

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

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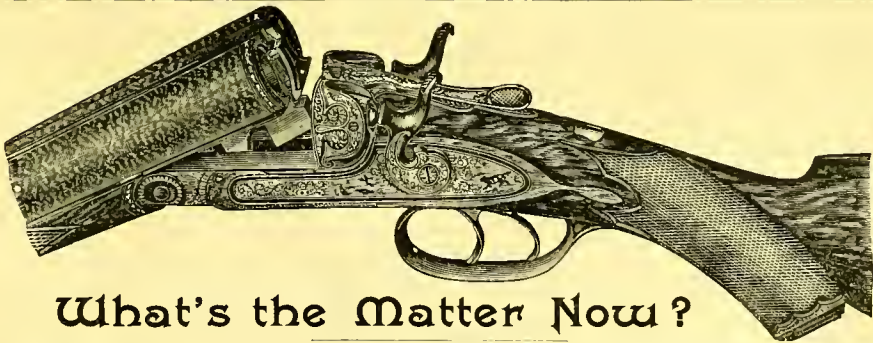
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THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN FOR YOUNG LATTER-DAY SAINTS

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AMONG THE MOQUIS.

WE three young women—Clare Burley, Nell Newson, and I, all of whom had been earning good salaries in Boston, had

advice of a friend, had hastened to take it up. The quarter-section was in a high valley among the mountains, and diversified by the strange-looking *mesas* of that region,—great, square, barren hillocks.



OLD CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL IN SANTA FE.

tired of our work, caught the “Western fever,” thrown up our situations, pooled issues, and come to New Mexico. In Albuquerque we had been told of this strip of land which had not been pre-empted, and, acting on the

To tell the truth, the country looked desolate and discouraging enough to our Eastern eyes and terrible to our homesick hearts. Pre-empting government lands in actual reality did not seem so delightfully romantic as it had

in our pleasant "apartment" at the West End.

"This quarter-section is perfectly enchanting!" exclaimed Nell. "Not exactly teeming with fertility just at present, but absolutely rich in promises."

Just here Chubb, the man who had driven us over from the railway station, came up with a younger man whom he had picked up somewhere in the vicinity.

"Warwick, here, says there's a better place beyant," he remarked, by way of introduc-

fifteen feet from the 'doby.' If I were you three girls, I should take up this section, build a hut on the corner that'll do for a kitchen that you can eat in, and live in the 'doby.' You know you have got to comply with the law, and in order to pre-empt the land you'll have to build and make a pretense of living on it."

"Clare and I fell in with this idea at once, and gladly accepted Mr. Warwick's offer to contract for the adobe mansion on better terms than we possibly could.



A MOQUI WEAVER.

tion. "The next quarter had the advantage of edging close to an old 'doby' house,—but you would call it. It's just as good land, and you could buy the 'doby' for a song."

Chubb had already turned his horses' heads, and we got aboard the nondescript vehicle, the stranger seating himself behind, with his legs hanging. The road was scarcely a track, and the wagon jolted fearfully.

"Here we are," shouted the teamster, when we arrived at our destination. The quarter-section comes up to that stake, just

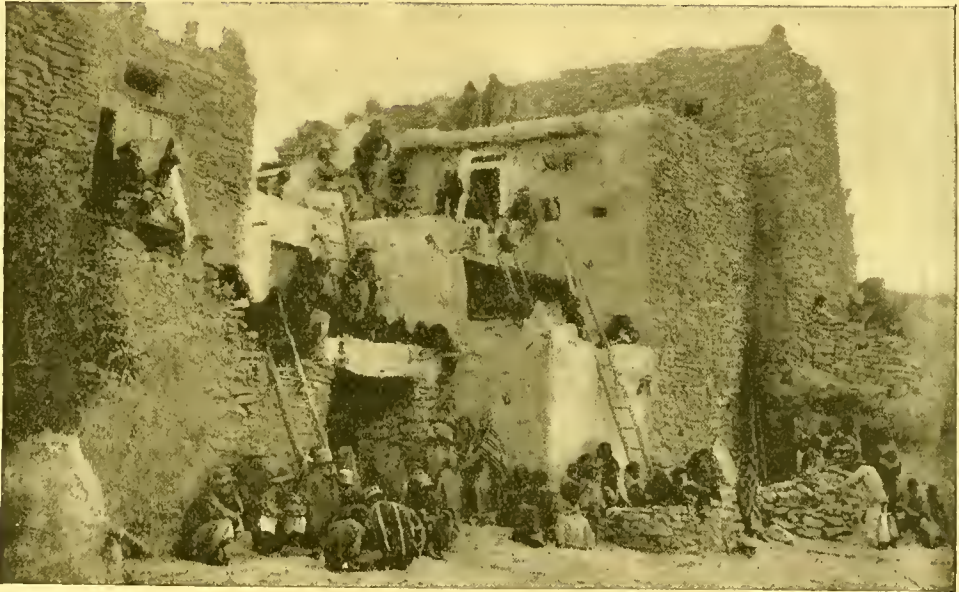
Before we left we entered and examined it. The hut was a long, low affair, with two rooms, one somewhat larger than the other. Both had fire places built into the chimney on the wall. The material of which a 'doby' is made, and from which it takes its name, is, as I suppose everybody knows, a kind of clay prepared by the Mexicans, and dried in the sun into a hard, whity-gray substance that lasts for years. The walls are about one foot thick, and are tight, warm, and dry.

A week after we were domiciled in our

“doby,” the necessary steps had been taken towards pre-empting the land, and timbers and boards were being hauled to erect our kitchen. We had brought as much house-furnishing goods as we could pack in trunks and boxes, but of furniture we had what Clare called “a plentiful scarcity.” It could be bought in Albuquerque. That growing town has plenty of shops of all kinds, but prices are, as in all new western towns, something fabulous. So we improvised what we could not afford to buy.

We had a garden which I cultivated my-

The Navajo Indians are more intelligent than some of the other tribes, and are very good citizens. They have large flocks of sheep, and raise something like a million pounds of wool every year. Some of this they sell, but the larger part they make into blankets. The making of these blankets is a secret with the Navajos. No other tribe makes anything like so fine blankets, although the California and Mexican blankets are good. Here the Navajo blankets bring from nine to fifteen dollars apiece, which is a low price, considering that it takes several



A MOQUI PUEBLO.

self, and in the hot sun, and by irrigating it through the dry season we had “all the luxuries of the market.” It was two years, however, before we made farming “pay,”—or even got back the money our unpretentious buildings cost us. We made a living, by closest economy,—nothing more.

A few Navajos lived near us, but more of the Acomas and descendants of the Moquis. We had already come in possession of two Navajo blankets, which we valued very highly; but now we were to see them in process of manufacture.

months to make one.

The wool is cleaned, carded, and dyed, after a process known to all these Indians and kept by them a religious secret. The looms are built by the squaws and are very primitive affairs. The weavers are very important individuals, and are never allowed to perform any other labor. Sometimes the looms are built under a tree, out of doors, but usually they are under a hut called a *hogau*. The *hogau* is made by driving into the ground six or eight roughly hewn poles at regular intervals, to form a small square, and

across the top green boughs are laid to shelter the weaver from the hot sun. To the middle poles are fastened cross-poles, about a foot from the top and bottom, with holes bored in them for the warp. The latter is made from the yucca-tree, and treated by the process known only to the Navajos, which renders it well-nigh indestructable. It is this strong, endurable warp that makes the Navajo blanket so much superior to the more common California blanket. Formerly the Navajos only made blankets for their own use; but they have been reduced to making them for support now, and depend largely on them for their subsistence.



“LA CACHINA,” OR SACRED DANCE.

The weaver whose picture we obtained had his loom fastened to the walls of his “doby.” He was, to us, a great curiosity, being a pure Albino. We were told, however, that there are many Albinos among the Indians in New Mexico, and afterwards saw more of them ourselves. This Moqui was regarded as almost a sacred personage, on account of his skill. He was certainly hideous enough for a heathen idol.

The San Domingo family, whose picture we also obtained, were much above the average in intelligence and industry. They had an abundance of pottery, some of which was very rare. Afterwards we were so fortunate

as to get a bowl of Zuni make and unknown age. It was one of the finest in the country, on account of its age, and priceless; but as Clare and I had nursed an old squaw through a terrible illness, when her own family deserted her, she gave it to us with many expressions of gratitude. She was an Acoma who lived below our farm, in a poor old hut. She also gave us a smaller vase which she had made herself, when she was a young girl. As she must be now somewhere near a hundred, this piece, too, has acquired quite a respectable age.

I shall never forget the day we first saw her. It was a warm spring day, and we were all at work in the garden-patch. Looking up, we saw this old woman — resembling more an Egyptian mummy than an American citizen — stolidly regarding us through the paling. I spoke to her, but she only grunted in reply. The next day she came again. I gave her a pelargonium, which she threw away in disgust. I went into the house and got a knitted ball and a large safety-pin. Coming out I presented the ball to the great-grand-child who was hanging,

open-eyed, to her skirts, and gave her the safety-pin for her own personal adornment. She smiled as radiantly as an Indian mummy can smile, put on her safety pin for a broach, and was our friend forever after.

Later we visited a Moqui *pueblo*, or Indian house. How ancient this one was we could not learn, neither would the inmates listen to any desire on our part to see the interior; but the way those Indians came swarming out of the holes which served as doors and windows, when we paused to look up at their establishment! We were glad to have Dave drive on, remembering stories of Indian cruelty we had read in youth, although we looked

in vain now for tomahawks and bloody axes.

These old Indian *pueblos* are groups of constructions in stone laid in mortar and plastering of clay, and cover greater spaces of ground than any building in the United States, with the exception of the Capital at Washington. One of them is four hundred and forty feet long, and two hundred and fifty feet wide, and is four stories high. Another has a circumference of thirteen hundred feet and contains six hundred and forty-one rooms, which are the dwelling-places of three thousand Indians, according to an enumerated estimate. That these buildings must have existed before Columbus' discovery of America

becoming scarcer every decade, it being rarely that one is found inhabited. Those which remain are deserted, and give but little clue to the life of the inmates. Whole villages of Indians dwelt in a single *pueblo*, but whether they ever used them as forts, or whether in time of battle they deserted their hiding-places and took to the plains, is still a mooted question left for ethnologists and antiquarians to decide. "La Cachina" the sacred dance of the Zunis, is danced by the men,—the women never being allowed to take part, but being represented by boys,—and only when ordered by that functionary corresponding to the chief priest of the tribe. The costumes for this dance are very elegant, consisting of a



OLD PLAZA AT ALBUQUERQUE.

is almost certain; for when the Spanish monks and *conquistadores* passed through New Mexico in the year 1540, they found these places occupied by the natives, and called them "Casas Grandes" (great houses), and the Indians said that they were more than seven hundred years old. But the occupants could give no account of the builders. Several of these *pueblos* were destroyed at that epoch, the conquerers finding about sixty, and now there only remain thirty-one. They are very peculiarly arranged, having no doors except a trap-door in the square, terraced roof which is reached from without by long ladders. These *pueblos* are

blue robe and fine white mantle heavily ornamented with eagles' feathers, fox'-tails, etc.

