

freshlybroken edge—but, alas! too late for the intended spring. The swiftly-rushing current had borne him many yards from the shore and from his companions.

There he stood—for an instant in dumb amazement—balancing himself upon his rocking raft with the pole he had been using. To attempt to swim ashore would have been useless. He was a clumsy swimmer at best; and the cold, rushing waters and floating ice cakes made swimming almost impossible.

He could not get off. To stay seemed sure death. Dumb with fright, for a moment he stood in speechless terror. Then there rang across the wild, black river and through the quiet streets of the village, such a yell of abject fear as only a lusty lad of that age can give. It was a cry that chilled the heart of everyone who heard it.

A "four-days' meeting" was in session. The village church-goers were just issuing from their homes in answer to the church bell, when that pitiful cry and the shouts of "Help! Help! A boy in the stream!" reached them, and drew them all quickly to the river bank.

In a few minutes the shore was lined with excited men and women. Yet all stood helplessly staring, while poor Jule on his ice-raft was floating steadily down towards the falls.

Never shall I forget how he looked as he stood there in the middle of his floating white throne! There was something almost heroic in his calm helplessness. For after the first wild cry he had not once opened his lips.

Downward he floated, drawn swiftly and surely on by the deep, mighty rush of waters settling into the throat of the cataract. The heavy roar from far below sounded like the luckless lad's knell. He stood but a single chance—and that was hardly a chance—of his ice-raft lodging against a tilted-up "jam" of cakes and logs which had piled against a jagged ledge that rose in mid-stream, just above the brink of the precipice.

This "jam" had hung there, wavering in the flood, for thirty-six hours. Every moment it seemed about to go off—yet still it clung, in tremor, as it seemed, at the fatal plunge which would dash it to pieces in the thundering maelstrom below.

Good fortune—Providence, perhaps—so guided Jule's ice-raft that it struck and lodged against the "jam," just as the horrified watchers on shore expected to lose sight of the lad forever in the falls. "If it will only hang there!" muttered scores, scarcely daring as yet to speak a loud word.

They could see the cake, with Jule on it, heaving up and down with the mighty rhythmic motion of the surging torrent, and all ran along down the banks, to come nearer. The boy stood in the very jaws of death. Beneath, the cataract roared and hurled up white gusts of spray.

Just at this moment a short, thick-set man, with a round, good-natured face, joined the crowd. For a moment he stood looking out at the lad, then slapping another young man on the shoulder, said hurriedly, "Isn't there an old bateau stowed away in your shed, Lanse?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Quick, then!" exclaimed the first speaker. "There isn't a moment to lose."

"But, Mac," answered Lanse, as he hurried after him, "I'm afraid she's no good; she's old, and she's been stowed away all winter. Ten to one the old thing leaks like a riddlin' sieve."

"But we mustn't lose a chance!" exclaimed Mac. "That jam will go out within half an hour, if it doesn't within ten minutes."

By this time the two had reached the shed. They quickly drew the bateau from its wintering place, and taking the long, light boat upon their shoulders, the ran rapidly through the village and down to the river.

Meantime, two or three other men had run to fetch "dog warps" and "towing lines," a large number of which are always kept in these backwoods lumbering hamlets, for use on the rivers and lakes when logs are rafted out in the spring.

Acting under Mac's prompt orders, a six-hundred-foot warp was at once made fast to a ring in the stern of the bateau, and another line laid ready to bend to the first.

Jumping into the bateau, paddling hand, and a boathook laid ready for instant use, the bold young fellow now ordered the men to shove off the skiff into the river and then pay out the line, as he should direct—thus lowering him, yard by yard, down toward the "jam" where Jule stood.

Rod by rod, they let him down toward the roaring abyss of furious waters, till the bateau—guided by the paddle, and held back now by the main strength of twenty men—touched the ice-cake.

But even as it touched, the cake began to slide off the jam, and Jule was thrown on his hands and knees.

