. White; he says: "There is a grave with two stones, common 'nigger-heads,' as we call them, with the initials H. S. on each stone. When I first saw it, it was fenced with hewn posts and split slabs; the grave was rounded up, and is still in good shape." This grave is probably the only one that can be recognized by living friends.

Last fall, a foundation of rock, four feet square (cubic) was laid in the earth, near the centre of the burying ground, upon which, in the coming spring, will be placed a

MARBLE MONUMENT

twelve feet high, which has been contracted for, I believe, upon condition of my approval, and from the drawing sent me I am well pleased with the design.

The main shaft is eight feet long, or high, upon which the name of every person buried there, will be engraved; that is, if the living friends will send their names, plainly written and correctly spelled, to me in Springfield, Utah, before the middle of next March.

O. B. HUNTINGTON.

January 6, 1888.
Territorial papers please copy.

UNANSWERABLE EVIDENCE.

The Notorious William Jarman's True Character Exposed.

The following letter was written from this city, August 8th, 1887, and was published in the Barnsley (England) Independent.

Sir—Please to insert the following in your valuable paper: Wm. Jarman was once my husband and is the father of my three children. I was his wife for seven years and was divorced from him before my last boy was born. I was married to him April 1, 1863, in Devonshire, and was divorced April 21, 1869, through his bad conduct and wicked treatment of me. In the defense of my people I wish to show the public the man they have to lecture and delude them by his horrible lies regarding the "Mormons," who are a God-fearing, industrious and virtuous people.

My sister sent me the paper containing Jarman's lecture. It made me sorrowful to read such terrible falsehoods and statements concerning this people. I could not rest until I had contradicted them. Mr. Jarman is a wicked man. At one time, when he was put into a lunatic asylum in Exminster, Devonshire, through his misconduct, his own father said to me, after I had told him that I had fasted three days and prayed for Jarman that his heart would change and he be a better man, "My son is a son of Belial; it is no use to pray for him; he is like Balaam of old, who sought repentance with tears, but found it not."

My second child, Maria, was two weeks old when the people of Chudleigh took him off to the

LUNATIC ASYLUM.

Myself and two children had to be locked up in a neighbor's house. My life was threatened four different times. When Jarman made his escape from the lunatic asylum, I sent him

money and clothing, so that he would not be punished if they took him back to the asylum.

While he was away he became intimate with a girl named Emily R., and wanted me to take her as an apprentice to learn millinery and dress-making. At the time of his escape from the asylum, I moved from Chudleigh to Exeter, and followed my business. I took Emily R. to learn the business, although Jarman was more free with her than was right. After that we embraced the religion of the Latter-day Saints and were baptized in the sea in Exmouth, all three of us, and soon after emigrated to the United States.

We lived in Albany two years. Some few months after arriving in Albany, Emily R. gave birth to a daughter. Wm. Jarman told me he was the father of it. This was sorrow and grief to me. But that was not all. He brought goods home from Whitney P. Myers' store, and secreted them in such a way as led me to believe they were stolen, and as he brought his wages every week, it was evident he did not pay for them.

That which is published in the *Millennial Star* is correct. Therein he is not represented as bad as he was to me. We brought Emily R. to Utah with us, and, as Jarman was the ruin of her, I thought he was the one to try and save her. I did all I could for the girl to save her from disgrace. After Jarman was married by our Church I gave him Emily R. to be his wife, so he had two wives. His cruel conduct made me leave him.

Shortly before our separation he locked and bolted the doors, and armed himself with a six-shooter pistol and a dagger, and threatened my life. I sought for safety, and he was arrested and fined twenty-five dollars and five dollars for contempt of court. I then sought a divorce from the probate court and obtained it. Emily lived with him, after my divorce, four years, and had two children by him. Through

HIS CRUEL TREATMENT

to her she sought a divorce and left him.

He afterwards married an American lady, who, I understand, has also left him. He was cut off from the Church for his wicked conduct, and Emily left the Church also.

Mr. Jarman, in his letter to you, says if he wrote that letter she did it with a pistol at her ear or a razor at her throat, on pain of death if she refused to write according to dictation. This is utterly false. We are a free people, at liberty to do as our consciences direct us. No one knew of what had been written in the letter I sent to the *Devon Evening Express*, and which was afterwards printed in the *Millennial Star*, for some time after it was sent. When Mr. Jarman persecuted my brethren, the missionaries, I could not help but let the people know that he was, if not a murderer, at least a murderer at heart, a wretched, cruel man, full of the works of his father, the devil.

