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# HOLINESS + TO + THE + LORD.

— THE —

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY

Designed Expressly for the Education and Elevation of the Young.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

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Published by George Q. Cannon,

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

OFFICE, 236 W. SOUTH TEMPLE STREET.

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THE

# Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG 'LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

"HOLINESS TO THE LORD."

VOL. XXI.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1886.

NO. 4.

## THE BAY OF RIO.

THE Bay of Rio, or Rio de Janeiro, is said to be the finest, safest and most commodious harbor for the anchoring of ships in the world. It is entered from the south, through a channel about one mile in width. With the exception of this opening it is entirely surrounded by land. The narrow entrance

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is an indentation of the southeastern coast of Brazil, in South America. On the west side of the bay, about four miles from its mouth, or the passage which connects it with the Atlantic, rests the city of the same name. This is now the capital of the Brazilian empire. It is



and the shores on all sides are lined with mountains and hills. The bay extends inland seventeen miles, and is twelve miles broad. Its entrance is of sufficient depth to allow vessels to pass through it with the utmost security, and without the aid of a pilot.

a city of considerable commercial importance, being the chief mart of the empire. The population is given as 420,000 inhabitants. There is what is called the old town and the new town, the latter adjoining the former on the west, and separated from it by a large square, or park. Upon this square are sit-



uated a garrison, the national museum, some public buildings, etc. The chief article of importation is coffee. During one year yearly 500,000,000 pounds of this berry were shipped from its port to different parts of the earth. Sugar, rice, cotton and other things are also exported in large quantities.

The Bay of Rio de Janeiro is dotted with a number of small islands, one of which is shown in the picture. It presents a beautiful appearance, being surrounded by green hills, while in its calm, unruffled waters are ever to be seen vessels from all parts of the world floating at anchor. Thousands of ships come to and go from this magnificent harbor every year, bringing the manufactures of other lands in exchange for the products of the surrounding country.

## AFTER EXILE.

BY VASSILL.

[The manuscript of the following original article was supplied to us, from a source believed to be authentic, as a truthful relation of the incidents which it portrays. Its detail of narration and its historical consistency enforce the belief of its genuineness. We offer it as being evidently the work of a man familiar with life and localities in Russia; whatever its other merits or demerits may be.]

### CHAPTER I.

IN the closing days of 187—Russian high society was beaming forth its most dazzling rays. Never since the days of unscrupulous, usurping Catherine had there been such abandon and brilliance.

Alexander II. had begun to realize, after some years of patriotic duty, the necessity for relaxation. He had therefore thrown open the superb Winter Palace to a series of the most brilliant spectacles which his pleasure-loving nobility could produce. A vast congregation of foreign diplomats had come to pay court to this wonderful monarch—the man whose will was iron but whose heart was a white, unsullied flower. And these foreigners lent blazonry to the shifting scenes of court enjoyment. Besides, in the exclusive circles of society near the imperial throne, there were under discussion two totally-unconnected facts—but each of great social importance.

The first of these circumstances was that Princess Olga, reputed to be one of the most beautiful and one of the richest women among the aristocracy of Europe, was to be brought out at the czar's diplomatic ball. This lady, the daughter of a princess, claiming descent from Alexander Newski, and of Count Nestor Ivanovitch, a noted soldier and shrewd politician, was probably as well known as any court lady of St. Petersburg long before her face had been seen and recognized by half a score of the court gallants.

The other of these two notable circumstances was that the czar had sent a welcoming invitation to Lieutenant Vladimir Pojarsky, the most reckless and dashing youngster in the army and secretly whispered to be a most pronounced rebel. Vladimir was remotely, through his mother, an offshoot of some long-buried imperial trunk; and from her he had inherited certain high dignities and rich estates. His father was one General Feodor Pojarsky, who had held high military rank in the aspiring days of selfish, foolish Nicholas I., and who had been sentenced to perpetual banishment to Siberia for having dared to differ from his weak monarch's views regarding the Russian domination in Europe.

On this occasion the dazzling Winter Palace was one blaze of glory. Ten thousand people—one thousand of whom were distinguished guests—thronged its luxurious apartments and flashing corridors. The czar held his seat of state in the distant hermitage; and here, surrounded by trusted friends, only those whose loyalty could be asserted by some near devotee, were permitted to appear.

It chanced that as the Count Nestor Ivanovitch stood at the right hand of the emurpled chair, with his radiant daughter leaning upon his arm, a pompous chamberlain approached, followed by an erect, soldierly-looking fellow, dressed in plain but elegantly-fitting uniform. He wore no sword, as weapons were not permitted in the presence of the monarch; but he showed his military training and his worthiness thereof in every gesture.

"The Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky," cried the chamberlain, and then retired.

The form of state was that the youth should bend to the very marble steps before him; and that only upon the emperor's recognition should he dare to raise his head. But Vladimir Pojarsky stood erect, with dilating eyes, before his autocratic czar.

Alexander arched his brows in surprise and anger, and then muttered:

"So, I find this young rebel's incendiary theories have not been exaggerated."

Then, in a stern voice, he roared:

"Wretch! are you so much of a barbarian or criminal that you fail to bow in the presence of your czar?"

Still unbending the young duke answered:

"Little Father, I bow to no man who keeps my father's bones in Siberia, away from Christian burial. Sire, I love you for your goodness, for your broad sense of justice; but, sire, my father was sent to Siberia upon a false charge of treason when I was barely able to climb upon his booted knee. He had served your father faithfully and was exiled without a moment's consideration. When he was reported dead of the horrible toil to which he was condemned, I had just been called to the Little Father's service. I asked for permission to bring the body of my beloved home for burial beside the grave of my broken-hearted mother. I was rudely repulsed. Sire, I serve my country because I love her and because I reverence you. But now that you know my sorrow and the injustice which I seek to redress, your good heart will pardon me if I refuse to bow until an edict of justice shall be issued."

Never had such a daring speech been uttered within those walls. The attendants shrank back in absolute affright. The Count Ivanovitch shook as if with the palsy; while his lovely daughter turned pale and red by turns—pale at thought of the young lieutenant's danger, red at sight of his superb, courageous manliness. The czar slowly rose from his seat, his eyes flashing a fearful anger, while his white face twitched convulsively. He shrieked:

"Take that insane boy to!"—

Then he stopped. The undaunted figure before him must have suggested the remembrance of his own daring youth, for he abruptly broke off. He gazed a moment, during which the fierce, deep lines of his face softened. And then he quietly remarked to his attendants:

"Let the Lieutenant Duke Vladimir Pojarsky have free egress. Do not dare to apprehend him. We will see whether the imperial uniform covers the breast of a traitor."

All at once, awake to the realization of his temerity, dazzled by the grandeur of his czar, and not less excited by a pair of

brown, pitying, admiring eyes, Vladimir allowed himself to be hurried across the mosaic floor. He reached the end of the royal apartment; then the helping, guiding hands were withdrawn as the attendants returned to their duties.

Numerous passages led away from the hermitage to the Winter Palace. Down one of these corridors the soldier plunged. Suddenly, under one of the bejeweled chandeliers, he saw a tall, golden-haired figure, a girl covered with flashing jewels and rich white furs—a girl who looked at him with that same pair of unfathomable brown eyes which had thrilled his heart with their pity and admiration, when he stood in the imperial presence.

At a sight of this beauty standing alone, Vladimir stopped.

He passed his hand across his brow in an effort to recall his dazed and scattered faculties; and then he muttered some incoherent words of gratitude for kindness so undeserved.

The lady quickly recovered from her dismay and swept her gleaming trail to one side. Seeing the embarrassment of the youth, and remembering the terrible ordeal through which he had passed, in very mercy she felt constrained to speak:

"Lieutenant, the Duke Vladimir Pojarsky, I saw you at the czar's reception a moment since. Sir, I am unknown to you; my father has returned to obtain a message from the czar. My father is an officer of the government. Be careful! For heaven's sake, be careful! You may be exiled, executed, for your temerity!"

"Oh, speak on!" said Vladimir, "I could listen forever! If I have succeeded in arousing compassion in your breast I am content."

A moment's silence ensued. Vladimir looked up and down the long corridor. No soul was visible. With a tremor for which he could not account, but could not control, he leaned towards his fair companion, and said:

"Your father has been delayed, or else has taken the wrong passage to the palace. Accept my arm and I will escort you to your friends in the ball-room."

Olga placed her dainty hand lightly upon the soldier's sleeve.