Quick as thought, however, his courageous rescuer struck his boathook into the ice and held fast, while Jule, stiff with fright, tumbled into the bow of the bateau.

He was hardly in the boat when the whole mass of ice and logs went over the falls.

A shout arose, and when a few minutes later the bateau was drawn safely back up the stream, and Mac stepped ashore with a rather bashful smile on his round, fresh face, every one joined in loud and prolonged cheers.

As for Jule, he had to be helped out of the boat and led home; for he was, as they said, "limp as a rag;" and it was noticed that after this perilous adventure he was a much more sober and thoughtful boy.

Pray do not imagine, reader, that I have been telling you a "made-up" story, for what I have related is true, the writer himself being an eye-witness to the incident while a teacher in a backwoods school district on the banks of the Aroostook.

A MORMON VILLAGE.

HOW THE LATTER-DAY SAINTS LIVE—THEIR SCHOOL TEACHERS AND THEIR LAWSUITS.

Salt Lake City, January 10. — To illustrate the daily life of rural Latter-day Saints, I select the town of Mayfield. For five years I have visited this and other towns in a professional capacity, and know whereof I write. What I write of Mayfield may, however, be said of nine-tenths of all the towns in Utah.

Mayfield was settled about eight years ago by families crowded out of larger settlements. The population now numbers some seventy families, or about 350 souls, all told. They are Swedish, Danish and English immigrants, and the children of the same races born and raised in Utah, together with several American families. All are members of the Latter-day Church, with the exception of one or two families who never joined the church, and two who have left it. All live in harmony and good will, the latter receiving neither persecution nor insult. When the town was first established, by the council of the head authorities, three of the best men in the community were chosen by the people to manage and control the settlement. These men are designated the bishop and his counselors. Their instructions were to act as fathers, counselors and instructors to the people under their charge; to urge them to habits of order, industry and frugality, and to instruct them in the principles of their religion. To my own knowledge they have earnestly and faithfully performed their duties. To further assist their Bishopric, a number of the best men are selected to visit each family—each man has a special block under his charge—for the purpose of seeing to the welfare of each and imparting spiritual and secular advice. It is something on the same principle that an Episcopalian rector sends his curate to visit his parishioners, only the basis is wider and more comprehensive. These men are termed teachers, and these are they of whom so much nonsense has been written, terming them "Danites" and "Destroying Angels." These simple yeomen destroy only the gophers and weeds in their admirably-cultivated grain fields. Agriculture is their main occupation. They flourish at it.

All disputes and differences are settled by these teachers through arbitration. If a difficult case cannot be thus settled, it is taken to the Bishop's court, formed by the Bishop, counselors and teachers, who determine the case upon the principle of moral and common law. From this court there is an appeal to the High Council of the county or "stake," and from there to the Council of the Twelve Apostles, and finally to the Presidency of the Church. These courts are open to all, non-members of the church as well as members. I know of many instances in which outsiders have preferred to recover from a Mormon in this court, than to sue in the regular magistrate's court.

Mayfield has a good public school, under the tutelage of an experienced teacher. The children of the Mormons, apostates and Gentiles attend this school without let or hindrance. When I last visited the school about eighty names were enrolled. The teacher passed to several of the pupils a late copy of the *Deseret News* and asked them to read at random an article which was done in every case with fluency and understanding. After sharp questioning in physical geography, he named promiscuously countries and cities in all parts of the world, when their location was at once described and pointed out on the map without hesitation. The pupils also drew a map of Utah from memory, locating the counties, towns and rivers. The teacher next asked them to write a letter ordering a bill of goods. It was quickly and well done. The articles were arranged in their proper departments. In arithmetic the cost of the construction of a canal, that of a bin of a wheat, a pile of lumber, tests in fractions, and an account of sale were given and done quickly and accurately.

