

cannot be defended as in harmony with this policy. For instance, the tariff reform of the Administration is attacked as "free trade" by the opposing party, when the reduction of duties it proposes is even less than what has been advocated by the champions of protection.

Another instance is the publication in Republican journals, several of which kept them at the head of their columns, of the following alleged excerpts from English papers:

"The only time England can use an Irishman is when he emigrates to America and votes for free trade." *London Times.*

"Grover Cleveland has done more to advance the cause of free trade than any prime minister of England has ever done." *London Spectator.*

These papers have denied that any such remarks have appeared in their columns, and it is now admitted that they were forgeries. It is said they were the work of the New York Republican Club. Such a method of warfare is contemptible and argues a desperate condition of the party that resorts to it. Republican papers posted the pretended quotations on bulletin boards, and several million copies were made for distribution, and have been scattered broadcast by Republican agents.

Another scheme in the same line is the publication of a pretended Democratic paper in New York, which is really devoted to the interests of the Republican party. It is called the *Democrat*, and three out of its eight pages are devoted to editorial articles which support free trade. The intent of the paper is to make the public believe that the one object of the Democratic party is to establish free trade in this country.

The *World* sent a reporter to the editor, and he states that after considerable diplomacy he wormed out of him the admission that it was a campaign paper, and an intimation that it was backed by the Republican National Committee. He said:

"Yes, and it's a good scheme, too. I tell you what you can do to help defeat these Democrats. I want the addresses of Democrats who will be likely to scare at 'Free Trade.' You must be the names of people you meet on your travels, and I will send them a paper from here—free, of course. Then, another thing. You get the papers to take up the statements published. That is just what we want, as it causes a controversy. When a Republican paper quotes our Free-Trade editor, it counts, don't you see?"

It is about fair to state, however, that the Republican Committee denies and repudiates any connection with the scheme, and that the editor disavows the accuracy of the *World* reporter's statements. But the exposure of the *World* has made quite a furore, and whosoever is backing the publication is doing a most shameful thing. It is known that the man has no money of his own, that the sheet has been distributed, and that it is calculated to do great injury to the Democratic cause.

A fair and free discussion of the principles and policy of the rival parties is proper, and will result in the enlightenment of the masses upon important public questions. For out of the rubbish and twaddle of the debate and the misrepresentations of the words of opponents which accompany them will gleam forth and its rays will illuminate the land. But these tricks of scheming politicians are a crime, and are on a par with bribery, lying, swindling and the corruption which is made punishable by law, and they should be denounced and suppressed by every legitimate authority.

The papers which expose them perform a public service.

regard. To send the work away now is like being torn from a beloved companion when most the solace of his friendly presence is needed.

"In some respects this volume may be imperfect; the circumstances which surrounded its preparation were not favorable to the collection and arrangement of materials. But it is believed to be truthful and just.

"To many friends the Author is indebted for information here embodied; and he takes this occasion to thank them, hoping to live yet to meet them and express his gratitude in the flesh.

"That the sublime example and inspired teachings of Joseph, the Prophet of the Last Dispensation, may be of eternal benefit to all who read this Life, is the heart-felt wish of

"THE AUTHOR.

"UTAH PENITENTIARY, Oct. 1, 1888."

It would be useless to attempt to show the nature of the volume by quoting from its pages—its title should be sufficient to cause every believer in the divinity of the mission of Joseph to procure it and read it for himself. Indeed, there must be multitudes of people who do not have that belief who will possess themselves of this faithful delineation of the life, character and work of one who is universally acknowledged by all civilized people to have been one of the most remarkable men of modern times.

The author has taken great pains to collect all authenticated materials with which to construct the body of his great theme. The result is all that would be desired. In this volume the nature of the times and prevailing conditions when the youthful Joseph was called by the voice of God are faithfully described; the system of salvation which he introduced and established is clearly defined; the character of the man depicted and his life-work vividly and accurately detailed. The diction of the work combines elegance with force, so that even aside from the greatness of the subject it is attractive as a literary production of a high order. It will receive a specially warm welcome to the homes of all those who belong to the "household of faith."

RABBIT VALLEY.

A Racy Letter with Hero and There a Glimp of Humor in It.

Loa, Plute County, September 23, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

It may interest a portion of your readers to know that Rabbit Valley is nearing the end of the most successful harvest ever experienced by the farmers in this great altitude, 7,000 feet above sea level. Many who have predicted that this valley was only suited for range purposes would be astonished to see the large amount of grain raised here this season. Oats are abundant all along the line, and one peculiarity of this crop up here is the remarkable greenness of the straw. Even when stacked, in the distance it has the appearance of lucerna in color, making a valuable fodder for winter use. The wheat raised in this valley carries the fullest and plumpest berry I have seen in any country. Potatoes that I have seen are excellent in both size and quality. This ward is presided over by the veteran Bishop Elias Blackburn. The townsite is beautifully located, and destined to become one of the most pleasant, and prosperous towns in the county. The productive lands here, only wanting the well directed energies of those who claim it, and this present harvest proves that muscle is a mine of wealth to those who judiciously expend it upon their farms. Whilst much of the grain is still unharvested from the fields, two threshers have commenced humming their march in Loa.