The dance is grave and slow, accompanied by a rhythmic chant and the so-called music of gourds and primitive tambourines. "La Cachina" had its origin in an ancient custom among these Indians of propitiating the divinities who preside over the clouds.

The next summer we took a trip to Albuquerque and Santa Fe. The old parts of these towns are very interesting. The old *plaza* with its queer streets and buildings at Albuquerque seemed like a bit of Spanish history. We were in Santa Fe in time to witness the Acoma harvest-feast in the old

church of San Miguel, built many, many years ago, by the Spaniards.

It was a long, low building with square windows away up in the sides, and a rude altar at one end. High mass was being celebrated, and although the service was ostensibly for the Acomas, the congregation was mostly Mexican.

Hellen M. Winslow.

on regular time on account of the river being low, and as they were compelled to wait for a steamer, they came to my father's house near the landing and stayed there thirteen days. Father was the only Mormon in that part of the country.

"At that time Joseph was studying Greek and Latin, and when he got tired studying he



HIGH MASS IN THE CHURCH OF SAN MIGUEL.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE PROPHEET JOSEPH SMITH.

ELDER JOHN W. HESS, one of the Presidency of the Davis Stake of Zion, and who resides at Farmington, Davis Co., Utah, was born on the 24th of August, 1824, and was baptized into the Church in March, 1834. The following is a statement he makes of some incidents he recollects of the Prophet Joseph:

"In the autumn of 1838 my father lived in Ray County, Missouri, near the Richmond Landing. Joseph the Prophet, in company with his brothers Hyrum and William and eleven others whose names I do not remember, had been up to Caldwell County to lay out the city of Far West. When they got to the Missouri River on their return to Kirtland, they found that the boats did not run

would go and play with the children in their games about the house, to give himself exercise. Then he would go back to his studies as before. I was a boy then about fourteen years old. He used to take me up on his knee and caress me as he would a little child.

"I relate this to show the kindness and simplicity of his nature. I never saw another man like Joseph. There was something heavenly and angelic in his looks that I never witnessed in the countenance of any other person. During his short stay I became very much attached to him, and learned to love him more dearly than any other person I ever met, my father and mother not excepted.

"The next time I saw the Prophet was at the Richmond court house, in chains, after the surrender of the city of Far West. I used to walk six miles every day to see him

during his stay in Richmond jail. Although a boy of about fourteen years, I became convinced beyond doubt that he was a Prophet of God, and that testimony has never left me."

In addition to what was published in these columns a short time since,

ELDER PHILO DIBBLE

relates the following concerning the Prophet Joseph Smith:

"I saw Joseph Smith the Prophet when he first came to Kirtland, and was with him in the first conference held in that place, which was in a small school house. When he arose in our midst he said that before the conference closed there were those present who should see the heavens open and bear record of the coming of the Son of Man, and that the man of sin should be revealed.

"While he talked he laid his hand upon the head of Lyman Wight. He then laid his left hand upon the head of Harvey Whitlock. Lyman Wight stepped into the middle of the room and bore record of the coming of the Son of Man. Then Harvey Whitlock stepped into the middle of the room with his arms crossed, bound by the power of Satan, and his mouth twisted unshapely.

"Hyrum Smith arose and declared that there was an evil spirit in the room.

"Joseph said, 'Don't be too hasty,' and Hyrum sat down.

"Shortly Hyrum rose the second time, saying, 'I know my duty and will do it,' and stepping to Harvey, commanded the evil spirits to leave him, but the spirits did not obey.

"Joseph then approached Harvey and asked him if he believed in God. Then we saw a change in Harvey. He also bore record of the opening of the heavens and of the coming of the Son of Man, precisely as Lyman Wight had done.

"Next a man by the name of Harvey Green was thrown upon his back on the floor by an unseen power. Some of the brethren wanted to administer to him by laying on of

hands, but Joseph forbade it. Harvey looked to me like a man in a fit. He groaned and frothed at the mouth. Finally he got upon his knees and came out of it.

"Next thing I saw a man came flying through the window from outside. He was straight as a man's arm as he sailed into the room over two rows of seats filled with men, and fell on the floor between the seats and was pulled out by the brethren. He trembled all over like a leaf in the wind. He was soon apparently calm and natural. His name was Lemon Copley. He weighed over two hundred pounds. This I saw with my own eyes and know it is all true, and bear testimony to it.

"I was with Joseph the next morning after he was tarred and feathered by a mob in the town of Hyrum. After he had washed and dressed in clean clothes, I heard him say to Sidney Rigdon, who was also tarred and feathered, 'Now, Sidney, we are ready to go on that mission,' having reference to a command of God to go to Jackson County, Missouri, and which they had deferred to comply with until they should have accomplished some work which they had planned, but never did accomplish.

"The vision which is recorded in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants was given at the house of 'Father Johnson,' in Hyrum, Ohio, and during the time that Joseph and Sidney were in the spirit and saw the heavens open, there were other men in the room, perhaps twelve, among whom I was one during a part of the time—probably two-thirds of the time,—I saw the glory and felt the power, but did not see the vision.

The events and conversation, while they were seeing what is written (and many things were seen and related that are not written,) I will relate as minutely as is necessary.

"Joseph would, at intervals, say: 'What do I see?' as one might say while looking out the window and beholding what all in the room could not see. Then he would relate what he had seen or what he was looking at. Then Sidney replied, 'I see the same.'

Presently Sidney would say 'what do I see?' and would repeat what he had seen or was seeing, and Joseph would reply, 'I see the same.'

"This manner of conversation was repeated at short intervals to the end of the vision, and during the whole time not a word was spoken by any other person. Not a sound nor motion made by anyone but Joseph and Sidney, and it seemed to me that they never moved a joint or limb during the time I was there, which I think was over an hour, and to the end of the vision.

"Joseph sat firmly and calmly all the time in the midst of a magnificent glory, but Sidney sat limp and pale, apparently as limber as a rag, observing which, Joseph remarked, smilingly, 'Sidney is not used to it as I am.'"

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Marriage Should be Encouraged Among the Young.

ENTERTAINING the views which the Latter-day Saints do concerning the sexes, and the objects which our Heavenly Father had in view in giving His children a probation on the earth, the greatest care should be taken among us to encourage marriage. Every young man of proper age should be taught that it is his duty to take to himself one of the other sex as a wife. It should be enforced upon young men as a duty which they owe to themselves, to their parents, and to society at large. It should not be left as a matter of personal convenience or inconvenience alone, but should be made to appear in their minds as something of far greater and higher importance. Under the changed conditions which have arisen, this appears more necessary now than ever. The tendency of the age is against marriage. In American society complaints are general concerning the indifference of the growing generation of young men to marriage. But it is not only in America that

this is the case. Even in England, where the people are more conservative, there is a growing disposition of this kind.

An English lady of rank, writing for one of the popular magazines concerning London society, dwells upon the difficulties girls find in England, in entering the society lists, in the matter of marrying. She says men who are poor are afraid to marry. They know the life of ease and comfort which is the lot of most girls, and that if they marry the change will entail an amount of denial and self-sacrifice which many men are not willing to ask for. She says it is very evident that girls do not marry as easily or as well as formerly, and the universal cry among mothers is that "men won't marry." This changed condition she attributes to the increase of luxury and the great desire to live surrounded by those conveniences which wealth purchases. Money, she says, is the idol of today. Without it life is ugly, hard and wearisome. Money is the keystone of success in leading English society. She deplors the change that has taken place, and dwells with pleasure upon the times when, possessed of love one for the other, husband and wife went hand in hand and faced the struggle of life together.

That which is described by this writer as true of English society is entirely correct concerning marriage in the United States.

Young men are afraid to marry, because they cannot give to girls whom they would choose as wives those comforts, conveniences and luxuries to which as daughters they are accustomed. In a recent conversation, on the cars, with a young man of good education and of an old American family, who from his position had access to the best society, he described his own feelings concerning marriage.

"My friends," he said "are wealthy. I am welcome at their houses. I see the luxury with which they are surrounded, and to which their daughters are accustomed; and however strongly I might be inclined to marry, my respect for these young ladies is such that I have not dared to ask one of them to share my lot and be my wife. My circumstances

are such that I could not furnish them with that style of living. I do not want to ask a girl to step down and occupy an inferior position. Besides, by marrying I would deprive myself of advantages which as a single man I now enjoy. As a single man I am welcome to the houses of my wealthy and fashionable friends; whereas, if I were married and were not their equal in fortune, I could not expect to be admitted into their society and associate with them on terms of equality. These considerations restrain me from marrying, and they restrain many more of my acquaintance." He spoke of a club to which he belonged, and out of some thirty or forty members he said there were not half a dozen married men. Conversation on this point led to statements concerning the decrease of the old American families, and gave opportunity to dwell on the serious results which follow the non-marriage of young men of old American descent. These families are gradually dying out, and new families, of foreign descent—many of them inferior races—are supplanting the families whose ancestors have laid the foundation of the American nation and have contributed to make the nation what it is.

In Utah we are beginning to experience the same influences that have operated to bring marriage into disfavor elsewhere. Wealth is increasing among us. In Salt Lake City many girls are brought up in ease and comfort. They possess many advantages, and the inclination of young men is to hesitate about asking such girls to share their humble lot and to live with them in a condition inferior to that in which they have been brought up.

In view of these things, parents cannot be too careful in training their daughters, so that they will have correct feelings upon this subject. They should be made to understand that happiness does not consist in fine clothing, nor in fine furniture, nor in elegant surroundings; but that where true love exists between husband and wife a humble cottage may be made the abode of a purer happiness than can be found many times in the richest habita-

tions in the land. Our girls should be taught that if they obtain a suitable companion, however poor he may be, if he be a man of good habits, full of faith in the Lord, he can by industry, with his wife's help, lay the foundation for future reasonable comfort, and perhaps wealth. Young men should be encouraged also to not look upon the possession of money as an absolute prerequisite to marriage. There is scarcely a healthy-minded, properly-brought-up girl in our community that would not gladly share in the struggles of a man whom she loves and would accept him joyfully as her husband. Where love reigns there need be no difficulty upon this point.

And young men should not refrain from marriage because of their humble circumstances. The idea should not be permitted to prevail among our young people that they must have money to start out in life in the marriage state. Too much importance is being attached to money in this connection, and the feeling seems to be growing. If it be not checked, the effect will be most injurious upon our society. Any large element of unmarried men among us would undoubtedly be an injury to our community. The sexes are so nearly equally divided that if marriage should become general among the young men, there would be very few young women who would not be able to obtain partners.

