

His remarks were listened to with rapt attention. Apostle F. M. Lyman spoke at length in regard to the organization of a High Council for Emery Stake, showed what kind of men were necessary to be chosen as High Councilors. Made a few remarks on the celestial law of God, also on the Word of Wisdom; showed the blessings that would accrue from living up to these laws. Singing and benediction.

Sunday, 10 a.m.  
The house was crowded to overflowing. After opening services the statistical report was read by J. R. Reid, the Clerk, also the report of the Sunday schools of Emery Stake. Apostle F. M. Lyman presented the general authorities of the Church and Stake, who were unanimously sustained. Preet. Larsen said there was one thing that was not reported this morning, on what is known asuddy Creek, it should have been reported in the Ferron Ward. Elder Junius F. Wells spoke in regard to the Saints instructing their children in the doctrines of our religion when they are young. Apostle F. M. Lyman spoke a few words on punctuality. Singing and prayer. During the recess between forenoon and afternoon meeting, a brotherhood meeting was held, at which time the following brethren were ordained and set apart to fill the positions named: As members of the High Council of Emery Stake, Charles Puleipher, Anthony Olsen, Peter Johnson, A. J. Jewell, John Donaldson, Sylvester H. Cox, Jos. W. Moore, Andrew O. Jensen, Jasper Petersen, Geo. Francis was ordained and set apart as a member of Price Ward, with E. W. McIntire and Caleb B. Rhoades as Counselors. John F. Wakefield was set apart as First Counselor to President Jos. W. Moore, High Priest's Quorums of the Emery Stake Zion. The following brethren were called as members of the High Council: J. H. Taylor, of Orangeville; Mads Larsen and E. Homer, Ferron.

2 p.m.  
After singing and prayer the Sacrament was passed. President O. Kelly and President Rasmus Jensen each said a few words of encouragement to the Saints. Preet. Larsen hoped we had learned something by coming to Conference, that we would take with us to our homes and put in practice. Apostle F. M. Lyman spoke with energy on the following subjects: the sacrament, repentance, word of wisdom and tithing. He asked for the blessing of God to be on this and on everything pertaining hereto, that the Saints might be blessed in all things. President Larsen said this Conference would now be adjourned until the first Saturday and Sunday in June, to meet at Orangeville. Apostle Lyman thanked the people for coming together, also the choir and the band for making music for us. The Huntington and Orangeville choir combined, sang: "This is my Commandment." Benediction by Elder Junius F. Wells.  
J. K. REID,  
Clerk of Emery Stake.

THE DEACON'S QUARREL.

"Did you ever hear tell about Deacon Tanner's quarrel with Deacon Twist, Joshua?"  
"No; I dono as ever I did."  
"Ye see, Deacon Tanner was real pious, but his natur was dreadfully arbitrary. He had naturally an ill-temper'd disposition; high and mighty, though he was a British lord, and when he got mad, I tell ye, he was mad—no half-way covenant with him."  
"He knowed it himself, and he was with it night and day, for he was a pious pious; and it done him good to be a real set-to with the old Adam now and then."  
"Natur is natur, and the devil in him bein' set to be made over into a angel; felt a kind o' material comfort in fightin' the devil outside of him. As a rule, that's the way he figured it, and was forever a-prayin' a-tellin' in meetin' about the angelic an' victories an' such like."  
"For my part, I don't hold that. I think a man's got good an' bad both inside of him, without bein' abroad to find fightin'. I think we've got plenty inardness to fastle with, and to use up all the