This grand pair wandered down through the corridor, up across the flower-blooming balconies, and finally down upon the glassy floor—constantly conversing, never heeding the flight of time, until suddenly an *aide* in the imperial uniform stood before them and said:

"With most profound respect, Princess Olga, I am requested to escort you to your father who, with the czar, awaits you in the hermitage. To you, Lieutenant Duke, my message is that you will find the minister of police awaiting you in the conservatory."

(To be Continued).

## THE RESURRECTION.

### SCIENTIFIC AND SCRIPTURAL.

BY ELDER THOMAS W. BROOKBANK.

**I**N the fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians, the Apostle Paul says:

"So also is the resurrection of the dead. It [the body] is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption. It is sown in dishonor; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power. It is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. \* \* \* As is the earthly, such

are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly, such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Now this I say brethren, that flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption. Behold I show you a mystery; We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

This quotation plainly informs us that our bodies hereafter are to possess many qualities of an essential nature that are the exact antipodes of those they now inherit. There is an infinity of contrasted meaning existing between the terms "mortal" and "immortal;" "corruption" and "incorruption," etc., as usually defined. None, then, can disagree with the apostle's proposition that a change is involved in passing from one of these states to the other: a change, too, of such magnitude that our minds can but feebly comprehend its significance.

Again, mortality and immortality are, and of necessity must be, predicated upon the nature and constitution of things. We do not affirm the Almighty could not prolong mortal life to an endless eternity; but He does not act thus. Nature and nature's God do not conflict; and this fact is tantamount to the intervention of an impossibility that they can. Now, man dies, not because he is immortal, but for the reason that he is mortal by nature; and it is just as evident that when we become immortal, the change must be a natural, a constitutional one.

But the substitution of an immortal for a mortal organism is a process radical in the extreme: the two things are wholly and essentially different; and the question is, What does such metamorphosis or substitution demand? What does it affect? Not the spirit, not the real ego of each personality; not the soul-life; for all this is already constitutionally immortal; nor can it affect the real nature of substance, since that is likewise essentially eternal. Hence, for the very reason there is nothing else for the process of change, or of metamorphosis, to affect, we must refer it to a work that is wrought upon our bodily structure. A change in our make-up is demanded and we must be remodeled, chemically rendered impervious to the assaults of disease, and impregnable to the catastrophe of accidents. But new chemical compounds can not be made without a disintegration, in the first place, of the particles of our existing bodies; or, if the term "death" is more appropriate to express such dissolution, let us apply it. Sickness and pain, which terminate in death, are caused by a disordered condition of the whole, or of a part, of our physical organism. If all parts of our system always perfectly performed the respective functions assigned them, we could not die, provided we were properly started in our existence.

But perfect action can be affirmed of perfect organs only. The facts are, however, that our physical system is extremely liable to get out of order, which is proof conclusive that each and every organ of the body is imperfect.

(To be Continued.)

DOING good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

LET us not run out of the path of duty, lest we run into the way of danger.



# FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

## BREAKING THE SABBATH.

The Lord has commanded us to remember the Sabbath day and keep it holy. He intends that we should do no unnecessary work on that day. It is also expected that children lay aside their play things and go to Sunday school and meeting. Sometimes children think they can enjoy themselves by going off to play on a Sunday instead of going to meeting as they should. But if they have been taught that it is wrong to spend this holy day in play they will find that there is no pleasure in so doing. Their consciences will continually remind them that they are doing wrong, and they will feel unhappy.

Let me tell you of a little fellow who learned by sad experience that there was no pleasure for him in breaking the Sabbath.

One Sunday afternoon he decided to go fishing with some other boys, instead of attending meeting as his parents expected him to. Of course the thoughts of disobeying his parents and breaking the Lord's day made him very unhappy. But he went in spite of these unpleasant feelings. He thought it would be cowardly of him to not go after promising the boys he would.

At the place where he and the other boys stopped to throw in their lines was a fence running a short distance into the stream. The boy thought it would be a good idea to sit on the part of the fence that overhung the stream and there cast in his line. So he climbed along to the desired point on the fence and there settled himself.

The posts that were in the water happened to be rather loose in the ground, and it required considerable care to keep the fence steady. Before many minutes had passed another lad made an attempt to climb out towards the end of the fence. He did not know it was so unsteady, and almost the first step he took upset the boy who had seated himself on the top of the post that stood farthest into the stream. With a great splash he went to the bottom, head first. The water was not very deep, and he soon managed to get out.

When he got to the shore his companions only laughed at the mishap, thinking it a good joke. He did not consider it any joke, however. He had felt miserable since leaving home, and this greatly added to his discomfort. He had disobeyed

his parents, broken the Sabbath, and now he was unable to keep from his parents the knowledge of his disobedience, for he had to go home to get a change of clothing. It would be difficult to tell his feelings at this time. You may be sure that he did not soon forget this severe lesson.

When he reflected upon the matter, he recollected several other instances of his disobedience. He also observed that the result in every case was similar—it always caused him considerable mental suffering. He concluded that in the future he would be more careful to obey his parents and avoid breaking the Sabbath.

## WHILST THERE'S LIFE THERE IS WORK TO DO.

What ever thy place in life may be,  
List to my motto, you'll find it true;  
There is a mission appointed thee,  
And whilst there's life there is work to do.

Be thine a rich or a poor estate,  
Work on, work on, but withal be true;  
And thou wilt find that it is thy fate,  
Whilst thou hast life to have work to do.

And if for ourselves no help we need,  
As this life's journey we travel through,  
How many we find to prove indeed  
That whilst we live there is work to do.

Then whatsoever thy lot may be,  
List to my motto, you'll find it true:  
There is a mission appointed thee,  
And whilst there's life there is work to do.

S. C. WATSON.

## CONUNDRUMS.

What is harder than earning money? Collecting it.

When is a horse not worth a dollar? When it is worth less (worthless).

Who is that lady, whose visit nobody wishes? Miss Fortune.

What thing is that which is lengthened by being cut at both ends? A ditch.

What word of five syllables is that, from which, if you take one syllable away no syllable remains? Monosyllable—no syllable.

Why does the eye resemble a school-master in the act of flogging? It has a pupil under the lash.

QUESTIONS ON CHURCH HISTORY.

1. When did Joseph receive the next heavenly visitation? 2. Who appeared unto him at this time? 3. What announcement did he make concerning the gospel? 4. What did he tell him about a certain hidden treasure? 5. What was it to contain? 6. What were hidden with it? 7. Of what use were they? 8. What charge did the angel give him concerning these treasures?

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS IN NO. 2.

Q. Was this the first time Joseph had ever tried to pray with his voice? A. Yes.

Q. What power and influence took hold of him when he had commenced? A. The power of Satan, which bound his tongue so that he could not speak.

Q. What was the effect upon him? A. He was much frightened and he felt as though he was about to be destroyed.

Q. Did he give it up after this. A. No.

Q. What did he ask of the Lord? A. To deliver him out of the power of his enemy.

Q. At this moment of great alarm, what did he see over his head? A. A pillar of light much brighter than the sun. As soon as it rested upon him he saw two glorious personages standing above him in the air.

Q. Who spoke unto him and what were the words? A. Our Heavenly Father, who called Joseph by name, and, pointing to the other, said: "This is my beloved Son, hear Him."

Q. What answer did he get concerning the religions of the day? A. That they were all an abomination in His sight and that he was to join none of them.

Q. What important promise did the Lord make unto Joseph at this time? A. That the everlasting gospel should be made known to him at some future time.

Q. When did he receive this first visitation? A. Early in the Spring of 1820.

Two friends, an Englishman and an Irishman, traveling, had a double-bedded room at an inn. Being awakened by a noise in the night, the Englishman called to his companion to light the candle. "Where is it?" asked Pat. "At your right hand on the table." "Are you crazy?" cried Pat. "How can I see which is my right hand in the dark?"

CHARADE.

I am a house all snowy white,  
 Made of the queerest things;  
 Of wood and grass, and cast-off robes  
 Of peasants and of kings.  
 With skins of goats and bleating lambs  
 My roof is covered warm,  
 While under lies a thatch of straw  
 To shelter me from harm.  
 No chief e'er dwelt in marble halls  
 More spotless white than mine,  
 No king or prelate ever lived  
 In palace more divine;  
 Within my numbered rooms nothing  
 Is there of earth or air,  
 Described or known to mortal man,  
 That is not gathered there.  
 The greatest builders known to fame  
 Who rear me fair and high,  
 Themselves inhabit me in life,  
 And also when they die.  
 I am a nursery of light  
 And reason to the young,  
 And to the old a fund of wealth  
 In every land and tongue.

