Temple and Tabernacle.

FUNERAL OF APOSTLE RICHARDS.

Affectionate Farewells Said by Church Leaders.

One of the largest audiences that ever gathered at the Lion Tabernacle on any occasion, was the one present at the funeral services over the remains of Apostle Franklin D. Richards, the venerable president of the quorum of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints on December 13.

Among the church dignitaries and notables present were Presidents Snow, Cannon and Smith; Apostles F. M. Lyman, Heber J. Grant, John W. Taylor, John Henry Smith, George Teasdale, Anton H. Lund, M. F. Cowley, Rudger Clawson and Brigham Young; Patriarch John Smith; Andrew Jensen, John Jaques, O. F. Whitney, A. Milton Musser, Martin Lindsey, B. F. Cutlett and Mrs. Willard Weihe, assistants in the historians office; Angus M. Cannon, president of the Salt Lake stake, with his two counselors, Joseph E. Taylor and C. W. Penrose; Presiding Bishop W. B. Preston; First Presidents of Seventies George Reynolds, Rulon S. Wells, Joseph W. McMurrin and Seymour B. Young; Arthur Winter, church stenographer; William B. Dougall, John T. Caine, Le Roi C. Snow, Henry P. and Samuel Richards, brothers, and Levi W. Richards, nephew of the deceased; Hon. C. S. Varian, law partner of Franklin S. Richards. Many of the local officials, including President Shurtliff and Counselors Flygare and Middleton.

Bishop McQuarry of the Second ward of Ogden announced the opening hymn, "Oh, My Father," which was rendered by the full Tabernacle choir of 194 voices.

Apostle Francis M. Lyman offered up a prayer full of eloquent pleading and of sorrowful remembrance for the deceased.

The choir sang "Nearer, My God, to Thee," and in the hush that fell upon the audience, President Shurtliff spoke a few words, his emotion almost preventing utterance. He said, in part, that in all parts of the world, all over the state of Utah, and especially in Weber stake, would Franklin D. Richards, the noble man of God, be missed. In Weber county he had lived, and here where he was so well known, and where his fatherly counsel had so often been given, was he loved and respected the most. The people have lost one of their choicest men, not only one of the strong men of the church, but one of the best of Utah's citizens. The speaker said that he was so depressed in the presence of the dead, this great apostle who has led Israel during all these years, that he could only say, "God bless the relatives of the deceased, and be with him in his gracious, comforting presence."

APOSTLE BRIGHAM YOUNG

was thankful that he was permitted to say a few words in eulogy of the man, his brother apostle, who had died. It seemed, so far as human comprehension could determine, that Franklin D. Richards was still needed on earth in the church for the well-being of the brethren and to work for Christ, but God knows best. The speaker had known the deceased as long as he could remember, and knew his character to be above reproach, a man raised up by God to do good among the people of the earth. But he had run the race, his life had been full of good works, and no one could take from him the celestial glory he had earned by his faithfulness in this life. The speaker closed by referring feelingly to his father, Brigham Young, and saying that today the deceased and his father were together in glory. He asked all to emulate the example set by the deceased, his character as a perfect gentleman and a perfect Latter-day Saint.

PRESIDENT SNOW

spoke at some length. He indorsed every thing that had been said by the previous speakers concerning the life and character of the deceased, who was truly a man of God. Upward of fifty years ago he and the deceased were ordained to the quorum of the twelve apostles, and since then they had been close friends. The speaker reviewed some of the changes that had taken place in the church bodies, and said that since the deceased had been a member of the apostles, four of the presidents of the church, Joseph Smith, Brigham Young, John Taylor and Wilford Woodruff had passed away. No one ought to complain at the taking away of Apostle Richards. He had lived a long life full of good work which would live after him. The best that can be said of him, and all that need to be said, is that throughout his long life he discharged the duties and obligations imposed upon him according to his ability, fearlessly and earnestly in the light of the holy spirit. All can well say that he has accomplished the purpose of his life. The deceased had testified many a time that Joseph Smith was the servant of God, and had the divine right to baptise and to lay on hands for the reception of the Holy Ghost, and that he had power from God. This testimony will live to do good. The life of the deceased was noble; it was worthy of emulation; a grand life, of which his children could well be proud. Of the effect of the life of the deceased upon the community, President Snow said: "These people who are persecuting us and want to see us persecuted, would be our friends today if they knew us as we know ourselves. We are sacrificing every day for the good of humanity. May we have our hearts ready for the events of the near future." The speaker narrated some incidents in the life of the deceased, and closed by saying that he magnified his priesthood and was a man of God.

