

out an objection which was general and thousands joined in the denunciation of those who dared interfere with so harmless an individual as Schooner Jim. Once, Jim had a most exciting time of it. While drilling his pet dog, as he was wont to do, Sunday and every other day, the late Joseph Stay pursued him on a wild broncho and led him a merry chase much to the discomfort of both Jim and his dog. Withal, however, Jim never murmured, but took it in good part, although for a time these were situations which worried him.

James Ballard emigrated to this country from England seventeen years ago. For some time he resided in the Fourth ward at a point on Seventh South, between West Temple and First West streets. Then, he followed his occupation as a gardener and made a reputation as a skillful workman. He was always more or less simple, but as years rolled on, he became worse, until during the past three or four years his simplicity has been conspicuous, owing to his peculiar maneuvers on the public highway. So far as known, he did no man an injury, but was always genial, kind and affectionate. His rather unique name came from his liking for beer, and it is said of him that in treating a companion, he would invariably order him a small glass (10 cents) and satisfy himself with a "schooner" (5 cents), thus exemplifying his characteristic generosity.

Jim was born in Worcestershire, England, 51 years ago, his exact age being 51 years, 5 months and 20 days. He has a sister, Mrs. Solis, residing at Cottage court, Fourth East street, this city. His remains have been taken in charge by Undertaker Joseph E. Taylor, and the time of services will be announced later. Despite his simplicity, there will be pangs of regret at his taking off. The children loved him for his amusing and child-like maneuvers; the grown folks loved him for his harmless, playful disposition. Farewell Jim, farewell.

SEVIER STAKE CONFERENCE.

Richfield, May 29, 1898.—The quarterly conference of Sevier Stake of Zion was held in the opera house in Richfield Saturday and Sunday, May 21 and 22, 1898. There were present of the quorum of Apostles Francis M. Lyman and George Teasdale, besides the Stake presidency and other leading brethren from nearly all parts of the Stake and a large attendance of brethren and sisters.

After a brief report of the general condition of the Stake by President W. H. Seegmiller, the Bishops were called upon and gave short and concise reports of their wards which were very satisfactory.

Most of the time aside from the transaction of general business pertaining to the interest of the stake, was occupied by Elders Lyman and Teasdale, whose instructions were both timely and wise and considered by the Saints as the mind and will of the Lord to the people of this stake of Zion.

The principles of purity, virtue and a life full of devotion to the principles of the Gospel and of love to God our heavenly Father and confidence in His constituted authorities here on earth were among the leading topics dwelt upon by the speakers. The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon the people, and all had a joyful time and spiritual feast.

The singing furnished by the Richfield choir was by no means the least enjoyable part of the meeting. The work on our stake tabernacle is progressing favorably, and the contractor, Mr. J. H. Bowman, is under obligation to have it finished by the 1st of next December.

SIMON CHRISTENSEN,
Stake Clerk.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SUMMONED TO WASHINGTON.

Talking war—a favorite practice with many people just now—with one of the old-timers a day or two ago, he made a remark which seems so apposite as to justify repetition. Said he:

"I am greatly interested in what is going on, so much so that I can scarcely wait for the 'Semi-Weekly News' to reach me. I did and do yet intend to take the daily edition, but the times are so hard I thought I would wait until the war began!"

Evidently this particular citizen thinks that declarations of war and Boards of Strategy do not figure as the real article.

It caused me to fish up a relic of the late Artemus Ward, who once visited Utah and had a great habit of dipping into things in which he was not personally concerned. During the late strained relations between the North and the South, Artemus told about a meeting held one evening at his town of Baldwinsville, Indiana, the object being to promote the general interests of the Union forces. The meeting was held at night and he spoke of one phase of it as follows:

"The meetin' was held in the open air around a roarin' bonfire. After the usual preliminaries the schoolmaster of the village spoke. When he had said a few things, he all at once let fly these words, 'Nihil fit!'"

"'Bully for Nihil!' sed I."

