

the girls to remember what had been said to them.

Conference adjourned for six months and the choir sang an anthem. A vote of thanks was given to the Twenty-second ward choir for their beautiful singing. Benediction by Z. G. Eardley.

L. P. BAXTER,

Secretary prop tem.

UTAH NOVEMBER WEATHER.

The mean temperature for the month of November, 1897, for the State was 39.3 degrees; highest monthly mean 46.2 degrees at St. George, Washington county; lowest monthly mean, 29.6 degrees at Soldier Summit, Utah county; highest temperature recorded was 78 degrees at Fillmore, Millard county, on the 2nd; lowest temperature recorded was one degree below zero at Loa, Piute county, on the 8th, and Soldier Summit, Utah county, on the 24th; range of temperature for the State, 79 degrees.

The average precipitation for the State was 0.96 inches, which is about one-half inch below the usual amount for November. The greatest monthly amount recorded was 2.44 inches at Logan, and the least amount recorded was .04 of an inch at Pahreah.

Snow fall (stations and amounts)—Salt Lake City, 3.4 inches; Scipio, 12.0 inches; Soldier Summit, 13.5 inches; Vernal, 2.0 inches; Pinto, 4.0 inches; Promontory, 2.5 inches; Parowan, 5.7 inches; Ogden, 14.0 inches; Mt. Pleasant, 10.0 inches; Moab, 1.0 inch; Loa, 0.5 inches; Levan, 5.0 inches; Heber, 10.0 inches; Gilles, 1.5 inches; Frisco, trace; Ferron, 0.5 inches; Corinne, 2.0 inches; Brigham City, 4.0 inches; Alpine City, 2.2 inches.

The average number of clear days was 15, partly cloudy 8, cloudy 7 and days on which .01 of an inch or more of precipitation was recorded, 4.

The prevailing direction of the wind during the month was southwest. The total movement of the wind at Salt Lake City was 3,557 miles, and the highest velocity 33 miles per hour from the west on the 7th.

The month was moderately mild and pleasant, with slight departures from normal conditions. The warmest days were the 1st and 2nd in the northern portion, and the 20th, 21st and 22nd throughout the southern portion. There were three cool periods during the month, from the 4th to 9th, 15th and 16th, and 25th to 28th. The principal part of the precipitation occurred during the first ten days of the month.

J. H. SMITH,

Observer and Section Director, Salt Lake City.

THE BISMARCK PIPE.

[By Dr. F. Meunch in N. Y. Times.]

Great as had been the rejoicing of the patients in the German army hospital at Versailles when King William came to see them one day in the month of November, 1870, and, making the tour through the different wards, addressed cheering and sympathetic words to the occupant of every cot, still Count Bismarck's unavoidable absence on this occasion could not help being felt by all a cause of deep and sincere regret, as his presence would have made their happiness complete. Yet they were not destined wholly to forego the pleasure of seeing him, as the count, informed of the patients' desire, made it possible to pay them an unexpected visit some days later. Having been enthusiastically received by the inmates of the hospital, for each of whom he had some heartfelt sentiments of encouragement, he passed on his departure from the building through a double file of convalescents whom the news of his arrival had gathered on the lawn and whose hearts

he likewise gladdened by hopeful assurances.

He had almost reached the end of the line when his eye fell upon the herculean form of a Bavarian soldier whose breast was decorated with the order of the Iron cross and many medals, while his face showed several scars of deep saber cuts, all speaking proofs of the man's bravery and heroic valor. Such a man Count Bismarck, even though he had extended his visit far beyond the space of time he had allotted for this purpose, could not possibly pass by unnoticed and undressed, and he therefore tarried a few moments longer to hear the soldier's history. The Bavarian, with the frankness peculiar to his race, gave the count a graphic description of his exploits in battle, which account, rendered in the vigorous Franconian dialect, did not fail to evoke the greatest interest on the part of the count, who asked the soldier, when he had come to the end of his story, whether he had any particular desires that he (the count) could gratify.

"Well," said the Bavarian, "my fondest wish, that of rejoining my company and having some more tussles with those frog-eaters, will be realized tomorrow, as the doctor has permitted me to leave the hospital in the morning; still, I think I could wield twice as hard a blow upon French skulls with a pipe in my mouth as without it, since I lost the one I brought from home on the battlefield of Bazelle where I sank wounded to the ground!"

"If that is so," replied Bismarck, smilingly—for the soldier's droll manner of speech had greatly amused him—"will you accept a pipe from me?"

