

EDMUNDS WANING.

The Omaha Herald treats thus upon what it considers to be the waning political prospect of Senator Edmunds, and its causes:

"It has become painfully evident to even the most casual observer that Senator George F. Edmunds has 'fizzled out of the little end of the horn.' A few short weeks ago and he was the dashing leader of the armed and mailed hosts who were tilting fiercely at presidential prerogatives, to-day he is down-fallen and forsaken. There is not even a democratic officeholder so poor as to do him reverence.

What has become of the noble phalanx of republican Senators who met in solemn conclave and bound themselves by the most earnest assertions to follow the lead of the Vermont Senator, and never, no never, confirm the successor of any poor, persecuted republican who had lost his job? Where is that all-powerful cabal which was to pass with inquisitorial powers upon every wish of the President as regards the personnel of his administration? Alas! there has been dire mutiny, and the plans of the Vermont obstructor have fallen into disgrace, become the subject of derision and laughter.

To add to his crushing sense of loneliness his visions of a boom increasing in dimensions by the unquestioning acquiescence in his leadership have faded away, and he has not even the solace of certain retention in his position as senator. A powerful opposition building up in the Green Mountain State against him, and his pettish, weak course in the Senate has encouraged it. Poor old Edmunds! Well may he exclaim with Wolsey, 'Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness.'

SEVIER STAKE CONFERENCE.

The Quarterly Conference of Sevier Stake was held in Richfield on the 22d and 23d insts., well attended and much appreciated by large assemblies in the bower. Presided over by Counselor William H. Seegmiller. Every Ward had their representative of Bishops or Counselors. We were visited by President Peterson of Sanpete Stake, Elders Anton Lund and Daniel Harrison.

The spirit and power of the Gospel was manifested by the reports made of the condition of the several Wards, and a comforting and consoling spirit infused by the inspirations of the various speakers. The necessity for and use of Temples in which to obey ordinances of salvation and exaltation in the kingdom of God. Cash and merchandise was contributed for Temple building to the amount of \$449.05, besides grain, stock and other means.

The authorities, general and local, were sustained by unanimous vote, and harmony prevailed.

Wm. MORRISON, Stake Clerk.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES.

Interesting Missionary Experiences.

LIMESTONE COVE, Unicoy Co., Tennessee, May 19, 1886.

Editor Deseret News:

Leaving my mountain home for a mission to the Southern States, in company with others on the 15th of October, 1885, via the D. R. G. Railway, we passed some beautiful scenery, which I will not attempt to describe on paper.

After reaching Chattanooga I was assigned to the North Carolina Conference, and joined Elder Thorne in Burke County, on the 24th of October, where I labored until January 1st, 1886, when I was changed to labor with Elder Taylor in Carter County, Tennessee. We labored there together for a month, then Elder Edward Crowther was appointed to labor with me. We baptized a few in that place, and as more Elders came to our assistance in April, it was necessary that we extend our area and on the 24th of April the President of this (N. C.) Conference, and I came here for the purpose of opening a new field for missionary labors.

UNREASONING OPPOSITION.

We found some kind, hospitable friends who desired us to hold a meeting and offered a house for the purpose. We accordingly notified the people that we would preach; the morning before we were to hold meeting in the afternoon, three would-be usurpers, of municipal power, came and ordered us to leave the place before noon. We attempted to reason with them but they turned a deaf ear, saying: "We are raising families and don't want your pernicious doctrines taught in our midst," and persisted that we must leave, or force would be used. Our friends insisted that we hold the meeting and said they would protect us. We filled the appointment, only a few being present, as a report had been circulated that we had left. Those present stated they would like to hear us again, but we had business in Carter County and could not stay longer. We promised to come back and hold other meetings.

OTHER MEETINGS.

Accordingly on Saturday, May 1st, Elder D. R. Taylor and I came, and on Sunday, at 11 o'clock, attended a Free-will Baptist meeting. By permission,

immediately after their services terminated, we held a meeting in the house, with a large attendance. Good order prevailed and strict attention was paid to what was said.