The following named persons have sent answers to the questions on Church History published in No. 2: Cynthia Burnham, W. J. C. Mortimer, Sarah E. Cole, N. Otteson, W. N. Draper, S. B. Oldham, F. Pickering, G. E. Court, Mary E. Chandler, J. Folkman, W. E. Cole, L. A. Burnham, H. C. Blood, H. Muir, Rosie M. Sedgwick, Elizabeth S. Zundel, S. E. Welchman, I. Fisher, Lizzie Hatch, Mary A. Crookston, Elizabeth A. Mumford, R. Hurst, W. D. Dixon, H. T. Ward, G. M. Ward, N. Andrus, M. Lavisch, Louisa Johnson, Marinda Monson, Linnie Cutler, T. E. Jacobson, A. L. Page, M. J. Richards, Matilda Sandberg, Martha Terman, J. M. Cahoon, Eliza Morgan, J. R. Morgan, O. Jorgensen, Allie Young, A. Barrett, C. Alfsen, R. A. Turner, Etta Huish, A. G. Marler, W. Davis, Jr., Louisa Steele, H. H. Blood.

The names of the cities in the Buried Cities Puzzle are, Stockton, Manti, Beaver, Logan, Tintic, Payson. The answer to the Enigma is the letter S. The Rebus reads, "Safely I am resting at home."

We have received correct answers from H. C. L. Jergensen, Isabel Laycock, Lucy Rogers, Josephine W. Howard, Olivia Johnson, Wm. Brewer, Lovina Brewer, C. L. Berry, L. Hill, E. B. Hawkins, Wm. A. Skidmore, Pearl Burk, Clarissa A. Howard, S. F. Len, S. P. Oldham, Juliett Howard, Alice E. Porcher, Lizzie Wardle, B. A. Seare, G. Wright, E. Fillmore, Nora Hudson, Clara Hudson, Elizabeth A. Mumford, D. H. Sedgwick, Fannie Hudson, G. E. Court, Rose E. Page, F. Pickering.



## RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PAST.

BY HEENELE PIKALE.

*(Continued from page 38).*

SHORTLY after the Saints were driven out of Missouri, I was called to go on a mission, having been ordained an Elder while in Far West. A young man by the name of Amos Lyons, a priest, traveled with me. Neither of us had ever attempted to preach.

Soon after starting out we called at a house to get a drink of water; but in reality to begin business, by telling the people our message. We were asked where we were from. We told the family we were missionaries and members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. "Latter-day devils," said a woman lying in bed, at the same time turning herself over so as to get a good view at us, "if you were sons of mine I would sew you up in a sheet at night, while you were asleep, and I would go out to the Hazel brush, get me a lot of good switches and I would whip Mormonism out of you; be ashamed to go about preaching old Joe Smith."

We endeavored to reply, saying it was the gospel of Jesus Christ; but she gave us no chance to slip in a word edge-wise and we soon left to try again. It was not long till we called at a house to stay all night. We told who we were, and we were asked if we would preach that evening if the neighbors were invited in. We replied we would be pleased to do so. I being the oldest, and also an Elder, I led out; Brother Lyons followed. Both discourses put together were not, figuratively speaking, a yard long. At the close of the meeting we were advised to leave off preaching and go home, for we were more fit to drive oxen. It was not a great while after this we called to stay over night at a house, and on leaving the next morning an old lady, perhaps the mother or mother-in-law to our host, gave us some money. She gazed at us and tears came in her eyes as we shook hands to leave. We felt to leave our peace and blessings on that house, so far as the old lady was concerned; for we felt she had an inward testimony we were servants of God. But no invitations were given us to preach.

My companion was soon taken sick with chills and fever. I worked for a well-to-do farmer to keep us until Brother Lyons recovered so as to travel. In a couple of weeks he was all right, and we bent our course towards the land of our birth, Virginia. We reached Jackson County, between Big and Little Kanawha rivers, late in the Fall. Here we preached a few times and baptized a man and his wife. We went into Harrison County, to spend the Winter among our friends and relatives.

In the Spring I returned to Jackson County, leaving Brother Lyons in Harrison County, he having concluded to marry a wife. I continued my labors, baptized five, and held a two days' public discussion with a Baptist minister. A man by the name of Stockhouse was present during the debate, and at the close said, so I was told, that he had offered to help tar, feather and ride me on a rail; but now he was my friend, for I had proved there were more than five hundred apostles, and he could not see but I had as much truth on my side as the Baptist or any body else had on his, and that I should not be molested where he was, if he could help it.

I returned home to Illinois, and during the Summer of 1842 I labored more or less in the stone quarry, helping to get out rock for the Nauvoo temple. If my memory serves me cor-

rectly, it was in the month of August of that year the Prophet called a special conference. A good number of Elders were called to go on missions. Among the number I was called, and about the first of September, I left Nauvoo in company with Jacob G. Bigler and Josiah W. Fleming. When we reached Fulton County we called on a relative, at whose house we had the privilege of holding one meeting. Our relative wanted to know if we thought the Lord was so proud that He must have a temple built for Him.

About this time, meeting with Elder Alpheus Harmon, he having no companion and wishing one, I traveled with him. We passed through Illinois, the northern part of Indiana and into the north-western part of Ohio. Not meeting with any encouragement, and cold weather coming on, Brother Harmon concluded to return home to Nauvoo; and there, in the woods, we blessed each other, shook hands and parted. I felt lonely, for Brother Harmon was good company, and, I believe, a good man. Poor man! I afterwards learned he froze to death while crossing a bleak prairie just before reaching Nauvoo.

I continued my travels, preaching at every chance. It was about the first of January, 1843, snow on the ground a foot deep, while wending my way through a deep forest that, late in the afternoon, I reached the first settlement, cold, tired and hungry. I knocked at the door of a respectable-looking house and was told to come in. The man of the house was sitting at a shoe bench, I asked if he would please keep a servant of the Lord all night. In reply I was questioned as to where I was from and to what order I belonged. I said I was from Nauvoo and belonged to the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. He said he had never heard of that name before. Then I explained and told him we were known as "Mormons," though that was not our true name. "Oh yes, I have heard of the Mormonites, and I shall not keep you."

He had a family of children grown up to manhood and womanhood, who all stood gazing at me as though I was some strange creature. All this time I stood with my valise in hand, for they had not even offered me a seat. I turned on my heel and left to seek quarters elsewhere. I had not walked one hundred and fifty yards when I heard some one call to me. On looking around, I saw the man of the house in the yard calling me back. He said he had concluded to keep me over night, "for," said he, "I want to have a talk with you." As I came up he invited me in and took my hat and valise, and told me to take a seat near the fire and warm myself, adding that it was now his chore time and to make myself as comfortable as I could until he came in, when supper would be ready. I did not have to wait long, and I soon noticed whenever a question was asked there was quite an anxiety on the part of the wife and daughter to hear what the "Mormon" had to say. As we were finishing supper a pedler drove up and called to stay all night. Being introduced to each other by our host, he commenced as though he had the world by the wrist and was going to use up "Mormonism" in less than no time, and me as a false teacher; but the Lord was with me, until at last Mr. McMelon, the host, said to the pedler, "it is no use for you to argue with him, for the scriptures are all on his side." It was Saturday night, and the next morning, after breakfast, my host invited me to go with him to meeting and I might give out an appointment to preach that evening at his house. This to me was unexpected. The meeting was Lutheran. I was introduced to the minister. He was a pleasant-looking man, and treated me very courteously. At the close of his discourse, which was very good, he invited me to speak. I did so and gave out my appointment. The minister told the people to



turn out and go and hear me, for he believed I was a good man. That evening the sleigh bells made music to my ears and I had a full house. After meeting several tarried a while to talk with me; and from that time doors were opened and Mr. McMelon told me to make his house my home as long as I pleased. There was a Campbellite preacher by the name of Moses Bonom, or some such name, who would meet me at the most of my meetings and fight the truth and do all he could to prejudice the people against me and the truths I advocated.

## INDEPENDENCE AND THE HEADRICKITES.

BY J. W. S.

