

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

THE

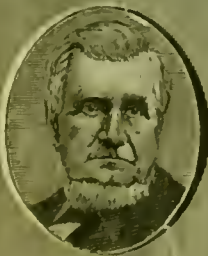
# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

Published Semi Monthly  
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Education & Elevation  
of the Young

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GEORGE Q. CANNON,  
EDITOR.  
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.



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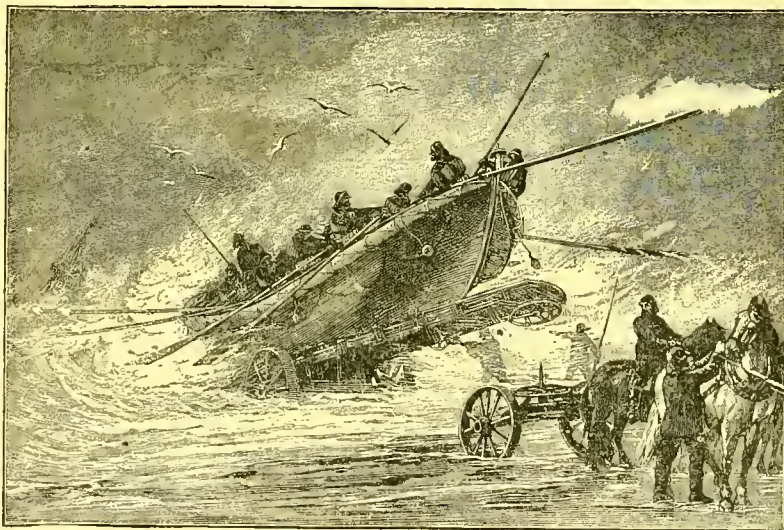
VOL. XXVII.—No. 11. SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1892.

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in advance.

## OUR LIFE-SAVING SERVICE.

ON the wave-swept shore, night and day, in storm and sunshine, faithful and untiring, the noble men of the Life-saving Service are ever on duty. These "brave watchers by the sea" stand beyond tribute in their humane work, their daring courage, and

built our life-saving stations on the Atlantic coast. They are usually two-story pine houses, with red gabel roof, projecting eaves, and an open observatory on the peak of the roof, from which spires a flagstaff, sixty feet high, used in signaling vessels by the International Code. The houses are about twenty by forty-five feet, with four rooms on the first



LAUNCHING THE SURF-BOAT.

great achievements. If "all the world loves a lover" surely all the world loves a hero; and heroic deeds will never cease to thrill us with enthusiastic pride, wonder, and sympathy.

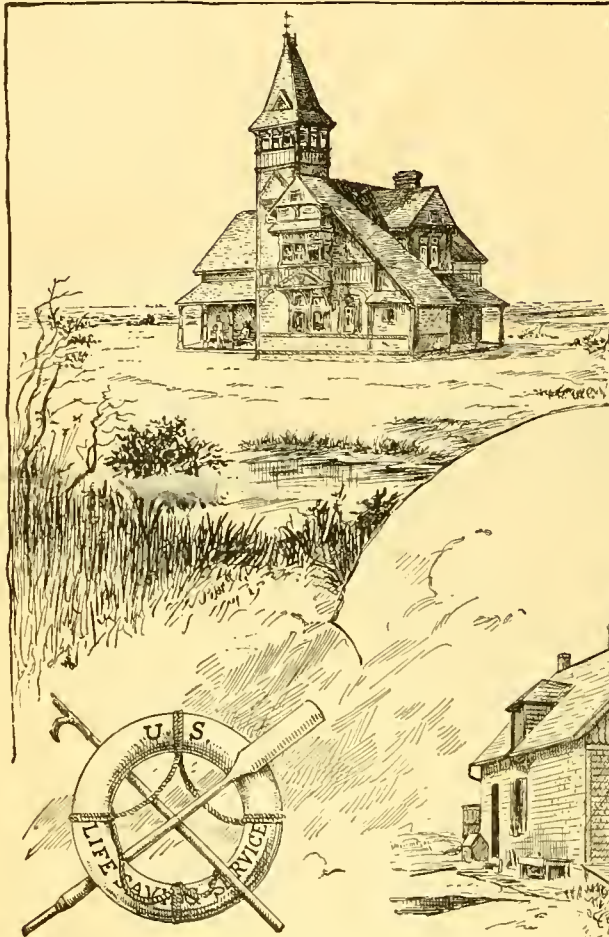
Just behind the long, lonely beaches, among the sandhills, safe from the reach of storm-tides and back of high-water mark, are

floor, and two above. Those built later at popular seaside resorts, are much handsomer.

The living-room, kitchen, and store-room are snug and comfortable. The boat-room contains the surf-boat, which is used on flat beaches and in shoal waters, and the mortar-cart, loaded with the wreck ordnance, lines, and lighter equipments. The upper rooms are

filled with cots for the rescued, the medicine chest, and storage, and are used as sleeping-rooms for the keeper and his crew. On the drab walls of the living-room hang well-filled book-shelves, the books donated by good friends, and which pass from station to station as read. The steadfast clock tells on its face the story of the work, in big letters, U. S. L. S. S.

In 1848, a few rude huts sheltered mariners, and a few life-saving appliances were used by volunteer fishermen. In 1854, three hundred lives were lost by the fearful wreck of the "Powhatan," on the Jersey coast, and from the pressure of this and other terrible scenes, a local superintendent was employed, and a keeper assigned to each station; but not until 1871, when Hon. Sumner I. Kimball was appointed General Superintendent, did the organization of the service become complete and efficient. It is now called the most perfect of its kind in the world. There is no space to give the interesting detail of this wonderful work,—how, with small appropriations, and many discouragements, the small neglected stations and crews were brought into an orderly and



U. S. LIFE SAVING STATION.  
AT DEAL, NEW JERSEY.

U. S. LIFE SAVING STATION.  
AT OCEAN CITY, MARYLAND.

The houses of refuge are two-storied, with broad gable roof, a veranda, and large chimneys outside the walls. They will accommodate twenty-five persons, and are supplied with provisions to feed that number ten days. All the year round, the keeper with his family makes this his home.

complete system of "well-equipped fortresses by the sea."

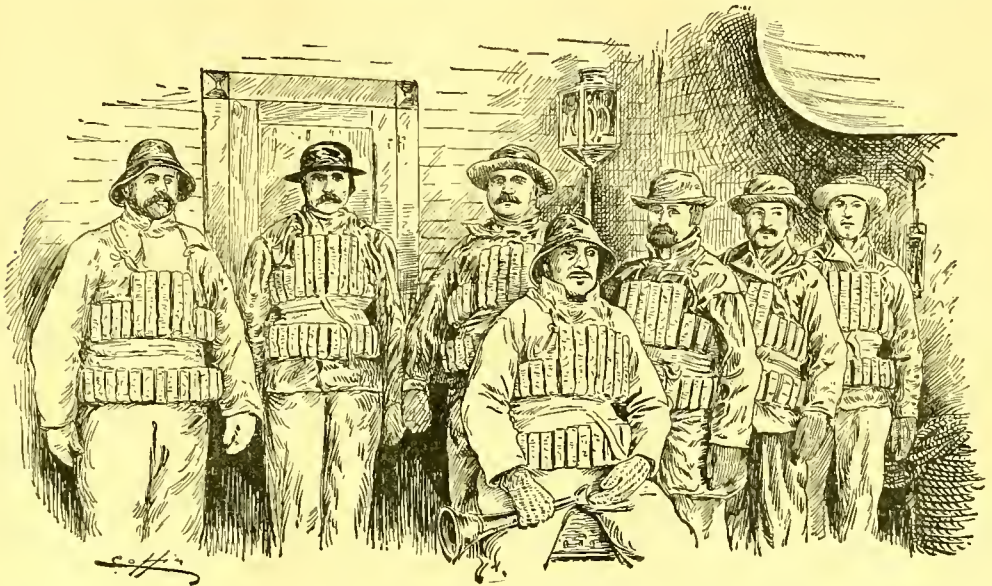
More than ten thousand miles of sea and lake coast-line of the United States extend through every variety of climate and every feature of terrible danger to mariners on our coasts. We have two hundred and twenty-

six Life-saving Stations, one hundred and sixty-five of them on the Atlantic shores, located at the more dangerous points, some at long intervals, others but five miles apart. The ocean shores of Long Island and of New Jersey, one, one hundred and fifty, and the other, one hundred and twenty-six miles in length, have wide, sandy beaches bordered by sandbars, over which, in storms, the walls of surf continually foam and break.

The active service on the Atlantic and Gulf coasts begins September first and ends in

beach lantern and several red Coston lights, which he ignites by percussion, throwing out a brilliant red flame. When he sees a vessel in danger or distress, instantly his signal of warning and promise of help is flashed over the water. At the beginning of each watch, two patrolmen go out either direction, until they meet the surfman from the adjacent station, and by the light of their lanterns they exchange checks, as proofs of faithfulness.

The surf-boat is usually provided with a



A GROUP OF HEROES.

May; on the Lake coasts, it continues from the opening to the close of navigation. The keeper commands the crew of six, chosen from among the fishermen for their ability as surfmen. The day watch is kept from sunrise to sunset, and during stormy weather a complete patrol is kept all night. The four watches are divided from sunset to eight o'clock, to twelve, to four, and to sunrise.

Do we ever think what an army of well-drilled men is marching up and down our bleak shores, through darkness and peril, from Maine to Florida, all the long stormy winters, while we are warmly housed in comfort and safety? Each patrolman carries a

carriage by which it may be hauled from the station, abreast a wreck. The carriage is four-wheeled, and the launching is accomplished by separating the forward from the back part of the carriage. When launched it is guided by a long steering-oar, the helmsman standing in the stern, and the surfmen, with eyes fixed on him, follow his directions with implicit obedience. The slender red boat tossed about in the breakers is a strange sight as it rides through roaring surf, close beside the sinking ships, and brings safely to shore the drowning men and women.

The "Huron" was wrecked off the dreary point of Nag's Head, North Carolina, and

ninety-eight souls were lost, before the active winter service began; and that same year a steamer on a southern beach was dashed to pieces and eighty-five lives lost, just because the stations were twelve miles apart and the weary patrolmen had passed two hours before. Agonizing screams were heard by the people on shore: a boy was sent miles away to the nearest station, the heavy apparatus hauled by six surfmen till within one mile of the wreck, when a horse and cart helped them through the deep sand. The surf ran high, the drowning people were drifting towards the shore, shouts and screams of joy cheered the life-savers in their work, and one hundred persons were saved!

The life-car is a covered boat made of corrugated, galvanized iron, provided with bails and rings, into which hauling lines are bent; the car is drawn back and forth over the water between the wreck and the shore, and holds six or seven persons at once. It is covered with a hatch, through which small holes punched outward give sufficient air. At its first trial two hundred and one persons were saved from the wreck of the "Ayrshire."

With a southeast wind and a heavy sea, at midnight, the French steamer "L'Amérique," of three hundred tons burden, through rain and cold and darkness, was wrecked off the Jersey coast in January, 1877. Old people living in that vicinity today tell us stories of that awful scene. Nothing could be seen from the shore but a few moving figures on deck. The masts and yards looked black in the gloom, while the great throb of her engines, the noise of steam and the roar of the sea reached the strained ears of the listeners.

