

to remain a long time. There is a black-bottle stinger, not alive, but charged with death, that is causing more paralysis, physical and mental and financial, than all the spiders in the country. Beware of that, also.

A Nevada Shoshone named Hal, who speaks and swears fluently in the English he has learned from the superior race, was recently questioned by a traveler in relation to religion. He said there were no Christians in his tribe. He was asked "don't any of the Indians believe in a hereafter?" "O yes," said Hal, "We all believe in a hereafter, but were not Christians. We don't kill one another, nor hammer hell out of our young ones for the love of God." The inquirer was greatly shocked at the answer, but is there not food for reflection in it for Christians who rule their children with a perpetual rod?

Secretary Schurz, in his letter of instructions concerning the Indians says: "It is most important to keep perfect faith with them in the performance of all promises made to them, and this will be the invariable rule of Government in its treatment of Indian tribes." Why not keep perfect faith with them now? Why send Commissioners to the Red Cloud and Spotted Tail Sioux to try and keep them quiet while breaking the agreement for their removal to White Clay? It appears that the Sioux have not much confidence in these instructions to keep perfect faith, in connection with an effort to break a contract made with them last winter, so they are now en route to White Clay, with the Commissioner hanging on in the rear.

A young man named Brown, being anxious to distinguish himself and at the same time obtain a lucrative situation, made a terrible mistake a few days ago. He placed a heavy log across the track of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore railroad, intending to stop the accommodation train by signaling with his handkerchief, removing the obstruction and obtain a good position on the road as a reward for his services. But while thinking of one train he forgot another. The express came thundering along, and a wreck was the consequence, in which four men were killed. Brown was arrested on suspicion and made a clean breast of his folly. He has obtained the situation—but it is in the penitentiary, and he may receive promotion—on the gallows.

Science tries to account for all things. That is quite right. But there are some things that are beyond its reach, and not a few of them are very simple, too. For instance: Since the discovery of the phonograph, the mystery of dreaming has been explained by the theory that the imprints of the past have been impressed upon the gray matter of the brain, which acts as a storehouse, and that the mind, while the will is weakened in sleep, turns as it were one phonographic cylinder after another, in confused and singular combinations. But how about prophetic dreams, in which the past forms no place, and which are afterwards fulfilled exactly as foreseen in sleep? Do coming events cast such shadows before that the mind photographs them before they are real? Science can give no guide to the spiritual nor the divine.

The negroes of Atlanta, Georgia, have started on what a correspondent of the Chicago Times calls a "sacred spree." A "revival" is in progress, in which hundreds of colored people become frenzied with excitement, shouting and gesticulating until many fall down exhausted, and lie still till they are half starved, while others see strange sights in the sky, and others yell and prance about in paroxysms, as if possessed. They are possessed. Evil spirits take advantage of the excitement, and it is their influence, not the Holy Spirit's, which prompt these unseemly excesses. "For God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints," so said the Apostle Paul. The ignorant colored people are not so much to blame in these antics, but those false teachers who call this phrenzy religion, are the responsible culprits.

America, heretofore has been deficient in the matter of old ruins; but a number of old political frauds are now being ruined, and that is something to be proud of.

PAROWAN STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Quarterly Conference of the Parowan Stake was held in Parowan City on the 29th and 30th of June, commencing at 10.30 a. m.

Present: Erastus Snow, of the Twelve, the Presidency of the Stake, and a majority of the Bishops and presiding officers of the several wards.

After singing and prayer, Prest. Dame gave a short address. Elders R. Birkbeck, Sylvanus C. Hulet and John P. Jones also addressed the Conference.

At the afternoon session the Bishops of the various wards gave encouraging reports of the wards over which they presided.

The superintendents of Sunday schools and the presidents of the various associations presented good reports.

Elder Erastus Snow gave some instructions to the Sabbath Schools and other associations in relation to keeping statistical reports.

Sunday, 10 a. m.

After the statistical report was read, Elder Snow read part of the third section of the Doctrine and Covenants, showing how the Prophet Joseph was led by the spirit of God, spoke at some length on the principles of birthright, pre-existence and fore-ordination.