Already some mothers are indulging in the fear, and almost seem ready to justify themselves in the thought, that if their girls marry they must go outside of the Church to find husbands. The indulgence in such a thought prepares the way for such a result to be brought about.

The experience of our life in the mountains has abundantly proved that such alliances, in the greater number of cases, result unhappily, if not disastrously. When a girl marries outside of the Church the great danger to which she is exposed is that she will lose her faith.

This is of itself, in the minds of those who hold their religion at its true value, a disaster.

And the consequences do not always end there. Too often other evils follow which are exceedingly painful, not only to those who

thus marry, but to their relatives. I do not share in the apprehension that it is necessary for our girls to go out of the Church to obtain husbands. And young men should be taught that it is their duty, when they reach the proper age, all other things being equal, to seek for partners among the daughters of Zion.

The Editor.

EMINENT PEOPLE OF THE WORLD'S HISTORY.

IV.—Christopher Columbus.

COLUMBUS decided to change his course somewhat compared with former voyages, and steered more toward the southwest, in hopes to find something new. The result was the discovery of an island off the coast of what is now Venezuela in South America, which he named Trinidad, in honor of the Trinity. The main-land to his left he supposed to be another island. The narrow strait between the two he named the Serpent's Mouth, because of its dangerous appearance. He was surprised and at a loss to account for the freshness of the water in the vicinity, not knowing of the proximity of the Orinoco River which was pouring its great tide into the ocean, thus rendering it sweet. Entering, he named and explored the Gulf of Paria, and named its northern strait the Dragon's Mouth. The natives he thought superior in appearance and intelligence to any he had seen before. On the necks of many of the women he beheld strings of pearls, which they told him by signs were found farther north. He succeeded in exchanging some glittering baubles for a number of these treasures, and during his northward journey towards Hispaniola, discovered the place of their production which he named the Bay of Pearls.

The thoughts engendered in the mind of Columbus by these recent discoveries resulted in the formation of a theory at once unique and strange. It was to the effect that the land

bordering on the Gulf of Paria must be a continent; of course a hitherto unknown extension of southern Asia. The earth, he decided, instead of being, as he had hitherto believed, in the form of a sphere, must be pear-shaped, with the smaller and higher part approaching the skies, and immediately under the equator. At the highest point, he believed the Garden of Eden to be situated, still in existence, but unaccessible to mortals. This highest point he thought would be about in the center of the continent. Knowing, as we do by modern revelation, the true site of the Garden of Eden, it is interesting to know that at least one man in those dark and benighted times, was blest with even so slight a glimmer of the light of revelation.

About this time, Columbus was stricken with a malady of the eyes, which so increased in severity that he was unable to attend to his duties, and was obliged to depend upon others even to take observations as to their position and progress. They therefore made all haste to reach Isabella, where they arrived without further events occurring of any special interest.

Affairs in the colony had not progressed as smoothly as might be during the long absence of Columbus, nor had his brother, Don Bartholomew, who was in command, been blessed with an easy, luxurious life during that period. Soon after the departure of his brother, Don Bartholomew made a journey into the country of Xaragua, where the new mines of Hayna were situated, for the purpose of exploring them. This, and the building of a fortress which he named San Christoval were done in accordance with arrangements made by Columbus before his return to Spain. He also built a seaport town in the vicinity which was at first called Isabella, afterward San Duringo, which name it still retains. He visited the resident cacique, Behechio, who received and entertained him and his followers in the most sumptuous manner compatible with their surroundings. In this he was assisted by his sister, Anacaona, the favorite wife of Caonabo. This woman, one

of the most beautiful and intelligent of her tribe, was most favorably impressed with the Spaniards, seeming to foster no revenge for the fate of her husband, whom she seems to have considered brought trouble upon his head by his own rashness.

By sagacious management, Don Bartholomew, with little trouble, prevailed upon Behechio to become tributary to the Spanish monarchs, in return for which they were to be taught the true religion, and protected from their old enemies, the Caribs, who were said to be cannibals. The tribute was to be paid in the productions of the country, such as cotton, hemp and cassava bread.

Upon his return to Isabella, Don Bartholomew found that many of the colony had died, many were still sick, and provisions were about exhausted. It is a strange thing to think that in so naturally fertile a country these people should settle down in perfect apathy and depend upon the mother country for the very food with which to sustain themselves, when, by little exertion, the earth could have been made to yield them all of the necessaries, and many of the luxuries of life. But such was the melancholy condition. The answer can be found in the people themselves, who were either of the nobility, who did not know how to work, or of the criminal class, transported here to give them one more chance and get them out of the way, and who were, of course, too lazy to work.

Notwithstanding these discouraging conditions, Don Bartholomew continued the labors assigned him, which were to establish a chain of military posts throughout the island. While engaged in this work, word reached him that Guariouex, a cacique of the interior, was, with his tribe, in a state of insurrection. There had been a grand effort to convert the Indians to the Catholic faith, which had signally failed. One of the chapels had been attacked by the natives and left in ruins. The Spaniards, considering this sacrilege, had caught some of the offenders, and burned them, according to the custom of treating heretics in those times.

The Indians exasperated at such unheard of cruelty, had risen *en masse*, and were now laying waste the country and possessions of the Spaniards. Don Bartholomew lost no time in repairing to the scene of action, the result being, as usual, victory for the Spaniards. In connection with this event, it may be interesting to the reader to know of a tradition said to have existed among the Indians as to the advent of the Spaniards. The reigning cacique, Guariouex, "was of an ancient line of hereditary caciques. His father, in times long preceding the discovery, having fasted for five days, according to their superstitious observances, applied to his zuni, or household deity, for information of things to come. He received for answer, that within a few years there should come to the island a nation covered with clothing, which should destroy all their customs and ceremonies, and slay their children or reduce them to painful servitude."

Having, as he supposed, completely subjugated the insurrectionary tribes for the time being, Don Bartholomew made another trip to Xaragus, to collect tribute. Returning to Isabella, he found new troubles awaiting him. Francisco Roldan, another whom Columbus had raised from obscurity to a position of trust, on account of natural ability and supposed integrity, seceded from authority, even going so far as to form a plan for the assassination of Don Bartholomew. With him out of the way, and Columbus unheard from, he hoped to step into the place of highest authority himself. His plans having miscarried, he, with his adherents, retired into the interior, and finally into the peaceful country of Behechio at Xaragua. Don Bartholomew denounced him as a traitor, and it was fear of vengeance which caused him to take the last named step.

A second insurrection of Guariouex and his tribe next called for the attention of the Adelantado. Hearing that he was pursued, Guariouex left the fertile valleys and retired to the mountains of Ciguay, and took refuge with a friendly cacique named

Mayobaux. Thither Don Bartholomew followed. The journey was a peculiarly perilous one, being rough, mountainous and unknown to them. They were, too, constantly harassed by Indian ambuscades, from which they did not escape unscathed. A message sent to Mayobaux for the immediate surrender of the refugee on pain of laying waste his dominion if he refused, elicited the following reply, which is of interest as showing the light in which the Spaniards were beginning to be viewed by the natives, as well as the high sense of the duties of hospitality entertained by them:

"Tell the Spaniards that they are bad men, cruel and tyrannical; usurpers of the territories of others, and shedders of innocent blood. I desire not the friendship of such men; Guarioux is a good man, he is my friend, he is my guest, he has fled to me for refuge, I have promised to protect him, and I will keep my word."

After such a reply, there was nothing Don Bartholomew could do but keep his word. When the Indians saw their villages in flames, and their crops laid waste, they fled to the mountain fastnesses, where the leaders were finally caught and carried in triumph to Isabella. They were not put to death, as they anticipated, but kept in captivity as hostages for the insurance of the good conduct of their subjects. When Columbus arrived, he brought with him the official sanction of the sovereign of the office of Adelantado which he had conferred upon his brother previous to his departure, and which had been a prolific cause of complaint among the discontented during his absence. He also sanctioned, and caused a proclamation to that effect, the cause and conduct of Don Bartholomew in regard to Roldan and his conspirators, and the Indian insurrectionists. The new troops put a wholesome fear into the minds of those disposed to dissent; the new provisions and tidings from the mother country infused new hope into the breasts of the discouraged.

Julia A. Macdonald.

A CRUST OF BREAD.

A Story of Memorial Day.

[Copyright, 1892.]

"SO it is a question of money?" said the young man, with a smile that was not at all insolent, but which was certainly not complimentary to the elderly gentleman who had just finished speaking.

"No, it is not a question of money—money in hand. It is a question of the ability to accumulate money," returned the older man, calmly. "According to your own representations you have reached the age of thirty years—"

"Thirty-two," corrected the other.

"So much the worse. Thirty-two years; without owning so much as a foot of ground, a share of stock, or having any bank account. Now, to my mind the ability to accumulate money is worth more than a big inheritance. Fortunes may tumble down any day; but the man who knows how to pile them up is safe, and so are those who are dependent upon him. For of course no man with any real manliness would want to depend on his wife's father—"

"If it had not seemed to me a sufficient salary I should not have asked you for your salary. I should not have spoken to her had I not felt able to support her in comfort," said the young man, with the first touch of spirit that he had shown throughout the interview. "Of course I do not pretend that I can give her these things," looking around the luxurious apartment as he spoke, "but I believe she would be content to do without them. She would never know want while I lived, and my life would be insured for her benefit in case of my death."

"Oh, Horace?" exclaimed a young woman standing with her slender figure half concealed from view by the heavy folds of the curtains at a window looking out upon the lawn. She turned her face toward him as she spoke, and there were tears in her bright, dark eyes.

"I know she does not care for these things, sir. It is natural that you should. And it is only right that I should satisfy you of my ability to care for her."

"The whole thing is out of the question; wholly out of the question," said the older man with decision. "The very circumstances upon which you seem to rely most: the fact that you have such a salary—an uncommonly good salary for a young man—is most against you."

"I do not understand, Mr. Duncan."

"A man of your age, in the possession of such a salary—for how many years? six years? ought to have laid by a very pretty sum, if he had the right ideas of thrift and economy. Why, man, you could have saved and invested, and saved and invested, and doubled the money twice over in that time, in good, legitimate enterprises, too. And you haven't a dollar, to say nothing of the meanest kind of a home to offer a wife. Well, well, of course I know it's easy enough for a man to run through double that amount in these days, without any criminal waste or extravagance, but it isn't such habits that maintain a wife and family.

"Now, sir, if there is one hobby I have, it is that no man has any business to marry who hasn't a home to give his wife. My wife and I went to housekeeping in our own house on our wedding day. And how do you think I bought it? Out of a beggarly salary of four dollars and a half a week, selling flour and molasses over the counter of the village store. But I date the beginning of all my prosperity to the possession of that little home. Yet you young fellows, who have your thousands a year where we had our hundreds in those days, don't get ahead in the world as we did then."

His daughter's suitor was silent. How could he tell this man, so arrogant in his own success, of the manner in which his earnings had melted away, dollar after dollar; a story that would perhaps provoke the latter's contempt for his weakness?

