The Mormon Semi-Centennial.

The celebration of the semi-centennial, which has just taken place was the most important event in the history of Mormonism. It was something more than the anniversary of the settlement of Utah by the Latter Day Saints under Brigham Young.

It marks the Americanization of the Mormon church and the end of the bitter warfare that has been going on for fifty years. It is the outward and visible announcement that prejudices have disappeared, that Mormon and Gentile are one people, brothers in fact and in name. Salt Lake is today one of the most beautiful cities in America. It has about 50,000 people and the police force numbers about one man to each 2,000 inhabitants. In the great cities of the world the ratio is about one policeman to five hundred people. Its fine schools are the work of the Gentiles, but all other things are the monuments reared by the Mormons.

That magnificent temple, which was a quarter of a century in building, the great tabernacle, seating 14,000 people, is one of the wonders of the New World, and which has acoustic properties that verge upon the uncanny. In this turtle-backed building a pin dropped on the platform can be heard 200 feet away in any part of the building. In it, too, is the largest organ in the world.

The tithing house, that square of one-story buildings and tents which is really nothing more than a great market place, the Assembly, the Amelia palace and the other buildings which are a part of the growth of the Latter Day Saints is the next important sight.

The story of the exploration of these people into an unknown wilderness is one of frightful privation and tremendous heroism. They reached Salt Lake Valley on July 24, 1847.

Brigham Young declared that this desert was the home of the Mormon people and there should they remain and prosper. With this fiftieth anniversary at hand it is pleasant to remember that the first act of the colonists was to raise the American flag on the highest peak near the present site of Salt Lake City.

After hoisting the stars and stripes the leader of these sturdy pioneers drove four stakes into the ground. "Here," he said, "we will build our Temple." And there it was built, although it was completed only a few years ago.

That year Salt Lake City was laid out. Some of the colonists remained there. Others returned with Young to bring out those who had stayed behind.

They took with them rations for a year. They were told of the sufferings they must endure. Yet they traveled the fifteen hundred miles gladly. They made their homes in the repellant land because Brigham Young told them that there they would thrive and become mighty.

More than any other Mormon, Young has received his meed of praise. He was a truly great leader of men and one of the greatest colonists the world has ever known. His people believed in him because they were sure he received revelations from God. Brigham Young was always a great hand at receiving revelations.

Brigham Young was trained as a farmer. It was he who designed and directed the system of irrigation which made the land productive. The Mormons wrested their living from the soil by main strength. Verily they made the desert blossom as the rose.

It was Brigham Young who created the whole system of Mormonism, who counselled his people to gather in villages and towns. It is plain now that it was ever his aim to have the Mormons bound together by the closest ties.

No sooner were the first colonists firmly established than missionaries were sent forth to gain converts, and this has been followed to this very day. It was Young who provided for the tithing system, which insured that the church should become rich beyond measure. It was Brigham Young who made the church the dominant force, the real leader and government.

No ruler of an absolute monarchy, no feudal lord ever had more power over his subjects than Brigham Young over the Mormons. And the power and wealth of the Mormons prove that he was a wise and really great leader.

But Brigham Young was an advocate of polygamy and he practiced what he preached to a greater extent than any one else. It is rather remarkable that Young was never accused of being a fanatic.

Of two things only were Mormons accused—the practice of polygamy and the murder of apostates. That a certain percentage of them did practice polygamy is true. That they ever murdered any one who was false to the faith has never been proved. Nay, the time has come when this charge is not believed, although stories aplenty may be heard.