2 p. m.

After the Sacrament was administered the general authorities of the Church were presented and sustained by unanimous vote. Elder Snow made a few remarks in regard to the manner of voting.

The local authorities were presented and sustained.

Elder Henry Lunt was sustained as one of the home missionaries.

Elder Snow said he would give Brother Lunt the privilege to preach and officiate as a Patriarch in the Stakes adjoining.

Elder Robert W. Hayburne was sustained as Superintendent of Sunday Schools for this Stake.

Elder Snow gave some good instructions to the Saints.

President Dame made a few remarks by way of encouraging the Saints to live their religion, etc.

Conference adjourned till the 28th of September. Benediction by President Wm. H. Dame.

H. L. ADAMS, Clerk.

Correspondence.

A Glance at the Fine Art Department.—Medals and Coins that Tell a History.—The Saloon of Historical Portraits in Marble.—McMahon and Canrobert.—The British Fine Art Section.—Some Pictures by a Distinguished English Artist.—A Bust of Baroness Burdett Coutts.

PARIS, June 23, 1878.

Editors Deseret News:

A visitor to the exhibition, who has only a week to spend there will find himself embarrassed as to the sections he ought most particularly to inspect. Let him, unless he has some special object connected with mill, or farm, or handicraft, roam as much as he can in fresh fields and pastures new. Let him go in the early days of his visit to the fine art department, which runs straight through the centre of the building from the Vestibule of Honor to the Vestibule of Manual Industry, parallel to the military school. He will, in his course, get the best thoughts and feelings of each nation that exhibits. A room hung around with historical tapestries is the first in the way. It has, to the right, a collection of theatrical accessories and scene-shifting appointments, and, to the left, a display of coins and medals struck from the French mint. They speak to a reflective mind of the instability of royal and imperial grandeur in this country. We see a medal of Josephine and Napoleon, Emperor and Empress, and with a date, three years later, of Napoleon and Marie Louise. Another medal represents the King of Rome with his mother as Empress regent; then Louis the XVIII; Charles the X; Louis Philippe; then the republic of '48 with liberty, equality, fraternity forming her escort; followed by medals bearing the profiles of Louis Napoleon President, of Louis Napoleon Emperor, of Louis Napoleon and Eugenie de Montijo, and of a baby who is now

