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STUDENT LIFE AT THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN, ANN ARBOR.

Of all man's life, what part is more replete with joy than that part spent in college? The days of childhood are

appear when seen in the distant past, many would exclaim, "Surely heaven's choicest blessings are being poured out upon us!" Let us who are in college today not wait till old age comes to us



THE CAMPUS FROM THE NORTH WEST CORNER.

passed, the time when the mind is laden with the cares of life has not yet come. If all people had the happy faculty of seeing things when they are as they

before we see the pleasures of our college days; let us see and enjoy their pleasures now.

Of course the four years in college are

not spent without having some sad thoughts and occurrences, so if I mention times when all does not seem pleasure, remember that the days of happiness so far exceed in number those of sadness that we are justified in saying of student life, it is all pleasure.

The preparation for the University we shall say is now completed, the summer vacation is gone, trunks are packed, and to our loved ones we are saying good-by. This is a sad moment in any event. It is treasured in our memories, and if perchance this good-by proves to be the last farewell spoken to a mother, a father, a brother, a sister, or a friend, it is treasured among our most sad and most sacred remembrances.

To those who have not done much traveling, the ride of two or three thousand miles through what is to them a new country, will be interesting. The mountain scenery in our Western country fills us with admiration, and the work of man, the placing of railroads through the mountains of rock, fills us with wonder. The iron charger dashes up and down the mountain sides with apparent ease and pleasure, and carries us in a few hours to what interests every mountaineer—the plains of Kansas, the green grassy lanes of Iowa and Illinois, and the woods of Michigan being perhaps no less interesting.

But to our college town Ann Arbor. It is situated in the south-eastern part of Michigan, thirty-eight miles west of Detroit, on the Huron River. When a student steps off the train in this college town for the first time, with two or three grips, besides dusty clothes and soiled hands, and remembers that he is some two thousand miles from home, he has feelings which only those can know who are placed in a similar position. He himself can only understand

how green he looks, when some two or three years later he sees someone else come to the University under the same conditions. Where to go, whom to inquire for, or what to do he does not know. A room and a boarding place must be secured, but how can he find them? The first person to whom he speaks will direct him to Newberry Hall, where the officers of the Students' Christian Association will give him instructions, and make him feel for the first time that his fellow-students are his friends.

The most attractive houses in the city are cheerfully opened to the students. Nearly all the better class of dwellings are built with reference to the necessities of students. The rooms are generally in suites of two, a parlor or a study, and a sleeping-room. Students do not as a rule board and room in the same house. In many places only roomers are taken, while in others the people provide only for boarders.

After having received instruction from the members of the Students' Christian Association, the student soon secures a room or a suite of rooms, and a boarding place. The day is now perhaps well nigh spent. Half worn out, and somewhat homesick he drops upon his couch and for an hour or two sleeps an uneasy sleep, for his mind cannot free itself from the thoughts of his new life which is just beginning. The bed in which he sleeps that first night may be a good one, or it may not, the student does not think of that, he simply falls asleep and sleeps on until late the following day, when he wakes to find himself feeling like a new man.

Next we wend our way into the benign presence of our honored president, James B. Angell. We take our places in line and wait; that wait is a long

and anxious one. As we near the president, the pleasant smile upon his face tells each one that in his heart there exists only a deep sympathy for all students. He lends cheer and comfort to those around him in this anxious time of matriculation. If we are fortunate enough to be among the graduates of those schools which have been approved by the faculty as qualified to prepare students for admission to the University on diploma, we take no entrance examinations; if, on the other hand, we are not among this number, we are told in what subjects we shall be required to pass examinations, and when and where these examinations will be conducted. A number is given to each student, and after the examinations are over, the numbers of those who passed are posted on the bulletin board. Those whose numbers appear rejoice because they have been successful: the others either enter the high school or return to their homes to add another year of preparation to what they already have. Students over twenty-one years old are admitted as "specials," without examination. The regulars often say of the specials that it is age, not knowledge, that gets them into the University.

Now comes the choice of studies, which are selected from the announcement. As much required work is taken as one can get without having the recitations conflict; and besides this, enough elective work to make in all not more than sixteen hours.

Work and real student life now begin. In a few days the strange faces are no longer strange; the campus with its many buildings and numerous winding walks loses much of its apparent complication, and everything seems right. We are always busy. Weeks fly only

too rapidly—new tasks are begun, and old ones completed. We seem to be forever donning coat and hat, seizing an armful of books, and rushing frantically for the campus, up flights of stairs, perhaps to the "sky parlors," there to sit for an hour with a lump in our throats lest the "quiz" come to us and we "flunk." When one quiz is over there is another just beyond it, ever spurring us to long hours of "bohning" and much burning of midnight oil. Time passes so rapidly that spring comes before we begin to realize that we are participating in the many pleasures of which college graduates delight so much to talk.

The various churches of the city make special efforts to foster a home feeling among the students. There is opportunity for the association of the young men and women, under all proper and suitable circumstances. There are frequent class socials, re-unions, clubs, hops, and receptions. The following I thought would be of interest. It is written by a lady student:

"There is one night in the college year which the lady students or 'co-eds' claim for their very own. On that mysterious night they will not allow one single glance to be directed toward them by any gentleman. This is no other occasion than the Freshman spread. All are arrayed in the most delicate and graceful garments they possess, and the freshmen are escorted by the juniors and seniors to some pleasant hall, in which all are entertained by the sophomores in fine style. This is the only time that all the co-eds meet in a body socially throughout the year, and it is with alacrity that we improve every moment. There comes a time in the course of the evening when standing becomes tiresome to several hundred

girls, and the floor offers seats for all, where an hour or more is spent in singing college songs and partaking of the delicate refreshments of which school girls are particularly fond. At midnight the company disperses, each carrying away a pretty souvenir of the occasion given by the sophomores. Immediately after the freshman spread, there are always rumors that the rest of the University students are to give a similar affair, from which the co-eds are to be wholly excluded; but such a threat has not been carried out."

Ann Arbor is a model college town. It is clean and most beautiful. In front of the houses there are usually no fences; the lawns extend to the water curb, with nothing to break them but neat walks and beds of flowers. Besides trees on either side of the street, some streets have a large row in the center, with grass carefully cared for growing several feet on either side of them. The lawns are well kept and perfectly green; the trees are beautiful. The campus is quite thickly covered with trees, which are mostly evergreens and maples, with here and there an elm, a chestnut, or a mighty oak. When I say that these trees are green, and that the campus is covered with green grass everywhere except on the walks and tennis courts, I do not mean a half-green, a sickly try-at-green, I mean true, beautiful green, the finest that nature can produce. Nature does her best here, for she has everything that she desires to make things beautiful. The rain, though disagreeable at times, makes our city a perfect little garden of Eden.

Rowing, bicycling, coasting, baseball, football and lawn tennis are all popular. In the spring the suburbs, the boulevard, and the banks of the Huron are places for most delightful walks.

Before closing this article I must mention the visit we received from the legislators. The University has but little paying property. In the past it has depended mainly for its support on appropriations made by the state legislature. But (partial) thanks to the students a change has come. The legislators who were assembled at Lansing last year desired to see the institution that could swallow up such liberal appropriations without being troubled with indigestion. An invitation was promptly extended. They came, they saw, they heard, they were convinced. After visiting the various buildings, listening to some lectures, and seeing the many things of interest connected with this great institution, the lawgivers took their places in the large auditorium. The students were called together. Into University hall they marched,—“lits,” “laws,” “medics,” “dents”—all were there, two thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight strong. In every man there was a voice; in all the voices there was a power. The legislators looked into the hopeful faces, and then heard 2788 voices—there could not have been one that was not on duty—sing,

“Hail to the college whose colors
we wear!

Hurrah for the yellow and blue!”

After returning to their stronghold, the legislators passed a bill which places the University on a more solid foundation. One-sixth of a mill tax is to be levied on all the property of the state for the support of the University.

There is an experience gained in college which none can appreciate but college men. The friends formed and associations enjoyed will remain vividly in the mind while memory lasts. Petty class rivalries are unknown; they have given place to personal zeal for know-

ledge, stimulated by neither prize nor honor. College life places the student in a society which encourages reflection, respects acquisition, and occupies itself with high ideals. "The student's daily life is with the master minds of the age at their work, and they inspire him to the highest reaches of thought."

Richard R. Lyman.

THE ARTICLES OF FAITH.

(Lectures by Elder James E. Talmage, before the Church University Theology Class, Salt Lake City.)

SUNDAY, March 11, 1894.

THE BOOK OF MORMON.

WHAT IS THE BOOK OF MORMON? Our best answer to the question is found on the title page to this wonderful volume. Thereon we read, "The Book of Mormon: an account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi. Wherefore it is an abridgment of the record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites; written to the Lamanites who are a remnant of the house of Israel; and also to Jew and Gentile: written by way of commandment, and also by the spirit of prophecy and of revelation. Written and sealed up, and hid up unto the Lord, that they might not be destroyed; to come forth by the gift and power of God unto the interpretation thereof: sealed by the hand of Moroni, and hid up unto the Lord, to come forth in due time by the way of Gentile; the interpretation thereof by the gift of God.