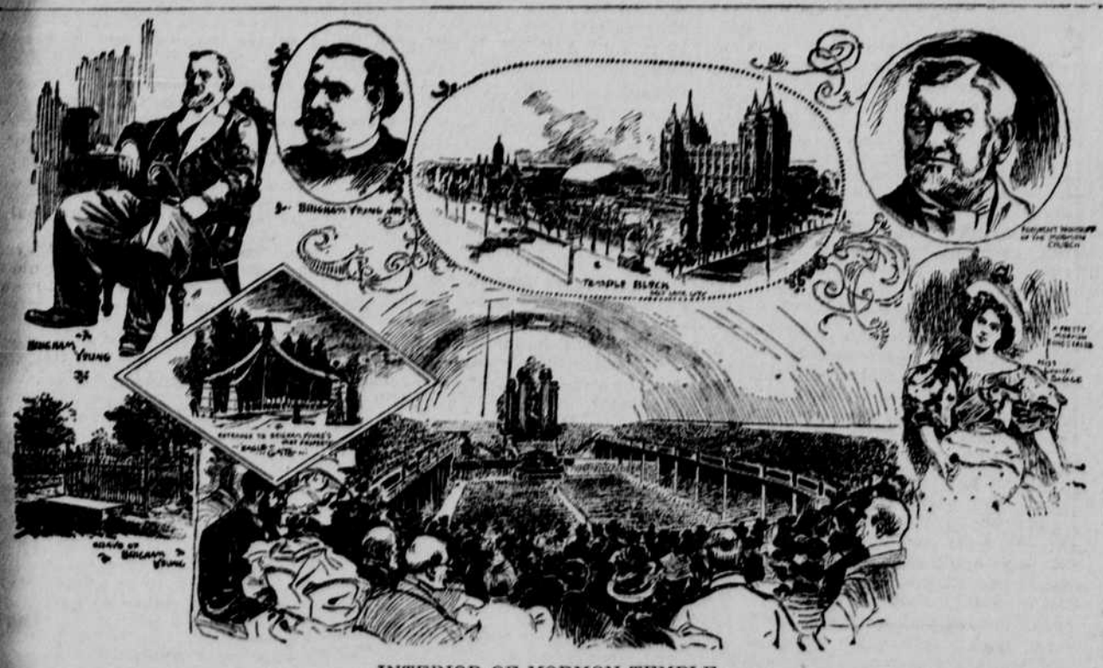
On the other hand, the Mormons possessed many virtues. They were marvels of industry, as they are today—thrifty, earnest, honest people. They love their church with a devotion that borders on fanaticism. They care for their poor, of whom there are few. They provided schools in which the Mormon religion was principally taught from the beginning. They gave a tenth of their possessions to the church and still they prospered.

They were taught and they believed that the church was the highest authority. They believed that polygamy was pleasing to the Almighty and that He enjoined its practice upon his people through his prophets. How much polygamy had to do with the success of the Mormon church in the early days is a question yet to be determined. The ablest people believe that it has always been a curse. There can be no doubt that the practice resulted in many horrible things and that the women who were sharing a husband often suffered. And it is true that often young women were compelled, much against their will, to marry men who already had two or three wives.

On Oct. 6, 1890, came the proclamation of President Woodruff, announcing the purpose of the church to no longer sanction polygamy, and calling upon the adherents of the church to obey the laws of the United States. This was a bitter law for many members of the church. They believed in polygamy with all the ardor of fanatics. They believed that it was a means of grace.

For years polygamy had been dying out. The advance in education among the Saints themselves and influence of the Gentiles, particularly the women, had much to do with it. It was the women who broke down the barriers, aided by the children of polygamous marriages.

It is rather strange, in view of the agitation concerning Mormon women, that Mormon women have now the fullest political privileges. Utah places men and women on a perfect equality. Dr. Mattie Cannon, a prominent Mormon woman and a physician, has the honor of being the first woman senator in the world. She had the unique experience of running on the Democratic ticket, while her husband was the Republican candidate.



INTERIOR OF MORMON TEMPLE.

SHE RESCUED HER CHICKENS.

Brave Deed of a Lighthouse Girl at Matinicus Rock.