If the sea is running too high and the surf-boat thought impracticable, the breeches-buoy is used. After the crimson light has flashed from the shore, and the patrolman has aroused the station, the keeper shouts the word of command, "Open the boat-house! Out with the mortar!" and instantly the apparatus is started for the nearest point opposite the wreck. Willing hands drag almost one hundred and eighty pounds through the sand, no

matter how far, over the low sand-hills, in the wash of the spent breakers, or often over brush and fences, for many miles. Horses are sometimes provided, but oftener the whole is drawn by the surfmen. The apparatus is placed in position, a trench dug for the sand anchor, the hawser and hauling lines ready for running. The gun is fired, the shot with its line goes flying over the wreck, the steel projectile falls into the sea, while the sailors grasp the life-line and make it fast to their vessel. Shouts and cheers tell the surfmen that communication is established between them and land. By means of the tally-board, which is attached to the shot-line, those on board learn how and where the hawser should be fastened to the wreck. On this great rope hangs the circular life-preserver of cork with its stiff canvas breeches, which will carry its one passenger safely.

The self-righting and self-bailing life-boat is much used on the lakes. It is a miracle of construction, with air-cases at the sides and ends, tubes extending vertically down through the bottom of the boat, with self-acting valves opened by the downward pressure of the water as it sweeps over her deck. It rarely upsets, rights itself instantly, and when full of water empties itself in twenty seconds.

The difficulties attending the rescue of vessels are so many and so great: strong lines snap and break with the tossing and rolling of the ship, the half-frozen crew fail to connect the line to their masts, or ice and snow drag them down, again and again. When everything else fails, the surfmen wade out through the surf, and with the "whip" tied around the bodies of passengers, drag the ship-wrecked to shore.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THERE exists in some parts of South Dakota, Colorado and Texas a singular variety of grass called the "sleepy grass." When in a fresh, green state this plant is strongly charged with narcotic propensities, so much so that horses and cattle grazing it are thrown into profound sleep.



## THE FIELD OF JOURNALISM.

THOMAS JEFFERSON is said to have declared that he would rather have newspapers without a government than a government without newspapers. Napoleon said he feared three newspapers more than an army of a hundred thousand men. A more recent celebrity holds that the newspaper is the poor man's library, constituting his stock of history, biography and literature. And the best authorities of every land and people recognize in the fearless, well-conducted newspaper the ablest champion of the people's rights, the stoutest foe of tyrants.

There is scarcely a profession which in so short a time has reached so exalted a place in popular estimation as has journalism; and there is certainly none in which the rewards of superiority are readier and more generous. In the very nature of things, excellence in any class of journalistic work is certain to attract attention—his professional brethren far and near are daily brought in contact with the writer's work and are on the keenest outlook for anything of special merit. Hence it happens that by a single newspaper article a writer is sometimes made famous, his services in high demand from various quarters, his name and his work flatteringly commended by brilliant and generous men,—the colleagues to whose companionship his talents make him always welcome. The genius that has sparkled from a single paragraph in a humble country newspaper has more than once carried its possessor over the threshold of notoriety. The first exchange editor who detects it, reproduces it admiringly; his exchanges do likewise; at length it has "gone the rounds;" and long before that time, somebody has discovered the new star and introduced him to the world, he is deemed capable to adorn.

But to reach fame at one grand bound and to deserve and retain fame once won, are two very different propositions. If the first is sometimes easy, the second is always hard. Where much praise has been bestowed, much

excellence of further performance is expected. Meteoric journalists that flash for an instant and are as suddenly snuffed out attract but passing notice and retain little sympathy, where candidates for popularity are so numerous and so well-favored, it must needs be that he who aspires to continued influence must show himself the possessor of enduring ability. At the top of the journalistic ladder there is always plenty of room; but the height is dizzy and a clear eye and a calm head are necessary to him who would maintain a place there.

Notwithstanding the fears and misgivings that many critics indulge in, we believe the newspapers of today, taken as a class, are better, braver and more influential for good than at any time in the world's history. Admit this, and we must accept the logical corollary, that at no previous period were there so many brainy, brilliant and effective journalists. True, times have changed and newspaper customs have changed with them; but in general excellence of the work performed, in thoroughness, sincerity and enterprise, we maintain that journalism today is at its highest mark. Where there is one corrupt, venal writer there are ten to watch him and lay bare before a stern and uncompromising constituency his avarice or his selfishness. Before such a tribunal the hour of the black-mailer and the defender of wickedness is short and his punishment is swift. To succeed in the profession of journalism, one must couple with the highest intelligence, the most scrupulous integrity. A characterless knave may for a brief period dazzle by the rare beauty of his style and the consummate hypocrisy with which he voices good sentiments; but the vulture that gorges upon the decaying carcass is distinct from the eagle that mounts proudly toward the sun, and the hyena garbed though he may be momentarily in the lion's skin, cannot long masquerade as the king of beasts.

To our readers we may say again, as we said in starting, that while no profession requires a greater display of ability, yet none offers

handsomer rewards, than journalism. We should like to see from among the Saints many clear, vigorous, stalwart writers arise as candidates for recognition. For such there is always a demand—the field is never overcrowded. And the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, we are sure, will have the greatest pleasure in doing its part to encourage those who think they have talent in this direction, as well as to induce those who may possess unawares the dormant ability to give it exercise and development.

*Reporter.*

---

#### EMINENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

---

##### V.—Christopher Columbus.

THE affairs of the island of Hispaniola were now in a miserable state. Columbus himself, worn down by disease and hardship, was scarcely able to cope with the difficulties surrounding him. Roldan, the conspirator, safe in the distant province of Xaragua, was daily being recruited from the ranks of the disaffected among the Spaniards, while the rebellious Indians, urged on by his promises of protection, continued their depredations on the outskirts.

Realizing how few there were among his followers upon whose integrity he could rely should he declare open war against the rebels, Columbus at last determined to try and quell the disturbances by the most pacific mode of procedure which he could assume. In accordance with this determination, he indicted a letter to Roldan, couched in the most cautious and plausible terms, in which he pledged absolute protection to himself and followers if they would return in peace to their allegiance, and promising to redress all grievances so far as lay in his power.

Greatly to the surprise of Columbus, the arrogant Roldan treated the proffered pardon with contempt, replying in a tone which showed that he considered him to be in his power to a great extent.

Knowing that a resort to arms would but betray his weakness, the next move of the admiral was to give leave for all who were homesick or discouraged to return to Spain in the ships just ready to sail. He detained these ships eighteen days in hope that many of the insurgents would take advantage of the offer. Probably the reason of his disappointment in this particular lay in the fact that they were afraid to face the consequences of their misconduct, in the mother country, when the truth became fully known to their sovereigns.

Columbus sent detailed accounts by the returning vessels of the insurrection, as viewed by himself and brother; also of his voyage, with specimens of gold, pearls, spices, etc., gathered for that purpose.

Roldan also sent letters by the same ships charging Columbus and Don Bartholomew with oppression and injustice as the cause of the recent troubles. Notwithstanding the character of the man and his confederates, and the evidences contradictory to their story, it will be found to have exerted considerable influence at court against Columbus and his brother.

The admiral did not sit supinely down waiting for the result of his communications, but continued his pacific overtures toward his rebellious subjects, who grew more arrogant and presumptuous the more lenient he became.

Finally negotiations were entered into by which certain large grants of land were made to the rebels in place of royal pay; all complaints against them to be withdrawn; a certain number allowed to return to Spain free of charge, and that Roldan be reinstated in his position of chief judge. Insolent as these demands were, they were granted, and once more Columbus hoped for tranquility and opportunity to continue his explorations.

The Spanish sovereigns, to hasten discovery and colonization of the new countries, gave permission to private individuals to explore and settle where they pleased. The daring and intrepid Ojeda before mentioned,

having returned to Spain, fitted out an expedition; and having, through the inveterate court enemy of Columbus, Fonseca, gained access to the charts and letters concerning the last voyage of the admiral, followed in his wake, committing great depredations among the Indians of Paria and the Pearl Coast. Steering for Hispaniola, he landed at Xaragua, where they were carrying matters with a high hand when word came to Columbus of their doings. Roldan, who, anxious to redeem himself, had suddenly become very loyal, was sent against him, with orders to drive him from the island.

An interesting time was experienced between these two bold and wily leaders which finally resulted in Ojeda leaving the island.

Following close upon this incident was a conspiracy among certain of Roldan's former confederates, whose hatred of the reformed rebel was greater than their former love. Their main purpose was the death of both Roldan and the admiral. By good luck their purposes became known to Columbus. Contrary to his former course, he now resolved to nip the uprising in the bud. With only ten men, he surprised them by night, seized the ringleaders, some of whom were at once put to death and the rest thrown into prison to await trial.

These strict and severe measures effectually subdued the rebels, while the Indians, seeing resistance vain, succumbed to his authority, many even joining the Catholic faith and becoming more or less civilized.

In the meantime, such rumors reached Spain of the dreadful state of affairs in the colony, that the monarchs thought it necessary to send out a commissioner to investigate the causes and attempt a cure. A man named Bobadilla was appointed to this position. To him were given letters patent, authorizing him to investigate the conduct of Roldan and his followers, the complaints of all, the condition of the colonists, the natives, and the country. The cure, as rewards and punishments, was left largely undefined, and various discretionary powers

vested in the man, which he proved himself unworthy to hold.

When Bobadilla arrived at San Domingo, Columbus was at Fort Conception. Don Bartholomew with Roldan, still pursuing the rebels in Xaragua, and Don Diego left in command at San Domingo. This suited the purposes of Bobadilla admirably, for it was not his intention to discharge his duties in the manner and spirit of his instructions but rather in that of self aggrandizement at the expense of Columbus and his brothers. The news of his arrival and the purpose of his mission created a great stir in the community. He was not long in landing and proclaiming his intentions, with which the majority of the colonists were delighted, flocking to his standard and making all manner of false accusations against the admiral and the Adelantado.

Contrary to his instructions, Bobadilla did not begin by investigating the cause of the late rebellion and the conduct of the ringleaders of the same, but by making inquisition into the character and affairs, private and public, of Columbus. He seized his house treasure and documents, even to his private papers, and by a great stretching of the meaning of one of the discretionary powers before alluded to, even seized the persons of Columbus and his brothers, loaded them with chains and kept them in strict confinement, separated from each other. He neither visited them himself nor allowed others to do so, nor did they know for what purpose they had been arrested.

In this manner they were put on board ships, and sent to Spain. Columbus had submitted without remonstrance to what he was led to believe was his sovereigns' will, confident that when able to plead his own cause all would be made right.

Thus, after his great labors and exertions in behalf of his adopted country, did this great and good man receive the reward of ignominy and disgrace at the hands of the hired and degraded minions of an ungrateful king and country. Like many another ben-

efactor of human-kind, he was not destined to reap the fruits of his labors in this life, it remaining for posterity to hand down their fame for future generations to honor and revere.

*Julia A. Macdonald.*

---

PITTYPAT AND TIPPYTOE.

---

ALL day long they come and go—  
Pittypat and Tippytoe ;  
Footprints up and down the hall,  
Playthings scattered on the floor,  
Fingermarks along the wall  
Tell-tale streaks upon the door—  
By these presents you shall know  
Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play !  
And, a dozen times a day,  
In their troop, demanding bread—  
Only buttered bread will do,  
And that butter must be spread  
Inches thick with sugar, too !  
Never yet have I said : " No,  
Pittypat and Tippytoe ! "

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe—  
Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth ;  
For—I much regret to say—  
Tippytoe and Pittypat  
Sometimes interrupt their play  
With an internecine spat ;  
Fie ! oh, fie ! to quarrel so,  
Pittypat and Tippytoe !