PRESIDENT GEORGE Q. CANNON

dwelt with emotion upon the life and character of the deceased, and said he had an especial reason to bear witness to the beauty of his character. He had known the deceased for many years, and had felt his influence for good during all the time he had known him. The speaker said that he was ordained as an apostle after Brother Richards, and was a junior apostle. When the speaker was called to the first presidency, Brother Richards was older than he, but, said the speaker, "Brother Richards never showed toward me any other feeling than brotherly kindness and respect toward the office which I hold. Of all the men I ever knew, Brother Richards was the example of meekness, gentleness and kindness. I never heard Brother Richards talk of the faults of his brethren. I never heard an unkind word from his lips, and he never lost his temper." He closed by urging that the life of the deceased be emulated by all Latter-day Saints.

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

was the last speaker. He spoke briefly, indorsing all that had been said of the deceased. He had loved the deceased as a brother, and his death came as a great shock to him. No man he had ever known was so near perfect as was Franklin D. Richards. He had been true to the teachings of the prophet Joseph Smith, and had trusted in God. An exalted glory awaits the deceased in the spirit world.

The choir sang "Farewell, all Earthly Honors," and the closing prayer was said by John Henry Smith.

The long expected company of Mexico colonists started from Payson, Utah, over the Short Line for the state of Chihuahua, December 15. A few visitors accompanied them to look at the country, and will remain during the winter.

The following is a list by families: Abraham Done and family of ten, James E. Jones, jr., and family of four; Amasa L. Jones and family of five; Mrs. Louise Abegg and family of four; Mrs. Martha Curtis and family of four, S. A. Hunsaker and family of five; Lorenzo A. Heish and son, Edward A. Heish and son, Joseph S. Douglas, John Done, sr., and wife, Henry C. Tanner, Niels Fredericksen.

There were four cars, loaded with twenty-four horses, eight vehicles and wagons, household goods and machinery, and one emigrant car for the passengers.

Charles Patten and wife and James A. Daniels left over the Rio Grande on the early train this morning, making a total of forty-four persons from Payson and neighborhood most of whom will locate at Emanuel Dublan, of which ward Elder S. J. Robinson has lately been installed bishop, with Joseph Cardon first and A. B. Call second counselors. Bishop Robinson is from Payson.

This place seems to be the mother of new settlements, as there is no room here to expand and make new homes. People have emigrated from here to all points of the compass.

Salt Lake Stake will be divided soon. Salt Lake City comprising one stake and the rest of the county the other.

Not a Good Venue.

Mrs. Wayback—Did you go to the theater while you was in the city, Joshua? Mr. Wayback—No, Maria, I couldn't find no theater, somehow. The only place I could find was a dime museum, but I saw that six times.—New York Weekly.

Curt Epitaph in New Hampshire.

A retiscent person's epitaph is to be seen on a tombstone in the graveyard at Stowe, N. H. It runs thus: "I was somebody—who, is no business of yours." There is not another word or even letter on the stone.

Knew It Was in the Lehigh.

A certain Pennsylvania Sunday school teacher was questioning her class. "Where was Christ born?" she asked Willie. Willie pondered awhile and finally announced, "Mauch Chunk." "Mauch Chunk!" screamed the teacher. "You ought to know better than that. Why, little Georgie knows where Christ was born. Where was Christ born, Georgie?" And the treble of the 4-year-old answered: "Beth-le-hem." "That's right," said the teacher. "Well," said Willie, pouting, "I knew 'twas somewhere on the Lehigh Valley railway."

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER VI.

A Hurricane Drives Us to the Fortunate Isles.

Some days after this we passed a convoy, as the Portuguese call those large and round built vessels which they send to Brazil and the Indies, and which are alike adapted for burden, fighting and sailing.

