

A WALLED MORMON CITY

CORRECTIONVILLE HOME OF PROF. HET THOMPSON.

A Visit to a Community Established in Iowa by a Mormon who did not follow Brigham Young to Utah—Abandoning of Prophet and Ruin of Colony.

'It was in 1887 that, in company with a friend, I visited the town of Correctionville, in Iowa, arriving there after a long day's ride northwesterly from Sioux City,' said Gen. James Fairplay, whose youth was passed in the region west of the Mississippi River. 'The country had been surveyed by the Government at the time, and the town had received its queer name because it was situated at a correction line in the surveys. It was a Mormon settlement, one of the little communities of Latter Day Saints who had not followed Brigham Young and his people across the arid plains ten years before, but had made their colonies in the fertile prairie in the region of rainfall. The town was built in a manner unusual in modern construction, being surrounded by a wall. From ten miles away, over the prairie billowing green with the high grass of midsummer, we could see the walled city, the only sign of human occupation in view rising above the plain like a scene translated from the Holy Land. As we came nearer the corn and grain fields laid out in rectangles, the gardens and orchards without the wall, could be seen, and the people, at the hour of sunset, driving their live stock within the gates, which were closed at night against Gentiles and prowling Indians.

'The wall and the houses within were built of sun-dried brick made of clay mixed with prairie grass or straw—a material not so good as the New Mexico adobe bricks, which endure for centuries, but sufficient for the purpose. The walls were higher than a man could scale except with a ladder and thick enough to have stood a considerable bombardment from artillery, and upon the top was the beginning of a coping of split sandstone. As we came near the gates at the edge of dusk a sentinel hailed us from the wall and demanded our errand. We asked to see the prophet, Thompson, the spiritual and temporal head of the colony, and, after some delay, he appeared on the wall.

'There was a short parley, and then, our business being with him and satisfactory, the gates were thrown open for us to drive through. Within the town the houses were built in a circle against the wall, all facing the common inclosure in the centre, where the live stock was gathered at night. The flat roofs of the houses were about four feet lower than the wall, making a good standing ground behind the parapet in case the town had to be defended against an enemy. With some difficulty we made way for our team among the horses, mules, cattle, sheep and pigs standing and lying thickly together, to the door of the prophet's house. Our coming attracted little attention among the people of the town. Here and there a man or child gazed stolidly at us from a house door or a woman lifted her eyes from her work to look, but no one came near us as we unharnessed and fed our team.

'At the prophet's house the evening meal was spread of corn bread, stewed beans and lettuce, with salt for seasoning. There was no meat or butter on the table, Thompson being, after the stricter practice of the Mormons, a vegetarian. For the guests a pitcher of milk was procured from another house, but none of the prophet's household partook of it. During and after the meal Thompson talked with us freely and with no apparent reserve. He was a tall, spare man, whom I took to be about 38 years of age, polite and smooth of address, but notwithstanding his seeming frankness of speech he impressed me with a feeling of distrust. His real character was relieved in his eyes and mouth, which indicated cunning, daring and utter unscrupulousness. With the thought of being defenceless in his stronghold in which every man woman and child would unquestioningly do his bidding, and in which the robbing or even the killing of a Gentile would be regarded by many of them as a praiseworthy and pleasing performance, I felt none too easy; and when bedtime came I would cheerfully have swapped the shelter of the prophet's roof for a blanket on the prairie at a good distance away.

'Here in this little community Thompson governed absolutely according to the tenets of the Mormon faith and the 'revelations' that he proclaimed from time to time. He was prophet, governor, treasurer, merchant everything that implied power or profit—a

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Pooh-Bah and Mikado in 'one and High Priest into the bargain. He published a newspaper for the faithful and I was permitted to glance through the latest number. It was a queer sheet, devoted mostly to Mormon matters, religious and secular, and filled with odd words which he may have coined himself. Neroheim, I remember, was his word for supreme deity; the others I do not now recall. Such news as is printed of the outside world had been doctored in the interests of Mormonism, and the whole tenor of the sheet was in accordance with this feature of faith proclaimed by the Mormon leaders: that it first would establish a State, preparatory to conquering the United States, and then the world.' In the copy that I read there were reprinted certain precepts from Joseph Smith's book, 'A Word of Wisdom,' for the guidance of Mormons, in which it was recommended that it is not good to drink wine or strong drink except at the Lord's Supper—or to use hot drinks or tobacco—the former being meant for the washing of the body and the latter for the healing of bruises and sick cattle; man's proper food is herbs and fruit; that for beasts and fowls, grain, and, except in winter and in case of famine and severe cold, fish should not be eaten by men.