Oh, the thousand worrying things  
Every day recurrent brings !  
Hands to scrub and hair to brush,  
Search for playthings gone amiss,  
Many a murmuring to hush,  
Many a little bump to kiss ;  
Life's indeed a fleeting show,  
Pittypat and Tippytoe !

And, when day is at an end,  
There are little duds to mend ;  
Little frocks are strangely torn,  
Little shoes great holes reveal,  
Little hose, but one day worn,  
Rudely yawn at toe or heel !  
Who but you could work such woe,  
Pittypat and Tippytoe !

But when comes this thought to me :  
" Some there are that childless be,"

Stealing to their little beds,  
With a love I cannot speak,  
Tenderly I stroke their heads,  
Fondly kiss each velvet cheek,  
God help those who do not know  
A Pittypat or Tippytoe !

On the floor, along the hall,  
Rudely traced upon the wall,  
There are proofs in every kind  
Of the havoc they have wrought.  
And upon my heart you'd find  
Just such trademarks, if you sought,  
Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,  
Pittypat and Tippytoe !

*Eugene Field.*

---

PHAGOCYTES.

---

A MOST extraordinary and interesting fact which recent research has disclosed is the power possessed by the white blood-globules of living animals to attack and devour the disease-germs which have gained entrance to the living tissues. There are two sets of corpuscles in the blood: red and white. The white corpuscles, or *phagocytes*, as they are now called, are believed by the great scientist Metschnikoff to have the property and power of destroying microbes. The white cells (*phagocytes*) are living protoplasm, and are semi-independent. They are able to wriggle their way through the walls of blood-vessels, and to pass at will among the body's tissues. There is no doubt that these curious cells seize upon noxious substances and consume them. They have been seen attacking bacteria and bacilli, and appear to be a sanitary corps. Therefore when we succumb to disease it is because our *phagocytes* have been defeated by the invading germs; and when we recover from a disease it is because the white blood-cells have conquered the microbes. The practical aim of life would therefore seem to be that of reenforcing the *phagocytes*. How this is to be done, other than by maintaining a high state of general health, is not quite clear; but it is certain that the *phagocytes* are in good fighting trim when the health is good.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

## The Temporal Blessings we Enjoy.

WE have had a cold and backward spring; but notwithstanding this, our country presents a most beautiful and attractive appearance. We have had a large number of travelers pass through Salt Lake City within a few days, all of whom expressed themselves as being charmed with the loveliness of the scenery; and they even praised our climate, of which, however, they have not had a very fair sample, on account of the storms. Salt Lake Valley is pronounced one of the most beautiful valleys in the world. Our grand mountains, now covered with snow; our beautiful lake, and the verdure-covered valley, present a combination of scenery rarely equaled and scarcely ever excelled. The mountains which, when the valley was first settled, reared themselves up in terrible sublimity as an impassable barrier during six or eight months of the year between our settlers and the outside world, now are full of attractiveness, because of their grandeur and beauty. They are no longer a barrier. Railroad trains pierce and cross them several times each day. They have, therefore, lost their terrors to the residents of these valleys.

The change that has taken place is a wonderful one, when it is remembered that Zachary Taylor was elected President of the United States in November, 1848, and the news of his election was not known in Salt Lake City until the succeeding July.

That which may be said concerning the beauty of the landscape in Salt Lake Valley can with equal truth be said respecting many other valleys in our mountain chain. The wilderness has been rescued from its desolation. The presence of man has converted the desert into fruitful fields, and all nature rejoices in gladness at that which has been done. Mother earth herself, could her voice be heard, would express her joy at the change that has been wrought upon her surface by

the persevering industry and energy of the Latter-day Saints.

It is a wonderful providence that has brought us to these mountains, made us the pioneers of the civilization which now prevails, and has converted these valleys from sterility to fruitful fields, orchards and gardens. The beauty of our land is universally conceded. Its fertility can scarcely be equaled, much less excelled. True, it requires patient toil and energetic endeavor to bring out our streams for the irrigation of the soil; but when these conditions are completed, the husbandman receives a cheering reward for his exertions. Our wheat, oats, barley, potatoes, all yield plentiful crops and of superior quality. No finer vegetables or cereals can be produced in any land. Our fruits also are noted for the excellence of their flavor.

Surely the Lord has rewarded His people for the privations and hardships of the past! So great have been our blessings that we are envied, and many have thought that the country was too good for us.

Have all these results which we now witness been brought about by chance?

Was it a mere chance—a stroke of good fortune—for the pioneers to be led as they were to Salt Lake valley, and to select the site of the present city of Salt Lake?

Was it mere chance that enabled the leader of God's people to designate these mountain valleys as the future gathering place of the Saints who had been scattered and stripped of almost all their earthly possessions and goods?

Or was it the overruling providence of our God?

Was it His inspiration which rested down upon the leaders of His people, and upon the people themselves, which impelled them to seek a home in the Rocky Mountains, and led them to make their stand where this city now spreads itself out at the foot of the mountains?

To those who believe in God and in His overruling care; to those who believe that He takes active interest in the affairs of the

children of men, it is plain that God's hand has been in all these movements, and to Him all the glory should be given.

Of all people upon the face of the earth the Latter-day Saints should be the most grateful. God has placed in their midst men whom He has inspired to counsel and direct the affairs of His Church. They are mortal, and they are fallible. But He has honored them by blessing the people who have listened to them. Prosperity has followed those who obeyed their counsels. In the time of extreme poverty when gold was discovered in California, and the news came that men with a spade and a rocker, had the opportunity of making a fortune in a few weeks, President Brigham Young told the Latter-day Saints not to go to the mines, but to remain and create homes here, and cultivate the ground. He promised them that if they would do this, they would prosper more than if they should go to the mines. This seemed most unlikely; for the conditions which surrounded the people here at that time were most discouraging. But his words were literally fulfilled. There may have been some who went to California and returned who did tolerably well; but it is a fact that those who remained prospered, as a whole, far beyond those who left; for not only did many who went to the mines, lose their faith, but they did not acquire much worldly substance; and a comparison between their condition and that of their brethren and sisters who remained faithful to their posts, fully corroborated the truth of the promise which the prophet of God had made to the people.

So it has been from that day until the present. God has condescended to fulfill the words and promises of His servants when they have spoken by His direction, and the Latter-day Saints have prospered in proportion to their obedience. This prosperity has not been in a few things, but it has been general, from the day of the organization of the Church until the present time.

The Latter-day Saints in leaving Nauvoo and taking refuge in the wilderness, though

they did not exactly know whither they were going or where they would stop, had a definite assurance which left them without misgivings or fears that they were traveling in the right direction and doing the right thing; and when the pioneers left Winter Quarters for the mountains, they were as unerringly guided as the children of Israel were in the wilderness. It was not a matter of conjecture with the man upon whom the responsibility of guiding the people rested, as to what the future of this country would be: he knew it as positively as if he had seen these cities that now adorn our valleys built, these farms and beautiful homes which now cover the land in their perfection. Not a doubt, nor a fear, nor the least hesitation concerning the results, ever entered his mind; for he knew as perfectly as it was possible for a human being to know, that this was the spot which God had chosen for His people to settle, and that the grandest results would follow the settlement. Besides this—and who can estimate the full advantage of it?—the people themselves had a similar testimony, and they set to work confidently to perform their tasks, and to contend with and overcome the difficulties of the position, without any doubt or uncertainty concerning the results.

It is this widespread faith and confidence that have produced such remarkable achievements as are now to be witnessed throughout this entire Rocky Mountain region.

Unless the Lord had been with the people, sustaining and comforting them, they would have become discouraged and fainted in their labors, and would have abandoned these sterile wastes and gone to lands more inviting, and where life would not have been surrounded by so many discouragements.

*The Editor.*

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As it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy, it is the enjoyment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

## IV.—THE JAREDITES.

The Kings of the Jaredites, Continued—Omer--  
The Treason of Jared—The Conspiracy  
with Akish--The Triumph of the  
Secret Combinations--The  
first great Destruction.

SHULE was succeeded by his son Omer, one of the best and, in some respects, one of the most unfortunate monarchs who reigned over the Jaredites. Amongst his children was a son named Jared. This prince rebelled against his father, and by his flatteries led away the people of half the kingdom. He then gave battle to his father and took him prisoner, holding him in servitude half his days. While thus in bondage Omer begat several children, among whom were two sons named Esrom and Coriantumr. When these young men grew to manhood they espoused the cause of their father, raised an army, attacked the forces of Jared by night and utterly routed them. Jared obtained his life by renouncing his rights to the throne, and Omer was reinstated in the kingly authority. But Jared's ambition would not remain dormant. He sighed and wearied for the kingly authority, until his unrest became marked by all. He had a daughter who shared her father's feelings, and at her instigation he sent for a friend of Omer's named Akish, through whom he hoped to regain the throne. An entertainment of some kind, by which Jared's daughter could be introduced, was given. By pre-arrangement with her father, she danced before Akish, and so exhibited the beauties of her person and the graces of her movements that he became desperately enamored of her. As she anticipated, Akish asked Jared to give her to him as a wife. The latter consented, but on most revolting conditions. The father and daughter had planned that the price of her hand was to be the head of her grandfather, the king.

Akish accepted this terrible responsibility. He gathered his associates at the house of Jared and there made them all swear by the

God of heaven, and by the heavens, by the earth and by their heads, that whoso should vary from what he desired should lose his head, and whoso should divulge whatever he made known should lose his life. He then submitted his plans to them, which they accepted. The plot was so far successful that they overthrew the kingdom of Omer, but did not succeed in obtaining his head. For the Lord was merciful to Omer and warned him to depart out of the land. So taking those of his family who were faithful to him, he traveled for a great distance to a land called Ablom, on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean. There he and his companions tarried until the course of events permitted him to return.

Jared was again proclaimed king and Akish became his son-in-law. Soon the latter coveted the royal dignity; possibly the woman who plotted the death of her grandfather was willing to sacrifice her father also that she might be queen; such a supposition is not improbable. At any rate, Jared was slain on his throne while giving audience to his people, by some of the members of the secret society of assassins that he had been the means of calling into existence; and Akish reigned in his stead.

Under the cruel rule of Akish wickedness became almost universal; the secret societies by which he obtained power had corrupted the hearts of all the people. As may be well supposed, with such a condition of society his throne was not a stable one. He became jealous of one of his sons. What cause, if any, he had therefor, we are not told; but he shut him up in prison and slowly starved him to death. This cruel act greatly incensed another of Jared's sons, named Nimrah, and he, gathering a small number of men, fled to the exiled king, Omer, in the land Ablom.

Now, Akish had other sons, and though they had sworn to support him in all his doings, they were not true to their oaths. They found that the hearts of the Jaredites were consumed with the love of gain, and they bribed the greater portion of the people

to join them in a revolt against their father. So corrupt had the people now become that their extinction appears to have been the only remedy; they were past repentance.

A war of the most horrible character broke out, which lasted several years, and only ended when nearly every soul was slain. Of the kingdom of Akish, for which he had sinned so much, there remained but thirty souls, all the rest—men, women and children—had been swept by bloody hands into untimely graves. The people of Akish having been thus destroyed, Omer, with his friends, returned from his captivity and reigned over the feeble remnant of a wasted people. He lived to be exceedingly old, and two years before his death he anointed his son Emer to reign in his stead. His days were many and full of sorrow.