On exchanging the hearties—which, when vessels pass each other, are usually chalked on a blackboard, hung over the quarter—Weston and Hislop found a considerable difference between the Portuguese and ours; but, never doubting that we were correct, they here on without hailing the carrack, as we passed each other on opposite tacks under a press of sail.

The weather continued cloudy, and an increased difference was found on exchanging the latitude and longitude with another vessel next morning. Then, after an observation at noon, Weston found that for more than fifty hours the Eugenie had been going several miles to the southeast of her due course.

The compass was immediately overhauled by Hislop, who found that the standard of the needle was loose.

On that night there commenced a long course of head winds and foul weather, during which the compass never worked properly, and the captain and mate found, by the solar observation, that we had drifted so far to leeward as to be somewhere between the parallels of 24 degress and 28 degrees 33 minutes north.

Tattooed Tom and old Roberts, the man-o'-war's-man, were superstitious enough to give me the entire blame of all this, in consequence of having fired one day at some of Mother Cary's chickens; an action, they averred, which never failed to give the craft of the perpetrator a head wind for the remainder of her voyage—if she ever finished it at all.

"If this foul weather holds for another day," said Weston, as he trod the deck with a sullenness quite professional under the circumstances, "we shall see land sooner than I wished."

"Land!" I reiterated, brightening at the idea more than he relished.

"Yes, some part of the Canaries—Santa Cruz de la Palma, most likely; but we shall have very rough weather before another sun rises. I know well the signs, Mr. Rodney. Don't you see what is brewing yonder, Hislop?" he said in a low voice to his mate.

"You say just what old Roberts, Tattooed Tom, and I were observing forward," replied Hislop. "We have not all of us seen a hurricane off the west coast of Africa, a tornado in the Windward Isles, and a regular roaring pampero off the Rio de la Plata, without learning something—eh, captain?"

"I hope not! so remember that this gloomy weather, with the wind lulling away and then coming again in hot gusts with a moaning sound—in my part of England we name it 'the calling of the sea'—are always signs of a coming squall."

As the night closed in, the canvas on the brig was redoubled, the royals were struck and the yards sent on deck; the dead lights were shipped on the stern windows, the quarter boat was hoisted within the taffrail, and there lashed hard and fast, for there were increasing tokens of a coming tempest, and ere midnight it came with a vengeance.

The sky as few was all a deep, dark blue, wonderfully dark for that region, and the stars, especially the planets, shone with singular clearness and beauty; but in the northwest quarter of the heavens we could see the coming blast.

From the horizon to the zenith, there arose with terrible rapidity a mighty bank of sable cloud, forming a vast and gloomy arch, at the base of which a pale and phosphoric red light seemed to play upon the heaving sea.

This light brightened and sank alternately. Now it would shoot downward with a lurid glow, steadily and brilliantly, under the feline vapor, and then it died away with an opal tint.

Sheet lightning of a pale and ghastly green, extending over ten or twelve points of the horizon, flashed and played upon it. Then we heard the roar of rain, as if a great lake had been falling from a vast height into the sea, and the next the roar of the mighty blast; while furrowing up the ocean in its passage, the tempest came swooping down upon us and around us in a species of whirlwind.

Bravely the Eugenie met it, for her captain and mate handled her ably.

She had her topsail sails furled, her courses up, the topsails lowered upon the cap, and the reef tackles close out; but she swayed fearfully when careening beneath the hot breath of the mighty blast and riding over these black mountains of water, which in fierce succession it impelled toward her. High he went over a sloping sheet of foam one moment, and the next saw her plunging into a deep, black valley of that midnight sea so deep that the wind seemed to pass over us, the canvas flinged to the mast, and we only caught its weight and power when riding quietly on the crest of the next mighty roller.

Meanwhile the green-forked lightning flashed so brightly that at times we could see every rope in the vessel, our own blanched and pale faces, as we held on by ring bolts and belaying pins to save ourselves from being washed overboard by the broading sheets of incessant foam and rain that flowed on deck, over which the sea was the livelong horrid night, every minute.

Each time the Eugenie rose in her buoyancy, her decks were half full of water, and the long boat amidships filled so fast that a man with a bucket could water keep it bailed.

Following the whirlwind, we went round five times in thirty-five minutes, with the afteryards squared and the headyards braced sharp up.

