

Poverty vs. Affluence.

"Poverty," says a recent writer, "puts a fearful strain on a man's honesty." A statement which no thoughtful mind will care to contradict, and the truth of which will be recognized by every reader. Want and necessity come to the poor man with powerful demands. Temptation begotten of these evils at once drags and impels him in a thousand varied forms towards dishonesty and disgrace. An empty larder and a hungry family, scant fuel in winter, and still more scanty clothing, are serious hindrances to that perfect integrity of soul which is so much lauded and about which so many volumes have been written. The rich man has no temptations to dishonesty comparable to those which are the daily attendance of poverty. He has money, fuel, food and raiment in abundance. A mansion shelters both himself and family from wintry rigor, and friends vie with each other in studying new devices for his comfort and enjoyment. Rich men have friends. True, they are not those single-minded, unselfish persons who esteem one for one's self alone. But in a practical way they are better. Generally the poor man's friend is also poor. Unselfish, devoted though he be, his means are always far less than his desire to aid. The friends of the rich are often themselves wealthy. They are men who have the ability to aid, should misfortune occur, and sometimes do so. Wealth gathers to itself wealth, even as poverty is always duplicating itself. There is nothing, not even those strong drinks which madden the intellect and excite the passions, more productive of suffering and crime than the abject enslavement of its victims by the demon of poverty. Go where we will, and that intemperance which begets crime, and is almost uncontrollable, is chiefly found among those unfortunates whom ill-success and penury have driven to desperation. Turning to the punishment of dishonesty, no matter how begotten, and we find, that when the poor man sins, few sympathize with his fall or believe his promises of reformation. Justice deals out his meed of punishment with unsparing hand, and the tender voice of mercy is unheard amid the loud outcry made against his crime. A poor man steals a garment, a piece of meat, a loaf of bread, some fuel to warm his almost frozen family. Stern penalties are surely his if taken and convicted; and when once incarcerated, seldom does the sweet presence of the pardoning power appear in his behalf. But with the rich, the "high-toned," educated swindler, all is changed. A large defalcation occurs. Arrest follows slowly if at all. Next compromise with the officers of justice or with defrauded creditors. This failing, slow efforts at conviction ensue. Justice bows her head in homage at the vision of his former standing and his present wealth. If at last convicted, the Judge upon the bench, whose sentence strikes so heavily upon the ear of the pauper thief, makes the sentence of the princely swindler easy and as short as the law allows. His jailer brings him rare viands, his rooms are cheerful and comfortable, and when in a few months pardon comes, he walks out clad in fine linen and broadcloth to enjoy his ill-gotten wealth and the respect of many of his fellow men—but, thank God, not of all!—*Gold Hill News.*

The Pettifogger.

[From Hon. E. G. Ryan's Address Before the Law Class of the University of Wisconsin.]

Behold the pettifogger, the black-leg of the law. He is, as his name imports, a stirrer-up of trifling grievances and quarrels. He sometimes emerges from professional obscurity, and is charged with business which is disreputable only through his own tortuous devices; for the vermin cannot forego his instincts even among his betters. He is generally found, however, and he always begins in the lowest professional grade. Indeed, he is the troglodyte of the law. He has great cunning. He mistakes it for intelligence. He is a fellow of infinite presence. He pushes himself everywhere, and is self-important wherever he goes. You will often find him in legislative bodies, in political assemblies, in boards of supervisors, in common coun-

cils. He is sometimes there for specific villainy; sometimes on general principles of corruption, waiting on Providence for any fraudulent job. He is always there for evil. The temper of his mind, the habits of his life, make him essentially mischievous. In all places he is always dishonest. When he cannot cheat for gain, he cheats for love. He haunts low places, and herds with the ignorant. It is his kindly office to set them by the ears, and to feed his vanity and his pockets from the quarrels he incites or foments. He is in everybody's way, and pries into everybody's business. He meddles in all things, and is indefatigable in mischief. He is just lawyer enough to be mischievous. He is a living example of Pope's truth, that a little learning is a dangerous thing. Among his ignorant companions he is infallible in all things. Sometimes he is reserved and sly, with knowing look which gains credit for wisdom and character, for thinking all he does not utter. Generally he is loquacious, demonstrative of his small eloquence. Then his tongue is too big for his mouth, and his mouth is too loose for truth.