Several of the violent storms that have whirled over the Matinicus rock have tried the fortitude of the little band of faithful watchers upon it, says the Century Magazine. One of these watchers, Abby Burgess, has become famous in our lighthouse annals, not only for long service, but also for bravery displayed on various occasions. Her father was keeper of the rock from 1853 to 1861. In January, 1856, when she was 17 years of age, he left her in charge of the lights while he crossed to Matinicus Island. His wife was an invalid, his son was away on a cruise and his other four children were little girls. The following day it began to "breeze up," the wind increased to a gale and soon developed into a storm almost as furious as that which carried away the tower on Minots ledge in 1851. Before long the seas were sweeping over the rock. Down among the bowlders was a chicken coop which Abby feared might be carried away. On a lonely ocean outpost like Matinicus rock a chicken is regarded with affectionate interest, and Abby solicitous for the safety of the inmates of the little coop, waited her chance, and when the seas fell off a little rushed knee deep through the swirling water and rescued all but one of the chickens. She had hardly closed the door of the dwelling behind her when a sea, breaking over rock, brought down the old cobblestone house with a crash. While the storm was at its height the waves threatened the granite dwelling, so that the family had to take refuge in the towers for safety, and there they remained with no sound to greet them without but the roaring of the wind around the lanterns, and no sight but the sea sheeting over the rock. Yet through it all the lamps were trimmed and lighted. Even after the storm abated the reach between the rock and Matinicus Island was so rough that Capt Burgess could not return until four weeks later.

Biggest Pudding Ever Cooked.

In 1718, we are told, James Austin, a London trader, invited his customers to a feast. A pudding was promised, which was to be boiled fourteen days instead of seven hours. It weighed 900 pounds. The copper for boiling it was erected at the Red Lion in Southwark park, where crowds went to see it; and when boiled it was to be conveyed to the Swan tavern, Fish street hill, to the tune of "What Lumps of Pudding My Mother Gave Me." The place, however, was changed to the Restoration gardens in St. George's fields, in consequence of the numerous company expected. When the day arrived, the pudding set out in procession, with banners, streamers, drums, etc., but on the way a mob attacked it and made spoil of the whole. So nearly half a ton of pudding was distributed, much against the will of the proprietor, among the London poor.—Exchange.

Shaping His Career.

"Why did I become a professional?" repeated the contortionist, musingly. "You see, my wife had picked out a flat, and I wanted to get in shape for it. After that, of course, it was a matter of habit."—New York Tribune.

No Scope.

"I bought little Tommy a trumpet because he was so lonely, but he did not seem pleased."

"Well, no; you see his old grandmother is stone deaf."—Pick-Me-Up.

KEEPS TAB ON THE SMOKER.

Watch Charm Cigar Cutter Which Registers the Number.

A new watch charm for gentlemen is useful in two ways—as a cigar cutter and as a register of the number of cigars cut in a day. Few men who smoke many cigars realize just how many are consumed in one day until they keep track of them. This little charm is of silver and an ornament to the watch-guard. One man kept track of his cigars for three months and found that he smoked such an alarming number that he was endangering his health. This might be a good thing for wives to present to their husbands with the Christmas box of cigars, if not before. Some men might be induced to save enough on their cigars to buy a new sealskin for their better halves.

It is a scheme and might prove an excellent one.

Sentimental Soul.

Weary Watkins—"Funny, but I've been hearin' crickets fer two or three days all the time."

Hungry Higgins—"Yes, they're two of 'em in my whiskers. Don't they sound homelike and all that sort of thing?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Bikes and Saloons.

The Rev. Richard Harcourt, of Philadelphia, weakens his whole argument against the bicycle by admitting that it has depopulated the saloon. That is something that the preacher never succeeded in doing.—Ex.

Airy Flights.

"I'll wager my daughter could run one of those flying machines." "Why do you think so?" "You just ought to see how she soars in her graduating essay."—Detroit Free Press.

EYES NOT ESSENTIAL TO SIGHT

Many Creatures Enabled to See by the Aid of Sensitive Skins.

