

upon several subjects of vital importance to the Saints.

Reports of the Stake and different Associations were read. The General and Local Authorities were presented and sustained by vote of the Conference. Many subjects were spoken upon and much valuable instructions given by the speakers. Conference was adjourned to convene at St. Johns on the last Saturday in March next.

JOSEPH FISH, Clerk.

Correspondence.

SNOWVILLE BOX ELDER CO.
Jan. 11th 1893.

Editor Desert News:

On the 8th of August 1882, our worthy Bishop's silver wedding occurred, which was made the occasion of a very agreeable surprise party gotten up by the sisters of the Relief Society, in honor of our worthy Bishop and his estimable wife, who is President of the Society. The brethren also took occasion to show their deep respect and esteem for the worthy couple by leaving their fields, workshops etc., to partake of a dinner prepared by the sisters after which presents were made by friends and relatives, such as brought forth exclamations of delight from all present: Mr. W. Goodlife Esq., of Nottingham England, presented them with a (\$5) five pound note; Mrs. Goodlife relieved a gold watch presented by her husband; with many other gifts and tokens of respect from the brethren and sisters, showing their deep regard for the worthy couple.

On Jan. 1st 1893 the Bishop gave his annual party, free to all, with pies, cakes, etc., at 10 p. m. which was a very enjoyable affair, the people turning out en masse, showing their usual unity.

On the 8th inst. the sixth anniversary of the Sabbath School was held and was one of the best days for the young folks that we have witnessed. There were 75 recitations, songs and dialogues recited and sung, reflecting much credit upon the superintendents, secretary, and all who took part in getting up the entertainment.

Bishop A. Goodlife showed his usual generosity by giving a number of prizes for the best attendance at Sabbath School during the year, such as a Bible, Book of Mormon, and other Church works.

Three meetings were held during the day, and at 8 p. m. the people repaired to their homes feeling well paid for their attendance.

On the 10th inst. the Relief Society of this Ward held their annual party in the meeting-house, a good spirit and feeling prevailed, which was enhanced by the serving of picnic at 6.30 p. m. by the sisters. Songs and dialogues were well rendered by Mr. Mark Hurd, Jno. Cotton, and Mrs. Ballam. The party was one of the most pleasant of the season, and when the floor manager, Mrs. Esther Goodlife, announced 12 o'clock, all felt that the time had been profitably spent.

The health of the people generally very good, winter very light so far, with very little snow.

Your brother in the Gospel,
WM. HURD.

KALSTROM'S WIFE.

A ROMANCE OF THE CHICAGO CLUB.

I wonder how many of the hundreds who look out at the lake every day and see the crib tower rising up against a blue or gray sky, as the case may be, know of a scene that took place there nearly three years ago.

Its walls have had a flavor of romance about them ever since then for me; and it seems that the heroine of the adventure ought to meet with some recognition, even though it be at no better hands than those of a "freelance," whose pen has to wag too nimbly to be either graceful or copious.

At the time of which I speak the crib keeper was a Finn named Kalstrom, a gigantic man and heavy in proportion to his size. He was known about the wharves as "Big Charlie," and his claim to distinction was that he had, as he said, "gommanded a bark of a dousand duns," in which he had sailed the Fifth Sea, and in which, Viking-like, he had carried off his wife, a prettified Irish girl, from Drogheda, one of the east ports of Ire-

land, had strongly marked eyebrows and a mass of waving black hair that crept in little curls around her temples and the nape of her neck. She had the piquant nose of her race and a generous mouth filled with strong white teeth.

It was in March, and the day was one of those soft, treacherous ones that lure unwary flowers to their destruction, and saw pneumonia and bronchitis broadcast. The sun shone warmly, and the great lake seemed to dream of springtime.

The crib larder was like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, and Kalstrom took his small boat and rowed ashore. In the few hours he spent among the shops and in taking a glass of beer with his friends, the wind changed and when he reached the shore with his stores he found the lake churned up to the fury peculiar to inland seas.

He was worried but had such confidence in his little Irish girl, as he called her, that he spent the night quietly.

The next day found the storm as wild as ever, and he spent the hours of daylight striding up and down the shore, for by this time he knew the few provisions had given out and that his wife was actually suffering for food.

Twice he launched his boat, and twice it swamped.

At dark the light gleamed out from the crib-top, but to Kalstrom's eye it had a baleful glare, and morning found him determined "To go ev' hev to swim vor it," as he swore with some round Scandinavian oaths.

Fortunately the wind was mere quiet, and, after hard work, he came under the lee of the crib-wall. His wife had spied him, and she cast him a noosed rope from the top story of the crib; for the wave rolled so high that all the storm-doors and shutters were battened down, and the white caps spit at the lantern as they drove before the wind.