'These precepts also disclaimed the necessity for infant baptism, but stated that the children of the saints should receive baptism when they were 8 years old. They declared also that the dead could be baptized by proxy—an article of faith under which Washington, Franklin and many other men have been vicariously baptized into the Mormon Church.

'We retired early to our bed of straw spread with blankets on the floor, and in spite of all misgivings our sleep was undisturbed until the sounds of the live stock in the inclosure woke us in the early morning. With the first glimmer of light the plantation bell in its frame above the council house was rung, and the whole settlement became astir, answering its summons as promptly as soldiers at roll call. At sunrise the stock was driven out to pasture on the prairie in charge of herders, and after them the men and older children filed out at the gates to their work in the fields. As they passed out, Thompson, standing upon a housetop above the gate, a patriarchal figure in steeped-crowned hat and long linen duster, reviewed them, assigning them to their different tasks and seeing that all were present or accounted for. The Mormon rank and file were a commonplace, stolid-looking people, with a certain infusion of cranky ones among them: even the children were serious and staid in manner. All were submissive to Thompson, who held absolute sway, even to the power of life and death among them.

'My companion and myself were well pleased when with life and property intact we passed safe through the gate to the outer world. All about in the fields and orchards the Mormons were at work, toiling steadily and methodically, and scarcely raising their eyes at our passing. Beyond them, among the tall grass, the cattle, the sheep and the horses were herded, a picture of peace and plenty, with a less pleasant reality in the background.

'Correctionville, I doubt not, is there to-day, but of the wall and people that I saw probably not a vestige remains. The Mormon community went to pieces while I was away in the army, going in a manner that might have been predicted by one knowing the situation and the man at the head. It was revealed to Thompson that it was the will of God that every man in the community should deliver to the prophet his share in the common land and goods and live stock. The next revelation was that every man on a certain day should bring his receipt for the property into the open space in the middle of the town, where the receipts were to be burned. This having duly been done, Thompson turned everything that he could sell into money and absconded with the proceeds. Of the deluded people a part, helped by the main Mormon organization, went to Utah, where some of them and their descendants are to-day. Others lost heart in the cause and became absorbed and scattered among the Gentiles around them.'

The Indian is Merry and Quatty.

For the Indian is not as the popular idea figures him, stolid, taciturn, or even sullen in his every-day life, says George Bird Grinnell in the Atlantic. He may be shy and silent in the presence of strangers, but in his home life is talkative, eager to give and receive the news, and to gossip about it. He is of a merry, laugh-

ter loving people, and likes to make good-natured fun of another's peculiarities. Thus, one of her companions may jeeringly call a very slender woman the shadow of a moccasin string. Once, on the prairie in the bright hot sunlight, I heard an Indian say to another who was very stout, 'My friend, stand still for a little while. I want to sit down in the shade and cool off.' Some years ago I was on the reservation of a tribe known as the Big Belles—Gros Ventres—at Fort Belknap, Montana: and while I was there a new agent came to them. He was a fat man, and one of the Indians, who met the agent for the first time in my presence, said, as he shook hands with him, 'Ah, you are one of our own people. You, too, are a Big Belly.'

A MYSTERIOUS CHARITY.

Had heavy Connection With the one who Received it.

'There isn't a great deal of romance in my business,' remarked a prominent Chicago banker, 'but now and then something turns up out of the ordinary and makes us wonder at the peculiarities of those who have dealings with us. I recall an instance just now which is as yet explained, and will never be, I fancy, as the chief actor in it was killed some time ago in a railway accident. I never knew the man personally, but he was a depositor in our bank, whose account was a personal one to the extent of \$10,000. He carried that much as a rule, and the few checks that he made against it never indicated what his business was. He was about 50 years of age, and very rarely came to the bank. Naturally I never gave him a thought, for \$10,000 is not a large deposit in Chicago, and beyond his deposit I had no interest in him.

