

## TWO PROPHETS' WIDOWS.

### A Visit to the Relicts of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young.

The Present Occupants of the Lion House and Bee-Hive—A Peep into the Big Parlor Where Brigham Held Family Prayers—Aunt Zinah and Eliza R. Snow, the Poetess.

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH, August 8.—In the office of the *Woman's Exponent*, which issues from a small cottage that is completely concealed by the high mortar-and-gravel wall that surrounds the Tithing Square, I was yesterday discussing polygamy with three elderly ladies, when I urged the argument put forth by the Josephites and frequently made use of by Gentiles, that Joseph Smith, the prophet, never taught the doctrine of plural marriage.

"Oh, he didn't, didn't he?" Mrs. Emmeline B. Wells, editress of the *Exponent* replied, and then pointing to an old lady in the group whose shoulders were rounded with 66 years, and whose face had the lines of age, but whose eyes were clear and bright, while her complexion was the color of health and a splendid vigor seemed to pervade her frame, she said: "Aunt Zinah there can probably tell you something about that."

"Can you?" I turned and asked.

"Yes, sir," the old lady answered, with a sweet, self-flattering smile. "I was sealed to the prophet Joseph; I was one of his wives."

"What do you mean by being 'sealed' to him?" I inquired.

"You call it marrying," was the response, "but we call it sealing. You are married for a time, but we are sealed for time and for eternity."

"Then Joseph Smith had more than one wife, despite the declarations of the Josephites to the contrary?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said Aunt Zinah, again smiling, "I counted twenty-seven of them published in the *Historical Record*, last month."

Mrs. Wells sought out a copy of the *Record*, a local monthly published in this city in the interest of church chronology, and pointed to the list. These twenty-seven do not include Emma, the first wife of the prophet. The *Record* says they were all sealed to Joseph during the last three years of his life, and there were a few others about whom the writer was not able to obtain information. The following is the list:

Louisa Beman, married to the Prophet, April 5, 1841, Joseph B. Noble officiating.  
Fanny Alger.  
Lucinda Harris.  
Zina D. Huntington, sealed to the Prophet October 27, 1841, Dimick B. Huntington officiating, and her sister Fanny present as a witness.  
Prescinda L. Huntington, afterwards wife

pleased and went where we wanted to go. I made a visit to the East during President Young's lifetime, and one of my daughters also went East. Like Miss Kate Field and many others who lecture upon Utah, Ann Eliza knew she was misrepresenting the facts when she made these statements. Kate Field came here and investigated our mode of life, and was received into many of our homes. She failed to find us an ignorant, wicked, wretched or misused people. She spoke many flattering words to our faces, but, like Ann Eliza, she lectures for money and she finds that it pays to abuse the Mormons. Therefore she abuses us, though she knows and thinks better of us than she speaks."

Aunt Zinah expressed herself further on this subject, and Mrs. Wells added to her testimony against Brigham Young's runaway wife, or No. 19, as she was called. The President's widow invited me to visit the Lion House and have an interview with the octogenarian Mormon poetess, Eliza R. Snow Smith, who is often spoken of as the first woman who went into polygamy, though that distinction belongs, as I have already explained, to Louisa Beman. Leaving the *Exponent* office I went to the corner of South Temple and First East streets. Here stands a still pretty two-story cottage, plastered in imitation of sand-stone, with bay windows on both streets, and a nice cosy little porch near the north end. It sits in a half-acre lot on the northwest corner of the block, and green lawns surround it. Nelson Empey and his wife, one of President Young's daughters, occupy it with their family. This was Ann Eliza's home. It is a charming little house, and to characterize it as a hovel is to commit an unprovoked sin. An old gentleman was cutting weeds from the ditch in front of the adjoining cottage. He had lived there seventeen years, and he knew Ann Eliza.

"What did you think of her?" I asked.

"She'd a never caught my h'eye," the man answered, "though she weren't bad lookin', but she were out at all hours o' the night, sir, and" with an impressive wink, "folks as seed it couldn' help talkin', sir. Oh, she were no good. It were a mistake to have put her here—but it aint th' only mistake were made, sir. I'm a Mormon, and I expect to die a Mormon, but there's no use a sayin' we can't make mistakes; we're human like every one else is; and I tell you, sir, there's folks as wouldn't like to have it said as has made some very big mistakes, sir."