THE site of the great temple, to be built in the last days in Jackson County, Missouri, is a point of interest to everyone who looks with pleasure on Zion's future greatness, and many of the Latter-day Saints have been led there by a desire to stand upon the sacred spot designated by the Lord as the place to build His holy house in this dispensation. Impressed with this same feeling I paid Independence a visit to see the temple lot and pick up any items that would be of interest to my friends, and now give the readers of the JUVENILE the results of my visit. Traveling south from Kansas City, by the Missouri Pacific railway, one passes by the town of Independence, which is about ten miles from the former place. It has been described so often that to do so again in detail is unnecessary, consequently to be brief I will say the town of Independence is the county seat of Jackson County, Missouri, which is situated in the western part of the State. It has some very nice residences though they are not as numerous as in some other towns of the same size I have seen. The population numbers between five and six thousand. The streets are laid out at right angles, running north and south, east and west. They are not wide, and in some places are quite steep, for while the town site is more elevated than the surrounding country it is more or less rolling. Shade trees are quite plentiful in many of the thoroughfares. The town boasts of a very fine court house, which stands in the middle of a public square. Through the courtesy of the county clerk I was permitted to go up into the tower, from which a very fine view of the surrounding country is obtained. Across the street on either side of the court house square are situated the stores and business houses, and though none of them are palatial, and a good many inferior, still there are several that carry a full stock of well-selected merchandise.

Of course the point of attraction for the Utah visitor is the temple lot. It is situated on the street running east and west, on the south side of the court house square, and about three-fourths of a mile west of that building. How much was dedicated as the temple lot when that event took place I am not prepared to say. It now consists of about two and a half acres, and is a block by itself with streets all around it. The land drops a little to the south and west, is well fenced with barbed wire. The posts are about eight feet apart, and nine wires are stapled on to these about six inches apart. There are no houses on the lot. It is sown to red and white clover and small shade trees are set out at convenient distances apart. Seeing the lot was so well taken care of I repaired to the court house to find out if possible who the claimants were. Entering the recorder's office I told that official that I would like to look up

the record of the "Mormon" temple lot. He informed me I could do so but only through an attorney. The books were accessible to the public only by this means. He told me, however, that the lot was still owned by the "Mormons," was held in charge by trustees appointed by that body, that Mr. Richard Hill was one of them, and directed me where to find that gentleman. Thanking the recorder for the information I started out to find Mr. Hill, who, by the way, is a blacksmith. I found him in his shop, which is located half a block east of the court house on the same street where the temple lot is located. Entering the shop I stated to Mr. Hill that I was from Salt Lake City, had stopped off at Independence to pick up some items. Understanding he was one of the trustees of the temple lot I would be obliged if he would give me the information I desired and would be glad to reciprocate in any way I could. I found Mr. Hill a very pleasant gentleman with whom to talk, as was Mr. Geo. Frisley, another of the trustees who was in the shop at the time. Mr. Hill stated that the temple lot was now claimed by the Headrickites, an offshoot of the Church, and gave me their history as follows:

Mr. Headricks was a member of the Church in early times and suffered with the people in the persecutions the Church passed through. When the people were driven from their homes and the body of the Church moved west, Mr. Headricks settled in Illinois, about the year 1850. He gathered around him a few followers and organized them into a religious body. This took place near Bloomington, in the above named state. They remained there until about 1866, when they moved to Independence, Missouri, making that their headquarters. They found the temple lot claimed by several parties who held it as outlawed property on account of non-occupation. The Headrickites bought it up piece by piece as opportunity offered until they had purchased the whole and fixed it up in its present shape. They now claim to have a legal title to it under the laws of Missouri.

Last season their numerical strength was about fifty, presided over by Daniel Judy. During our conversation Mr. Hill called to mind over twenty factions that had split off the Church since the Prophet Joseph's day. Some still maintain their organization while others had been swallowed up in the Josephite sect. I asked him wherein his people differed in belief with the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, in Utah. He answered, "We do not believe in celestial marriage, or plurality of wives. We do not accept the law of tithing, as revealed July 8th, 1838. We believe in paying a tenth of our increase, but repudiate turning in surplus property as a foundation. We do not believe in baptism for the dead. We do not believe in the translation of the Book of Abraham from the papyrus. We do not believe in a plurality of gods," etc.

In fact the bone and sinew of "Mormonism" seems to be repudiated by them. They think the Church in Utah is in transgression, of course, but entertain the belief that after the Lord purges us from our iniquity (polygamy) we will come down and build up the temple with them.

The country around Independence is beautiful and by the eye of faith a person whose mind is lit up with the Spirit of God can comprehend in part at least the glory that will yet rest upon it; but what a cleaning up the Lord must do before the "pure in heart" can go back and build up the waste places of Zion "without a dog even being present to wag his tail as an objection!"

POVERTY wants some, Luxury many, Avarice all things.

## The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, FEBRUARY 15, 1886.

### EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

**E**XPERIENCE has taught us that too great care cannot be taken in the selection of works for young people to read. Impressions made in early life are apt to be very lasting, and the thoughts of children take color and character from the expressions of those whose conversation they hear, and from the books they read. One who has experience, if shown the kind of reading that a man or woman indulges in, can form a very good idea of the character of that person's mind. It is always interesting to us, in visiting a house, to examine the books that are lying around, because by so doing we are enabled to form a conclusion as to the bent of the family's minds. Well-thumbed Bibles, Books of Mormon, Books of Covenants and other Church works convenient to hand always speak well for a family's faith and taste. It is an evidence that the family take interest in those precious records and that their minds are being stored with the principles of their religion. But it is not unfrequently the case that one may visit houses of members of the Church and instead of getting sight of any of these records, if there are books at all in sight, they are novels or other trashy literature.

In these days newspaper reading is almost universal. Many busy people find no time to read anything more than the newspaper. How important it is, under such circumstances, that newspapers should be rightly conducted! There are papers—and they are numbered by scores and hundreds—which should never be permitted to enter the house of a Latter-day Saint. They should be kept out of the hands of the young of both sexes, for the reason that they are contagious. Many people are very careful that their children shall not be exposed to measles, small-pox, diphtheria and other contagious diseases; but they are quite indifferent as to the contagion which is communicated through improper publications.

Our attention has been frequently called to the pernicious effects of perusing a paper that has long been published in this city, called the *Tribune*. It is one of the vilest sheets, and probably the most vile, that is published within the confines of the United States. Its columns are filled with the most atrocious falsehoods concerning the people of Utah, their leaders and everything connected with them. It deliberately misrepresents and falsifies the words and acts of prominent citizens and the people themselves. And yet there are those who call themselves Latter-day Saints who read this filthy sheet. There is only one way in which it can be done by those who call themselves Saints, and that is as described by Pope in his well-known lines about vice:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,  
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen.  
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

A Latter-day Saint who first reads that paper may feel disgusted at it; but like vice, as the poet describes it, when seen too often and read, familiarity with it takes away the disgust. The first time it is read the lies which it contains shock the

reader; but if the reading be continued, familiarity with the falsehoods gradually removes that feeling, and by degrees the sharp things that are said, the biting sarcasms, the plausible statements, the foul scandals and the misconstruction of motives are viewed as having some degree of truth in them, and by degrees the itching curiosity to know what the malignant sheet says upon any noteworthy occurrence causes it to be sought for. Such persons excuse themselves for reading it by saying they "don't believe anything that it says, but they want to see what it has to say," as though it should make the least difference to a Latter-day Saint what it says. We have known men who held office who seemed to consult its columns, as though they considered its utterances important, and, perhaps, in their secret souls they do stand in fear of its censure more than they do the censure of their brethren and sisters.

Where this paper of which we speak has been regularly read by Latter-day Saints they have either lost the faith or will lose it if they continue the practice. It is an impossibility for people to take pleasure in such writings without partaking of the spirit that inspires them. The curiosity that prompts one to desire to see what it says is a curiosity that Latter-day Saints should not indulge in. It is an impossible thing for us to keep the run of all that the world say about us. If we were to allow our time to be engrossed by seeking for and perusing all that is published concerning us, we should have no time to peruse anything else. There is too much truth for us to study and learn, in which we can take delight, without spending our time in reading attacks upon us, and upon our doctrines, and upon our policy, and denunciations of our qualities.

When this paper to which we refer was first issued the editor of the *JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR* was then editing the *Deseret News*. He was made an object of attack by the editor of that paper. We found that if we paid attention or attempted to reply to the villainous falsehoods which it contained concerning us, we would have more than we could do, and in such a warfare a man who had any conscience stood no chance with the irresponsible blackguards who manufactured slander for its columns. We made it a rule at that time—a rule which we have strictly observed ever since—not to read the paper at all, no matter what it contained. During the years of its publication we have strictly adhered to this resolution. Upon one occasion our attention was called, by one of the clerks in the *Deseret News* Office, to a weekly number, which contained no less than nine articles in which our name was mentioned; but we did not even then take the time to read them. What profit is there in reading falsehoods and slanders, especially when you cannot, with any sense of dignity, reply to them? From what we have heard we have been abused without stint in its columns ever since, but it has never proved the least annoyance to us because we paid no attention to anything that it said, and we feel that in this case,

"Where ignorance is bliss  
'Tis folly to be wise."

