

The interior of the mansion has been refurnished, repainted, reglazed, and, to an extent, remodeled. The new Pension office is in process of building, and will be no small addition to the many architectural monuments of the Capital. Mr. Blaine's great house is so nearly ready for occupation that it is probable he will hold a New Year's reception in it. Quite a number of new and elegant private residences have been built during the summer, and the capital city will no doubt present a better appearance this winter than it has ever before presented.

The season will be opened at least two weeks earlier than usual on account of the Garfield monument Fair, which has grown to proportions far beyond those originally projected. Its centre will be in the Rotunda of the Capitol, but its annexes will be in the Hall of Statuary, the Agricultural Department, and Willard's Hall. Many visitors will be attracted by the Fair, which will be inaugurated a few days before the opening of the congressional session.

Hotels and boarding-houses have made every preparation for a very busy season. The season will be brief, but it is expected that it will be brilliant and interesting from both a political and social standpoint. The prosperity of the country, and the growing popularity of Washington as a fashionable wintering place, will attract wealthy and fashionable people from all parts of the country, and the somewhat unexpected results of the fall elections will doubtless be felt and reflected in legislative and executive affairs.

### SUMMIT STAKE CONFERENCE

SUNDAY, Nov. 11th, 1892.

After singing and prayer Elder Ward E. Pack rejoiced to meet in conference in church organized by revelation from God. The Elders who have gone forth to the nations of the earth and borne their testimony of the truth return with joy. The High Priests are placed in authority to teach the people that they may have the spirit with them that they may understand the things of God; he who is humble, will receive the testimony of the Lord.

Elder Josiah Rhead addressed the Conference in an interesting manner. Adjourned.

2 p. m.

Prayer and singing. The Bishops of Upton, Hoytville, Hennefer and Coalville made encouraging reports.

Thomas Ball, Patriarch, rejoiced, bore testimony to the truth of the work, and spoke about the school district at Coalville. Adjourned till to-morrow at 10 a. m.

Sunday, Nov. 13.

Opened with singing and prayer. The Bishops of Pecos and Alma reported their several wards.

Elder Ward E. Pack said that power was given to the servants of God to seal up their testimony, and the living servants of the Lord can do a work for the dead, for the spirit of Elijah has come. Spoke of what had been done the past 23 years. It will take all our time here to perform the work required. It becomes necessary for us to qualify ourselves that we may confound the wisdom of the world. We shall have an exaltation or glory according to our labors and must work for eternity as well as time.

Elder F. A. Mitchell followed, showing that we should educate ourselves by the inspiration of the Almighty; that we must expect opposition. We want to know the things of God for ourselves, and show the world that we have something worth living for.

Choir sang an anthem. Benediction. Adjourned till afternoon.

2 p. m.

Singing and prayer. The sacrament was administered. Elder Almy I. Smith read the missionary fund: Received, \$1,028; paid out, \$935; and made a report of his first mission to the Sandwich Islands. The report was received.

Elder Alma Eldredge presented the General Authorities of the Church, as presented at Salt Lake City, last October Conference, who were unanimously sustained. The Stake Authorities were also presented and sustained, with the exception of Charles F. Giles, counselor to Bishop of Hoytville; and Jared C. Roundy, Bishop of Wanship, who were dropped for the time being.

The report of the treasury of Summit Stake House, was read and adopted.

The list of home missionaries was read and accepted.

Elder Alma Eldredge said our religion embraces every thing; we prefer life, virtue, and salvation, to the conflict of parties; we shall defend ourselves, and each other; and show ourselves and our true colors.

President W. W. Cluff announced a two days meeting to be held at Kamas, on the 2nd Saturday and Sunday of December.

Choir sang an anthem. Benediction by Patriarch Thomas Ball. Adjourned for December, THOMAS BULLOCK, Stake Secretary.

### FROM CALIFORNIA TO CAIRO

AND BACK IN SIX WEEKS—JULES VERNE A MERE SNAIL.

"Hullo!" and my friend Binks—whom I had last seen in the West a few weeks ago and whom I met yesterday in Broadway—"You here still? Your a nice fellow! I thought you were going to Egypt? I am off to Europe to-morrow. When do you go?"

"Go," said I, "go where? I've been."

"No, no," replied he. "You've forgotten. Don't you remember you promised me at San Francisco the other day that we'd go over to Europe together? I'm off to France for the winter—sailing to-morrow. If you can manage it at such short notice, why not come with me? We'll have a high old time together."

"But," I repeated, "I've been."

"Been!" asked he, "been where?"

"Been to London," said I.

"Yes," was his answer, "but I'm going on to Paris—and I thought you—"

"But I've been to Paris too," said I.

"Been to Paris!" exclaimed he.

"Yes, to Paris—on my way to Rome, you know."