There was something in the memory of that

little home, belonging to the long ago, and the thought of the wife who had been buried there, that softened the older man, but he still maintained his brisk, every-day air, and when he spoke there was noticeable the veneer of superficial courtesy and even geniality with which modern tyrants disguise an inexorable purpose.

"I presume that both of you young people are mentally writing me down as a stern and implacable monster, but you will see the matter differently in years to come. I believe I can trust to your honor, sir, not to press your suit in the face of my disapproval, nor to bring unhappiness and discord into what has heretofore been a happy home."

Adroitly as Mr. Duncan had framed this appeal, he would have had more respect for the young man if he had met it with at least a show of resistance. There was something almost contemptible to him in the submission with which his words were met. Would his daughter be as docile, as easily controlled? He turned to her with some anxiety.

"Eleanor, come here."

She did not stir from her place by the window, but rested her face on her hands, which were clasped upon the sash, and sobbed aloud. Her father crossed the room and laid his hand caressingly upon her shoulder.

"You will see it differently some day, Eleanor," he repeated. "You know that I oppose you in this only because I care so much for your welfare, my girl. I will thank you not to prolong this distressing scene, sir," as the young man halted in painful indecision. "Eleanor is a sensible, healthy girl. She is not going to die of grief or to break down under this disappointment. Neither shall I forbid you my house, I simply depend upon your honor as a gentleman not to press your suit."

"Jump in, sir. Plenty of room. You're scarcely fit to walk," said James Duncan, stopping his carriage on the way back from the cemetery on Memorial Day to hail a fee-

ble-looking, elderly man lagging behind a party of veterans who traveled on foot.

"I did it once, sir, and I guess I can do it again. This isn't a circumstance to the marches we took then," objected the man, obstinately, although Mr. Duncan had swung open the carriage door, and the line of vehicles was brought to a halt.

"But we picked you up then when you were hurt or maimed. Old age is an uglier foe than the Johnnies—takes surer aim and hits every time—eh? Be good enough to consider this dusty road a battlefield and this rig an ambulance."

This pleasantry delighted the old man, and he climbed into the carriage. Mr. Duncan wore the epaulettes he had won through gallant conduct on the field more than a score of years before, and the old patriotic fire, re-kindled in the breast of every veteran on this day, warmed his heart to every comrade.

"New Yorker?" he asked.

"Bless you, no. I'm from away up in the Granite State."

"One of the rank and file?"

"Yes, sir," replied the old man with dignity. "I don't know but it's getting to be quite an honor to claim a place in the ranks these days, when the country is bristling with military titles. I'm Brown: Private Brown, of the ——th New Hampshire."

"Private Brown of New Hampshire?"

James Duncan's voice had a strange sound. He was bending eagerly forward, searching the aged face with something more than common interest. "How do you come in New York?" he asked harshly.

The old man's eyes were dim, and his senses dulled by long years of hardship and discouragement, but there was an honorable pride in his bearing as he answered the rich man's question.

"We came down soon after the war was over. You see, times were bad, the children growing larger, and the old farm wouldn't support us any longer. We drifted about a little—out to Chicago at first, then to a little town in Indiana, then here. I'm not much

of a business man, I'm afraid, and my health isn't the best. I've never been quite the same man since I came out of Andersonville."

At the mention of this southern prison James Duncan settled back in his seat with a look of something very like triumphant satisfaction.

"I suppose it has been something of a struggle, with your children to take care of—" he began.

"I'm afraid it's been rather the other way—the shoe was on the other foot," returned Private Brown. "In fact, I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for my eldest son, Horace."

Heaven had disappointed James Duncan in denying him the son he had yearned for. As a general rule he did not care to hear the virtues of other men's sons extolled. In this instance he lent the speaker grave attention. Possibly his wide worldly experience had taught him to recognize the law of coincidence, and some instinct may have taught him what was coming.

"My son Horace has stood by us through thick and thin," said Private Brown. "He went to work when he was only a boy. Picked up his education—and he's what I call a fairly well educated man—in night schools and by hard study and reading at home. And all the while he's been like a bond slave to our needs. We've leaned on him right along. I always thought that by and by some affairs of my own would be straightened out, and Horace would have a rest; but it's been a steady drag on him, and I can't see the end yet. Last year there was mother's illness—and we lost her. This year he's keeping his sister Ellen—a bright girl, they say she'll make a name sometime—at the Art League. Next year Harry finishes the high school, and Horace has promised him two years in college. Ellen thinks she'll be able to help a little by that time; but there's no telling, as likely as not it will all come on Horace. Do you know, sir, that now and then you come across people who never have any lives of

their own, who are thwarted at every step? That's the way with my son Horace. I don't believe he expects anything else. He has always given up everything to others."

Mr. Duncan recalled the face of the young man whom he had sent from his door but a week or two before, and the look of meek submission that had so irritated him. Was it the great patience of one who bore many burdens? Then his mind traveled back to other days and distant scenes.

"Perhaps it is in the blood, Private Brown."

There was something so significant in his words and manner that the old veteran looked at him curiously. Then he gave a quick exclamation:

"There! I've missed my car. But if you'll be kind enough to put me down here, sir, I'll catch another one in four minutes. I couldn't think of troubling you to set me down at my own door. It's a long way out."

But the carriage did not stop, nor did it turn in the direction of Private Brown's house.

"I do not know why you have sent for me today, sir," began Horace Brown, a little resentment mingled with his surprise. His host cut him short:

"I have sent for you because I want to present you to another friend of mine, and to tell you both a little story."

"Why, father!" cried the young man, as the feeble old veteran, himself dazed by his strange surroundings, rose at his approach.

"Private Brown of New Hampshire," said Mr. Duncan grimly. "Eleanor, I want you here, please. When a man has a story to tell which reflects great glory and credit upon himself, it is only fitting that his child should hear it."

The lovers stole looks of puzzled inquiry at each other. Was the cool, level-headed man of business taking leave of his senses, that he should commit this eccentric act and conduct himself in this strange fashion? The old man listened with the dull apathy of age.

"It may not seem much of a story," proceeded Mr. Duncan, "and it is about a little crust of bread."

Again the lovers exchanged anxious glances. But as though some woful picture had been called up by his own words, the speaker paced up and down the room in silence. He stopped before his daughter.

"Eleanor, you have heard the story of my army life. You have followed me to the tent and to the battlefield. One experience alone has been kept from you. Of Andersonville and all its horrors I have never spoken before you."

The girl gave a sharp exclamation, the cry of one who stumbles unexpectedly into a charnel house. Into her father's face had come a look she had never seen before. The real man stood before her, bared of all the pomp of circumstance, scanning an eventful past, looking into a dark abyss of memory.

"Yes," he said, "I was one of the poor wretches who went there. I am not going to tell you what I saw or underwent. The story is not fit for your young ears. One incident I wish to relate. You know enough of the history of the time to have some faint knowledge of what that prison life was. Hunger, hunger, hunger! That was the everlasting cry."

The old man who formed one of the trio of listeners was wide awake now, intent, alert, watching his every gesture, assenting to his statements as one who journeys again over a familiar road, recognizing old landmarks.

"Starvation works differently with different men," continued James Duncan. "Of some it made scoundrels; of others, weaklings; of others it made heroes."

He was looking directly at the old man now, and the young people followed his eyes. Unseeing and unconscious, the aged veteran bore their gaze. Out of the darkness of the past a series of blessed memories, like rays of light, illumined his faded eyes, while the wrinkled face beneath the snow-white hair shone like the chastened features of a saint, within its nimbus of glory.

"I was one of the weaklings," said James Duncan. "Whether it was bodily weakness or the cravings of youth, or a want of spiritual stamina it would be profitless to discuss. I took thought of no one beside myself. I held on to every morsel of my own rations. So long as my money held out I bribed the guards for more, and bought from the men. It helped me little. All the while I grew weaker. Day by day my strength failed. A time came when I could scarcely crawl, but lay like a dog in the sun, waiting to die. My stomach turned against the raw meal of our rations. I was perishing, like any number of other poor fellows, for want of proper food. I remember wishing that it was all over, and making a feeble effort to crawl towards the dead line, in the hope that a shot from the guard would put an end to my misery. A man pulled me back. He dragged me to the shade of a tree and brought me water from a pool the boys had scooped with their hands. Then he took from his pocket a crust of bread—home-made bread, dried up and dirty. He handled it as a miser might his gold. I had no money left. My blankets had been bartered away long before. I was nothing but a poor, miserable, penniless wretch, clothed in rags, but I felt that I would barter my soul to get possession of that crust. I looked at him. He was older than I; a living skeleton, with a skin like parchment, and death—death by starvation—in his face. But I begged it from him. He gave it to me, and I ate it, to the last crumb."

In the hour of his humiliation, Eleanor Duncan came to her father, and wept softly on his shoulder.

"That crust of bread saved my life. Three days later I was exchanged.

"Now, friends," concluded James Duncan in a voice more like his own, "I need scarcely tell you that I am not a man of sentiment. But I have a strong grip on a purpose, if once it takes possession of me. Lying in that sweltering swamp, gnawing that dried piece of bread—the sweetest morsel I ever tasted—I promised myself that if I lived to

get away I would share my last cent with the man who had given me his last crust. But I never saw him again, and I never succeeded in discovering his whereabouts until today. The Lord knows I had slender clues to go on: only his name—unfortunately a common one, the state in which he enlisted, and the fact that he was a private. Private Brown of New Hampshire, I've been hunting for you for twenty-five years."

After the lapse of a quarter of a century the two men joined hands and gazed at each other with eyes that were not ashamed of the moisture gathered in them.

"It wasn't much," said old Private Brown. "I had the rest of the loaf. I'd been saving that crust for days, for some poor fellow like you."

"No, it wasn't much, but it meant a good deal to me. Do you know how hard I've tried to find you?—confound your name! I've had the war records searched. I've put detectives on your track. I've even had personals in the daily papers. And when Fate tried to help me by marrying your son to my daughter, I turned the lady with the distaff out of doors. Never mind," he said, lowering his voice, "she's found her way in again, and her web will be perfect yet."

For across the room Eleanor was folded in the arms of Private Brown's son, who was boldly kissing away her tears.

Flora Haines Loughead.

REFLECTIONS ON LIFE.

HOW fit a type of human life below,
The seasons are that swiftly come and go
How well are pictured on their changing page
The varied scenes we pass from youth to age!

Youth is our springtime, in its verdant bowers
We gather pleasure 'mong the buds and flowers;
Our hearts are free from sorrow, sin and care,
Hope weaves sweet chaplets for the brow to wear,
But sin steals in to dim our hope and love
And riper years our dreams of joy reprove;
We reach, alas, too soon the shades of woe
And tread the paths where thorns and thistles grow.