grace we've got a subduin' of it; but that ain't here nor there. The deacon was an honest man, and he thought different; but whatsoever he thought, I tell ye he done about the right thing generly."  
"Well, Deacon Twist, he was another sort; took fire quicker'n a spruce bough and didn't last no longer; blazed away jest birch-bark fashion all of a minit, and in half an hour he'd be just like a cosset lamb, and orful sorry he'd give way."  
"But he kep' givin' way an' repentin', some like Peter in the Bible. But he was a real good man—they was good as gold both on 'em."  
"Now Deacon Tanner, he'd set up a saw mill down in Nepash Brook, and he doin' sawin' for everybody round. 'Twas new country then, and he had lots of business, so he kinder made a rew that fust come was fust served, and kept the names of them that was promised in the list right along as they came, chalked up on a board in the mill."  
"I had ought to hev said that he and Deacon Twist was real friendly—both being deacons of Chester meetin', always a-going to funerals and prayer meetin's and schoolus meetin's together, till folks kinder give a skit at 'em now and then, and some called 'em David and Jonathan."  
"Well, it came about one time that Deacon Twist wanted some logs sawed to cover his new barn. His turn to hev 'em sawed come a Thursday mornin', and Deacon Tanner he was on hand real early so's to get all set to rights afore work begun."  
"Jest as he'd got the saw filed and things cleared up, who should come a tuggin' and a tollin' up the hill with a load o' logs, but Rod Garrett from Goshen."  
"Deacon," ses he, "I'm in a real fix. There was a dreadful blow over 'our town last evenin' some folks called it a hurricane—but anyway it hurried off the roof o' my house, and flung it against that mighty big rock in the lot behind, and smashed it into kindlin' wood."  
"I hadn't a board on the farm," he says, "nor I couldn't get one, and Sary's down with lung complaint, and baby's got a spell of throat ail. I dono how to wait till I get that roof kivered ag'in. A rain settin' in would just kill 'em; and I put to afore daylight, and I've drawed those logs over, a-hopin' to get 'em sawed afore anybody comes."  
"Well, Rodney," ses the deacon, "kind of slow, as though he was considerin', 'I've promised Nathaniel Twist for to saw his logs this mornin', and I like to keep to my word."  
"I don't believe but what he'd wait for me ef he knowed," said Rod. "It's a kind of extremity I'm in, as ye might say. I'm extreme anxious to get them boards right off. I feel to bilieve that Deacon Twist would let me do't ef he was here. He's a pious man and a merciful man. I guess I'd reek it ef I was you, Deacon Tanner."  
"Well, Rodney," says the deacon, "it does seem to be a work of necessity. I guess I'll try it; you dump them logs and I'll set 'em a-go'in."  
"So he'n his hired man they got a log onto the slide, and Rod Garrett an' his brother who came with him they onyoked the cattle an' put 'em under a tree to cool off. Then they stood around to see the machine; and lo you! they hadn't hauled off morn' half a dozen boards when they heered Deacon Twist a-hawin' and a-geelin' to his big pair o' Devon cattle on the turn o' the hill."  
"I dono as Deacon Tanner heered him, an' I dono but he did; any way he didn't stop, he kep' the old saw a-go'in, an' when Deacon Twist drove up his load o' logs there was the slide full an' a heap more to put on to't."  
"He was mad! He roared out quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson!"  
"Whose be them logs? Hal'm off, I tell ye! It's my turn to hev the saw, an' I ain't a-go'in' to be turned off like this, Hiram Tanner!"  
"Jest then the saw stopp'd a minit, an' Deacon Tanner heerd him."  
"This here is my mill an' my saw, Mr. Twist!" says he, his eyes kinder shinin' an' his face gettin' pale, though Twist's was redder'n a winter apple."  
"I don't care a continental if 'tis," ses Twist. "You said you was a-go'in' to saw for me this mornin', an' there's my name onto the list right aforeye, an' ye ha'n't no right to lie an' brass it out, if you be a deacon!"  
"By this time the fellers that come up along with Deacon Twist for to help him load up, was gawpin' round, a-lookin' and a-hearin'.