"An abridgment taken from the Book of Ether also; which is a record of the people of Jared; who were scattered at the time the Lord confounded the language of the people when they were building a tower to get to heaven; which is to show unto the remnant of the House of Israel what great things the

Lord hath done for their fathers; and that they may know the covenants of the Lord, that they are not cast off forever; and also to the convincing of the Jew and Gentile that Jesus is the Christ, the Eternal God, manifesting Himself unto all nations. And now if there are faults, they are the mistakes of men: wherefore condemn not the things of God, that ye may be found spotless at the judgment seat of Christ."

This combined title and preface is a translation from the last page of the plates, and was presumably written by Moroni, who, as stated above, sealed and hid up the book in former days. (See note.)

THE PLATES OF NEPHI, from which the abridgment by Mormon was made, are so named from the fact that they were prepared, and their record was begun by Nephi, the son of Lehi. These plates were of two kinds,* which may be distinguished as the "larger plates," and the "smaller plates." Nephi began his labors as a recorder by engraving on plates of gold a historical account of his people, from the time his father led the way from Jerusalem; this account recited the story of their wanderings, their prosperity, and their distress; the reigns of their kings, and the wars and contentions of the people; the record was in the nature of a secular history. These plates were handed from one recorder to another throughout the generations of the Nephite people; so that at the time they were abridged by Mormon, the record covered a period of about a thousand years, dating from 600 B. C., the time of Lehi's exodus from Jerusalem. Although these plates bore the name of their maker, who was also the first^{of} of

* I Nephi ix; xix, 1-5. II Nephi v, 30. Jacob i, 1-4. Words of Mormon i, 3-7.

the writers, under whose hands the record grew, the separate work of each recorder bore in general his specific name, so that the record is made up of distinct books.

By command of the Lord, Nephi made other plates, upon which he recorded particularly the ecclesiastical history of his people, citing only such instances of other events as seemed necessary to the proper sequence of the narrative. "I have received a commandment of the Lord," says Nephi, "that I should make these plates for the special purpose that there should be an account engraven of the ministry of my people."* The object of this double line of history was unknown to Nephi, it was enough for him that the Lord required the labor; that it was for a wise purpose he doubted not.

MORMON'S ABRIDGMENT.—In the course of time the records that had accumulated, as the history of the people grew, fell into the hands of Mormon,† and he undertook to make an abridgment of these extensive works, upon plates made with his own hands.‡ By such a course a record was prepared more concise and uniform in style and treatment than could possibly be the case with the varied writings of so many authors as had contributed to the great history during the thousand years of its growth. Mormon recognizes and testifies to the inspiration of God by which he was moved to undertake the great labor.§ In preparing this shorter history, Mormon preserved the same division of the record into books according to the arrangement of the originals; and thus, though the language may be that of Mormon, except

in cases of quotations from the plates of Nephi, which are indeed numerous, we find the Books of Nephi, the Book of Alma, the Book of Helaman, etc., the form of speech known as the first person being frequently preserved. When Mormon had reached, in the course of his abridgment, the time of King Benjamin's reign, he was deeply impressed with the record engraven on the smaller plates of Nephi,—the history of God's ministry among the people in the period of about four centuries, extending from the time of Lehi's leaving Jerusalem down to the time of King Benjamin. This record, comprising so much of prophecy concerning the mission of the Savior, was regarded by Mormon with more than ordinary favor. Of these plates he attempted no transcript, but included the originals with his own abridgment of the larger plates, making of the two one book. The record as compiled by Mormon, contained therefore, a double account of the descendants of Lehi, for the first four hundred years of their history,—the brief secular history condensed from the larger plates, and the full text on the smaller plates. In solemn language, and with an emphasis which subsequent events have shown to be significant, Mormon declares the hidden wisdom of the divine purpose in this duplication:

"And I do this for a wise purpose; for thus it whispereth me, according to the workings of the Spirit of the Lord which is in me. And now, I do not know all things; but the Lord knoweth all things which are to come; wherefore, he worketh in me to do according to his will."*

THE LORD'S PURPOSE in the matter of preparing and of preserving the smaller plates as testified of by Mormon, and

* I Nephi ix, 3.

† Words of Mormon i, 11. Mormon i, 1-4; iv, 23.

‡ III Nephi v, 8-11.

§ III Nephi v, 14-19.

* Words of Mormon i, 7.

also by Nephi,* is rendered plain from certain circumstances in this dispensation attending the translation of the records by Joseph Smith. When the Prophet had prepared a translation of the first part of the writings of Mormon, the manuscript was won from his care through the unrighteous solicitations of Martin Harris, to whom the Prophet considered himself in a degree indebted for assistance in the work of translating. This manuscript, in all 116 pages, was never returned to Joseph, but, through the dark schemes of evil powers fell into the hands of enemies, who straightway laid a wicked plan to ridicule the Prophet, and thwart the purpose of God. This evil design was that they wait until Joseph had retranslated the missing matter, when the stolen manuscript, which in the meantime had been altered so that the words were made to express the contrary from the true record, should be set forth as a proof that the Prophet was unable to translate the same passages twice alike. But the Lord's wisdom interposed to bring to naught these dark designs. Having chastened the Prophet by depriving him for a season of his gift to translate, as also of the custody of the sacred records, and this for his dereliction in permitting the writings to pass into unappointed hands, the Lord graciously restored His erring but penitent servant to favor, and revealed to him the designs of his enemies;† at the same time showing how these evil machinations should be made to fail. Joseph was instructed, therefore, not to attempt a retranslation of Mormon's abridgment, but instead, to translate the record on the plates of Nephi, that is, the set of smaller plates which Mormon had in-

corporated with his own writings. The translation so made, was therefore published as the record of Nephi, and not as the writing of Mormon, and thus no second translation was made of the parts from which the stolen manuscript had been prepared.

THE PLATES of Mormon were delivered to Joseph Smith by Moroni, the same person, in a resurrected state, who as a mortal completed the record of his father Mormon, and added thereto, then sealed the book and hid it away to await the future purposes of God. The plates were finally deposited at Cumorah, by Moroni, in the year 421 A. D.; they were brought forth by the hands of the Prophet Joseph under Moroni's direction in 1827. These plates of gold as described by Joseph Smith were each about seven inches wide by eight inches long; in thickness, a little less than ordinary sheet tin; they were fastened together by three rings running through the plates near one edge, together they formed a book nearly six inches in thickness, but not all has been translated, a part being sealed. Both sides of the plates were engraved with small and beautiful characters, described by those who examined them as of curious workmanship, with the appearance of ancient origin.

NOTE.

BOOK OF MORMON TITLE PAGE.

"I wish to mention here that the title page of the Book of Morimon is a literal translation, taken from the very last leaf on the left hand side of the collection or book of plates which contained the record which has been translated, the language of the whole running the same as all Hebrew writing in general, and that said title page is not by any means a modern composition, either of mine or any other man who has lived or does live in this generation."—*Joseph Smith.*

LOVE is the charm of life wherever found, whether in cottage or mansion.

* 1 Nephi ix, 5.

† Doc. & Cov. x.

SOUTHERN JUSTICE.*

I AM at present in Richland county, with Elders Alvin Smith, of Salt Lake, and G. L. Braley, of Idaho. Last Sunday we had an appointment to preach at Brother Samuel Sloan's, about eighteen miles east of Columbia. We filled our appointment on Sunday afternoon and had a time of rejoicing. We were few in number, but we enjoyed the Spirit of God. Up till bed time on Sunday night there were no indications of trouble. We went to bed and had a good night's rest. A little after daylight Elder Braley came to our bedroom and told us there were two constables in the house with warrants for our arrest. We dressed and went out; one of the constables arose and read the warrant, charging us with vagrancy. This was a great surprise to us, as we were expecting to leave early in the morning for Kershaw County to meet Elders F. L. Beatie and D. C. Loveland, but we had to submit to the arrest.

Our accuser was one Dendly Coughman, a man we had never seen before, one who was just as much a stranger to us as some man in China. The constable was good enough to let us remain at Bro. Sloan's until after breakfast. Then we were taken down to the justice's office, or the courtroom—a distance of five miles from Brother Sloan's.

The court room was a dingy, dilapidated-looking old hut, scarcely fit for a hog pen, but I think it was fully in keeping with the judge, witnesses and accuser. In one end of the room was an old stone chimney with a fire place large enough for a good sized load of wood. Close by the chimney corner was the judge's desk—an old flour barrel with one end knocked in. His seat

was an old wooden stool, and the rest of us had no seats at all. We found an old board and pushed it through a crack in the house and propped up the other end. This served for a seat for the defendants. In the other end of the court room were the spectators. They were lounging and sitting around in every conceivable manner, whittling sticks and spitting tobacco juice. The constable, who, by the way, is a penitentiary convict, as I was told, called the court to order by shouting, "hats off!"

The trial then commenced. Elder Braley was the first one called for trial. The first witness, our accuser, testified he had seen Elder Braley once before, that he passed his house. He also testified that he did not know of his having any permanent place of abode in the county, or any visible means of support. He made several threats of violence, and said the people did not want us in the county. He threatened if we did not leave that he and his men would put us out. His honor never took any notice of his threats, and did not once call him to order. The other witnesses went on in like manner. Elder Braley then proved beyond a doubt that he was a minister of the Gospel, and produced his license. He also proved that he had money to pay his expenses, and that he only visited where he was invited; but in the face of all this evidence he was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of \$10.00, or go to jail for twenty days.

Elder Smith was then called for trial. All the witnesses testified they had never seen him before. Nevertheless he was also convicted and sentenced the same as Elder Braley.