From the Boston Journal: Eyes are popularly considered to be quite necessary to sight, but this is an error, if we are to believe Dr. Nagel, a recent German experimenter. Many creatures without eyes can see; at least they can distinguish perfectly well between light and darkness and even between different degrees of light. This is the lowest degree of seeing, to be sure, but still it is really sight, and differs scarcely more from the vision of some insects that possess eyes than this does from our own clear sight. Creatures that see without eyes see by means of their skins. All skins, says Dr. Nagel, are potential eyes; that is, they are sensitive to light. In animals that have eyes the sensitiveness has been highly localized and greatly increased—so that man, for instance, has a retina very sensitive to light and an expanse of ordinary skin which possesses a sensitiveness to light so slight that it is hardly conscious of it. Yet his skin is sensitive in some degree, as is proved by the fact that it sunburns—that is, light may cause a disturbance in the pigment of the skin just as it does in that of the eye. In the eye the disturbance is accompanied by a nervous change which sends a telegraphic message along the optic nerve to the brain. In the skin, too, there are nerves, and there are messages also, but their tidings imprint no image on the mind; they simply express discomfort—cry out "sunburn." But in many eyeless creatures the lack of eyes is in part made up by increased sensitiveness of the whole skin surface to light. Darwin long ago noticed that earthworms, although they have no eyes, will suddenly withdraw into their holes at the approach of a lighted candle. Some creatures seem most sensitive to sudden increase of light; others to sudden diminution. If a number of oysters, kept in a vessel together, are found to be open, they will shut all at once if a dark object comes between them and the light. Another bivalve, called Psammodia, has long, whitish, transparent tubes which protrude from the sand in which it lies buried. If these are suddenly illuminated they contract, and the brighter the light the greater the contraction. If a number of them be carried into direct sunlight they hasten to bury themselves in the sand; or, if there is no sand, they move restlessly to and fro in the water until they are exhausted. In general, Dr. Nagel finds that creatures which respond to sudden shadows are those that live in strong shells, while those affected by a sudden increase of light live in sand or mud, from which they emerge occasionally. In both cases the sensitiveness of the skin to changes of light serves to protect the animal. How does the skin acquire this peculiar sensitiveness? It will be best for the non-expert to suspend judgment, since even the scientists do not agree on this point. It may be that it is a universal and rudimentary property of all skin, and that animals with eyes have lost it in a greater or less degree, because they have no further need for it. That is one view. Or it may be that this property has been developed in eyeless creatures just because they are eyeless and need it. That is another view. Those who favor the latter opinion point to the fact that some of the creatures which now have skins sensitive to the light are probably descendants of creatures with skins not so sensitive; in these instances the sensitiveness must have been recently developed. Snails are sensitive, but their relatives, the slugs, are not; this looks as if the former had acquired the faculty. However this may be, Dr. Nagle's study of these curious and out-of-the-way facts is certainly interesting and may lead in the future to an advance in our knowledge of the mechanism of sight.

No Chance for Breakage.

Gobang.—"He boasts that he never breaks his word."

Grymes.—"That's so. No one will take it long enough to give him the opportunity."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Over 4,000,000 frozen rabbits are annually exported to the London market from Victoria, Australia.

A folding umbrella, which may be carried in the pocket, has been invented by a man in Salem, Mass.

A tragic elopment occurred near Monclova, Mexico. Macedonia Fransta, aged seventeen, before eloping with his sweetheart, Anita Moyas, shot dead two of her brothers and two other men.

In her castle Patti has a phonographic apparatus, and into this she frequently warbles. She occasionally lends the cylinders to her friends at a distance, who have phonographs, that they may listen to her melodious strains.

A queer-looking little Mexican dog, a pet of the late Alexander Hermann, the magician, which for twelve years had accompanied him in his travels, died recently at Whitestone, L. I., and was ceremoniously buried in a costly casket lined with purple broadcloth.

A fat woman in bloomers was whirling on her wheel in a street in Kensington, England, when she was seen by a dancing bear belonging to an itinerant showman. The animal dashed at her and wrecked the bicycle, but the injury to the lady was not serious.

About six weeks ago the Rev. T. C. Hanna, of Plantsville, Conn., fell on his head while getting out of his carriage. The shock caused an entire loss of memory; he could not recognize his relatives or any one who knew him. His relatives are endeavoring to teach him to read and write.

RUBIES BY HUNDREDS

A FRENCHMAN SOLVES THE PROBLEM.

Soon to Be Put on the Market—Expressions of Disbelief When the Discovery Was Announced—The Process of Making.

THEY make rubies by the hundreds in France nowadays. This is the latest effort of French genius. It was brought about by means of bauxite, a French material, and the discovery has set all the savants of Europe to talking.