I know that every school in the Territory is not up to the standard of this, yet there are many equal to, if not superior to it, and this not taking into account high school or colleges. The authorities of the church, John Taylor and George Q. Cannon, especially are urging the people to educate their children and improve their school system. A favorite remark of Mr. Taylor is, "Better to have no teacher at all than a poor and incompetent one." "You cannot afford—it will not pay—not to educate your children!" Yet for all this, the majority of the people are cents-wise and dollar-foolish, for they engage cheap excuses for teachers, and grumblingly eke out "chips and whetstones" in payment. In this, as in many other things, the head men of the church have no easy time in ruling the people. The average Mormon is often as obstinate and self-willed as a Pennsylvania Dutchman.

It is amusing to hear of this "down-trodden, priest-ridden people," when the truth is that they are as free and independent as any people I have ever seen in any part of the world, and I have circumnavigated it. A ward politician or government office-seeker is the veriest slave in comparison with

them. The secret is that their faith is grand, and when their religion is at stake they are one—it is their all. In other matters they are the same as other people. No Catholic reverences the Pope more than the Mormons love and honor the men they have placed at their head. No matter how great and popular any of them may have been, if they fall from grace, they have to ask the people's forgiveness, or step down and out. A case occurred of this kind a short while ago. John Taylor does not profess in fallibility himself, and will not countenance such an assumption in his colleagues. His exhortation is, "Human nature is far from being perfect, but let us try to be as near perfect as we possibly can."

Public worship is held twice on the Sabbath, and on a week-day evening. There is also a well-attended Sunday school. The young men and women have each a society for mutual improvement. The children have a similar society. The matrons of the ward have a relief society for the purpose of looking after the poor and sick. A dramatic company also exists. I called upon the justice of the peace of the precinct, and asked permission to look at his docket. His reply was that he had none. He had no use for it, as he had not tried a case since he took office, two years ago.

The town possesses a well-stocked store, worked on the co-operative plan and owned by the people; also a grist and saw mill in an adjoining canyon. The people of Mayfield are not rich, but they have enough and to spare. They have neat and comfortable homes, and a mortgage is a rare occurrence. They pay their debts promptly and have a reserve for a rainy day, and with that they are happy and contented. They are not Jay Goulds, and don't want to be.

Out of the seventy families six are polygamous. This was so when I first visited Mayfield, five years ago, and I am positive that there has been no polygamic marriage in the settlement since that time. As the female children predominate, there are many marriageable young women in the town waiting for husbands; yet a case of seduction has never been known in Mayfield, and an instance of marital unfaithfulness has never been brought to light. Saloons, gambling and prostitution are unknown in the community.

These are plain facts, and can be verified at any time. Salt Lake City and Ogden are not fair criterions for an impartial criticism, and these are the towns that the traveling contributor generally writes up.—H. K. in the *New York Sun*.

THE NIHILISTS' NEW CIPHER.

EXPLANATION OF A KIND OF SECRET CORRESPONDENCE WHICH IS ABSOLUTELY SAFE.

The Nihilists have just hit upon a new and formidable cipher, much to the mystification and alarm of the "secret correspondence" department of the third section. Outwardly the device seems the simplest imaginable—a harmless row, or series of rows, of single and double figures, separated from each other by dots, and promising easy resolution into the letters of which they stand in the place. A closer examination, however, soon shows the uselessness of all ordinary methods of cipher reading. The numbers often go much higher than the thirty-six letters of the Russian alphabet. This makes it clear that there has been no simple substitution of figures for letters. The same numbers frequently recur, occasionally in sequences of three and four. This shows that the cipher is not consistent with itself—that a figure means one thing in one part of a phrase and another thing in another—and that, therefore, no clew can be had to the secret message by simply "divining" certain letters, vowels, for example, from their frequency of occurrence.