My case was then called, and after examining two State witnesses, the judge came to the conclusion that they

* Extract from a letter sent to the writer's father.

could not make a case against me, on the grounds that I was here on a visit and did not intend to stay long. The Elders then gave notice of appeal, and their bonds were fixed at \$200.00 each for their appearance at the higher court to be held in Columbia on the last Monday in the month. The court then adjourned amid threats of violence and with warnings to us to get out of the county. We told them they could not scare us; that we were not afraid of a whole county full of such men as they were. They said all manner of evil against us; but we stood our grounds and refuted the false assertions they made.

The constable then took charge of the Elders. We went to his house and had dinner, and then started for Columbia to get bonds for the Elders, or they were to be put in prison. We arrived at Mr. Bowers, a warm friend of ours, at 8:30 p. m. He said he would become bondsman or do anything else in his power for the brethren. Mr. Bowers lives about three miles out of the city, but we got over there as soon as we could to try and find a trial justice to fix the bonds. Mr. Bowers' son and I hunted faithfully until 11 o'clock before we found one, and where do you think we found him? In a gambling den, and he was so interested in a game of cards that he would not go to his office.

In the meantime the constable had committed the Elders to jail. We had done all we possibly could for them, but we could not get them out that night. Next morning early we went over to town again and got the bonds fixed, and the Elders liberated. We hired a lawyer to represent the Elders at court and then came back to Mr. Bowers', where we were received and treated well. We never can forget the

kindness of this family to the servants of God, and they shall in no wise lose their reward.

The whole thing was a concocted scheme of a mob, with the trial justice at their head. I never heard of such ridiculous proceedings in my life. It is a disgrace to any community and an insult to the laws of a free country. It remains to be proven whether the Elders will receive justice in the upper court, but one thing we do know, there is a time coming when justice will be meted out to all. The Lord has said, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay." We have done what we can, now we will leave it in the hands of God.

Wm. G. Patrick.

SONG OF GRATITUDE.

Raise your songs of adoration,
Favored Saints of latter-days.
For the gospel of salvation
Sent to save from error's ways.

While contention, sin and sadness
Vex the earth with dread and woe,
Zion's courts are filled with gladness;
Peace and rest her children know.

While the hearts of men are troubled—
Rich and poor, of every clime
Year by year, with blessings doubled,
Zion grows in grace sublime.

Dispensation long predicted
Rise, assume thy vast control,
Soon thy worth shall be respected,
Bless our race from pole to pole.

Scoffers yet shall heed the warning
Of the messengers of God;
Kings shall flee, their scepters spurning,
Humbled with His chastening rod.

Truth emits its rays of splendor,
Sacred temples cleave the skies;
God our Friend and wise Defender
Lifts the veil from human eyes.

Prophets, Seers and Revelators
Teach us what to choose and shun;
Right dissolves wrongs galling fetters,
Father's will on earth is done.

J. C.

HEALED OF BLINDNESS.

As near as I can remember, it was in the month of June, 1879, that I was engaged in building a rock cellar for Vernee Halliday, in Provo City. About noon, after finishing the walls as high as I could from the inside, before drawing my lines off to go outside, I looked along the wall to see if every rock was in keeping with the line, when I saw a small corner of a rock a little out of place. With my hammer I tapped it very lightly to bring it to its proper position, keeping my eye along the line to see when it came to its place. While doing this I felt as if something had touched my eye, but nothing to cause me any uneasiness. At the time I did not think more of the affair.

I worked all the afternoon and the next forenoon, but felt my eye beginning to get very hot, and water came therefrom. In the afternoon my eye became worse, and was inflamed to such an extent that I could not see; my head also became so affected that about four o'clock I was obliged to cease work and go home. Arriving there my wife, seeing my eye in such an inflamed condition, got me into a dark room, and from that time till very early the next morning she used about two packets of tea in making strong lotions to bathe my eye to keep down the inflammation. At four o'clock in the morning I got a handkerchief on my eye, and went away to arouse Dr. W. R. Pike. When I arrived at his house he was attending a man from Payson. This done, he asked me what he could do for me. I told him of the inflammation of my eye and the pain in my head, and said I wanted him to examine and it see what was the matter with it, or to tell the cause of my suffering. After examining my eye

he said there was one-third of the lens of my eye entirely destroyed. The center of the lens was gone and only a little on each edge remained. He said it had been struck with something rough like a rock, and that I would never see again with that eye. He described the transparency of the eye, and assured me that it could not by nature be restored. He said it was likely to take away the use of my other eye at any time, and that a white opaque substance would grow over my eye so that I could never see any more.

After leaving his office, I met on the street a Mr. Harrison, who had formerly lived in Salt Lake City. He told me of Doctor Pratt, who had just returned to Salt Lake from the East, where she had been studying the eye, and had done a great deal of good. I therefore went the same day to see her, but had then to be led by my wife. When we arrived in Salt Lake it was too late for her to do anything with my eye that day, and she told us to come back the following morning at ten o'clock. We did so, and after hearing my story she examined my injured member by the aid of many glasses, and told me the same as Dr. W. R. Pike had done. She allowed my wife to look through the glass at my eye, and she described its appearance as that of a wound from which a dog had bitten a piece. Dr. Pratt then took me by my front hair, and pushing my head back, was about to take my eye out. I inquired what she was about to do, and she answered me that she was going to take it out and put in a glass one.

My wife seized her arm, and I scrambled out of the chair saying, "No you don't, or you will shoot me first."

I then asked if she could give me a lotion to check the pain. She took a

small vial and put one drop of its contents in my eye, which immediately took away all pain. She then gave me a prescription, which I had filled, and then went home.

Just as both doctors had said, the opaque matter gradually grew on my eye for three or four weeks, at the end of which time I could not distinguish my own wife standing so that her dress touched my clothes, unless she spoke. Up to this time I had not been able to work, and I was getting dissatisfied.

About that time the quarterly conference took place in Provo. On the Sunday morning I found my way to conference, still with the napkin on my eye. There were present of the general authorities, President George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith and Apostle John Henry Smith. During the morning meeting I made up my mind to have them administer to me for my sight, and at the close of the services I went to the vestry where they were attending to this ordinance for many who were there before me. When I entered Brothers Joseph F. and John Henry Smith came and shook hands with me, enquiring what was the matter, and what I wanted them to do. They introduced me to Brother George Q. Cannon, whom I had never before known. I knew the Brothers Smith in the old country. I was told to take a seat, and when they had attended to the rest they would administer to me, and that I would get my sight. After they got through with the others they came to me. I cannot now call to mind who annointed, or who confirmed it, but this I do know that from that very hour, the white, opaque matter that had gradually grown over my eye as gradually began to disappear, until my eyesight was completely restored, and has remained to this date

as perfect as it ever has been. To this fact myself and family can testify, and others yet living in Provo.

While suffering with this affliction I reasoned that as God made the eye, He also knew how to repair and restore a damaged one, and I testify to all to whom this may come, that He did restore sight to the blind one.

Robert McKinley.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

What to do With Our Graduates.

THE close of the school year brings into its annual prominence the question as to what the character of modern education is, and how well it fits its possessor for the coming battle of life. In our own community there are perhaps many hundreds of boys and girls who within the past few weeks have entered the schoolroom for the last time as pupils. Some of them have passed their graduation examinations and have carried away the diplomas thus honorably earned; others have felt the pressure of poverty or hard times, and the need of going into regular toil for the making of a living for themselves and assisting in the support of others dependent upon them. To the latter class the problem of life presents itself clearly and perhaps sternly; but they know that it means work—not of the wits, as much as of the hands—and they are in no uncertainty as to the necessity of eating their bread in the sweat of their brow.

These are usually among those who best know the value of education, who appreciate that which they have been permitted to learn, and whose practical good sense has suggested to them practical branches of learning, during the limited time they could employ in this

manner. Let us hope that each one will know how to make good use of the opportunities he has had, and that the thirst for proper knowledge will lead him to seek out those avenues and resources for advancement which are sure to be within the reach of all who diligently and resolutely set out to secure them.

It is a strange, but generally recognized fact, that the class of whom we have been speaking have less difficulty in swinging suddenly from the school-room into the arena of active life than those to whom we have briefly referred as graduates. What shall we do with our sons and daughters? is a frequent question with parents in the world; and the better educated these sons and daughters are, the harder it is to answer the question. The youth or maiden who has carried off the first honors in his or her class, who has been complimented and honored, and lifted up at the "commencement exercises," by effusive instructors, who has perhaps mastered a great oration or read a profound essay before assembled relatives, friends and fellow-citizens—the young man or woman, we say, who has passed through all this, cannot properly be asked, many people think, to go to work on the farm or in the workshop, or to make and mend clothing or prepare a meal of victuals. Some of the young people themselves get an idea that they know too much for such pursuits; and some parents are weak enough to admit that to require such "menial and ignoble tasks," at the hands of their finely educated boys and girls would be to humiliate and wound them, and bring all their learning basely to shame. So, while the "professions" are filling up by thousands year after year—much faster, in fact, than is the increase of ability to support them on the part of

those less educated than themselves, the question what to do with our graduates becomes each year more and more perplexing.

