Relic From Nauvoo Temple Part of Illinois State Fair.

MOUNTED upon a stone foundation, along the edge of a small pond at the Illinois state fair grounds, stands a remnant of the one time glorious temple of the Mormons at Nauvoo, Ill. The great stone sun, shorn of its familiar surroundings, looks out forlornly, with set eyes and parted lips, towards the west, towards the present home of its makers. No inscription explains its history to the casual observer. Its presence is incongruous; the majority pass it by without another thought. They do not know its history; they do not care to investigate. To them, the object is merely a piece of gray limestone, carved with an image of the sun, surmounted by two hands, holding trumpets.

Is this the product of a modern mind? Rather it looks like an ancient piece of Egyptian sculpture, or a remnant from the sun temple of the Incas.

The parted lips speak not,—it is the face of a mutilated sphinx. Yes, mutilated, for like that great watchdog of the desert, this lowly image has had its nose knocked off by some unscrupulous relic hunter. A piece of the lip of one trumpet is also missing, no doubt gone to swell some collection of curios.

The stone sun is as much alone amid all the bustle and noise, as if it were 20 feet beneath the ground. Just over the slope of the hill whirr the wheels of progress. Here stand the buildings that compose the "greatest state fair on earth." Here come exhibitors with their best corn and vegetables, their finest fruits; their wonderful accomplishments in breeding noble horses, fine cows and prize sheep. Here during the annual fair stand the latest improvements in autos, the best farm machinery. On the other side pass the electric cars, carrying thousands to view the sights of "fair week." And through all the rushing and the shouting of the side show barkers, the stone image stands unnoticed. It is a survivor of a piece of Illinois history, acted out, somewhat too tragically, on the banks of the Mississippi during the years 1839-1846, at Nauvoo, Illinois.

Nauvoo, "pleasant for situation," has never achieved much toward becoming a metropolis, but it has put itself on the map for all time, as the Illinois home of the Mormons.

The temple they built there was a labor of love and religious zeal. Their prophet commanded them to build a temple; they did so, working upon its walls even during the period of their persecution. Even when they realized that they must leave this chosen spot, they continued their work. The temple must be finished even though it would have to be immediately abandoned.

Gray limestone formed the greater part of it, the native rock of Hancock county. Half columns, each a hundred feet high appeared on the sides and front of the structure. The topmost stone of each of these was a sun, a replica of the one now at Springfield.

The temple finished, the Mormons hastened to leave; to travel for days across the prairies to their western home. Many times, did they pause during the first few miles, to glance backward to where the golden figure on the summit of the temple glittered in the sunlight. And thus the work of many months was abandoned; a million dollars lying idle, waiting for the destroyer. And the destroyer came. Fire swept away the wooden upper structure, but the stone walls still stood.

Then up the river from their far off Texan home, came a strange company of people, Etienne Cabet and his faithful followers, the Icarians. They had come from France to found an ideal community where all men would be equal; where there would be no overrich and no beggars; where all helped one, and one helped all. The deserted homes of the Mormons offered welcome shelter to the weary and sickness stricken travelers. The site was perfect for the building of the dream city Cabet had set his heart upon.

Once settled in their new surroundings, and after recovering somewhat from the loss of many of their number by cholera on the northward trip, the Icarians began to rebuild the temple. It could serve many purposes for them other than a place of worship. Months of earnest labor followed. Then came the second destroyer. Not fire this time, but the whirling, wrenching, crushing force of an Illinois cyclone. Down tumbled the work that had been attempted to turn the temple into a habitation.

The Icarians then decided not to use the building as it stood; rather to use the stone it contained in the construction of other structures. And so, forthwith, there rose upon the surrounding grounds a schoolhouse, dormitories and the like. The stone suns were taken down carefully. For a long time they stood side by side, waiting.

When the plans were made for the present state capitol at Springfield Hancock county limestone was suggested as a suitable material. Then Judge Edmunds and Major McLaurey brought the stone sun from Nauvoo, as a sample of that county's rocky soil. Subsequently much of the same kind of material was used in the superstructure of the capitol.

That was something like 30 years ago. For awhile the image stood in the yard of the old state house, now used for the county court. Its second position was on the north side of the new capitol. The state historical librarian became interested in it as a relic, and requested its removal to the third floor where the library is located. This was proven impracticable, as those in charge claimed the elevator would not hold such a weight.

So at length, about four years ago, the homeless image was presented to the state board of agriculture. They removed it to the state fair grounds, and mounted it upon a firm foundation, as part of the wall around the pond.

