

FINANCIAL AID IN ORDER.

THE unwelcome tidings reaches us from Logan that the steady saw-mill of the United Order Manufacturing and Building Association of that city has been destroyed by fire. The institution, which is conducted according to the co-operative plan, has been of great use in extending the material interests of the people of Cache Valley. It has performed a commendable part in the establishment of home manufactures, besides being largely beneficial in aiding people who were struggling to erect houses and places of business. One of its chief functions has been in supplying labor for the people, thus doing its part in aiding the solution of one of the main questions pertaining to the welfare of the community.

It is to be sincerely hoped that the blow which the institution has now received will not have the effect of destroying or even permanently crippling it. Its progress has for some time been retarded for the want of ready cash with which to conduct its business with facility, but it was in a sound condition so far as solvency is concerned, the assets being very largely in excess of the liabilities. The only difficulty existing in connection with it lay in the fact that its property was not in a shape to be made at once available for cash purposes.

Besides the difficulty involved in the calamity it has now met with by the sweeping away of \$7,000 from its assets is the probable necessity for the temporary suspension of its operations, to a large extent at least. And as stagnation is death and activity life in business, as well as all other things, and as it appears to be to the interest of the community to hold up and sustain such institutions as the U. O. M. and B. Association of Logan, it is to be hoped that in the day of its affliction it may find friends indeed, who will step forward and give it a helping hand to bridge over the river of adversity, that the shore of prosperity may be reached as speedily as practicable.

LOGAN'S ZUNI LAND-GRAB.

PAPERS which support the Blaine-Logan ticket are trying to make it appear that the Republican candidate for the Vice-Presidency has cleared himself of the stigma of the Zuni land-steal. This will prove a poor apology when the facts are presented to the public in the coming campaign.

Logan has tried to shift the responsibility for the effort to steal the lands of the Zuni Indians upon the shoulders of his son-in-law, something after the style of ex-Marshall Murray in laying his official wickedness at the door of his deputy.

"Logan's rancho," as it is called in New Mexico, and which he has frequently visited and talked about, though entered in the name of his son-in-law and another officer in the Logan interest, was filched from the Zunis under a mistake in the description of their boundary line, and would have deprived them of the springs from which they obtained their supply of water for irrigation and ruined them. But President Arthur promptly circumvented the scheme, and Logan, it is stated, has repeatedly striven to obtain a revocation of the President's order. Failing in this he tried to prove, by the statement of James Stevenson, of the Geological Survey, whose affidavit is on file in the office of the Secretary of the Interior, that the Indians had plenty of land and water without the tract sought to be taken from them by the Logan outfit.

At the very time when this steal was attempted, as it then appeared successfully, Senator Logan was one of a committee appointed to examine into the grievances of the Indian tribes. When this scheme was brought to light and exposed by the press, Logan did not deny his connection with it, but attempted to show that the land was lawfully subject to entry, that he wanted it and intended to stand for his rights.

Now, since it is likely to be used against him he tries to shift the whole matter on to the back of his daughter's husband and to slide out of it after the fashion of the ex-Marshall of Kentucky. But the device is decidedly too thin, and the Zuni land steal and failure will be thrown in his teeth a good many times before next November.

MR. MURRAY ENDORSED.

It appears that the inmates of the penitentiary had a good time on the Fourth. They indulged in a rattling celebration, and the following paragraph appears in a published account of the proceedings:

"It was opened by a splendid oration delivered by one of the inmates, then three cheers were given for the officials of this place and three rousing cheers for His Excellency, Eli H. Murray."

This was quite appropriate. There is but little difference between men who steal cattle and cash, and those who make it a main object in life to rob the people of their liberties, which

they hold dearer than their material property. Besides, the political robbery is but intended as a stepping stone to a theft of ordinary possessions by means of confiscatory processes and other unrepentant methods. The penitentiary branch of the "Liberal" party has ratified Governor Murray. It is in order for the other divisions of the anti-American clique soon to follow suit.

ALL EYES ON CHICAGO.

THE heads of the Democratic hosts are assembling at Chicago. The chief initiatory work of these leading men of the party will necessarily be directed toward bringing about something like a unanimity of sentiment and object. This will be a task of great difficulty, owing to the wide difference of aim and opinion and the consequent large number of aspirants for nomination.