There would be no difficulty in it, if there were no such thing as the false pride referred to: if the nobility of labor were taught and accepted; and if in the modern generations of mankind there were courage enough and perception enough to respect and applaud honest toil, as distinguished from vanity, snobbishness, and the pursuit of gain, at the expense of a fellowman's misfortune or ignorance. It must needs be that the professions be represented; they are necessary to a community, and it takes all kinds to make a world. But there must also be toilers in field and shop, in sewing-room and kitchen. Must all these be ignorant? The thought is cruel, nay, it is absurd; for then our civilization would be a sham, and our enlightenment a byword. Education is the motto that glitters now upon the banner of the advancing masses in every land; and indeed it is a potent and a priceless gift. But it, like every other good thing, can be abused; and abused it is, if it makes boys or girls sneer at, and ashamed of the honest vocation of their parents, and causes them to vain-gloriously set themselves up to be above and beyond the vulgarity of hard work.

The JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR hopes each and all its readers will seek in every proper way to get the best education possible—of true knowledge, none of them can ever get too much. If they are farmers' sons, while it is not required of necessity that they in turn become farmers, they will be justified in complaining of their learning if it does not make them better farmers. If they are mechanics, their schooling should make them better craftsmen.

There have been great men who were unlearned; but every one of them, if his own words may be believed, would have been greater if he had had education. It is a prize to be sought after, worked for, and valued alongside of the inestimable treasures of truth and faith; but in its narrow and counterfeit form, it sometimes spoils an otherwise excellent specimen of humanity. Our present object will have been attained if we have been able to put our youthful readers, as well as their parents and teachers, on their guard against the vain, foolish and false, and to warm their affection toward the good, the useful and the true!

The Editor.

A DANISH CATHEDRAL.

BEAUTIFULLY situated at the end of Roskilda frith, on the isle Saland, is located the ancient city and capital of Denmark, Roskilda. For a long time it was not only the capital, but also the residence of the kings of Denmark; but later it became evident that a better port or haven for shipping facilities would be necessary, wherefore, Copenhagen, then a fishing village, was selected.

In the tenth century the country was ruled by Harold Blaaland (Harold Blue-tooth). This king embraced Christianity, and about 975 he caused the first church to be built in the city. It is evident from the writings of Saxo Gramaticus that this first church must have been of wood, for he writes that in the year A. D. 1047 Bishop Wilhelm began the erection of a church of stone, thus allowing us to infer that the first one built by King Harold was of wood, a custom prevailing in those days. This last church was finished and dedicated in 1084. But time, the destroyer

of all the works of man, brought many changes, and the present building of which we herewith give a picture, was erected in the thirteenth century, but it has suffered much from fire, notably in the years 1282, 1443 and 1523. In the main the construction of the church is as the original design contemplated, but as science strode forward, and men became more enlightened, necessities demanded many improvements, which were accordingly made.

The church, we believe, is the largest of its kind in the kingdom. It is chief in importance, because within its massive walls are carefully preserved the remains of many of the kings of Denmark. Of this, however, something will be said later.

The church faces the west, and because of its very high towers and spires can be seen a great distance. In the north-west tower is suspended one of the heaviest and largest bells in Denmark. It is up about 150 feet, opposite the large windows near where the spires begin. This large bell is only used upon rare occasions, such as royal marriages, and when a royal person is dead or is about to be buried. In the south-west tower, at the same height as the first-mentioned, is suspended another large bell, but of less magnitude. This last bell is used upon all ordinary occasions, and rich people may even hear its tolling notes at the funeral of their dead, by paying a certain sum of money. In the small steeple in the east end there is also a bell; this is by far the smallest, and is rung at certain hours in the day, also for devotional services.

The church is built of brick, and its outward architecture is not very rich. It will not compare with St. Paul's in London, St. Stephen's in Vienna, nor the with cathedral in Cologne, and many

others, but the church is none the less large and imposing. Its length is 272 feet, and the entire width of the main building is 77 feet. And the inside

large towers, is the main entrance. This is, however, not used only upon such occasions as the church is visited by the royalty or for their entertain-



ROSKILDA CATHEDRAL.

height about 82 feet from floor to ceiling.

In the west end, between the two

ment. The common entrance is on the south side.

On the inside are several fine paint-

ings and much ancient ornamental work. The altar is of wood, and considering that tradition says it is the work of a blind man, it may be said to be fine indeed.

The church also contains a wonderful clock, the most peculiar part of which was St. Jorgen coming forward on his gray horse. When the clock struck, he trampled upon the dragon, which at once cried out. The noise of the dragon being incompatible with religious rites, it was removed in 1718. Two figures, *Kirston Kime* and *Ter Dove*, still remain. *Kirston Kime* comes forward to announce the hour is full, by beating a small bell and then retires, when at once *Ter Dove* comes and with a large sledge hammer beats the hour of the day upon a large, coarse bell, and then retires.

The inside of the church is divided into three main divisions, and the seats in all three are so arranged that the congregation in attendance can nearly all see and hear the priest while preaching in the elevated pulpit to the south in the cathedral.

On either side of the auditorium and next to the walls are built fine mausoleums, where many deceased royal personages are interred.

It would be too lengthy for this article to mention in detail who are interred and their arrangement, but suffice it to say that there are sixteen kings, fourteen queens, and fifty-one princes and princesses, and a few other distinguished persons interred in state in these church mausoleums. Many of these sarcophagi are of marble of exquisite workmanship and finely decorated with statues of angels and warriors.

In our second picture of this article we reproduce one that the reader may obtain a better idea of what we speak,

and also of how the rich and noble of this world, in many cases, perpetuate their names for a time. These things, however, perish, but the reward of the good and the true and the faithful never perish, but remains an eternal crown.

Friis.

POACHING IN BOHEMIA.

A Midnight Adventure.

CHAPTER XII.

JANET had remained at home that evening, on the pretense that she had an interesting book to read, but really to work on buttonholes. Before the evening was far advanced, Tom Seymour presented himself at the door.

"Alone, Miss Janet?"

"Alone, and busy," she replied, nodding her head in the direction of the pile of unfinished garments on the chair by her side, while her shining needle flew in and out of the white cloth.

"Suppose I read to you."

"That will be delightful," said Janet.

The young man was a good reader, and the evening passed pleasantly. It was almost midnight when he closed the book, and scowled at the pile of shirts, and then at the young girl.

"Isn't it about time for you to stop?" he asked.

"There are only six more buttonholes in this shirt," pleaded Janet.

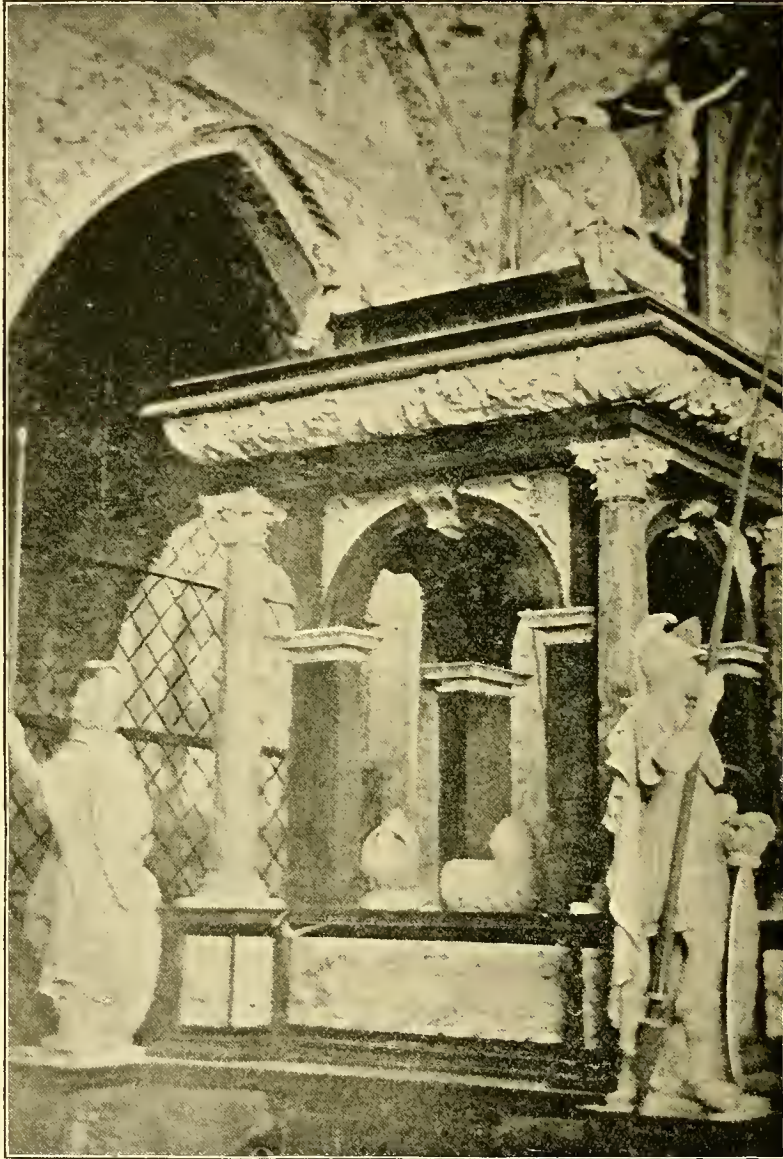
Seymour rose from his chair and took a restless turn or so about the room.

"I don't see how Dalrymple can sanction such a thing," he blurted out.

"Cliffe? Oh, Cliffe doesn't know. Don't you tell him. It's a private enterprise of mine. I am keeping it from him as long as I can."