Jarman says I was married to Brigham Young. I deny it. I lived for twelve years and supported my children, and was not married to any one. After Wm. Jarman left Utah, I married Mr. R. H. Ford, my present husband. I consider it is my duty to place before the public this short epistle.

I am, etc., MARIA B. FORD,
Formerly Maria R. Jarman.

FROM MONDAY'S DAILY, JAN. 3.

At Liberty.

Brother Henry Beal, of Ephraim, Sanpete County, a member of the Stake presidency, was released from the penitentiary yesterday morning, having paid a fine of \$300 and served a term of three months' imprisonment on a charge of unlawful cohabitation.

Despicably Mean.

Last evening, in the Sixteenth Ward meeting house, while divine service was being held, some individual entered the vestry and mashed in the crowns of all the stiff hats, in some instances ripping the crown from the rim and ruining the hat. The perpetrators of such indecency should be promptly punished and made to pay for the damage.

A Celestial Visitor.

On Sunday evening last, just before darkness had fairly settled down upon the city, a meteor of dazzling brilliance appeared, illuminating the heavens for several seconds. To the observers it appeared as a ball of white flame nearly as large as a baseball, and seemed to descend from a point a little north of the zenith in an easterly direction, remaining visible for some time, when it slowly passed out of sight behind the Wasatch Mountains. It left no perceptible trail of light to indicate its course and appeared to be in close proximity to those who saw it.

The Cold Snap.

The cold wave seems to have struck Salt Lake in good earnest, though this locality has not suffered nearly so much as surrounding places. On Saturday night the thermometer went down to zero, and last night, or rather this morning, it went farther still. At 5 a.m. today the signal service reported zero, and a little later 4 degrees below. In the less thickly settled portion of the city it went down to eight degrees below, and on the Seventeenth Ward bench and on the

southern edge of town the thermometers registered ten degrees below. In many houses the water in the pipes was frozen solid, and City Creek and the water ditches were a mass of ice, no water coming down today. In places Jordan river was completely frozen over.

The New Railroad.

President Moffat declares that the Denver & Rio Grande will be extended to Salt Lake City this year, and that active work will commence after the annual meeting of the directors next May. The fact that the Rio Grande Western was built under a separate charter and is owned by an independent company has at times embarrassed the operations of the Denver & Rio Grande, now more important than ever before, in that it acts as the western outlet, and the distributing system of two great trunk lines, the Burlington and the Missouri Pacific, in Colorado, Utah and a portion of New Mexico. The Rio Grande is abundantly able to build on the line proposed and will undoubtedly do so. President Moffat has not, in the past, been given to the making of promises which his company failed to keep. On the contrary, more was accomplished under his management in 1887 than the interested public was led to expect.—*Denver News*, Jan. 7.

Resisting the State Law.

An Omaha dispatch of Jan. 6th says: The Union Pacific's injunction to restrain the Nebraska State board of transportation from interfering with it by fixing rates is the railway sensation of the day. General Attorney Poppleton, when asked about it this morning, said that the Union Pacific never had conceded the power of the state to legislate on its passenger or freight rates. Congress reserves the right to regulate rates whenever the earnings of the road exceed 10 per cent of the actual cost of the road. The earnings have never reached that point or gone anywhere near it. The action of the Union Pacific in obtaining the temporary injunction grew out of the resolution introduced by Attorney General Leese to reduce passenger rates to 2 cents per mile, which he had informed Mr. Poppleton he would endeavor to have passed. It is rumored that the Minnesota board of transportation has prepared to take a similar course with the Nebraska board and put the screw on the Northern Pacific, or attempt to.

The Bilk Blandin.

On Saturday afternoon Charles F. Blandin and Joel Edmunds were taken before Justice Thomas D. Dee, of Ogden, for arraignment. A complaint which had been signed and sworn to by John A. Jost, was read to them charging them with having attempted to obtain money under false pretenses.

H. H. Klapp, Esq., appeared for the prosecution and Judge P. H. Emerson was counsel for the defense. A demurrer was interposed to the complaint, and overruled by the court. A plea of not guilty was entered by both defendants, and, as some witnesses whose presence was desired were absent, Monday at 10 a.m., was set as the time for the examination to take place. The defendants were held in the sum of \$2,000 each, and being unable to find bondsmen, were remanded to Sheriff Belpash's custody.

Another complaint, which had also been signed by John A. Jost, was then brought forward and filed. It charged C. F. Blandin with obtaining property under false pretenses. A demurrer was interposed to this complaint also, and the argument on the demurrer was set for Monday. In this case the bonds were also fixed at \$2,000.