While we were in charge of the *Deseret News* we steadily pursued that course and ignored utterly the existence of this vile production. Its ravings, its threats, its falsehoods, all passed unheeded, and, so far as we were concerned, for all the effect they had, they might never have been uttered. We know by experience that this is a far better course than that pursued by many, whose morbid curiosity prompts them to examine its columns. What effects would such a paper have upon us, as a community, if we never read it? Would it annoy us? Would it make us angry? Would it disturb us in any



manner? Not in the least; no more than such a paper would if it were published on the Fiji Islands and in a language of which we knew nothing. This is the true way to treat such filthy emanations. But there is a class of people who seem never to be satisfied unless they can taste or smell something that has its origin with the devil. They have a taste, apparently, for foulness. If it were possible for them to get to heaven and a paper were published in the infernal regions, they would want some news-seller to introduce it into the New Jerusalem. This, probably, is a strong comparison, but not too strong for the case. Latter-day Saints who introduce this paper into their households would be guilty of just such folly if they had a residence in the Holy City.

We trust that the JUVENILES of this Territory will profit by what we say upon this subject. Read good books. Read truthful statements. There is an abundance of truth in the world. Seek for it; take pleasure in it. Never allow your minds to be polluted by reading that which is untrue, or slanderous, or derogatory to holiness. The spirit of the evil one seeks to defile the Almighty—to picture Him as a tyrant and as unworthy of the homage and worship of men. There is nothing too holy, too pure or too exalted for him to degrade. And it is the same spirit which prompts the people who write for and publish the sheet of which we speak to utter their vile slanders and atrocious falsehoods concerning those who seek to obey Him.

## A MYSTERIOUS PREACHER.

BY H. BELNAP.

ON one calm, sunny day, in the month of May, 1878, a supposed clap of thunder directly over the city of Lexington, Henderson County, Tennessee, rebounding from the hills and cliffs near by, greatly excited the curiosity of the peoples of that region. The farmer stopped his plow, gazed around for an approaching storm; but seeing no cloud in the clear sky threw his plow again into the furrow and plodded on, as though nothing had happened. The workman in his shop laid down his tools, walked to the door, to see from whence the storm was coming. The merchant and the tailor did the same, but seeing no sign of a storm returned in wonderment to their labor, and consoled themselves with the thought that the noise was only one of the phenomena of the nineteenth century.

One strange feature, however, of this occurrence was, that every person who lived within eight miles of Lexington stated that the sound proceeded either from a bluff located near the city or else sounded directly overhead. Reports soon came that this peculiar sound was heard for thirty miles around.

In the afternoon of the same day a strange man appeared near Lexington, the county seat. He was rather spare built, of medium height, had fair skin, and dark brown hair which was rather thin and inclined to curl; his beard was of a reddish cast and not very heavy. Judging from his appearance his age was between twenty-seven and thirty years.

The object of this stranger was to announce a meeting which was to be held in the neighborhood that evening. Being rather poorly clad, and because of his seeming intimate acquaintance with the shortest roads in the fields and woods, he excited the curiosity of a great many people, and as a consequence the meeting house, that evening, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

At the hour appointed the stranger took his position on the stand. After looking around the assembly for a few moments

he arose, and in a very clear, sharp tone called the audience to order. He then sang a hymn that was most pleasing both in sentiment and melody.

On arising to speak he astonished his congregation by not using that whining tone which is usually characteristic of modern divines, but spoke in a clear, decisive tone. He was very calm in his introductory remarks, but grew more eloquent as he entered deeper into his subject.

At the close of the services he appointed, at the solicitation of those present, several meetings to be held in the surrounding country.

He gave his name as Robert Edge, and said he belonged to the Church of God, but concerning the place from which he came, the inquirer received no satisfaction.

The news that a strange but eloquent preacher had come into the country, spread far and near. In his first circuit through different parts of the county this person pursued a very peculiar but effective course. Seemingly his object was to get all classes of people out to hear him. By way of illustration, when he first entered a neighborhood whose dominant sect was of the Baptist persuasion, he would speak upon some gospel principle of which this class of people were particularly fond, and display its good features in a very pleasing and beautiful manner. It is needless to say that after thus speaking the Baptists would gather around him and express their appreciation of his remarks. When he entered a Methodist, Presbyterian or Campbellite neighborhood he pursued the same course with regard to the good features of their respective religions. Occasionally he would intermingle his ideas upon other principles, such as free thought, independence of character, etc. By this means he gathered around him the Methodist, Presbyterian, Campbellite and the so-called sinner. His fame as an eloquent speaker grew so rapidly that people of all classes gathered to hear him from localities twenty and thirty miles distant.

By this time a great many began questioning among themselves why it was that no one had ever seen Mr. Edge either come or go any great distance from the meeting-house. When he would come to meeting no one remembered seeing him until after he had arrived in the crowd, or was in the pulpit. They at once appointed persons to watch him, but they, as well as the people, were sure to lose track of him before he had proceeded very far, unless he had, perchance, accepted an invitation to accompany some of his hearers home.

Mr. Edge being a supposed stranger in that locality the people wondered why he did not ask his way when desiring to go from one place to another. One evening a gentleman who had never before seen the mysterious preacher came to his meeting, and was very much pleased with his discourse. At the close of the meeting the stranger arose to his feet and asked Mr. Edge if he would be kind enough to come and speak at his house the following Wednesday. Mr. Edge dropped his head a moment as though thinking whether he could fill the appointment or not, then looked up and replied, "Yes, sir, I will be there at seven o'clock."

The gentleman lived several miles from where that meeting was held, and therefore wondered why he was not asked the road leading to his residence, but no questions were asked. The people where he was then stopping said they watched Mr. Edge very closely but learned to their satisfaction that he did not make any inquiries concerning the gentleman's name or his place of residence; still, when the time for the meeting came he was in his place.

(To be Continued.)



## SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

THERE are many things in the little Swiss republic which would interest, instruct and amuse the boys and girls of Utah, who have, perhaps, never been away from their moun-

girl on her way to market. One day, and sometimes two, of each week is set apart in the cities for marketing. On such days the sides of the streets are lined with women offering for sale the products of the farm, dairy, orchard or garden. These women frequently walk several miles before daylight, carrying



tain homes. The customs of the people in that country are so very different from ours that an American who goes there finds something new almost every day to attract his attention.

The part of our engraving numbered 1 represents a peasant

on their backs and in their hands the peculiar-shaped baskets seen in the picture, filled with what they have to sell, or else they pull with the assistance of a dog a small wagon-load of truck. Some of these women, whose partners are too poor to



either rent or own a piece of land, spend days in the woods and on the hillsides gathering the small berries which grow there, and which they are glad to sell for a mere trifle.

Scene number 2 represents the sleeping place of a herdsman in the mountains. During the Summer months the cattle, which frequently receive more attention and care than human beings do, are generally herded in the mountains, where their yield of milk is also generally made into cheese and butter. But when the cows give no milk they are driven to places more distant from the cities and are there watched by herdsmen who sleep right among them in the open air.

In number 3 we see a dealer of curds and whey, which articles are considered quite a luxury by some of the Swiss, and on market days stands where these things are kept are generally pretty well surrounded.

One is frequently very much astonished to see the young goat herds, as seen in number 4, climb around the sides of the mountains in search of some stray animal. Sometimes these daring but sure-footed boys can be seen from the valley below standing upon the edge of a great precipice, the sight of which makes the beholder dizzy, with as little concern as though they were on the level ground. Many are the adventures and narrow escapes met by these mountain boys while guarding the herds of goats entrusted to their care. These animals are very much valued in Switzerland, where they supply milk for thousands of families.

In picture 5 a boy is seen engaged in making toy animals out of wood. This is quite a branch of industry in some parts of that country; and great quantities of the toys thus made are shipped to various parts of the world. In wood carving, scroll sawing, etc., some of the Swiss can scarcely be excelled.

