

CORRESPONDENCE.

Traveling and Preaching.

BURLINGTON, July 7th, 1877.

Editors Deseret News:

Dear Sir—While at Oskaloosa, the place from which I last wrote you, we (Elder Madson, Junr., and myself) were kindly entertained by a wealthy free thinking Quaker, who desired to hear us preach in public, as well as in private. We accordingly visited their public meeting, and by permission, I made a few remarks, stating to the congregation that some two years ago Professor J. Moor, of Earlshano College, and of their Society, had visited our city while on his way as a missionary to the Sandwich Islands, that through my interceding Bishop Woolley, of the 13th Ward, granted him the privilege of addressing our people, and that we should be pleased to have them open their church for us in return. At the close of their meeting, five of their ministers present held a consultation, and replied, that they were willing to take upon themselves the responsibility of closing their doors against us. The only excuse they made for so doing was that our Church was not "evangelical."

I find that the worst enemies we have are apostates who seek to poison the minds of all with whom they come in contact. Next in order come the reverend divines of the day, who, with but very few exceptions, are a unit in their opposition to the work of God.

On June 1st, while at Otumway, we applied to church and city officers for a house to speak in, but, failing to obtain one, we were about to leave the city, when Dr. Paul Castor, the "magnetic healer," accosted us, and invited us to stop over at his hotel for the night, and deliver an address to his patients and neighbors. We consented to do so and an appointment was given out for a meeting at 7.30. Just before meeting time, a leading minister of the town called upon Mr. C. and advised him not to allow us to speak in his house, when he became somewhat alarmed, and calling me to one side whispered, "For this once lay your Mormonism aside, and give us a good gospel sermon from the Bible."

At the hour appointed some seventy-five patients, including their attendants, from different States in the Union (two-thirds of whom were ladies) crowded the large double parlor. We sang, "O my Father," and offered up prayer. I then read a portion of Scripture—1st Cor., 12 c. 27-31 v, and delivered an address of about fifty minutes, with much freedom of speech, to an attentive audience, testifying to the restoration of the gospel, to the organization of the Church and Kingdom of God on the earth, to the divinity of the Book of Mormon, and to Joseph and Brigham being true prophets. Our remarks were well received, and some even bid us God speed. Dr. Castor himself treated us with marked kindness and respect, and before leaving he showed us through his \$30,000 establishment.

Dr. C. is quite a remarkable man in his way. He has no knowledge of letters, and has a stammering tongue. He was at one time a poor boy. He is now rich, and making money fast. He calls himself the "old humbug." He claims to cure forty per cent of his patients, some within ten minutes time, others it takes weeks and months to effect a cure. He uses no medicine, but rubs his patients with his hands, trusting to his animal magnetism for a cure. He has been a healer since he was twelve years of age, and has the name of performing some remarkable cures. He said to us he did not know where he got his power from, "whether from God or the devil."

Our labors for some weeks past have been entirely among strangers, and we have taught them gospel truths, at their private homes and from their "sacred desks," wherever and whenever opportunity has offered, holding from two to four meetings per week which are generally well attended. We find much infidelity and unbelief, now and then a person or family who have a little faith. In this city and vicinity we found two families who had once been to Utah, with some sparks of gospel fire remaining in them, who I am confident will yet renew their covenants and gather with the Saints.

Your Brother in the Gospel,
P. P. PRATT.

A Man Who Doesn't Sleep.

PARKERSBURG, July 14.—The man who does not sleep, Saunders, now resides near this place. Some time in 1861 or 1862 Saunders enlisted in the Fourth West Virginia Volunteers. For several years he had not slept at all, so he says. But it becoming known directly in camp that he made such pretensions, it aroused the curiosity of many of the men and officers, and they set a watch upon him. I am told by a colonel that he and many others lost a great many nights' sleep in endeavoring to entrap Saunders, but during the whole time that he remained a member of the Fourth he was never caught asleep. He stood guard night after night, and week after week, paid by sleepy-headed soldiers to take their turns, but never was caught napping. He hauled coal several weeks in succession, only stopping long enough to eat and change horses, and ploughed in the fields with five or six stalwart men until he wore them out completely, but never seemed to tire. During the year 1863, I think it was, he went to Philadelphia and was examined by the leading physicians of the country. They sat up with him in relays of five, night and day, and kept up an almost constant stream of conversation with him, and at the termination of twenty-nine days discharged him with a certificate, but could give no explanation of this freak of nature. Many stories of the untiring energy and activity of this man are told, and all agree who know him that this antipode of Rip Van Winkle is the most sleepless man they ever met.