Eight miles below here is located the town of Thurber, a nice thriving little ward, bearing evidence of spiritual life in the erection of quite a large meeting-house, as yet not quite finished. Last Sabbath I visited the ward of Fremont, located six miles above here, and found Bishop Allen Taylor sitting as a student in the theological class teaching and willing to be taught, by the more experienced greybeards of the class, who are still anxious to further learn the ways of the Lord. I spent a few hours with the people there, and realized the happy influence of Gospel unity, which is the sure fruit of the rule of love which exists in this little nook in the mountains.

There is still some grain uncut both here and at Thurber. The valley is watered principally by the "Dirty Devil," a misnomer in the highest degree, for no more pleasant, peaceful, crystal stream ever meandered amid the prayerful homes of a grateful people than the one so named. But I am told that before it reaches the Colorado, many miles below here, like poor, reckless humanity in its downward course, it gradually assumes a form less pleasant, until a turbid, seething mass is swallowed in the grave of waters, and in kindness forgotten.

Timber throughout the valley is plentiful and cheap. Bills of lumber are filled at \$10 per thousand. Amongst the substantial improvements in Loa this summer, is a white brick two-story house in the centre of town belonging to Mr. Thomas Blackburn. But the most imposing structure I believe in the county, is the red brick residence of Hugh J. McLeilan, Esq. That gentleman has resided in this

sequently "roughed it." And now being able has determined that he and his rustling wife will take it more easy, that is, if Hugh can keep her quiet, for she is a worker by nature and practice. He has provided a splendid house, containing eleven rooms. The finishing touches are being put on by the painters and in a week or two Salt Lake City will be visited, and some enterprising furniture dealer will catch a customer. Hugh is unpretentious but pays cash.

I was reading the other day that certain Hebrew scientists assert that meat and milk ought not to be taken as food together, the combination producing an alchemical almost instantaneously. I do not doubt the philosophy, but the combination of milk from Hugh's full-blooded Holsteins, and the beef from his mountain, grass-fed steers, produces an effect that is quite nourishing to a worker, as is evinced by my own avoirdupois. Stock buyers are coming in, and stock men are cheerful, as winter range is overstocked for miles around here.

One coming to this valley for the first time would not imagine that that mercantile pest, the bundle peddler, had preceded him into this seclusion, but it is true, nevertheless, and he has left his mark deep in the gullibility of many. Imagine the consistency of a friend of mine, who can see plumb through Mormonism (?) talk wisely on the tariff question, and with lagersollian logic condemn Mother Eve for listening to the wiles of Lucifer, being bearded in his own home, by one of these Scotch-Irish talking machines, and within fifty minutes is beguiled into signing an iron clad note for from 75 to 150 dollars for articles he has no immediate use for, and then, before the peddler, and his decoybird, are fairly out of sight, seeking a less pretentious neighbor, and offering him his bargain? at a discount of from five to fifteen per cent. Yet this is frequently done. "What fools we mortals be" when we try to grasp the infinite, and stumble over our own little inconsistent selves. Fancy a poor farmer with a dozen and a half of large table cloths in his drawer—how nourishing it is to the children, and then the tantalizing interest on the note! How refreshing for breakfast every morning!

One advantage I observe is in the cutting by inexperienced hands of the cloth into large legged pants. It gives the wearer the appearance of a "Solid Man" from shoulders to shoes. And by the experience of a month of friction he discovers that the warp of the cloth is shoddy, and the wool has again resolved itself into bundles and lodged between the linings.

About twelve miles northwest from here, and still higher up in the mountains, is one of nature's wonders, the magnificent sheet of water called Fish Lake, and upon its edge I was surprised to find quite a commodious building, used as an hospital, and presided over by Dr. St. John and his wife. I visited the lake early in the spring, to capture some of the celebrated trout. I was in company with a friend, and landed between fifty and sixty pounds. The mode of capture is to get quietly below the fish, at about daylight in the morning, as they wriggle up the steep shallow creek to spawn, and armed with a club, strike them just behind the ears, and the fish is yours. The more lively one strikes the more fish he is likely to get, if they are there. But I must acknowledge that I felt some compunctions at this mode of slaughter, for no true disciple of "Isaac Walton" would stoop to such unskilled barbarity. But my friend had been there before, and told me to wade in, which I did. But even now, as my mind reflects upon the slaughter of those "speckled beauties," conscience convicts me, as a piscatorial assassin. But then, I never could "catch them on the fly."