Then the black mass of sulphurous cloud in which we were enveloped seemed to unroll, and with the same rapidity with which it approached, passed away into the sky, "the chamber of the thunder," as the bard of Cona hints it, became again clear, blue and starry, though marked by occasional masses of flying vapor. The gale ceased, and the Eugenie heaved upon a foam covered sea, over which there passed, from time to time, short squalls, compelling us to lower the double reefed topsails and run before the wind.

Now a stiff glass of grog was served round to all, and to turns we contrived to get some dry clothing.

In the end of the middle watch—about four o'clock a. m.—there was suddenly visible upon our larboard bow a faint and watery light that was opened in the sky from time to time, like jets of steam.

This shadowy appearance was high above the horizon, and first caught the anxious eye of Capt. Weston.

"Hish! do you see that?" said he to me.

"What is it?"

"The Peak of Allan—Teneriffe."

"The great volcanic peak in the Fortunate Isles?"

"Old Teney Reef in the Canaries, we calls it, sir," said Tattooed Tom, who was at the wheel. "It ain't a volcano now; but it can't give over its old trade of smoking altogether, and blows up steam like a screw propeller or just as a whale does water through his spiracles."

"Tom means what the Spaniards term the ventas, or nostrils, of the peak, through which the aqueous vapors come with a buzzing sound, and these came a species of light," said Hislop.

"Well thank heaven, though we are far out of our course, that blast has done no more than wet our storm jackets and scrape some of our paint off."

"We have come out of it uncommon well, sir," said Tom, as he stood with his feet planted firmly apart on the deck, his hard brown hands grasping the wheel, with the helm amidships, as we were still before the wind, and the light of the binnacle flaring upward on his weather-beaten face, with its strange zebra-like stripes—at least, on so much of his grim visage as the peak of his sou'-wester and a scarlet cravat that was round his throat and jaws permitted us to see. "The last time I was in such a breeze was a pampero off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, but then we had our foresail split to ribbons, and the ship was canted over on her beam ends at most. The mainsail was blown right out of the men's hands, and dipped in the sky like thunder, while the craft—a five hundred ton ship she was and all copper-fastened—was just on the point of capsizing, when with a crash that made our hearts ache, snap went the jibboom and topmasts off at the caps, just as you'd break a bacca-pipe at the bowl. We righted after that; but four of our best men were swept away to leeward, and never seen again. And now, Master Rodney, with all your book learning, or you, Master Hislop, with all yours, can you tell the why such things as tornadoes, hurricanes, jump-ups and the like, are sent to torment the poor hard-working fellows such as me?"

"I can," said Hislop, turning his handsome, but wet and weather beaten face to the steersman.

"You can, sir," reiterated Tom loudly and incredulously.

"Yes, in four lines. Listen:

"'Perhaps this storm was sent with healing breath
From distant climes to scourge diseases and death;
'Tis ours on Thine unerring laws to trust;
With thee, great Lord—whatever is, is just.'"

"Faith, you are right, sir," said honest Tom Lamboorne, touching his tarry hat in respect to the mate, mingled with that piety which, in his own rugged way, a seaman is never without.

CHAPTER VII.

I Go Ashore.

The wind lulled away into a gentle breeze, reef after reef was shaken out until a full spread of canvas once more covered the spars of the Eugenie, and to repair some trifling damages of the night we crept in shore.

As day brightened through clouds half rain, half mist, and wholly gray, or obscure, we saw the land looming high and dark. Beyond it in the distance there was a space of vivid light; in the foreground, surf white as snow was breaking on the beach, and high over all, in mid-air towered the wondrous Peak of Adam, on the eastern side of which the sun (as yet unseen to us) was shining brightly when we came to anchor in the harbor of Santa Cruz.

We moored in thirty-three fathoms water, about half a mile from the shore, which in most places is steep, with green and lovely slopes rising high above it. As Capt. Weston proposed to weigh next morning, he allowed me to go ashore, but sent with me, to be a guide and companion, Tom Lamboorne, the tattooed sailor, who had been frequently before at the Grand Canary, and to whom he reposed great trust.