He caught the rope, and passed up his bundle of supplies. She dropped it a second time; and, just as he got it under his arms a great wave swamped the boat, leaving him clinging to the wall, blinded and bruised, and depending on the little woman up aloft for his life.

She began hauling on the rope, and had drawn him as high as the sill-frame—he thrusting fingers and toes into whatever crevices offered.

As he reached his right hand up, the wind came round the corner with a yell, and tore him loose, dropping him into the lake; but the faithful Irish girl paid out the line as fast as she could and he found himself with a chance for life still in his reach. Up he came, hand over hand, and as he entered the window he saw her fall, and in the dim light he noticed a slight discoloration of her face, a black stain on the bright rag carpet, and the fact that her dress was torn to rags in front.

Well, to make a long story short, when he picked her up he found the wedding finger of her left hand entirely gone, and the tendon ripped out to the elbow.

It had been caught between the rope and the stone casing when he fell, and his great weight, playing against the wedding ring, had done the mischief.

But, as she said, "It weren't a time for faintin' Miss." And she had hauled him up with the right hand and those strong white teeth.

The rigging of the hemp had cut her mouth cruelly, and she had ground her knees against the wall so desperately that the thick stuff gown which she wore was frayed through and through.

That night the wind shrieked and roared till the lake went mad with the noise, and the waves threw their spray among the pigeons under the eave of the lantern roof, and the injured woman moaned through the house for the relief that could not come.

Kalstrom signaled and signaled for help, and four days after the accident a boat got out, and Mrs. Kalstrom was taken to the hospital, where the wound was dressed, and where she lay for many a weary day.

When I saw her first, I noticed with great satisfaction that a fall of pretty lace covered her maimed hand, and the "Big Charlie" under his rough huek held a real reverence and affection for her.

To these feelings he bore witness everywhere, and when his friends would play upon him and say half in a jest and half in earnest: "Ah, Charlie! your'e a fine fellow, ain't you?" he would answer with naive conceit and confidence: "Yase, I am; vor I hef gommand-

ed a bark of a dousand duns; but dere's a bedder dan me at home. and ev' anybody zays 'Kalstrom's a vine yellow,' you can dell him, 'Yase, but Kalstrom's wife is a viner.'"—Chicago Tribune. E. L. D.

A MEMORABLE SEA FIGHT.

EX-DICTATOR PIEROLA TELLS HOW THE PERUVIAN RAM "HUASCAR" WHIPPED TWO BRITISHERS.

Said the Englishmen, on coming aboard, before I had even opened my mouth:

"Admiral De Horesy, commanding Her Britannic Majesty's South Pacific squadron, instructs me to inform you that if you do not surrender at discretion within five minutes from now, your vessel will be sunk with all on board!"

"For what reason?" I asked, surprised beyond measure, when the officer's words had been translated by an interpreter.

"For committing acts of piracy on the high seas," was the reply.

Just imagine the predicament we were in. Here were two large British men-of-war, each sufficiently large to gobble up the Huascar single-handed, on the point of pounding down upon us; and this in the very moment when our coup was proving a success. Well, there was no use arguing the question with De Horesy's emissary. I had set all my hopes on this expedition, and though it cost me my life, I was determined not to surrender, and so the English officer retired with a negative answer.

Scarcely had he boarded his vessel than the fight began. It was now about 1 o'clock in the afternoon. The fog had cleared away entirely, and, seeing that something unusual was about to take place, numbers of the inhabitants of Illo assembled on the hill-tops surrounding the town and watched us with breathless anxiety. Although, as I have since heard, few sympathized with our cause, not one but prayed in his heart that the victory would be ours.

As soon as the British officer left us, active preparations were made on board the ram to repel the attack, and so admirably had the brothers Carasco organized our small forces that, by the time the first few shots whizzed around us our guns were manned and we were able to return fire. Our entire crew mustered less than 100 men, but all did their duty and never wavered an instant.

Of course I cannot relate all the details of the fight. Time has partly effaced them from my mind, but I do remember how nobly my men behaved. During the entire struggle I sat by the side of Capt. Carasco in the very same turret in which poor Admiral Grau was blown to pieces by the Chilians six months later. The captain watched the movements of the enemy through the spyhole, and gave his orders with a sangfroid that to me was inexplicable, for I must confess that I myself felt very nervous and excited. Of a sudden the British fire slackened and the *Shah* moved in our direction, with a view to getting between her and the *Amethyst*. This Carasco was not going to allow, for obvious reasons, so we put on steam and made for the enemy. It was our intention to ram her. With great rapidity we neared her, and our hearts beat high at the prospect of success. But lo, and behold! the British turned to the leeward and we sped harmlessly by. However, so much had been gained that De Horesy became aware of our strength, and avoided nearing us for the rest of the fight.