The Swiss people are as a rule a hard-working and hospitable race. Their reputation for bravery is almost world-wide. Their country is naturally one of surpassing beauty, and it is no wonder that the people become very much attached to it. But the poverty to-day among certain classes of the inhabitants is very great, and there is no good prospect of relief in this matter in the future. As a result many of them are seeking new homes in America, and not a few come to Utah, where prosperity generally attends them, and they become good and honored citizens.

## THE BLUNDERS OF EDITORS AND PRINTERS.

BY NEJNE.

VERY few of the young people of Utah can practice the art of printing; and comparatively few even understand anything of the system under which books are produced.

There is more liability to error in the work of an editor or printer than in almost any other vocation. When the reader shall learn, if he does not already understand, the versatility required from an editor and the intricacy of movement in printing, he will be more amazed at the knowledge possessed by writers and the skill possessed by compositors, than amused by their mistakes.

In every printing office there is a proof-reader whose business it is to correct every article for the press. Think for a moment of the diversity of knowledge which he must possess! Can you be astonished if occasionally he lets slip a mistake,

especially since he has no means of learning the peculiar meaning of any editor except by a study of an author's hieroglyphics?

A few examples of "The Editor and Printer's Blunders," are herewith given. I believe that they have never before been collated:

An Ogden editor speaking of an aristocratic bride, wrote: "her classic countenance," and the printer made it appear, "her *elastic* countenance." The young husband did not take time to learn the qualities of the feminine face, but began to hunt the editor. The latter decamped; and it was only after the groom had learned the supple power of a fragile woman's speaking and scolding apparatus that he forgave the "joke" and became a sworn friend to the "sarcastic" editor.

A town in Nevada is called Genoa. Speaking of the derivation of its name, an aspiring but ignorant Western editor wrote: "It was out of loyalty to this, his native town, that the great Frenchman said, 'See Genoa and die.'" Genoa is not in France; and, besides, the familiar saying does not refer to Genoa but to Naples, the superb Italian sea-port.

During the war, a Northern editor wrote, "The gun-boats of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps." The copy of the paper which reached him, read, "The gum-boots of the Confederates, etc." He wrote for the next day's issue a very emphatic correction "For 'gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps,' our readers will do us the justice to believe that we wrote and intended to say, 'the gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps.'" But the mistake had already been corrected; the proof-reader had discovered the error after the first and incorrect copy of the paper had passed into the editor's hands: and, before any part of the circulating edition had been struck off, the proper change in the types had been made. The next night a new proof-reader was on duty. He saw the corrected edition of the journal. And when the editor's correction appeared in proof and manuscript he concluded that the editor had merely made a silly, but not unusual transposition. He therefore "corrected" the proof, and made it read "For 'gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps' our readers will do us the justice to believe that we wrote and intended to say 'the gum-boots of the Confederates were of little avail in the entangled swamps.'" The article of correction creating the amusing error which it had intended to excuse appeared thus in the papers, and another good intention had gone to make pavement.

It is not long since a Washington paper—the editor of which had intended to say "Cromwell's boyish battles," printed "Cromwell's boyish rattles."

A Salt Lake paper speaking about the Legislative proceedings upon a certain day recently, said: "The business of the day was opened by a benediction by —."

Rousseau wrote to the younger Racine, "I enjoy the conversation within these few days of my associates in Parnassus. M. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy, but, unfortunately, he departs soon." Des Fontaines, the journalist, either through malicious wit or by accident, in quoting the expression, stopped short in the midst of the closing phrase; and the paragraph appeared:

"Rousseau says, 'M. Piron is an excellent antidote against melancholy, but unfortunately —.'"

Piron never forgave this accident or intended insult, and to revenge himself he resolved to compose one hundred epigrams against Des Fontaines. Sixty of these slashes he had administered when the journalist died.

## AN INTERESTING JOURNAL.

BY WILLIAM CLAYTON.

*(Continued from page 47).*

**D**URING all this time there had been no general tithing record opened. The money and other property contributed had all been paid over to the committee, and receipts were issued to the several donors. Elias Higbee kept the books and work accounts, and generally wrote the receipts for tithing. This branch of the business occupied nearly the whole of his time. Elders Cahoon and Cutler hired the laborers, superintended the work and kept an oversight of the entire business.

On the 25th day of September, 1841, Elders Alpheus Cutler and Peter Haws, started for the pine country to obtain lumber for the Temple and Nauvoo House. They took with them, Tarleton Lewis, Jabez Durfee, Hardin Wilson, Wm. L. Cutler, Horace Owens, Octavius Pauket, Blakely B. Anderson, James M. Flack, Nathaniel Child, Brother Child's wife and daughter, and Peter W. Conover. These brethren spent the Winter in the pine forests, and toiled diligently in their appointed work. They suffered some because of the cold in that northern region, but they made good progress. By the following July, they had succeeded in making up and bringing to Nauvoo a large raft of first-rate pine timber. By this means the prospect of the work was much brightened.

On the 13th day of December, 1841, the Prophet Joseph appointed Apostle Willard Richards to be recorder for the temple and scribe for the private office of the President.

The recorder opened his office in the counting room of President Joseph's new brick store on Water Street, and he immediately began to record the tithings on the Book of the Law of the Lord, page 27. The first record was made under the date of December 1, 1841. It was one gold sovereign, valued at \$5.00, to the credit of John Sanders, late from Cumberland, on the borders of Scotland, Europe.

A short time previous to this Joseph had been appointed "Sole Trustee-in-Trust for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints;" and, consequently, it became his prerogative to receive all the donations for the Church and the temple. Late in the evening of the 11th of December, the Trustee-in-Trust instructed Brigham Young, president of the quorum of the Twelve Apostles, to visit the members of the building committee and inform them more fully regarding their duties—to notify them not to accept any more tithes and consecrations, except such as were received from him. On the morning of the 13th, this message was delivered by Brigham to the committee in the presence of Elders Kimball, Woodruff and Willard Richards.

When this order was understood by the Saints, the business of the recorder increased rapidly, and having many important matters crowding upon him, he found it necessary to appoint Saturday of each week as the time for receiving and recording the tithings of the brethren. He published a notice under date of January 12, 1842, informing the Saints of this regulation; and it was subsequently carried into effect. But the business increased so rapidly that he could not keep pace with the work. He therefore counseled with his brethren of the Twelve; and, having received permission from President Joseph, he called Elder William Clayton, lately from England, to assist him. Elder Clayton accordingly entered the recorder's office on the 10th day of February, 1842, and continued therein from that time forward.

I will now copy an extract from the revelation of January 19, 1841, concerning a baptismal font:

"For there is not a place found on earth that he may come and restore again that which was lost unto you, or which he hath taken away, even the fullness of the Priesthood;

"For a baptismal font there is not upon the earth, that they, my saints, may be baptized for those who are dead;

"For this ordinance belongeth to my house, and cannot be acceptable to me, only in the days of your poverty, wherein ye are not able to build a house unto me.

"But I command you, all ye my saints, to build a house unto me; and I grant unto you a sufficient time to build a house unto me, and during this time your baptisms shall be acceptable unto me." (*Doc. and Cov. Sec. c.xxix.* 28, 29, 30, 31).

In conformity with the foregoing item of law, in the Summer and Fall of the year 1841, the brethren entered into measures to build a baptismal font in the cellar floor near the east end of the temple. President Joseph approved and accepted a draft for the font, made by Brother William Weeks; and on the 18th day of August of that year, Elder Weeks began to labor on the construction of the font with his own hands. He labored six days and then committed the work to the carpenters. On the 11th day of August, Brother Weeks began carving the oxen, twelve in number, upon which the font was to stand. After carving for six days, he consigned this branch to Brother Elijah Fordham, the principal carver, who continued until they were finished. They were completed about two months after their commencement.

At 5 o'clock in the evening, the 8th day of November, 1841, the font was dedicated by Joseph Smith the Prophet. After the dedication Brother Reuben McBride was the first person baptized, under the direction of the President.

Brother Samuel Rolfe, who was seriously afflicted with a felon upon one of his hands, was present. President Joseph instructed him to wash in the font and told him that the hand would be healed. The doctors had told him that he could not recover before Spring, and had advised him to have his hand cut. He dipped his hand in the font, and within a week he was perfectly healed.

After this time baptisms were continued in the font, and many Saints realized great blessings—both spiritually and bodily.

I will here state that on the 25th day of September, 1841, a deposit was made in the south-east corner stone of the temple.