At this lake I got an introduction to a noted character in these parts—the chief, or Fish Captain, the hereditary owner of the lake (?) "Poggy." I have seen many Indians, but the look of this one has left an impression upon my mind not soon to be forgotten. "Chief," "Captain," the very antipodes of "Fennimore Cooper's" Creations of our own Dailin's ideal Red Man. "Poggy"—the euphonious name is duplicated in the look of its owner. There he sits, upon a pony as void of muscle as an artist's easel, the animal stooping both ways from where he sat, clothed in rags of various kinds, with battered kettles appended to the saddle tree, his grizzled hair cropped off, toothless and wrinkled. As a nickel is handed to him, he smiles in ghastly gratitude, and chattering passes on. Think not that I speak in derision at this poor being; not so, but as I looked upon this fallen type of man my mind reverted to the past and the possibilities of his race.

Alas! Poor "Poggy," but a few more snows and he will be gathered to the "happy hunting grounds," rolled away in his tattered blanket, his wickled burned, the bones of his famished steed will bleach in the summer sun. His watery domain will be usurped, for the citizens of this valley have, already expended over \$800 putting in a dam, and outlet to Fish Lake.

Our mail facilities are of the pioneer kind, semi-weekly. The mail arriving here on the Tuesday cannot be answered until the following Friday, as the jerks meet a few miles north of our settlement. The one going north goes down into Grass Valley and takes a rest for the night. It looks as though some mails were run, to accommodate

Millard County, on the 1st, and arrived here on the 9th. The letter came jogging along twenty-three hours later. But we hope for better arrangements before long.

A few evenings since a buggy passed slowly by here, it might have been taken for the van guard of a funeral procession. But the occupants were doubtless waiting for the shades of night to cover their movements, as they proved to be Deputy Marshals McGarry and Armstrong, who went on 15 miles below here and arrested Bishop Coleman, of Teasdale. Still further down they found Brother Perkins. We understand that they gathered in quite a number of lady witnesses also, connected with other families.

Respectfully,

GEORGE A. BIRD.

AN ELDER'S LABORS.

Account of the Missionary Work and Death of Elder E. Z. Taylor.

NORTONSVILLE, Greene Co., Va. Sept. 23, 1888.

Editor Deseret News:

As many of the readers of the News have learned through its columns of the death of Elder E. Z. Taylor, of the body being sent home and of its final interment; but as no detailed account of his travels and success as a missionary, nor his illness has been given, no doubt they would like to become cognizant of the facts.

The late Elder E. Z. Taylor was a son of William Taylor of Harmony, Kane County, Utah, and was a resident of that place. Having received an appointment to labor as a missionary in the Southern States, he left his home, accompanied by his family, on Jan. 27, 1887, and proceeded to Harrisville, his wife being a daughter of Bishop P. G. Taylor, of that place. Here he left his wife and two children, proceeded to Salt Lake City, and after receiving necessary instructions, and making careful arrangements, he left for Chattanooga, Tenn., where he arrived about February 13, 1887. He was there assigned to labor in the Virginia Conference.

He arrived at his field of labor in Nelson and Rockbridge counties on February 21, and next day, the writer, who is his brother-in-law, met him.

Myself and Elder Taylor labored together in this field nearly eight months until conference, which was held on October 15 and 16, 1887. At said conference Elder Taylor was assigned to labor with Elder Homer Wolf in Greene and Albemarle counties. After remaining in an old field, in Greene County for three weeks, they went into Albemarle County to try to open up a new field.

After remaining in Albemarle for two months, and meeting with but little success, they received counsel from Elder Milo A. Hendricks, (the then president of the Virginia Conference,) to return to Greene Co., which they did and remained one week. Elder Taylor then received instructions to go and assist Elders M. A. Hendricks and J. W. Tate, in Amhurst, Rockbridge and Nelson counties in immigration matters. Elder Taylor accordingly arrived there on January 21, 1888, and labored in the interest of gathering till April 2, 1888, when a company of 16 left that field, and joined the main immigrant company at Chattanooga. Elder Hendricks having been released, returned to Utah with said company. Elders Taylor, J. B. Ririe and myself went to another part of Amherst County, where the two former remained, encouraging the Saints in that field until July 10, when they visited a family of Saints who live on a branch of the James River, about twelve miles from their field; but the family not being at home on their arrival, they sat on the bank of the stream and cooled off, having been perspiring freely.