the Chislehurst pretender. Thiers had no medal struck to celebrate the defeat of the Commune, the successful negotiation of his gigantic loan, or the passing of the constitution. McMahon, so far, has not given a sitting to the artist of the mint. The Marshall's likeness, however, is in the next hall, "The Saloon of Historical Portraits in Marble." It is flattered, but in the main true. That coarse, energetic brute, Pellissier, who had virtue not to take orders from the Emperor, in the Crimea, is to the left, Canrobert, the 4th of December hero, is to the right. In the many busts and statues that predominate in this hall, the reactionary energy of the fine art department betrays itself. The Marquis C., who has it in charge, has not, however, had the audacity to set up the images of Louis Napoleon and his wife, though they were both very positive historical facts. To the left of this hall there is a room where the costumes of provincial France are gathered. We leave it to enter the British Fine Art Section, comprising eight rooms, any one of which is larger than the space allotted to British art at Philadelphia. These rooms have comfortable seats, mats on the floor, civil attendants, and a railing round the room on which visitors—and this is an immense boon—can lean while studying pictures low down, or jotting down impressions in their notebooks. Oil paintings stand at the head of the eighty-five classes. The French who are honored as umpires in all questions of art, think highly of the English school which does well when it follows nature, but very badly when it follows British art traditions. England's greatest artist, Millais, sends ten pictures. The portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim is that of a hard woman of the world, in a trundled up Dolly Varden train of brown silk brocade, dotted over with colored bouquets, and a petticoat of warm tinge. The coloring is pleasant the subject not agreeable. In the portraits of English ladies generally there is an absence of that delightful thing, to express which I must borrow a French term, *la bonne grace*. "Hearts are trumps," represents three grumpy young women sitting in a luxurious green mouse playing dummy whist. They are tired, I suppose, of the tedious game, and of richness of bread, and of idleness. I was told that they are the daughters of a knighted manufacturer of artillery of heavy calibre. The wealth of the world flows in upon them and takes away their appetites for the enjoyment of ordinary and extraordinary pleasures. Their lilac silk dresses and pink ribbons, the *boucle* table at which they drag through their game, the ferns and other not house plants, are all faithfully and ably done. A dominant quality of Millais is sincerity. He represents things as they strike him, and his eye has great power to see and to discern. That prime old "Yeoman of the Guard" is wonderfully well rendered. But it is not a picture for a small collection. The scarlet color of the coat is too obtrusive. "The Sisters," another of Millais pictures, lent by an English gentleman, are good, simple, rosy-cheeked, ruddy-lipped, little girls. What a breath of fresh air from the Highlands is not that Scotch landscape? O'er the Hills and Far Away! Crag, copse, moor, and misty hills in the distance, spanned by a rainbow, present the finest combination of wild scenery I ever saw on canvas. And that Heart of Oak "The Northwest Passage!" The germs of an epic poem are there. The old seaman, whose parlor is done up like the cabin of a ship, will have it that none but the English will ever find the Northwest Passage, about an attempt to discover which, by the French, his fair, slim, daughter is reading to him in a newspaper. There are two classes in which the English are unrivalled—cut and engraved flint-glass and water-color paintings. The highest art is displayed in both. Their drawings in black and white are also admirable, their wood and lithograph and galvanoplastic engravings, too, are highly meritorious, and, in spite of a foggy climate, their photographs are first rate. In sculpture the English hold a good position; "Baroness Burdett Coutts" is a bust to study. There is great distinction and sensibility expressed in her long, narrow head. It is a benign face; but, is she genial? I think not. Compassionate she certainly is. It would make her suffer to see a worm cut in twain by her gardener's hoe. The

baroness is a Tory, a friend of the Chislehurst people, I am told, and High Church; but she could not be herself a tyrant or do an evil act for self aggrandisement, even if it were possible for her to have the temptation of poverty. Impossible to find a type more purely humane. The dress of the old Darwinian Adam has been entirely eliminated from it. C. A. S.

GROUSE CREEK,
Box Elder Co.

Editors Deseret News:

There have been many rumors current about the hostile Indians being troublesome in the vicinity of this valley, but I am happy to say that none of us have lost our scalps as yet. All it has amounted to has been excitement and the cause of a log fort four rods square being built, but all is quiet now, and the settlers are following their daily avocations as usual. There are a few friendly Indians, who have small farms here, who are almost constantly on the look-out. The people here don't anticipate any trouble unless the "hostiles" are hard pressed by the soldiers north of us, and if necessity requires there are about 75 men who can defend themselves and property.

Most of the land in this valley, that there is water for, has been located and from fifteen to twenty miles of water ditches made. Any one wishing to locate here would necessarily have to purchase claims as it has cost considerable labor and expense to make ditches and other improvements. Our grain and other crops look well; we are having an excellent season. No grasshoppers, no frost, and I think it will take something more than a "scare" to drive the people from their homes here.

PHILLIP PASKETT.

"Divided Up."

Five ragged, unkempt and weeping children were left orphans the other day by the death of their mother, a widow who lived on Prospect Street. The father was killed at one of the depots about two years ago, and since then the mother has kept the family together by her own strength. Lack of food, exposure, and worry brought on an illness which terminated fatally, and the children, huddled together in a corner of the room, feeling awed and affrighted but yet unable to realize that death had made them waifs. When the remains had been sent away to Potter's field, a dozen women gathered and held a whispered consultation.

"I'll take one of the poor things, though I've four children of my own," said one of the women.

"And I'll take another."

"And I'll take one."

"And so will I."

Then there was the baby—a toddling boy, who had been rocked to sleep every night of his life, and whose big blue eyes were full of tears as he shrank behind his sister to escape observation.

