

The War and the Holy Land.

It is certainly a gain to the happiness and good of mankind when it loses the conception that it is necessary to butcher and torture all who do not worship in the same way. "Religious conviction" of this sort has never been lost in Moslem countries, and they are in that respect in the condition morally in which all the rest of the world was during the darkest ages of persecution. In a lesser degree the Christianity of Russia is as to this point in the same condition as Islamism everywhere. Christianity is not absolutely inimical to the growth of knowledge and the spread of intelligence in any country, while Islamism is; but in Russia that comparative indifference to creeds and to religious divisions that has made such progress in the most enlightened Christian countries is as unknown as it was when men bored the tongues of Quakers for their irreligion. On each side in this conflict, therefore, there is a religious fervor that can scarcely be comprehended in countries where the propagation of religion by war is excluded from the number of possibilities.

From the mountains of Armenia to-day Russia turns her eyes toward Palestine with the same deep fervor, the same spirit of militant piety, that inspired the Crusaders when all Europe was awakened to the movement for the conquest of that land.

Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
That eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our redemption on the bitter cross.

Indeed, the redemption of the holy places of Palestine, if the conflict may be stretched out to such a consequence, will be with the great body of the Russian people the most substantial and desirable result of the war; for, while the Russian statesmen will reason on the necessity of a change in the Danube countries, where a constant irritation forever menaces their tranquility, and while their economists will point out the need of Constantinople as commanding the only way out to the markets of the world, the popular mind will seize upon the aspect of the case more related to its poetical and religious conceptions. Erzerum is situated in a district watered by small streams that are the headwaters of the Euphrates, and the march from that point to the Cilician Sea, which would cut in two the Ottoman Empire in Asia, would end in the immediate neighborhood of Antioch. It will be understood, therefore, that the holy places are not removed from relation to the new possibilities of the war.

If the war were to end shall reach the point of a complete disintegration of the Turkish power the possession of Jerusalem and of other places of great interest in Palestine will fall naturally to Russia, should she assert a positive claim. But it is to be supposed she will not regard her rights as exclusive. The possession in the interest of any one creed of a city so identified with the origin of all Christian history and with all creeds would be a misfortune, and a result against which the enlightened opinion of the world might justly protest. That protest would involve a sympathy and a recognition of community of sentiment to which the government of the Czar could not be indifferent. — *New York Herald*, April 29.

The Friend of the Birds.

Down near the extreme west of England there died, about three weeks since, a man who was remarkable for the intimacy existing between himself and the bird creation. For very many years one of the Quaker family of Fox—a name known and revered throughout the Society of Friends in all lands—has been United States Consul at Falmouth, where he carried on a large business. Other members of the family have been old residents in the neighborhood, and are extensively known by their connection with scientific researches or benevolent enterprises. Joshua Fox, the one whose death was recently reported, lived on a beautiful estate a few miles from the seaport, and spent a large amount of money in making it still more beautiful. Eccentric in many ways, he turned his grounds into a forest of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, and his gardens were noted for having

more than one hundred thousand rose trees of different kinds.

But, as we have said, the most remarkable peculiarity was the intimacy of Mr. Fox with the birds on his place, whose number was legion. Thirty years ago the writer was not an unfrequent visitor of Mr. Fox's grounds, saw for himself that wonderful intimacy, and heard Mr. Fox explain how it was brought about and how the "law of kindness" he had practised with so much success could be applied by others with equal success. With a straw hat in his hand, which he rarely placed on his rough and sandy-colored hair, he wandered amid his beloved roses, while every bush near was filled with joyous twittering, and at a slight signal the birds flocked around him and perched upon him, twittering and caroling. Elhu Burritt, the American "Learned Blacksmith," who visited him in 1865, recorded in "A Walk from London to the Land's End" a visit to Mr. Fox in which were described facts similar to those to which we had been a witness eighteen years before, and the account of his death in the local papers says there had been no change to the time when he died suddenly at the age of eighty-five.