We visited among the people, finding more friends who were inquiring into our principles, until Sunday, when we held another meeting in the church house, which was well filled with attentive listeners.

Being desirous of visiting some Saints in Mitchell County, N. C., we left an appointment for the fourth Sunday. We arrived at Brother David Vance's, on Horse Creek, on the 14th.

A TERRIFIC STORM.

On the 15th, in company with Bros. D. & G. Vance I started for Elk River, six miles distant, to attend a meeting. It began a storm of thunder and lightning about 2 o'clock and a dark, angry cloud, accompanied by rain, hail and wind, appeared in the north-west, taking an easterly course. As it neared us it assumed a more destructive aspect. We little thought we were facing a hurricane until it became so violent that limbs and tops of trees were flying through the air with great velocity. Many large trees were uprooted and large hickory trees were twisted off. We narrowly escaped by running to a house near by. The storm lasted about 20 minutes, after which in looking around we found ourselves entangled with fallen trees, counting nearly one hundred within a stone's throw of us. Injone large orchard only five fruit trees are standing and other orchards are more or less injured. As we continued our journey we encountered much difficulty from the fallen trees and scattered fence rails. We discovered that the leaves and in some places the bark had been stripped from the trees. One boy was killed by a falling tree and a little girl was blown away a short distance and severely injured. A corn-crib was blown on to a man, knocking him through a board fence as he was passing to a house. A returning visitor to a saloon, with more ardent spirits than he could carry, was reposing by the roadside, unconscious of the approaching danger, when suddenly a tree fell across his leg, holding him firmly in the rain and hail until some one extricated him from his perilous predicament. As far as I have learned the storm was about two miles in width and was the most disastrous ever known in that part.

It seems the judgments of God are commencing to be poured out upon the inhabitants of the earth, and the Elders of Israel are assiduously engaged in warning the people and calling them to repentance, but they heed it not. Yet "as it was in the days of Noah so shall it be in the days of the coming of the Son of Man." If wickedness and indifference to the commandments of God are essential requirements, I think the people are fully prepared with those qualifications.

GIBSON A. CONDIE.

DESERET UNIVERSITY.

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES—AN INTELLECTUAL TREAT.

The commencement exercises of the University of Deseret, which is about to close for the season, were held Thursday, commencing at 10:30 a.m., and continuing until after 1 p.m. The principal events of the occasion were the conferring of certificates of graduation upon the Normal class of students, the graduates in the Scientific Course, and addresses and essays by officers, students and others. The principal hall in the University building was crowded at the time set for commencing, and many who came later stood up during the whole of the exercises. Seated upon the platform were Chancellor Whitney, Regents John R. Park, John W. Taylor, Wm. M. Stewart, John Q. Cannon, Elias A. Smith, Don Carlos Young, Wm. W. Riter and A. W. Carlsson; Professors Toronto, Kingsbury, Howard, Paul, Stephens, Tuckett, Andre and others. His Excellency Governor West entered the hall shortly after the exercises were opened, and was shown to a seat upon the platform. On one side was the orchestra led by Professor Weihe, on the other the graduating classes, and back of them seats for the newspaper reporters.

The assembly having been called to order by President Park, the orchestra rendered a beautiful selection from "Mignon," and prayer was offered by Regent John W. Taylor. Normal Graduate William Allison delivered the valedictory address, which was a well worded, carefully prepared dissertation upon the utility of education, the intellectual progress of the human race and the duties of the Normal graduates as the school teachers of the future. An address to the normal graduates by Dr. John R. Park, full of good counsel and instruction was followed by the giving of certificates to this class. They are Wm. Allison, of Coalville; Annie Mousley Cannon, of Salt Lake; Oliver Cowdery Dunford, of Bloomington; Henry John Faust, of Salt Lake; Nathan John Harris, of Harrisville; Alfred Osmond, of Bloomington; Marvin Elmer Pack, of Kamas; Richard Asbury Shippey, of Salt Lake; Alonzo Jerome Stookey, of Clover; and Edna Margaret Wells, of Salt Lake City. A song by Mrs. Magie Freeze Bassett, "Once Again" was very beautifully rendered and an intermission of fifteen minutes ensued.