"You are very considerate of him, Miss Janet. I don't believe you would care, if every time you stuck your needle through that cloth, you pricked a drop

idea!" exclaimed Janet, laughing up into his face, but meeting there a look of such honest distress that she looked as quickly away. "Oh, there they come,"



MAUSOLEUM IN ROSKILDA CATHEDRAL. (See page 437.)

of blood from my heart," said Seymour
savage y.

she cried. "Help me to get these^v out
of the way, won't you, please?"^{sz} And
before Seymour could find the presence

"Why, Mr. Seymour, what an absurd

of mind to refuse, he had become accessory to the fraud by helping Janet to bundle the shirts out of sight in a closet.

"What, Seymour? Sorry we were out. Going so soon?"

Dalrymple was so cordial and hearty in his greeting, that the visitor was smitten with remorse for his harsh stricture of the previous moment; a rather comfortable feeling, on the whole, as it helped to silence a conviction of deeper treachery that was troubling his conscience.

The door had no sooner closed behind him, than Miss Dalrymple turned to her brother with a sharp inquiry: "Cliffe Dalrymple, who is that man I met in your studio the other day?"

"What day, Olive?" said the young man, affecting not to understand her.

"You know very well whom I mean. The workman I ordered to clean up the studio floor."

"That? Oh, that's Nemo."

"Cliffe, do you suppose I have forgotten my Latin so badly as that? The idea of trying to palm off such a name on any reasonable being!"

"Well, reasonable or not, it's the only name I know him by," returned Dalrymple, doggedly.

"What business has he about your place?"

"I have rented a corner of my studio to him. The part that is curtained off. You must have noticed it."

"Yes, and I heard some very curious sounds coming from there yesterday. What is he doing there?"

"How should I know?" demanded Cliffe, driven to the last limits of his patience by this persistent questioning. "I rented him that portion of my studio, and I have no more business behind the screens than I would have

in picking the lock of the Nevada Bank. In fact, it is a point of honor with me, expressly agreed upon between us, that he is to be protected from intrusion."

"Do you know that he was at Mrs. Lester's tonight?"

"You don't say so!"

Dalrymple was genuinely surprised, and his sister followed up her advantage.

"What right has a man who makes a mystery of his life and name to force himself into a respectable house, and upon the society of honest people."

"Your conscience seems to have undergone a quickening process, Olive."

Whatever insinuation the young man meant to convey by these words, failed of effect. The girl's face flushed deeply, but she persisted in her indictment of the mysterious stranger.

"I am sure that he was not invited, for he was trying to avoid observation; but he took occasion to air his presumption, and was very insolent towards me."

"Towards you?"

"Yes. Never mind how. But how do you know that he is not a fugitive from justice? How do you know that he is not carrying out his unlawful schemes there in your studio, Cliffe? The sounds I heard yesterday were like the clink of hammered metal. You may be harboring a counterfeiter."

"Upon my soul, Olive!"

"I am going down there, myself, tonight, to see what he has there. You might go with me."

She caught up a candle as she spoke, and prepared to carry out her threat.

As Olive stood there with the lighted candle in one hand, and the other gathering up the folds of her long evening dress, while the light of an audacious purpose sparkled in her eyes, Janet

thought that she had never seen the girl look so handsome or so forbidding and her heart was touched with pity for Mr. Nemo, if he should be discovered in some iniquitous work, and have to answer to this accusing Hebe. At the same time she shuddered at the thought of the girl's descending alone, at midnight, to the dark room below.

"Oh, Olive, don't go. I cannot believe Mr. Nemo is doing anything so very bad. He is strange and quiet, but he does not look so very wicked. Even if he is doing some dreadful thing, you can't tell what straits may have driven him to it, poor fellow!"

"I am going," repeated Olive, standing with her hand on the door leading into the back hallway.

"Then, if you can't be coaxed out of it, Olive, I'm awfully afraid myself, and I wish you'd give it up, but before I'll let you go down into that dark place alone, I'll go with you myself."

She had risen from her chair, and was about to follow timorously after the defiant girl, but Cliffe checked her."

"Janet, you will greatly oblige me by doing nothing of the sort. I assure you Olive is in no danger whatever of the kind you apprehend. If she will persist in her calumnious suspicions of a fellow as quiet and inoffensive as Nemo——"

"I am going!" said Olive, smiling saucily at her brother.

"Then you may go alone."

There was a sepulchral chill and silence in the deserted studio. The girl halted an instant on the threshold, and her courage ebbed quite away; but she thought of the two waiting above, and of the mischievous taunts that would greet her if she were to confess that she had not dared to carry out her threat, and she shaded the candle with

her hand, while she walked boldly across the room. With her hand on the curtain, she was seized with a sudden panic. What if her suspicions were to be confirmed, and the stranger were the head of a gang of counterfeiters, and some of them were to come and find her there?

With a nervous movement of her hand, she flung the curtain aside, and as she did so the candle almost fell from her nerveless hand, for the place was already tenanted. In the huge block of spotless stone before her, were the half-revealed outlines of a woman's form, and a roughly sculptured face of classical beauty looked down upon her in calm accusation.

There was a stir in the room outside, and Nemo stood beside her, the keenest reproach in his eyes.

"Mr. Dalrymple promised me. * * It was a point of honor," he began, in a voice of wrath.

"Yes, I knew," said Olive.

"You knew?"

With what scorn he spoke. The girl's face was ashen, but she stood by her colors.

"I knew all about it," she repeated.

She could no longer raise her eyes to the white figure above her, nor could she meet the withering contempt with which she knew he was regarding her downcast face. For a time they stood in silence; then the pride which was the girl's dominant characteristic returned. Without a word of apology or further explanation, holding her head erect and guiding her steps by the uncertain flicker of the candle, she left the studio.

It might have been thought that after this embarrassing encounter, Olive Dalrymple would have avoided her brother's studio, so long as Mr. Nemo

was a tenant there, but the girl's defiant pride moved her to a course exactly opposite. She came and went more freely than before, and treated the stranger with studied indifference and the gayest good humor by turns. As for Mr. Nemo, he met all these humors with unvarying courtesy, and never recalled, by word or look, the midnight scene in his workroom, when the girl had been so cruelly humiliated.

Flora Haines Loughhead.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IN EARLY DAYS.

The Home of My Boyhood.

THE accompanying picture is known as "The Old Mormon Schoolhouse." Here is where Mormonism was first preached in Michigan, in the year 1833. Joseph Smith and the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon preached in the following year, and a branch of the Church was organized in the neighborhood.

Sixty-two years ago the writer went to school on those very grounds; and connected with the schoolhouse are many interesting reminiscences of my youth. This building is situated in Pontiac, Oakland County, Michigan. Our family in those early times owned two hundred acres of land adjoining the schoolhouse.

In November, 1894, I visited my old home and school grounds. Our home is divided up into prosperous farms, one of them adjoining a beautiful little lake, the sight of which brought back to my mind recollections of fishing, hunting, sailing, and playful times of the long, long ago. My father, although a cooper by trade, built a sail boat, and was experimenting on the

little inland sea. All went on quite well until a gale suddenly and unexpectedly came up and overturned the little, frail craft, and came near costing him his life. While all was consternation among those who were safe on shore, my next to eldest brother, Joseph, hastened to his rescue with a tan trough, previously used by a frontier hunter to do some home-made tanning on the old farm, before my father brought him out. Providentially the rescue was successfully made; father, craft and all were safely landed. On my late visit I took a look over the old homestead, and went fishing one evening with spear and torchlight.

As above stated, it was on those school grounds where two Mormon Elders introduced the restored Gospel in the year 1833; and in 1834 Joseph Smith the Prophet preached with such power as had not there ever before been witnessed in this nineteenth century. The brother of the Prophet, Hyrum, also the father of them, Joseph senior, were with him. Let me as a living witness speak of the moving, stirring sensation created in this town and surrounding country of the then Territory of Michigan. The Church was only in its infancy then, and much less evil spoken of; less opposition was met and fewer lies were in circulation respecting the Saints. Infidelity was scarcely thought or spoken of, and skepticism very rare in that period. Consequently there were more who were willing to listen, reflect upon and digest the new doctrines, and eventually to obey it.

There have been alterations and improvements made regarding the schoolhouse, but these are the exact premises where people thronged in large numbers, more than could be able to find even standing space, in and

around the house. Not the least disturbance or resistance was offered until Satan came also; but the good word had taken deep root, as seed sown on good ground, which could not be rooted out. I can very well remember many of the words of the boy Prophet as they were uttered in simplicity, but with a power which was irresistible to all present, although at that time I could not understand how it was that so few comparatively obeyed it. Three

God, the Eternal Father, pointing to a separate personage, in the likeness of Himself, said: "This is my Beloved Son hear ye Him." O how these words thrilled my entire system, and filled me with joy unspeakable to behold one who, like Paul the apostle of olden time, could with boldness testify that he had been in the presence of Jesus Christ!