Thus had gross iniquity brought the almost entire destruction of the Jaredite race. The words of God through their forefathers had been fulfilled, that whatsoever people dwelt on this land should serve the true and living God. The few who were left had to commence the peopling of the western world anew. What a sorrowful, gloomy existence theirs must have been. Their cities tenantless, the open country deserted, and they for mutual comfort huddling together in one neighborhood, all the rest of the land but one vast sepulchre—desolation and a howling wilderness everywhere.

*George Reynolds.*

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#### COURTESY PAYS.

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THERE is scarcely a volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR that has not contained sound advice coupled with pleasing anecdotes upon the subject of courtesy. That a person who is of agreeable and courteous manners gets along more pleasantly in the world will not be disputed by any one, not even by the testy and ill-humored themselves. And it has come to be almost as universally recognized that such a person materially adds to

his business success and profit by the exercise of the same qualities that make him agreeable as a companion.

An instance of the pecuniary value of courtesy is recalled by the fact that the large estate of one of the most prominent and most successful locomotive builders of earlier days is about to be divided among his grandchildren. The vast fortune which he left to his posterity may be said to have been acquired through one small incident.

It was a good many years ago, when railroads were first being constructed and the enormous capabilities of the iron horse were but slightly understood. Near Boston were a number of workshops where by laborious processes steam engines were being built for the fast-increasing trade.

One afternoon two well-dressed strangers, apparently foreigners though speaking the language with uncommon accuracy, applied at the office of one of the largest of these workshops for permission to inspect the establishment. It was rudely granted, but on stating that they were strangers and would like to have someone explain the works and machinery to them, they were sharply told that no one could be spared to accompany them in their rounds and that it was hoped they would not interrupt the workmen by asking questions. "We don't care much to encourage sight-seers, anyway," continued the churlish manager who was idolently lolling in his office chair, smoking a cigar and gazing vacantly out of the window.

"We beg pardon," responded the older stranger; "we certainly do not wish to trouble you." And, passing out into the street, he remarked to his companion: "Perhaps that man is right in not wanting to have his workmen interrupted or his trade secrets inspected by every inquisitive visitor who comes along. I don't know that I can blame him for that; but I think he might have sent us away with a more courteous refusal, which to me would have been infinitely more acceptable than his ungracious consent."

"We may have better luck here," said the



other stranger, as they stopped before the door of another large establishment of the same kind. A brisk, dapper little man received them and offered to show them through the works. They were particularly interested in the boiler department of the shop, and would gladly have lingered to witness an operation just then being undertaken. But the impatience of their guide, who kept consulting his watch and muttering something about not being able to "devote the whole day" to them, admonished them to hasten forward. Their tour completed they thanked their conductor cordially and passed out.

"An improvement on the other man," said the elder traveler; "but his civility is only skin-deep—there is no heartiness in it. Let us look further."

A short distance away they saw a low unpretentious building, the sign over whose door indicated its modest claim to being a machine shop but bore no high-sounding corporation name. Entering the little compartment which served as an office, they met a man whose bared arms and grimy face showed that if he occupied the counting-house he gave some of his time to the forge as well. To the same request that they had made at their two previous calls he gave a cheery assent, and, calling a boy from the shop to watch the office in his absence, he led the way into the works. He explained the various steps in the manufacture of the locomotive, showed two or three improvements of his own, and, finding them good, intelligent listeners, his words were soon full of enthusiasm and homely eloquence. Two hours were thus pleasantly passed, at the end of which time his visitors took their leave.

"I fear," said one of them, "that we have taken a great deal too much of your time. You have treated us most kindly and have made our visit extremely interesting to us."

"I am glad you called," he replied; "I love my business, and am never happier than when explaining its beauties to appreciative

listeners. If you come into these parts again, I hope you will come and see me."

A few months later the same strangers came into the neighborhood again; but, without calling at the two large factories they had visited before, they proceeded at once to the little establishment whose proprietor had treated them so kindly. It was the hour of noon and he was musing in his office over the difficulties of making ends meet, almost discouraged in trying to maintain the unequal contest his wealthy and powerful competitors were forcing upon him. But he welcomed his guests warmly and offered them chairs.

"We bring credentials with us this time," said the older man; "we are agents of the Russian government, and I have the honor of offering you a commission from the Czar to supply his empire with all the locomotives you can furnish. We suggest that you go with us to St. Petersburg at once to establish there a branch of your establishment, and any means you may need in order to get the work started, shall be freely advanced."

So saying he produced the imperial documents, the importance and decorations of which almost dumbfounded the worthy machinist. But he found words at last:

"How does it happen that I, unknown as I am, should have been selected for all this distinction?"

"You were gentlemanly and unsuspecting to us when we were making secret investigations upon which to base our report to his majesty, and we were with you long enough to see that you understood fully every detail of your business. Your competitors may be equally competent, but they gave us no opportunity of knowing it. You were courteous, without any other letter of introduction than our manifest interest in your work. The others, perhaps, regarded us as inquisitive upstarts, and treated us accordingly. We were pleased to recommend you as one capable and worthy to receive the emperor's recognition, and now we are pleased to inform you that he has accorded it."

From that time prosperity came upon our

hero like a flood. He visited Russia, established a mighty manufactory, built up his business at home also, and grew wealthy and distinguished in both countries.

To the two sons who succeeded to his business, and who have now recently died, he gave more frequently than any other, this one bit of advice, COURTESY PAYS.

*Ixion.*

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ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 322.]

TRISTAN was a tall, strong young man of one and twenty, with a frank, bronzed face, blue eyes, with a mischievous twinkle in them, light hair, and altogether a well-proportioned young giant. Mother Elsie stopped in the act of filling her cup for the third time and nearly dropped the coffee pot at sight of him; but after staring hard at him for some time she managed to say quite composedly,

“What’s the meaning o’ this, Tristan? What are you come home so early for?”

“Because I had nothing better to do, mother.”

“What! Discharged, you mean to say?”

Dead silence ensued. Tristan shifted uneasily about and Birgithe looked significantly at Mother Elsie, who watched her son with anxious eyes, waiting for his answer.

“Yes, discharged; sent away like a dog, if you will,” came in unwilling, sullen accents.

Mother Elsie said nothing; with trembling hands she gathered her few dishes and proceeded to take up her spinning where she had left it, but her eyes would wander toward her son, who sat with averted face looking out of the low window.

When Birgithe perceived that there would be no explanation of the facts while she remained she reluctantly took her departure, to the intense relief of Tristan, who immediately turned and looked his mother full in the face.

“O’ course this is a blow for you, mother, one you hadn’t expected; but when I tell you

it’s not for any evil thing I’ve done, I hope you’ll take it easier.”

“I ne’er once thought that, my boy; but I can’t make out what’s caused the trouble, for there is trouble o’ some kind, I know. Tain’t because you’ve been to these here holy meetin’s, is it?”

Tristan colored, and looked surprised at his mother.

“Who’s been tattlin’ ’bout me now? I’ll bet it’s that blusterin’ Birgithe again. Well, she told the truth for once in her life, I did go to them meetin’s, mother, and I ain’t sorry, either, even if I don’t git another day’s work this year.”

“I’m real glad you can afford to take it so high an’ mighty, my boy; may be you’ll say different when you’ve starved a day or two.”

“Don’t get riled about it, mother; may be you’ll think like me when you know what I know. Mother, we are living in the last days; a great prophet has been raised up in these days, an’ the Lord has revealed Himself to him an’ told him of things to come; an’ great tribulation is comin’ upon the nations if they don’t repent an’ be baptized; an’ I’m goin’ to be baptized tonight, mother.”

Tristan stopped breathless, and his mother sat, spindle in hand, and looked with open mouth at her son, and wondering how he had suddenly become so gifted with language.

“Tristan, you speak like a minister, you do; has the devil taken possession of you too, my poor boy?”

In spite of the solemn mood he was in, Tristan could hardly repress a smile, but he said kindly, “Come with me, mother, to where the fountain o’ life flows an’ let’s drink freely—I know you will believe when you hear.”

Mother Elsie now looked thoroughly alarmed, and began in a frightened, distracted manner to put her work away, vaguely wondering if a mustard plaster wouldn’t be a good thing at the back of his head. The young man noticed his mother’s agitated looks, and going over to her he said kindly and softly,

“Mother, I’m not out o’ my head, you needn’t think. I spoke a little excited, but my heart is so full o’ the glad tidings that I can’t keep my mouth shut, an’ I spoke pretty plenty up to the farm, an’ Farmer Jasper got hold on it an’ said he’d have nothin’ to do with a low-lived Mormon, so I picked up my duds an’ went. An’ so as I shouldn’t be mistakin’, he sent his boy arter me an’ told me I needn’t come back any more an’ I better hurry off his father’s land; and the boy picked up a stone an’ sent arter me, an’ called me a good many hard names; but ne’er you mind, mother, we will both get baptized, I hope, an’ then we’ll gather with the rest o’ the Saints in Zion as soon as we can.”

Mother Elsie had listened in a dazed way to her son, not comprehending much if anything of what he said, but her trust in him made her feel that there must be something in it which she perhaps never would be able to understand. Her knowledge of the scriptures and their meaning was quite limited. The only religious book, and, in fact, the only book, religious or otherwise, that she ever read was the Lutheran hymn-book, and that only on great occasions, such as losing any of her relatives, and—don’t let me forget that—when a thunder storm raged; then the old, dusty book was hastily brought down from the shelf and she would read most diligently, following the lines with her forefinger and every now and then glance with fear towards the windows. Among the unenlightened peasants in Denmark a thunder storm is almost the only occasion on which books of a religious nature are brought forth and read.

Mother Elsie had, therefore, as said, rather narrow views on religion, but when her son mentioned Zion she brightened up, she had read about Zion and the New Jerusalem in her hymn book, and she inquired anxiously where Zion was.

“That’s in America, mother; in the new world, you know.”

“In America! Where the gold diggers go? You don’t tell me, Tristan, that you would drag your poor old mother out to such

a country to be eat alive by wild animals, if we’re lucky enough to get there without drownin’.”

Tristan tried to explain matters to his mother as well as he could, but realized that it would take a long time to get her to see and understand the things that to him were so clear when first he heard them.

That night Tristan was baptized and had hands laid upon him as well; and he went about doing the chores at home in the happiest frame of mind he had ever known. His mother worried and fretted about the daily bread; for they were poor and had nothing but her spinning and Tristan’s work, at thirty-five cents per day, to depend on; but he always told her that he felt sure God would provide, he felt not a bit uneasy on that point. Neither did he; but there was another point on which he felt a bit uneasy, although he said not a word about it to anybody.

Farmer Jasper had a pretty, bright-eyed daughter—ah yes, you see it’s the old story, dear reader!—yes, Tristan had, at times, looked so long and so earnestly into Ingeborg’s blue eyes, that the girl had blushed and dropped her lids in confusion, and the young man had come to the conclusion that he was not wholly indifferent to the girl, and he had long since convinced himself that Ingeborg was the only girl for him. But he was—and not without reason—rather doubtful as to the outcome of his love affair; for even granted that Ingeborg was as fond of him as he was of her, there was still her father to be considered. Farmer Jasper was the proud owner of much land and cattle, while Tristan was but a poor widow’s son, who had to work at thirty-five cents a day, with no rich connections, who might possibly leave him something. No, Tristan knew that there was little hope for him. Yet he did not feel to give up; for he was of a religious turn of mind and trusted that God would help him; and thus he had read Ingeman’s novels (Ingeman is Denmark’s Walter Scott) and he hoped the opportunity for accom-

plishing some great deed, that would win him the proud man's admiration, might come his way.