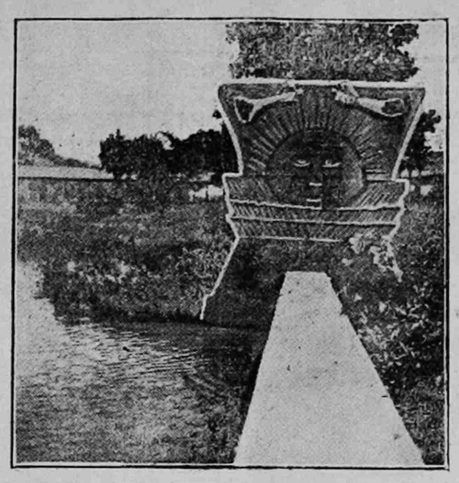
So there it stands today, wondered at by few, ignored by many. This year it probably attracted more attention than ever before, as the state game farm had its exhibit of birds within a netting that enclosed the pond, the surrounding banks, and almost "old Sol" himself. The presence of numberless golden, Japanese and other rare pheasants; huge Canadian wild geese; saucy little divers; and glistening mallards and teal, attracted more people than usual to that section of the grounds.

And as they walked slowly around the enclosure, wondering at the painted plumage of the pheasants, laughing at the antics of the ducks as they splashed about or stood on their heads in the water, admiring the slowly sailing black swans, they were suddenly confronted by the expressionless stone face, a relic of a half century ago.

What will be its next move? It will no doubt remain in its present position so long as the state fair remains in Springfield. If the fair should be moved?—well, the travels of the stone face may not be over. But wherever it goes it will always be a valuable relic of the Mormons in Illinois.

MRS. E. B. SNIDER.

Springfield, Ill.



RELIC OF THE NAUVOO TEMPLE.

THE HELP HE WANTED.

Tim and Clancy were walking through the wilds of New Jersey, bound for New York, when Tim spied a wildcat crouched in the branches of a tree near the road. Clutching his companion by the arm and pointing excitedly to the beast, he said:

"Clancy, do yez see thot foine Maltese cat? Oi've a fri'nd on Vasey street as wud give $40 for ut. Stand yez under now, an' Oi'll go up an' shake her dune. All yez'll have to do is to hold her."

Clancy did as he was told, and Tim went up and shook and shook till the cat did absolutely tumble. Clancy grabbed her. When there came a moment's lull in the cyclone of fur and Clancy and dust and grass, the wondering Tim, looking on from above, called down:

"Shall Oi come dune, Clancy, an' help hold her?"

"Come dune! Come dune," gasped Clancy. "Come dune an' help let her go!"

TIT FOR TAT.

A sentry while on duty was bitten by a valuable retriever, and drove his bayonet into the dog. Its owner sued him in the county court for its value, and the evidence given showed that the soldier had not been badly bitten after all. "Why did you not knock the dog with the butt end of your rifle?" asked the judge. The court rocked with laughter when the sentry replied: "Why didn't he bite me with his tail?"—London Daily News.

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"They all think it's nicer if it comes from Leyson's"

AN unconscious compliment was bestowed upon us this week by a lady of wealth and refinement. She said "I want something suitable for an elderly lady--not very expensive but practical. You know they all think it's nicer if it comes from Leysons"

We smiled and thanked God that we had not lived and worked in vain to establish a jewelry house of unquestioned integrity and recognized superiority, and we wish here to appeal to the so-called middle classes and wage earners and tell them why they should buy their Christmas gifts from us A rich man need not be careful as to whether or not he gets value received for money spent, but the wage earner should not gamble with chance and should know that he gets all his money will bring in any market. We might shout about our integrity as a safeguard to the purchaser until the ringing of the last knell and no one would listen, so we wish instead to appeal to one's reason. Now purely from a mercenary motive—forgetting entirely our moral obligations—it behooves us to give every man a dollar's worth of goods for a dollar. That's all—we can't afford to sell any but good goods at the smallest possible profit, and fear of injuring ourselves is your safeguard if none other existed. Of course there have been Christians in the jewelry business who were honest for conscience sake, but most of them lost their faith when their best friends began to tell them they could buy better goods at lower prices of a stranger back in Chicago by selecting them from pictures. However, most everybody has been "done' by some Catalogue house, and legitimate jewelers are getting back their Church letters. This coming week thousands of dollars will be spent in Utah for diamonds, watches and jewelry, and we expect the most of it as we have the most to offer in the way of volume and artistic merit of stock, and we will help you with suggestions. A Leyson box or case costs the customer no more than a piece of brown paper from a pawn shop, but it gives a tone to a gift that money cannot buy—try it. Phone 65 for the Correct time.

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