Preparing to Move on the Mormons.

It is announced from Washington that measures are being prepared for another raid on Mormonism as soon as Congress moves. This, perhaps, is well enough. The having of more than one wife, in a land whose elevated morality is as conspicuous as in ours, is undoubtedly a most scandalous thing, and should be extirpated. Nevertheless, there is a time for everything, and it may be a pertinent question whether or not there are some evils that properly demand attention in advance of that shocking state of things where two or more wives are fastened to one husband.

The condition of affairs in the south in which the commercial and industrial resources of that vast area are embarrassed; in which ignorant negroes and scallawag whites hold the reins of power, and plunder the people, are matters that some people may think of more consequence than a plurality of wives, and hence, demanding earlier attention.

There are others, again, who may have a conviction that, bad as may be the having more than one mother-in-law, it is not yet quite as bad as the corruption in every department of Mr. Grant's administration, from back and front pay grabbers down to the collectors, who, like Harper of Springfield, get away with their little swag of \$100,000. Heinous as is being the husband of more than one wife, it is certainly no worse than the robbery by corporations of the public domain, the existence of Credit Mobilier operations, and the crying, open and shameless rascality that pervades the administration.

Something, however, must be done. There is such a demand for reform that Congress must do something. It will probably not repeal the back pay swindle; it will not attempt to purify the Augean stables of the collectorship; it will not attempt to cure the appalling evils attending the condition of the south; it will not labor to put an end to the growth of the monstrous tariff monopolies that are drawing the blood of the nation like vampires; but it can, and probably will, make a tremendous effort to eradicate the evils of Mormonism. There is a colony out there that settled in the desert and made it as an Eden. They opened up a territory before regarded as worthless, and now it is the richest and most promising section of the Union. These people built railroads, they crushed out whiskey shops, and there was found nowhere among them a house of ill-fame. They had no trouble with the Indians, and daily they were adding to our population by a foreign immigration that was of no mean dimensions. But alas! as an offset to all these, many of them allowed themselves more than one wife. And now they must be reconstructed. They must give up polygamy or emigrate. It is not that anybody wishes their lands or their other possessions. It is simply and purely

that the high moralists connected with Mr. Grant's immaculate administration cannot witness this spectacle of polygamy without horror, and so they are resolved to secure its destruction.—*Chicago Times.*

The Kiowa Chiefs.

SATANTA IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FRIENDS—BIG TREE ON HIS NATIVE HEATH.

Satanta and Big Tree, under guard, arrived at Fort Sill on the 4th, and were turned over to Gen. Davidson's command. Their relatives were permitted to see them. The captives were informed that they would be kept in confinement till the end of the month, when Governor Davis and the Indian Commissioner would treat with the tribe for their release. They were warned that any attempt to escape would meet with summary punishment. Satanta replied he was used to being in jail. Both are looking well, but reduced in flesh since their confinement. The night after their arrival signal fires were seen blazing at various points on the Wichita Mountains, indicating to the various camps that the great chiefs had arrived.

On the day following they were visited by various distinguished Kiowas, among them, Kicking Bird, Lone Wolf, Big Bow, White Horse, and a brother of Big Tree. A correspondent of the *St. Louis Times* gives the following description of the interview between Satanta and his family:

"This evening the prisoners were visited by Satanta's father and mother, each of whom is over seventy-five, his three wives, and from six to eight 'little Indians' standing in a line." Big Tree was visited by his mother, Kicking Bird and Lone Wolf being also present. The meeting between the chief and his old father was rather affecting. The old man, on first seeing him, stood quite rigid, looking fixedly at him, with his hands clasped for some seconds, then rubbing his eyes, as if to assure himself his failing sight was not deceiving him, he threw himself into his son's arms. When the squaws and small fry were let in, wasn't there a Babel! All were crying, laughing and chattering together, like any other women. Of these Satanta took comparatively little notice until he came to his eldest son, a boy about sixteen years of age. He embraced him passionately, and after holding him some minutes in his arms he buried his face in his hands, while the boy slunk into a corner of the cell and covered his head with his blanket.