Mr. Fox's intimacy with the birds commenced accidentally. While laying out his grounds he worked himself as well as directed his laborers. When turning up the fresh earth with his spade or rake, several of the little birds would come down from the trees, and hop along after him at a little distance, picking up the worms and insects. By walking gently and looking and speaking kindly when they were near, they came first to regard his approach without fear, then with confidence. They soon learned the sound of his voice and seemed to understand the meaning of his simple set words of caressing. Little by little they ventured nearer and nearer, sometimes hopping upon the head of his rake. Day by day they became more trustful and tame. They watched him in the morning from the trees near his door, and followed him to his work. New birds joined the company daily. As the number increased he began to carry crusts of bread, and to sprinkle a few crumbs for them on the ground. When his walks were all finished, and he used the spade and rake less frequently, the birds looked for their daily ration of crumbs, and would gather in the tree tops with their begging voices in the morning to let him know that they were waiting for him. He called them to breakfast with a whistle, and they would come out of the thick green leaves of the grove, and patter, and twitter, and flutter around and over his feet. Sometimes he put a piece of bread between his lips, when a bird would pick it out without alighting. They became his constant companions. As soon as he stepped from his door they were on the lookout to give him a merry welcome. They came to know the sound of his step, his walks and recreations. Before he gave up the practice of shooting larger birds a small bird would sometimes hop upon the gilt guard of the lock and peer around upon the brass trigger with a look of wonder, and this led him to leave off killing birds susceptible of the same training. He left his chamber window open at night, and when he woke early in the morning often found a robin or a goldfinch hopping about on the bed posts or on the back of a chair close by. Mr. Burritt is responsible for the statement that the birds followed Mr. Fox to church every Sunday, more than a mile, waited until the service was over, and then accompanied him home, twittering and singing the whole way. — *Cleveland Herald*, April 28.

Kate Claxton's continued escapes from fire are wonderful. She will be fortunate indeed if her luck follows her into the other world. — *Chicago Tribune*.

An old Highlander with two sons—one a minister and the other a doctor—being very proud of them, said to a friend, "Had I knew one of my sons was going to be a medical man and the other a clergyman, I would never have been and Jenny for their mother."

A first class passenger arrived at the railway terminus not a hundred miles from Glasgow the other day, who had been unfortunate enough to get his finger injured by the carriage door, and in a rather excited manner inquired of a porter (who hailed from Erin) where the nearest surgeon was to be found. Pat, who saw no reason for such excitement, exclaimed in a not over respectful manner, "But ye dirty spalpeen! Sure ye're making more noise than the gentleman that lost his head here yesterday."

Parson Brownlow on Himself.

FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH IN 1862.

I have been a laboring man all my life long, and have acted upon Scriptural maxim of eating my bread by the sweat of my brow. Though a southern man in feeling and principle, I do not think it degrading to man to labor, as do most southern disunionists. Whether east or west, north or south, I recognize the dignity of labor, and look forward to a day, not very far distant, when educated labor will be the salvation of this vast country! I am known throughout the length and breadth of the land as the "fighting Parson," while I may say, without incurring the charge of egotism, that no man is more peaceable, as my neighbors will testify. Always poor, and always oppressed with security debts, few men in my section and of my limited means, have given away more in the course of each year to charitable objects. I have never been arraigned in the church for immorality. I never played a card. I never was a profane swearer. I never drank a dram of liquor, until within a few years when it was taken as medicine. I never had a cigar or a chew of tobacco in my mouth. I never was in attendance at a theatre. I never attended a horse race, and never witnessed their running save on the fair grounds of my own county. I never courted but one woman and her I married. I am about six feet high, and have weighed as high as one hundred and seventy-five pounds—have had as fine a constitution as any man need desire. I have very few gray hairs in my head, and, although rather hard favored than otherwise, I will pass for a man of forty years. I have had as strong a voice as any man in East Tennessee, where I have resided for the last thirty years, and have a family of seven children.

Grasshopper Exterminators.