While he was waiting for this, the servants of God came his way and preached the gospel to him. Tristan heard with beating heart and knew it was the truth. Then there was a fierce struggle within his heart between duty and love of Ingeborg, for he knew that if he joined this people, who were much despised, he must give up his Ingeborg. But duty conquered, and Tristan had done a great deed, though it did not gain the admiration of very many, least of all of Farmer Jasper.

For weeks Tristan's time was spent in hunting work and in instructing his old mother in the principles of the gospel, a thing in which he took great delight. But the poor old lady was slow of comprehension and a little unwilling as well, I fear.

"It's all good enough, Tristan," she would plaintively argue, "and I guess it's true what you tell me; but if the Lord was so mighty pleased with you I reckon He'd help you to find some work and not let us sit here with starvation staring us in the face."

"And so He will you'll see. He's only going to try us a little to see if we have faith in Him. And even if He carries we feel in our hearts that He is with us."

"Yes, that was all well enough, but the old lady wanted bread and meat, more tangible proofs of the Lord's being with them. Then Tristan came home one evening triumphantly and told his mother he had found work, but as it was too far for him to walk he would have to leave home, but promised to come home on Saturday evenings and go to meeting with his mother on Sundays.

Tristan lay awake most of that night in his rude bed on the loft, wondering if he hadn't better make a desperate effort to get Ingeborg by going to her father and tell him about his love for his daughter. He was sure now, that she, too, loved him, for he had seen her tear-stained face half-concealed behind a curtain the day he had been discharged. When

morning came he rose with the resolution to go this very day and talk to Ingeborg's father.

*S. Valentine.*

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

#### RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH.

SISTER BATSHEBA W. SMITH, of Salt Lake City, widow of the late President George A. Smith, was born May 3rd, 1822, near Shinnston, Harrison Co., West Virginia, and joined the Church August the 21st, 1837, at her birth place. She first met the Prophet Joseph in 1839, at a meeting near Quincy, soon after he was released from prison. Of her impressions concerning his appearance and character she says:

"My first impressions were that he was an extraordinary man—a man of great penetration; was different from any other man I ever saw: had the most heavenly countenance, was genial, affable and kind, and looked the soul of honor and integrity.

"I know him to be what he professed to be—a true prophet of God, and the Lord through him restored the everlasting gospel and every ordinance and endowment that will lead us into the celestial kingdom."

Some things she recollects of him are here given:

"I heard Joseph Smith preach baptism for the dead; saw him baptizing for the dead in the Mississippi River. I heard him say, 'Peradventure, the Ten Tribes were not on this globe, but a portion of this earth had cleaved off with them and went flying into space, and when the time comes when the 'earth reels to and fro like a drunken man and the stars from heaven fall,' it would join on again.'

"I heard him preach that the ancient order of Abraham should be restored.

"In Nauvoo, at his home, while playing with my baby boy, he said that children were the 'honor, glory, and royal diadem of woman.'

“Once when speaking in one of our general fast meetings, he said that we did not know how to pray to have our prayers answered. But when I and my husband had our endowments in February, 1844, Joseph Smith presiding, he taught us the order of prayer.

“I was present when William Law, Joseph Smith’s counselor, was dropped from that quorum by each one present voting yes or no in his turn. He was the first member that was dropped who had received his endowments. One member hesitated to vote, which called forth earnest remarks from the Prophet Joseph. He showed clearly that it would be doing a serious wrong to retain him longer. After his explanation the vote was unanimous.

“Joseph Smith attended one of our Relief Society meetings in the lodge room. He opened the meeting by prayer. His voice trembled very much, after which he addressed us. He said: ‘According to my prayer I will not be with you long to teach and instruct you; and the world will not be troubled with me much longer.’

FROM ELDER PHILO DIBBLE,

the following has been received in addition to what has been published in previous numbers:

“I moved to Jackson County, Missouri, from Kirtland, Ohio, in 1832, and was driven from Jackson to Clay County in 1833. Afterwards I, with others who had been driven from their homes, settled in Caldwell County.

“I was privileged one day to take a stroll with the Prophet on the prairie. Difficulties and troubles were gathering thick around us as a people, and as was natural became the subject of conversation.

“As we walked along I suggested to Joseph to send for General Atchison, who was then at Liberty, Clay County, forty miles distant. ‘He is General of the third division of the State of Missouri; not only a general, but a lawyer; and not only a lawyer, but a friend to law,’ I remarked.

“Joseph made no reply. We soon turned

about and were traveling towards home in the town of Far West.

“Within half an hour after we got home, a man on the best horse in town was speeding his way towards Liberty, and before the close of the next day General Atchison was in Far West with one hundred men.

“About this time a law-suit was pending, in which Joseph was to be tried for some alleged infraction of law or mob politics, it’s hard to tell which. It was agreed in some way and by some parties that this trial should take place in a grove of timber about half way between Far West and Gallatin, a little town about twenty miles distant, where there was no house. That such a place should be selected for a trial before some civil tribunal leaves room for suspicion and doubt as to the ‘civil’ part of the performance about to take place.

“General Atchison was employed by Joseph as his lawyer, and in laying his plans for the expected trial, he said to Joseph, ‘I want no man to go with us—you and I must go alone.’

“This proposition rather staggered Joseph, which was perceived by Atchison, who promptly added, ‘My life for yours, let it be as I want it.’

“Joseph consented, and they went to the woods designated as a proper place to try a prophet. There they found an armed mob in waiting. On seeing only Atchison and Joseph, the attendants at court began cursing, swearing and threatening.

“Atchison said, ‘Hold on, boys; if the first gun is fired there will not be one of you left.’

“The mob took this to signify that they were surrounded by Atchison’s troops. They cooled down, let the trial proceed, in which Joseph was proven innocent of any infraction of law, and came away unmolested.”

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NATURE has perfection, in order to show that she is the image of God; and defects, in order to show that she is *only* His image.

# The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR

SALT LAKE CITY, JUNE 1, 1892.

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### The Character a Saint Should Possess.



HIGH conception of what the character of a Latter-day Saint should be, should be taught to all our children. Very much depends upon this. They should be made to understand that no one is worthy of the name of Saint whose life is not pure and holy. They should not be left to imagine that persons can engage in low pursuits and gratify their appetites, and still be worthy of membership in the Church and to bear the holy name of Saint; for if they are not taught properly on these points, they make a wrong start in life and are liable themselves to indulge in practices of a low character.

A high standard of purity should be held up as the aim for children to attain to. In order to have this made effective, parents and teachers and all who assume the control of children, should themselves be examples of purity and of correct living. Their lives should correspond with their teachings; for human experience throughout the ages has abundantly proved that example is far better than precept; and that which children, and even grown persons, see in the conduct of another is far more likely to impress them than the precepts he may teach.

If all parents and teachers were to live perfect lives, there would be little or no need, so far as they are concerned, of imparting many precepts; for the children, being naturally imitative, would do as they do and speak as they speak. It would only, therefore, be necessary, under those circumstances, to teach them precepts and to counsel and caution them to prevent their falling into bad

habits through seeing others outside of the family circle or teacher's school-room.

Children brought up in well-regulated and properly-governed households have advantages in this respect over those whose surroundings are of a lower character; not that they escape temptation; not that they are in every instance correct in their lives; but, all other things being equal, their home-training is beneficial and strengthening to them. It is true that boys and girls reared in families where the conduct of the parents is irreproachable, will stray from the path of rectitude and do wrong; but it is because they are willful and disobedient and rebellious that they do this. But children brought up in that way are not so likely to take this course as they would be if the examples which were before them in their father's house were bad.

To illustrate this: children brought up in households where no strong drink, wine or beer is used; where tobacco is neither chewed nor smoked; where tea and coffee are not common beverages of the table, do not contract the habits of using these articles, and are more likely, when they grow old enough to understand principle for themselves, to be freer from these habits than they would be if all these articles were in common use in their parents' houses. On the other hand, children who see their parents drink malt and spirituous liquors, and use tobacco, and tea and coffee, are likely to grow up with the idea that there is no harm in the use of these articles. They naturally look up to their parents as patterns for them to follow. The better and kinder the parents are in other directions, the greater their influence over their children in regard to these habits. The latter are apt to think: "My father and mother were good people. They lived good lives. They treated their children with great kindness, and were upright in their dealings, and I do not think that drinking a little liquor hurt my father, or that his smoking did him any particular harm, or that the drinking of tea and coffee was any injury to my mother." On the part of children reared

in the sight of such examples it requires strength of character and determined resolution in after life to resist the use of these articles and to refrain from continuing these habits.

We repeat that children should be taught to entertain a high conception of what the life of a Saint should be. Then they are less liable to fall into bad ways. If they should thoroughly understand that to be a Latter-day Saint, in truth, they must be virtuous, they must be honest, they must be truthful, they will naturally look upon these virtues as necessary for them to possess in order to please God and to retain the fellowship of His Holy Spirit. So also in regard to the use of strong drinks, tobacco, etc. But if a child receives the idea that it is not improper or inconsistent with the character of a Latter-day Saint to drink liquor, or to smoke tobacco, or to be careless in regard to honesty and truthfulness and virtue, he is apt to fall into temptation and does not have the necessary strength to resist it.

If a young man should be thoroughly instructed that it is better for him to die than to become a seducer or an adulterer, those instructions and the impressions which they make upon him will undoubtedly strengthen him in the hour of temptation and help him to resist and overcome. If, however, his training has been neglected in this respect, and he has never been made to realize how dreadful a sin it is to be unvirtuous, temptation finds him unprepared to resist it, and he stands on slippery ground and is in danger of falling. Let a boy be inspired by the teachings of his parents with a horror of drunkenness and the dreadful consequences which follow the indulgence in the appetite for strong drink, and he is better fortified, because he is better instructed to resist the temptation to drink than he would be if he had never heard anything from his parents upon that point. This may be said also about evils of every kind.

The Lord has laid us under obligations to teach our children correctly; and not only

teach them, but to set them proper examples. Boys and girls who are strictly taught by their parents to observe the Sabbath day and keep it holy, feel the effect of that teaching through their lives. Men and women who have received strict teachings, strongly enforced upon them in childhood concerning the duty of keeping the Sabbath day holy, never escape being conscience-smitten if in future life they violate the command of God respecting that day.

Speaking in general terms, the teachings of parents in childhood, especially if those teachings are coupled with examples, are indelible, and they have an influence throughout the future lives of their children, even if they live to the utmost limit granted to man on the earth.

We feel sure that many of the members of our Church do not realize the importance of these things. They think that they can do things by virtue of their age which their children should not do. But the children do not take that view of their parents' conduct. The girl who sees her mother drink tea, unless she is a rare character, cannot see any reason why she should not drink tea. The boy who sees his father drink liquor, or use tobacco, cannot be convinced, unless he is an uncommon boy, that he should not indulge in those habits. It is very rarely that the teachings of such parents have any weight with their children. They may tell them that the use of these articles would be injurious to them, and even express the hope and the wish that they would not fall into such practices; but their words amount to but very little and have but little weight in the presence of their examples.