The Orchestra opened Part Second with the "Spanish Fantasia," and an essay on the "Influence of Passion" was

read by Benjamin Francis Howells. It was a magnificent piece of literature—a prose poem, and was heartily applauded. Thomas David Lewis read an essay on "Socrates," a thoughtful, eloquent and truthful delineation of the character, life, trial, conviction and heroic death of the grand old philosopher. President Park then addressed the graduates in the Scientific Course, Benjamin F. Howells and Thomas D. Lewis, both of Salt Lake City, the first ones to receive the degree of Bachelor of Science in the history of the University, and conferred upon them their certificates. Professor Weihe executed a violin solo in his usual exquisite style, and an address was then delivered by Chancellor O. F. Whitney, which was loudly applauded. Governor West was called for from the body of the house and responded in a few happy words, closing as follows: "God bless all efforts for education and for good, the realization of which will entitle us to citizenship in that other and better world."

The University Singing Class, directed by Prof. H. A. Tuckett, rendered a chorus "Serenade," and Regent Wm. M. Stewart pronounced the benediction.

The exercises were thoroughly enjoyable and everybody seemed delighted with all they had seen and heard.

THE MORALS OF "SOCIETY" MEN.

The following extract from the correspondence of a vigorous lady contributor to an eastern journal, exposes the doings of the young bloods of the country who are received in "the best society," and whose excesses are popularly apologized for as "growing their wild oats":

"I have a young friend who has lost most all of her faith in masculine human nature. She probably still believes in her father and brother, and, of course, her confidence in her favorite clergyman is unimpaired; but as for the rest of the sterner sex she thinks of it as I should dreadfully hate to have anyone think of me. But I must hurry to tell you just how it all happened. My friend is Miss Flora (never mind her other name, which has an Irish sound far away back in the last century—her Irish grandfather came over here and founded the great fortune of the family by importing Irish linens.) She went to Europe about five years ago to complete a musical and generally artistic course in Italy. As a school girl of 16 she formed a fond attachment for a young Knickerbocker. They exchanged rings and, as both thought, their alleged hearts in the bargain. While she was away she was a great deal more steadfast to her troth as girls generally are than he was, I think. At any rate, she got a good many hints from friends at home, just before she returned, that made her doubt whether his habits were such as she wanted in a man she was to tie up to for life. She heard something about an actress and about a certain 'Button Club,' which everyone knows is the name of a coterie of poker-players on Murray Hill; and the last picture he sent her gave him a face that seemed to her just a wee bit bloated and bibulous. Well, Flora is one of the pluckiest girls I ever knew. She thinks nothing of a five-barred gate when she is mounted. She won a wager at Newport by swimming across the bay from the bluffs to the opposite shore, and bringing back an apple from an orchard there, and at another time in Orange she caught a burglar in her bedroom, horse-whipped him and held him until they could get a policeman. The consequence was that when she heard her Charley was going wrong she did something different from sitting down, as most girls would, and having a good weep. First she wrote to him all she had heard, and he, perceiving to lie rather than lose her and her half million, wrote back that he was a sinner, and whoever said he wasn't was a liar, so to speak. She didn't believe him, and she wrote to me, 'I am coming home,' she said, 'with the most daring scheme that I ever had, and you and your cousin Bob are in it.' I knew it would be something breathless, but I was hardly prepared for what it turned out to be. She wanted to get male togery for herself and me, and then have Cousin Bob introduce us as young foreigners to her Charley, as she always called him. I was like Artemus Ward during the war, perfectly willing to sacrifice all my wife's relations, but I would not go myself. 'My figure is not exactly the sort for male attire, my dear,' said I; 'it's too, er-too, too, don't you know? but you'll do, with your hair clipped, and you can have Cousin Bob. She wanted to put in a night around town with her Charley, and, as Bob knew him very well, it was as easy as an old stocking. Bob would not hear of it at first. 'I klick,' he said. He actually used that expression to me. 'All right,' said I, 'klick if you want to, but you'll either do what I want, or you don't go anywhere with me or my friends next summer.' Well, he did it, but he said I'd regret it the longest day I lived.