Two days before his arrest, Blandin made a similar effort to that in which he was successful on Mr. Jost, with a young man in this city. Blandin approached this gentleman, Mr. George Williams, and endeavored to get his signature. Mr. Williams refused, and Blandin then wanted him to assist in getting another man's signature, saying he could make money out of it. Failing in this Blandin then tried to obtain a loan of a sufficient amount to get out of the country, an object which he seemed very desirous of attaining. The cause of his anxiety, is, of course, developed in the present criminal proceedings.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

James Kendall Found Dead in Cottonwood Canon.

This afternoon the body of a man named James Kendall was brought to this city and taken to Undertaker Jos. Wm. Taylor's, where it is awaiting the holding of the coroner's inquest. Mr. Kendall has been working at Alta, Little Cottonwood, as cook to Mr. Wallace. On Saturday he started down the canon, with snowshoes, for this city. He was met about six miles from Alta later in the day, and was all right at that time. Yesterday morning some parties found him about five miles farther down the canon, and about three-quarters of a mile above the Quarry, lying dead in the trail. His snow shoes were gone, and it was evident he had thrown them off, probably having found them troublesome because of the softness of the snow. His body was frozen stiff, and partially covered in snow and ice. The ends of his fingers, on both hands, were bitten nearly

off, probably in his efforts to keep them warm. He was about 37 years of age, and was a carpenter by trade.

Smallpox in Nevada.

A dispatch from Sierra City says: There are thirteen cases of smallpox here, and the opinion prevails that the end is not yet. A special session of the board of supervisors was held at Downieville yesterday. A health committee was appointed, a tax levied and strict quarantine principles adopted. Green & Co.'s stage made its last trip from Downieville today. The outgoing mails will probably be stopped tomorrow. A staunch health committee has been appointed, which is doing everything within its power to check the spread of the disease. All business has been at a standstill for the past fourteen days. A pest house has been erected and the cases will be moved there. No person can leave town under a penalty of four days in the county jail or a fine. A severe snowstorm is prevailing here at present, which it is hoped will tend to check the progress of the disease.—*Elko Free Press*, Jan. 7.

THE U. & N. BLOCKADE.

The Delayed Express Gets Through Safely at Last.

The Ogden Standard gives the following account of the blockade on the Utah & Northern, of which brief mention has been made in our columns:

The delayed train, due in Ogden at 9:45 a.m. on Friday, departed from Logan at noon on that day bearing quite a number of passengers. It reached Collinston without mishap, and started on the down grade. Reaching Hongyville, a few miles north of Brigham City, it was found that the freight train, which left Ogden at 9 a.m., Friday, had met with an accident at that place. In switching, both of the engines with which it was moved had been thrown from the track by the deep snow, making it impossible for the express to pass. Every effort was made by the railroad men aboard both trains to get the engines on to the track. Night came on, and as it was apparent that the express would not get through till morning, the greater number of the passengers ensconced themselves snugly, and went to sleep. Food was procured at the homes of the settlers near by, and there being plenty of coal on the train, no danger was apparent of either starving or freezing, despite the isolation and the fright atmosphere. An attempt was made to take the passenger train back to Collinston, where more comfortable quarters could be secured, but it was found that the engines which had brought it from Logan, did not contain enough water to enable them to push the train up the hill through the deep snow, and the effort was abandoned.

Among the incidents of the hours of darkness, might be mentioned the daring and perilous feat of Brakeman Richards, who struck out for Collinston a-foot and alone and made his way there for the purpose of giving the situation of the trains to the telegraph operators of that station. His undertaking was none the more agreeable because of the darkness, the snowing and drifting and the thermometer several degrees below zero. Two engines which left Logan for the South Friday afternoon, did not reach Collinston, eighteen miles out, until twelve hours afterwards, which fact will give a pretty accurate idea of the amount of snow which is encountered in the mountainous country through which the little narrow gauge road takes its way.

Saturday afternoon, after long and steady labor, the tralumen succeeded in clearing the track and the express was free once more. One engine was left at the spot, it being disabled. Snow was melted to obtain water enough to run the other engines to the nearest tank, where water was secured. Two of them were attached to the passenger train and good time was made to Ogden. At Brigham City the crew of laborers was met, and both outfits came to Ogden together.

At 5 o'clock on Saturday the passenger train rolled into the depot. The engines creaked and wobbled in a mass of snow and ice. Long icicles hung from the coaches. From the latter a begrimed and worn-out lot of people emerged, and expressed themselves as being heartily glad to arrive in Ogden.