The mothers in this Church have far greater responsibility connected with the training of their children than many of them realize. They have it in their power, having their children continually with them, to mould them as they wish. A mother can develop in her children high ambitions—ambitions of the most noble character. By setting before them noble examples and a high standard of

life, she can arouse the best qualities of their natures, and, by the help of the Lord, infuse into them a determination to reach a high standard of excellence. Every man who has been so fortunate as to have a mother of this character, who has taken this course with him, knows how much he is indebted to his mother's teachings, under the blessing of the Lord, for whatever success he has had in life.

Children are a precious heritage from the Lord; and parents who have broad and correct views concerning the responsibility which God has given unto them and the glory that He has placed within their reach, will not fail to bestow the closest attention upon the training of their children, because not only the future prosperity of the kingdom of God will, to some extent, depend upon this, but the future happiness and exaltation of the parents will be greatly influenced by the conduct of their posterity.

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OVER THE DESERT TO THE  
COLORADO.

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WHERE the southern Wasatch range makes its mighty curve toward Utah's "Dixie," its southern and eastern faces form a gigantic parapet, two thousand feet in height. This wall is the "Rim of the Basin." It is Nature's bulwark, about which the warm Pacific breezes linger, but which they cannot pass. It hems in the icy plateau and frozen fields of the upper Sevier valley and protects the land which it faces from the chilling northern blasts. It is the dividing line between eternal winter and almost eternal spring.

From the base of the wall, fed by the snows above, start little streams. These wander, at first idly, among the upland meadows where countless cattle graze. Now they part with a portion of their water to make the desert blossom as the rose and to smile upon orchard and hamlet. Again they loiter beneath copses of oak and willow, where the purple clematis hangs in graceful

festoons from bank to bank or drops its feathery plumes upon the crystal eddies; and finally, having paid their tribute to man, in their mad haste to reach the sea, they cut their way through barrier mountains and plunge headlong into the Colorado.

In this great valley of the middle Colorado everything is new and beautiful. Here the brilliant blossoms of the south meet with the paler, more delicate and more fragrant, sub-alpine flora peculiar to the Rocky Mountains. In these remote canyons the warblers and finches of Arizona and Old Mexico find nesting places. Among the larger fauna is a mingling of northern and southern species, but many of the reptiles and insects are unique and indigenous to this region. The fields of geology and mineralogy are no less fruitful, varied and delightful than are those of botany and zoology. Even the ethnologist and the archæologist can fill every moment with interesting labor; for, if the streams could frame their songs into words, they might tell the tale of an ancient civilization in these valleys—a civilization that antedates the advent of Utes and Navajos:

"To him who in the love of Nature  
Holds communion with her visible forms  
She speaks a various language."

And that "various language," old as the encircling hills and yet as fresh and inspiring as the breath of spring, floats over valley and desert, echoes from peak to peak, telling the student, the poet, the artist of those wondrous pages and pictures in Nature's open book—the book that to know is to love. Strange, strange that so many of us in this beautiful land go about, like Bunyan's laborer with the muck-rake, and never raise our eyes from the grovelings of earth to view the radiance by which we are surrounded! Strange that the harsh jingle of gold and silver, and brass and iron is sweeter in our ears than the music of the spheres! Strange that our contracted lungs prefer the vitiated atmosphere, in which we voluntarily encase ourselves, to the ozone that is redolent with the life and fragrance of eternal youth,



the breathing of which strengthens the physical, enlarges the mental and purifies the spiritual nature!

After which panegyric it is an easy matter to judge that the writer could find sufficient of interest in this region to employ him for many months, the only *desiderata* being time for a long-planned excursion and congenial companionship. It is a saying both trite and true that all things come to him who waits. Sooner than I anticipated came the opportunity to make a trip across Escalante to the weird and noble canyon of the Colorado. One day, toward the end of April, Dr. J. E. Talmage came to Escalante on a brief trip made for purposes of scientific investigation, and I promptly availed myself of the privilege of accompanying him upon his rambles. It was a day or two before I could enjoy my outing. In the meantime Dr. Talmage made a short excursion down Escalante creek.

Saturday, April 23rd, was devoted to a study of the cliff-dwellers or *caches* that are found in all the canyons about Escalante. According to their own traditions, Zuni, Moqui and Mojaves once lived in the region east and south of the Henry Mountains. In the valleys they raised corn and potatoes. The remains of their irrigating ditches are yet plainly visible. On the present site of Escalante it is no unusual thing to uncover, at a depth of from three to five feet, pottery similar to that in use among the Pueblos. It is about three centuries since the Utes drove this civilized race across the Colorado. The cliff buildings that, in this vicinity seem to have been used as store-houses rather than as dwellings, are perched upon almost inaccessible ledges, from six to twelve feet in width and from fifty to five hundred feet above the creek. Invariably an over-arching crag, sometimes one hundred feet above forms the roof. This is essential as the tops of the dwellings and caches are never entirely covered. The partial roof is made of willows daubed with mud. The inhabitants must have climbed up on ladders and dropped down through the smoke-hole. Only since

the strong hand of the whites has made them fearless of their old-time enemies have the Zuni and Moqui, in their south-eastern homes, commenced to use chimneys and doors and some of the buildings are made of adobes, but the majority are of flat rocks laid in a lime mortar. Near the buildings are to be found ruins of what many people call corrals. From their situation they seem rather to have been walls for defense. They are made of willows, interlaced and covered with mud, and it is within or close by these enclosures that most of the arrow-heads are found. On the cliffs in the rear of many of the buildings are curious hieroglyphics or pictures of crude design. These have been so protected by nature from atmospheric influences that the pigments, a lime white and red ocher, retain their original tints and serpents and suns are the principal characters or symbols.

Some of the buildings repay for investigation. Others yield nothing but corn cobs and broken pottery. One can never tell until he has spent hours of toil whether his work will be remunerative or profitless; that is, if any such labor can be absolutely profitless. So it was with a feeling of delightful uncertainty that we left Escalante, early in the morning, on the Birch Creek road. Twelve miles from the settlement a little building had been recently discovered. It was perched in a niche in a sandstone pinnacle—a more suitable place, as we soon found, for an eagle's eyrie than for a granery. As on all spring mornings in this region, the weather was as uncertain as were our prospects. Now we rode beneath a clear sky and the warmth of summer was about us and suddenly a cloud would sweep down from a neighboring canyon and we would be enveloped in an icy vapor. Fortunately for us, sunshine predominated. Dr. Talmage, with his butterfly net, was an ardent pursuer of entomological rarities; while I found that the wagon went all too fast for me to gather flowers of species new and beautiful.

It was almost noon when we reached our

destination. Before commencing the ascent a lunch beside Birch Creek was in order. Then we slowly scaled the hill, picking flowers and watching lizards that were enjoying the April noon. In the soft sandstone were a number of small holes, such as bees make in old timber. In these holes, enveloped in pine gum, were found the larvæ and pupa of some hymenopterous insect. The pupa was of a beautiful salmon tint. Similar holes were found in decomposing rock during our subsequent rambles. On reaching a standing point, just below the cache, it was found necessary to cut a small pine tree and use it as a ladder. The alcove in which the cache was constructed was eleven feet three inches long. The building itself was seven feet long, fifty-one inches wide and forty-one inches high. The door was fifteen by sixteen inches, arched upon willow withes. All of the niche not occupied by the building had been homesteaded by hawks. On looking through the door, the cache seemed filled with debris, and we spent three hours in cleaning it out. For a depth of twenty-eight inches was a solid mass of matted pine needles and the remains of rats, lizards and small birds—an unsavory compound and as tough as the guano of Peru.

Our afternoon's labor resulted in the cleaning of only a square foot of the floor, but zoologically we made a success of the trip. The house was not uninhabited. Here dwelt a happy family, composed of rats, lizards and spiders. These little creatures were active so long as they stayed in their wonted Stygian darkness, but when driven out into the sunlight they became absolutely helpless. The rats were the size of common field mice and their eyes were large and brilliant. The spiders, having been hatched and housed in the dark, were almost transparent, and made a most beautiful microscopic study. We could have found sufficient of interest to keep us at work until dark, but at 3:30 the team which had brought us up the canyon returned with a load of lumber. A little before sundown we were back in the settlement and

laying our plans for the expedition which was to start on Monday.

*Walter M. Wolfe.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### BABY'S GRACE.

THEY gather for breakfast at table  
A family numbering seven;  
Grandparents, father and mother,  
And three of "the kingdom of heaven."

The heads are all bowed as accustomed  
While reverently grandpa asks grace;  
When Margaret, the three-year-old baby  
Drops lower her sweet little face;

And joining in grace with her grandpa,  
'Though only the baby can say,  
The prayer her mother has taught her,  
She sweetly repeats,—"Now I lay."

The hand of the mother is lifted  
The brother and sister to keep  
In reverence due, while the baby  
Continues her grace,—"down to sleep."

Grandpa closes his blessing  
As usual, with "for Jesus sake,"  
And only a few seconds later  
The baby with,— "My soul to take"

Ah, surely, the Father in heaven,  
His blessings bestow on the pair;  
Grandpa and babe who united,  
Their voices together in prayer.

And the rest of the group at the table,  
May they of their blessing partake!  
And in answer to baby's petition,  
Together in heaven awake!

### AN ORIGINAL DOCUMENT.

A FATHER whose son had just reached his majority drew up a certificate similar to the following, in duplicate, and presented it to the young man, who placed his signature to it, thereby acknowledging that the statements made therein were true. One copy of the document was kept by the son and the other by the parent.

"This is to certify that I ———, son of ———and———, of ———, having arrived at the age of twenty-one years and attained my majority, do hereby declare that my parents have honored the command of God, in teaching me to have faith in God, and in His Son Jesus Christ, as the Redeemer of the world, to pray and keep the commandments He has given; and when eight years of age took me to the servants of the Lord, and I was baptized into the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints; that before and since that time they have kindly provided for my temporal wants, comforted me in sorrow and trial, nursed me in sickness, and with faith in my behalf have called in the Elders of the Church who have anointed me with oil, laid hands on my head, and in fasting and prayer have blessed me.

"My parents have provided me with the means of education and sent me to school, clothed me, and provided for my necessities and comfort.

"They have taught me to pray, be industrious, temperate, honest and law-abiding, to attend the Sabbath school, meetings of the Saints, Improvement Association and Priesthood meetings; have ever counseled me to honor God's servants, the rulers of the land and the aged; to be charitable and kind to the poor and unfortunate; to pay my tithing to the Lord, and all my just obligations, make offerings to His Temple; to pray vocally and in secret; to observe the Word of Wisdom; shun the paths of sin, vice, gambling and Sabbath-breaking; and in all these things they have set me a worthy example, and as parents have fully discharged their duty towards me as their son, and wherein I have, or may in the future neglect or fail in observing any of these things, they, my parents, are exonerated from all blame, so far as they are concerned.

"——— City, U. T.

"——— 1892."

The idea suggested by the foregoing is quite novel, and one that might prove benefi-

cial if adopted by other parents. This belief is what led Brother T. C. Griggs to call our attention to the matter; and to him we are indebted for procuring a copy of the document for publication.