He gave me a canvas bag containing some provisions, a flask of spirits, and a telescope, and thus provided, old Tom and I, with such emotions of pleasure as two newly escaped schoolboys might feel, landed on the shore, which seemed to leave, sink, and rise under my feet—for after the late storm I still felt that which is termed "the roll of the ship."

It was in this harbor of Santa Cruz that the famous old English Admiral Blake encountered, and within six hours turned and sunk seven great Spanish galleons, though they were anchored under the protecting cannon of seven forts and a strong castle, in the walls of which some of his shot were shown imbedded for many years after.

I cast longing eyes to the summit of the mighty Peak of Adam. It seemed to rise sheer from the sea, over which, literally piercing the clouds, it towers to the height of more than twelve thousand feet; but the idea of attempting to climb it within so short a space of time as we had to spend on shore never occurred to me, but what a feat it would have been to relate when I returned to Erlesmere!

The morning was early yet; the sun was barely above the now cloudless horizon; so the shadow of this stupendous cone was cast not only over the whole island, which seems to form merely its base, but to the far horizon, perhaps beyond it; for there are writers who assert that in clear weather Cape Bojadore, that dreary and barren promontory of Africa, ninety miles distant, is visible from its summit.

Did the waves of the sea ever overflow this mighty peak? At such a question the mind becomes lost in conjecture.

As I am not writing a descriptive book of travels, but merely a plain narrative of my own very recent adventures, I need not detail at great length, either the magnitude or the aspect of this great island-mountain of the Atlantic.

From cliffs of dark-brown basalt, against which the ocean pours in vain its foam and fury, we ascended the steep slope of the volcano for a few miles. Then at our feet, as it were, we could see that fertile island, where a perpetual spring seems to smile, and where the fragrant myrtle, the golden orange trees, and the dark funeral cypresses form the mere hedgerows of those plantations where the sugar-cane, the broad leaved plantain, the luscious Indian fig, the trailing vine, the fragrant cinnamon, and the pretty coffee bush, were all flourishing in a luxuriance that filled us with wonder and pleasure.

Further off was the boundless sea, of that deep blue which it borrowed from the sky above, and mirrored in its depth were the shipping in the roadstead, with their white canvas hanging loose to dry in the sun; the green woods and dark rocks reflected downward, and the old turreted castle of Santa Cruz, with the scarlet and yellow banner of Castile and Leon on its time-worn ramparts.

The summit of the great cone, on the clothed sides of which we never tired of gazing, soon became lost in vapor; far above the dark green belt of many miles, named the Region of Laurels, and that other belt or forest of timber, where pines, chestnuts, and oaks of vast size mingle their varied foliage together, the mountain seemed all of a violet tint, which paled away into faint blue as its apex mingled and became lost amid the gossamer clouds.

(To be continued.)

A New Way of Boiling Water.

It is possible to make a pail of water boil without putting it on the fire or applying external heat to it in any way. In fact, you can make a pail of water boil by simply stirring it with a big wooden spoon. All you have to do is to place your water in a pail—it may be ice water if necessary—and stir it with a wooden spoon. If you keep at it long enough it will certainly boil. Five hours of rapid and constant stirring are sufficient to perform the feat successfully. The water will after a time warm, and then it will grow hot—so hot, in fact, that you cannot hold your hand in it, and finally it will boil. The point which the inventor of this trick wishes to illustrate is what is known as the mechanical equivalent of heat. It requires so many foot pounds of work to develop a given quantity of heat. By turning the spoon in the water at a regular speed it is possible to find out just how much work is required to raise the temperature of water to one degree. Heat is developed in almost any substance which is subjected to continuous or violent action.

Weapon and Lantern Combined.

A private policeman of Ludlow, Ky., William Fritz, has in actual use the very latest policeman's club, says the Philadelphia Record. Astonishing as it may seem, the club contains an electrical apparatus which furnishes a powerful searchlight. It is a weapon and lantern combined, and may be used with equal effect in either capacity. The construction is simple. A storage battery within the club, a push button at the handle end, where the thumb naturally rests, and a small but powerful electric lamp behind a thick glass ball's eye at the tip of the club, covers it all. The electric apparatus is so ingeniously devised that it is not injured when a blow is struck with the club.

AN ALASKAN HOME.

How the Family Gathers After the Day's Work is Over.