The old gentleman was growing too confidential, so I moved on. This morning, by appointment, I visited the Lion House. This with the Bee Hive is in the southeast corner of the tithing block. The high cobble well built during the famine of '57, to keep the poor and starving employed, continues in front of the Lion House, and past the President's office to the Bee Hive. There it stops, and in front of the Bee Hive an iron railing extends to the Eagle Gate. The Bee Hive is on the corner and has piazzas and second-story porches on the east and south sides of the building. The walls are plaster, colored yellow, and there is a suggestion of age in the exterior of the house. Sometimes one of the shutters of the first floor windows on the South Temple street side is open and a silver-white head is seen through the window bowed down over some needlework. Judging the figure seen through the opening a person would declare it to be that of a stout woman, which is the fact. This white-haired woman is Lucy Decker-Seeley-Young, Brigham's first wife in polygamy. She was born in 1828 and was first married to a Mr. Seeley. After his death she married Brigham Young. She was one of the three women who came into Salt Lake Valley with the Mormon pioneers on July 24, 1847.

drop-rings depend from her ears, and there is a suggestion of a lingering fondness for display in the lace ruffe around the neck and the gold chain that hangs upon the bosom of her brown serge dress.

"You must be a man of remarkable courage," she said to me.

"Why?" I asked.

"To come among such a wicked and terrible people as the Mormons. I should think that from what you must have read, outside, you would gain a most unfavorable impression concerning us. We have been shamefully misrepresented. Folks in the East think we have hoofs and horns. Some people believe the Mormons are thieves and liars and murderers. Our only response to such charges is, why do not people come here and honestly investigate our mode of life and the ministrations of our Church? Why does not the President of the United States take some pains to learn who we are and what we have done in this Territory in the past forty years? We are not afraid of investigation. We have been trying to get ourselves before the world in the clothing of truth, but it seems that none but our enemies have control of the outside points. There, there is a man who has been put in the Penitentiary and made a convict because he wished to be loyal to his family."

Miss Snow had taken a book from her table, on which there were many books and papers, and exposed a steel portrait of her brother Lorenzo.

"It's a polygamous family?" I suggested.

"Yes."

"You have had a long experience in polygamy. What is your opinion of it at this late day?"

"It is so great and grand an institution that only the good and god-like can understand and appreciate it. It is founded on the gospel of Jesus Christ, and on the laws and principles of health. It gives the purest men to the best women and the best women to the purest men. Polygamy is not the wild and willful indulgence that ignorant people make it out to be. Not every man can enter into the celestial order of marriage. He must be a very good man and be recommended by his Bishop and the President of his stake. Then when he gets into the order he finds it one of hardships and sacrifices. It is not a bed of roses by any means, but it brings a promise of exaltation and glory that makes all sufferings endurable. There is no coercion about it, though it is commanded by the gospel."

Miss Snow said she was teaching in the Prophet Joseph's family at Nauvoo, Ill., when he told her of the revelation he had received regarding celestial marriage. He received the revelation in 1837, but he was himself afraid to promulgate it until the angel came and stood beside him with flaming sword and bade him do the command of God. Not until then did Joseph enter into polygamy, or get any of his disciples to take plural wives. In 1840 he began to seal women to him and a few of his followers did the same. Miss Snow had been sealed to him some time before it was made known to anybody. She lived in the same cottage with another lady for two years after she had been sealed, but said not a word to her friend and neighbor. At last Joseph told her one day that she might talk with her neighbor on the subject, and then for the first time she revealed her connection with plural marriage. "We women kept secrets in those days," she added.

"When first plural marriage was suggested to me," said Miss Snow, "I would not listen to the matter. The idea was repugnant, abhorrent. I was like any other young woman who had beaux and suitors for her hand. I

congratulating, and her sister Fanny present as a witness.

Prescinda L. Huntington, afterwards wife of Heber C. Kimball, sealed to Joseph December 11, 1841, D. B. Huntington officiating, with Fanny A. Huntington as witness.

Eliza Roxey Snow, married to the Prophet June 29, 1842, President Brigham Young officiating.

Sarah Ann Whitney, afterwards a wife of President Heber C. Kimball, married to Joseph July 27, 1842, her father, Newel K. Whitney, officiating.

Desdemona W. Fullmer, married in 1842. Helen Mar Kimball, daughter of President Heber C. Kimball and afterwards the wife of Horace K. Whitney, married to Joseph in May, 1843.

Eliza M. Partridge, afterwards the wife of Amasa M. Lyman, married to Joseph May 11, 1843, Elder James Adams officiating.