For a long time in certain industries heated bauxite has been used to make very hard substances for the fabrication of artificial millstones, to be utilized in manufactories of various sorts. The object of manufacture was to produce a substance to take the place of what is known as the emery of Naxos, manufactured by the Greek government, and about which more braggadocio has been indulged in than about anything else. Naxos emery did not come up to expectations, but so great was the outcry of the Greek manufacturers when this was suggested that the French dealers made up their minds to find a substitute, and in bauxite they discovered it. For a time no one thought of bauxite as other than useful for the purpose for which it was originally intended. But the idea finally occurred to some one that instead of calcining the bauxite it would be a good plan to melt it. This is exactly what was done, and in this manner was obtained a product harder even than bauxite—diamantite, which is nothing less than alumina melted in the electric furnaces. These were the steps leading up to the grand climax, as it were, which was followed by the birth of the first counterfeit of rare gems the world ever knew, which even experts cannot detect. A savant bearing the suggestive name of Gin happened to have his attention attracted to the matter at this time, and the idea occurred to him that possibly there was an opportunity for development upon which no one had seized. He gave the matter very serious thought, and finally it came to him that the first step in the course of development was to volatilize the alumina. This action was very easily accomplished in the electric furnace, the operation giving rise to thick reddish-brown clouds which are so inconvenient to those who experiment in matters scientific. By combining certain vapors with those of alumina, M. Gin obtained rubies by the hundred. The amazement, even to the inventor of the process, which this wonderful achievement caused was promptly followed by expressions of disbelief, even from the friends of the very genius who had given birth to the idea. "Make rubies!" they said. "What nonsense. Will this man not tell us next that he can manufacture a fortune in diamonds before breakfast?"

M. Gin told them all that they would believe him in time, provided they would have patience, but still they scoffed, and so the inventor went on, determined to prove to the world that not only was he right, but that his deductions had been absolutely true from the first. His patience was rewarded at last, and now the most skeptical of the scoffers will not only admit that M. Gin is right, but that they should have believed him from the first. After the scientist had perfected his apparatus, he set about protecting it, and thus it is that while few have been aware of the existence of the process, M. Gin has been quietly making it impossible for any one to reap the benefit of his brain by imitation, and has patented his process both in Europe and the United States. In only one country did he meet with skepticism in so great a degree that it caused him trouble, and that was Germany. Here the officials scoffed at him. They would not, they said, grant him anything at all unless he gave absolute proof that what he claimed was correct. What nonsense it was, they declared, to talk of vaporizing alumina. M. Gin sent the patent office a large case of his primary products and a huge box of rubies. The astonishment of the officials may be imagined. The precious patent was at once sent to the inventor. The effect of this discovery upon the market for precious stones cannot at present be definitely estimated. It is a well-known fact that a first-class ruby is almost as valuable as a diamond, according to present prices. Not only that, but a fine ruby is really a rarity, and the demand, therefore, is so great that they are snapped up by dealers as rapidly as their discovery is announced. M. Gin has not yet attempted to market his rubies, but experts have told him that he should have no difficulty in doing so, because they could not tell them from the genuine unless some one else showed them which were the natural and which the manufactured rubies. It is expected that the first consignment of the artificial gems will be placed upon the market about the first of October, and it is also announced that they will be introduced simultaneously throughout Europe and the United States.

Turtle Bit His Lip.

A young man in Utica, N. Y., monkeyed with the business end of a turtle, and as a result of his indiscretion is nursing a sore lip. He was hoisting the turtle high in the air by its tail, when the familiarity was resented. The turtle seized its tormentor by his lower lip and the young man very naturally let go. The weight of the turtle severely tore the lip.—Ex.

CANNING AND PRESERVING.

Mrs. Rorer Gives Timely Directions for Putting Up Fruit.