Manhood, our summer, comes, spring's charms have fled,
 The fruit now clusters where the blossoms spread;
 The tender twigs of youth, however bent
 Into our being now their shoots have sent;
 Now is the time to watch and weed the crop
 On which depends the harvest of our hope;
 Now is the season, 'neath the scorching sun
 When weeding in the garden must be done;
 Now is the time the sap and strength must flow
 To ev'ry plant that decks the garden row,
 That each may grow and prosper in its place
 Fed from the fount of heavenly truth and grace.

Age is our autumn, when the pensive mind
 Looks back across the tracks it left behind;
 With pleasure or remorse we now survey
 The good or bad accepted on our way.
 Our sins as spectres from the distant past
 Loom up and o'er our peace a gloom hath cast.
 We fondly wish the loss we could restore
 But sorrow marks the spot forevermore;
 The season now is late, the leaf grows sere
 The fruit drops mellow with the waning year.

Death is our winter, now we pass away;
 Like scattered autumn leaves forgotten lay
 To sleep in silence in some lone retreat,
 The earth our bed, the snow our winding sheet,
 To wait the resurrection trumpet's sound,
 When great and small shall leave their narrow mound
 And rise renewed, with joyous birds to sing
 Midst flowers supernal in immortal spring,
 Recounting o'er with those we learned to love,
 Probation's wondrous plan, conceived above
 Which leads us back to God, redeemed and blest,
 And fills the purpose of His grand behest.

J. C.

DID JACOB LIE ?

A GOOD story is told of a shipowner of Liverpool, a Quaker named Jacob, who prided himself on his honesty. He would not have told a downright falsehood to save the value of his best craft. Jacob suffered one of his best ships to set sail from Calcutta for home without any insurance upon either vessel or cargo. At length he became uneasy. He was confident his ship had encountered bad weather, and he feared for her safety. In this strait he went to his friend Isaac. He called him "friend" though Isaac was one of the children of Israel. "Friend Isaac," he said, "I would like for thee to insure my ship, which is at sea. I should have done it before, but have carelessly neglected it. If thee canst

have the policy signed all ready for delivery at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of to-morrow, I will send and get it, and send thee the money in full." Isaac did not seem to be anxious to insure the ship; but, being told that no unfavorable intelligence had been heard from her, he said he would have the policy made out to take effect on and after 3 o'clock of the following day, but to cover the ship and cargo from leaving India. Early on the following morning Jacob received a message by the hand of a captain just arrived, to the effect that his ship was stranded and her cargo lost. This was very unfortunate. Should friend Isaac happen to hear the news before the policy was made out, he would not make it out at all; or, if it was made out and not signed, he would not sign it. What was to be done? Jacob wanted to act honestly. It would not be right to let Isaac go on and make out the policy in such circumstances.

Finally he hit upon a plan. He summoned his confidential clerk and said: "Tell friend Isaac that I have heard from my ship, and if the policy is not signed he need not sign it." The clock was close upon the hour of 3 when the clerk arrived at Isaac's office. Friend Jacob's message was delivered; the ship had been heard from, and if the policy was not signed he need not sign it. "I think I am in season to save it," the clerk said. "No, sir," answered Isaac promptly and emphatically. In truth the policy of insurance had not been signed, for the insurer had been in doubt. When Isaac heard the message he judged at once that the ship was safe, and that Jacob sought to save the heavy item of premium he had agreed to pay. "No, sir," he said, "you are not in time. It is past 3 o'clock, the policy is signed; I will go and get it." He slipped out and hastily finished and signed the policy, and, having dried the ink, he brought the document to the clerk, demanding in return the sum which had been agreed upon. The money was paid and the policy was taken home to friend Jacob, who received it very gladly. The end can be readily imagined.—*Ex.*

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, MAY 15, 1892.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

A Defect in Educational Methods.



ONE of the objections to the higher education given in the free public schools has been that it unfits young men for manual labor. It is a cause of complaint throughout the land that there is not that disposition on the part of boys and young men thus educated to engage in mechanical pursuits. They are seeking for clerkships, or employment in positions where they can keep their clothes and their persons free from marks of toil. Fears have been indulged in that evil results would follow such methods of education, and that the nation would suffer in consequence.

No community or nation can prosper where hard labor is looked upon as degrading, or where the laborer is held to be an inferior person. Thinking men have endeavored to devise some plan to correct this evil, which is of so threatening a character, and trade schools have been established, where young men could learn, under proper tuition, skilled labor in various branches. It was not a pleasant thought that a system of education carried on at public expense should be the means of swelling the ranks of the non-producers of the country and rendering young men unfit to earn a living by the labor of their hands. No system of education of this character could be expected to permanently stand. Yet the best remedy for this condition was somewhat difficult to find. The public school system could not very well be changed, and the effort has been to maintain that and at the same time furnish opportunities by which young men thus educated could, if they wished, acquire a knowledge of mechanical labor.

Under the old system that has prevailed, it has been necessary for those who desired to learn a trade to quit school when they were fourteen or fifteen years of age, as an apprenticeship of at least five or six years has been required for them to learn any skilled branch of industry. The first two years of apprenticeship have generally been consumed by the boys running errands and doing such jobs as might be required of them by their employers or others.

There is no reason why a boy should not continue at school till he is eighteen years of age, and then in the remaining three years of his minority learn a trade. But the rules that have been established by trades unions would prevent this. These unions say that an apprenticeship must be at least four years long. Their policy has not been so much to make good workmen as to keep young men from learning, and to confine the number of skilled workmen to as few as possible.

In this territory the effect of this narrow policy has been felt. It has been a most difficult thing for a father to find an opportunity for his sons to learn mechanical labor, and it threatens to become a somewhat serious evil if a change is not made.

The effort which has been made to introduce a new system of trade instruction in the schools in the east has met the opposition of the trades unions. These unions are frequently controlled by men who have come from Europe, and who have brought with them all the narrow prejudices and hatreds that have been fostered in those countries for generations. Their influence is injurious, not only to the public, but to the workmen themselves, who are compelled to join them.

But many master mechanics have given trade schools their support. In New York, schools of this character have been established and young men have the opportunity to learn certain trades, and young men already in these trades have the opportunity to improve themselves. These schools were started about eleven years ago, and they have received much encouragement through the results of

technical education in schools in Europe. The attendance at these schools in New York has steadily increased. For the accommodation of those who could not attend in the daytime, evening instruction has been given. Many young men who were too old for a long apprenticeship, saw if they could obtain skill they could earn higher pay than could be had in other callings, have taken advantage of the opportunity furnished by the trade schools and attended them.

The results of these attempts to give technical education have been most gratifying to the promoters of the schools. Many well educated young men avail themselves of the opportunities which these schools furnish, and we are informed that each year young men go to these schools from all parts of the Union and from Canada. From Maine and California, from Nova Scotia and Florida, young men meet in the trade school workshops.

It is expected that the results of these efforts to give instruction in this direction will make American mechanics the best in the world. Young men of good education, who are denied the opportunity of becoming skilled workmen in many of the trades by the unions, will receive the benefit of the thoroughness of the trade school instruction, and their previous education will be of benefit to them. It will have the effect, too, to elevate labor, because better educated men will become mechanics, as there will not be so many years consumed and wasted in learning the trades—time which might be spent to great profit in school. There is no good reason why a well-educated mechanic should not be admitted into the best of society, or why a man who works with his hands at coarse toil, if he be intelligent and skillful, is not the equal, in every respect, of the lawyer, the dentist, or the doctor, who perhaps has spent no more time in learning his profession than the mechanic has in learning his trade.

We notice a disposition among many young men in this country, to adopt some one of the professions as a means of making a living.

We are likely to be overstocked with lawyers, doctors, dentists, etc. But it is not probable, in a growing country like ours, that we can have too many skilled workmen in the various mechanical branches. And the better their school education, the better mechanics they are likely to be. There is no community in the world who ought to place a higher value upon manual labor than the Latter-day Saints. Our God whom we worship is a Creator. He made the world; and everything connected with our religion, if properly understood, ought to teach us the value of labor, and inspire us with a reverence for all those who labor.

QUESTIONS are asked concerning the administering of the sacrament in the Sunday Schools, as to when those who bless the bread and those who distribute it to the people should partake of it—whether before serving anyone else or after they have served all.

There is no general rule concerning the manner in which these brethren shall partake of the bread and the contents of the cup. We should avoid being technical and stiff on these points. Those who bless and those who administer can partake at any time while the ordinance is being administered; though we understand that a rule has been established in at least one of the Stakes, to the effect that none of those who bless and administer the sacrament shall partake of it until after it has been passed around the congregation, and then one of their number shall serve it to them. The important thing, however, is that when they do partake of it, whether first or last, they shall partake of it in the spirit which the Lord requires.

CAREFUL observation and comparisons made by scientific Americans prove that the hottest region on earth is the southwestern coast of Persia, where that country borders the gulf of the same name. The thermometer never falls below 100° at night, and frequently runs up to 128° in the afternoon.

III.—THE JAREDITES.

The Rulers of the Jaredites—Orihah—Kib—
Shule—Cohor—Nimrod.

IN the course of time Jared and his brother grew old, and perceiving that their mortal lives were nearly finished, the latter proposed that they gather the people, number them, give them necessary teachings, and learn their wishes. This was done; but to the grief of the brother of Jared, the people desired that a king be anointed to rule over them. He saw, by the spirit of prophecy, that this action would lead to many evils, and he was inclined to refuse their request, but Jared pled that the wishes of the people be granted, and his brother finally consented. It was the first step in the wrong direction, and led to much sin, misery, contention and captivity. The people having the privilege granted them, chose Pagag,* the eldest son of their prophet. But he resolutely refused the honor, sensing, perhaps, the evils which would follow the adoption of this form of government. The people desired that his father should compel him, but he would not do so, and commanded that they should constrain no man to be their king. The result was that all of Pagag's brothers and three of the four sons of Jared followed his example, and when chosen refused to accept the proffered dignity; at last, Orihah, the fourth son of Jared, accepted.

Soon after this assembling of the people the brother of Jared died, full of years and honor. Like Enoch, he had been privileged to enter the presence of the Lord, and to have revealed to him the history of the world in all its generations. He was also a seer, having received the priceless gift of a Urim and Thummim. His faith was never exceeded by the sons of men; he laid hold of the promises of the Almighty with unshaken confidence. By that faith he performed miracles;

* Nothing more is said of Pagag in the Book of Mormon, but from his action in this matter we judge him to have been a wise and God-fearing man. (Ether, 6: 25.)

Moroni tells us that by its power he "said unto the mountain Zerin,* remove, and it was removed," (Ether, 12: 30;) but of the circumstances that attended this manifestation of divine power, we have not the slightest details. The brother of Jared is also said to have been "mighty in writing:" the uncorrupted language which he used being unquestionably most favorable for expressing niceties of thought in written characters. He was a "large and mighty man" in personal appearance, and undoubtedly as strong in his integrity to God, and in his moral courage, as he was in physical characteristics. Altogether, we deem him one of the greatest prophets and leaders of God's people that ever graced this earth. He left behind him twenty-two sons and daughters.