Flora got herself up in the style of a law student—one of those buttoned-up things in black, with a mouth and eye-glasses, and the stare of a baby trying to look like an old rook. She's a born actress, and she looked so true to life, that I wanted to sprinkle salt on her to keep her fresh. She went with Bob and her Charley and half a dozen others, mostly gold-plated young snobs, to see a burlesque. Flora pretended to be just from France and unable to speak English, so that nobody tried to talk to her except Bob. Her plan worked to a dot. She saw and heard enough to satisfy her. To use her own words: 'If I went to a nunnery to-morrow I'd have had more than my share of wickedness just from that night.' Every one of the young men, except Bob, knew some of the girls on the stage, and they talked about them, she says, just as jockeys might be supposed to talk about horses. One of the young men flirted with a woman in the audience, methers after the play, and went away to supper with her, while the rest strolled to a place called the Silver Grill, an all night shop house on Sixth-ave. Flora stood there just one hour. She drank Rhine wine, to which she is accustomed, but the conversation of the young men, the stories they told and the way they behaved with the waitresses who attended them caused her to beg Bob to take her home. He told me that he had been waiting to do that from the first.

"It was nothing extraordinary," said he; "in fact, it was an uncommonly quiet and orderly night the boys were having, but they talked freely, and although I should have thought nothing of it ordinarily, still when I knew that an innocent girl was a listener and looker-on there I suffered such tortures as I never did before in my life, and ever since then I have been half ashamed of myself in feminine company."

As for Flora, I can't tell you what she said. She came and flung herself on my bed and cried, the next day, till I thought she would weep herself crazy. "Beasts" and "brutes" were the only words she could find to apply to her companions of the night before, and she assured me that in all the French novels, all the criminal reports and all the startling talk she had ever read or heard she had never conceived a tenth of the perfectly awful horribleness of these young men.

Well, that is not all. There is more to Flora's case, and, in fact, I come in here myself. Flora wrote to her Charley, telling him that she was the French student who spent that evening with him. He tried to see her, but she said she would rather touch a toad. Then he wrote to her that he was far better than an average young man; in fact, that he was rather a model—sober, honest, industrious and without being addicted to any vice except smoking. To cap the climax, her own people took his side, and she has had assurances that he is an uncommonly nice young man—from whom do you think? Why, from two clergymen, from cousin Bob, from a great reformer, from a college professor, from a banker and from male relatives a score in number. To each she has indicated her experience, and each has substantially replied: "Well, I know, to a young girl that seems outrageous, but young men must be young men, and Charley is better than most of his age and sex."

Flora is disheartened and disgusted. She has not given up the sex. She means to find some decent, clean, manly, self-respecting, ambitious fellow, who leads one life, as open as a book, and she means to point to him, and tell all who have assured her to the contrary that it is not impossible to be decent and be a man at the same time. But, my gracious! It's been a revelation to me. I thought the moon and I were pretty wide awake, but its news to me that young men who lead such lives can be considered exemplary characters. And Cousin Bob, too! "Go into the North Woods and hide yourself," I wrote to him: "I should feel like turning a hose on you if you came near me." I really believe I shall have more patience with the sissies and the molly coddles among mankind after this. Surely, they are reputable.

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CLARA BELLE.

A MORMON WOMAN'S SUGGESTION.

Editor Pomeroy's Democrat:

Since your paper made its welcome appearance in our isolated village, many a hearty laugh has been provoked, thereby causing our supper to digest more easily.

Your plain expose of prejudicial and unjust Federal officials now holding high carnival in poor afflicted Utah is the more refreshing because of their vanity. However honest and fair-minded editors, lecturers, or ministers may desire to be, yet it is nevertheless true that the majority of those speaking and writing allow their judgment to be warped and twisted out of place by the resistless force of public sentiment. I speak advisedly when I assert that upon no question in which the public have any interest or concern is there such an unaccountable lack of correct information as of matters pertaining to this Territory and its inhabitants.