It is unfortunate for the party that Tammany has gone against Cleveland, who is otherwise the favorite and would make a stout fight against the Republican ticket, especially if McDonald were associated with him. With New York against any ticket placed in the field, however, the chances of the Democrats would be rendered very doubtful.

We believe the only barrier that now stands in the way of success is the prevalence of political immorality exhibited by men who strive for the attainment of personal aims in place of the good of the party or country. The present issue is a gigantic one, and personal objects should sink out of sight in favor of the main question, which is the putting of a winning ticket into the political field.

OUR CHICAGO LETTER.

OUR CORRESPONDENT DEALS WITH MATTERS AND THINGS WITH HIS USUAL PERSPICUITY.

CHICAGO, July 3, 1884.

Editor Deseret News:

Wonders will never cease, and every day brings something stranger than the preceding. Dynamite and dyspepsia do their deadly work but in a very plebian way, while

GOUT IS THE ROYAL

and aristocratic road to the awful future. Lord Chesterfield, the apostle of politeness, used to say that rheumatism was a cab-man's disease, and dyspepsia a lunatic's, but gout was the disease of a gentleman, and no gentleman would grumble at getting gout. Mr. Lowell could not be content with his other appendages to rank without also taking gout. This is positively dreadful. A puritan suffering from gout beats anything the catalogue of wonderland has yet furnished. Mr. Lowell used to write prohibition hymns in his younger days, and on festive occasions used to sing:

Water, pure water, for me,
And wine for the trembling debauchee.

The way of the Pharisee is hard. Poor Senator Edmunds has fallen on evil days. He has become the

PROPERTY OF THE HUMORISTS,

and Texas Siftings makes merry over his fate. That profane journal having no reverence for congealed respectability, and scientific decency compares Mr. Edmunds' Presidential aspirations to Gilhooly and his mule. This mule had a peculiar method of amusing itself at its master's expense. At one time, and when the attention of a whole Texas town was centred on Gilhooly and his famous mule, the mule took the liberty of throwing Gilhooly high into the air, and letting him descend the best way he could. The bystanders asked the unfortunate Gilhooly why he chose to land on a granite pavement, but Gilhooly turned a sad eye towards the upper realms he had left and "asked if there was anything up there to hold on to." This is how "Texas Siftings" congratulates Mr. Edmunds in his endeavor to ride the Chicago Spoil-holding Convention. But this does not fill the cup of humiliation. A Senator away from the wild west, from the arid plains of Nebraska, has the audacity to question the legality of some of

MR. EDMUNDS' RECENT PERFORMANCES.

This latter gentleman is chairman of the Senate judiciary committee, and in the recent investigation of the Union Pacific business methods, he in connection with Mr. Hoar entered into a treaty with that corporation as represented by Mr. Adams, wherein are usurped the powers of the National Government. Though the business of a committee is to report and investigate, yet that of Mr. Edmunds stipulated with the U. P. R. R. that on payment of a certain sum further proceedings should be discontinued until next December. Senator Van Wyck very properly questions this procedure and asks very pertinently whether the treaty articles will read the United States of America in relation to the Union Pacific Railroad, or whether it will be their United Majesties Edmunds, Hoar and Adams in relation with said corporation. This postponement may be an illegal performance, and it may be the

establishment of a very bad precedent, but if some poor friend or follower of the Pharisee kind has stock to get rid of, why not give him a chance? Mr. Edmunds says:

What's law and precedent to me?
Mine 'tis to save the Pharisee.

WHEN HARVARD COLLEGE

refused to confer its degree on Gov. Butler, it was thought then that University stultification could no further go. But it appears that Harvard could go further into folly if she had not been checked. Her action in the case of H. Cabot Lodge recently is sufficient proof that a college is a granary which supplies food to vermin of uncommon size.

The Democratic party of Illinois is showing some good sense and sound judgment.

CARTER H. HARRISON,

the present mayor of Chicago, is nominated for Governor of Illinois. Under his administration of the mayoralty, Chicago has become the premier city of America. Its police and fire departments are the best managed and the most efficient in the world. Its streets and sewers, in a very short time, when the works now in progress are completed, will be the best in America. The building boom is unprecedented. It is estimated that some 400,000,000 brick will be used this year, and that 5,000 structures will be completed in this city before next fall. So far as the duties of a municipal officer goes, modern civilization cannot furnish an equal for Mayor Harrison. The preachers and the Pharisees find fault with him because he does not turn over and ascend the pulpit. But if the preacher discharged his duty as honestly and effectually as the Mayor does his, Chicago would be as moral as she is prosperous. When we have Governor Harrison, then Illinois will become the premier State, and will be able to formulate, if not dictate the future policies of the nation.