"And, as 'twas berry time, a lot of the Elwell tribe was near by in the bushes, and hearin' a noise, they came, too—crows to a carkies, they always was. 'Sons of Belial,' Deacon Tanner used to call 'em. But they wa'n't; they was old Jake Elwell's sons, godless fellows enough, half-Injin, and they was a-grinnin' an' a-chucklin' to see the row."  
"Well, Deacon Tanner he growed whiter'n whiter."  
"I cal'late to do what I will with my own, Mister Twist," ses he, "and I dono as anybody made you a judge and divider over me. If you'd hear to reason, without flyin', off the handle—"  
"The ain't no reason to hear to, roared Twist. 'It's plainer'n the nose on your face; you promised to saw my logs this identikle mornin', an' now you mill's full of another teller's, an' if that ain't cheatin' and lyin' I dono what 'tis! I won't never bring no more logs to your mill whilst time endures!"  
"Nor I won't never saw 'em if you do't," snapped Tanner, his eyes a-blazin'."  
"Hel hel hel!" squealed one o' th' Elwell fellers, "pooty good spunky deacons now, them be!"  
"Deacon Twist heerd him, and his jaw kinder dropped. He gin a look at Tanner and stepped right up to him and ses:  
"Brother Tanner, I've did wrong; I've give occasion for the enemy to revile, and them Sons o' Belial is a makin' us their music. We've shamed the Lord. Forgive me, Brother Tanner!"  
"Tanner he stood a minit jest as though somebody'd up and struck him. Then he reached out his hand, and ses he:  
"Brother Twist, we have both sinned. Let us ask forgiveness from on high."  
"And so sayin', he led Deacon Twist a little piece off inter the shoemaker bushes, and Rod Garrett said he never in this mortal world heered such dreful affectin' prayers as they made, both on 'em. They didn't seem to think, he said, as though the' was anybody round a-hearin' of 'em, only jest the Lord; but all the men heered 'em."  
The Elwells they stole away kinder dumfounded, but the rest stayed by. When the deacons came out after a spell, a holdin' hands just like two youngsters, they see they had been a-cryin'; and when they shook hands right there, and said as they'd quarrelled afore folks, they would make up afore 'em, and I tell ye it done them fellows good."  
"Rod Garrett he said he b'lieved the' was uthin' in religion when he see Deacon Twist a-loadin' of his boards for him, and fairly forcin' Tanner to saw the rest of Garrett's logs afore he touched his'n. And Hiram Platt he was kinder on the fence afore, but he came square out and jined Chester meetin' next sacrament day, and was a real close walker afterwards."  
"As for the deacons, it seemed as though they couldn't be good enough to each other after all this. And it came about that the' was quite a awakenin' in Chester that winter; seemed as though it took a start to th' old saw-mill. I tell you what, Joshua, practice is wuth all the preachin' you can skeer up, now ain't it?"  
"Well, mebbe," said the considerate Joshua; "but arter all, Amasy, how upon airth is folks a goin' to know how to practice without some preachin'?"  
"There, you hit the nail on the head," said Aunt Desire, wiping her spectacles.—Rose Terry Cooke, in Detroit Free Press.

PREMATURE REJOICING.



We notice that certain parties and papers are rejoicing very much over the news that came over the wires a few days ago so the effect that the New York World was in a bad financial fix. The reason of this joy and gladness over the World's supposed decline, is because that paper has published some truths about the "Mormons" and their enemies which are not palatable to the anti-"Mormon" fanatics.  
We are of the opinion that this exultation will be found to have been premature, and will be turned to mourning and bitterness of spirit. Much fuss is made about the recall of the World's correspondent at Washington, and some changes that have been made in the internal economy of the establishment in New York. There is nothing surprising in the return of the special correspondent detailed for

extra work during the sitting of Congress, now that the national legislature is closed for the season. And the alterations in the mechanical and other departments of the World are no indications of decay. On the contrary they may prove to be evidences of life and increased vigor.  
If malignant people imagine that such a paper as the New York World, the leading organ of the Democratic party, is in danger of collapse, we think they will find themselves egregiously mistaken. The meager telegram which conveyed the tidings that made such a flutter among the sad and drooping "Mormon"-eaters, was a poor and paltry basis for such a pyramid of premature delight. Wait awhile and see.

JUDGE BLACK'S VIEWS.

JUDGE JEREMIAH S. BLACK, whose opinions on all prominent topics are weighty and eagerly sought after, has been expressing himself on the Presidency and the condition of labor. According to interviewers he regards Senator Conger, of Michigan, as the most probable Republican Presidential candidate. He thinks Senator Conger has the elements of a leader in him more than had Blaine and Garfield combined. He says ex-Senator McDonald, of Indiana, will be elected if he receives the Democratic nomination, but that General Hancock is his man, that "Hancock has been honest—his life has been given to his country."  
In regard to the labor question, Judge Black expresses the opinion that it is hardly probable that there will be national legislation. He says, "Every State must legislate for itself. The laboring man must be protected—that is, capitalists must not be allowed to cut down the wages of their employes to starvation prices. This is done too often now. There are growing up huge monopolies that are grinding the life out of their employes. The railroads are becoming too powerful. Legislation governing them must be made."

New York, 1.—The Sun says that Miss Alice Langtry, sister of the Lily, has gone to Canada with a Toronto admirer, deserting the actress who is furious over it.



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One bay MARE, 7 or 8 years old, branded W on left thigh, blaze face, hind feet white, has a dot.  
One white HORSE, 4 years old, branded L with a C over it on right thigh, smutty breast and face.  
One grey MARE, 12 years old, branded W on right hip, on left shoulder, has a coil.  
One sorrel HORSE, 6 years old, away-backed, white strip in face, hind feet white, branded JC combined on left thigh.  
If not claimed and taken away before April 8th, will be sold to the highest bidder, at the estray pound at 10 a.m.  
SAMUEL T. ORTON,  
District Poundkeeper.  
Parowan, Iron County, Utah, March 30, '84

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