

FEELS GOD'S SPIRIT

How the Prophet of the Mormons Feels When Revelation Comes.

The Church Gaining Converts-The Mormons Are Doing as Well as Ever-Are Well Satisfied with Their Home in Utah.

(Copyright, 1894.)

HE rule laid down by Holy Writ, substantially to the effect that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," like all other rules, has its exception. A notable one is in the case of Wilford Woodruff, president, prophet, seer and revelator of the Church of Jesus Christ and Latter-Day Saints, commonly called the Mormon church.

President Woodruff stands at the head of the Mormon church throughout the whole world, and in every clime where this peculiar faith has gained a footing, as well as at home, he is held in the highest reverence, love and esteem by all its adherents.

President Woodruff is now in the gathering ground of old age, his years numbering eighty-seven; but his step is still elastic, eyes bright, bearing erect, and despite his snowwhite hair had heard few people would take him to be over sixty years of age.

He is essentially a worker, and even now, while his followers are anxious for him to spend his remaining few years in the enjoyment of those blessings that his life of prophesy and consecration to God has showered upon him, he spends from seven to eight hours per day at his office on Brighton street looking after the affairs of the church to which he dedicated his energies in the morning of his life.

I sought an interview with President Woodruff at the church offices recently and found a large number of people waiting to see him on business mostly connected with the church. Through his secretary, Mr. Gibbs, he made an appointment with me for an interview the next day at a time when one or both of his chief counselors, George Q. Cannon and Joseph F. Smith, would be present.

At the appointed hour, the aged president was found seated at a desk in his sanctum, with his counselor, Joseph F. Smith, occupying a chair beside him. President Woodruff is a man below the average stature. He has an abundance of hair and chin beard, and his eyebrows are quite heavy. His eyes are bright and piercing and his face round and full. He affects none of those antinomian airs which a prophet might naturally be supposed to possess, but talks in a business-like style and with a decided downcast Yankee accent, which long years of sojourn in the west has failed to obliterate.

Replying to the query as to what had caused the change of sentiment of the world regarding the Mormon people, he said: "Knowing as better has caused them to look on us more kindly. The false reports sent out by our enemies are now correctly informed. They don't expect to find us with horns like wild beasts or demons in human shape. Tales of that kind are no longer credited. Our choir at the world's fair did a great deal to enlighten the world as to our true character. We were kindly received and hospitably treated and people learned that we are much like other folks who are lovers of peace and of good morals and good order."

"Are you satisfied with the progress being made by the church in the matter of gaining converts?" was the next query. "We are doing as well as we have ever done. We have our missionaries who go out into every country and to the islands of the sea without purse and without scrip and their labors meet with a fair reward. Some years ago, certain enemies heard the truth with greater results than others, but the average conversions for many years have been about the same."

"What is there in the reported Mormon settlements in old Mexico and of the reestablishment of polygamy in the church there?" "There is nothing in it. We are making no more effort to plant colonies in Mexico than in any other parts of the world, and the idea of the Utah people practicing polygamy is worse than idle talk. The Mormons in Utah are satisfied with their homes and have no intention or desire to move anywhere or to practice polygamy. There is nothing in the talk whatever."

"What do you think of the recent decision of Judge Phillips, of Missouri, in the matter of the church property at Independence?" "That was none of our fight; the parties to the suit were the two offshoots from the church known as the Hedrickites and the Josephites. We had no interest in and paid no attention to it. Many branches have broken off from this church at various times and nearly all have gone out of existence. The true church alone will stand."

"But how does that decision affect the succession from Joseph Smith down to the present time, and does it not tend to show that in the opinion of the court the Josephites are the true successors of the prophet, Joseph Smith?" "It does not affect the question of succession at all, for the reason that the court knows nothing about succession or which is the true church of Christ."

"People generally," ventured the interviewer, "cannot and do not understand the nature of the gift of prophesy."

FIELD FOR ROMANCE

The Splendid Sacrifices of the Trained Nurses of New York.

Mr. McLean's Devotion to Duty Destroyed Her Eyesight-Amateur Stumblers and Salvation Army Ladies Like Banker Van Norden's Daughter.

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Bank President Van Norden's daughter joined the Salvation Army a year or two ago and there was much talk about it. Miss Vanderbilt, Miss Shepard, Miss Helen Gould and other daughters of men worth millions in money go in for nursing and visiting the sick, and find comfort and amusement in it. But only in an amateur way. The professional trained nurse has ceased to be invested with that romantic interest which suggests the names of Florence Nightingale, "Lucille," Florence Lees, Lady Gover and the like. Yet women of gentle birth, who have been as carefully guarded as hot-house flowers, slip away from time to time from the ways of the world into the hospital ward, and the nurse's home, and the sickrooms of strangers, content to be forgotten in well-doing. The trained nurse sees a touching, absorbing, fascinating side of life as well as many of its untold horrors. She is the daughter of war. In the United States she dates only from the early sixties, as in England Florence Nightingale thrilled the nations with her entrance into the bloody scenes of the Crimean war.