After this little manoeuvre the fire on both sides was redoubled. The English who had trained gunners, and fired with wonderful precision, shot but found its way nowhere. First our flag was blown away, the *Amethyst* tattered and the guns on the mast were put hors de combat, and finally a bomb burst into one of the large turrets, killing a gunner named Bejar, and wounding several others. These casualties only served to enrage our men the more, and they fought with renewed vigor. Ah, you should have witnessed that scene. It is one never to be forgotten.

But we were not the only ones to suffer. At 2.30 o'clock our men saw a fire on board the *Amethyst*, and a cheer that was plainly heard by the English, rang from one end of the ram to the other. It soon became plain that we had done the *Amethyst* some damage, for she slowly retired 200 yards, and for the rest of the fight her fire was comparatively

weak. At 3 o'clock we made a second attempt to ram the *Shah*, but again failed, and in so doing were badly damaged ourselves by a well directed broadside from that vessel. In our turn we smashed a portion of her bow and disabled two of her guns. Every time such a success was scored, we cheered lustily, and our cheering was answered by the spectators on shore.

Thus the fight continued until nearly 5. At that hour, to our surprise and great joy, the *Shah* slowly retreated, leaving us masters of the field. The enthusiasm among our men then became intense. They shed tears of gladness and hurrahs like so many maniacs. I confess that the unexpected success also moved me to tears. Soon after the shades of evening fell the *Huascar* entered the port of Illo, where we were enthusiastically greeted by the townsfolk.

The next day we sailed to Iquique, after learning that during the night the British had attempted to blow us up with a torpedo and had narrowly missed destroying a merchantman by mistake. Such is the story of my fight with the *Shah* and *Amethyst*.—N. Y. Truth.

A Singular Phenomenon.

The *Scientific American* reprints the following which it quotes from the *Michigan Medical News*:

"Dr. L. C. Woodman, of Paw Paw, Mich., contributes the following interesting though incredible observation: I have a singular phenomenon in the shape of a young man living here, that I have studied with much interest, and I am satisfied that his peculiar power demonstrates that electricity is the nerve force beyond dispute. His name is William Underwood, aged 27 years, and his gift that of generating fire through the medium of his breath, assisted by manipulations with his hands. He will take anybody's handkerchief, and hold it to his mouth, rub it vigorously with his hands while breathing on it, and immediately it bursts into flames and burns up consumed. He will strip, and put his mouth thoroughly, and his hands, and submit to the most rigid examination to preclude the possibility of any humbug, and then by his breath blown upon any paper or clothing envelope it in flame. He will, when out gunning and without matches, desirous of a fire, lie down after collecting dry leaves, and by breathing on them start the fire, and then coolly take off his wet stockings and dry them. It is impossible to persuade him to do it more than twice in a day, and the effort is attendant with the most extreme exhaustion. He will sink into a chair after doing it, and on one occasion after he set a newspaper on fire as narrated, I placed my hand on his head and discovered his scalp to be violently twitching, as if under great excitement. He will do it any time, no matter where he is, under any circumstance, and I have repeatedly known of his sitting back from the dinner table, taking a swallow of water, and by blowing on his napkin, at once set it on fire. He is ignorant, and says he first discovered his strange power by inhaling and exhaling on a perfumed handkerchief that suddenly burned while in his hands. It is certainly no humbug, but what is it? Does physiology give a like instance, and if so, where?"

The Lion and the Jackals.

One day a troop of Jackals were astonished beyond measure at the appearance of a lion in their midst, and their surprise could not be imagined when his countenance assumed a pleasant expression and he remarked:

"Friends, I have come to settle among you and be a neighbor. I want to be friendly with each and every one and think well of all, and I trust we shall dwell together in harmony."

"Hooray for the Lion! Hooray for the old man killer!" cheered the Jackals, and they were tickled to death at their good luck.

But the lion had scarcely got his den in order when one of the Jackals came sneaking in, and began:

"I—I—that is—delicate subject, you know—embarrassed, you see—ah—hum—"

"My friend, if you have anything to say to me, be at your ease," replied the lion.

"Well, I simply wanted to throw you a hint. Don't be too sweet on John Jackal. His grandfather was

banished for good cause, and his wife's second cousin is a wall-eyed villain."

The lion received the information without remarks, and the caller went away, chuckling over the idea that he had sowed good seed. Next day a second Jackal appeared, beat around the bush for a while, and then observed:

"I feel it my duty to warn you against Joe Jackal, who lives over the creek. He beats his wife, cheats his neighbors, and is a double back-action hypocrite by the watch."

Soon another appeared with a similar story about someone else in the community, and in the course of a fortnight the lion felt it his duty to call a public meeting. When the Jackals had gathered around him he said:

"I find by your own statements that you are a community of thieves, liars, dead-beats and swindlers, and henceforth you can fight your own battles and hunt your own bones. Sneaks, skulks and vagabonds, farewell!"

MORAL.

He who tries to climb up by pulling his neighbor down, makes poor headway.

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