"The schoolmaster looked a little out of gear, but went on to repeat, 'Nihil fit!'"

"'Hurrah for Nihil!' sed I. 'Let's give three cheers for Nihil, the man that fit. He wasn't a strategy cuss.'"

Artemus was in the heyday of a prosperous existence when he happened along here about 1864, and delivered a lecture that was so much related to almost anything besides the theme advertised that everybody seemed to take a liking to him. If he were only alive now and in the full possession of his faculties—which he frequently was not when he was alive—what a fine field for the exercise of his sarcastic style he would have!

Thinking over all these and some other things while sitting at my desk not long ago, a somnolent feeling took possession of me, from which a knock at the door and subsequent entry of a telegraph delivery boy aroused me. He passed over a message which proved to be from Washington and was dated, "Headquarters, Board of Strategy." My immediate presence was required there, transportation paid, etc. It doesn't take very long to get my effects together, and having long desired to visit the national capital anyway, I took the evening train the same day. The trip was uneventful and tiresome, and in the morning of the fourth day after leaving presented myself at the apartments where the board holds its sessions. They were all present, as was soon learned, attended by the President and his cabinet and a few stern-looking men whom it was subsequently learned were ex-officio members and resided in the city of New York (what part of it does not matter). On being shown in and a chair passed to me in which to sit down, the business in hand began without formality, the chairman opening the ball.

"The object of our calling you here from so great a distance," he said, "is two-fold. In the first place, I refer to certain newspaper articles which have appeared with your name attached,

wherein this board and even the government itself have been subjected to what in your part of the land may possibly pass for satirical criticism, but here, where there is more intelligent comprehension of such matters, is looked upon as the exceedingly stupid method which inconsequential people sometimes take to air their own self-created consequence by showing with what degree of impunity men in high station can be spoken of with disrespect."

At this point the chairman paused long enough to spit in a cuspidor, and I took a good big breath. He then continued:

"You represent, no doubt, a type which looks upon patriotism as a proper subject for jesting and public servants as always open to criticism if not abuse and ridicule. It is this type that we desire to reach and not necessarily yourself—"

I breathed again.

"And by making this a war measure, justifiable by stress of circumstances, to show to all people, friendly or otherwise, two things: first, that the very trying and even irksome duties which are placed upon us are of such vast consequence that we should receive the utmost forbearance and consideration; second, that under no circumstances is or has there been anything whatever in our management here to justify criticism at all."

As he evidently didn't intend to ring off just yet, I got in another breath.

"The other object of your being summoned is to enable you if you can to suggest wherein improvements in the conduct of the war—which you and the class spoken of appear to know so much concerning—can be made. Fault-finding in general is the most inexcusable thing on earth unless based upon an objection to specific actions or words; and that these may be pointed out, if they exist, or the falsity of the charges made plain if they do not, we now tender you an opportunity to suggest amendments in whatever form you may deem proper."

During all this harangue I was, to use the language of the late W. Shakespeare, "distilled almost to jelly with the act of fear," but the concluding words had a slightly reassuring effect. Of course it was not pleasant to be made a scapegoat of in that way, but being in for it, I must make the most of the situation.

To accelerate things the chairman proceeded, after a short pause, to say:

"Well, sir, we are waiting to hear from you. What would you suggest, in a general way to begin with, as an improvement on our plan of carrying on this war? Of course, you are thoroughly familiar with the subject as disclosed by your severe strictures [This was intended for sarcasm.] What would you inject into the program to make the war more satisfactory to the country at large and more like, as you think, it ought to be?"

I had quite recovered now and was able to reply:

"Suppose you try a little fighting."

"What do you mean, sir?" said another member. "Do you pretend to say there has been no fighting?"

"Not exactly. There was one fight at the beginning that nearly brought the thing to a finish. One more like it within a reasonable time would have done so. Why not?"

"Do you think this conflict should be hurried—that it should be pushed beyond the limits of proper procedure in order to have it hastily concluded?"

"Not at all. [I was beginning to find my tongue.] On the contrary, we can-