It was late in the Spring of 1842, when work was opened upon the walls, and little was done until Brother William W. Player came in June. He had just arrived from England, and had come with the full intention of working on the temple. He began to labor about the 8th day of June; and he spent some time in regulating the stone work already set which had not been done very well. About the 11th of the same month he set the first plinth on the south-west corner of the south side.

During the Summer he lost two weeks of work, having to wait for Elder Cahoon's sons' plinths, which they were cutting, they playing in the stone shop much of their time.

The work progressed but slowly during this season, as there was but one crane; but the delay arose through the stones not being cut fast enough. By the Fall, however, Brother Player had got all the rock-work laid around as high as the window sills, together with all the window sills including that of the large east Venetian window. He had also two courses of pilaster stones on the plinths all around.

During the greater part of the time in the Fall, and especially toward the season when the work ceased, when Win-



ter set in, Brother Player was very sick. He nearly lost the use of his hands and feet, and several times he fell, through weakness, while on his way home. He considered that his sickness was caused by the change of climate and by his having drunk bad water while coming up the river.

(To be Continued.)

TEMPTED.

(Concluded from page 43.)

AFTER retiring to his room to rest, and on taking off his guernsey, Stephen Hendrickson noticed the belt, which he had forgotten, fall to the floor.

"There," he said to himself, "how stupid! That is a money-belt, probably, and I ought to have turned it over to Captain Wooley."

Then thinking there might be wet papers in the belt, he decided to open it and spread the contents on the floor to dry.

He knelt down, unfastened the straps and turned back the lappets.

There was a paper in the wallet quite dry, the belt being waterproof. He picked up the paper and under it lay a package of money.

He placed the light on the floor and regarded the package with curious interest. As he looked he saw, to his amazement, on the top of the package, a thousand-dollar bank-bill.

He had never seen so much money in his life, and had not known before that there was such a thing as a thousand-dollar bill in the world.

He stared at it as if fascinated, and pored over it with intense scrutiny until every line was stamped upon his mind. After a time the thought came:

"Whose money is this?"

He had been cold, kneeling on the floor partly undressed, but now a feverish heat flashed over him as a thought came of all he could accomplish with this money, lying before his dazzled eyes, if it were only his own.

And why not his own? To whom did it belong if not to him? Wasn't the belt a fair prize cast up by the sea, with no one to claim it?

No living soul, probably, had any knowledge of the belt or of the money, and all he had to do was—to do nothing. The belt had been given to him—why should he give it to someone else, who had no more claim to it than he.

But, then, Captain Wooley was very scrupulous to have everything of value turned over to the proper officials and duly accounted for.

Well; perhaps the belt ought to be given up; but then, two of those wonderful big bills would pay off the mortgage.

There were other bills in the package and two of them would hardly be missed; two out of so many would be no more than a fair salvage, and no one need ever know a word about it.

As these suggestions whirled through his mind the boy took up the belt, put it under his pillow and crawled into bed. He was sorely tired, but so desperately wide awake that it seemed as though he could never sleep again. He tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and rolled over and over, unable to lie still an instant.

A thousand projects came into his mind for quietly buying up the mortgage without anyone being the wiser, not even his mother.

His thoughts seemed to run like lightning and his head throbbled violently. His eyes were burning hot and the lids refused to close. Ever before them he could see that thousand-dollar bill, as if in a picture of fire.

His mouth and throat were parched and his lips were dry, and at last he had to sit up in bed, so intense were his feelings. Then, in his distress, it occurred to him that he had neglected to say the prayer his mother had taught him to repeat every night on going to bed.

Stephen was not a religious boy—thinking about as much and about as little of religious matters as active, driving-head-long boys of his age usually do—but he loved his mother and had always obeyed her wishes as well as her commands.

Half mechanically and by force of habit he now slipped out of his bed and knelt beside it to render thanks and implore protection in the simple form of words he had learned at his mother's knee.

He felt strangely uncomfortable as he bowed his head upon his hands. His mind was in such a turmoil that he hardly realized what he was saying; but when the words, "lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil," rose to his lips, a sharp sense of their mighty meaning came upon him.

So strong was this that he saw the light as he had not felt it before and sprang to his feet, hurried on his clothes, seized the belt in one hand and his boots in the other and ran down stairs in his stockings.

As he opened the door the gray light of early morning stole in, and through the rain that was still falling he could see the smoke curling over the tops of the neighbors' kitchen chimneys. Hastening down to the station, he found Captain Wooley standing in the door in angry discussion with a low-browed, black-visaged man in sailor togs.

"Longshore Pirates!" the man was saying as Stephen came up.

"Pirates!" shouted the captain, hot with wrath. "We've saved many a hundred thousand dollars first and last, and no one ever lost a dollar by us since I've been on this shore!"

"Cap'n," said Stephen, "here's a belt the poor fellow in the bunk had on last night. I ought to have turned it in when you came back from the wreck, but I forgot it at the moment."

"There!" cried the captain. "What did I tell you? I knew the money would turn up if it was on our shore!"

"Yes, yes!" said the dark-looking man; "that's it. Give it here; I'll take charge of it."

"Not much!" answered Captain Wooley. "You may be the young man's brother, as you claim, but if so, your looks belie you. I'll put the seal of the United States Life-Saving Service on his effects, and his relatives will get possession in due course, and if you are one you'll then get your share."

The black-browed sailor turned away, looking blacker than ever and was no more seen at Station No. 6. When he was gone, the captain commended Stephen for bringing back the money; but the boy, red with shame and contrition, stopped him and humbly confessed how he had been tempted and how saved.

The captain was troubled with a little fit of coughing just then, and somehow he could not see very well for a few minutes. Then he was quite grave and for a long time silent; but he never seemed to think any the less of Stephen, after all.

He told the story of the belt to the friends of the deceased when they came down from New York, a day or two later, and for years afterwards, until the mortgage was paid off, a check for the amount of the interest regularly came by mail to Mrs. Hendrickson just before quarter-day.



## OUR TERRITORY.

BY Z. B.

## AGRICULTURE.

I HAVE just come from a tour of the granaries and cellars where I have been admiring the plump, round kernels of wheat, oats and barley; the large potatoes, some of them smooth, others gnarled into all kinds of fantastic shapes; the luscious red apples also, still well preserved, and jars full of all kinds of fruit, from the little red cherry to the ponderous bell-shaped pear. And in the midst of all this plenty, my thoughts revert to that hot, sultry, July afternoon, when those hardy, sun-burnt pioneers broke ground on the present site of Salt Lake City, and planted a few shrivelled up potatoes, looking to nature and to God to reward them with a harvest. Should the farmers of to-day fail to plant their potatoes in May, or in June at the latest, they would abandon the idea of having a crop for that season. But there are times in human experience, when, under circumstances of dire necessity, men throw themselves completely into the hands of Providence. This was one of those instances. And in committing to the parched earth a handful of shrunken potatoes almost at the beginning of the fiery days of August they trusted still, that their efforts would not be in vain. And they were not.

From this small beginning, Utah's agriculture has grown steadily and rapidly; but it has been under many difficulties. Not only was the climate rigorous and in almost every way forbidding; but in those days Utah was one of those desolate spots to which heaven seemed to forbid its rain. Often, between the months of April and October, not a drop would fall and the husbandman was compelled to betake himself to irrigation from mountain streams, many of them at that time, meagre in the extreme. From small beginnings, this system of agriculture has grown to formidable proportions; and now, wherever there is a tract of land susceptible of cultivation, however difficult of access by water, if it be within the range of possibility, there may be seen approaching it the winding course of a canal. Many of these canals have been constructed at immense cost of toil and treasure, and wherever the tourist goes in Utah, they are a source of wonder and admiration.

The streams from which the water supply is obtained are mostly confined to narrow and deep mountain gorges, while many of the farms are located on the high benches that flank the stream on either side. In order, therefore, to bring the water to the use of irrigation, it must traverse the devious course of steep hillsides from a point far up the stream, and in many places presents, to the puzzled beholder, the appearance of water running up hill. I need not describe to the readers of the INSTRUCTOR, many of whom are boys who have stood "watering" for days together, with blistered legs from the reflected rays of the scorching sun of Summer, how the water is taken from these larger canals into smaller ones and is then flooded over the ground several times in a season, for they are already familiar with it. But, while this is a laborious process for the Utah farmer, it has this in its favor: that so long as there is water in the streams, which by the way, have greatly increased in volume since the settlement of the Territory, he is measurably certain of a reward for his toil, and is not, to the same extent as others, dependent on the caprices of the seasons. There has never, I believe, been a season since the first settlement of the Territory when crops have failed generally from want of water; but in a number of instances other causes, notably hordes of crickets, locust and worms, have devastated large sections of country, leaving it almost as bare as though swept by fire.