Miss Virginia McLean illustrates the heroism of the trained nurse of today. She distinguished herself in the college for trained nurses, and left Bellevue hospital at the end of the term in '92 with the highest honors the faculty could bestow. But she left it blind. In an operation at which she assisted, or while otherwise attending a little child in the ward where she loved to work, Miss McLean got a particle of virus in one of her eyes. To the intense grief of the staff and of all who had known of the value of her work, the sight slowly withered away and the vitality of the remaining orb began soon to be affected. Specialists here and in Paris and London were consulted, in vain. Her own courage and devotion to her calling did not falter in this hour of extremity. She prepared to transfer the scene of her activity to the blind asylum. This was indeed a splendid sacrifice.

Lady Alexandra Leveson Gover, the only daughter of the duke of Sutherland, announced some years ago her intention of giving up the career of pleasure which her social position and her fortune opened before her. She studied nursing and began in the summer of 1890. Her own courage and devotion to her calling did not falter in this hour of extremity. She prepared to transfer the scene of her activity to the blind asylum. This was indeed a splendid sacrifice.

On June 23, 1890, a morning metropolitan journal of high repute for accuracy stated that: "It is within the range of possibility that one or two nurses should beat a patient almost to death and yet escape the consequences of their act by collusion and false statements." This was apropos of charges of brutal treatment made by Catherine Carr against nurses in the Blackwell's island insane asylum.

The family that takes in a trained nurse may "entertain an angel unawares" and in many cases does so. There are demonic possibilities, however.

The death of Mrs. Alvin Smales at her home in Orange, N. J., recently, was directly traceable to that estimable woman's devotion in the war of the rebellion to her self-appointed task of nursing. What the trained nurse of today learns in the hospitals of a great city, where humanity is hurled against disease and poverty, the nurse of those earlier, more stirring times, taught by emergency, in the immediate presence of an armed and bloody foe, Mrs. Smales was a hospital nurse in the early '60's. "While at work in the field," said a friend in Orange, "she received a bullet wound in her head, and that bullet was never dislodged, although Mrs. Smales studied surgery, it is said, in the hope of obtaining relief."

Ingenuity. A colored woman who helps around came very late the other morning, but wore a queer shaped garment all washed and the water. Her mistress asked the reason for her being late and she explained: "Well, I sat up so late last night sewing on my new basque that I overslept this morning. You see the old lady I work for gave me an old satin umbrella cover, and I cut me a basque out of it and made it last night." Surely feminine ingenuity can go no further than to make basques out of old umbrella covers. The result, however, is not pleasing—Indiana Sentinel.

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EYES THAT OFFEND

Interviews with Several Noted New York Oculists.

Dangers of Ill-Fitting Glasses-Defective Eyesight the Cause, and Not the Effect or Merely Indications of Physical Disorder.

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F thine eye offend thee, pluck it out," were the words of Holy Writ in those old days, when the science of optics was unknown. But since the discovery of 'logics and 'onomics so numerous that names are wanting to designate them, our modern interpretation is: "Go to the oculist and get your 'specs." How faithfully this injunction is carried out is evidenced by an exclamation from a young lady who was evidently a stranger in New York city.

"How many people there are with glasses on!" she said to her friend, as she stepped off the car; "what can be the cause of it?" "What, indeed?" thought I, and I hastened to a wise man for an explanation.

In this case I did not find it necessary to carry a lantern, like Diogenes, to aid me in my search. For you must know that in New York there are many wise men who are kept so busy serving and instructing their fellow men that they have no time to sit on tubs and bark in the sun, as those lazy old Greek philosophers did.

I found Dr. Webster in his office, on Madison avenue, "mending eyes," as it were. His subject was a twelve-year-old girl, whose glasses needed adjusting. She had had one eye burnt for ulceration with a red-hot iron by Dr. Agnew when she was two years old, and had worn glasses ever since.

"My sister has just had her eyes tested," she said, "and the lady will have to wear them as soon as she gets old enough. My father wears glasses, and my mother is nearly blind. I have three aunts who have worn glasses ever since they were little girls."

"So it appears that poor eyesight is hereditary," I asked, turning to the doctor, and refraining from any reference to the "crooked man who had a crooked wife," etc.

"Undoubtedly. We always look up the family history when we have a serious case."

"Do you not think that much harm results from the use of improper glasses?" "I think it is very injurious to wear glasses unsuited to the eyes. It is also very harmful to neglect to wear glasses when the eyes require them."

"There is hardly a known ailment which cannot be said in some cases to have its origin in defective eyesight. Headache, pains in the back, nausea, vertigo, are all symptoms of eye troubles."

"Is it possible to have an affection of the eyes without knowing it?" "Yes, for the reason that it manifests itself in so many different ways."

"Usually, however, your family physician begins to suspect something, when he finds that his remedies for your ailments have no effect. If you

to induce them. There were little babies who fretted with the heat, and old men and women who could scarcely walk.