In the Ladies' Home Journal Mrs. S. T. Rorer writes on "Canning and Preserving." At the outset of her lesson she emphasizes the value of securing perfectly sound and fresh fruits, and the necessity of getting the cans and canning appurtenances in readiness in advance. "To prevent breakage when filling the jars," Mrs. Rorer advises that they be slipped "sidewise into a kettle of hot water, rolling them so that every part may be quickly and uniformly heated. Fold a damp towel, place it in the bottom of a pudding pan, then near the preserving kettle; stand a jar on the towel, and if the fruit is small adjust the funnel; fill quickly to overflowing. Run a heated silver knife around the inside of the jar, to break any air bubbles that may have been caught with the fruit, and adjust the rubber, then lift the lid from the hot water and place it at once. If large fruit fill with a wooden spoon, arranging the fruit so that the weight of one piece will not destroy the shape of another. Fill to overflowing with the liquid, water or syrup, and fasten tightly. After sealing stand the jars out of a draught over night. The glass by that time will have contracted, and the lids will, in consequence, be loose. Wipe each jar carefully, and give the top an extra turn. Put away in a cool, not cold, dark closet. At the end of a week examine each jar carefully, without shaking or disturbing more than necessary. If you find the lids slightly indented, the contents free from air bubbles or froth, and the liquid settled, you may rest assured 'they will keep.' If you do not find it so, open the jars to prevent bursting. Reheat the fruit, being careful to bring it to a boiling point and recan."

A DAINTY PICNIC LUNCHEON.

A Famous Cooking Expert Suggests Some Appetizing Dishes.

A goodly quantity of fruit, a box of well made sandwiches, some eggs and coffee, with a few lady fingers, will provide a comfortable luncheon and dinner," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer, who suggests a number of picnic luncheons in the August Ladies' Home Journal. "An alcohol stove, costing but twenty-five cents, with two ounces of alcohol, will furnish boiling water for the coffee, and will cook a dish of scrambled eggs or make a Welsh rarebit. For cooking the latter an ordinary tin pie-dish will answer. The coffee may be finely ground and put into a cheesecloth bag in the coffee pot, all ready for the boiling water. Sandwiches are the most appropriate form of food for picnics, especially the dainty, appetizing sandwiches made of home made white or whole wheat bread, filled with a mixture of chopped meat, daintily seasoned. An agreeable acquisition to a picnic, luncheon or supper is a salad made either from some green vegetable or tomato. Half a pint of mayonnaise dressing may be carried in a jar, and the salad arranged on wooden plates. Vegetables and fruits serve as food and drink. Sardines, shrimps or salmon may be minced, rubbed to a paste with a little lemon juice, and used as filling for sandwiches. Lemons for lemonade may be squeezed at home, the juice mixed with a proper proportion of sugar, four tablespoonfuls to each good sized lemon, poured into a bottle and diluted at the picnic grounds. Condensed milk is easy to carry and will answer the purpose of either milk or cream."

A Mystery in Camp.

A New Brunswick contributor to Forest and Stream relates an odd experience that befell a Mr. Hunter while on a hunting trip. He was at Forty-nine Mile camp, and went out to look after his horses, leaving a candle burning on the table. In a few minutes he returned to find the room dark. The candle had gone out, it appeared; but when he went to relight it he found that it was missing. Mr. Hunter was startled, not to say frightened. Perhaps he remembered some of the legends which attach to those wild forests. However, he lighted another candle, and by and by had occasion to go out again and look after his team. When he came back the room was dark again and the candle gone. This time, having lighted a third candle, he made a search of the premises. Nothing was to be seen. He put the candle in the table again, set his axe where it would be handy, and stepped into a corner. In a few minutes a flying squirrel came through the door, mounted the table, knocked over the candle, which went out as it fell, seized it in his mouth and started with it for the door.

No Indications.

Mr. Figg—"There is no telling how a boy may grow up. There is Tommy, for example. Who knows what he may turn out to be?"

Mrs. Figg—"He won't be a civil-service reformer if present indications count. When he found I had locked up the pie he cried for two hours."—Indianapolis Journal.

Oil on Troubled Waters.

Indianapolis News: A school teacher of South Bend, Ind., who did not believe in corporal punishment, but who was forced to correct some very noisy and unmanageable pupils, administered castor oil in large doses to the principal offenders.

Not Forgotten.

The Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, have you forgotten me?" The Waited—"Um—I believe I did see you somewhere a long time ago."—New York Journal.