Happily these visitations are becoming less frequent and we have entered upon an era of great agricultural prosperity. The seasons are much modified. Winter's cold is less severe, and the hot breath of Summer is moistened by copious showers. Under this system of irrigation the desert has been made to "blossom," as the prophet said it would, and has "become a fruitful field;" our valleys and hillsides are covered with verdure; where once the sage and cactus held undisputed sway, there now stand hamlets and cities whose air is fragrant with odors from garden and orchard, and their streets are lined with shade trees at whose feet flow crystal streams of water.

Since 1868, with the exception of two seasons, we have always had a surplus of wheat; and large quantities of oats, barley, potatoes, etc., are exported annually, being valued in the markets of the world for their excellent quality.

According to the "Utah Gazetteer," published in 1884, "The surveys of public lands in Utah up to June 30th, 1878, showed that 8,178,819.97 acres had been surveyed. This amount is divided into arable, timber, coal and mineral lands. It is assumed that not less than 2,000,000 acres were surveyed for agricultural purposes. Statistics collected under the direction of the Legislative assembly of the Territory in 1875, showed that 223,300 acres of land were then under cultivation, 77,525 acres requiring no irrigation, 35,706 acres required watering once or twice a year, to secure satisfactory productiveness; 87,774 acres three or four waterings; 21,761 from four to ten irrigations during the season. According to statistics then gathered, 10,000 acres were reclaimed that year. There were in use 2,095 miles of large or main canals, and 4,888 of minor canals or ditches—6,983 in all. The census returns show that there were 9,452 farms in Utah in 1880 with an acreage of 655,524. Of this amount 416,105 was tilled. The value of the farms including buildings, etc., is placed at \$14,015,178 and the value of machinery at \$946,753; while the value of all farm products sold that year is estimated at \$3,337,410."

From the same compilation of statistics the yield of wheat for 1875 was 1,418,783 bushels, oats 581,849, barley 359,527, corn 317,253 and potatoes 1,306,957. In 1883, however, a careful computation of the wheat crop showed that it had increased to 3,000,000; or, that in eight years the yield had more than doubled. This was due largely to the introduction of "dry farming," which produced large quantities of wheat on land which had before been considered valueless for agricultural purposes on account of the absence of water. Wheat is raised almost exclusively on these dry farms so that the same rate of increase would not be applicable to other grains. But there has been a great increase in all kinds of cereals in the past ten years and the amount may safely be placed at not less than one half greater than the above figures.

In the exceptional case the yield of small grains is sixty to eighty bushels per acre; and of potatoes and other roots five hundred to six hundred bushels; but the average yield of wheat is twenty, oats thirty, barley twenty-five, corn twenty, potatoes one hundred and thirty and other roots one hundred and twenty-five bushels per acre. Lucern hay yields in some cases as high as nine tons per acre, but the average is only three and one half; and, meadows one and one half tons per acre.

By the census returns of 1880 the population of the Territory was given in round numbers as 142,000. At present it is variously placed at 175,000 to 200,000. Admitting that the larger number is correct, that the wheat crop is 3,000,000 bushels per annum, as given in 1883, and that it requires, as it does, six bushels of wheat per annum for each person, the home consumption would be, 1,200,000 bushels, leaving a surplus of 1,800,000 bushels per annum.



BLESSED ARE THE PEOPLE.

*Moderato.*

SIMPLIFIED FROM AN ANTHEM BY A. C. SMYTH.

Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound,  
 Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound, INSTRUMENT.

Who know the joyful sound: They shall walk  
*A little slower.*  
 Blessed are the peo - ple who know the joyful sound: *mf* They shall  
 They shall walk

in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the  
 walk in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the light,  
 in the light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the

*Tempo primo.*

light, They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the light of His coun - te - nance, And in His  
 They shall walk in the light, They shall walk in the light of His coun - te - nance, And in His  
 light, They shall walk in the light,

righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, And in His righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.  
 righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed, And in His righteousness shall they be ex - alt - ed. A - men.



## LIFE'S REALITIES.

BY J. C.

**H**UMAN life, at its longest, is transient as a dream, and every reflecting person knows full well that our brief existence here is not capable of affording to us a sufficient opportunity to develop the latent and wondrous powers with which we are endowed. Our best and brightest moments of enjoyment are measurably fettered and blended with care and trouble; and physical weakness gradually and surely steals upon us ere we have well had time to learn how to begin to properly live.

But despite this knowledge the human race are great natural, persistent dreamers. At midnight and at noontide, alike, they indulge in dreams and visions that carry them away from the hour of present realities to fondly cherish some ideal fancy that looms up before them in the future; and very often, indeed, there is much more pleasure and joy in hopeful anticipation than there is in actual realization.

When we settle down to solid thinking and consider things in their true light, it is manifest, after all, that life principally consists of stern realities, and, if properly spent, is practical more than theoretical.

It is never safe to trust the future for that which we might enjoy to-day; nor is it wise to depend upon anyone to do something for us that we could easily do for ourselves. Supposing some power to be always doing for us and we had all our whims and peevish wants supplied, aside from self-reliance and self-effort, how could we ever reach to the vast intelligence and governing power for which we were created and adapted?

Many instances present themselves before us in every-day life to prove the incompetency and shiftlessness of those who have been deteriorated through our indulgence; or, to use a common aphorism, spoiled with kindness.

The Almighty, in His infinite mercy and kindness, created man with all the attributes common to Himself, with a destiny equal to His own; and He decreed that man should become intelligent, powerful and appreciative through a gradual process of physical, mental and moral application, and anything that would tend in the least to impede this fiat is foolish, unnatural and unjust.

Just think of the folly of a student desiring to learn the various branches of education, asking or expecting his teacher or his class-mates to study up all his tasks and exercises for him! Such a course would be ruinous in the extreme to his best interests and would lead to his being a laughing-stock and a disgrace to the school; whereas, by depending mainly on his own resources, by striving to master every rule so as to understand it perfectly, he might hope to some day be a credit to his teacher and an honor to his race.

That there is no royal road to true greatness is proved in a multitude of ways and by thousands of circumstances. A person might have all the wealth of a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt and yet be but a very dim spot in the firmament of learning. If learning were purchasable with money the rich would make a monopoly of it, as they do of other material things; but God's justice, impartiality and wisdom are apparent in this, as in all the other manifestations of His kind providence. He attaches no tokens of royalty to birth or to death, nor to any of the intermediate stages of man's existence, save it be through the lineage of the holy Priesthood.

We come and go equal, only as we distinguish ourselves by properly using, while here, the blessings, gifts and opportuni-

ties placed within our reach; and it is not he who only dreams of great things that is apt to get them; but it is he who lives a practical, virtuous life and makes the most he can of present opportunities that will be likely to make a good mark in this life and write a good record for the better and happier life that is to come.

## BE PATIENT.

Be patient! oh, be patient! Put your ear against the earth;  
Listen there how noiselessly the germ of the seed has birth—  
How noiselessly and gentle it upheaves its little way,  
Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the blade stands  
up in the day.

Be patient! oh, be patient! The germs of mighty thought  
Must have their silent undergrowth—must underground be  
wrought;  
But as sure as there's a power that makes the grass appear;  
Our land shall be green with liberty—the blade-time shall be  
here.

Be patient! oh, be patient!—go and watch the wheat-ears  
grow—  
So imperceptibly that ye can mark nor change nor throe—  
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully grown—  
And then again day after day, till the ripened field is brown.

Be patient! oh, be patient—though yet our hopes are green,  
The harvest fields of freedom shall be crowned with sunny  
sheen.

Be ripening! be ripening!—mature your silent way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire on freedom's  
harvest day.

MORE than half the troubles in this world are imaginary. The real mountains we must cross are not many. The most of us are like the little girl who sat crying on the floor. After awhile she stopped and seemed buried in thought. Looking up suddenly she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "Oh yes!" and she set up another howl. So we older babies busy ourselves about the merest trifles, and get into complaining habits, about half the time forgetting exactly what it is we are so upset about, yet going right on in the same melancholy mood. It is all nonsense. The world is what we make it. If we want to be miserable we can be, and we can find plenty of company, but if we want the sunshine we can always find it, for it fills all God's universe.

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Is Published in Salt Lake City, Utah Territory,

ON THE FIRST AND FIFTEENTH OF EVERY MONTH.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - EDITOR.

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