Mr. Saunders is now about fifty-six years of age, and says that he has not known what sleep is for eighteen years. He himself cannot account for it, as he says the change in his physical organization occurred within three days, and that he never was sick in his life, and took medicine but once, and that was when he had a catarrh, about three years ago. He is a hale, hearty man, and bids fair to live many years yet. He is conscientiously opposed to making a display of himself, or no doubt would long ago have been before the public as one of the human curiosities of the world.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

NOT WOMEN OF THAT KIND.

General Wm. H. French, lately relieved of his command in West Virginia, for his irascible temper, has a facial affection which frequently causes a sudden contraction of the muscles, and gives him the appearance of winking with both eyes at once. On the march to Gettysburg, in the latter part of June, 1863, the general, accompanied by his staff, rode up to a Maryland farm house which he proposed to make his headquarters for the night. Several females appeared at the door, when General French inquired: "Ladies, can you accommodate me and my staff for the night?" at the same time discharging one of his double-barreled winks. The lady of the house, starting back and casting a frightened look at her companions, turned upon the general, and with all the asperity she could summon, replied: "Sir, you have made a mistake. We are not women of that kind!" "Who the h—ll said you were?" roared the general, with another double wink; "I am General French, of the Union army, and we simply want shelter for the night." There was a sniggle among some of the general's staff, when he turned about fiercely and demanded to know who had laughed, threatening to put the offender under arrest for his levity. Matters being explained, the ladies granted him the permission requested.—*Washington Star, July 24.*

LEMONS A CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

—A correspondent of an English medical journal furnishes the following recipe as a new cure for consumption: Put a dozen whole lemons in cold water and boil until soft (not too soft), roll and squeeze until the juice is all extracted, sweeten the juice enough to be palatable, then drink. Use as many as a dozen a day. Should they cause pain or looseness of the bowels, lessen the quantity and use five or six a day until better, then begin and use a dozen again. By the time you have used five or six dozen you will begin to gain strength and have an appetite. Of course as you get better you need

not use so many. Follow these directions and we know that you will never regret it if there is any help for you. Only keep it up faithfully. We know of two cases where both of the patients were given up by the physicians, and were in the last stages of consumption, yet both were cured by using lemons according to the directions we have stated. One lady in particular was bedridden and very low; had tried everything that money could procure, but all in vain, when, to please a friend, she was finally persuaded to use the lemons. She began to use them in February, and in April she weighed 140 pounds. She is a well woman today, and likely to live as long as any of us.

Glass From Slag.

A company in England is making glass from blast furnace slag. The slag, while in a liquid state, direct from the furnace, is conducted into a tank holding about fifteen cwt., where it is mixed with other materials, and in an incredibly short space of time, as compared with the ordinary method, glass is produced. This glass is acknowledged by the workmen to be of an exceedingly soft or plastic nature. It is perfectly acid proof, and capable of use for all purposes of which the best bottle glass is suitable. It cuts readily with the diamond, and is available as rough plate for roofings, skylights, green-houses, roofing tiles, and for many other uses from which glass, as heretofore manufactured, is, on account of its cost, necessarily shut out. Specimens have also been produced of this glass colored brilliantly, and suitable for the purposes to which colored glass is employed. It is found that the whole of the clay when thus employed is convertible into perfectly transparent glass of a good color, and thus by the utilization of a material now valueless, as well as of the heat it contains when thus taken direct from the furnace in its liquid state, so large a saving is effected that the process is likely to bring about most important changes in glass manufacture.

STRAWBERRIES FOR FORCING.