An Alaskan hut is not the worst place in the world—far from it, says Bill Nye. Its interior consists of a square floor of earth banked on all sides by two wide bunks rising one above the other like a terrace. On the lower one rest the cooking, weaving and fishing utensils, the knives and needles, pots and pans. On the upper bunk, with much display of wonderfully woven blankets, are the beds. In the center of the room glows the fire, the smoke groping its way out of a hole in the roof. After the day's work is done and the stomachs of both people and dogs are full, the family gathers around the fire. Facing the door sits the father, next to him the mother; on one hand the sons and on the other the daughters, even to the third and fourth generation, it may be. Beyond these are the servants or slaves. Each has his place, and takes it as a matter of course. Without, in the darkness, the dogs cluster about the door and howl. The mysterious and implacable sea keeps up its thunder. The snow-capped mountains, with their illimitable glaciers, lie just beyond. The shafts of the northern lights dart through the sky like the harpoons of a Titan, with incredible celerity. Is it strange that, amid scenes so wild and fearful, superstitions, also wild and fearful, spring into existence? Or can one be surprised that in an unlettered country, the storytellers are of mighty power, and tell tales that affright the children till they scramble to the safe shelter of their mothers' arms? When the family sings in strange, broken, yet rhythmical measures, the dogs howl louder than before, and the women sway their squat bodies back and forth unceasingly, keeping their hands occupied in sewing at their tasks of weaving or braiding. The men carve their spoons or cut curious figures from the black slate. The suitor for the hand of one of the daughters enters shyly and takes a seat with the sons. No protest is made. The father and mother go on with their little tasks, the young girls giggle after the fashion of girls the world over. And the suitor, thus unrepulsed, contents himself, thinking his case won. The oldest among them chants some old folk song, and the fatter rises. It is the signal for good-nights. The ashes are spread over the fire, and by the light of a few fishes' tails dried for the lighting, the family goes to bed, forgetful of crashing bergs, or the mysterious aurora, of the mount ins where the snow lies forever and aiway. So is home made anywhere, where the spirit of home exists.

NUTS AND DATES.

The culture of the pistache nut is likely to prove of very considerable value in California, Arizona and New Mexico. With the exception of the home-consumed product of a few isolated trees, the entire quantity now used in this country is imported and its use is limited almost exclusively to ice cream and confection flavoring, says the Scientific American.

Along the Mediterranean, where the choicest walnuts and almonds are raised, the pistache is considered the very best of all nuts for table use. It is very nutritious and fattening and of a delicious flavor of its own, and should soon come to be a leading article of its kind in our markets. Mr. Swingle, who has been investigating foreign plants and fruits, perfected arrangements by which some choice grafts will reach his country next spring.

While able to withstand considerable frost in winter, the date palm must have a very dry and exceedingly hot climate at the time of the ripening of the dates. The earliest and, generally speaking, the poorest sorts produce the best dates; while it will yield in any soil, it takes most kindly to otherwise almost worthless land, even that which is white with alkali suiting it. Still, an abundance of water is at certain periods of its maturing quite necessary. Arizona is thought to be a good field for date-growing.

A Busy Compositor.

London newspapers had now arrived with incidents of the Boers, most of them far from flattering. One of the best relates that in a Dutch church in Pretoria not long ago a man there appeared a very stubborn young farmer's wife, who had brought her baby into town to be christened. Before leaving home her "lord" had written the names it was intended to give the infant on one slip of paper and the list of the household requirements on another, and both were carefully tied and put in the great leather wallet she carried. When the proper time arrived the fond mother handed one slip of paper to the minister, who read it, and then remarked that Hedie Rijst Ruiker Gember Kaas was a rather odd names for the child, and ones which might prove misleading to the possessor at some future time. Then the other slip of paper was produced and explanations made.

A Fine Joke.

"An Irish soldier, seeing the Green flag, "having been a joke which had been tried before upon one of whom was a native and a lawyer and the other a native of Ireland, some of the other soldiers thought him a good deal. "Well," said he, "who the devil could have thought when there were a hundred men in the bench!" "A hundred!" said a grenadier. "There were but three." "Faith, Patrick," replied the corporal, "I have was one and two ciphers."