About this time Jared died also, and was buried in the land Moron. Of Jared's private character we are told but little, but he appears to have been more conservative, more pliable and less energetic than his brother. The race was named after him, we presume, because one of his sons became its first king, and Jared's thus became the royal family. Jared had four sons and eight daughters: the names of his sons were Jacom, Gilgah, Mahah and Orihah. The names of his daughters are not given.

Orihah,† the first king of the Jaredites, reigned in righteousness, executing judgment in justice, walking humbly before heaven and instructing his subjects in the ways of the Lord. He lived to a very great age, was the father of thirty-one children, twenty-three of whom were sons, and when he died he was succeeded on the throne by his son Kib. The

* No information is given in the sacred record of the locality or country in which Mount Zerin was situated.

† The fact that Orihah was the youngest son of his father appears to have been taken as a precedent, for among the Jaredites there seems to have prevailed a custom entirely opposite to that of most other nations—that of having one of the younger, generally the very youngest son instead of the eldest, succeed his father on the throne. We do not read of any queens reigning over this race.

Jaredites prospered and multiplied greatly under his wise and beneficent reign.

Kib was born in his father's old age, and therefore would, in all probability, be quite young when he became king. The early years of his reign appear to have been peaceful and prosperous. But he had an ambitious son, named Corihor, who became the first to fulfill the gloomy forebodings of the brother of Jared that the establishment of a monarchy would lead to trouble, bloodshed and captivity. When Corihor was thirty-two years old he rebelled against his father, and went from Moron and established himself in the land of Nehor. There he drew many to him; when strong enough he invaded the land of Moron, took the king, his father, captive and reigned in his stead. Kib remained in captivity many years, but during that time he had born to him a son, whom he named Shule. When Shule grew to manhood he became mighty in judgment and bodily strength, and being angry with his brother, Corihor, for rebelling against their father, he raised an army, armed them with swords made by himself, gave battle to his brother at a city named Nehor, defeated the latter's forces and restored their father to the throne. Kib, being very aged, placed the sovereign power in the hands of Shule who reigned in righteousness and extended the borders of his growing people in all directions. Corihor, repentant of his former treason, received many favors from Shule and was placed in high power in the nation, the trusts whereof he faithfully performed. But as he had rebelled against his father in his early days, so in like manner one of his sons, named Noah, rebelled against him and against the king, and in this rebellion drew away all his brothers. At first, Noah was successful. He obtained possession of the land of Moron, and reigned king in that region of Central America. Again he attacked Shule, and this time took him prisoner, carrying him captive to Moron, with the intention of putting him to death. But before he had carried out his bloodthirsty design, his cousins, the sons of

Shule, broke into his house and killed the usurper. They then went to the prison, where their father was held, released him from his confinement and replaced him on the throne of that part of the country now retained by Cohor, the son of Noah.

There were now two kingdoms, both of which were growing, while that one under the government of Shule "did prosper exceedingly and waxed great." After a time Cohor commenced war with Shule, in which he was deservedly unsuccessful, and in the conflict which ensued, he was slain. Cohor was succeeded by his son Nimrod, who, apparently deeming Shule the rightful monarch of the whole country, gave up his kingdom to him; thus once again uniting the entire Jaredite people in one nation, under one king. For this act and for his faithful allegiance, Nimrod found favor in the eyes of Shule, and he had authority given him to do "according to his desires" in the latter's kingdom.

Though the Jaredites were highly prospered at this time, they gave way to idolatry and grew hard in their hearts. This condition was no doubt intensified by the bad example of the reigning family and the miseries and cruelties of the wars which their quarrels brought about. During Shule's days the Lord sent many prophets to this people, who warned them of His impending judgments. For a time these prophets were rejected and reviled. But the king made a law that the prophets should have free access wherever they wished to go, and further decreed a punishment for all those who persecuted and reviled them. The preaching of these holy men eventually brought the Jaredites to repentance, and because of their penitence the Lord spared them and turned away His judgments, and the people prospered again. In his old age Shule begat Omer, who succeeded him on the throne. Shule's days were full of trouble and sorrow, but he reigned in righteousness, was faithful to the Lord, and executed judgment in justice towards his subjects.

George Reynolds.

STEP BY STEP.

NO matter whether the steps be "one hundred and eighty," or less, or more, the safe rule for a boy to attain eminence in the world is always the same. Said a father to his young son, who was complaining that he had nothing to begin with, and shrinking from the "low" position of errand-boy in a store,—

"Were you with me last summer, when we visited Baltimore and went up to the top of Washington's monument?"

"Yes, father; you recollect we all went up, and little Fred was so tired he could hardly gain the top."

"Do you recollect how we ascended? Were we lifted up from the street by an elevator?"

"No, father. Don't you remember that a man let us in by the door, and we went up by the winding steps? We had no light only that of a smoky lantern, and it was a long time before we reached the top."

"And we got up at last," said his father, "after patiently stepping one hundred and eighty times, one after the other; and were we not repaid at the top with the magnificent view which we enjoyed?"

"It was perfectly grand!" said Thomas.

"Now, Thomas, as you ascended that monument, so you must rise in business. You are now standing on the lower steps,—you are on the steps,—and there is nothing to hinder you, if your health is good, from standing on the top."

ROUGH.

STEPHEN GIRARD, the rich merchant of Philadelphia, who founded Girard College, began life as a common sailor. Notwithstanding his ability in money-making, he was so illiterate as to be scarcely able to write his own name. Even when his success had ranked him as one of the richest merchants in the country, his manners savored more of the fore-castle than of the counting-room.

On one occasion, Mr. Francis Baring, a partner in the great London house of the Barings, being on a visit to this country, called at Mr. Girard's counting-room. He was told that he must seek the merchant at his farm, near the city.

Thither Mr. Baring drove, and found a small low-set man, coatless, vestless, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up, loading hay on a wagon.

"Have I the pleasure of speaking to Mr. Girard?" said the visitor. "I am Mr. Francis Baring."

"So, so! Then you are the son of the man that got married here?" remarked Girard, referring to the fact that the elder Baring had married a Philadelphia lady.

"Well, I am glad to see you, but I've no time to talk with you. It's harvest-time, and I am very busy. Won't you walk around and look at my cows? Get some of my folks to give you a glass of milk, for you can't get such milk in Philadelphia."

Mr. Baring complied with the blunt invitation. He was amused rather than offended, at the eccentric reception extended by the richest merchant in Philadelphia to one of the heads of the largest banking houses of London.

BURNS' SENSIBILITY.

AN anecdote of the poet who made Scotland famous in song suggests how largely the poetic temperament is made up of imagination and sensibility. Robert Burns, being on a visit to Edinburgh, was invited to the house of Dr. Ferguson, where he met the most brilliant literary society of the city. At first, Burns seemed little inclined to mingle with the other guests. He walked about the room, looking at the pictures on the walls. Suddenly, his attention was arrested by a print, representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side—on the other his mourning widow with a child in her arms. Underneath were these lines:

"Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent wept her soldier slain,—
Bent o'er her babe, her eyes dissolved in dew
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew;
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery baptized in tears."

The poet began reading aloud the lines, but, before getting to the end, his voice faltered, and his big black eyes filled with tears. His imagination made the scene so real to him that his quick sympathy was excited. Turning to the company, and pointing to the picture, he asked,—

"Can any one tell me who wrote those lines?"

For a minute or two no one answered; then a pale, lame boy, the friend of the son of the host, said, in a negligent manner, "They'er written by one Langhornd."

To another question, the boy replied that they would be found in a poem entitled "The Country Justice." "Thank you," said Burns, looking at the boy earnestly. "You'll be a man yet, sir."

The boy was young Walter Scott, then unknown to fame.

A MOTHER AND HER BOY.

THE mother and boy were waiting for the train in the Albany station, when the dullness was broken by a funny figure of an old woman, in rusty gown, a catskin muff and tippet, and a black bonnet made of as many odds and ends as a magpie's nest and her false front askew. She kept chewing on nothing, working her umbrella, and opening and shutting the other hand in its black glove in the aimless way of old people.

The high-school girls began to titter and make jokes to each other, watching the old lady far too openly for good manners, or any manners at all.

The young lady in the smart tailor suit who gives readings at Sunday school concerts smiled back at them and studied the old creature with a satiric eye.

The boy began to laugh quietly with the

rest. "Do look, mother. Isn't she funny? Did you ever see such a sight?"

The mother glanced delicately and turned her eyes. "Poor lady," she said.

He was silent, considering.

"If I hadn't you," she went on, "and had lost all my money, and grieved over all I had lost, in money and friends, till my mind was touched, and I lived alone among queer people, I might look just like that woman. She must have been very good looking when she was young."

The boy's mouth twitched, as he turned his gaze from the poverty piece, as some of the girls called her, to his pleasant mother, and, as the old lady went prowling about, looking for something, a light step was at her side, a cap raised, and a kindly, boyish voice asked: "Can I do anything for you, madam?"

"I was looking for some place to buy some checkermints," said the old soul, nodding carelessly and blinking with weak eyes. "I like checkermints if they're Boston bought, but I don't seem to see any, and there used to be a boy with a basket come round in the Fitchburg depot, and I thought maybe I could find him here."

"Shall I get you some at the fruit stall?" said the boy, politely, to her, but with flashing glance at the giggling girls, which somehow did not make them feel proud of themselves.

Then the mother watched her boy lead the old woman to the candy stall and stand by her courteously, pointing out this and suggesting the other, till she made her fumbling purchases, and escort her across the hurrying passage to her seat in the train, out of his own compassionate young heart.

"My dear boy!" was all she said as he came back to her, but it was breathed in a voice of music, and she looked most happy.

The boy stood close to his mother, thoughtfully, one hand just striving to caress her. Their train called, he picked up her parcels and marched protectingly by her.

"You have a boy, mother, who will take care of you," he said, lifting his eyes to hers at the gate.

ALL IS WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

WHERE the North Sea dashes its foaming billows against the coast of Jydland, lies, not far inland, a small town called Borbjerg, and on its northern outskirts stood some twenty years ago a low straw thatched cottage belonging to Elsie Risdal, an elderly woman, a widow with an only child, a son. She had all her life lived at Borbjerg, and had never been many miles beyond it, had, as she herself said, never been farther from home than that she could always see the smoke of her own chimney. And as her sphere was narrow, so were her views and ideas generally. There was but one instance in which they were broad, almost unlimited, in her faith in the goodness and superior qualities of her son Tristan. "Tristan's way up above the common run of boys," she would say to her cronies, the old village women, who were generally treated to a statement of Tristan's perfections when they came for a chat and to sift the latest news, which were generally pretty stale when they reached their village.