It is certainly gratifying to a parent to feel that he has done his whole duty towards his children, and it gives additional satisfaction to receive their acknowledgment that such is the case. Young men often feel that on becoming of age they should no longer be under the restraint of their parents; but a son who is called upon in this manner to admit that he has received proper care and training from his parents, and to exonerate them from all blame or responsibility for his future conduct, and can consistently comply with the request, will surely be impressed, for the time being at least, with the necessity of continuing in the course his parents have pointed out to him. Younger members acquainted with the circumstances would also gain an object lesson by witnessing the transaction, and would no doubt receive benefit therefrom.

#### ANGELS WITH CUDS OF TOBACCO.

THE Rev. Mr. H—— was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin near by, knocked at the door. A sharp-looking old lady answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you," she replied, suspiciously.

"Remember the scriptures," said the dominie, "'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares'"

"Angels don't come round with cuds of tobacco in their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.

THE expression of truth is simplicity.

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION  
LEAFLETS.

Lesson XXVIII.—The Crucifixion of Christ.

PLACE—Jerusalem. AGE OF CHRIST—33 years.  
TEXT—Luke, 23: 33-46.

33. And when they were come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

34. Then said Jesus, Father, forgive them for they know not what they do<sup>1</sup>. And they parted his raiment and cast lots.

35. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also with them derided him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if he be the Christ, the chosen of God.

36. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him and offering him vinegar.

37. And saying, If thou be the king of the Jews, save thyself.

38. And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS.

39. And one of the malefactors which were hanged rallied on him, If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us.

40. But the other answering rebuked him, saying, Dost not thou fear God<sup>2</sup> seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41. And we indeed justly: for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42. And he said unto Jesus, Lord remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom.<sup>3</sup>

43. And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, Today shalt thou be with me in paradise.<sup>4</sup>

44. And it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness all over the earth until the ninth hour.

45. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

46. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into<sup>5</sup> thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said thus he gave up the ghost.

<sup>1</sup>Acts 7: 60. <sup>2</sup>Psalms 36: 1. <sup>3</sup>Psalms 106: 4-5. Romans 10: 9-10. I. Cor. 6: 10, 11. <sup>4</sup>Alma 40: 12. <sup>5</sup>Psalms 31: 5. I. Peter 2: 23.

Read also, Matthew 27: 35-56. Mark 15: 22-38. John 19: 16-30.

LESSON STATEMENT.

In this lesson we learn of the terrible scenes which took place after Jesus had been conducted to the place of execution. This locality was called Calvary or "the place of the skull." Here Christ was put to death by being crucified. Two criminals suffered

death at the same time, and in a similar manner: one being crucified on the right and the other on the left of Jesus. While in the midst His sufferings Jesus prayed to His Father to forgive those who were persecuting Him, saying that they did not know what they were doing. A number of the people with many officers and rulers stood about, watching the sad proceedings, and some of them called out to Jesus, that if He was Christ He should save Himself. Even the soldiers set there to guard the crosses, spoke to Him in the same taunting way. On the top of the cross on which Christ suffered, a superscription which had been written by Pilate the Roman governor was put, referring to Jesus as the king of the Jews. One of the thieves, hanging on a cross by the side of Jesus told Him if He was Christ to save Himself and them: but the other dying sinner rebuked the man for not fearing God, saying that they, the thieves, were dying justly, for they had done much wrong, but that Jesus was suffering innocently. Then the penitent thief begged Christ to remember him, and the Savior answered "Today shalt thou be with me in paradise." This was about the sixth hour, or near noon, and darkness fell upon the land for three hours. Then Jesus cried out, offering a final prayer to His Father, and died.

NOTES.

CALVARY.—Luke is the only scriptural writer who refers to the place of Christ's death under this name. The term meant the same as expressed by the other authorities (Mathew 27: 33. Mark 15: 22. John 19: 17,) viz., "the place of the skull." This was outside the gate (Hebrews 13: 12), though not far from the city, (John 19: 20.

CRUCIFIXION.—This mode of execution was common among many of the civilized nations of antiquity, and seems to have been introduced among the Jews by the Romans, who, however, inflicted it only on slaves, and the most degraded of criminals. It consisted in fastening the victim to a cross of wood, either by cords tied about the wrists and ankles, or by nails driven through the hands and feet. The cross was then lifted up and the condemned person allowed to hang there till dead. The punishment was terribly painful; the sufferer often lingering alive for several days. The Jews, however, usually removed the bodies on the same day, first killing the victims by more speedy methods, if not already dead.

PARADISE.—This we understand to be a place where the spirits of the departed remain until the time of the final judgment. It is not heaven nor the place of the exalted. Christ told the penitent sufferer they would meet there.

TEMPLE VEIL.—This was a curtain separating from common view the portion of the temple known as the "Holy of Holies," into which the high priest alone could lawfully enter and he only on special occasions. At the time of Christ's crucifixion, this was rent asunder by some invisible power, thus laying bare the sacred place, and serving as a sign that God considered the place desecrated and its rites of no future avail.

#### WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. That Christ prayed even while He was dying. 2. That although He was "the chosen of God" He was willing to suffer rather than use His power for his own personal relief when He knew that it was His Father's will that He should die. 3. That God rebuked the slayers of Christ, by darkening the noon-day sun. 4. That Jesus had to suffer the, most painful and ignominious death. 5. That Jesus willingly gave up His life as a ransom for us. 6. That the executed criminal, though he be penitent, does not go immediately into the presence of God, as many people suppose. 7. That God seemed to consider the temple desecrated after Christ's death.

#### QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. Where was Christ crucified? 2. What is meant by crucifixion? 3. Who were crucified with Jesus? 4. How did one of these men rail against Christ? 5. How did the other rebuke him? 6. What did Christ say to the penitent one? 7. What is meant by paradise? 8. How did Christ pray for His persecutors? 9. How did the people try to taunt Christ while He was hanging on the cross? 10. What was inscribed on the cross on which Jesus died? 11. What strange phenomenon manifested itself at the time of Christ's crucifixion? 12. At what time in the day was this? 13. How long did the darkness last? 14. What happened to the veil in the temple? 15. What was the veil intended for? 16. What did Jesus say immediately before He died?

#### ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES.

"FATHER, FORGIVE THEM."—And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.—*Acts 7 : 59-60.*

"REMEMBER ME."—Remember me, O Lord with the favor that thou bearest unto thy people: O visit me with thy salvation.—*Psalms 106 : 4.*

"INTO THY HANDS."—Into thine hand I commit my spirit: thou hast redeemed me O Lord of truth.—*Psalms 31 : 5.*

PARADISE.—And then shall it come to pass that the spirits of those who are righteous, are received into a state of happiness, which is called paradise; a state of peace, where they shall rest from all their troubles and from all care, and sorrow.—*Alma 40 : 12.*

#### CHESS-PLAYERS.

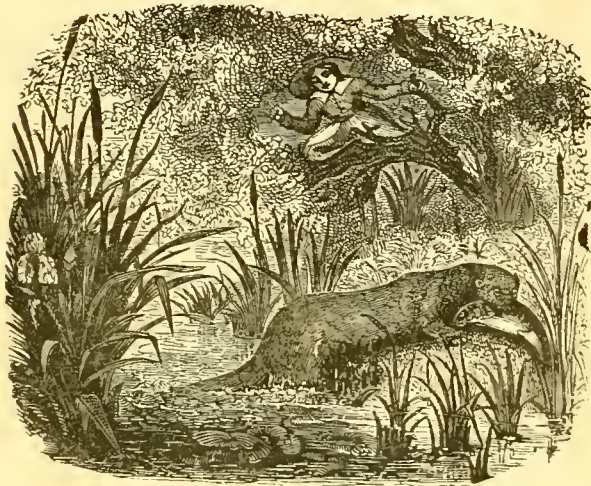
THE death of the great chess-players, Murphy, Zukertort and La Bourdonnais, was attributed to the great mental strain consequent on playing games of chess blindfold. Zukertort accounted for the mental process by supposing that "he had somewhere in his brain fourteen boards, numbered from one to fourteen, placed in separate closets side by side in a row, each closed by a door," which opened and then closed as he made his moves on each board. An article appeared in the *British Medical Journal*, giving an account of the brain of Mr. Richard Rookwoode, who could play twelve simultaneous games, but could not get on well with more. Upon this gentleman's death, which occurred about a year ago, his brain was examined by a skillful anatomist, who found in the regions of locality that the molecules had arranged themselves into forms somewhat resembling chess boards, with certain marks on the squares supposed to represent the final position of the pieces in the last twelve games that had been played blindfold. Twelve positions were thus probably indicated by the aid of the highest power the microscope could supply; the thirteenth or fourteenth boards, or what might represent them, were blurred and indistinct.

## For Our Little Folks.

### STORIES ABOUT THE OTTER.

THE otter, although not so expert an architect as the beaver, appears to possess more sagacity. A fine one, caught in Scotland, became so tame, that whenever it was alarmed it would spring for protection into the arms of its master.

It had also been taught to fish for



THE OTTER.

its benefit; and so dexterous was it at this sport, that it would catch several fine salmon during the day, in a stream near his house. It could fish as well in salt water as in fresh. Bravely it would buffet the waves of the ocean, and swim off in chase of cod-fish, of which it would in a short time catch large numbers.

When fatigued by its exertions, nothing would induce it to re-enter the water. On such occasions it re-

ceived a part the produce of the sport for its own share; and after having satisfied itself, it would fall asleep, and was generally in that condition carried home, to resume its labors on another day.

Though you may be very young and small, you may, if you try, help those much older and bigger than yourself.

I have another story about an otter, which lived in the Zoological Gardens in London. The otter-pond, surrounded by a wall, was on one occasion only half-full of water, when the otter for whose use it was intended had a pair of young ones. They, happening to fall into the water were unable to climb up its steep sides. The mother, afraid that they would be drowned, endeavored in vain, by stooping over the wall, to drag them out. At last she jumped in, and after playing with them for a short time, was seen to put her head to the ear

of one of the little creatures. This was to tell her child what she wanted it to do. Directly after she sprang out of the pond, while her young one caught hold of the fur at the root of her tail; and while it clung tightly to her, she dragged it out, and placed it safely on the dry ground. She then again plunged in, and in the same way dragged out her other young one.

I am very sure that your parents

will help you out of any difficulty into which you may fall; but then you must do as they tell you, thus following the example of the young otters.

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THE BIRD'S NEST.

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I HAVE found a nest full of pretty eggs,  
Right here in the meadow lying;  
And I may look at them all I wish,  
Till the mother bird comes home flying.

Five pretty eggs, that by-and-by  
Five dear little birds will be;  
With beaks, and feathers, and wings to fly,  
And little brown eyes to see.

And by-and-by I will come some day,  
When the summer has older grown,  
And will find them here, all hidden away,  
Where I left the eggs alone.

I have heard it said that once on a time  
(It must have been long ago),  
A little boy found a nest of eggs,  
Just as I found these, you know.

And that poor little boy, so little he knew,  
And so naughty he was, they say,  
That the pretty eggs never to birdies grew,  
For he carried them all away.

I am sure if he only had known, like me,  
(For mama has told me so),  
That if he only would let them be,  
They would all into birdies grow.

He would never have taken the pretty nest,  
And carried the eggs away,  
And perhaps that five little birdies more  
Would have sung in the fields to-day.

But away off there in the blue, I see,  
Where a fair white cloud is lying,  
A little brown speck, that looks to me  
Like a birdie homeward flying.