The young Prophet further said that in 1823, three years after his first



THE OLD MORMON SCHOOLHOUSE.

elder brothers of mine, as well as our neighbors, repeatedly in my hearing spoke highly of the new doctrines—that they were scriptural, so plainly set forth, and that, too, with such force as never before was experienced in this section of country. Here are some of the Prophet's words, as uttered in the schoolhouse. With uplifted hand he said: "I am a witness that there is a God, for I saw Him in open day, while praying in a silent grove, in the spring of 1820." He further testified that

vision, while praying in his father's house (I have been so highly favored of the Lord as to have been in the very house where the servant of God said he was fervently praying), when suddenly the house was filled with light brighter than the noon-day sun, in the midst of which there stood an angel, who said he was sent from the presence of God, as a messenger to him. The angel instructed him regarding a marvelous work that God was about to bring to pass, and that he, Joseph,

was the one who was selected to be God's servant and mouthpiece to bring about and establish the great and marvelous work. "Three times," said the young man, "did this angel continue his visits during the same night, each time repeating the same instructions, only extending some little, and quoting several passages of scripture relating to the great work which was to come forth." In closing the last visit the angel invited the boy to meet him on a neighboring hill, two miles away from his father's house, where he would give him still further instructions and permit him to see a book of gold plates containing a history of two nations who had previously inhabited this great land of America. So plainly was this made known that on the next day Joseph said he was able to find the exact place, and met the angel as requested.

More than two hours were occupied during that evening meeting, and so absorbing and interesting was the discourse that no one seemed to be weary, or to realize so much time had been consumed. A succession of meetings were held, in which the Prophet was joined, and very interestingly, too, by the three witnesses to the Book of Mormon. During his visit to this branch the Prophet testified that he was instructed to organize a Church after the pattern of the Church which Jesus organized, with Twelve Apostles, Seventies, Elders, gifts and blessings, with signs following, as found recorded in the sixteenth chapter of Mark, which he read and explained; adding that God had fulfilled the words of John the Revelator, "And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, having the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue,

and people. Saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him; for the hour of His judgment is come." The angel had done his work; the true Church was set up with, first Apostles, secondarily Prophets, with gifts, etc; "And as a servant of God," said Joseph, "I promise you, inasmuch as you will repent and be baptized for the remission of your sins, you shall receive the Holy Ghost, and speak with tongues, and the signs shall follow you, and by this you may test me as a Prophet sent of God."

Edward Stevenson.

How I Became a Mormon.

I AWOKE on the morning of February 14, 1859, at the hotel in Pella, Marion County, Iowa, with a vivid recollection of a dream or vision.

I thought I was standing by the west window in my father's house, up at Newark post-office, Iowa, with a bundle on my back, and ready to go on a journey. I thought I was going to Pike's Peak, and that I could see the mountain through this window, and could see the people on the mountain. While I was looking a personage arose up right by the window, a venerable-looking old man, and said, "Don't you go there, but go yonder," pointing due west. I looked in the direction he pointed, and saw a plain with a high ridge of mountains, with a road running up it, and a female figure, clothed in long, flowing robes, and she was beckoning with her hand for me to come to her. I turned and looked again to the south-west, and thought I wanted to go there. Again the aged man said, "Don't you go there," pointing to Pike's Peak, "but go yonder," pointing again to the west.

I looked again, and saw the woman

still floating in the air, and beckoning and smiling to me. I felt myself raised up, and I floated after her until I reached the mountain top. I looked to my left and saw a high peak shining like burnished gold, and I thought the brightness was caused by the reflection of the sun, which was just setting. I turned back into at my father's house, and then again looked out to the south-west. Again the old man rose up and said, "Don't you go there, but go yonder," pointing west, "for you have a great work to perform."

I asked him what it was. Just then I was awakened for breakfast. The dream made such an impression on my mind that I went to my office and wrote it down before I ate my breakfast.

That afternoon I went up to Red Rock, where my parents lived, as we were going to have a birthday party there. I told my mother my dream, and she said, "You have a work to do out there, you can be sure of that."

One day in the month following John Baldwin came to the post-office for mail. "Doctor," said he to me, "how would you like to go out to Pike's Peak?"

I replied I had not given it a thought, and had never caught the gold fever.

"Well," said he, "if you will go, I will board you, and take you out and back this fall, and you can have all you can make. If I or any of my twenty-five men take sick, you are to attend to us, and all you make outside is your own."

I informed Baldwin that I would go, and began to get things in a shape to leave about the 13th of May.

One night two of the young men that were going with Baldwin were at my father's house, and they proposed that

we three start out on foot and go on a visit among their relatives. We talked the matter over, and a day or two after, when Baldwin learned when he would be ready to start, we concluded to go and take our time for it.

On the morning of the 14th of April, 1859, I was standing in my father's room, already to start on foot, just as I dreamed, and never once thought of it until as I was bidding my mother good-by I said, "Ma, I am going to Salt Lake City." Why I said so I know not, but it came to me to say it.

Well, we traveled along, nearly every night stopping at the house of some one who was a relative to one or the other of my two companions.

At last we arrived at Council Bluffs, Iowa. We inquired for teams, but could find none. We went to the post-office, but received no letters, so we did not know what to do. We waited two days, and then received letters from home stating Baldwin had been disappointed in getting his machinery and would not come. So there we were, nearly broke. I had four dollars cash when I left home, the other boys not over ten dollars between them. We concluded as we were that far on the road we would try and get to Pike's Peak. So we got on a steamboat and went to Nebraska City, in Nebraska. There we found thousands who were returning from the gold fields, disappointed at the prospects there. We concluded to hire out and drive government teams to Salt Lake or Camp Floyd with government supplies. So we went to Major and Russel's and asked for work, and were informed that no teams would be going for some time. We counted up our money and found we had enough to last us but two days longer. So we commenced hunting work. The

second day we got a contract to make a bridge over a slough near the river, in Iowa. I have forgotten how much we were to get, but we were to have our board and be furnished with a yoke of cattle to haul the timber. We were four days in completing our job, and our employers were well satisfied.

We then returned to Nebraska City, tried once more to get work, and kept trying until we were nearly out of money. My companions wanted to go down to St. Joe, but I said I was going to Salt Lake or California. One day, when all my money was spent except one dime, I met a Mr. Randall from Salt Lake City, and asked him if he wanted some teamsters. He said he wanted three more, so I hired to him, and went to the boys and informed them I had a job. But they concluded they would go to St. Joe and see some girls they knew there. On the 10th of May we started with sixty-five wagons loaded with goods for Kimball & Lawrence, merchants in Salt Lake City, Utah.

While on the way the boys asked me what I came out on the plains for. In answer to their inquiry, I related the dream I had some months before.

When we arrived in sight of what was called the Big Mountain I said, "There, boys, is the mountain I saw in my dream." We camped for noon on a little creek. We were told not to unyoke, as we would go up the hill by doubling up teams. While eating our dinners word came again telling us to unyoke, as we would not go up until morning. Then the boys began joking me and saying, "Now, how are you going to see that sunset?"

"Boys," I replied, "when I set foot on top of that mountain the sun will just be setting, and on the left hand side the last rays will be shining on a

tall peak that will look like burnished gold, and I will bet all I have on it."

As soon as we were done eating we commenced unyoking. I was driving my team out of the brook to the wagon when Randall's boy came and said the orders were again changed, and that we were all to go on that afternoon. So, to make a long story short, we went up the mountain, and I landed on top of it just as I saw it in my dream.

On the 22nd day of July we arrived in Salt Lake City, and next day I went up Little Cottonwood Canyon and drove a team hauling logs to the saw mill owned by Bishop John M. Woolley. My boss was William Hutchins, and he was a good Mormon in every sense of the word.

I borrowed books and read all the works I could about the Mormons. As I was in earnest in my search for truth, I was satisfied that the doctrines of the Latter-day Saints were true, and contained that which would exalt me, and in the end bring me into the presence of God my Heavenly Father, if I obeyed them. Still, I had not received sufficient light to come out like a man and be baptized, but was striving to get means enough to return to Iowa. In time myself and some comrades accumulated sufficient means to procure an outfit to return with. It consisted of a span of mules, harness, light wagon, provisions, and everything needed for a trip across the plains. We each one had bed-clothes, for in those days everyone furnished his own blankets, or he would sometimes go without a bed.

We hitched up in Bishop Woolley's yard, all loaded up, and found everything all right. We unhooked, put the team up, expecting to meet next morning and get an early start. In the morning we went down to the Bishop's,

and he would not let us have the outfit. His excuse was, it was so late in the season that he was afraid we would perish on the plains. As he had the upper hand of us, we had to submit.

I advised the boys to hunt up places to stop until spring, which I will say was not an easy matter for an outsider to do, as there was not much love between them and the Saints, as the latter were yet sore over the army being sent against them, and Colonel Johnson had just turned loose all the extra teamsters and army hangers on, so there were plenty of men wanting homes for the winter, and would work for their board only. But, as you will see as I continue my narrative, it seemed the Lord was controlling things for a wise purpose. We all found places to stay. I was fortunate to secure a place at ten dollars a month and my board and washing. We collected what was due us from Bishop Woolley, a little at a time, and spent it as we received it, so when spring came we had nothing. We hired to a man to chop wood for charcoal. We worked three weeks, when he stopped and left us without pay. My companions and I then separated. I went to the city to see if we could procure work or collect anything. I found I could do nothing. I stopped with one of the charcoal burners, a Mormon, named John Carter, for one week. I saw he had scant food for himself and family, so as I could not procure work, I made up my mind to go to Camp Floyd.

While eating breakfast I informed the family. After bidding all good-by, I started south. At dusk I was at West Jordan, and seeing a man chopping wood, I stopped to inquire the road to Bell's Station, where I was to meet my former companions next day.