The following example illustrates the task upon which the decipherers of the third section are now engaged in examining the new Nihilistic correspondence. For convenience the cipher is supposed to be in English. A message to St. Petersburg from the provinces, for instance, might run thus: 31 14 16 9 38 43 30 26 29 27 21 33 41 39 16 28 17 11 22 45 39 13 22 11 25 23 40 23 18 7 11 24. This sentence really consists of two—the message itself and a key-word previously agreed upon between the sender and the receiver. The letters of the alphabet contained in each are replaced by figures, a being one, b 2, c 3, and so on to the end. The numbers as they appear above are obtained by the figures of the key word being continuous—A added to the figures representing the message. "Sun" being the key-word, for example, the numbers 19, 21, 14, representing the letters s-u-n, would be added to the sequence given to the first three numbers in the message, and in the same way to every succeeding three to the end. In the example the key-word is "liberty," and by subtracting the numbers which correspond to this word—namely 12, 2, 5, 18, 20, 25—for the combined figures of the message and word, continuing the process until the end is reached, the real message will be disclosed in the form, "Send twenty-five pounds of dynamite to Kieff." In this sentence no fewer than twenty-seven letters are repeated from one to three times, yet in the numbers there are only two cases where repetition of figures corresponds with repetition of letters, "t" appearing twice as 11 and "n" twice as 39.—*Chicago Times*.

The smallpox is epidemic in Louisville.

FROM THE FOUR WINDS.

Easy to take—a cold.

A rain of terror—a flood.

Lebanon has a wooden shoe factory.

Victor Hugo once figured as a scene painter.

Very often the dark horse in politics has a red nose.

The Pennsylvania Company will build 160 locomotives this year.

The *Spirit* prints a list of 104 roadsters that have trotted in 2:30 or better.

Mr. I. W. England, publisher of the *Sun*, has been ill for a few weeks with sciatic rheumatism.

Germany has 454 theatres and nearly 10,000 actors, including 98 Mullers, 72 Schmidts and 55 Meyers.

Geo. Hazael says that he is ready to race T. C. Herbert 20 miles at such time as may suit Herbert.

It is said that Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, attributes his recent illness to the use of cigarettes.

Anna Dickinson has a new lecture, which she will deliver first at Boston. She has given up the *Hamlet* business.

Mrs. Beecher, Miss Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe are wintering together on the latter's Florida plantation.

J. H. Meredith is a traveling, temperance lecturing fraud. He runs away from his board bills. Look out for him.

Miss Edmonia Edwards, the colored artist, is to carve a marble statue of the Virgin Mary for one of Lord Bute's chapels.

There is a dangerous counterfeit new five cent piece in circulation. It is of a dull color and has not the weight of the genuine.

Piccolomini, who was an operative sensation a quarter of a century ago, is now an old woman in very destitute circumstances.

Henry M. Alden, the editor of *Harper's Monthly*, and George W. Curtis, the editor of the *Weekly*, are paid \$10,400 a year each.

Freeshman and sopomores at Cornell who have no taste for Athletic exercise are grumbling at compulsory gymnastic work.

Mrs. Garfield has written a letter to Mr. Horr, of Michigan, thanking him for his speech in opposition to the Fitz John Porter bill.

Mrs. Wendell Phillips declines to act as executrix of her husband's estate, though she is named as the sole administrator in his will.

Mrs. Sarah, Temple, of Churchville, Buck County, waited until she was 76 to marry, and until 100 to die, which she did on Saturday.

Hugh J. Jewett is a director in 20 railroad companies, Samuel Sloan in 23, Jay Gould in 24, George B. Roberts in 26, Augustus Schell in 28, Sidney Dillon in 36, and Frederick L. Ames in 52.

Senator Conger, of Michigan, is the only member of the Senate who wears a dress coat during the sessions of that body. His most conspicuous predecessor in that respect was Hannibal Hamlin.

The failure of the veteran turfman, Jas. A. Grimstead of Kentucky, was a great surprise to horsemen. Mr. Grimstead has for many years been looked upon as one of the most solid pillars of the turf.