"Rome! Have you been to Rome since I saw you? What on earth were you doing there?"

"Doing there?" I said. "Why, going to Egypt—Ismaïlia—Tel-el-Kebir—Cairo; all that kind of thing—the war, you know."

This was almost too much for him.

"Been to Egypt!" he gasped.

"And all through the war! Why, it is only seven weeks ago that we were at San Francisco together!"

But I had another shaft in my quiver for him yet.

"Seven weeks!" I said; no, you're wrong by a hundred hours. It's nearly eight weeks. And now," I continued, "I've got to travel up to Hundred and Something street to see Jones. You remember Jones?" But Binks was gasping too much to remember Jones. So I went on: I'll be hanged if I know how I'm ever to get there. These horrible long distances bother me frightfully! How you New Yorkers manage to get about as you do I can't imagine. It'll take me half my life, I know, to get to this precious Hundred and Something street. But I must start at once. No time to waste. I've got young children growing up. Good-by."

And I left Binks gasping.

Yet I had said nothing that was not strictly true. In seven weeks and a half I had left Binks at San Francisco and found Sir Garnet Wolseley at Alexandria—sailed with the British fleet through the Suez Canal to Ismaïlia—marched with the British troops through the Land of Goshen—seen the actions of Mahasme, Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir—entered Cairo with the Guards—seen Arabi a prisoner and young Du Chair at liberty—come back again across Europe to London—packed up my wife, my portmanteaus and my children, and got back on to Broadway.

There is no doubt of it—as a wife friend gravely remarked under the influence of planked shade at Chablis—"we live in times that were quite unknown to the ancients."

And how did I do it? Well, I don't see that I could very well have helped doing it. Of course, if I had determined not to do it I could have refused to get out of bed at San Francisco on the 24th of July and remained in bed till to-day. Or I could have thrown myself out of the Union Pacific cars—which the quality of the food supplied abundantly justifies passengers in doing. Or I might have taken the screws out of the *Germanic*, and let the bottom fall out in the middle of the Atlan-

tic. Or I might have betrayed Sir Garnet Wolseley and his army to the merry Egyptians and have remained in Cairo and loose pantaloons, or a pasha. Or I might have exposed my head to the Egyptian sun and turned green, and had a sunstroke and died mad. Or I might have choked myself with canal mud, the only rations served out to the British Grenadiers in the desert. Or I might have managed to lose the nurse's trunk on the Liverpool wharf and been there looking for it to this day. Or I might have done a great many other things to prevent myself getting along. That is to say, if I had been really determined to do so—if I had taken an oath, for instance, or a solemn affirmation, or had promised my wife, or hadn't had the money, or anything else equally binding on the conscience.

But as it happened, I was not determined to prevent myself. On the contrary I was all on my own side and doing all I could to help myself. There was no rivalry between us—none of those mean petty jealousies that so often keep men from pulling together and so getting behind.

So, finding myself at San Francisco on July 25, and having a desire to see the Egyptian war. I put off going to a luncheon party at the Cliff House and went to Egypt. There was no help for it. Sir Garnet Wolseley would have refused, I knew, most positively to bring his army over to California simply for my convenience. Nor was Arabi likely to be more accommodating. So I put the best face on the matter and started for New York, timing my journey so as to catch the *Germanic*, sailing from New York on the 29th. Arrived at New York, I dissipated the twelve hours at my disposal by writing a description for the *World* of my week's railway journey and by supping with friends for about five hours at the Astor House. Thus tediously occupied, dawn surprised us, and having equipped myself for my voyage to England by losing my hat-box, I got on board the *Germanic*. With the help of the captain, the crew (and some occasional assistance from the engines and the bedroom steward) I got the steamer across the Atlantic on the eight day—and just in time to catch the night-mail up to London.

That very day (the 8th) the Indian mail via Brindisi started from Charing Cross Station. But as I was not hurrying myself I left it go and spent a quiet day in London watching our dog trying to catch the next-door cat. But our dog was at a disadvantage. For the cat was up on the top of an apple-tree, while the dog was only on tip-toe on the grass.

In the intervals of this laborious exercise I refreshed myself by exchanging telegrams with Naples to find out the exact hour at which the steamer of the Messageries Maritimes, due to sail on the following Tuesday, was to start, and in completing for the publishers the manuscript of my new book, "Sinners and Saints" (for details of which see—if the gentle editor will allow me?—advertisement).

The steamer in question sailed from Naples, I found at 7.20. So that starting from London on Saturday night I could just catch it.

To start was the work of a moment. To get to Naples the work of 65 hours.

Arrived at Naples, I found (thanks to my having telegraphed from Paris, Turin and Rome, entreating the Company to keep the steamer waiting "a few minutes" for me, and thanks to the courtesy of the company in doing so, that I was just in time. I got on board at 7.50 and by 8 o'clock we were out in the Bay.