Next week will witness in this city an

ASSEMBLY OF MEN

that the United States have not beheld such, since the days of the Continental Congress. They don't meet here to devise means for the more effectual appropriation of the people's money. They don't meet here to ascertain which man can carry Ohio, or Massachusetts. They meet here to find out who of its many able statesmen can best represent the people and further the National welfare. There will be Butler of New England who never shirked a duty or betrayed a trust, a capitalist and yet the friend of labor and the working man, a yankee, and yet not a dyspeptic or a know-nothing. There will be Bayard of Delaware with three generations of unsullied Senatorial dignity on his shoulders, and there will be Thurman of Ohio, Watterson of Kentucky, Harrison of Ill., and Palmer and Trumbull of the same state. There can be seen men that a nation might be proud of and not like the miserable gawlers of a few weeks ago, with their cure—all pills and their schoolboy petulance and official arrogance.

THE OLD "BLOODY SHIRT"

is not figuring in this campaign as prominently as in bygone days, and consequently the remains of the late republican party have lost the aid of a very useful and effective electioneering element, viz., the pulpit warrior. Elaborate preparations were made for this department, but, alas, like many other great muscular as well as homanular plans, they have miscarried. Commissions and investigations in the South, all are gone for naught. The great point on which the Northern Pharisee used to dwell was the prospective demands of Southerners for war claims, but that can't be urged with propriety after reading Mr. Blaine's late history. In that work a chapter is devoted to Virginia. The original Virginia was divided in war times, and for this Mr. Blaine maintains there is a lawful basis for claims on the United States Government. In his letter of acceptance, which is yet unborn, it is to be hoped Mr. Blaine will give some explanation of this matter. If he means claims it is well for Virginians to know it. If he has written history for Buncombe it is also well for American students to know it. This must be one thing or the other; no tattooing will do here.

In one of our daily papers appears a full-length column report of what transpired at a religious meeting known as the

ADELPHI MISSION.

The thoughtless reader may glance over this column and characterize it as a piece of reportorial humor. The religious reader will turn from it with disgust and stigmatize it as a piece of irreverent profanity. But the serious reader will not be disposed to adopt either side; he will read it with attention and investigate it with interest. The meeting was held in a disused theatre under the auspices of charitable Christians, and led by a professing religiousist paid a monthly salary. J. V. Farrell spoke there and contributed \$5,000 to the promotion of this work. Many other prominent business men and well-meaning citizens also contributed liberally. The report says: "The leader, who sat on a stage behind a small organ and had a free-and-easy way of singing out Brother John or Jim in the audience, called for short speeches." The "service" opened with a hymn, and then experience speeches were in order. A young man

in the centre of the house arose and said "he had been born into the kingdom four weeks."

Then a young fellow with a red face and mustache faced the audience from the front and told in rather mixed English

HOW GLAD HE WAS TO BE THERE,

how he had drank and was cast off by friends; how the police hounded him; but now he was safe. A cripple begged for prayers. "Lord bless him, said the leader, that dear brother gave his heart to the Lord last night." Next a hisping, dark-haired man began to air his oratory with the air of a Republican stump-speaker, and was for going into generalities when the leader shouted: "Tell us what the Lord has done for you, Joe." Joe then told how he was converted and rescued from the very jaws of Cerberus, the three-headed janitor of hell. The leader as if apprehensive that Joe would overdo his part, broke in and said: "Now, let some stand up and say

HOW LONG THEY HAVE BEEN SAVED."