The Omaha *World* calls for the officials of that city to utilize vagabond labor in keeping the streets clean. It complains that vagrants are put in prison there and kept at a cost of 50 cents per day to the municipality, without being required to work—just such a treat as the ordinary tramp relishes once in a while, in the way of change. Omaha might profit by following Salt Lake's example in the treatment of the vagabond class. When an unfortunate workman comes along he is given board and lodging for his work, but when a tramp is taken in, he soon finds his way to the chain gang, either on the streets or at the gravel bank. When the Police Justice inaugurated the rule of giving vagrants from 40 to 60 days of this treatment there was a sudden falling off in the visits of members of that order to Salt Lake, and the warning, "Salt Lake n.g. 60 days hard work," was posted outside of town by those who had had experience, for the benefit of

the fraternity. As a result our city is given a wide berth by that class, and when one does get in, he pays full value for all favors bestowed.

THE RIGHT KIND OF SCOTCH-MAN.

A ROMANTIC STORY IN WHICH AN AMERICAN GIRL FIGURES.

A remarkable story, which was hinted at a few weeks ago in the gossip column of a society paper called "The Young Man," is going the rounds of fashionable circles in London. The story goes that some years ago young James Robertson Blackie, of the celebrated Glasgow firm of publishers, fell in love with a fair American girl, a niece of the late President Arthur. When she had finished her education in Glasgow they were provisionally engaged, and she returned to the United States to nurse her dying grandfather. After his death, as a result of the great strain and fatigue, she was attacked with fever. In the midst of her illness came the great earthquake that shook Charleston to pieces, and the shock and terror, acting on her enfeebled nerves, entirely destroyed her sight. Eminent specialists were consulted, but they gave no hope, and at a final joint consultation it was unanimously decided that nothing could be done to avert the calamity of lifelong blindness. It was several days before her friends could summon courage to inform her of the decision but she received the news with fortitude, and immediately wrote a letter to her fiancé, releasing him from the engagement, but the young Scotchman wasn't made of that kind of stuff. He left for America by the next steamer, and in less than two weeks was at his sweetheart's home with the declaration that he loved her and was ready to marry her, blind or not. This unexpected joy strengthened her general health, her sight gradually returned, and today she is a buxom lass with as bright a pair of brown eyes as any man could wish to see.

AN HONEST MAN'S CRIME.

CIRCUMSTANCES UNDER WHICH ANYBODY WOULD STEAL.

BOSTON, Mass., Jan. 3.—[Special to Omaha *World*.]—The most daring and the most distressing theft of the winter was committed in the middle of the day at one of the most frequented spots of the city. Crowds are all the time passing the Traveller building, on State street, where Alexander & Co. have an office. Alexander and his clerk were startled by the crash of glass and, on turning, saw a hand reaching for some Swedish money on exhibition in the windows. Rushing out of the door Alexander chased the thief and quickly caught him. The thief struggled hard and Alexander had to knock him down. At the station he gave his name as Patrick J. Geary, and his residence as Texas. He told Lieutenant Weir that his wife was dead, and he had two little children. In order to save them from starving he had committed the robbery. While the prisoner was in the station, several officers who had known him for years happened in, and they said that Geary had been an honest man and they believed his story.

Probably the only secret process which has been kept inviolate, and for ages openly defied the world of science, is the iron trade of Russia. The secret of making Russian sheet iron is owned by the government, and is such an immense monopoly that it is currently supposed to defray the entire expenses of the government. The works constitute an entire city, isolated and fortified against the rest of the world. When a workman enters the service he bids a last farewell to his family and friends, and is practically lost to the rest of the world. He is never heard from afterward, and whether he lives or dies, all trace of him is forever lost. There have been several desperate attempts made to steal or betray the secret, but in every instance it has resulted in the death of the would-be traitor. In one case a letter attached to a kite, which was allowed to escape, was picked up by some peasants, and, despite their protestations that they were unable to read, they were at once put to death by the guards to whom they delivered the letter, and it was afterwards decreed that the guards themselves should pass the remainder of their days within the works.

A terrible death from hydrophobia was reported at Albuquerque (N. M.), on the 5th. The dispatch says: Sam Fike, the dog catcher of this city, died last night in frightful agony from hydrophobia. He was in a delirium for two or three days before his death, and it became necessary to incarcerate him in a cell of the city jail and manacle him to prevent his doing some terrible damage to those around him. Fike was sixty years of age. On New Year's Day and until he was afflicted with the rabies, he was a healthy man. The city is thoroughly excited over the tragic death and strong measures are being taken to prevent other like cases. All unmuzzled dogs are to be killed. This is supposed to be the first case of hydrophobia in the territory, some stating that the high altitude prevents the disease.