'It happened, therefore, that when one day I received a personal letter from our depositor I was a bit surprised, and was still more so when I read it. I do not recall the exact wording but it was to the effect that within a day or two a lady would present a check drawn by him for \$5,000 and that as she was unknown he wished me to see that she received the money without trouble, and that she would bring with her means of identification in the person of a little girl, who would answer correctly the questions I must ask her, as directed in his letter, with the answers as he gave them. These questions were simple enough, being only the child's full name, her age to the month, where born, the full name of her mother and her father, and of a little brother who was dead. Five thousand dollars was a good deal of money to let go on that kind of evidence, but that was all he had, and the depositor was in California, so that I could not see him personally.

'The next day the paying teller came to me with his eyes bulging, saying that about as hard a looking case of beggar woman as he had ever seen was at his window with a check drawn to the order of Mrs. Blank by Mr. — and that as he did not know the woman and the woman did not know how she was to get the money, he had come to ask me about it. I sent for her to come into my private office, which she did, bringing a little girl with her, who was no less a picture of abject poverty than the mother was. All she could say was that she had received the check by mail from a man whose name was not familiar to her, with instructions to present it at the bank and the money would be paid to her, if she would take her little girl with her. I asked the child ten questions I had been requested to ask and she answered correctly each one, which relieved me of further responsibility, and I ordered the check to be cashed. The woman did not seem to be greatly overcome by her good fortune, and as I could tell her nothing of the man who had given the money to her, she didn't seem to have any further use for me and went back to

the playing teller's window. She asked for the money in \$50 bills and, wrapping it up in an old newspaper, went out of the bank without a word to anybody.

'She was no longer at the address she gave when I sent a message there to make inquiries, and her benefactor I never saw again, for he met his death on his way east from California. I fancy he would not have told me the story of his life, but I shall always wonder if the name we carried on our books was the one he had carried in his youth.'

FREAKS OF FORTUNE

Windfalls That Came to Those who Needed Them.

While most people find it very hard to acquire even a modest competency, others are more lucky, and to them fortunes come without even asking. Several such instances have occurred of late years, some of them of an interesting character. I was only a short while since that a poor ragpicker in Birmingham suddenly found himself a man of wealth. By dint of working from dawn till late at night he had been in the habit of making the not very exorbitant income of \$2.50 per week. One morning he heard from a firm of solicitors in London, who requested him to call, when he would learn something to his advantage. He found that a long lost brother, who had made money in Australia, had recently died there, leaving him a sum of £8,000.

At Tamworth, England, a tobaccoist has unexpectedly found himself the heir to a baronetcy. For some time he has been in receipt of 25s. 6d. a week, having served as a sergeant in the Suffolk Regiment; but finding this sum inadequate he took a tobaccoist shop at Tamworth, and was apparently contented with his lot, when he awoke to find himself a baronet of the United Kingdom.

A schooner which went ashore off the American coast with 1,200 tons of coal, being abandoned by her owners, was sold for \$70. Some 400 tons of coal had been got out of the hull, when suddenly the vessel slid off the rock and sank in deep water, only, however, to float again the next morning and drift right into port. It seems that sufficient coal had rattled through the holes in her bottom to let the hull come again to the surface with some 300 tons of coal still in it. As the vessel then stood she was worth \$3,000 or more to those who bought it for \$70.

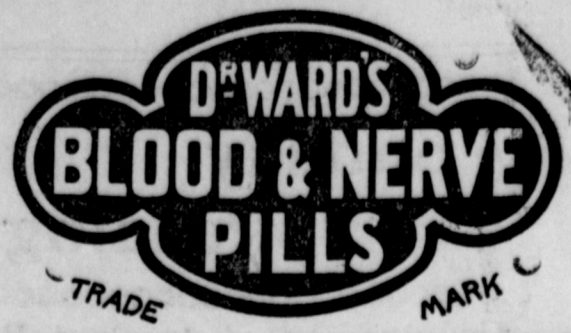
A couple of lucky domestics have lately come into possession of a considerable sum of money through the death of their mistress, an old lady of 85, left them her entire fortune. The sum to be divided is \$120,000, and it is bequeathed to them in recognition of their long and faithful services, one of them having been twenty-five years and the other eighteen years with the lady in question.