John Boyle O'Reilly's memorial poem on Wendell Phillips is receiving flattering notices everywhere. He began it after six o'clock Sunday evening, and it was in the printer's hands before 12.

Mrs. Phillips does not approve of the project for a statue in Boston of her late husband, Wendell Phillips, and so the movement ends at its beginning. A portrait of Mr. Phillips will be placed in Faneuil Hall.

Dennis Gallagher, a young wrestler of Boston, has challenged Edwin Bibby to a match for \$500. He agrees to wrestle Bibby three falls, one side hold in harness, one at Græco-Roman, and another at catch-as-catch-can.

Arthur Peel, son of the late Sir Robt. Peel, will probably be the next Speaker of the English House of Commons. He is 54 year old, and is of stately presence. He is called a "solemn swell." His present position is whipper-in.

Chas. Reynolds, a colored sculler, has made the fastest time over the champion course at Sydney, three miles and 330 yards straight away, ever rowed there. His time was 20 min. 6 sec. The best previous time was 20 min 44 sec.

The Indians who sell hay to the government out west have been detected placing large rocks in the bales. That comes of teaching the Indians to read, so that they can study the daily papers and become posted in the tricks of white farmers.

Mr. Irvine said to an interviewer in Indianapolis: "In fact the most wonderful thing about this country is its forwardness in using new inventions and in taking up new ideas. In England we are equally forward in keeping old things to the front."

Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady

Mandeville overshadowed all their English competitors as barnmaids at the recent international peasant festival, and the fatuous dudes who went there were fleeced unmercifully, the rule being to return no change.

Daybreak, the 8-year-old gray mare by Harold, sire of Maud S., dam Mid-night, dam of Jay-Eye-See, has been bought by David and A. A. Bonner, from Mr. J. M. Forbes, of Boston. The mare will be handled for speed. She has shown a fast clip after very little work.

Edward Geer, ticket agent at the branch depot, Middletown, Conn., desiring to visit his home at Hadlyme on Sunday, put on his skates and started down the river. It is said he made the passage from dock to dock in one hour and three minutes, a distance of 18 miles—3½ minutes per mile.

Senor Gaxarre, who made a brilliant debut as Gennaro, in "Lucrezia Borgia," in Paris on Saturday night, is now 35 years old. He is the son of a blacksmith of Spanish Navarre. From the village choir he went to Italy to study. Not only has he a superb voice, but he possesses dramatic powers of uncommon order.

Christine Nilsson told a Chicago reporter that outside New York she had to sing in theatres where her voice seemed to stick in her throat. She thought Americans the most intrusive autograph hunters in the world. She was often asked to give money for various objects, but preferred relieving the sick and destitute to helping build churches.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, who is tobogganing at Montreal, is thus described by a newspaper correspondent who attended his reception: "The marquis wore a black Prince Albert coat and brown trousers. He is just the size and shape of Jay Gould. He is very young looking, but is probably 35. His brown mustaches run into the patches of whisker in front of his ears. The whole top of his head is bald, and he has a big, thin, hooked nose. He bent his arm in front of his waist when he shook hands, and bowed and smiled at each encounter."

A table of the fastest time made over various trotting tracks, printed in the *Turf, Field and Farm*, shows that since Goldsmith Maid placed Mystic Park in front with 2:14 in 1874, fifteen tracks have surpassed that time. On five tracks, 2:11 has been beaten; on seven tracks, 2:12; on ten, 2:13; on fifteen, 2:14. Rochester leads with Maud's 2:10½. Another table in the *Turf* gives a list of 172 trotters that have made records of 2:30 or better before reaching their sixth year. Wildflower leads two-year-olds with 2:21; Hinda Rosa, three-year-olds, 2:19½; Bonita, four-year-olds, 2:18½; and Jay-Eye-See, five-year-olds, 2:10½.

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