We commenced talking, and in half an hour I made an agreement with the old gentleman to go to Cache Valley and help open up a farm, for one-third of all the increase. The next day I went over to Bell's and informed the boys I was going north among the Mormons. This old gentleman for whom I agreed to work reminded me of the man I saw in my dream, and you see he changed my route, and I had a bundle on my back and was walking.

On the 1st of April, 1860, we started for Cache Valley, Utah, and on the 14th we arrived in the valley. On the night of the 21st of April I dreamed the woman I saw in my dream, February 14, 1859, came to me. She led me into a hall, opened a door of a room in which was a table with a light set on it. She placed one hand on my shoulder, and pointing with the other to one of the two men who were sitting at the table, said: "Do you believe he is a Prophet of the true and living God?"

I replied, "Yes."

"Then go forth and be baptized, and acknowledge the Church he has established here upon the earth, for you have a great work to perform therein."

At that Joseph Smith and his brother Hyrum, who were sitting at the table, both smiled, and I awoke. The next day I was baptized by Thomas Green, and afterwards was confirmed by Bishop Maughan of Wellsville, Cache County, Utah, and have been a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints ever since, and am today.

W. H. Anderson.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies.

Juvenile Instructor

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR,

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 15, 1894.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

Answers to Questions.

THE numerous duties of the Editor have prevented prompt replies to the many important questions received. It is hoped that the patrons of the INSTRUCTOR will accept this apology for the delay.

Round Dancing.

An esteemed correspondent asks us several questions concerning round dancing. From what she says it seems to be the practice in the ward to which she belongs for the musicians at a ball to play a number of waltz tunes, and she inquires whether it is proper for this temptation to be placed in the way of the young people and they be expected to resist it.

In reply we say that the playing of such tunes ought to be avoided if it be the design to have the young people refrain from waltzing. There certainly is no necessity for the playing of such tunes and exciting the desire on the part of those who can waltz to join in the round dance.

Next, she asks:

"Is the responsibility of stopping round dancing equally upon the shoulders of the young men and the young ladies, or chiefly upon the latter?"

The responsibility rests equally upon both sexes; but the greater responsibility rests upon those who have the party in charge, whether it be the Bishop or a committee.

Again:

"Are the Latter-day Saints permitted to dance two round dances in an evening, or are these dances forbidden entirely?"

We understand that some years ago, when round dancing was freely indulged in, and an attempt was made to check the practice, permission was granted for two round dances only during an evening. It is better, however, inasmuch as round dancing is not considered as decorous and proper for young people to indulge in as square dancing, that round dancing be entirely dropped.

The objection to round dancing will suggest itself to every person who looks on and sees the manner in which it is conducted. A husband and a wife, a brother and a sister, or two young ladies, might dance a round dance and there would be no impropriety in their doing so; but if such persons indulge in waltzing, others would think that they also should have the same liberty. And when persons of both sexes dance promiscuously there are those who will take advantage of the familiarity which the round dancing affords, and evil is likely to result therefrom. Is not this plain? Innocent girls may not be aware of the danger to which they may be exposed in this style of dancing; but older persons of more experience perceive it. They know that there is danger of sinful temptation following the familiarity which this kind of dancing permits. It is for this reason that objection is urged, by the leading men of the Church, to the practice of round dances. They would like all the young people of the Church to understand the reasons they have for using their influence against waltzing. It is not for the purpose of curtailing their enjoy-

ment, but to keep them from indulging in a form of amusement which might lead to serious and dreadful consequences. For it should be the aim of every virtuous person of both sexes to avoid the familiarity which the clasping of each other in the round dance admits of. Besides, it is scarcely to be supposed that all who frequent balls are so pure as to be above temptation. There are some, doubtless, who obtain access to such gatherings who are ready to take advantage of the liberty which the round dance affords to accomplish evil ends. For this reason, if for no other, this form of dance should be avoided.

The Negro Race.

A correspondent inquires of us whether the negro race came through the flood through the marriage of Ham to one of the descendants of Cain, or whether the curse came and descended through Canaan, the son of Ham.

Upon this point Abraham, in his record, as contained in the Pearl of Great Price, writes very plainly. It is evident from his statement that Ham's wife was a descendant of Cain. Abraham says, speaking about Pharaoh, king of Egypt:

"Now this king of Egypt was a descendant from the loins of Ham, and was a partaker of the blood of the Canaanites by birth. From this descent sprang all the Egyptians, and thus the blood of the Canaanites was preserved in the land. The land of Egypt being first discovered by a woman, who was the daughter of Ham, and the daughter of Egyptus, which in the Chaldee signifies Egypt, which signifies that which is forbidden."

"Thus from Ham," Abraham says, "sprang that race which preserved the curse in the land."

It seems that the Pharaohs desired to claim the right of priesthood, because

they were descendants of Noah, through Ham. But the first Pharaoh, we are told, was blessed "with the blessing of the earth, and with the blessings of wisdom;" but he was cursed "as pertaining to the priesthood."

This correspondent also asks if the negro race formed the third, or neutral, party in heaven at the time of the great rebellion.

There is nothing written as the word of the Lord upon this subject; but many of the Elders have indulged in the supposition that this was the case.

A Spokesman Allowed.

We are asked a question by one of the brethren to this effect:

If an aged man is brought up before the Bishop and his council to be tried, and he is a man that is not fully capable of explaining his own position, is there anything in the laws of the Church to prevent his having a man belonging to the Church act as his spokesman at the trial?

There is nothing in the laws of the Church against one of the brethren acting as spokesman for another in a case of this kind. But, of course, there would have to be great care taken in granting permission of this character, for the reason that there are so many would-be lawyers who would like to get an opportunity to argue cases before the Bishops' Courts, and make themselves disagreeable, and perhaps offensive. But for one man to speak for another in the spirit of the Gospel and in a way to explain fully to the Bishop's Court the position of the other man who is up for trial, there can be no objection to it—that is, if the accused is a man not fully capable of explaining his own case.

Future Inhabitants of this Sphere.

^{Q.} We are asked whether terrestrial and telesstial beings will inhabit this sphere after it is celestialized, or whether they will occupy another sphere.

The revelations of the Lord have not explained this in sufficient plainness to permit an answer to be given that is entirely definite. Still we can imagine that it is quite possible for beings who enjoy a telesstial and terrestrial glory to dwell on a celestial sphere. It is not the place that constitutes the glory so much as the power and the blessings enjoyed in the Celestial Kingdom. This is illustrated in this life. There are degrees of glory in this life. Freedom and bondage co-existed in the United States a generation ago. Masters were free and enjoyed great honor and distinction, while their slaves breathed the same air and had the same surroundings, but they were slaves and subject to their masters.

Consecrating the Oil.

The same correspondents ask:

"In consecrating oil, which hand should we hold the oil in, and which should we hold up and connect with our brother by the elbow?"

The oil is generally held in the right hand and the left connects with the person standing next; but we may ask, in reply, would the holding the oil in the left hand by those holding the priesthood invalidate the consecration? Certainly not.

Blessing the Sacrament.

We are asked:

"Which is the proper way of the many ways that are practiced of asking the blessing upon the Sacrament?"

Our correspondents say that in some

instances those who "are administering kneel upon both knees, while others kneel upon one; some hold up the right hand, while others the left, and again, some hold up both hands, and perhaps others none at all."

The usual custom, and one that is appropriate, is for the person asking the blessing upon the Sacrament to kneel on both knees, and not lift the hands; but there is nothing imperative about this.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

MANY a man is rich without money. Thousands of men with nothing in their pockets, and thousands without even a pocket, are rich. A man born with a good sound constitution, a good stomach, a good heart, and good limbs and a pretty good headpiece, is rich. Good bones are better than gold, tough muscles than silver; and nerves that flash fire and carry energy to every function, are better than houses and land. It is better than a landed estate to have the right kind of a father and mother. Good breeds and bad breeds exist among men as really as among herds and horses. Education may do much to check evil tendencies or to develop good ones; but it is a great thing to inherit the right proportion of faculties to start with. The man is rich who has a good disposition—who is naturally kind, patient, cheerful, hopeful, and who has a flavor of wit and fun in his composition.

The hardest thing to get on with in this life is a man's own self. A cross, selfish fellow—a desponding and complaining fellow—a timid and care-burdened man—these are all born deformed on the inside. They do not limp, but their thoughts sometimes do.

Our Little Folks.

GLEANINGS.

A MOTHER while getting her little son ready to attend a concert gently admonished him to let his father take charge of his entrance fee, for fear he might lose it, but Le Roy (for that was his name) thought he could take care of it quite as well.

His father finally went before him, as he had other business to attend to. After Le Roy had made ready, he started out, fondly anticipating a pleasant time in the coming amusement. When going on foot they generally traversed a more direct path and one that cut off much of the distance leading to the ward house; it was very narrow, and on either side high weeds had grown. Le Roy started out, and had gone about half of the distance when sure enough he accidentally dropped his money. At first he knew not what to do, as it was a dark night; however, he knelt down and began searching, but all to no avail. All at once, as if by inspiration, he remembered how a short time before his mother had read to him concerning a man who once lost his purse, and after much effort had almost given up in despair, when he bethought himself to pray. This he did, and before he had gone ten steps he found his purse. She had read this to her little son to show him the power of faith in God. As all of this passed through his young mind, he was led to do the same, and then in almost inky darkness he raised his voice in prayer to his Heavenly Father for aid. Then with a hopeful heart he began searching again, and immediately laid his hands upon it.