"Affecting as the scene was, it wound up with a rather ludicrous incident. Satanta's youngest wife sidled up to him, and after unwrapping enormous folds of buffalo robe and blanket from what looked very like the old budget of an itinerant tinker, she rather morosely plucked his sleeve, and pointed to a sleeping papoose scarce six months' old, desired him to 'look at his son.' For an instant the chief's nether jaw fell an inch or two, and he rubbed his scalp-locks and looked reflective. His discomfit, however, was momentary, and like a sensible savage, concluding that 'to be sad about trifles was only folly,' he tossed his head, and laughed, and said his heart felt good to see all his folks around him."—*Ex.*

A Curious Prophecy.

It is now a commonplace of modern thought that ability to predict establishes the validity of any science. To prove that sociology has made some advance in the direction of certainty, I venture upon a few generalizations touching the future:

1. I predict that the Democratic party will never contest another Presidential election under its old name and organization. The new anti-administration party will have another name and fight under new leaders.

2. I predict that questions of administration, such as civil service reform, minority representation, the control of telegraphs and railways, and the extension of the powers of the central government, will be the main issues in future political campaigns.

3. I predict that within the coming two years this country will experience the worst financial panic known to its history. It will be

more widespread and disastrous than even that of 1837. All the debts created by our paper-money era will be wiped out or compromised. Land will temporarily fall to one-half its present value.

4. This panic will be precipitated, in all probability, by the failure of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and perhaps of the bankers who manage it. This will bring to light such an amazing amount of fraud in connection with our railroads as to discredit all stocks, good or bad. The bears will hold high carnival. The men of most repute in financial circles and on the "street" will prove to be common cheats. While the panic will commence, from all appearance, in railroad circles, and will be confined for a time to the new Western enterprises, it will spread finally to the national banks, and will develop an amount of rottenness in those institutions which is now beyond the power of the imagination to conceive.

5. I predict that in ten years' time the Northern Pacific Railroad enterprise will be regarded as one of the most astounding instances of human credulity and folly. It will be a matter of profound astonishment that among a business community tens of thousands of sensible men could be found to invest money with a hope of profit in a railroad which began nowhere, ended nowhere, and ran for the most part through a howling wilderness. That this road may be built is possible; that it can be made to pay in the present generation is too crazy a chimera to be for a moment entertained.

7. I predict that when all the great Pacific roads break down, as break they must, an immediate demand will be made for the Government to control and run them. This will be the entering wedge for the final control of all means of rapid transit by the central government.

7. I predict that before the breakdown of our railroad system, corruption will be rampant in Washington, the railroad rings will run the Government wherever their interests are at stake.

8. I predict that very few will pay any heed to these prophecies, and that after they prove true they will have been forgotten, and another instance will have been given how prophets are not honored in their own time and nation, in the fate of

A POSITIVIST PREDICTOR.

—*Modern Thinker*, Nov., 1872.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT HORROR.—Joaquin Miller relates a story horrible enough to satisfy the most ardent lover of sensation horrors. It is about a mining camp in a lonely district in California where the scurvy broke out. They had no way of treating the afflicted ones, when one of the miners happened to remember a cure he had formerly heard of, called the "earth cure." So they dug six deep pits in the shadow of a huge pine, and buried the patients up to the chin, having first taken off their clothes. The earth was shoveled back and patted down about them, and the six heads in the moonlight had a ghastly look, "like men rising in resurrection to meet the judgment." The buried men, like all hard working miners, soon dozed off into a deep stupor-like sleep. Their companions who were watching them grew dozy too, and crawled off to their beds and slept soundly until morning, when they went to see how their companions were getting on. They found that the wolves had been down and eaten every one of the six heads level with the ground.

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