Emily D. Partridge married to the Prophet May 11, 1843, Elder James Adams officiating.

Lucy Walker, afterwards the wife of President Heber C. Kimball, married to the Prophet May 1, 1843, Elder Wm. Clayton officiating.

Almera W. Johnson, married to the Prophet in August, 1843.

Malissa Lott, afterwards the wife of Ira Jones Willes, married to Joseph September 20, 1843.

Fannie Young, a sister of President Brigham Young, married to Joseph November 2, 1843, Brigham Young officiating.

Maria Lawrence, a sister of Henry W. Lawrence, of Salt Lake City, married in 1843.

Sarah Lawrence, a sister of Henry W. Lawrence, of Salt Lake City, married to Joseph in 1843.

Hannah Ellis, sister of Dr. Josiah Ellis, of Nauvoo.

Flora Ann Woodworth, daughter of Lucien Woodworth.

Ruth D. Vose, known as the wife of Edward Sayers.

Mary Elizabeth Rollins, now living in Minersville, Beaver County, Utah.

Olive Frost, afterwards the wife of President Brigham Young.

Rhoda Richards, daughter of Joseph and Rhoda Richards.

Sylvia Sessions, daughter of David and Patty Sessions.

Maria Winchester, daughter of Benjamin Winchester, Sr.

Elvira A. Cowles, afterwards the wife of Jonathan H. Holmes.

Sarah M. Cleveland.

"Aunt Zinah," Mrs. Wells explained, "became one of President Young's proxy wives after the Prophet Joseph's death."

A proxy wife! What was it? Aunt Zinah herself informed me. After Joseph's death she accepted Brigham Young as a proxy husband for the dead Prophet. As a token of love for his deceased brother and with a view to increasing his future exaltation and glory, President Brigham took four of Joseph's wives into his own family and made them his own wives. He was married to them for time only, however. On the reckoning day they are to be handed over to Joseph, and with them must go all the children born of the second marriage. The Mormon creed is essentially spiritualistic. They believe that they existed somewhere before taking on their present bodies, and they believe that they will enter into new shapes in another world after this, where the family relations will be re-established, and the happiest man will be the one who has most wives, and the happiest woman will be the mother who has borne most children. A sort of modernization of the Mohammedan heaven, isn't it? You can not comprehend it, and neither can I, but the Mormon understands it thoroughly, and so do his wives and his numerous sons and daughters, and they believe it and devote their lives seriously and zealously toward its realization. It is in conformity to this faith that a member of the Church has the wives of his dead brother sealed to

She was one of the three women who came into Salt Lake Valley with the Mormon pioneers on July 24, 1847. The other two were Harriet Young, wife of Lorenzo Young, brother of Brigham, and Ellen Sanders Kimball, wife of Heber C. Kimball. Harriet Young and Mrs. Kimball are dead, so that Lucy Decker Young is the only one left of the petticoated trio who saw the American flag planted on this soil forty years ago. There were 144 men, but only three women. Lucy Decker Young is the only widow of Brigham Young who lives in the Bee Hive. Her four daughters are there with her. The five of them own the house, and I believe all the daughters are married and have families, though the cheery sounds of children's voices do not ring through the gardens. The pioneer woman leads a quiet and retired life. She will not receive visitors under any circumstances. When Bancroft, the historian, was here, Mrs. L. D. Young was persuaded to grant Mrs. Bancroft an audience, but the historian's wife piled her with too many questions, and when she went Mrs. Young told Mrs. Wells, who had been instrumental in opening the door of the Bee Hive to Mrs. Bancroft, to never again hope to gain her consent to receive a stranger.

The Lion House is so called from a couchant lion that is placed over the front door. Entrance to the house is gained through the old wooden gate in the cobble wall. The structure is 100 feet long and about 40 feet wide. It is two stories in height, and is a plain gable-roofed specimen of Mormon architecture. Its walls, which are of plaster, have a light pink or salmon color. Aunt Zinah met me at the *Exponent* office and accompanied me through the house. Stone steps lead up beside the front of the house to a square vestibule, from which a wide hall is entered that runs the length of the building. Strips of rag carpet are stretched along the floor. A high row of hooks in the vestibule is meant for the hats and cloaks of the inmates. The interior is finished in mountain wood, colored to imitate mahogany. The walls are painted a light neutral color, and in everything that meets the eye, plainness, neatness and substantiality are revealed.