The ship was the *Melbourne*, a new one, and, anxious to start with a good record for her first trip, she was pushed along at a rate that brought us to Port Said, at the Mediterranean end of the Suez Canal, on August 13. But I wanted to get to Alexandria, so I got on shore without delay to see if anything could take me there. No one could tell me, so clutching my two pieces of luggage, I went down to the jetty again and pulled across to the *Monarch* man-of-war. On board I learned that a gunboat was just getting under way for Alexandria, and the commander signalling it, I was taken on board and went off again—my whole delay having occupied me only about an hour. Gunboats have no "schedule time" to keep and I found myself, therefore, (in spite of my digression to Port Said) at the Hotel Abbatt, in poor, bombarded, ruined Alexandria, only

five hours later than the Brindisi passengers and still two days ahead of Sir Garnet Wolseley.

On the 19th of August the British fleet sailed from Ismaïlia, and it was worth all the journey from San Francisco to see that stately procession of great ships moving along the Egyptian coast. In a splendid moonlight night we anchored in Aboukir Bay, off Nelson's Island, and next day, in a splendid sunshine, the squadron moved on to Port Said, passed in majestic file down the Suez Canal, and, a hundred ships all told, were mustered in Ismaïlia Bay.

How they bombarded the Egyptians out of Nefeshe, and how the troops landed, 25,000 of the best that England has, and how they marched and halted and starved for twelve days, how the Egyptians found out that we did not think it worth while to patrol the desert or keep our scouts awake, and how in consequence they attacked our camps from time to time; how at last on September 13th Sir Garnet got his men together and rushed the Egyptians at Tel-el-Kebir, everybody knows.

And after the battle we refreshed ourselves with the grapes which Arabi Bey had thoughtfully provided for his own consumption and marched to Zagazig and then took the train to Cairo. And surely never was such a thing known in war before. The enemy, beaten, were falling back along the railway track, in mobs of a thousand at a time, upon their capital city, while "the conquerors"—that is to say, a commander-in-chief and his staff, a company or two of English Guards and half a car-full of correspondents and artists—were rattling along the rails in a train right through the middle of the retreating foe, to get to that city before them? The humor of it was delightful. Till then the Egyptians had had all the trains and the British soldiers had had all the walking. But the charge of the Highlanders changed all that. And the day after the fight at Tel-el-Kebir the Egyptians plodding along on foot by the side of the track had the pleasure of seeing the British soldiers going through them, riding at their ease in the cars! The faces of the enemy, as they trudged alongside, making for the same point as ourselves, perspiring under the weight of their arms, and seeing us throwing figs—skins and peach-pips out of the windows as we passed, were not amiable in expression. But they let us alone, and so Cairo was taken without much more fighting.

I spent two days in Cairo. I was the first to shake hands with young Du Chair and to tell him that his life was safe. My presence in his room was itself his first assurance, and through all my life I shall remember the pleasure it gave me to read in the boy's face the intensity of his relief and gratitude. But I left him very soon to telegraph to his mother that I had actually seen him alive and well, and then I went to see the troops in the Citadel and then Sir Garnet in his palace, and then Arabi Bey in his prison, and then—and then—and then. It was too busy a time to recount the details of its passing. But on the third day I heard that an experimental train was to be run from Cairo to Alexandria. The "experiment" was to see whether the Egyptians would let it get through or whether they would wreck it and murder its contents. So I went by it. Only one other Englishman was on the train—Melton Prior, the talented and genial artist of the *Illustrated London News*—and we ran a near risk of losing our lives. For the Egyptians beyond Tantah had not heard of the occupation of Cairo and they stopped the train and swarmed round it, an armed mob of thousands, and howled and threatened. But our window shutters were up and they never found out that there were any Englishmen in the train at all, and so when they were tired of howling and threatening they let the train go. At the next station it was just the same only worse, for there several hundred Bedouins—Arabi's garrison—were waiting for us, and it looked more than once as if we should have to defend our lives. But at last they believed the Egyptians who were in the other carriages and who swore by all their gods that the whole British army was coming along behind us, and let us go. And after that we did not stop again until we saw the red-coats of the British soldiers hard at work dismantling Arabi's fortifications before Alexandria.

The next day a French steamer

sailed for Marseilles, and on the 16th I found myself again on the Mediterranean. On the 21st I left Marseilles by the mail train for London.

From London to New York was twelve days—and so it came about that exactly seven weeks and a half from the day that I sat eating oysters with Binks at the Russ House, in San Francisco I was back again in the States.

And I had seen the Egyptian war in the interval. So that the rate at which I actually traveled beats Jules Verne's "Round the World" by just thirty days.

PHIL. ROBINSON.  
—N. Y. World.

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