As I gazed about the room my eye fell upon a familiar figure. Yes, it could be no other than the self-contained, kind-hearted Samantha Allen, whom everybody knows lives "down east," with her beloved, but wayward Josiah.

While I waited here I seized the opportunity to get a little information from one of the eminent physicians who constitute the governing faculty of the College of the New York Ophthalmic hospital.

"Will you tell me, doctor, what is the effect of not wearing glasses when they are needed?" "The eye strain is very great, and this draws on the brain and nerve force in such a way as to cause great injury."

I then quoted a remark made by the late Dr. Agnew, to the effect that it was a wonder that a certain patient had not gone crazy from the need of glasses, and asked him if it were possible to go crazy from an eye affection.

"That would be hard to say," said he; "but it is a curious fact that nearly all victims of epilepsy and similar nervous diseases have some affection of the eyes."

He then proceeded to give me some of Dr. Ambrose L. Katsany's experiments upon epileptics. This eminent physician insists upon the fact that eye troubles are the cause, and not the effect, or merely the indication, of certain remote diseases hitherto supposed to have no connection with the eyes.

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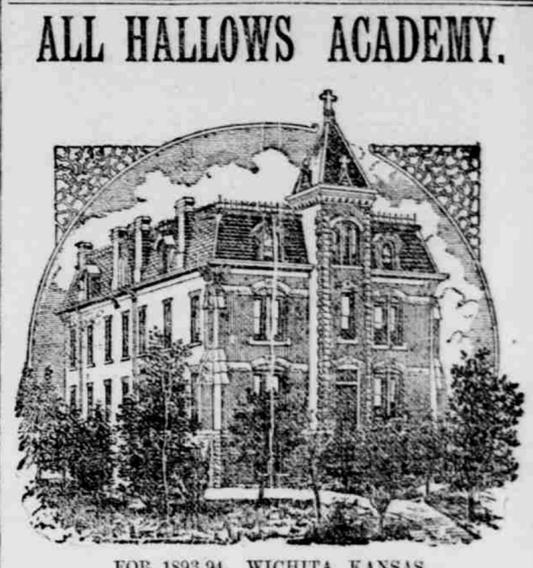
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shows how a concave lens corrects the error. Eyes that are far apart, giving a frank open expression of countenance, are apt to be far-sighted.

Blue and gray eyes are said to last better than dark eyes. After my visit to the doctors mentioned above, I repaired to the Ophthalmic hospital, where eyes are tested "for pure grace."

Here I registered my name, gave my real age—with the inward reflection that I would probably never see these people again—and went in with the rest to await my turn.

All sorts of ophthalmic distortions were represented. There were cross eyes, pink eyes, near and far-sighted eyes, and eyes that shed "unwonted tears," without any apparent affliction.

There is only one class of people," says an eminent oculist, "who can safely select a pair of glasses without the advice of a specialist, and that is the class who have never had any trouble with the eyes until after the age of forty; then it can usually be ascertained that the cause of failing eyesight is increasing age, and this is easily corrected."

FEMININITY'S SUBTLE CHARM. She Flings About Her the Grace that Fancy Attaches to Her Sex. A meeting of the "Healthy and Artistic Dress Union," which was founded in London four years ago for the purpose of making dress "less hideous" and more hygienic in its principles, is another proof of the continued effort women are making to get rid of the worst of bodily afflictions, we continue our "penny-wise" policy of reading the little tid-bits in the newspapers to-day and making up for it in the end by the rebellion of the eyes against such long-continued usage.

The greater portion of the women appeared in divided skirts, a few in the jacket and knickerbockers, and others in something they call the "rational dress," which is a species of reform which boasts of a petticoat. Those who went to the meeting on a bicycle took a turn around the room to display their different costumes, and it was generally conceded that the nearest approached the masculine dress the better they were suited to the exercise.

One conspicuous figure was a woman clad in a pale-green walking suit made with drapery and a short skirt so long that the wearer had perfect freedom. A gown, which was termed artistic, was made of broadest silk with a pale and loosely falling skirt. Another costume, which was the original idea of the woman who wore it, resembled a harlequin's robe. Sanitary corsets, stockings, and petticoats were on exhibition, and also a shoe which has a division to keep the large toe in its natural position.

Speeches were made on the subjects of dress and diet and exercise as a means of reducing flesh; but a physician of the reformer sex wisely said that dress reform was successful, must begin with the young who have not left the iron bars of custom; also that girls should have the same liberty of running, jumping and playing ball that is given their brothers.

It would seem that dress reform for women might be an undertaking far more easy enough to carry all the time and exhaust the energy of its advocates, but no—with woman's characteristic desire to accomplish something just beyond her reach, she must agitate the question of a change in the customary evening dress for men, and get them, if she can, into irrelevant coats, knee breeches and silk shirts.—N. Y. Sun.

It is true, as there are many reasons...

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