"There is Naamah Twiss' room," said Aunt Zinah, indicating the first door on the right of the hall, "and that next to it is Harriet Bowker's. Here, turning to the door on the left, is the big parlor where we all met for family prayer, and here President Young was taken suddenly sick the August night he died in 1877, and there," (pointing to the right) "that room next to Harriet Bowker's is the one in which he breathed his last. The room is locked. It has not been occupied since, but one of President Young's wives has some furniture stored there."

Aunt Zinah took a key from a nail beside the door of the big parlor, and in a moment we were standing inside. It was a large room, probably 70x30 feet, carpeted in the same substantial way as the hall, and with the exception of a large old-fashioned lounge, upholstered in red plush, having only heavy-bottomed home-made chairs, manufactured in the valley from mountain pine, long before the railroads came through, and painted a brownish red. They looked like squatty old-time rocking chairs without the rockers, and every one was as solid as a steel bridge. There must have been seventy or eighty of these chairs along the sides of the room or bunched at either end. Toward the middle of the parlor was a large round table covered with a cloth. An oil portrait of Brigham hung on the north wall. A wreath made from the hair of President Young's twenty-eight or thirty daughters is framed and hangs on the east wall, between two church engravings in cheap black frames. A 3-foot mirror, with thin gilt frame, was placed in a niche in the west wall between pigeon-holes that were protected by glass doors. The mirror was brought into the valley by the pioneers. Un-

to the matter. The idea was repugnant, abhorrent. I was like any other young woman who had beaux and suitors for her hand. I wanted to share a husband with no woman. But I was told it was God's command, and I went to God and asked God to enlighten me, and he did. I saw and felt that plural marriage was not only right, but that it was the only true manner of living up to the gospels, and I quenched my womanly emotions and entered the order. I believe, anyhow, there are more good women than good men in the world, and if the good women were not permitted to share the good men, then some that are good would have to put up with wicked and base men, and that result is not desirable."

"Was not the Prophet Joseph's first wife, Emma, opposed to plural marriage?"

"She was at first, until the spirit of God enlightened her; then she gave Joseph four wives with her own hand. After that she turned against it again. She was a very lovable woman at times, but then again an evil spirit took possession of her once in a while, and when she was in that state it was better to be away from her."

Miss Snow has written six books. Several are volumes of poetry, and the last is a quarto life of her brother, Lorenzo, which was published two years ago.

Besides those widows already mentioned there are living in the Lion House Zinah D. H. Young, Susan Sulvely Young, Harriet Cook Young and Margaret Pierce Young—seven in all. They have their separate tables in the dining-room, and live as much apart, though warm friends, as if they were domiciled in separate houses. Each widow has six or seven rooms and an attendant. Their larder, I understand, is looked after by the Church. Mrs. Amelia Folsom Young, the favorite wife, lives in her own house at No. 6 South First West street. She never had any children, and so is alone. Emily Dow Partridge Young lives in the Twelfth Ward, and spends part of her time at her son's farm opposite Liberty Park. Clara Decker Young has a cottage at 29 South First East street, next to Social Hall. One of her daughters is lying with her, also an adopted child. Other widows live at other points around the city. Altogether, thirteen widows remain. Three died since Brigham Young left the flesh—Mary Van Cott, the youngest wife, Angela Cobb and Mary Ann Angell. The latter was his first wife, and lived with him in the White House during his regime as Governor. The White House is now rented to strangers. All the widows are in comfortable circumstances. Brigham left them and all his children equal shares in his estate, and they received \$21,000 each. Only two of his daughters remain unmarried—Tabula, daughter of Lucy D., who is a pretty brunette and lives with her mother in the Bee Hive, and Fanny, a charming blonde of only 17, the daughter of Mary Van Cott. Fanny is now in New York City, at school probably. She was known fifteen years ago, and up to the time of the President's death, as Brigham's last baby. J. J. J.

### Insanity of an Old Veteran:

Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

CASSVILLE, Mo., August 17.—A pitiful case has just demanded the attention of Probate Judge H. E. Moro, in which a veteran of the Mexican war, 62 years of age, is the unfortunate principal. His name is Frank J. Atwood. When he enlisted he wrote his name Francis J. Atwood, and without taking the trouble to correct it he answered to that name at roll-call.