On one particular day many years ago, Mother Elsie, as she was called, sat treading her wheel at great speed, off and on viewing with much satisfaction the accumulating balls of yarn in the basket at her side. Mother Elsie was upwards of sixty years, with a face in which one could trace remains of former comeliness in spite of the seams and scars time and trouble had left.

The general aspect of the room in which she sat, which served as parlor, eating room and bed room, was cleanliness, although it might not have bore a very thorough inspection. The furniture was clumsy and old, but not without a certain picturesqueness about it; the long, bare table in front of the two windows, as well as the heavy bench that ran nearly the length of the wall under the windows, were as white as sand and straw could make them. On the worm-eaten dresser stood the cups and saucers arranged in straight rows. In the corner between the window and dresser stood the large "grandfather's clock"

reaching from ceiling to floor, with its immense pendulum, ticking away the time loudly. But the main feature of the room was the bed, which filled almost half of the room. It was a huge, clumsy affair, around which some striped, heavy gingham curtains of a dark hue were drawn, only displaying its mountain of feather beds when Mother Elsie proudly parted the curtains and fondly stroked the fat pillows or tugged at the linen that you might see the big, bold initials, one on each side of the center seam.

On the brick floor, strewn with clean sand, sat the cat, near its mistress, purring contentedly, while a big, fat hen stalked about, closely inspecting and picking at everything within its reach. Mother Elsie's wheel kept running and the clock kept ticking and the old lady began to cast distrustful glances in the direction of the hearth, wondering if the coffee pot would get to a boil with that fire, when there was a tug at the lower half of the door and several successive sniffs and sundry impatient grunts, which made her rise and go to the door.

"It's you, is it, old grunter?" she said kindly as she opened the door and let in a tolerably good-sized pig, which immediately took possession of the floor to the exclusion of the hen and the cat, who both betook themselves to the long bench, while the pig, after having sniffed at everything near the floor, at last rolled itself contentedly in a heap before the fire.

Then there was another knock at the door, and in came an old lady dressed like Mother Elsie, in homespun dress that reached to the ankles, a shawl tied three corner ways over her shoulders and another tied tightly around her head, almost entirely hiding her gray hair.

"Good afternoon, Elsie," said the guest as she shook off her clogs on the door mat and came to the fire.

"Good afternoon," said Mother Elsie, without looking up.

"How goes it?" began the stranger again.

"How goes it!" repeated Mother Elsie

testily. "How has it always gone, Birgithe Niel? With work and worry from morning till night, scant food and little sleep; such has been my lot always. You can throw in a twig or two," as the other tried to rake together the embers on the hearth.

"You are put out, Elsie; what's gone wrong? Anything in the way with Tristan?"

"With Tristan? No. What should be wrong with him?"

"I didn't know. I thought may be—may be—you have let this go down too low, Elsie—I can't make—anything—there!" She got up from her kneeling position, where she had been trying to blow the dying embers into flame without succeeding, and reached for a match.

"If you can't make that coffee pot boil without wastin' o' matches, you needn't do anything with it."

At the mention of coffee and seeing a possibility of getting a drop herself, the old lady renewed her energy and blew from the full force of her lungs again and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the dry twigs take fire.

"What was it you was trying to insinervate, Birgithe, about Tristan?"

"Oh, nothing partickler. I 'spose you know Tristan went to holy meetin' (a sort of scornful appellation among the peasants in Denmark for all religious gatherings except those in strict accordance with state church doctrines) last night?"

"No, I didn't know that. What sort o' meetin' was that?"

"You better ask Tristan; he knows more 'bout it than I; but I guess he'll keep pretty tight 'bout that, and I guess he better; there ain't much good in it, I've hearn."

"It ain't very bad I'll be bound, or Tristan wouldn't a been there," said Mother Elsie with a decisive pull at her yarn.

"Well, Master Jonas (the village school master) says it's the devil's own children, and I guess he knows."

Now, the poor peasants generally stood in no little awe of the school master, he was in

greatness and learning next to the pastor himself, and the pastor was a very great man in those parts. Mother Elsie therefore said nothing, but was nearly boiling over with rage at the talkative Birgithe, who at other times was her bosom friend.

And Birgithe perceiving her conquest, continued:

"It's a brand new sect, with apostles and disciples and prophets. Johan Swergel, the cobbler, is one o' the apostles, and I shouldn't wonder if Tristan would be chosen prophet one o' these days."

"Now, look ye here, Birgithe," interrupted Mother Elsie, who couldn't sit quietly by and have her Tristan ridiculed in this manner; "you've always had plenty o' gab and you can't say but I've humored you in listenin' all my life, but when it comes to makin' sport o' my own chile, I shan't sit by and shut my mouth. Now, you can't take yourself away none too quick to suit me!"

"Now, now, Elsie Risdal, a good word again, a good word again. I didn't mean anything out the way!" hastily exclaimed Birgithe with a frightened look in the direction of the coffee pot, which was now boiling lustily. "You know I think almost as much o' Tristan as you do, an' I reckon I've proven that. Yes, I reckon when he lay low with the fever an' ague—"

"So you have, so you have: I'll ne'er forget you that, Birgithe," and Mother Elsie, her anger greatly mollified at the recollection of Birgithe's kindness during her son's illness got up from her work and handed down two cups, a pitcher of thin cream and a dish with rock candy, which she placed at one end of the long table, where the coffee pot also made its appearance very soon; and Birgithe was invited to come and partake of this their nectar.

And while the two cronies, once more on the best of terms, sat sipping their weak coffee, indulging only in monosyllables about the extra goodness of the beverage and the outlook of the weather, the object of their

little spat made his appearance quite unexpectedly and stood looking at the two from the door.

Sophy Valentine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION
LEAFLETS.

Lesson XXVII.—Christ Before Pilate.

PLACE—Jerusalem. AGE OF CHRIST—33 years.

TEXT—Matthew 27: 1-26.

1. When the morning was come, all the chief priests and elders of the people took counsel against Jesus to put him to death :

2 And when they had bound him, they led him away and delivered him to Pontius Pilate the governor.¹

* * * * *

11. And Jesus stood before the governor: and the governor asked him, saying, Art thou the King of the Jews? And Jesus said unto him, Thou sayest.

12. And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing.²

13. Then said Pilate unto him, Hearest thou not how many things they witness against thee?

14. And he answered him to never a word; insomuch that the governor marveled greatly.

15. Now at that feast the governor was wont to release unto the people a prisoner, whom they would.³

16. And they had then a notable prisoner, called Barabbas.

17. Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye that I release unto you? Barabbas or Jesus which is called Christ?

18. For he knew that for envy they had delivered him.⁴

19. When he was set down on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying, Have thou nothing to do with that just man:⁵ for I have suffered many things this day in a dream because of him.

20. But the chief priests and elders persuaded the multitude that they should ask Barabbas, and destroy Jesus.⁶

21. The governor answered and said unto them, Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you? They said, Barabbas.

22. Pilate saith unto them, What shall I do then with Jesus which is called Christ? They all say unto him, Let him be crucified.

23. And the governor said, Why, what evil hath he done? But they cried out the more, saying, Let him be crucified.⁷

24. When Pilate saw that he could prevail nothing, but that rather a tumult was made, he took water, and

washed his hands⁸ before the multitude, saying, I am innocent of the blood of this just person: see ye to it.

25. Then answered all the people, and said, his blood be on us, and on our children.⁹

26. Then released he Barabbas unto them: and when he had scourged Jesus,¹⁰ he delivered him to be crucified.

¹Matt. 20: 19. ¹Nephi 11: 32. ²Matt. 26: 63.
³Mark 15: 6. Luke 23: 17. John 18: 39. ⁴Prov. 27:
4. Eccles. 4: 4. ⁵Isaiah 53: 11. ¹Peter 2: 22:
1. John 2: 1. ⁶Acts 3: 14. ⁷11. Nephi 10: 3, 4.
Matt. 21: 38. ⁸Deut. 21: 6. ⁹Matt. 21: 44. Deut.
19: 10. Acts 5: 28. ¹Nephi 19: 13. ¹¹Nephi 10.
6, 7. ¹⁰Isaiah 53: 5. Luke 18: 33. Mosiah 3: 9.
¹Nephi 19: 9.

LESSON STATEMENT.

On the morning following the trial of Christ before the high priest and the council, He was bound and taken before Pontius Pilate, the Roman governor. Pilate questioned Christ, and found nothing to justify the actions of the people against Him; and he knew that the people had brought Jesus to him through envy. When the governor had taken his place on the judgment seat, his wife sent unto him, saying that she had had a dream about Jesus, and knew He was a just man, and warning Pilate against treating Him in a harsh manner. Luke tells us (*Luke 23: 7.*) that Pilate, learning that Jesus came from Galilee, sent Him to Herod, the chief officer of that province, who was at that time in Jerusalem; but Herod and his officers, after ridiculing and insulting Jesus, sent Him again to Pilate. But even now Pilate was unwilling to grant the impious wishes of the people, so he reminded them that it was then about the time of the feast of the Passover, and it was the custom to release unto them a prisoner on such occasions. There was at that time a noted prisoner in custody, one Barabbas, charged with robbery, sedition, and murder; and in their wicked rage, the people clamored that Barabbas should be released unto them and Jesus be crucified. Pilate asked them what Jesus had done that He should be killed, but the people only cried the louder, "Crucify Him!" Then the governor took a vessel of water and washed his hands before them all, as a sign that he would not be re-

sponsible for Christ's death; but the multitude shouted, "His blood be upon us and on our children." Pilate then yielded to their sinful demands, and after scourging Jesus, delivered Him up to be crucified.

NOTES.

GOVERNOR.—The title given to the chief officer of the Roman government resident in the provinces of the Jews; sometimes officially known as the Procurator. Pontius Pilate was the holder of this office during the time of Christ's ministry.

SCOURGING.—A mode of punishment common in ancient times. It consisted in the infliction of blows with a stick, a cord, or a whip. Persons condemned to death were often severely scourged before the execution of the fatal sentence.

WASHING OF HANDS.—When done formally in public capacity, was a sign of refusal to assume any responsibility in the proceedings then present. (See *Deut. 21: 6*); the elders of the cities in the early times were to wash their hands when a murder had been committed, providing they had no knowledge as to the perpetrators.

WHAT WE MAY LEARN FROM THIS LESSON.

1. That Christ's own people, the Jews, were eager for His death. 2. That Pilate, the Roman governor, was unwilling to grant their wicked demands. 3. That Pilate endeavored to dissuade the people from demanding the death of Christ. 4. That the chief priests and elders, who should have been righteous teachers unto the people, used their influence to cause the multitude to demand that Jesus be put to death. 5. That Pilate formally declared Christ to be innocent of the crime charged against Him. 6. That the governor refused to be responsible for the terrible deed of killing Christ. 7. That he ordered Jesus to be crucified in opposition to his better judgment, to prevent a tumult among the people and to preserve his popularity and position; thus showing the weakness of his character in condemning the innocent for personal gain.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON.