The kerosene "trough" is the simplest and yet one of the surest grasshopper exterminators in existence. It is simply a sheet-iron trough suspended on wheels and swinging close to the ground, with an overhanging and projecting arch to arrest the flight of the hoppers as they rise, and throw them downward into the kerosene in the trough, a touch of which kills them instantly. This machine costs little or nothing to make or run, and is quite as effective as most of the machines hitherto invented, though none of them begin to compare with a recent invention worked on the suction principle, like a smut machine in a flouring mill. A large wooden cylinder or drum swinging near the ground on a pair of wheels, has an opening near but a little in front of its lower extremity, and is fitted inside with fans which revolve rapidly as the machine advances, creating a strong suction, which lifts up grasshoppers and pretty much everything else within reach, drags them through the machine, and when they emerge from the rear elevation of the "destroying angel" they are a hopeless wreck as grasshoppers, though still available for chicken feed and fructifying purposes. The objection to this machine is its considerable expense, which often might deter the purchase of one till the last moment or until it was too late to do any good. But there are so many other means of fighting the beasts that our Colorado ranchmen do not think of confining themselves to any form of machinery for that purpose. Plenty of running water, with kerosene, is considered a surer safeguard than the best "killer" ever invented. Mr. W. D. Arnett, whose practical knowledge of grasshoppers is perhaps second to that of no man in the country, says he does not care whether he kills a single grasshopper if he can only keep them from his crops. Those which are hatched out within his lines must be disposed of in some way, of course, and by taking them in time he can kill nine tenths of them with kerosene alone. Those hatched outside his ditches he does not undertake to kill, except as they attempt to cross and attack his growing crops, and he thinks he can keep them all at a safe distance by eternal vigilance and coal oil. — *Denver News*.

The Sewing Machine Carnival Ended.

A year ago the great sewing machine combination monopoly subscribed \$1,000,000 to secure a further renewal of the patents which had already yielded to the patentee more than \$50,000,000; but the demand was too offensive and it was defeated. The \$1,000,000 went into the pockets of the lobbyists at Washington, and at noon to-day expired the important patents; the vibratory needle and the reciprocating shuttle, the foundation of the double-thread machines; the vibratory needle and the rotating hook, the vital principle of the single-thread machines, and the continuous feed in combination with one or both of these, either with wheel motion or fore motion. It looks as if the expiration of these patents would break down the combination to keep up the price of machines. The royalty on all the patents aggregated only a few dollars—say \$5—on each machine, the most of the money going to agents, canvassers, collectors and lawyers. Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the Singer Company and the Howe Company, all declare that if they could get cash down they could sell their \$60 machines for \$30, and make as much money as they ever did. This experiment is now to be tried—low prices and no credit.

No more corrupt attempts to perpetuate a grinding monopoly under the patent laws was ever made than that which sought to extend the patents on sewing machines. The only surprise is that it did not succeed. It is to be hoped that the failure will prove a great blessing to the people, and especially to the poor sewing girls of the country. If they can now buy sewing machines for \$30 that used to cost them \$60 they will be heavy gainers. — *New York Graphic*, May 7.

SPECIAL NOTICE

to Farmers, Sheep Raisers, Butchers, and others: Z. C. M. I., of this city, is paying the highest market price in cash for Wool and Hides of all kinds. Wool contracts closed and the usual advances made on the same. We have every facility for handling these products in any quantity, and parties will find it to their interest to consult us before making other arrangements. Parties shipping their Hides or Wool to us will please mark them Z. C. M. I., care H. B. Clawson, Depot at the Wagon and Machine Yards, opp. the Institution.

H. S. ELDRIDGE,
s&w Supt.

The Best in Use.

Farmers and Freighters call at Mattison & Johnson's and examine the Mitchell Farm and Spring Wagons with new improvements.

w13

WE HAVE ON SALE THE IMPROVED CHICAGO

PITCHES



reshing machine

and EXTRAS for REPAIRS.

These machines recommended themselves in all places where they are used, and need none from us. Price List sent on application. Address

REUBEN MILLER & SON,

Mill Creek, Salt Lake Co., Utah.

Our place of business is seven miles South of Salt Lake City, and our Railroad Depot Little Cottonwood.

ADMINISTRATORS' NOTICE.

