

"OUR NATION'S DANGER."

A Glimpse of a few Evils for "American" Journalists and others to Think About.

All times are not alike. The grand and mighty march of history discloses new phases of human character, and new developments of human events. Like the shifting views of a kaleidoscope, the various periods of history change their general complexion. Philosophers understand this, historians record it and none with truth can deny it. Hence, while poets have sung of a departed "golden age," and historians have written of an "iron age," and of the "dark ages," most men now admit that we live in "an age of marvels, an age of progress," and many are now looking forward to a new era, "a good time coming," a day of liberty and of peace, yet to dawn upon the earth.

Society is full of babbling voices, which proclaim in tones poetic, sublime or ridiculous, the coming splendor of this new day. Discordant, it may be, these voices are; yet still they indicate that many a watcher, upon his lonely tower, peers with anxious eyes toward the gloom-curtained future, and seek to penetrate its mists and to unfold those secrets hidden from mortal ken. A vague impression, of coming ill or coming good, clouds or gladdens the anticipations of men.

We may not be able to watch the secret forces that are working in our world,—the wind that bloweth where it listeth: the electric currents, which instill nurse the thunder-storm, and prepare its bolts, or the unseen ether which bears to man, upon its subtle undulations, the sunlight that gladdens and beautifies the earth,—yet we may be able to behold some of the outward tokens of that Unseen Power who guides our race in its momentous course and works out the mighty problem of human destiny.

The age in which we live is peculiar in its religious, intellectual, scientific, political and social aspects. Let us notice some of these characteristics.

The world is wealthier to-day than it ever was before. And with the possession of wealth, the love of it increases. Men grow rich in multitudes. Sometimes by the abominations of the opium trade, the iniquities of the liquor trade, the kidnapping of Chinese coolies or the oppression of weak and feeble races. At other times wealth rapidly advances amid the rattle of machinery, where thousands toil for scanty food and early graves, that a few capitalists may become wealthy and live in luxury. But whether wealth is acquired by swindling companies and fraudulent associations, or by honest toil, the fact remains that men heap up treasure and acquire wealth as they never did before. And is not this sign of the times a marked feature, in which they differ from all other times, from all other ages since the world began. And is this sign a hopeful one? Is the treasure gained worth the price paid in oppression, crime, and blood? Are men, on its account, purer, better and more like the Divine Master, who had not "where to lay his head," than they were in other and poorer days?

The fact of the world's increasing wealth, brings to our notice the unlimited avarice that prevails among men. It is not the possession of wealth that gratifies men now, it is the gaining of it. When once the demon avarice possesses a man, his desires are unlimited, save by the limit of his life. The human race have ever loved gold, but is not their love for it in the present age intensified? We need not refer to individual cases, the thefts, robberies and embezzlements, so often recorded in our daily journals. It will be sufficient to glance at the speculation and speculation, the political bribery and public plundering and all the other vast schemes of unrighteousness so often indulged in by rich corporations, to prove the avarice of the present age.

This seems also to be an age of bombast—of proud and baseless boasting. Go where you will, there is a spirit of self-praise which argues little modesty and less worth. From the merchant who sells his goods by lying advertisements, to the lying lawyer, or the statesman or senator who talks for buncombe in the forum, it is the same intolerable egotism. Men boast of talents and strength, of skill and power. Men boast of warlike prowess, of capacity for indulgence, of criminal excesses, of despoiled virtue and of hearts they have broken. Such are the great ideas they have of their own importance. They even give their aims amid a flourish of trumpets, and offer their prayers with a reporter ready to tell through the newspaper how "eloquently" they addressed "the throne of heavenly grace." But the so-called "progress" of the age is that of which men boast most. Of course the world is too "progressive" to accept the biblical idea of man's origin. Skeptical philosophers have "progressed" too far and are too proud to believe in the existence of a creating Deity. On the other hand they teach that man was originally a marine creature, a mollusk, an oyster, a clam or something of that kind. However, after long ages of "progression" the ancestors of these sages arrived at the high estate of tadpoles and pollywogs, and at length attained to the superior dignity of the amphibia, in the shape of full-grown bull-frogs. "Progressing" still the next grade led them within the confines of monkeydom, where after sustaining the various relations

of monkey, baboon, orang-outang and gorilla, they arrived at manhood. Thence passing from savage to a barbarous condition, from barbarism to civilization, and from civilization to infidelity, table tapping and spirit-rapping, they are graduated by death, and then return to this world to devote their energies to various sublime and important occupations, such as knocking over chairs, reaking tables, and scribbling out unintelligible nonsense, thus illustrating through the aid of mediums of varied character and variable morality, how soon fools and their money can be parted in this mundane sphere.