Now is the time to pot runners for forcing strawberries. The Triomphe de Gand is the kind generally used for this purpose. Take two and one-half inch pots, plunge them with a trowel level with the ground, let the first runners strike into them and pinch the runner beyond the first plant; when well rooted transplant to five-inch pots, and afterward to eight-inch, keeping well watered. After the first frost the pots should be well covered and can be taken into the forcing house in February if fruit is wanted in April. A very simple and excellent way to force a few strawberries so as to have them two weeks or more earlier than the out of door crop is to plant the runners in a sheltered place as taken from the small pots in August, eighteen inches apart, and water the bed well if the weather is dry, suffering no runners to grow. In November put down plank on each side of the bed, as if for a hot bed, six feet apart, and then cover with leaves or sedge to protect from winter. Rake off the covering and put on the hot bed sash about April 1st, and use mats at night; air well by day, and about May 10th take off the glass entirely and pull up the plank so as to give the plants all the light and air possible. They will fruit two or three weeks earlier than in the open field.

A FATAL DUEL ABOUT \$5.—Col.

J. B. Vinton, sheriff of Frio County, brought in word of the killing of two young men named Virgil Ridgeway and Frank Connelly. Ridgeway and Connelly and two hired men were out on a cow hunt, and had camped near a Mexican house. Connelly went to Ridgeway and asked for \$5, saying that he wanted to go down to the Mexican house and gamble. Ridgeway gave him the money, but told him not to stay long. Connelly left and did not return as soon as expected, and when he did return Ridgeway told him that he had no further use for his services, and asked him to pay back the \$5. Connelly said, "Maybe you think you can make me pay it back?" Ridgeway said he could make him, and was going to do so. Connelly then drew his six-shooter, and Ridgeway picked up a Winchester rifle and jumped

behind a tree, and both fired about the same time, and both were struck in the bowels. The two boys who went with them ran off and returned with assistance, after being absent a considerable time. Both the wounded men had crawled off together to a pond at some little distance, where they were found covered with mud, Connelly dead and Ridgeway mortally wounded. Neither of the young men was over eighteen years of age.—*Galveston News.*

A Supposed Dead Man Returns.

HIS WIFE TWICE MARRIED DURING HIS ABSENCE. BOTH HUSBANDS DEAD.

The Omaha Bee of the 11th inst. says—

After an absence of eighteen years a husband, who has all this time been supposed by his wife to be lying quietly in some distant graveyard, has returned to his family in this city. A brief history of their lives possesses some incidents of more than ordinary interest.

The lady was the daughter of one of the most prominent and wealthy physicians in the old aristocratic city of Richmond, Virginia, and was married at a very early age, in 1822, to the man who now returns to her after his prolonged absence.

His name is Cooke, and he was a well-to-do New Yorker, some ten years her senior. They lived for a while with her parents, and during this period two daughters were born to them. From her parents the lady secured quite a respectable fortune, and with her husband went to San Francisco by water. They spent four years in California, where the husband ran three large stock ranches, and figured heavily in mining interests. Her health failed her, and her husband returned with her and the children to the States by water, going up the Mississippi until they reached Burlington, Iowa, where she joined some relatives. The husband returned to his business in California, he having prevailed upon her to remain with her relatives at Salem, Henry County, Iowa. He purchased a large herd of horses and took them across the plains with him to California, this being in the fall of 1859. On his arrival on the Pacific Coast, he at once devoted his time and attention to his business. One day, in San Francisco, he met an old friend, who soon after left for the mountains. This friend, a short time after, learned that a man having the same name as Cooke, had died, and he supposed it to be the same person he had met in San Francisco. This friend returned to Iowa in a few months, and reported to Mrs. Cooke that her husband was dead, and she and her relatives believed it. Diligent inquiry by letter and other means was made concerning his death and the disposition of his property, but nothing could be learned concerning the affair, owing to the irregularity of the mails.

Mrs. Cooke moved to Fort Madison in the course of events, and went into business for herself, and sent her daughters to school. She continued to mourn her husband for several years, but he was alive and doing well all the time. He learned through a friend that his family had moved away from Salem, but to what place he could not ascertain. He wrote several letters, and never got any reply.