Numberless plans have been advised in addition to the problem published in the Democrat, in answer to the question, "what shall be done with the Mormon people?" and doubtless many more will yet be invented.

I would modestly suggest that a committee of sound-minded, intelligent women, composed of delegates from all the States and Territories of the Union, these delegates to be honored wives and mothers, and it would be

strange indeed if these daughters of Eve did not offer a solution to existing troubles, equal at least in consistency to that monstrous production of Senator Edmunds. I am one of the many thousands of women in Utah who are now suffering under the galling reflection that our sisters abroad sit in judgment upon us, and, misunderstanding our true position, render unjust and cruel sentence. I have lived among this unpopular, but to me beloved people, thirty years, raised a family in honor among them, and am sure the impurities and immoralities imputed to them are utterly groundless. You will not be surprised to learn that women here (like their sex elsewhere), are given to visiting; so in my rounds one day, with the knitting in my pocket, I also put a copy or two of your strange paper, (strange because not afraid to speak honest sentiment in defense of right and justice); and my neighbors are becoming impressed with the candor and manly independence expressed in its columns, and we shall extend its circulation to the extent of our ability.

MRS. FRANCES FAIRPLAY.

—Pomeroy's Democrat.

Rockville, Utah.

If your blood is tainted with foul disease, you must restore the kidneys to health if you ever expect to purify it, as they are the great blood purifiers—by use of Warner's safe cure.

Unable to Dress or Undress for 10 years.

LOCKPORT, N. Y., April 25th, 1884.—For ten years I suffered from lame back. Could not dress or undress myself. Different physicians failed to do me any good. Had constant desire to urinate, when I could not pass a particle of water. Suffered tortures. Took three bottles of Warner's safe cure, which effectually and permanently cured me. Never knew it to fail. —FAYETTE HASKELL.

DEATHS.

WILLIAMS.—On June 1st, in the 10th Ward, of pneumonia, Bertha Williams, wife of E. J. Williams, aged 25 years.

The funeral service will be held at the residence of the family, No. 731 east, Sixth South Street, at 11 a. m. on Friday. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

PRATT.—At Corvye, Garfield County, Utah, of dropsy, Sarah H. Pratt, relict of the late Parley P. Pratt, May 26, 1886. She was born in Star County, Ohio, August 3d, 1823. She was a faithful Latter-day Saint, and leaves 6 children.

SMITH.—At his residence 128 W First North Street, James Smith, aged 67 years, 8 months and 6 days.

Funeral from the Seventeenth Ward school house on Saturday morning, at 10:30 o'clock a. m. Friends of the family are respectfully invited to attend.

Mill. Star, please copy.

HAGAN'S

Magnolia Balm

is a secret aid to beauty. Many a lady owes her freshness to it, who would rather not tell, and you can't tell.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One small sorrel MARE, about 2 years old, branded on right thigh C S, white

streak down forehead, chestnut tail and feet.

If the above described animal is not claimed and taken away on or before June 4th, 1886, it will be sold at auction to the highest responsible bidder, at 2 p. m., at the city estray pound, Washington Square.

M. SHELMEIDINE, City Poundkeeper.

Salt Lake City, May 25, 1886.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One roan, 3 or 4-year-old HORSE, small white spot in forehead, hind feet white, roached mane, damaged on right eye,

branded K on right thigh and V on the left thigh.

If the above described animal is not claimed on or before June 9th, 1886, it will be sold at public auction at the estray pound in Tooele City, at 10 o'clock a. m.

M. B. NELSON, Poundkeeper,

Tooele City, May 31, 1886.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION:

One red and white STEER, about 14 months old, swallowfork in right ear, crop, hole and underflow in left ear, white in forehead, no brands visible.

It not claimed within ten days will be sold on Friday, June 11th, 1886, at 10 o'clock a. m., at the Kanosh Estray Pound.

ANTHONY PAXTON, District Poundkeeper,

Kanosh, Millard Co., Utah, June 1, 1886.