Recently he has been trying to obtain a pension, but the two names were a stumbling-block, and in his aged weakness he conceived the idea that he had perjured himself, because of which he could not get a pension and would be hung. Last week, one day at Exeter

who has borne most children. A sort of modernization of the Mohammedan heaven. Isn't it? You can not comprehend it, and neither can I, but the Mormon understands it thoroughly, and so do his wives and his numerous sons and daughters, and they believe it and devote their lives seriously and zealously toward its realization. It is in conformity to this faith that a member of the Church has the wives of his dead brother sealed to him for time—to raise families for the dead brother in this world that the children may be handed over to him in the next. So it isn't a proxy wife at all, but a proxy husband, that figures in the affair. After Joseph Smith's death five of the Prophet's widows were sealed to Brigham. One of these, Olive Frost, died in 1845. Another, Louisa Beman, the first woman of modern times who ventured into polygamy, and whom I have not seen set down anywhere among Brigham's proxy wives, also preceded President Young in the hereafter. Zinah D. Huntington, Eliza R. Snow and Emily Dow Partridge survive.

I am glad I got safely out of that tanglement of wives. Aunt Zinah helped me through with it, and I am thankful to her. She also told me several things that will surprise outsiders, who suppose that Mormon families are full of dissensions and jealousies, quarrels and bickerings:

"A happier lot of souls never lived anywhere," said Aunt Zinah, "than we were when most of President Young's wives lived in the Lion House. A more attentive husband or more loving father did not exist in the monogamic world. President Young treated all his wives alike and all his children alike. It would warm your heart to see the greetings he gave to the boys and girls when any of them returned home after an absence of some time. He would kiss them and take them to his bosom, and no parent in the land could feel kinder or more loving to his children. And then at family prayers every evening, when all his wives and children sat around in the big parlor, a brighter or more joyful picture was never presented anywhere."

"What was the trouble with Ann Eliza?" I asked.

"The trouble with Ann Eliza," Aunt Zinah answered, "was that she was not truthful. She was not grateful, and she was a very bad woman. She has convicted herself out of her own mouth. She said she lived in a hovel. The cottage she occupied is still standing on the corner beyond, and it is among the best and prettiest in this part of the city. The fact is it is far too good for her."

"Yes," said Mrs. Wells, "I knew Ann Eliza at school, and she was never fit to be the wife of President Young."

"She says she was starved," Aunt Zinah continued; "when the fact is she got more than any of us. Mr. Parks, now with the Z. C. M. I., was President Young's steward, and he gave each family its monthly allowance of sugar, soap, coffee, etc., and Ann Eliza got more than all the others, because she made Mr. Parks give it to her. She says she made butter for the other wives when she was on President Young's farm. She never did any such thing. She had her horses and carriages, with which she rode to and from the farm, and it may have been that occasionally some butter was put in her carriage, which she left at the Lion House or Bee Hive, but that was all. She never lifted her finger to do a bit of work that she didn't want to do. She had servants and there was no necessity for her doing anything. She has asserted that President Young opened all his wives' letters, and that they couldn't visit anywhere or write to anybody, which is ridiculously untrue. President Young was occupied with too many important matters to give attention to such trivial things as his wives' letters or his wives' visits. We wrote to whom we

with a cloth. An oil portrait of Brigham hung on the north wall. A wreath made from the hair of President Young's twenty-eight or thirty daughters is framed and hangs on the east wall, between two church engravings in cheap black frames. A 3-foot mirror, with thin gilt frame, was placed in a niche in the west wall between pigeon-holes that were protected by glass doors. The mirror was brought into the valley by the pioneers. Under the mirror was a small round table covered with a white cloth.

"Here," said Aunt Zinah, placing her hand in an empty pigeon-hole next to the mirror, "is where President Young kept his bell. At 7 o'clock every evening he took this bell, and standing in that door," the only one opening into the hall, "he rang it a few times. That was the signal for prayer, and we all gathered in. President Young sat just there," placing a chair a little west of north, "Sister Snow sat there," on the right side of the small table under the mirror, "and I sat here," on the left side. "My children sat alongside of me, and then came another wife and her children, and another and her children and so on all around the room. There were sixteen wives and about forty-five children—we were so accustomed to them that we did not think anything of the large number and so I never counted them. We made quite a congregation. But there are no children here now—not one—they're all married and in homes of their own. Those were saintly gatherings within these walls. A purer or a nobler or a truer man than Brigham Young never lived. This is a hallowed place to us, and never any more do we open it to the simply curious."