The effects produced by suddenly acquired wealth are sometimes startling in the extreme. A suburban Parisian, who lately inherited £19,000 from an elderly aunt, at once began to look about for some outlet for spending the money quickly. At length the crazy for building speculation seized him, and he built houses wherever sites were obtainable. He went on in this way for some time, when his mind became unbalanced, and he was found one day walking around his newly built houses, firing shots from a navy revolver at imaginary enemies. He was thereupon arrested and placed in an asylum.—Boston Traveller.

A VICTIM OF TELEPATHY.

Hypnotic Influence: Stilled the Voices From Over the Sea.

Professor Hugo Munsterberg relates the following story in the Atlantic: There came to me late one night a stranger in wildest despair, resolved to commit suicide that night if I could not help him. He had been a physician, but had given up his practice because his brother, on the other side of the ocean, hated him and had him under his telepathic influence, troubling him from over the sea with voices which mocked him and with impulses to foolish actions. He had not slept nor had he eaten anything for several days, and the only chance for life he saw was that a new hypnotic influence might overpower the mystical hypnotic forces. I soon found the source of his trouble. In treating himself for a wound he had misused cocaine in an absurd way, and the hallucinations of voices were the chief symptoms of his cocaineism. These products of his poisoned brain had sometimes reference to his brother in Europe, and thus the telepathic system grew in him and permeated his whole life. I hypnotized him, and suggested to him with success to have sleep and food with a smaller dose of cocaine. Then I hypnotized him daily for six weeks; after ten days he gave up cocaine entirely after three weeks the voices disappeared, and after that the other symptoms faded away. It was not, however, until the end that the telepathic system was exploded. Even when the voices had gone he for a while felt his movements controlled over the ocean, and after six weeks when I had him quite well



again, he laughed over his telepathic absurdities, but assured me that if these sensations came again he should be unable, even in full health, to resist the mystical interpretation, so vividly had he felt the distant influences.

CROW'S TREASURE TROVE.

When Discovered He Removed the Whole Collection.

One day, while watching, I saw a crow crossing the Don valley with something white in its beak. He flew to the mouth of the Rosedal brook, then took a short flight to the Beaver Elm. There he dropped the white object, and, looking about, gave me a chance to recognize my old friend Silverspot. After a minute he picked up the white thing—a shell—and walked over past the spring, and here, among the docks and the skunk-cabbages, he unearthed a pile of shells and other white shiny things. He spread them out in the sun, turned them over, lifted them one by one in his beak, dropped them, nestled on them as though they were eggs, toyed with them and gloated over them like a miser. This was his hobby, his weakness. He could not have explained why he enjoyed them, any more than a boy can explain why he collects postage stamps or a girl why she prefers pearls to rubies; but his pleasure in them was very real, after half an hour he covered them all, including the new one, with earth and leaves and flew off. I went at once to the spot and examined the board; there was about a hatful in all, chiefly white pebbles, clam shells and some bits of tin, but there was also the handle of a china cup, which must have been the gems of the collection. That was the last time I saw them. Silverspot knew that I had found his treasures, and he removed them at once; where I never knew.—Scribner's.

LANGUID WOMEN.

Take the Help that South American Service Offers and be Well, Strong and Happy.

Miss Lucinda Butcher, of Teeswater, Ont., had a very severe attack of malarial fever. It left her very weak, languid, and threatened with nervous prostration. South American Nervine was recommended to her and she tried it. After taking a few doses she felt great benefit. She continued taking it until six bottles were used, when to use her own words, 'I was completely restored to health. I can recommend it as a great remedy.'

Just a Hint.

'Father,' asked Tommy, the other day, 'why is it that the boy is said to be the father of the man?'

Mr. Tompkins had never given this subject any thought, and was hardly prepared to answer off-hand.

'Why, why,' he said, stumbly, 'it's so because it is, I suppose.'

'Well,' said Tommy, 'since I'm your father, I'm going to give you a ticket to a theatre and half a crown besides. I always said that if I was a father I wouldn't be so stingy as the rest of them are. Go in, and have a good time while you're young. I never had any chance myself!'

Mr. Tompkins gazed in blank amazement at Tommy. Slowly the significance of the hint dawned upon him. Producing the silver coin, he said:—

'Take it, Thomas. When you really do become a father, I hope it won't be your misfortune to have a son who is smarter than yourself.'

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