Pride is another characteristic of the present age—pride of every kind and grade, from the fallen angel to the fallen man—not merely national pride, and social pride, but religious pride as well. Behold the grand cathedrals, misnamed churches of Christ, the seats of which are sold at such high rates that the poor cannot purchase or hire them and where the millionaires in their splendor pretend to worship the Man of Sorrows who had not where to lay his head. Beneath Gothic towers costing thousands of dollars they profess to adore Him who was cradled in a manger, while under the very shadow of those towers, the poor for whom Christ died, are perishing with hunger and want. Within, amid waving plumes, the rustle of silks and satins, and the fragrance of perfume and pomatum, the Rev. Dr. Style jolls on his sofa, makes "a beautiful prayer," and reads an essay on "the aesthetic tendencies of Christianity," or "the difference between the objective and the subjective," etc. To such an extent has pride degraded the churches of apostate Christianity!

It is also a licentious age. In any of our great cities we may see this dark and terrible picture of human vice. There in the haunts of the crowded city woman may be seen pining in hunger, or vainly sighing for half-paid labor. There crime, not industry; there lust, not charity; gives to her a scanty relief. In her history we read the record of the crimes of man. Upon her stricken soul rests the brand of his infamy; and though he may hold his head aloft while she wanders, as a defiled and outcast thing to a forgotten grave, yet we must read in the story of her sorrows the record of his guilt.

The foregoing facts might be dwelt upon to a greater extent, but enough has been said to show that the arrival of a few hundred foreign religious immigrants, however deluded they may be said to be, is not the only danger that threatens the Great Republic. For the present we close down the curtain.

J. H. W.

A BRAVE AND DISINTERESTED DEFENDER.

"Why, you're from Arizona I hear."
"Yes sir."
"Staying here now?"
"For the present."
"Not returned to Congress this time?"
"No sir."
"How was that?"
"Didn't get votes enough."
"They say the Mormons defeated you."
"Well, they didn't vote for me, they sustained the Republican candidate."
"And yet I saw a report in the Herald that you spoke favorably of them, how's that?"
"It is my custom to speak of a man as I find him and I do the same of a community."
"But, I can't see how anything good can be said of such a crowd."
"That's because you don't know them, I do, and so I'm ahead of you there."
"And do you mean to say they are a good people?"
"Yes, sir, I do. I won't say that for all of them, for I suppose, like every other flock, there are some black sheep among them, but I have known many of them for some years and I reckon them 'all wool and a yard wide.'"

"Well, that beats the Dutch."
This conversation was held in the public room of the Lafayette Hotel, New York, a pleasant, quiet and well-conducted family house; the outspoken Bean, ex-Delegate to Congress from Arizona; and his questioners were a group of gentlemen, some residents at the hotel, the others their friends and some loungers, all quite animated and interested. They could not, apparently, comprehend how a candidate for Congress could speak well of a people who had helped to defeat him, and especially such an unpopular set as the notorious "Mormons." On further inquiries Mr. Bean said:

"To show you what kind of folks they are I will tell you how I was treated last fall when making my canvass. I put up at Solomonsville on the Gila River, with a Mormon named Solomon, and was treated with all the courtesy I could desire. And being unable to proceed any further for want of a conveyance, I told him of my dilemma. He said, 'Mr. Bean, I can't vote for you, but anything I have is at your service.' He supplied me with a team and a driver and all that was necessary for my long and tedious trip, and acted with a kindness and friendly feeling that I shall never forget. That is the kind of people the Mormons are in Arizona."
"But don't they disturb society?"
"No indeed. They have settled on spots that were formerly a waste which now are beautiful with fruits

and grain and grass, watered by streams which they have diverted from original sources by means of ditches that would have cost any other people hundreds of thousands of dollars, but which they dug by combining their labor, working as brethren of one faith."

"How about their polygamy?"
"The Mormons in Arizona, as far as I know, are monogamists in practice, chiefly so at any rate. They mind their own business, let their neighbors wives alone, live in peace and improve the country, as to their belief, that's no concern of mine. I was raised a Congregationalist. I don't belong to any Church and I'm not a Mormon in any sense. But I've seen enough of the world to have some charity for my fellows and to have lived long enough to understand that I don't know it all. And I don't believe that I have any right to set up my views of religion as a certain guide-board for anybody else. The Mormons do not interfere with me, and I don't propose to interfere with them. This is a broad world, my friend, and there is room enough in it for all of us, with our different notions and different forms. I claim liberty of thought and speech, and I'm willing to concede it to others."

"But aren't they a set of serfs, bound to do as their priests order them?"

"Well, now, you had better believe they are not that kind of material. People that can go into the wilds of Arizona and build towns and villages from the ground up, defend themselves from the savages and hold their own in spite of difficulties that none but the self-reliant and heroic can overcome are not made for slaves to any power."

"How about the women?"