ALL PERSONS HAVING CLAIMS against the Estate of Robert B. Pate, deceased, will exhibit them, with the necessary vouchers, to the undersigned Administrators, at their residence at Union Fort, Salt Lake County U. T., within ten months after the first publication of this notice.

MARY PATE,
JACOB G. PATE,
Administrators.

13

IMPORTANT NOTICE!

Readers and Heads of Families

CUT out this notice and send it to the Graefenberg Company, 58 Rea St., N. Y., together with TWENTY-FIVE cents, and you will receive by return mail, postage paid, a copy of their valuable family medical book, entitled,

The Graefenberg
MANUAL OF HEALTH.

It contains 360 pages, handsomely printed on fine paper, and is written in language plainly understood by every one.

Gentaur
Liniments.

One kind for the Human Family.
The other for Horses and Animals.

These Liniments are simply the wonder of the world. Their effects are little less than marvellous.

The White Liniment is for the human family. It will drive Rheumatism, Sciatica and Neuralgia from the system; cure Lumbago, Chubbains, Lock-jaw, Palsy, Ioh, and most Cutaneous Eruptions; it extracts frost from frozen hands and feet, and the poison of bites and stings of venomous reptiles; it subdues swellings and alleviates pain of every kind. When sprains or bruises occur, it is the most potent remedy ever discovered to heal the injured parts. The Centaur Liniment is used with great efficacy for Sore Throat, Toothache, Caked Breasts, Ear-ache, and Weak Back. The following is but a sample of numerous testimonials:

"IOWA HOME, Jeff. Co., Ind., May 28, 1873.

"I think it my duty to inform you that I have suffered much with swollen feet and chafes. A few bottles of Centaur Liniment has done the work for me. I have not been free from these swellings in eight years. Now I am perfectly well. The Liniment ought to be applied warm. BENJAMIN BROWN."

The proof is in the trial. It is reliable, it is hardy, it is cheap, and every family should have the White Centaur Liniment.

The Yellow Centaur Liniment is adapted to the tough muscles, cords and flesh of horses and animals. It has performed more wonderful cures in three years of Spavin, Strain, Wind-galls, Scratches, Sweeney, and general Lameness, than all other remedies in existence. Read what the great Expressmen say of it:

"NEW YORK, January, 1874.

"Every owner of horses should give the CENTAUR LINIMENT a trial. We consider it the best article ever used in our stables."

"H. M. RSH, Supt. Adams Ex. Stables, N. Y."

"E. PUTZ, Supt. U. S. Ex. Stables, N. Y."

"ALBERT S. OLIN, Supt. Nat. Ex. Stables, N. Y."

The best patrons of this Liniment are Farriers and Veterinary Surgeons, who are continually using some Liniment. It heals Galls, Wounds and Piles, removes Swellings, and is worth millions of dollars annually to Farmers, Livery-men, Stock-growers, Sheep-raisers, and those having horses or cattle.

What a Farrier cannot do for \$20 the Centaur Liniment will do at a trifling cost.

These Liniments are sold by all dealers throughout the country. They are warranted by the proprietors, and a bottle will be given to any Farrier or Physician who desires to test them.

Laboratory of J. B. Rose & Co.,

46 DEL ST., NEW YORK.

Honey.

Pitcher's Castoria is a complete substitute for Castor Oil, and is as pleasant to take as Honey. It is particularly adapted to Teething and irritable children. It destroys worms, assimilates the food, regulates the stomach, and cures Wind Colic. Few remedies are as efficacious for Constipation, Croup, Worms, and Whooping Cough. Castoria is a scientific and purely vegetable preparation, more effective than Castor Oil, and neither gags nor gripes.

COLUMBIA, Conn. May 3, 1876.

Messrs. J. B. Rose & Co., N. Y. Gents: I have a family of eight children, and have used as much CASTORIA as any family in the United States. I think I have never found anything equal to it. My children have been saved from a fever several times by the use of Castoria. I recommend its use for children, for many diseases they are subject to, in preference to any medicine I know of. I feel it my duty to give this certificate on account of the benefits I have derived by the use of CASTORIA.

Very truly yours,
NORMAN P. LITTLE.