And lest she should think I mean to keep  
The treasure I took unbidden,  
I will lay it back in the grasses deep,  
Where I found it safely hidden.

So, little brown birdie, do not fear;  
Your nest is in tender keeping;  
And safe in their speckled houses here,  
Your five little birds are sleeping.

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HISTORICAL SKETCHES.

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THE FIRST MIRACLE.

IN the month of April, 1830, the first miracle was performed by the Prophet Joseph Smith that had been done in the Church in these the latter days.

One morning Newel Knight went into the woods to pray. He made several attempts but failed to do so. He began to feel uneasy, getting worse all the time. When he reached home his wife was very much alarmed at his appearance, and at his request, sent for the Prophet Joseph Smith.

When the Prophet came he found Newel in a very bad condition. His face and body were twisted in every shape and appearance that could be imagined. He was at last lifted from the floor of the room and tossed about in a fearful manner. It soon became known to his neighbors and friends, who came to witness the sight. The Prophet managed to get hold of his hand when Newel spoke and asked him if he would cast the devil out of him, for he knew he was

in him, and that the Prophet could cast him out.

The Prophet then rebuked the devil and commanded him in the name of Jesus Christ to leave, when Newel spoke and said he saw the devil leave him and vanish from his sight. As soon as consciousness returned he had to be placed on a bed because of his bodily weakness after all that he had passed through.

This scene was witnessed by many who were much surprised and delighted that the devil had been cast out and the power of God made manifest.

*George W. Horne, Age 15 years.*

MILL CREEK, UTAH.

---

#### A PECULIAR HEN.

AFTER reading the stories from the INSTRUCTOR about pet hens, I thought I would write you one about my yet hen.

One morning I noticed a hen walking about in the bed room, so I closed the door carefully and watched what she would do. She flew upon my bed and there laid an egg, and each day for a long time after, she would do the same. If the outside door was not open she would come in through the kitchen and stand by the bedroom door and cluck, and cluck as if asking for the door to be opened for her. When it was opened she would fly to the wonted spot upon the bed.

Old Speckle got so she would come

earlier and stay longer. One morning she came before the bed was made, and as it was Sunday morning we could not wait for her: so my mother gathered the bedspread up, hen and all, and carefully set them on the floor. When she was ready for the spread again she took them up gently and placed them on the bed, straightened the spread, and the old hen did not seem disturbed at all. But one morning the hen felt quite surprised to find a higher bed and a white spread upon it. She walked up and down the bed, cackling and cackling! looked down at her feet, and seemed quite uneasy. She would not settle down until Polly put something colored on the bed for her, and then she was allright.

Now when we make the bed we turn the white spread up to the pillows, so that Speckle may enjoy the comfort of laying her eggs on a feather bed.

*Rhoda R. Robinson,*

OAKLEY, IDAHO.

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#### FACTS ABOUT THE RED DEER.

THE Red Deer is a very pretty and shy little animal. It is to be found in the mountains of our Utah home. Its flesh is used for food and is called venison. It is of great use to the Indians. They go up on the mountains in the fall and sometimes kill several deer in one day.

They preserve the meat by cut-



ting it up in small strips and smoking it over a slow fire. The squaws attend to dressing the skin, which is done in the following manner: It is staked to the ground and the hair is scraped off with a sharp bone or knife. It is then taken and rubbed with the hands until soft. The Indians sell some of the skins to white men, and also make moccasins from it for their own use.

*Tillie Gardner,*

PINE VALLEY, UTAH.

---

#### A MISCHIEVOUS HORSE.

I HAVE read so many stories in the JUVENILE about different kinds of animals and their noble actions. I think they are real interesting, and I dearly love to read them. I will try and relate one about a horse my uncle had, perhaps it will be interesting to some of my little friends.

My aunt died, and I went to live with my uncle. He had a horse named Jim. It was a very high-spirited, well built, light-bay horse. He thought very much of my aunt. She could call him when a long way off and he would come right to her. Jim would often get out of the corral and uncle could not catch him, so auntie would have to go out and she would call him, and he would come to her. She would put her arm around his neck and hold him until uncle could come and put his bridle on.

After auntie died, uncle had quite a time to catch this horse for he could not call him like she did. One day he got out and ran all around, and he could not catch him. A lady that lived close by, seeing him, ran out to head him for uncle; and just as soon as Jim saw her he stood right still, and went up to him and took hold of his mane and held him. He thought she was his old mistress.

*Millie Curtis,*

*Age 8 years,*

SPRINGVILLE.

---

#### A HORSE'S MEMORY.

AN acquaintance of mine in Ireland owned a fine riding horse. She got married and parted with the pet horse. Some years after as she was walking through the streets of Paris, she heard a loud whinnying near her. A moment after a gentleman rode up to the sidewalk and said: "*Do you know this horse, madam?*" He was so excited when he saw you that I could do nothing with him; he must surely recognize you!" It was her old pet horse that she had not seen for a number of years. He seemed delighted at sight of her, rubbed his head against her shoulder, and showed every sign of affection and recognition.

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BILLY—"So you have returned from your bridal tour. What did you see on your trip that pleased you most?"

John—"My wife."

## OPEN YOUR WINDOWS.

HAVE you not noticed what pains people take everywhere to shut out the sunlight from their homes? Instead of being, as they were designed to be, inlets for the light and the sun's cheering rays, the windows are hidden beneath blinds, curtains and shutters as if the in-dwellers dreaded the sunshine and "loved darkness rather than light." Especially is this the case in most churches, where by means of stained glass windows the cheerful rays of light are shut out and only those permitted to enter that are favorable to a sense of reverential awe and a sort of subdued tenderness of spirit. This may do for churches and many church going people, although I believe the Lord should be worshiped in the midst of sunshine and flowers and the songs of birds, surrounded by all that is beautiful and bright, but our homes should certainly be made as bright and sunny and cheerful as possible.

Now, what so many have done with their houses, nearly all of us are doing more or less with our souls. The Spirit of the Lord—the spirit of beauty, purity, sweetness, gentleness, nobleness, cheerfulness, goodness, happiness surrounds us as surely as does the sunshine. All any of us need do is to open the windows of our souls and let it flow in. Even some of the ancient philosophers perceived this truth. Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of Roman Emperors and one of the best and wisest rulers that ever lived, said, "The spiritual power is everywhere, and as ready as the air to fill him who will take it in." But too many of us are not willing to take it in. The blinds and shutters of our sins keep it out. Our selfishness, our appetites, our desire of lower things, so effectually darken the windows of our souls that the heavenly light cannot penetrate. All we have to do is to take down these blinds, remove these shutters, and the Spirit of the Lord will flow in as naturally as the sunshine.

Jesus said, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock, if any man will open I will come

in unto him." We do not need to pray Him to come nor His Spirit to enter. They are both ready and waiting. We need to pray ourselves to open to them the door of our hearts, the windows of our souls. All our difficulty and conflict is with ourselves. It is not that the Lord is unwilling to help us, but we are too often unwilling to be helped. The germs of the divine nature are within each of us. But just as the seeds of fruits and flowers must have air, water and sunlight before they can sprout and blossom and bloom in the fullness of their beautiful and generous nature, so must the germs of Godliness in the human soul drink in the sunshine of God's love and be nourished by the dews of the Holy Spirit before they can blossom and bring forth fruit in our lives.

But every wrongful thought, every unkind and unlovely word, every selfish and ignoble action, most effectually darkens our minds and prevents the inflow of the divine spirit. So let us sweep away the cobwebs and the dirt from the windows of our souls, take down all the curtains and blinds which sin has placed to keep out the sunshine, and then the peace and love and purity and gentleness of the Spirit of the Lord will flow in and fill us with joy and gladness.

*W. H. S.*

Two little islands furnish four-fifths of the cloves consumed by the world. The islands are Zanzibar and Pemba, and a little while ago Arabs found it very profitable to bring slaves from the African lake region to the coast and smuggle them in the night over to Pemba to work on the clove plantations. These farms were very remunerative once, but the market has been overstocked, and the price has fallen so low that the clove raisers have decided to diversify their crops.

LITTLE DOT:—"Mamma! Mamma! My kittie has caught a mouse, and she acts hungry. Please come and cook it for her."

## PRAISE THE LORD FOREVERMORE.

BY H. H. PETERSEN.

Praise the Lord for - ev - er more, Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more, Praise the Lord for - ev - er -

more. Sing ye His praise, Sing ye His praise, Sing ye His praise, Sing ye His  
Sing ye His praise, Sing ye His praise, Sing ye His praise,

praise, Sing His praise in loud ho-san-nahs: Praise the Lord for - ev - er - more. The  
Sing ye His praise, *Fine.*

Lord is my shepherd, my strength and sal - va - tion, Why should my heart grow faint and tremble, when

He is near? for He is my fortress, my guid - ing star. When friends for - sake me,

when foes oppress me, when clouds of darkness o'erhang my path, un - to my Savior I seek for

refuge, He is my fortress, my guiding star. How ex - cel - lent, How

ex - cel - lent is His lov - ing kindness un - to them that do His will!

Therefore the children of men put their trust in Him, put their trust in Him. D. C.

OF the total stock of money in the Treasury and in circulation, amounting to \$2,236,494,518, there are \$412,000,000 standard silver dollars, \$77,000,000 in subsidiary silver, \$328,000,000 silver certificates, and \$85,000,000 Treasury notes (representing purchases of silver bullion at the rate of 4,500 000 ounces per month), a total of over \$900 000,000. Of the paper money there are \$346,000 000 "greenbacks," \$172,000,000 National bank notes, and \$29,000,000 currency certificates, leaving \$606,000,000 gold coin and \$178,000,000 gold certificates to fill out the total.

FATHER—Get out of my sight, you idiot.

Son (a dude)—Aw—yes—it's well for you to talk that way to me—me whom you have disgwaced in fashionable society.

Father (indignantly)—Disgwaced you, you fool, how?

Son—By compelling me to be supported by—aw—man—who has to—aw—work for his money.

WHOEVER is not persuaded by reason, will not be convinced by authority.

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<b>Total Undivided Surplus,</b>		<b>\$26,292,980.56</b>
<b>Income,</b>	- - -	<b>\$39,054,943.85</b>
<b>New Assurance</b> <i>Written in 1891.</i>		<b>233,118,331.00</b>
<b>Outstanding Assurance,</b>		<b>804,894,557.00</b>

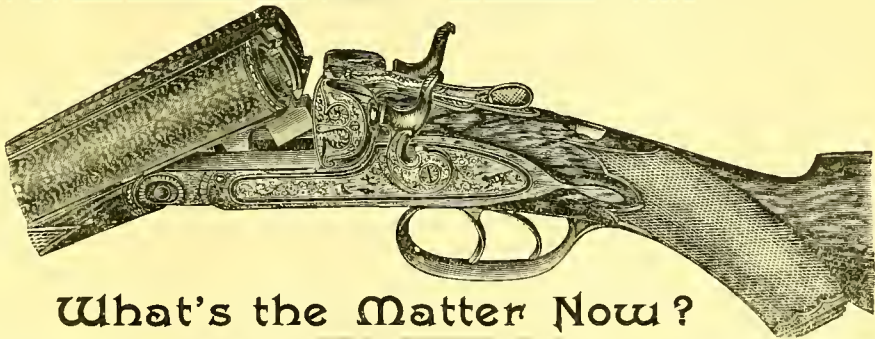
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