"If you had seen the roads made over mountains to form an outlet from some of their settlements to connect with civilization, as I have, in which women turned in, cheerfully, and helped the husbands and brothers to accomplish their astonishing labors, and had witnessed their homelike, affectionate and domestic qualities in the family circle, you would change your jeering opinions about the Mormon women."

"But they are not Christians, are they?"

"Why bless your soul, they are the most religious people on the continent. They believe in Christ far more than you fellows do that swear by Him, and they have their family prayers and Sunday meetings with some thrown in during the week, and the women have their own societies called Relief Societies in which they talk religion and work for the poor."

"Do you mean to say you believe in their creed?"
"No, I don't. I neither agree with their doctrine about polygamy nor assent to their peculiar teachings on other points. But I have seen their sincerity in what they believe and I don't want to blackguard them for differing with me."

In reproducing the conversation between Mr. Bean and the gentleman who accosted him, the writer has omitted many expletives and strong expressions which, while they made the colloquy more animated than it appears in this report, would not look well in print and would not really adorn the columns of the DESERT NEWS.

After hearing the conversation, the writer spoke to Mr. Bean and learned some further particulars of his experiences in Arizona. He is a strong Republican and has faith in the future of his party. But he has no bitterness towards his opponents and is able to appreciate the good in others with whom he cannot agree either in religion or politics. On telling him that he had been accused of speaking well of the "Mormons" for pay, he expressed his desire and intention if possible to see the scribe who had published such a libel and give him a chance to say it to his face.

Mr. Bean neither receives nor expects to receive any personal favors of the "Mormons" except the courtesies due to every honorable man, and is in no need of that kind of reward which persons of the stripe of his maligner consider the chief object of all human effort, judging others by their own mercenary standard. The gentleman has extensive sheep-raising, mining and other profitable interests in Arizona, his very amiable and interesting family now reside in Washington and he is well known in select financial circles in New York.

He related an incident on his political trip last fall, which is worth reproducing. Traveling from Solomonsville to Fort Bowie, near the Southern Pacific Railroad, he came across two little boys camped on the desert. They were preparing their supper. An old frying pan held some slices of bacon, an old tin can some coffee, and two other tin cans were for cups. They had a wagon "loaded to the guards" and an eight mule team. Mr. Bean stopped and asked:

"Who are you with, boys?"
"No one, sir," was the reply.
"How old are you?"
"Ten years."
"How old is that other boy?"
"Eight."
"Is he your brother?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where's your father?"
"Dead."
"And you're mother's a widow?"
"Yes, sir."
"Where are you going?"
"Freighting to Bowie."
"But you can't load and unload,"

"Oh, no! They load up on the Gila and the folks unload at Bowie."

"But, my gracious, your mules are turned out and you can't reach up to harness or put their bridles on!"

"Oh, but they all know me, and if I call 'em they'll all come in a minute, and I get up on the wheel and harness 'em."

"And aren't you afraid to be out here alone on this great desert?"

"Oh! no, we'll be all right."

And the little man smiled with the utmost confidence. Out on a desert in the wilds of Arizona, alone, these "Mormon" boys helping to support a widowed mother left with three other children, were freighting from the Gila to Bowie, 75 miles, with a big eight mule team, and cooking their evening meal, had the most sublime faith and reliance upon God and their own courage."

Mr. Bean confessed that he was overcome with emotion at the sight, but said it revived his faith in mankind and in the future of his country. Said he:

"If such men as these are being raised, there is hope for the nation and stuff in the world for heroes and patriots. And these were the offspring of the despised Mormons! I tell you, after what I have seen with my own eyes among that people, of self-denial, patience, fortitude and honest industry, I am not going to hold my tongue when I hear them abused. I have always had the courage of my convictions and I am not going to back down at this date in my career."

Mr. Bean is a man of force, character and intellect. His sentences are clear cut and vigorous, and delivered with a distinct enunciation and an engaging manner which challenges attention. With a northern accent he has a southern manner and style of expression, showing that he was raised in the North but has sojourned in the South. If there were more like him in both the great parties, politics would be purer, and the country would have a far brighter and better prospect.

FAIR PLAY.

JACKSON COUNTY.

Marvelous Prosperity of the Saints
Old Home—President Cleveland's Visit.

INDEPENDENCE, Missouri,
October 18th, 1887.

Editor Desert News:

Probably it would be interesting to some of your readers to keep up with the state of affairs here as they steadily advance towards making Missouri one of the greatest states in the Union and especially of the great importance Jackson County has attained to of late years, in developing and becoming one of the greatest commercial centres of the west. It is simply wonderful to see the great progress made in building elegant residences, large business blocks, railroads, manufacturing establishments, etc., and now, as by magic, these great works are so quickly accomplished.