Half a dozen stood up. One man who turned out to be the janitor, told how he was rescued and what joy there was in heaven over his conversion. He did not say penitence or repentance. The reporter says: "There was a sequel to the meeting worth noting," and he then proceeds to give the views and opinions of a disinterested listener at the meeting. This listener on being asked if he were cognizant of the methods of religious awakenings and professional evangelists. He replied that he was, and that thoroughly, and from the minuteness of detail given the reporter evidently believed the man spoke the truth. Here is what this honest man who did not profess Christ at the Adelphi Mission said:

"Why, the d—d hypocrites! They told lies enough to burn up"—a piece that wasn't mentioned in the meeting. "Didn't ye fall on to it? Don't ye see," said he, accompanying the men across the river, "they had Mr. Farrell there, and he has just planked down \$500 for the hole. They'd got to set him up, you see. Do I know them fellers? Well, you just betcher life. I've been there every night. Never seen you gentlemen there before, but heard you kinder laughin' about it, so I spoke to ye. I know 'em all, and they're hypocrites, every mother's son of 'em. You know that fellow who blowed about being behind the bars? Well, he was drunk for three days last week. Know it? I reckon I do. And that yarn he spun about lookin' for work. Oh, that was purty, wasn't it? Thought he'd catch Mr. Farrell by that. They was all workin' that dodge, every blasted son of a gun there. Didn't ye notice how he punched 'em all up, and told 'em to tell what the Lord had done for 'em. O, I tell ye he had it all fixed up fine. Why, that duffer that bleated about his coffin and grave-cloths, he's the worst old liar in the lot. And that last feller, what's janitor now—O, he's got it soft. It's a wonder he hadn't told about his sleeping in a freight car, without any coat or shoes and stockings, 29 below zero. Why, one of those fools said one night he'd saved \$200 in three months on \$1 a day, and paid his board out of it, too. I told him he was a liar, and now he says he didn't say it. But he did. I tell you, there ain't none o' those chaps converted in that place. There was just one honest fellow spoke—that little cuss who didn't say much, and he got it all right over in one of them Murphy meetings. You bet I know all about 'em. They're just workin' that place, and don't you forget it. Why, I've seen the duffers file up there and shake hands with the boss. 'You converted, my friend?' he'd ask.

"Yes, sir, I gave my heart to the Lord two weeks ago, but I can't find any work. Can I sleep there to-night?"

"No, we h'aint a place for you," he'd tell 'em, and then the sons of guns would come back and say, 'The _____ says he won't keep us. To— with him. Now that's what they did, exactly. But that fellow gets his \$100 a month, so he had 'em all there to-night to show the decent men what a big thing he was doing."

The irate citizen was asked if he'd swear to the truth of all his statements. "Those fellows will dump you into the river to-morrow," said one of his audience, "when they read in the papers that you've called them liars and hypocrites." "What, be you reporters?" he queried, in surprise more or less real. "Well, you just rub 'em. I ain't lyin' to you, and I ain't afraid of the hull lot, neither." And he turned down Clark street, shouting as he went. "Rub 'em, rub 'em, the blank, blanked hypocrites."

This report should have a particular interest for the citizens of Utah, as it is the key to much of the troubles in that Territory. It is just in this way money is procured and

PROFESSIONAL HYPOCRITES MAINTAINED.

Why, it is only a few weeks ago since one of these tramping ghouls lectured here under the auspices of a church organization. The fellow spoke of the good work being done in the west by missionary teachers, and especially among the Mormons. But, he continued, the salaries of these teachers are now over due and the good work will have to be abandoned unless the dear brethren of the East will help. Money flowed in at that lecture in such a manner that the donors were evidently honest and sincere, even if imposed on. A Mr. Blatchford gave his check for \$500, and sums varying from \$5 to \$200 were freely contributed. Taking an interest in this Mr. Blatchford, and judging that the gentleman was honest, but imposed on, I felt it a duty to drop a written statement to the address given in the directory for this name, and fully urging on him the necessity, nay, even duty of enquiring how this money was to be expended. And that it would be well to demand

A LIST OF THESE UTAH TEACHERS

with their territorial names, and also the names they went by before going to Utah. Also if any of these teachers had fathers or friends to state where they could be found. I also instructed

him to write to the DESERET NEWS and state his objections to Mormonism, and also to ask whether the Mormons were in need of any missionaries, and that all his queries and his objections would be respectfully attended to, and that all the Mormons courted was investigation. In doing this I only felt doing my duty as a citizen and a member of society, the same as I should do if I saw an honest countryman in the hands of "gambling steers" and "bunko cappers," warn him and caution him against the company he was in. Then if he disregarded the admonition it was his own fault if he fell a prey to the awful tiger. Let the Adelphi mission report may be considered mythical vide Chicago Tribune July 3, 1884. Blaine and Logan organ.

JUNIUS.

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