"A pipe from you! a pipe from Count Bismarck!" exclaimed the Bavarian "with that between my teeth I could defy the whole French army!"

"Then you shall have one, even today!" said the count while departing and he kept his word; for on the afternoon of the self same day a pipe, adorned with a coronet as cover and a carved Turk's head as bowl, together with a package of the finest Varinas tobacco, arrived at the hospital for Sergeant Blumauer of the Bavarian regiment King Maximilian. Who was happier than he?

With that Bismarck pipe in his knapsack the Bavarian went forth the next day to take the railway train for Tours, where his regiment was then stationed; with that Bismarck pipe in his grasp he appeared among his comrades, who passed it from hand to hand as the greatest curiosity their eyes had had ever seen; with that Bismarck pipe *Alfus quoz Surureys quonow squ* clouds of dense smoke, the sergeant, by special permission of his superiors, led his company into the bloody battle of Orleans, when Gambetta's newly inspired troops made their infuriated attack upon the German army under Gen. Von Der Tann.

And nobly did the Bavarian acquit himself on that occasion. It was for a long time in vain that the French commander hurled regiment upon regiment against the crest of the hill, where, towering like a giant, the sergeant stood with the Bismarck pipe between his teeth, and, now with the bayonet, now with the butt of his musket, strewn the ground around him with heaps of bodies slain by his hand. But at the last the overpowering numbers of the French told upon the decimated ranks of the Germans.

"They will not even give a fellow time to relight his pipe!" was the sergeant's exclamation when fresh troops of the enemy were charging the position he occupied, and assailed him and the few comrades at his side from the front and the rear. It was then that the sergeant, while knocking the French colonel from his horse by a powerful blow of his musket, was him-

self laid low by a bayonet stab in his back, yet while falling unconscious upon the ground he grasped the pipe that he had hitherto kept firmly between his teeth and so lay like one dead upon the corpses he had heaped around him.

His first question when he regained consciousness as a wounded prisoner in the French hospital at Bordeaux was about his pipe, but, alas! it was gone, nor could his persistent inquiries or his researches on the spot where he had fallen, instituted after his recovery and his release from captivity at the conclusion of the war, furnish him with even the slightest clue as to the whereabouts of his cherished Bismarck pipe. Reluctantly resigning all hope of ever finding it again, the sergeant returned to his Bavarian home at Kissingen, where, honorably discharged from service, he resumed his vocation as a saddler.

It was the midsummer of the year 1872, when Saddler Blumauer was sitting near the open window of his shop, busied with the repair of a harness. Although it was known to him that Prince Bismarck was then a sojourner at the watering place, and although the saddler's shopmates, familiar with the veteran's story, had often encouraged him to present himself before the prince, still his modesty and also his mortification at the loss of his pipe would not allow him to do so. The discussion of the reasons pro and con had been the subject of their conversation that very morning, when all at once Saddler Blumauer was seen throwing his work aside and, without losing a moment's time by making his exit through the door, jumping through the window upon the sidewalk, where he stopped one of two finely dressed gentlemen walking side by side with the exclamation:

"This is my pipe! Give me that pipe; it is my Bismarck pipe!"

The gentleman's reply, given in French, to the effect that it was his own pipe, and that he would not surrender it, only tended to confirm the saddler in his demand, and, as it was obstinately refused, he proceeded to take forcible possession of the pipe by hurling himself with the whole weight of his gigantic body upon the holder of his cherished idol. They fell upon the sidewalk, they rolled into the gutter, the gentleman underneath, the saddler on top, while the Frenchman's companion, to free his friend rained vigorous blows upon the German's head, who, nevertheless, would not relax his hold upon the hand that held the pipe. This tussle with its consequent noise quickly brought two policemen to the spot, who arrested the party and brought the three offenders before the magistrate. Here the saddler reiterated his assertion that the pipe was his property, given to him by Prince Bismarck, and that the latter would assuredly be able to testify as to the identity of the corpus delicti. To ascertain the truthfulness of this statement, the pipe was forthwith sent to the hotel where the prince then resided, and soon the reply was returned from Bismarck that he recognized the pipe as his former property, but presented by him to Sergeant Blumauer of the army hospital in Versailles. Meanwhile the two French gentlemen had evinced great anxiety to be dismissed from the sitting of the court by signifying their readiness to surrender the pipe into the saddler's hands, even though it was a legitimate booty of war, purchased, as they said, from a French soldier. Accordingly when Bismarck's answer came back from the hotel, the pipe was restored to the saddler, who, on receiving it, broke forth into a shout of exultation while the tears rolled down his battle-scarred cheeks.