"I could take him, said one of the women," "but I'm quick tempered, and the Lord will never forgive the woman who strikes a dead mother's child!"

"I could take him, but I am old and will soon die," said another. "When he had learned to love me, and I had come to look upon him as a son, death would separate us."

A girl not over ten years old, dressed a little better than other children there, crept into the group and heard what was said. While the women were looking into each other's faces in silence, the child reached out for the babe, patted his head, kissed him and said:

"I will take this one. I have no brother, and ma and pa will let me keep him. He can sleep in my trundle bed, play with my doll, and they may put all the Christmas presents into his stocking."

The women protested, even as they wept, and the girl ran around the corner and returned with her mother, who sanctioned all she had said.

"Come, bubby—you're mine now!" called the girl, and he laughed as she tried to lift him up.

By and by a woman said:

"Children, you have neither father, mother nor home. You must be divided up or go to the poor house. Kiss each other, poor orphans, and all kiss the baby!"

They put their arms around him, and hugged and kissed him, and

they went out from the old house to go in different directions and perhaps never to again meet all together.

"Good-bye, Johnnie!" each one gasped, as they turned for a last look at baby, and the little girl called to each one in turn:

"Don't feel bad! I'll give him lots to eat, learn him his prayers, and when he is a big man he'll buy all back."

A Prudent Person.

A friend of mine went a few days back, to have a tooth stopped. The dentist advised him that he had better have the tooth taken out, and assured him that he would feel no pain if he took laughing gas.

"But what is the effect of the gas?" asked my friend.

"It simply makes you totally insensible," remarked the dentist; "you don't know anything that takes place."

My friend submitted; but just previous to the gas being administered he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out his money.

"Oh, don't trouble about that now," said the dentist, thinking he was going to be paid his fee. "Not at all," remarked the patient; "I was simply going to see how much I had before the gas took effect."—*London Truth.*

THE ANSWER.—"O, why was I born?" said he; "why did they yank me by the hair of eternal nothingness into concrete existence, to buffet the storms of this rude world, with no postponement on account of the weather? What, then, is this problem of human destiny with which science has impotently wrestled for so many centuries?" But she told him, all the same, that there was no base ball for him that afternoon; and, if he didn't get the kindling-wood split before his father came home, there would be some wrestling that would make Science open her eyes when she struck the wood-shed.

ADVICE TO THOSE WHO OWE.

—Make a full estimate of all you owe, and of all that is owing to you. Reduce the same to note. As fast as you collect pay over to those you owe. If you cannot, renew your note every year, and get the best security you can. Go to business intelligently and be industrious; waste no idle moments; be very economical in all things; discard all pride; be faithful in your duty to God by regular and hearty prayer morning and night; attend church and prayer meeting regularly every Sunday, and do unto all men as you would they should do unto you. If you are too needy in circumstances to give to the poor, do whatever else is in your power cheerfully, but if you can, help the poor and unfortunate. Pursue this course diligently and sincerely for even years, and if you are not happy, comfortable and independent in your circumstances come to me and I will pay your debts.—*Ben Franklin.*

CLEANING BLACK SILK.—One of the things "not generally known," at least in this country, is the Parisian method of cleaning black silk; the *modus operandi* is very simple, and the result infinitely superior to that achieved in any other manner. The silk must be thoroughly brushed and wiped with a cloth, then laid flat on a board or table and sponged well with hot coffee, thoroughly freed from sediment by being strained through muslin. The silk is sponged on the side intended to show, it is allowed to become partially dry and then ironed on the wrong side. The coffee removes every particle of grease, and restores the brilliancy of the silk without imparting to it either the shiny appearance or crackly and papery stiffness obtained by beer, or indeed any other liquid. The silk really appears thickened by the process, and this good effect is permanent. Our readers who will experiment on an apron or cravat, will never again try any other method.

Among the Zulus, a nation of the Caffres, according to etiquette, the mother-in-law cannot face the son-in-law, but must hide, or pretend to hide, when she sees him. In this country the custom is reversed. It is the son-in-law who does the dodging.