INDEPENDENCE

has added to itself some two hundred fine residences, besides foundry and machine shops, and thousands of smaller improvements, within the last year. Everybody has plenty of work at good wages, and everybody seems to be prosperous and happy. Since my last letter the Independence & Park Railroad has been completed and trains are running every hour to and from Kansas City, landing passengers in the very heart of this city.

The greatest gathering of people ever witnessed in this county assembled last Thursday at Kansas City. Thousands and tens of thousands flocked in from every part of the country. All trains were loaded to their utmost capacity with all kinds of people who came hundreds of miles to pay their respects to the nation's chief and his beautiful wife, who were the guests of Kansas City. So great was the throng in front of the Custom House on Walnut Street where the President made his speech, and so eager were they to see the object of their admiration, that the crowding and pushing were simply overwhelming. Women fainted, children cried and stout men became almost frantic at the prospects of seeing themselves and families.

CRUSHED TO DEATH

by the uncontrollable mass of about twenty-five thousand human beings, men, women, and children. The entrance to the narrow avenue made for the purpose of letting the immense crowd march through to get a better look at the President was guarded by a company of the third regiment of Missouri militia, and when the time came for the procession to start there was a tremendous rush which resulted in almost a panic. People who would have given all they possessed in the world to have been delivered from that crowd, could not escape. Many fainted, pickpockets were numerous, and the people were robbed with impunity. The militia had to use their guns to compel the crowd to check the terrible pressure and to force them in other directions, or there would certainly have been a panic with terrible loss of life. Hundreds found out to "see the President" was no small job, and I think it will be some time before they will want to see another.

The city was grandly illuminated and the trades display and pageant, "Priests of Pallas" were magnificent,

and speak loud in praise of the enterprise and business tact of the people of Kansas City.

THE PRESIDENT

was driven through the city in elegant style in a beautiful carriage trimmed with flowers and drawn by six grey horses. His head was uncovered as he passed through the crowds in his carriage. Mrs. Cleveland seemed to be the centre of attraction to the majority of the ladies, who had risked their lives to get a look at the first lady of the land.

The exposition building is another marvel of the enterprise of Kansas City business men. It is a large and beautiful structure, built of stone, brick and glass, and lighted by electricity, and was erected and finished in the short space of one hundred days. Work did not stop day or night, and now the building is open to the public and filled with the products of agriculture, science, art, etc., representing every form of industry and every kind of useful invention that the brains and skill of the nineteenth century have produced. The exposition will be open forty days, and thousands will visit and profit by what they will see and hear at such a collection of the world's best productions.

Your readers will see that we are enjoying what is called a boom, and that we are beginning to put on metropolitan airs. Force of circumstances have so ordained things, and none can change them, but he who rules all things and who has made

CERTAIN PROMISES

regarding this land that will no doubt some day quite reverse the present order of things and make of this region a far more glorious one. Time alone can accomplish all that is to be accomplished. So while we contemplate the beauty and prosperity of the present, we should not forget that "all is vanity" and trouble mingled with sorrow, in this world. Only those are rich and prosperous who lay up treasures in heaven and build mansions that will endure, upon inheritances to be given the righteous forever.

E. PETERSON.

Drinking before Meals.

An acquaintance of the writer who has suffered sorely from dyspepsia for a number of years, and has tried most of the numerous remedies a host of kind friends have recommended for her relief, hands us the following article from the Medical News, with the request that it be printed in the Scientific American. Our dyspeptic friend has found great relief in following the directions, and it is hoped others may be also benefited.

"In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time, the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly distends the stomach, stretching, and to some extent obliterating, the rugae in it; this and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fullness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alimentary tract, wakes it up (so to speak), and gives it a morning exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in advanced age, nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be given in local troubles, like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial. Such a time-honored custom as drinking soup at the beginning of a meal could only have been so persistently adhered to because of it having been found by experience to be the most appropriate time. It does exactly what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt, does, and more, in that it is nutritive and excites the flow of gastric juice."

A SURE CURE FOR THE PILES.

—You need not suffer from this most distressing disease again in all your life. E-mail's B. m. acts as a poultice and lubricator, absorbs the tumors and allays the intense itching at once. No caustic, no acid, no pain. A. McGibbons Esq., 19 Poplar street, Allegheny, Pa., writes: "I had itching and bleeding piles so bad I could not sit, stand or walk without intense suffering. I doctored with many physicians, and tried all the (so called) cures that I ever heard of, in vain (paying out hundreds of dollars), until I used E-mail's Magic Balm, or Ointment. After the first application I enjoyed the best night's sleep I had for ten years, and two boxes have cured me completely." Wherever introduced Dr. E-mail's Balm takes the lead, and has the largest sale of any Pile remedy in the world. Sold by druggists everywhere or sent by mail, 50 cent boxes. Address Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution, Salt Lake City. dkw (2)

WANTED.

A FEW TONS OF LUCERN AT THE DESERT NEWS OFFICE on subscription account. As if