"How long have you lived here?" I inquired.

"Over thirty years," was the answer. Aunt Zinah came into the valley in 1848 and whacked a bull team across the plains. So did many another Mormon woman that is living to-day. She explained that in the large dining-room in the basement Brigham Young and his families had dinner together every day. His breakfast he took usually in the Bee Hive. Besides the laundry, dining-room, etc., there was a large room in the basement which was formerly devoted to spinning, weaving, etc. That was in the days when the Mormons made their own clothes.

Next to the big parlor, on the left side of the hall, is Eliza R. Snow Smith's study. This lady, who has strung the harp of Zion since April 5, 1835, when she entered the Church, is now 83 years old. She was sealed to the Prophet Joseph in '42, and after his death became a proxy wife of Brigham Young. "Miss" Snow, as she is called, is a remarkable woman, and comes from a rather remarkable family. Her brother, Apostle Lorenzo Snow, has had nine wives, and now has seven. He spent nine months in the Penitentiary for unlawful cohabitation under the Edmunds-Tucker act, and during his incarceration brother and sister exchanged tender and touching verses which have been widely published. Her brother is 76. I do not know the number of his children. "Miss" Snow was sitting in an invalid's chair, with blankets under her and pillows around her, when I entered. Her face-bones stand out prominently, and she is wasted and wrinkled. Recently she has had a serious attack of sickness, but is now recovering. She calls herself a skeleton, and says she would make a good mummy; but there is a saintly, celestialized expression in her features that forbids the acceptance of such jokes at her own expense. She is active on her feet, and her faculties are as quick and clear as if she were still 40. It is a genuine pleasure to hear her in conversation. She wears a wig, of course, which is black, and atones in a slight measure for her wrinkles. Large

wood. When he enlisted he wrote his name Francis J. Atwood, and without taking the trouble to correct it he answered to that name at roll-call.

Recently he has been trying to obtain a pension, but the two names were a stumbling-block, and in his aged weakness he conceived the idea that he had perjured himself, because of which he could not get a pension and would be hung. Last week, one day at Exeter he said he would be hung at 4 o'clock and no one could obliterate the fantasy from his mind. When 4 o'clock came and no preparations were made he stealthily took a large cheese knife from one of the stores and tried to run himself through with it, making two or three ugly, though not dangerous, wounds.

The jury declared him to be insane. After court was dismissed he sat in the room bidding farewell to his friends, saying he was going to be hung and all because he had signed his name two ways and had perjured himself.

### Citizen Langtry Gains a Point.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

NEW YORK, August 17.—Mrs. Langtry seems to be anxious to emphasize her incipient assumption of American citizenship in every possible way. "Ed" Gilmore, who was her manager for a while, has sued her for \$16,000 damages for breach of contract. He brought the suit in the Supreme Court of this State. To-day the Lily got the case transferred to the United States Circuit Court under the clause of the Constitution which says the Federal courts shall have cognizance of suits between citizens of different States. Mr. Gilmore is a citizen of New York, and Mrs. Langtry made an affidavit that while at the commencement of the suit she was "a citizen and resident of the Kingdom of Great Britain, residing in London, England, and being a subject of the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, now I am a citizen of the State of California, residing in San Francisco."

So she is no longer the Jersey Lily, but the California Lily.

### Litigation Over a Court House.

Special Dispatch to the Globe-Democrat.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., August 17.—A novel suit was begun in the Federal Court here to-day by Nicholas Boren, of Fort Branch, Ind., against the Commissioners of Edwards County, Ill. In June last the Commissioners ordered certain repairs made on the Court House at Albion, and citizens of the county opposed to the improvement petitioned the local courts for a restraining writ. After exhausting their remedy in the State Courts, Boren, a non-resident tax-payer, begins proceedings in the Federal Court. Judge Allen has taken the matter under advisement on a question of jurisdiction. Counsel representing the Commissioners state that Petitioner Boren's proportion of the cost of the repairs ordered would be just 67c. Meantime work on the Court House is progressing.

### Auction Sales This Day.

Adler, Frank & Co., 415 North Broadway—Boots and shoes.

Block-Selkirk Auction Company, 1007-1011 Locust street—Stock of a second-hand store, at 1109 North Seventh street, 11 a. m.

O' J. Lewis & Co., 417 North Broadway—Regular sale of dry goods, underwear, etc., 9 a. m.; fifty crates white granite crockery-ware, 11:30 a. m.