1. After Christ had been tried by the Jewish council, before whom was He taken? 2. Why did the chief priests and elderstake Him to Pilate when they had already declared

Him worthy of death? 3. What office did Pilate hold? 4. What did he say to Jesus? 5. What did Jesus answer? 6. To whom did Pilate send Jesus? 7. What did Herod do concerning Him? 8. What message was brought while Pilate sat on the judgment seat? 9. What did he say to the multitude about releasing a prisoner unto them? 10. Whom did they ask to have released? 11. What do you know about this Barabbas? 12. When Pilate asked the people what they would have him do with Jesus, what did they answer him? 13. What did Pilate then do before them? 14. What did he mean by washing his hands? 15. What did the people cry out about the blood of Christ? 16. What then did Pilate do?

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES.

CHRIST A JUST MAN.—For even hereunto were ye called: because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps:

Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth: Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not; but committed himself to him who judgeth righteously.—*1. Peter 2: 21-23.*

My littles children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.—*1. John 2: 1.*

But ye denied the Holy One and the Just, and desired a murderer be granted unto you.—*Acts 3: 14.*

And he said, The God of our fathers hath chosen thee, that thou shouldest know his will, and see that Just One, and shouldest hear the voice of his mouth.—*Acts 22: 14.*

LIFE.

LIFE is a folded flower, and what it holds
We know not, till unwinding leaf by leaf,
It shows God's secrets hidden in it folds,
And bares its fragrant heart to vision brief—
For when its beauty and significance
Upon our earth-dulled senses break at last,
Back to its dust the flower turns; perchance
Ere we have learned its meaning, life is past.

A WHALE which was captured in the Artic Ocean recently was found to have a harpoon in his body which belonged to a whaling vessel which had been out of service for more than fifty years.

For Our Little Folks.

THE WISE BEAVER.

You have often heard of the wonderful way in which beavers in America construct their habitations and dams. They seem, however, in these operations, to be influenced by instinct rather than reason. I will tell you of a beaver which lived in captivity in France.

To supply him with nourishment, all sorts of things—fruits, vegetables, and small branches of trees—were thrown to him. His keepers, knowing that he came from a cold climate, bestowed little care, however, in keeping him warm. Winter coming on, one night large flakes of snow were driven by the wind into a corner of his cage. The poor beaver, who, in his own country, forms a remarkably warm house for himself, almost perished with cold. If man would not help him, he must try and help himself to build a cell which would shelter him from the icy blast. The materials at his disposal were the branches of trees given him to gnaw. These he interwove between the bars of his cage, filling up the interstices with

the carrots and apples which had been thrown in for his food. Besides this, he plastered the whole with snow, which froze during the night; and next morning it was found that he had built a wall of considerable height, which perfectly answered his purpose.

Make the best of the means at your disposal, as well as of your talents.



BEAVERS AT WORK.

YOUNG men talk of trusting to the spur of the occasion. That trust is vain. Occasions cannot make spurs. If you expect to make spurs you must win them. If you wish to use them you must buckle them to your own heels before you go into the fight.

FABLES.

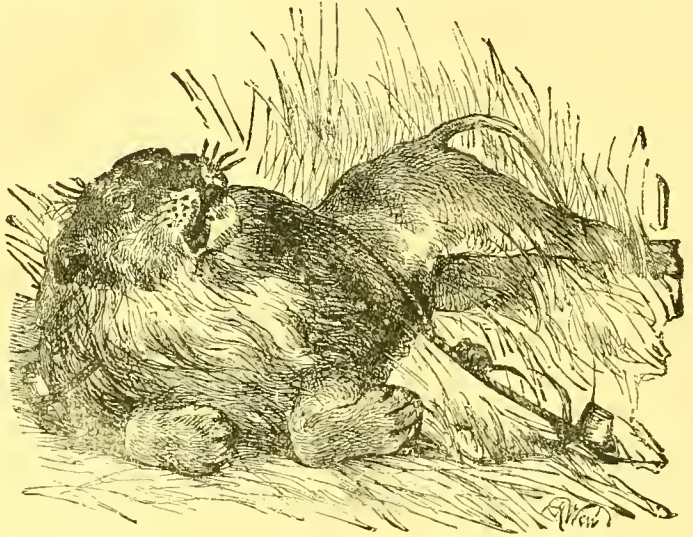
THE LION AND THE MOUSE.

A LION, faint with heat and weary with hunting, lay down to take his repose under the spreading boughs of a thick shady oak. It happened that while he slept a company of scrambling mice ran over his back and waked him; upon which, starting up, he clapped his paw upon one of them, and was just going to put it to death, when the little suppliant implored his mercy in a very moving manner, begging him not to stain his noble character with the blood of so despicable and small a beast. The lion considering the matter, thought proper to do as he was desired, and immediately released his little trembling prisoner. Not long after, traversing the forest in pursuit of his prey, the lion chanced to run into the toils of the hunters, from whence, not being able to disengage himself, he set up a most hideous and loud roar. The mouse, hearing the voice and knowing it to be the lion's, immediately ran to the place and bade him fear nothing, for that he was his friend. Then straightway he fell to work, and with his little sharp teeth, gnawing asunder the knots and fastenings of the toils, set the royal brute at liberty.

Moral.—No person in the world is so little but even the greatest may some time or other stand in need of his assistance, and consequently it is good to use mercy where there is room for it towards those who fall within our power.

THE HARES AND THE FROGS.

DURING a great storm of wind that blew among the trees and bushes,



and made a rustling with the leaves, the hares in a certain park, where there happened to be plenty of them, were so terribly frightened that they ran all over the place, resolving to seek out some retreat of greater security, or to end their unhappy days by doing violence to themselves. With this resolution, they found an outlet where a pale had been broken down: and bolting forth upon an

adjoining common, had not run far before their course was stopped by that of a gentle brook, which glided across the way they intended to take. This was so grievous a disappointment that they were not able to bear it, and they determined to throw themselves headlong into the water, come what would, rather than lead a life so full of dangers and crosses. But upon their coming to the brink of the river, a number of frogs which were sitting there, frightened at their approach, leaped into the stream in great confusion, and dived to the very bottom for fear; which a cunning old puss observing, called to the rest, and said, "Hold! have a care what you do. Here are other creatures, I perceive, which have their fears as well as we; don't, then, let us fancy ourselves the most miserable of any upon earth, but rather, by their example, learn to bear patiently those inconveniences which nature has thrown upon us."

THE HUSBANDMAN AND THE STORK.

THE husbandman pitched a net in his fields to take the cranes and the geese which came to feed upon the new sown corn. Accordingly, he took several, both cranes and geese, and among them a stork, who pleaded hard for his life, and among other apologies which he made, alleged that he was neither goose nor crane, but a poor, harmless stork, who performed his duty to his parents to all

intents and purposes, feeding them when they were old, and, as occasion required, carrying them from place to place on his back. "All this may be true," replied the husbandman; "but as I have taken you in bad company and in the same crime, you must expect to suffer the same punishment."

Moral.—If bad company had nothing else to make us avoid it, this might be sufficient, that it infects and taints a man's reputation to as great a degree as if he were thoroughly versed in the wickedness of the whole gang."

THE COLLIER AND THE FULLER.

THE collier and the fuller being old acquaintances, happened once upon a time to meet together; and the latter being ill provided with a dwelling, was invited by the former to come and live in the same house with him. "I thank you, my dear friend," replies the fuller, "for your kind offer, but it cannot be; for if I were to dwell with you, whatever I should take pains to scour and make clean in the morning, the dust of you and your coals would blacken and defile as badly as ever before night."

Moral.—It is of no small importance in life to be cautious what company we keep, and with whom we enter into friendship; for though we are ever so well-disposed our-

selves, and happen to be ever so free from vice, yet, if those with whom we frequently converse are engaged in a wicked course, it will be almost impossible for us to escape being drawn in with them.

THE DOVE AND THE ANT.

THE ant, compelled by thirst, went to drink in a clear purling rivulet; but the current with its circling eddy snatched her away, and carried her down the stream. The dove, pitying her distressed condition, cropped a branch from a neighboring tree and

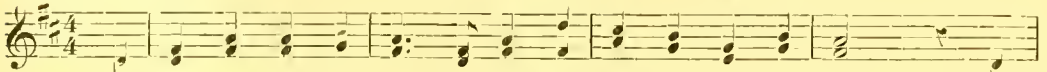
let it fall into the water. By this means the ant saved herself and got ashore. Not long after, a fowler having a design upon the dove planted his net in due order, without the bird's observing what he was about. The ant noticed this. Just as he was going to carry out his plan she bit him by the heel, and made him give so sudden a start that the dove took the alarm and flew away.

Moral.—One good turn deserves another; and gratitude is excited by so noble and natural a spirit, that he ought to be looked upon as the vilest of creatures who has no sense of it.

THE VIOLET.

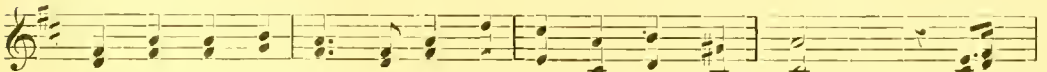
KEY D DUET.

MUSIC BY D. D. E. JONES.



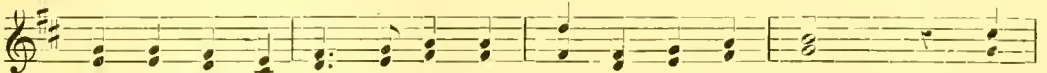
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 { d | d : m | m : f | m : -d | m : m | s : f | r : f | m : - | : d }

1. Down in the green and sha - dy bed, A mod - est vio - let grew, Its
 2. But there it was con - tent to grow, In mod - est tint ar - rayed, And



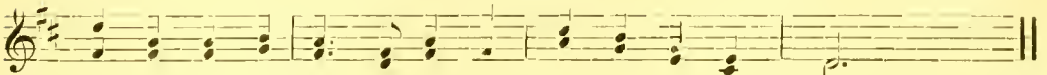
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 { d : m | m : f | m : -d | m : m | r : t₁ | d : l₁ | t₁ : - | : t.d }

stalk was bent, it hung its head, As if to hide from view, And
 there dif - fuse a sweet per - fume, With - in its si - lent shade. Then



{ f : f | m : r | m : -f | s : s | d' : m | f : s | l : - | : t }
 { r : r | d : t₁ | d : -r | m : m | m : d | r : m | f : - | : f }

yet it was a love - ly flower, Its col - ors bright and fair, It
 let us to this val - ley go, This pret - ty flower to see, That



{ d' : s | s : l | s : -m | s : d' | t : l | f : r | d : - | - : }
 { m : m | m : f | m : -d | m : m | s : f | r : t₁ | d : - | - : }

might have grac'd a ro - sy bow'r, In - stead of hid - ing there.
 we may al - ways learn to grow, In sweet hu - mil - i - ty.

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