After ten years had passed away, Mrs. Cooke married again, supposing herself to be a widow. The daughters, who had grown up, were sent to a convent, and she and her second husband came to Omaha, and kept an hotel or boarding-house during the building of the Union Pacific Railroad, and were very successful in the enterprise. Next they went to Julesburg, and ran an hotel there for a short time, and then returned to the East. Next we find them in Salt Lake, where her husband died, leaving her a widow sure enough this time. She next located in Denver, and there in the course of time married her third husband, a European by birth. They finally went to Iowa, as the lady was anxious to visit her daughters, both of whom had been well married, one of them being the wife of a present prominent United States official in Utah. The lady's third husband died in Iowa about a year ago. She was now compelled to fall back on her own resources for her support, and about eight months ago she came

to Omaha, and now keeps a boarding house on one of the prominent streets. She of course goes by the name of her last husband, which has not been mentioned in this article for certain reasons.

Husband No. 1, Mr. Cooke, all this time was prospering in his mining business. At one time he was in Salt Lake City to sell a mine for \$50,000, and his wife was there then, but he did not know it, nor was she aware of his presence in the city. He also did business with his own son-in-law, but did not know it at the time. Some time ago he was taken sick, and he then determined when he recovered, to hunt up his long lost family. He traveled all over the country in search of them, but could get no trace of them until a few days ago, when he found a brother-in-law, and from him learned their whereabouts.

Mr. Cooke took a niece with him and came to Council Bluffs, where he remained, while he sent his niece to Omaha to hunt up his family and tell them the news concerning himself.

This she did; and then Mr. Cooke came over to Omaha, and presented himself to his family. The daughters were delighted to see their long-lost father, and gave him a most hearty welcome. A day or two ago he left with his daughters for the east to visit old friends. He intends eventually to return to his business in the west.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—Bill Hanson, better known as "Frontier Bill," while pursuing a herd of mustangs near Hat Creek, was thrown from his horse and knocked senseless, in which state he lay for several hours. When he recovered his horse was gone and his wounds pained him so badly that he could not walk. He managed with great difficulty to crawl on his hands to a pool of water some fifty rods from the place where he fell. He remained here during the next day and night without a mouthful to eat, and the water of the pool having given out, he started out on his hands and knees in search of more. About twelve o'clock on the second day he says he was so hungry and so thirsty and lame and tired that he could go no further, and crawled under a tree, and stretched himself out to die. While lying thus, bordering on the insensible, he heard the leaves shake near him and wearily turned his head in the direction of the noise. To his terror and astonishment he espied a large rattlesnake reaching for him. The sight of the venomous reptile banished hunger, thirst and pain for the moment, and he raised up on his elbow and endeavored to scare the scaly thing away. The snake struck at him twice and then glided away. The adventure aroused him somewhat, and he made another endeavor to reach water. Finally, after much pain and suffering, he crawled into the Cheyenne road, and could get no further. Next morning a ranchman located on Hat Creek found him there lying on his face, insensible and almost dead. He was taken to the ranch and cared for.—*Deadwood Champion, July 14.*

THANK HEAVEN FOR THAT.

During the session of a temperance meeting in a neighboring town, one of the persons who occupied the stage was an enthusiastic deacon, who frequently interrupted the speakers by yelling: "Thank Heaven for that!" One gentleman was called upon, who arose and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I am heart and soul in this cause, and feel that it will be a great benefit to the people of this place." "Thank Heaven for that!" yelled the deacon. "But ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I am going to say that it will be impossible for me to address you this evening—" "Thank Heaven for that!" said the absent-minded deacon.—*Hudson Republican.*

Why is it that when some newspapers speak of the Colorado teetles they feel obliged to add *potatorum bufignini* to the name? Isn't one name enough for a bug?—*Detroit Free Press.*

What's become of the "Dollar of our Dad?" asks a country editor. The probability is the old man left ninety cents of it down at the tavern bar, and handed the balance to his wife to get dinner with.

A little boy whose sprained wrist had been relieved by bathing in whisky, surprised his mother by asking, "If papa had sprained his throat?" It's a wise child that knows, etc.

In these days the country urchin, with a crooked pole, a rusty hook and half a worm, takes the trout, while the nobby young city sportsman wallops the water with a slaken line make fast to a "split bamboo."—*Boston Transcript.*