On July 18th they returned to their field, and on July 19th I came to their field and found both Elders quite ill. The same evening Elder Ririe had a chill, but after a few days both Elders felt much better. On July 27th I started for Greene County, but visiting several scattered families on the way, was summoned back before reaching the depot, to administer to Brother Carr's child. I remained over night. Having no oil, I returned to Brother Lawhorn's, where Elders Taylor and Ririe were staying, which was Aug. 1. I found Elder Ririe very low, and Elder Taylor not feeling well. After I had administered to them, they rested well, and were better the following morning. During the day the writer returned to again administer to the child, but on returning to the Elders in the evening, found both Elders worse.

From August 1 to 6, I waited on the Elders alone, they having attacks of dumb chills and fever every other day, spells coming on each at about 1 p.m. and lasting till 9 p.m. On August 6, Sisters Whitmore and Ramsey, and Mr. Mason came and remained assisting all they could. For the next three days both Elders continued to grow worse, having chills every day.

Previous to this, during all their sickness, neither Elder had retained any food nor medicine on his stomach, but would vomit when either was administered. On August 10th Elder Ririe began to improve, but Elder Taylor continued to get weaker. There being others present to sit up, I retired by Bro. Ririe's side and slept

worse, having taken such a cold he could with difficulty speak above a whisper. This caused a relapse of the pain and disease in a more serious degree. Upon inquiry I learned that the waiters had given him cold water several times during the night, with which he would rinse his mouth and pour some on his head while perspiring. We accordingly gave him a severe sweat, but soon afterward another chill came on, after which he lay unconscious all day and night, reviving only at intervals.

On the morning of Sunday, August 12, he seemed some better, but later in the day took a relapse, and lay unconscious until evening when being administered to again, he revived some, and said for the first time, "I'll have to go home."

Elder Taylor lay quiet all night and on the morning of Aug. 13, at 6 a. m., he departed this life with comparative ease.

During Elder Taylor's labors in the Southern Mission for eighteen months, he baptized four persons, confirmed six and blessed one child. He was a good, faithful, energetic Elder, and willing to obey counsel. He had a stern, firm, though amiable disposition; was a kind father, and leaves a wife and three children, and a host of relatives and friends to mourn his loss. He was highly spoken of by his traveling companions, the Saints and their friends both at home and abroad.

The writer and the Elders in the field can truly sympathize with his bereaved wife, children, parents, brothers, sisters and many friends. May God comfort them.

SAMUEL H. ROUNDY.

Maricopa Stake Conference.

The quarterly conference of the Maricopa Stake was held at Mesa on the 22nd and 23rd of September, 1888.

There were present on the stand: Apostle John Henry Smith, Elder W. S. Burton, who is visiting in the interests of the Y. M. M. I. A., also the local presidency, the Bishops of all the wards, presidents of quorums and associations and many leading Elders.

Saturday forenoon was occupied in giving reports of the various wards and organizations, the majority showing a fair spiritual condition.

Elder A. M. Tenny also gave a detailed report of his labors among the Papagos, convincing his hearers that the Spirit of the Lord was influencing the Lamanites, as many had obeyed the Divine command.

In the afternoon the time was used principally by our visitors, whose words of wisdom and exhortations were timely and were appreciated by the lay Saints.

After meeting—a heavy shower of rain descended, flooding our streets and laying the dust so that we were enabled to meet under the bowery in comfort on Sunday.

10 a. m. President Robson gave a report of the Stake, after which President O. R. Hakey, W. S. Burton and Apostle J. H. Smith occupied the time. They dwelt especially upon the words of wisdom, the operations of the Holy Ghost, the Priesthood, its organization and purpose, and the necessity of teaching the youth the ways of the Lord, if we would stand blameless before Him.

2 p. m. The sacrament was administered, when the general and local authorities of the Church were unanimously sustained, and the statistics report read.

It was announced that a new ward had been organized, to which the name of Nephi was given. Bishop Samuel J. Openshaw, with B. Farland Johnson and Noah Brimball as his counselors, were called to preside over it. The balance of the time was used by Apostle Smith, and through the outpouring of the Spirit of God, the Saints were fed the bread of life for which they were hungered.

In the evening a meeting of the Young Men's and Young Ladies' Associations, with the Primary Association, and Sunday schools, was held, at which Elder Burton instructed them in the management of their societies.

GEO. PASSEY, Clerk.

A Correction.

J. W. Gardner and O. W. Beauregard, who were lately sentenced for unlawful cohabitation in the First District Court, send us a note from the penitentiary, in which they state that the published report of what they said in court was inaccurate. They did not make any agreement in relation to their future conduct, but simply said, in effect, that they were ready to receive and suffer any penalty the court might choose to inflict. We cheerfully make this correction.

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