This he related to his mother some time after its occurrence, and she told

me it had done much to strengthen his faith since.

Little readers, when you are in trouble, don't forget to look to that good, kind Father who watches over us all; ask Him in humility and faith believing, and he will surely grant your prayer, even as He did little Le Roy's.

Ida Haag.

ENIGMAS AND CONUNDRUMS.

Enigma by Lord Byron.

'Twas whispered in heaven, it was
muttered in hell,
And echo caught faintly the sound as
it fell:
On the confines of earth 'twas per-
mitted to rest,
And the depths of the ocean its pres-
ence confessed.
'Twill be found in the sphere when
'tis riven asunder,
Be seen in the lightning and heard in
the thunder.
'Twas allotted to man with his ear-
liest breath,
Attends at his birth, and awaits him
in death;
It presides o'er his happiness, honor
and health,
Is the prop of his house and the end
of his wealth.
Without it the soldier and seaman
may roam,
But woe to the wretch who expels it
from home.
In the whispers of conscience its
voice will be found
Nor e'en in the whirlwind of passion
be drowned.
'Twill not soften the heart, and tho'
deaf to the ear,
'Twill make it acutely and instantly
hear.

But in shade let it rest, like a delicate flower—

O breathe on it softly—it dies in an hour.

How is it that Methuselah was the oldest man, when he died before his at er?

What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark?

Why is a shoemaker like a true lover?

A MUSICAL BURGLAR.

ISAAC T. HOPPER was a kind, humorous Quaker, who lived in New York City forty years ago. He was always ready to give or take a joke. One day when he was buying some peaches at a fruit-stand, he said to the woman, "A serious accident happened at our house last night. I killed two robbers." "Dear me!" she exclaimed. "Were they young men, or old convicts?" "I don't know about that," he replied. "I should think they might have been by the noise they made. But I despatched them before they had stolen much. The walls are quite bloody."

"Has a coroner's inquest been called?" inquired the woman. When he answered "No," she lifted her hands in astonishment, and exclaimed: "Well now I do declare! If anybody else had done it there would have been a great fuss about it; but you are a privileged man, Mr. Hopper." When he was about to walk away, he said to the woman, "I did not mention to thee that the robbers I killed were two mosquitoes."

The insect to which the Spaniards have given the pretty name of mosquito is a burglar. It enters the house at night for the purpose of stealing. For

a robber its way is a bold and honest one. It is not a sneak-thief. With the sound of music it advances, for it is a bugler as well as a burglar.

Why does this winged robber so loudly announce her coming? Rather, one would say, let her slip quietly in when the victims are asleep, take a little tube full of blood and be off.

To most people the bugle of the mosquito is as unwelcome as her lancet-sting. It gives a musical sound, but there are fidgety thoughts of surgery and blood mingled with the music. Possibly this is the very reason why the mosquito pipes her tune—to irritate the nerves of her poor victim, who is trying to coax sleep. When the victim is excited, the blood flows more freely, and the veins are full. Very appropriate is it, therefore, for this visitor to fill a vein by her noise, before she taps it with her beak.

Like the house fly, our night-warbler has the characteristics of the true insect—the head, the thorax, and the abdomen; the six legs and two wings. In some respects she is different from the fly, and she is far more beautiful. Her form is more graceful and elegant. Her attire is as gorgeous as a queen's. Her wings, as thin as a spider's web, are of soft, amber color; her breast is brilliant red; her body dark green; her eyes glittering like diamonds; the proboscis, with which she pierces for blood, keener than the finest needle-point, and bright, like polished ebony. All this beauty, however, is lost in the darkness of night, and in the day-time, can be seen only by the aid of the microscope.

The complete mosquito lives wholly in the air, though its infancy is passed in the water. The egg from which it is hatched is one of several hundred

which, when laid, are glued together in the shape of a boat, and set afloat on the water. In about a week these eggs are hatched, and then appears the swarm of larvæ, or "wrigglers," so often seen in a stagnant pool, where they eat

tube extending out near the tail.

Touch the top of the water and they quickly wiggle to the bottom for safety.

From ten to fifteen days after these larvæ—the wrigglers—appear, they change into the pupa state. The pupa



LARVÆ AND FULLY DEVELOPED MOSQUITO.

the particles of decaying matter that may contain the germs of disease. When the water is undisturbed, these active swimmers are found near the surface, with their heads downward. They breathe the air through a hairy

sheds its skin several times, and moves or tumbles around by the use of two small fins or paddles. In about ten days, when the perfect mosquito is grown within, the pupa shell bursts open on the back and forms a boat or raft.

The mosquito puts out its head, then one pair of legs after another, until all are out, and the wings are free though wet. Now it balances itself on its tail, waiting for the legs and wings to grow strong and dry enough for use. This is a dangerous moment. A gust of wind or a drop of rain will cause a shipwreck. For this reason mosquitoes are only brought forth in still or stagnant waters.

When the voyage of infancy is successfully passed, the complete mosquitoes begin life on the wing. The males during a very short life, remain in the woods and marshes. The females alone do the biting, and they at once set out to find victims that have blood. Whether they can see in the dark, or can scent their prey afar off, it is not certain. Something enables them to find human habitations, and the sleeping inmates whom they serenade.

The beak that extends out in front of the head is a case of piercing instruments which our burglar brings with her. They are the mouth-parts of the mosquito, and are very different from the mouth-organs of the house fly. When not in use, they are laid close together, and are sheathed by the under lip.

When the mosquito bites they are pressed together in the upper lip, making a beak like an awl. When our tunnel robber proposes to take blood, she discourses her music in circling flights about an uneasy head, until she finds a favorable spot. There she lights, gracefully setting down one foot after another, and at once thrusts through the skin her compound awl—sheath, poison fangs, saws and tongue—and draws her meal of blood.

Some have supposed her song to be caused by the motion of her wings,

which make fifty vibrations in a second. Others have thought the song to be produced by the insect blowing through her breathing tubes. Whatever its cause, the mosquito's tune would be a charming one were it not associated with instruments of torture and a blood-thirsty tongue.

There are in this country over thirty varieties of mosquitoes. Some are small and others are quite large. Some live wholly on vegetable juices, while others have a passion for animal fluids. The largest, and perhaps the most ferocious kind, is one which the steamboatmen of the Mississippi River call the gallinipper. Of it they tell strange stories. They describe it as being as large as a goose; and they gravely declare that it flies about at night with a brick-bat under its wings to sharpen its beak with.

RAGGLES.

RAGGLES was only a scrubby little Indian pony. His owner had evidently considered him of no use, and had cruelly turned him loose on the bare prairie to shift for himself.

He was a sorry-looking little fellow, as he stood one morning at the gate to Mr. Hudson's large cattle ranch, in Western Kansas, shivering in the wind, and looking with a wistful gaze at the sleek, fat ponies inside.

Mr. Hudson noticed him, and started to drive him away. But his little daughter Lillian said, "Let him in, papa; he looks so hungry." Mr. Hudson opened the gate, and the pony walked in, just as if it were his home.

Mr. Hudson made inquiries, but no one knew anything about him; and as no owner ever came to claim him, Lillian claimed him as her special property.

and named him Raggles, on account of his long tangled mane and tail.

He was a docile little creature, unlike the rest of the ponies on the farm. He soon came to regard Lillian as his mistress. She learned to ride him and could often be seen cantering over the prairies with her father.

But Raggles seemed to consider that she was not much of a rider, for he would carefully avoid all the dangerous looking places and holes in the ground, made by coyotes and prairie dogs, which are very plentiful in Western Kansas.

When the next spring came, Raggles did not look like the same little scrub. His rusty brown coat had all come off, and a new black one had taken its place.

By the next fall, the neighborhood could boast of a public school, and when Lillian began to go Raggles found he had regular duty every day.

Lillian would saddle him and ride to the schoolhouse which was two miles away then tie up his bridle and send him home. At about half-past three Mr. Hudson would saddle him again and send him for Lillian.

He always arrived on time and if he was a little early would wait patiently by the door until school closed.

Some of my readers will remember the blizzard that struck Western Kansas in 1885 when so many people lost their lives and thousands of cattle were frozen to death. The storm commenced about noon and the weather grew steadily colder.

The snow blew so thick and fast that Mrs. Hudson was afraid to trust Raggles to go for Lillian, but Mr. Hudson was sick and there was no one else.

She went to the barn, put the saddle on him, and tied plenty of warm wraps

on. Then she threw her arms around his shaggy neck and told him to be sure to bring Lillian home.

He seemed to understand, and started out with his shambling trot in the direction of the schoolhouse.

One hour passed slowly to the anxious parents. When two had passed their anxiety was terrible, as they strained their eyes to see through the blinding snow his shaggy form bringing their darling safely home. At last he came with Lillian on his back, bundled up from head to foot.

The teacher had fastened her on the pony and given him the rein; and so he brought her safely home, none the worse for her ride except being thoroughly chilled.

THERE IS NO UNBELIEF.

Whoever plants a seed beneath the
sod
And waits to see it push away the
clod,
He trusts in God.

Whoever says when clouds are in
the sky,
"Be patient, heart: light breaketh by
and by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees, 'neath winter's field of
snow,
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to
sleep
Content to lock each sense in slum-
ber deep,
Knows God will keep.

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